

# The Mom Memories: Mark's Story

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Mark's story from Chapters 11 and 13, and more. All characters are 18 years or older.

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#### Part 1 from Chapter 11

My name is Mark. My story is similar to some of the ones here, at least at the beginning, but not so hot. Maybe that's because I'm just at the beginning of the story about my mom. And maybe not. So if any of you have advice for me, I'd appreciate it. You could just put a note in at the end of your own story, if that's allowed.

Anyway, here's the thing. I'm an only child. I almost had a younger brother that would have been a few years younger than me but he didn't make it. Wasn't even born. My parents didn't try to have any more children after that. Fine as far as I'm concerned. Most of the guys I know have brothers and sisters but they usually can't stand them. I like my situation. I'm spoiled, always have been, and I've never had to share anything.

Both my parents dote on me, well, my mother anyway. We used to do a lot of outside activities as a family until a few years ago when my father became really heavy. He still likes to go out with his buddies for some beers but he doesn't go fishing much anymore. He used to curl and stuff on his own, but now he just goes to watch ball games, football or baseball, never hockey or basketball, at the local pub. Once in a while, they all get together and go to the city to watch a real game. That's the extent of the sports activities.

It's different with my Mom. Since I went to school, she started work though she doesn't have to, my Dad does make good money. Maybe because of that, Mom has always kept her appearance up, needing to look good at work. She's not a stunning looker, don't get me wrong, but she has nice shoulder length, medium brown hair, a better than average face, and quite a nice figure, though she's only a few inches over five feet. Proportion-wise,

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you'd have to give her body an eight or nine. She has smaller breasts but they're ample for her small frame, partly because she has a flat stomach because of all that exercise. Her legs are well muscled but not so much that they look stringy like some of the runners you see. There's still a softness about her like younger women. And when she's not mad, her voice is really soft, almost husky. She could probably make a mint on one of the sex talk lines.

So anyway, to the story. Not a lot happened really, but it's really got me to thinking. First, let me set the stage for you. We usually watch TV after dinner, sometimes during dinner if there's a good game on. Dad and I watch, and Mom usually reads a book or some magazines. She's not interested in sports, but she stays in the room, just to be with us, I guess. She only watches if there's a movie on, or some other show. She never pays attention to sports or news.

Well, Dad and I were watching an early game when Mom came home, a little late. We told Mom we'd ordered Chinese food, so she came and sat down, grabbing a magazine to leaf through while we waited for dinner to arrive.

Now, our living room has a couch, loveseat, and a lazyboy chair situated with the loveseat at one end, the couch below the big front window, and the lazyboy across from it in the corner. Next to it, is the TV, one of those large, high definition flat screens that are so great for sports, and movies. Dad always stretches out on the loveseat, his head propped on one arm, his beer on the table in front of it, so he can watch the TV. Mom almost always sits at the end of the couch near the loveseat partly so she can access the magazines stacked on the lower shelf of the table between them in the corner, and partly because the light in the corner is the best one for reading. She only sits in the lazyboy facing the window during the day and Dad, for some reason, never sits there.

Anyway, I had moved to the other end of the couch, making room for Mom to claim her favorite spot. As she settled in after grabbing a magazine, back to the arm just like Dad, she stretched her feet out and tried to dig them under my leg.

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"Mom," I cried, trying to bat her feet away, "cut it out."

"Come on," Mom complained, my feet are freezing," continuing to wiggle her toes in an attempt to slide them under my thigh.

The quarterback loosed a long pass. "Mom, stop it," I said again, trying to shove her feet away, "get a blanket." The pass went incomplete as the running back missed it by a foot. "Look, you made him miss it."

"Yeah right," Mom scoffed, still digging her feet at me.

"Mom, your feet stink," I complained.

"It's not my feet, it's my hose. I've been on my feet all day."

"Well they still smell," I said.

"Then let me put them under your leg."

"Mark, for Christ's sake," my father yelled as the players lined up, getting ready. "Let her put her feet under your leg."

"But her feet stink," I whined.

"Carol, can't you just take your hose off?" Dad asked impatiently, his eyes intent on the TV as the play started.

Just then the bell rang. Our food was here. Mom paid the guy and I got plates. We loaded up the coffee table in front of the couch, and ate in silence as the game progressed. Mom picked up the plates and returned a moment later with a bottle of wine, two glasses, and a beer for Dad. She stuck her tongue out at me as she sat down, pouring herself a glass of wine and reaching behind her to get another magazine. She looked up at me and tentatively stretched her feet out to touch my leg. I lifted my leg and she poked them underneath. Smiling she leaned forward out and handed me the glass of wine, then over to the table to fill the other glass, sitting back with it to read her magazine.

I sipped wine and watched the game. Mom wiggled her feet a couple of times but I didn't complain since she'd brought me a glass of wine. It wasn't until the game went to commercials that I noticed that Mom had taken her pantyhose off. I was staring at her legs, realization setting in, so I guess it was a good thing her magazine blocked her view of me. I was still looking at her legs, noticing how soft her skin was, when the game started. Right after that Mom's legs, still together and bent at the knees, leaned toward the back of the couch. As my eyes followed her legs, I noticed Mom's magazine had lowered and she was watching me with a knowing smile. She pulled her left foot out and poked the side of my leg with her toe.

"Do my feet still stink?" she asked, "Huh, mister?" she prodded me again.

"Mom," I complained.

"Do you still think the bearer of your wine has stinky feet?" Mom's toe dug at me again and again.

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"Mom," I replied in an exasperated tone, my hand reaching down to hold her offending foot still. She wiggled it, trying to poke my leg again, but I held it firmly in my hand.

"Huh?" Mom asked again, "huh?"

"Mom, stop."

"Carol, for Christ's sake," Dad piped in.

"Ok," Mom said, "if you rub my foot for me, it's sore."

"Mom," I whined.

"Rub her goddam foot, Mark," Dad barked at me.

Mom stuck her tongue out at me. I started rubbing her foot, barely moving my hand, just dragging my thumb along her instep. Mom smiled, raised her magazine and swung her knees back up, hiding her face. I continued rubbing her foot, moving my thumb very slowly, doing the least I could. I knew I was giving in, but I wanted to make it clear that it was a small victory she'd won. I also pushed my thumb in hard a couple of times, trying to make sure she didn't enjoy it.

"Oh, that feels good," Mom said very quietly, I guess trying not to disturb Dad.

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I was surprised and was about to change what I was doing when she twisted her foot so her toes pointed out along my leg to make it easier for me to reach the bottom of her foot. But that isn't what made me change my mind. When she turned her foot, her leg twisted as well and fell away from the other, parting her knees and allowing me to see between her upper legs and down the soft back of her thighs. I sipped my wine and continued to rub my thumb hard along the full length of her instep, only now I was trying to please her.

"Mmmmm," Mom responded, very softly. I looked at Dad then, feeling guilty for some reason, acknowledging at least to myself that I was looking where my eyes had no business. Quickly, I looked back as my eye caught the slight movement of Mom's knee moving wider still. Her other foot dug deeper under my leg as she tossed out another 'mmmmm', lowering that knee and causing her to open the other a little more to keep them at an even height.

Now I could seem Mom's panties. As I rubbed her foot, I found I could sip my wine and gaze right down her skirt without suspiciously craning my neck. I jerked my head away, suddenly feeling guilty. Jesus Christ, Mark. You're looking at your Mom's panties. Get a grip on yourself.

But I couldn't control my eyes and they strayed back. Her panties. That's right. I'm looking right at my Mom's panties. I could feel myself stiffening, a boner coming on. Jesus, I could see how her panties puffed up between her legs with a cleft running down the middle of the mounded part, a few curly brown hairs peeking out the side of each panty leg. Oh my god. My cock throbbed in my pants.

I looked away, trying to settle myself down, raising my glass to take a sip. It was empty so I leaned forward to put it down. When I sat back, I noticed Mom's leg had widened considerably from my forward movement, but hadn't sprung back. I could see a little hollow on the outside of her panty leg now, leaving a little gap about a quarter of an inch. More hairs were visible now, and the panty was stretched tighter, clearly showing her pussy underneath. I was looking at my Mom's pussy; the thought rocketed through my head. Her pussy!

I yanked my eyes away, which was a good thing because Mom suddenly dropped her magazine, and looked at me with a stern look on her face.

"Don't stop," she said, pulling the magazine up again.

I hadn't realized that my thumb had stopped moving and jerked it into action again, relieved that Mom hadn't caught me staring down at her pussy. Didn't she realize her legs were wide open? How could I not look? My head turned back again, drawn straight to her panties. Keep moving, I thought, keep rubbing. I twisted toward her slightly, reaching over to replace my left hand with my right, cupping the outside of her foot as I slid that thumb along her arch in a longer line than I could manage with my left. I moved my left hand to cup the back of her ankle, sliding my hand softly up and down her lower calf. It was quite a brazen move, but Mom seemed to like it. Perhaps my intentions appeared innocent to her.

"Mmmmm. That's better," she purred. I was sure Dad couldn't hear her voice, it was barely audible. I leaned toward her, my left arm pushing her other leg back toward the couch, opening her even wider and stretching her skirt tight across the middle of her thighs, forced it another couple of inches higher. Her panties were completely visible to me now. She couldn't possibly not know that I could see everything. I rubbed my hand farther up the back of her leg, over the muscled part of her calf. Jesus, Mark, get a hold of yourself, I thought. You're going to catch it.

But I couldn't help myself. A few strokes later, I ran my hand right up the back of her calf to the underside of her knee, the backs of my fingers even brushing the soft skin just above. Mom's only response was to 'mmmm' again. Every time after that, I ran my hand right up and made sure to contact her leg just above the back of her knee. It was like I was on some kind of a dangerous mission.



And danger, there was. At the first sound of a commercial, Mom's legs closed together smartly, and I jerked my hand back to my side, the one caressing the back of Mom's leg falling to the couch, as Dad slowly got up and then lumbered toward the bathroom. We stayed like that, Mom reading, me dumbly watching the commercials with my hands at my sides, until Dad returned, carrying another beer. My heart was still pounding. I guess I half expected him to confront me, 'What the hell are you doing?', or even my mother, 'What the hell are you thinking?'.

The game started again and I nudged my hand forward, my fingers lightly circling Mom's ankle. She flinched but didn't draw her foot away. Instead, her knees parted a couple of inches. I stroked my hand up along the tendon to the bottom of the muscle and let it slide back down. Her knees opened another inch. Twisting toward her, I reached down with my right hand to dig my thumb along the bottom of her foot. Another two inches. When I slid my hand right up to the back of her knee her leg opened to its former position allowing her panties to burst into view. She knew! She knew what she was doing!

I could hardly contain myself as I caressed her legs, less tentatively now, deliberately stroking her in a sensual way. When I brought my palm down the back of her calf, I stroked with my fingers too. When the backs of my fingers brushed the underside of her thighs above her knee, I fluttered them to accent their touch. After several minutes of this, I abruptly pulled my hands away. I could see the top of Mom's head turn to look at Dad as she closed her legs. She must have thought I'd yanked my hands away because Dad was looking but, realizing he was still focused on the game and that his hand had simply reached for his beer, she opened her legs again.

I didn't put my hands on her right away, understandably being a little nervous. A long minute passed while I vacillated between long looks up Mom's skirt and furtive glances at Dad. My upper lip was sweating. I had turned halfway toward Mom to improve my view up her skirt. If he looked this way, I'd have to act like I was just about to say something to Mom, I thought. No, I'd pretend I was reading the back of her magazine, the part sticking up above the end of her skirt, now halfway down her thighs.

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Mom's toe tapped my leg, urging me to continue the game she and I were playing, but I didn't respond. She dug her toe into me again and when I ignored that, she pulled her inner foot out from under my leg, where it had rested all along, and set it on my hip, digging her heel into me. Dig, dig, dig. The motion of withdrawing her foot and shoving me with it had pushed her skirt higher on that side. I shot a glance at Dad and noticed the top of Mom's head was turned toward Dad. She was watching him too.

Her right hand, closest to the back of the couch, slid down from her magazine to rest on the outside of her leg. Her fingers stretched out just below the hem and scratched her leg. As she scratched, she pulled her hand toward her, dragging the skirt even higher up her thigh, almost to her panties on that side. I looked over at Dad and then did something I can't believe I did. I reached out with my left hand and laid my fingers on the rear hem between her legs and then pushed it down, down, until the heel of my hand hit the couch.

I could see everything now. The front of her panties and the part below where they widened to cover her bum. I could see her cheeks squishing out at the top of her legs and above that the start of her pussy. I don't know what I would have done if the game hadn't ended right then. I know I was thinking about touching her, and in my mind, as I lay in my bed jacking off that night, I did.

But right then, I blurted out, "So what are you reading, Mom?" as Dad harumphed in disgust at the score, his team having lost I guess, as Mom's legs snapped closed.

That was last week. I was pretty sure Mom was egging me on and that thought made me nearly pull my pecker off every night since then. But now I'm not so sure because nothing has happened since, no secret smiles, no requests to rub her feet, nothing. I'm afraid to say anything to her. Please let me know what you think.

Part 2 from later in Chapter 11

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Mark here again. I see there are new stories available but no one has commented on mine, or pm'ed me with personal advice. I wish somebody would. Anyway, it's been another week since I sent my letter and two weeks since that night on the couch. Nothing happened even though there were several games on, so it isn't just because Dad's attention is riveted on the TV when games are on. Mom hasn't asked me to rub her feet for her or even stretched them out toward me since that night. Until last night, that is.

Mom was late coming home from work again, even later than the last time. Dad and I had already ordered Chinese food as per Mom's instructions by phone but we ate when it was delivered, while it was still hot.

Mom came in, sighing, "I'm exhausted." Seeing the food on the coffee tables, she said, a little pissed, "You didn't wait for me? Isn't that nice."

Dad didn't say anything, but I, suitably chastened, jumped up to help Mom get her coat off. "Sorry, Mom. I'll warm a plate up for you," I said, trying to make up for our faux pas, hanging her coat up as she unzipped her knee length boots and kicked them off. "You go sit down."

"Thanks, sweetie," her voice softened in appreciation of my apologetic attention. "My feet are killing me," she said as I dished up her empty plate which was sitting on the coffee table in front of the couch and rushed it into the kitchen to put in the microwave as she plopped down with a loud sigh, "What a day."

When I came back, Mom was sitting with her head back on the couch, hand covering her eyes. She looked tired. "Here, Mom," I said setting her plate down in front of her and holding out a full glass of red wine.

"Oh, thank you, Mark," Mom smiled sweetly up at me, taking the wine. "You're God's gift to a tired mother."

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I sat down a few feet from Mom and watched her while she ate. Ignoring Mom, Dad watched his game, some kind of football quarterfinal. Mom leaned back when she finished and I took her plate and empty glass to the kitchen, returning with another full glass of wine. She smiled sweetly again when she saw the wine. She put her feet up on the edge of the table when she sat back with her wine glass but, when I patted the couch beside my leg, she swiveled them over, resting her back against arm of the couch instead.

She didn't try to dig her feet under my leg, she just rested them against my thigh. I took one in each hand and, pushing a thumb into the instep of each one, began massaging her feet. Mom watched me over her bent knees, mouthing a 'thank you' as I worked. After a few minutes, she scrunched down, moving her hips closer to me and bending her knees more to make room. I didn't move farther away so she could stretch her legs out, though I had room to do so.

She was wearing a dress instead of a skirt like the last time and it fit much more loosely around her legs allowing me to see the back of her thighs, but just the outside since her knees were closed tightly together. As I worked, I twisted her feet to get better access to her soles and it wasn't lost on me that this put pressure on her legs, which opened knees a little in response. I twisted her feet out a little more, winning a larger gap. Unfortunately, this dress was much longer than the skirt she'd worn before, coming down past her knees, so I couldn't see very much more.

As Mom relaxed, I ran my hands up her calves, just to the start of the muscle, like I'd done before. She didn't object. In fact, her sighed approval encouraged me to continue higher, stroking my hands over the crest of her calves to the back of her knees. Scratching my fingers down the back of her leg won me my first soft 'mmmmmmmm'.

I was in heaven again. I wanted to be sure to make her feel really good so maybe it wouldn't be so long until the next time she let me touch her. I spent a long time rubbing her legs and very subtly, I pressured her knees apart, wider and wider. At the same time, I used my thumbs on the front of her legs to push her hem higher and higher

until it was resting just over her knees, tremendously improving my view of the backs of her thighs. I didn't make any attempt to touch her above her knees, despite eliciting a number of 'mmmmmm's.

I waited patiently for half-time and had moved my hands down to Mom's feet, pulling her dress down and urging her legs closed by the time Dad got up for a bathroom and beer break. He nodded approval at me when he saw me kneading her feet, Mom seemingly asleep with her head resting on the couch arm, her legs demurely closed and leaning on the back of the couch. As soon as he sat down with a fresh beer the game started, pulling him into another world.

I didn't wait even ten seconds to begin enjoying mine. I pulled Mom's knees from the couch and pushed the hem of her dress right up to her knees, holding it there with my left hand. Sliding my right hand down to her feet, I moved each one to rest farther apart, one by my hip and one almost to my knee. With her thighs together and calves spread apart, I could see all of the backs of her thighs and her panties covering the part of her bottom that was exposed to me. If Dad looked over, this wouldn't look good but I was confident he wouldn't.

Mom must have wondered what I was doing, moving her feet apart and pushing her dress up, but not massaging her feet or legs. It had to be obvious that I was taking a moment to look under her dress, but she didn't make a sound or any indication of complaint. She just lay there with her legs open where I'd put them. Encouraged, I moved my hand up to her knees and, taking care to keep them covered by her dress, moved them apart too. Now, I could look right down the 'V' of her thighs to her panties, an unobstructed view. Mom was still quiet, as if waiting for something. It dawned on me that it might excite her as much to let me look as it did me for me to lay my eyes on her legs and panties. If that was true, I thought, I should take my time. After all, I was in no hurry. We were just past halftime and I was enjoying the view.

Mother fucker, I thought. Mom was wearing different panties. These ones were still cotton, light blue instead of white, but they were narrower than the other ones, leaving a wider gap between their edge and Mom's leg. Despite this, there weren't any stray hairs poking out the sides of her panty legs. Had she trimmed her bush, to make herself look prettier in case she let me do her legs again? The thought made my jeans swell. Examining her panties closely, I noticed that the vertical cleft in the center was more evident, at least by my memory, probably obscured

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by less hair. My cock throbbed as I realized she knew I'd been looking and she taken pains to make herself look good. She wants me to look, she wants to show me, her cunt. I almost came when that word popped into my head. I hadn't thought 'pussy', I'd thought 'cunt'. Such a stupid discussion but it's what went through my head.

I let my right hand drop down between her legs, not touching them, until my wrist rested on my own leg, centered between her feet. Slowly, I moved my hand forward, along the surface of the cushion. I could sense Mom tensing in anticipation, aware of my moving hand. It was thrilling to know she was expecting and waiting for my touch. My cock was so hard I felt like I was about to come, as if I'd been jacking off for an hour.

I was almost there, nearing the juncture of her legs. Mom's calf muscles had tightened and the balls of her feet were digging into my leg. She knew I was coming, and she was getting ready, not doing anything to ward me off.

I stopped an inch away, watching my hand in fascination as it lay between my mother's open legs, almost touching her panties. I looked over her knees at her face. Her eyes were closed but her brow was furrowed rather than relaxed. I looked at my father, then back to her face before raising my hand up from the couch, two, four, six inches. As if of its own accord, my hand moved forward with agonizing slowness, oblivious of my silent commands to move faster and, at the same time, to withdraw. Finally, it hovered over her panties, then settled lower, grazing then touching, pressing lightly on her panties, palm at the bottom and fingers, together, stretched up to cover the cleft. I was touching Mom's pussy!

Mom's breath sucked in sharply, then expelled in a long, quiet sigh that made her lips purse and then pout outward. Her legs quivered and her feet shook my leg. I pressed down more firmly, holding my hand still, sensing her heat with a mild shock. I hadn't expected her to be literally hot. Mom wasn't making any move to discourage me let alone angrily shove me away. I shot a look at my father again and then back to my hand, moving it, more like scrunching my hand to bring my fingers and palm closer together, squeezing her pussy between. Stretching my hand out again, I slid in forward and back, just an inch. Then again, and again, and again. Then squeeze, and squeeze.

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I slid my hand further back, way back, exposing her panties to my eyes again, staring at the little furrow running between her mound. Centering my long fingertip at the bottom of that valley, I pushed my hand back up, digging a deeper valley through her panties. They weren't dry like they'd been when I first touched her, they were damp, not wet, but moist. Throwing caution to the wind, I leaned down to rest my forehead on Mom's knees and inhaled deeply, filtering the musky aroma of her through my nostrils. Dragging my hand back, gouging my finger deeply in her trough, I slid it right off but quickly pressed my thumb onto her pussy, digging it between her lips, pushing her panties in, feeling it penetrate to a moister environment. I scratched the bottom of her panties with my fingers while I worked my thumb around in her almost, but not quite, getting inside her.

I moved my thumb away and, slipping my fingertips just underneath the panty at the top of her left leg, I pulled it up, away from her skin and then slid in, rubbing the backs of my fingers across her bare pussy lips. I swiveled my hand, scraping her lips up and down with my knuckles. Pulling my fingers out, I quickly pushed my thumb underneath, shoved her panty to the side, and inserted my thumb into her hole, and wiggled it in her cunt.

Mom groaned as her slickness welcomed my small intruder, her eyes flew open and her head jerked to look at Dad, still watching the game. My eyes darted there too and then back to her as her head swung back, her knees closing, legs trapping my hand between. 'No' she screamed silently, her face panicked, her feet trying to push me away. I kept wiggling my thumb inside her. 'No' she screamed again, her hands reaching under her legs to grab my wrist, forcing it away.

Mom sat up then, drawing her feet tightly to her and her dress down, but still facing me on the couch. I stared at her, breathing heavily. I'm sure my eyes were wild but the panic was leaving her face. She looked so beautiful, I wanted to kiss her.

A moment later, she got up and began clearing away the leftovers, taking them into the kitchen. I followed, but she waved me away, not looking at me, but seeming upset. I didn't force it. I went upstairs and stayed in my room

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for the rest of the night. I didn't sleep much. I kept smelling my hand and trying to jack off with my left. When I woke up the next morning, I'd come in my pajamas. I must have dreamed of her all night.

It was Saturday, almost noon. No school. I showered and threw on some sweat pants and a t-shirt and went downstairs, both eager to see Mom and dreading it too. She wasn't there. While I was eating breakfast, Dad told me to mow the lawn if I wanted to watch the game with him because it started at one.

"Where's Mom?" I asked.

"Shopping," he grunted.

I mowed the lawn. When Mom arrived an hour later I rushed out to unload the groceries. Dad was watching the game which had already started, but he wouldn't have helped anyway. Usually, she really appreciated the help but this time she didn't look at me and didn't come out to get more bags, leaving it all to me. I dutifully carried them all in, setting them down on the counters and the kitchen table when I ran out of room there. I started helping Mom put the food away, but she still ignored me.

"Are you going to watch the game, Mom?" I asked, almost in a little boy voice.

Mom sighed, her shoulders slumping, sagging against the counter in front of her. She set the cans down that she had been about to put away, then turned to face me. Tears were welling up in her eyes.

"I'm sorry, Mom. I'm sorry. I just got carried away," I sobbed, tears suddenly springing from my eyes.



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Mom held her arms up and I hugged her, my arms sliding around her shoulders and then falling down her back. Mom's arms were around my shoulders, patting me, "There, there. It's OK," she assured me. "It won't happen again."

Sniffing, I whimpered, "But I like massaging your feet for you, and your legs, and I know you like it too."

"I do," Mom confided, "It does feel good. We can, if we don't get carried away. How's that? Would that be OK?"

"Yeah, Mom," I nodded my head, sniffing, pulling back to dry my eyes. I smiled as she dried her eyes too, then pulled her back to hug her again, wanting to avoid her eyes as thoughts of her open legs popped into my mind. I was intensely aware of her body against mine as I hugged her, noticing the feel of her breasts for the first time in my life. How was I going to touch her legs and control myself, I wondered? Mom gave me a big squeeze, so hard I thought her tits would make a permanent imprint on my chest.

"Away you go now." She waved me off. But I stood my ground.

"Don't you want a massage while you watch the game?" I asked.

"I'm not interested in the game."

"But you've been out shopping for hours," I persisted.

"Yes. Maybe I'll lay down upstairs and have a quiet nap."

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"Are you sure you don't want a massage? Your feet must be tired."

"No. I think I'll just lay down." Mom gave me a funny look. "Behave yourself," she said, "I'm still not sure I shouldn't be mad at you." She went upstairs. I watched her walk away in her sunny housedress with its loosely pleated skirt swirling around her knees, emphasizing her wonderful calves.

I watched the game for a few minutes with Dad but grew bored and wandered up to my room. As I passed my parent's room I heard Mom call me, "Mark?"

I entered to find Mom laying back, head and shoulders slightly raised on two pillows, feet drawn up. She was still wearing her shoes. She must have been really tired not to have taken them off downstairs, I thought.

"Maybe a little foot massage would be nice," she said, twisting her knees to the side to look at me. "Do you mind?"

"Not at all, Mom."

She closed her eyes as I crawled up onto the bed and slipped her shoes off.

"Oh," she said, "I forgot they were still on. I hope my feet don't smell," she laughed.

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I lifted a foot up and sniffed it. "Nope," I answered. Mom laughed again, as I lowered her foot to my lap and started massaging it, rubbing my thumb along her instep in my usual way. She sighed, and I could feel the muscles in her leg relax.

Lulled by the faint sound of the ballgame, I concentrated on giving her a good massage then, just like I'd done the day before. Soon I was stroking her leg to the knee, scratching my way down and Mom, though she'd said we couldn't get carried away, made no protests. I guess getting carried away was further up the line, or leg, as it were. But how far? Mom was resting quietly, almost like she was sleeping. I decided to work on her other foot and leg before venturing further, just in case she stopped me. I lifted that foot to my face and sniffed it too.

"Does that one smell," Mom's voice was light, amused.

"No," I replied. Suddenly, I spontaneously kissed her foot and ran my tongue along her instep. "But it tastes salty," I laughed.

Mom squealed, tugging her foot, laughing, "Stop that, it tickles."

"I'll be more careful, then," I responded, kissing her foot again and holding it firm while she tried to tug it away. "I love your salt," I said, dragging my tongue through her instep.

Mom laughed. She didn't squeal again, or try to tug her foot away, so I continued a mix of kissing her foot, rubbing her sole with my thumb, and running my tongue over her instep. Soon, I was running my tongue over her whole foot and around her ankle. I waited for some time, to be sure Mom wasn't going to stop me, before I ran my tongue down the back of her leg to knee, and kissed and nibbled my way back to her foot.

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"Mark," she whispered, "Remember what we talked about."

"I will, Mom," I answered, kissing the top of her foot, "I'm just doing your legs." I quickly ran my tongue down her calf and back again, as if demarking the permitted territory, pausing to swirl my tongue in the hollow behind her knee.

"Mark, be careful," Mom admonished me.

"I'm just doing your legs, Mom. I can do your legs, can't I?"

I kissed Mom's leg again, several times, digging my thumb into her sole while waiting for her answer.

"Ok," she whispered, "you can do my legs."

"All of them?" I pushed.

"Yes," she finally whispered after a long pause, "but don't do what you did yesterday."

"I won't, Mom. I promise."

I lifted her leg higher and kissed and nibbled her calf muscle down to her knee, swirling my tongue around and nibbling the soft skin behind her knee. Then, catching her by surprise, judging by the sound of her quick gasp for

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air, I kissed and nibbled my way down the inside of her thigh, pushing her dress down with my head as I moved along. Mom's hand grabbed my head as I neared her panties.

I paused. "I said I wouldn't, Mom."

I continued raining little kisses around the top of Mom's thigh, near the edge of her panties, between her legs and over to the other thigh, kissing it too and nibbling her soft flesh between my lips. Her hands followed my head around but they didn't push me away. After a while, her fingers grabbed my hair and clutched my head. Her smell was strong, she had to be wet.

I let my hands slide her dress up the outside of her legs, pushing it above her hips. When I pulled my head back to look at her panties, my face inches away from her pussy, she actually raised herself slightly from the bed, chasing my mouth. Quickly, I pushed her dress up behind her back before she settled back again. Pulling my hands inside her legs, I pressed them wide apart, breathed in deep, and expelled hot air over the front of her panties.

"Oh, Mark, don't."

I could see her pussy in great detail through her panties, cut the same as the ones she wore yesterday but made of even thinner material, more like Saturday go out dancing panties that girls my age wore.

I took another huge gulp of air and blew a steady stream of hot breath onto her cunt.

"Don't, Mark, don't."

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I let my fingers fall inside her leg until they were alongside her pussy lips, as close as they could be without actually touching her since I promised I wouldn't. Pressing down into her leg, I pulled my hands apart. The gap between her pussy lips widened and I blew right into it. Again, and again.

"Please, don't, don't," Mom whispered.

"Don't you want me to?" I asked, blowing into her again, puffing in short bursts.

She didn't answer. I blew into her again, long and steady.

When she still said nothing, I suggested, "Just this once, Mom?"

"No," she whispered, then more quietly, "no."

"Just once," I persisted, blowing again.

No answer.

Just once, "I repeated, blowing longer, scratching my index fingers in the hollows along the edge of her panty legs. Her pussy pulsated in concert with my scratches.

"ok."

I could barely hear her voice but that didn't matter. I pressed my face an inch closer, right onto her panties, stuck out my tongue and dragged it between her pussy lips, right up to the top and over her clit. I raised my hands up to grab the waist of her panties as her hands pulled my head tightly against her mound. I don't think I could have pulled my head back then even if I tried. Putting muscle into it, I ripped her panties, tearing them right down the middle, the material shredding away and baring her pussy to my tongue which immediately dipped into her wetness.

Mom started groaning and bucking her hips, mashing her pussy against my mouth. I held on for the ride, digging my tongue in deep and lapping her soaking, pink cunt. My hands slid under her ass, squeezing her cheeks hard, pulling her up against me, trying to get my whole mouth over her pussy lips while my tongue dug away. She was bucking frantically, urgent and wild, and yelled when she came. I panicked for a minute, turning my head to listen as her climax subsided, but there was no sign of Dad's lumbering weight creaking up the stairs. I turned back to lick her pussy some more, plunging my tongue in deep and then up to flick her clit to pull one last, long moan from Mom.

When she was still, I crawled up and lay between her open legs, pressing my boner against her cunt which still felt hot even through my sweatpants. I started humping against her.

"No, Mark. Don't."

"I have to, Mom," I gasped, "I have to. Just once. Just this once."

Frantically, I humped harder, trying to come before she stopped me. But she didn't try. Her arms circled my neck and pulled me toward her. Seconds later, her hips started thrusting up to meet me, like we were really fucking. It sent me over the top, and I unloaded in my pants.

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I collapsed on Mom, gasping for breath. Her arms stayed around me, patting my shoulders. When I recovered, I could hear the sounds of the game wafting upstairs. Mom's voice spoke quietly, "Away you go now. We'll talk about this tomorrow afternoon when Dad's at the pub watching the big game with his friends."

I stood and looked down at her for a moment before I left, her legs still spread wide, panties in tatters with the shreds clinging to the leg bands and in between her moist pussy, swollen and glistening in the afternoon light. As I walked away, Mom called out and I turned around.

"If you see Dad, make sure you face away from him". She nodded and looked at my groin, smiling. Looking down, I saw that the entire front of my sweat pants were soaked.

I ate dinner quickly that night and went straight back to my room.

### Part 3 from Chapter 13

Today was big game day. Dad's friend Brad was supposed to pick him up on the way to the pub but he was late and the game was five minutes in when he arrived. Dad refused to leave until half time so they wouldn't miss anything. I was pissed. Mom had promised to have a "talk" while Dad was at the pub and, despite the implication that a lecture about going too far was coming, I was sure I could get Mom joking around and then start feeling her legs again. And who knows where then? She was the one that had started the ball rolling. I had just kicked it into a new court. In my youthful view, once a girl let you touch her pussy, it was yours forever. So you can imagine how pissed I was that Brad was late.



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"You're not watching the game with us, kid?" Brad was visibly shocked as he sat down, staring at my back as I stomped up the stairs. "What's up with the kid?" he asked Dad, looking genuinely concerned and perplexed. Dad just waved his hand, eyes on the TV. He asked Mom when she came in from the kitchen, bringing him and Dad a couple of beers each.

"I don't know, Brad. He's been out of sorts lately." Mom set the beers down on the table. "You know where the fridge is if you need more. I'm going up to talk to Mark."

I beat a hasty retreat from the top of the stairs where I'd been watching to see if Mom was coming or staying to play host. I heard her pad softly down the hallway toward my room, heard her knock and quietly call my name several times before opening the door and closing it. She called again at the bathroom door before opening it to discover I wasn't there either.

"Oh there you are," feigning surprise upon finding me in her room, closing the door softly behind her to shut out the din of the game and my father and Brad's even louder commentary. "I see you made yourself comfortable," Mom added in reference to finding me stretched out on her bed, still dressed in the sweatpants and t-shirt I'd put on that morning. I simply nodded, smiling despite my grumpy exit from downstairs.

"Over your snit?" Mom smiled, walking toward me, waiting until I nodded again before climbing onto the bed and crawling up to sit back on the pillows next to me.

"You aren't staying downstairs to play host?" I asked.

"No," she replied, "I thought I'd let Brad keep his eyes on the game for once."

"Well, Mom. You have to admit he doesn't have much at home to look at, like Dad does."

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"Mark. That's not nice. Martha is your friend's mother." Mom's rebuke was belied by her face which seemed pleased by my words. "Anyway, I don't recall you being interested, until I asked you to massage my feet." Mom pulled her knees up and rubbed her feet together. "And you didn't seem to be able to stay focused even on that little job."

It was my turn to smile. "I couldn't help it, Mom. You have really great legs, and your skin is so soft."

"Ok, stop it. That's what I wanted to talk to you about."

"I know, Mom," I cut her off, "that's why I came upstairs." I turned onto my side, facing her, and slipped my right hand down to grasp her foot, my palm covering her arch, fingers reaching around to her instep. "I knew you'd want to have a private talk after they left for the pub..."

"Actually, I thought we could..."

"so we wouldn't be disturbed." I started to knead Mom's foot, bringing my left hand down to bracket her ankle from behind between thumb and fingers, squeezing and releasing, sliding up and down her Achilles tendon. Mom's hand came down to gently finger the back of my neck and twiddle the hair on the back of my head as I continued to work on her foot.

"Mark," she complained gently when my hand first slid up the back of her calf.

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"We can't talk until they're gone, Mom." I kept sliding my hand up and down her leg. "We may as well relax, doing something we both like," my voice was soft and cajoling.

Mom didn't answer, so I kept rubbing her leg. After a few minutes, when I heard her breathing quicken, I held her foot and leg, put my hand flat against her calf under her knee, and dragged her down the bed until her head was flat on the pillow. Pressing with that hand the other way but now against her thigh, I pushed her foot and drove her knee toward her shoulder, holding her leg tight to her chest as I released her foot and slid my hand up the back of her thigh.

"Mark, what are you doing?"

"Just tickling your leg, Mom, until they leave, that's all," I whispered.

"But I don't think ..."

"Just until they leave, Mom. Then we can talk without being interrupted."

Mom relaxed, allowing me to continue sliding my fingers up and down her thigh for several more minutes. She didn't protest until she felt me getting up onto my knees.

"What are you doing, Mark?"

Raised up, I could see that Mom didn't even open her eyes.

"I can't reach your other leg, Mom. I'm just getting up so I can tickle your other leg, too."

I lifted Mom's other foot as I positioned myself below her, bringing both feet down to rest on my thighs and putting my hands on the back of hers to continue my massage.

"Just relax," I soothed, "until they're gone."

Again, Mom let me continue stroking her legs. Waiting a few minutes for her tension to subside, I lifted her feet to rest them against my shoulders and shifted forward. Her pleated skirt fell from her knees to her chest, baring her legs completely, and exposing the panties that covered the pleasure spot I had enjoyed so much the day before. My hands stroked closer to her panties as I leaned forward to roll her hips up and I couldn't help pressing my fingers in as I slid them off to either side, spreading her flesh and emphasizing the long puffy crest pushing up against her panties.

"Mark, I really think we should talk now."

"Not while they're still here, Mom. I can't."

"But I really think ..."

I picked up the hem of Mom's plaid skirt and pulled it up over her head, gently laying the material on her face, muffling her words.

"Talk later," I laughed, "after they're gone."

Making light of it worked, for she fell silent. I returned to fondling her thighs. Soon, I was running my hands down, outside her legs to her hips, then gradually over her buttocks but careful to stay on her cheeks and avoiding her crack. I was surprised when she let me do this without any comment or movement to indicate disapproval.

It was just after this that I became aware of the halftime music. Dad and Brad would be leaving now. Would Dad come up to say goodbye to Mom? Panic welled up inside me, quickly replacing surging anger at the potential interruption at this crucial moment. I almost leapt from the bed but then a sobering thought consoled me. Dad wouldn't make an unnecessary trip up the stairs. I was sure he'd just leave, or continue watching the game.

Mom didn't seem to be aware the halftime show had started. It was just after this, as I was looking down at her, trying to see if she knew Dad might be leaving, when my stroking fingers first caught the waistband of her panties, dragging them up toward me from her hips, quite by accident. Mom didn't react.

The next time was on purpose. I dragged her panties off a little more, and then again a few strokes later. It took the whole halftime show but eventually I had Mom's panties below -- or from my perspective, above -- her buttocks, betraying her dark little hole and just the briefest hint of the pussy still hidden above. Amazing. Until that moment, I don't think my mother's asshole had ever crossed my mind, but there it was, a tiny crinkled donut around a small open oval. Spotlessly clean. I spread her cheeks, opening that tiny orifice into a small circle.

She spoke then but I couldn't hear her. I leaned forward to listen, seeing her lips moving under the skirt that profiled her face, but I still couldn't understand what she was saying.

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"Shhhhhh, Mom. They're still here."

I thought she answered that we had to talk, but I couldn't be sure.

"When they're gone, Mom. We'll talk when they're gone," I assured her. "Now, be quiet, before Dad comes upstairs," I warned, the thought momentarily alarming me until I assured myself that he was gone.

I slipped her panties up a little higher until the waistband was halfway across her pussy. Ready to plant my mouth on her, I paused to push my sweatpants down, freeing my huge, raging boner. I didn't want to mess them up like I had yesterday. I thought that after licking her pussy, she wouldn't notice until too late that I was rubbing my bare cock against her. I shifted my knees closer to grip Mom's hips and curled my hands and forearms around the backs of her thighs, making sure she couldn't get away easily if she reacted against my first embrace.

I stared at her panties, half covering her pussy. I pried with my hands, opening her little asshole as I leaned forward, extending my tongue, dipping into her spread crack, across her hole and up to her pussy, my nose shoving her panties out of the way as my slippery, wet reptile snaked between her lips, delving deep, thrusting into her surprised cunt as far as it could.

"Ohhhhhh, GOD, MARK!" Mom cried. "Mark, Mark, Mark," she continued as I dug my tongue in her, shaking my head violently side to side as I ploughed her depths.

"Quiet, Mom," I whispered harshly when I finally pulled my face back, "shut up or they'll come upstairs."

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I didn't wait for an answer. Instead, I pulled her cuntlips apart with my fingers and dropped my tongue into the wet pink canyon that yawed before me, lapping quickly to her muted moans. Several minutes later I pulled back.

"Hold your feet up," I said, and was pleased to see her hands come up to grasp her ankles, freeing mine to touch her more delicately while I considered what to do next. I knew she wouldn't stop me now. She was too far gone. I don't think my father had eaten her for a long, long time, if ever, and she wasn't about to miss out. She truly loved it. Her pussy was throbbing in anticipation of my tongue's next move.

I moved my fingers around her pussy, heightening her tension, tickling the nub above with the index finger of my left hand as I moved the index of my right slowly down her slit and below, to her little hole, lightly pressing in there.

"Oh, god," she whimpered, the skirt moving where her mouth was.

"What's this?" I whispered, tipping my fingernail in before touching my tongue to the bottom of her pussy, working my way up in side-to-side flicks interrupted by the odd dip into her slit. "What's this?" I repeated teasingly several more times until my tongue was playing around my finger at the top of her pussy while the other's fingernail was buried, wiggling in that little hole while I stimulated her above.

A few minutes later Mom's breath was rasping through her skirt. By that time, I was watching two fingers of my left hand slip in and out of her pussy while I wiggled my fully buried index finger in her ass. On a sudden urge, I pulled both hands away, dragged my tongue across both holes, and pushed forward as I straightened up, readying my cock for a plunge into her soaking slipperiness.

Mom abruptly let go of her legs and yanked her skirt down from her face, planting her feet on the bed beside me.

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"NO."

I froze, my cock in hand, still poised above her pussy.

"No," Mom repeated, a firm yet desperate look on her face. "If you finish, I'll suck you."

"What?" I replied, stunned.

"I'll suck you, if you finish what you're doing."

We stared at each other for long seconds before I slowly lowered my head to her pussy, Mom raising and opening her legs to help, hands sliding around the back of my head, pulling me toward the pussy I'm sure she was set to deny me forever during our special talk.

I didn't rush. Mom wouldn't let me anyway. She was intent on making it last, pushing me away several times until she couldn't and pulled me in, her grip nearly breaking my neck as she tried to pull my mouth right inside her. She came hard. It took several minutes for her to quit shaking and quivering as she experienced two revival episodes.

I don't think Dad had ever made her come like that. I don't think anyone had. She looked like truly pleased as she watched me, a satisfied smile on her face, crawl over her hips and past her stomach to straddle her chest. She shifted higher up on the pillow then, knowing what was coming, her eyes on my cock as it wavered before her mouth. I grasped the side of her head and lifted it toward me.



"You won't have to suck much, Mom," I moaned, pressing the tip to her lips.

"I know," Mom whispered, finishing with open lips on that 'oh' sound, letting me slide my cock inside her in one full thrust. Then I was at it, fucking her mouth. I know she said she would suck me, but I wanted to fuck her mouth, to fuck her face, and she knew it. I felt her hands come up to grip my ass as my thrusts shortened, quickened, and grew more desperate as I hunched over her head, moaning as my cock scraped by her lips, feeling the wet heat of her constantly moving tongue, then grunting with each spurt that burst out of my burning hose.

When I finally pulled my softening cock out of Mom's mouth, expecting to see a mess all over her face, I was surprised to see her soft complexion unmarked, the only evidence of my attack being the end of a big swallow followed by Mom's smile.

"Oh, Mom," I gasped, dropping onto her chest, wrapping my arms around her.

"It's ok," she patted my back, "it's ok."

Mom continued to console me for a few more minutes, then said, "I guess we have to recognize that we've crossed a line, and we'll want to do it again. It's inevitable, so there's no use fighting it." She paused for a minute, then added, "You like being with me don't you?" I nodded. "But there is a line I'll never cross. You understand that too, don't you?"

I shook my head against her chest.

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"Yes, Mark. There is a line."

I shook my head again, making sure to rub my cheeks across her tits. Mom laughed, pushing my head up, making me look at her.

"You brat. There is a line, and I won't cross it with you. Say you understand or I won't do this with you again."

I shook my head again, dipped down to kiss her breast, then said, "I love touching your legs, Mom, and I love kissing your other places even more."

Mom looked at me closely, assessing me, then laughed again. "You really are a brat."

I laughed back. "I know."

"Well, I won't let you."

"But I'll try."

Another pause.

"Go get me a beer. I need one."

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I put my sweatpants back on and headed downstairs, realizing then that Mom knew all along that Dad and Brad had left at halftime and that we were alone.

Can you guess how shocked I was coming down the stairs to see Dad and Brad still watching the game?

"Coming down to the pub with us, son?" Dad asked as I reached the bottom of the stairs, "We're heading down as soon as the game's over."

"No," I choked out, darting into the kitchen, "I've got to talk to Mom."

"Grab us a couple more beers," Brad yelled.

When I came out with two beers for them and two for me and Mom, I explained that I wished I could go but I had to talk to Mom.

"Hey, we understand women," Brad guffawed. "Go take care of your mom, kid."

"Yeah," Dad laughed along with his friend, "take care of Mom."

That's exactly what I intend to do, I thought as I climbed the stairs for the second time that day, but not the way you think. I closed the door firmly behind me before walking to the bed. Mom watched me as she lay propped up on one elbow.

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"They were downstairs the whole time?" she seemed genuinely surprised.

I handed her a beer, already opened. "I guess," I answered. "They're off to the pub after the game, said I should take care of you."

"Oh," she laughed, rolling onto her tummy, propped up on both elbows now, looking sideways at me as I lay down beside her on my left elbow, beer held in my right, eyes sliding down her back, over her red plaid skirt, and along her legs to her bare feet. "So, are you?" she asked.

"Am I what?" not really paying attention to what she was saying.

"Going to take care of me?" She turned her head, taking a small sip, watching me appreciate her form.

"After they're gone," I replied.

"What am I supposed to do until then?" Mom asked in a sexy, husky voice, shifting her feet apart to open her legs.

I took a drink too, a long one, and passed my beer to my left hand when I finished. I trailed my free hand down her back and up the rise of her buttocks, letting it rest on her soft flesh, fingers finding the groove under the plaid material. Gently, I moved my hand in a small circle, searching for the telltale ridge of her panties but finding no sign.

"Sip your beer," I suggested, "it's gotta last."

My brow furrowed as my hand moved, widening the arc of its search. Mom's knees bent as she drew her legs up to allow them to open wider.

"But you're not sipping yours."

I retrieved my hand to take my beer, took another big slug, and switched hands again, returning to fondle Mom's rump.

"I have other things to do," I argued, "you don't."

"Oh," Mom said in a teasing tone, "so I'm supposed to just lay her while you do your big important things." She lifted her hips, pressing her rump against my circling palm, settling down with legs open a little wider yet.

"That's the picture," I responded, teasing her backside, "your job is to just lay there and enjoy yourself."

I was now convinced that Mom was naked under the skirt but, looking around, I couldn't see her panties anywhere and it didn't make sense that she would toss them after laying down the law about not crossing the line.

I switched hands again, downed the rest of my beer, and tossed the empty to the floor. Mom sipped her beer as I did, looking very amused, even laughing at my eagerness to return my hand to renew my search.

"Lost something?" she asked, her eyes twinkling.

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"No, no," I returned, my hand dipping down, pushing her skirt between her legs, finally encountering her panties, stretched across the bottom of her buttocks, leaving her cheeks bare above. She hadn't tossed them, she simply hadn't pulled them back up. I could feel myself lengthening as I realized she was open to play, even though she knew Dad and Brad were still downstairs watching the game.

Mom reached over to set her bottle down on the bedside table, then settled down in the pillows, hands folded below her chest, elbows by her sides. Her legs straightened but remained parted. I started pulling her skirt up, bunching it in my hand on her behind, then pulling it higher to pile it on her back, leaving her ass bare before me, her panties stretched tight across the back of her thighs.

"Make sure you pull my skirt down if you hear your Dad coming," Mom instructed.

I laid my hand across her cheeks, then slid my palm down, cupping her left cheek, sneaking my fingers between her panties and her ass, fingertip brushing across the bottom of her pussy. Pushing my hand forward, I slid it back up, fingertips trailing up her crack, stopping when my palm was once more resting on the crest of her left buttock, fingers poking in, wedged between her cheeks. I wiggled my fingers, searching for the crinkly button with my longest finger.

"Haven't you had enough for today?" Mom whispered, her face toward me.

"No, not nearly," I whispered back, hoarsely.

"I'm serious about the line, Mark."

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I leaned forward, placed my left hand on Mom's right cheek and pressed it outward, opening her crack, revealing the little donut hidden there. I drooled some spit directly on target and quickly moved my long fingertip on top to spread it around.

"Why do you like that so much?" Mom asked, apparently not bothered by my anal attention.

"I don't know," I answered honestly, "I just do."

"You can play there all you want but it won't get you in where you want to go," Mom warned.

"I don't mind. Can I play around until they leave?" I continued circling my fingertip and dripping in another dollup of saliva to smooth its ride.

"It's neither here nor there as far as I'm concerned," Mom commented nonchalantly.

I surmised from her answer that this didn't do much for Mom, but from what I'd seen in porno movies by so-called ass masters, that could change if you took your time. I resolved to do just that. Play with her ass while stroking all around her pussy to build up a groundswell of horniness.

After a few more minutes went by, I suggested, "Can I lay on top of you? It wouldn't be crossing the line when you're facing away like this."

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I was looking for confirmation, or at least no objection. Mom didn't say anything so I just kept sliding my left hand around her bottom while I continued working my finger around her little hole.

"Mom?"

"If you keep your pants on," she sighed.

"But I'd pull them up quick if I heard Dad coming." I argued.

"No."

"After? Can I do it after they leave?"

"We'll see," Mom's delayed response finally came.

I pulled my finger out and replaced it with my thumb, allowing my fingers to trail down her crack to her pussy slit. As I rubbed her crinkly backdoor with my thumb, I let my fingers brush back and forth across her pussy lips. I knew I was getting somewhere when her tummy suddenly pushed into the bed, cocking her ass up so more of her pussy could twist toward me.

As I twiddled her pussy lips I managed to work the first part of my thumb inside her ass. Mom's reactions belied her nonchalance about her ass since I seemed to be getting more reaction to my thumbwork than the manipulations of her pussy, but I had a sense she wouldn't admit it.



"I think they're going now, Mom," I whispered, pretending to hear something.

During the distraction, I slipped my left hand under her tummy and moved it down until I could slip my fingers between her pussy lips from above. Mom moaned and turned her face into the pillow. I was sure I had her now but that made me even more tense and afraid to screw things up.

Her ass lifted, whether from my fingering underneath or new appreciation for my asswork, I don't know. I slipped the long finger of my left hand fully inside her pussy and replaced my thumb with the long finger of my right, along with all the drool I could muster. Within a dozen thrusts, I accompanied both long fingers with both index fingers and began working each hole with two fingers.

Mom's hips were hunching now, her ass lifting up to meet my fingers in her rear and then forward into the mattress to shove the others as far inside her as she could. She was definitely moaning, a constant low hum modulating in tone.

I wouldn't have heard Dad now if he had walked in the bedroom door. I began nibbling Mom's ass and covering her cheeks with love bites. I don't know why I started doing this but Mom seemed to really like it, judging from the sounds she made.

I don't know when, but there as a point when I realized Mom had raised her hips, my pussy fingers following, and was holding her ass up to let my rear fingers more easily push in and out of her. She was definitely loving the ass stuff, her body couldn't lie. I started to work her ass more, using my pussy fingers to just hold her in place. I was kneeling beside her now, providing greater leverage for the assault on her behind, and leaned in to drool more saliva down her ass crack as needed.

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I expected her to panic when I shifted to kneel behind her but she didn't. Maybe she wasn't aware of my move, I don't know. Using my left hand, I pushed my sweatpants over my ass and swung my arm around to lift them off my dick which was stabbing straight up. Grasping my tool, I spit on it for good measure, pulled my fingers out of Mom to a desperate sounding 'ohhhh', lined up, and nudged it against her now yawning hole. My cock head slipped almost completely inside her, requiring only a slight push to pop in.

"Ohhhhhhhhhuuuhhhhhhhhh," Mom moaned loudly.

"Unnnnggghhhhhhhh," she cried as I pushed all the way in, slowly, until my legs met hers.

I hoped to god my Dad had really left because there was no way in hell I could pull out now.

Out, I dragged my cock back, then the slow shove back in again.

"Ohhhhhhhhhuuuhhhhhhhhh," she moaned as I pulled out, and "Unnnnggghhhhhhhh," she grunted as I pushed back in. Over and over and over.

My hands were gripping the fleshiest part of her hips, holding her as I dragged my cock out and pulling her back as I drove it forward. I was getting carried away by the anarchy of her moans, pushing and pulling faster and faster as my cock slid through her forbidden ring, abandoning my movements to simple reactions to her sounds.

"Yeah," I grunted, "do you like that? Huh?"

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I repeated that every thirty seconds or so, putting a little more ummphh into each thrust, making a point, delirious in the thrill of fucking her ass. I leaned heavily into her, collapsing her flat onto the bed, digging my cock in and pulled her head up to gasp in her ear.

"Do you like it? ... In your ass? ... Do you? ... Huh?"

My toes were digging in the mattress as I tried to leverage my cock farther and farther into her and, finally, to just hold myself in as I discharged jet after searing jet of hot cum between her cheeks, gasping my heart out.

We lay still.

I raised myself up on my knees and pulled my still hard cock out, white goo dripping down in a long string to her open hole which was filled with the same stuff. Fascinated, I spread her cheeks and pushed my cock back in, just inside, before pulling out again. Mom moaned, a desperate, needy moan, making my softening cock harden again. She hadn't come and she needed more. I pushed in an out, pausing to enjoy the sounds I pulled from her throat and the pop of her asshole as it released my cock.

In, out, pause ... back in.

Gosh, how she seemed to love this slow ass fucking, like a steam train slowly gaining speed as it leaves the station, chug ... chug ... chug.

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In and out faster now, but pausing for the same time to listen to the obligatory moan and sucking sound as my cock popped out of her ass. Back in but not far, getting a grunt now on the poke inside. Lovely, lovely. Cock fully hard again, messy with my own cum lubricating her ass, Mom lifting up trying to get it inside her sooner.

Staying still now as Mom fucked her own ass on my cock, thrusting back, keeping herself impaled on my pole, obviously loving it, loving my cock in her ass. She was really going now, leaping up from the mattress, shoving herself frantically back as she neared her orgasm, finally reaching it, yelling out loud and pushing with her arms to hold herself against my hips, wriggling her ass all over to ream herself with my hardness. I pulled back when she collapsed on the bed, holding my cock tip just at her entrance, rubbing it back and forth across her hole until I came again, releasing a steady flow of white cream, filling her little hole and her crack.

Laying heavily on her back I whispered in her ear, "That's the new line Mom."

Mom was silent. There was no other response except for her heavy breathing. My cock lay embedded in the crack of her sticky bum. I was in no hurry to move.

## Epilogue

My life was a paradise after that day. Mom regularly asked me to massage her tired feet when she came home from work. She loved to tease me with looks up her skirt, usually introducing a new pair of panties. Flowered cotton jobs, thin thongs, lacy black and red panties, a pair of lewd crotchless panties, and of course, none at all. If the noise of a game suddenly rose, indicating an interesting play, Mom would lift her foot onto my crotch and rub her heel around on my cock. She really was merciless.

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But my days of masturbating while I reviewed the night's teasing were over. When she was ready, Mom would get up and disappear, sometimes upstairs to her or my room, and sometimes downstairs to the laundry room or the guest room, waiting for me to join her.

Once, she only made it to the kitchen. She was waiting there near the door to the basement stairs when I came in, fell on my knees in the center of the room and leaned my head back. Wild eyed, she walked slowly toward me in her bare feet, swishing her loose skirt from side to side, lifting it in her final approach and dropping it over my head just as her wet pussy found my mouth and her hands the back of my head.

When I ate her like that I was always rewarded by more than a blowjob. That night she came to my bed and, though I'd tried hard to wait knowing she would come, she still had to wake me with her mouth. She turned easily onto her back when I could no longer lay still and twisted on top of her, needing to assert my male control. She moaned as I shoved it into her mouth and started thrusting, soon generating the wet sounds of a nasty face fuck.

Mom had left my bedside lamp on, knowing how much I loved watching my hard cock slide in and out of her mouth, the alternating hollowing and bulging of her cheek, and best of all, the sight of my cum falling on her face, spurting, dribbling, sometimes hanging from my cock until I pulled back far enough for it to snap back on her face.

She didn't often let me do that. It was a special treat. But when she did, she never hurried me. She always let me enjoy the sight of her face covered in my jizz and waited for me to get a cloth to clean her. And then sometimes, as she did this night like I knew she would, she'd turn over with her face in the pillow and raise her ass toward me, waiting.

She knew I would be ready even though she'd just sucked me dry. The sight of her raised ass and open legs were irresistible and would raise the staff of a man much older than me even so soon after such a fulfilling facial dump. And that's why Mom's ass would already be greased and ready. All I had to do was guide my cock to that

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beckoning cave and push, and push, filling her dark, resistant tunnel that would struggle so hard to keep me out yet so suddenly welcome me in a moaning, enveloping hug.

I loved that sound, the sound of first entry, her acknowledgement of my swelling, filling pleasure, her tacit approval of a forced entry into a place not designed to receive anything from outside, let alone her son's cock. But I had no choice, for she would block the only alternative destination. Mom's fingers would appear from her tummy and slither up to cover the one treasure I desired more than anything else and which she still denied me, her wonderful, maternal pussy.

Disappointed, I would lose myself in her ass, yet I never treated it as a consolation prize. How many teenagers were awarded such gifts? I had been handed her mouth and ass, probably what any other guy my age would consider the best prizes of all, but I wanted Mom's pussy.

I dreamed about it almost every waking moment. I was so familiar with its sight and smell, the texture of its internal channel, the slippery feel of its walls to both finger and tongue and where all the really sensitive parts were, and I even knew the location of almost every little hair on the outside. But my cock was totally ignorant about her cunt. It was my overarching ambition to possess that flower.

I tried bringing arousing movies home for us to watch when Dad wasn't home, and when that didn't work, I tried withholding my oral treats but I could never outlast her. A few shots of her open skirt and I was done. The one time I was able to hold out, when I refused to touch her feet or even look up the open skirt she offered, she left in a huff only to appear a few minutes later from the kitchen, unwrapping something as she walked slowly back to the couch.

Sitting back against the arm of the couch, she pretended to read the magazine resting in her lap against the skirt that covered her knees but, unseen from Dad's perspective, not her open legs. She ignored me except for a rare

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glance and smile as she sucked and licked a root beer popsicle. She slid it slowly into her mouth and withdrew with a prolonged, wet suck, opening her mouth to circle her tongue around the end before plunging it quickly into her mouth, deep. Then the coy smile and the seductive flash of her eyes.

"Oh, did you want one, honey? I think there's one left."

She beckoned me to follow her into the kitchen. By the time I got there, she was on her knees in the center of the room, waiting. I walked quickly to her, not slowly the way she'd approached me, unlimbering my hard cock on the way and shoving it into her mouth without delay, frantically thrusting, almost coming as I felt the cold shock of her slick brown tongue. I fucked her mouth for less than a minute before filling her throat, my whole body going rigid before slumping to the floor to join her.

"Don't try to play out of your league, sweetie." Mom's arm circled my shoulders, then slid down to pull my sweatpants up to cover my soft cock. She kissed me gently, then whispered, "I want to feel that behind me tonight." She stood and smiled down at me. "Just accept things the way they are, the way they have to be."

A year went by. Mom and I still had regular sex, oral and anal, though not as often. We had settled into a comfortable routine throughout that year and would have continued forever. I had no reason to complain but I couldn't shed the desire to re-enter my mother's womb.

Then I brought Jenny home.

Jenny was a sweet girl I had met at a local hangout that specialized in the blues, a world in which I loved to immerse myself. Jenny was new and different. She was attracted to me because, she said, there was something

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unusually intriguing about me and she was keen to find out exactly what it was. Whatever it was, no one else could sense it, especially girls as attractive as Jenny. None of them had ever caught a whiff as far as I could tell.

Anyway, as you probably know me well enough to know by now, I wasn't going to look a gift horse in the mouth. Jenny and I had sex the very first night we met, in her small apartment. For a person who had all the sex he wanted on a daily basis, I was starved for pussy, and it was a wonderful evening. I'd tell you more but this is a forum for relationships with mothers, so let's put that story aside for now.

Jenny and I started screwing several times a week. Despite my youthful vigor, my attentions to mother dropped off noticeably. Mom thought I was up to my old game of trying to get her horny enough to succumb to my womb desires and reminded me one night that a starvation diet would harm me more than her. After a while, knowing that I was just a man, I think she began to have suspicions about why I wasn't 'losing any weight'.

On the other side, Jenny was ferociously persistent in her quest to discover what was especially unique about me. Unfortunately, one night in the throes of passion, I shouted out my lover's name as I unloaded a particularly large and volatile wad of spunk. Except I didn't yell 'Jenny'. And I didn't yell 'Carol'.

I yelled 'Mom'.

The stiffness in Jenny's body, normally pliant and comforting, alerted me that something was wrong while I lay upon her recuperating after disposing of my load. What? Had I left her hanging? No, I had said something when I came. What? What did I say?



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"Mom?" Jenny asked. "You yelled 'Mom' when you were coming in me?" Jenny's voice was rising, not angry, but surprised, even incredulous. She shoved me off to the side and rolled over, half on top of me, her face close to mine.

"Mom?"

My mind was reeling. I'd said 'Mom'? You dumb dork, stupid dipshit, I cursed myself.

"No," I denied it. "I said 'Man'. That was fucking incredible man."

Jenny dismissed my lame attempt to cover up.

"You said 'Mom'." She nodded in affirmation of her conclusion, convincing herself that she had indeed heard what she thought, seeing something in my face -- fear? -- that confirmed it.

"So that's it. You're got a thing for your mother." Jenny's face assumed the triumphant expression of one who has solved a difficult problem, finally found the elusive missing piece to a perplexing puzzle.

Again, my face gave something away.

"No, that's not it." She paused, her eyes searing into mine. "No. No way. You're kidding. You're not ... You are. You're fucking your Mom!" Her eyes were wide. "I don't believe it. That's it. You're fucking your Mom!"

Jenny's face broke out into a huge smile. I shook my head but words failed me.

"Don't even try it," she said. "I can see it in your face. I knew there was something weird about you. Something really different. Wow. You're fucking your Mom. Man you read about it but I've never met anybody who's actually done it. Wow!"

There was no way I could convince Jenny she was wrong. It was all in my face. I denied it but of course, she wheedled the story out of me, about how it all started, how we'd done everything except that one thing. She had slithered up on top of me by that time and was teasing me, hovering her pussy over my resurrected cock, dipping her slit down to briefly envelop my head, until I spilled the entire story. I gasped out the details while she slowly pushed and pulled her sheath up and down my full length until I came again, insisting that I yell 'Mom' with the first burst.

"I have to meet her," she said afterwards, quietly, with dreaded finality.

She promised not to let on.

Mom exhibited that same satisfied look, that knowing smile when she first met Jenny, as if she'd known all along why our sexual activity had diminished.

"She's beautiful," she said as I helped her prepare some drinks and snacks in the kitchen. "I can't believe you've done anything at all with that at your disposal." Mom looked out the window into the back yard where Jenny was sitting in a lawn chair talking to Dad.

"She's so pretty and petite, and those mysterious, Chinese eyes are devastating," Mom continued.

Yes. Jenny was very pretty. Was Mom surprised that I'd managed such a catch? Was she jealous? I couldn't detect anything in her tone or mannerism to suggest she was.

"And so well-endowed for such a slim girl," Mom laughed, looking at me. "Or had you noticed."

I grinned. "Come on, Mom." I led the way outside with a tray full of drinks.

We spent the afternoon outside in the sun and had an early barbecue. Brad dropped by to pick Dad up on the way to the pub. There was another big game on. We walked inside when they left, bringing the dishes with us. While we were cleaning up in the kitchen, Jenny shocked me with her betrayal of my trust.

"So," Jenny said, as if preparing to say something important. "Mark tells me you love having your feet massaged."

Mom dropped the cutlery she was about to put into the dishwasher. My mouth dropped open.

As Mom retrieved the fallen forks, Jenny went on, "Did Mark tell you that I studied massage?"

"No," Mom replied, momentarily flustered but recovering quickly with only the briefest glance my way. "He didn't."

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"Mark," Jenny admonished me with an annoyed glance before turning back to face Mom. "I'd love it if you'd let me give you a massage. You've been so nice, it would be the least I could do."

Mom hesitated, unsure.

"Please?" Jenny asked, eyes indicating that 'no' wouldn't be accepted.

"Well...", Mom said.

"That's great." Jenny took Mom's hand, leading her out of the kitchen.

In the living room, Mom started toward the couch but Jenny held her back.

"Is there somewhere you can lay down?" she asked. "My massages are very relaxing."

"Well, there's my bed ..." Mom replied, uncertainly.

"That would be perfect," Jenny responded quickly.

Reluctantly, Mom led us upstairs.

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Once in Mom's room, Jenny instructed me to sit cross-legged at the top of the bed and encouraged Mom to lay on her back with her head resting in my lap.

"Close your eyes," she told Mom, and then to me, "Stroke her face and forehead, very gently."

Jenny went into the bedroom and returned a minute later with a face cloth soaked in hot water. She sat on the end of the bed and removed Mom's shoes, then sat cross-legged under her feet. Lifting one foot at a time, she washed Mom's feet, checking to see if I was stroking Mom's forehead and face properly, then returning to concentrate on Mom, apparently satisfied.

As soon as Mom's feet were clean, Jenny began her massage. It wasn't long before Mom was responding to Jenny's superior craftsmanship and there was no surprised reaction when her expert fingers started stroking up Mom's legs and kneading her calf muscles, just murmured appreciation.

Watching Jenny stroke Mom's legs was a rare lesson in how to touch a woman. My fumbling had been directed at maneuvering Mom's legs so I could see through them to her thighs and panties but Jenny was focused on Mom's flesh and the difference was audible in Mom's reaction and visible in the expressions on her face.

Jenny shifted forward, bringing Mom's feet nearer as she kept them in her lap, raising her legs and bending her knees in adjustment, allowing her to concentrate on Mom's upper calves and then the hollow behind her knees. She took much longer to move to Mom's thighs but when she did she calmly set Mom's feet to the side of her own legs and casually brushed Mom's skirt back, causing it to slide down as her other hand slowly slid underneath along the soft swelling curve to her buttocks.

Jenny spent even longer on Mom's thighs. Eventually, she was tantalizingly trailing her fingertips all around Mom's upper thighs, concentrating on the area around Mom's panties. Twice she had pushed Mom's skirt out of the way, and finally she just pulled it right up, laying the hem across Mom's tummy, exposing all of her panties and her sexy belly button too.

Jenny never touched Mom's panties but she traced their line so closely it was hard to tell she hadn't. The front of Mom's panties were full, puffed up and ready. Jenny had moved closer as she worked, forcing Mom's knees apart until the thin yellow cotton panties couldn't hide the swollen, vulnerable pussy underneath, open and ready.

I was enthralled. Long the object of my desire, it seemed to reach for Jenny's delicate fingers whenever they came close, as if Mom's panties pulsed outward, perhaps not reaching so much as being pushed by the throbbing organism they contained. Mom's pungent odor permeated the air.

Jenny drew her hand back and pulled her own skirt high up to her hips, holding it there as she struggled to her knees. She looked up and smiled at me as she leaned forward, glancing down at her shoulders and then back to me as her balance became precarious. I brought my hands up to catch her just as she would have fallen and took her weight as she continued leaning forward, gradually falling onto Mom.

Mom lay inert, though she had to know her masseuse was now laying on top of her, breast to breast, belly to belly, and panty to panty. Jenny supported her weight on her elbows and slipped her hands under Mom's head.

"Slip out," she whispered.

Obediently, I slid out trying hard not to disturb Mom. Jenny laid Mom's head gently back to the pillow and replaced my fingers with her own, delicately tracing an ornate design over Mom's face in similar fashion to the way she had caressed the soft skin between Mom's legs.

"Get behind us," Jenny whispered, her eyes dropping to my raging boner.

I slipped off the bed and removed my pants as quietly as I could, then the rest of my clothes. I crawled up on the bed and sat behind the two women, looking between their spread legs to their panties, one set on top of the other, connected, merging in soft pulses, titillating each other in a continuous, mutual kiss.

I watched, and watched. They strained against one another, seemingly forever. I began to realize that I was simply an observer, that I wasn't really part of this. Slowly, gradually, their pussies squished together more fervently, their connection becoming more intense, their grinding more frequent, until they seemed to be one, a mutant Siamese pussy making love to itself. They were moaning and whimpering in a secret feminine communication only they could understand.

Rising up on my knees, I pinched the side straps of Jenny's panties in my fingers and slowly dragged them off her hips, trying not to disturb her, pulling back until the panties snapped away from her soaked pussy. They both moaned loudly as their wet pussies moved one layer closer together. I pulled Jenny's panties down her legs and off her feet. They were grinding harder now, panting loudly.

I moved up behind Jenny and laid my cock along the crack of her ass. I couldn't help it, I needed to be part of this but before I could slip inside her slit, Jenny turned to look back at me, her eyes wild. She jerked her head, motioning me away.

Disappointed, but understanding, I backed away.

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As soon as I was clear, Jenny started rocking Mom, pulling at her elbow on one side. After several attempts, Mom understood and swung her side up, and over, rolling, until she was laying on top. They wasted no time in reconnecting their pussies, quickly regaining their former rhythm.

I was suddenly struck by Jenny's foot. Then again, and again. She was signaling me. I rose on my knees and looked down at her panting, flushed face. She cast her eyes down, several times, urgently. Tentatively, I moved my hand towards Mom's panties and Jenny nodded.

My cock regained some of the glory it lost when Jenny motioned me away as I dragged Mom's more conservative panties over her buttocks, pulling them away from her sticky pussy, down her legs and over her knees with some difficulty, then off her feet. I was fully hard when I scrambled on my knees back between their open legs to look down at Jenny for further instruction.

She smiled with a glint in her eye, her mouth forming a single word, 'Come.'

I moved forward and laid my cock on an ass again, this time Mom's. I slid back and forth a few times, letting her know I was there, though there was no conscious reaction to my presence. I pushed my shaft deeper between her cheeks and began thrusting in earnest across the dark little hole that knew me so well. Mom's ass bucked against me but I knew it was in reaction to the thrusting pussy that lay underneath. I leaned forward, getting ready to push inside, my eyes meeting Jenny's as I was about to enter Mom's ass.

She was shaking her head. 'No' she mouthed.

I paused, confused. She was trying to say something else, forming other words, repeating them, over and over. Two words.



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'Fuck... her', 'Fuck... her', 'Fuck... her'.

Jenny started thrusting up harder, rubbing more vigorously against the more mature pussy bearing down on her.

"Fuck her," she whispered.

I moved my cock, pushing it down, along Mom's perineum, and then to her opening, sliding my cockhead into her wet, pink slit.

I paused, afraid to move, awaiting Mom's permission, some signal, leaning on my hands and staring down into Jenny's eyes.

"Fuck her," she said aloud. "Fuck us."

I slipped my cock inside, just the head. Glorious. Mom felt awesome. And then true glory. Mom twisted her pelvis back toward me, making it easier for me to move further inside her.

I pushed, sliding in, in, all the way in. She was tight, like Jenny. Did she not let Dad inside either? She was like a glove, a perfect, slippery maternal grip. I bottomed out and pushed into Mom's cheeks, grinding her onto Jenny's pussy. I pulled out and slid back in without pause, again, and again and again until I was moving steadily, fucking her, fucking my mom!

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I was crying out and moaning, "Oh, mom ... oh mom."

Hearing myself, I began thrusting harder, lunging into her, jamming my cock, releasing the pent up frustrations of the past year. I needed to FUCK HER. I was in a frenzy, screaming her name, "Mom ... Mom ... Mom," but I could barely hear it over my rasping breath and the slap of my pelvis crashing into her sweaty ass. This wasn't making love, this was fucking, this was banging. Harder, and faster, desperately, harder, faster, faster faster ....

"ahhhhhhhhh aahhhhh ahhhhhhhh."

I fell on Mom's back, feeling Jenny's arms reach up to hold my shoulders, closing in on my head. I opened my eyes to look into hers, in eternal thanks and appreciation for the gift she had given me. I slumped back, exhausted and fell away to the side. A moment later, I felt a soft womanly, mature body caress the length of mine. A teasing tongue flicked in my ear, replaced by a wet kiss and then a soft whisper.

"I'm going to have to teach you how to fuck me nicely."

"Is that what you want, to be fucked nicely all the time?" I asked, tired but not so exhausted I didn't note the feel of her puffy wet pussy squishing around the length of my flagging manhood.

"No, not all the time," Mom whispered before pushing her wet tongue into my ear.

My cock, reacting to her squishy pussy, was growing and my weariness was consequently draining away. I reached up between our chests, found her nipples, and gently pinched them between thumb and forefingers.

"Oh yes, baby," Mom cooed. "I like that," she added as I began rolling and tugging her nipples.

For my part, I loved the way she was squishing her wet pussy up and down my shaft. Mom's face hovered over mine and kissed me full on the lips, her tongue soon sinking into my mouth. I was stunned by that kiss. Stunned because it was the first time we had kissed like that. For all that we had done, Mom and I never 'made out'. Her lips and tongue sent shivers down my body, resulting in a significant hardening of my tool. Mom pulled her mouth away just far enough to chuckle as she simultaneously lifted her hips enough for my cock to rise from my stomach.

"You like to kiss, do you?" she teased.

"Yeah," I mumbled.

"So do I," Mom answered, shifting her hips forward and then back, enveloping my cock head and then pushing all the way down and back, squeezing tightly to ravage my cock. "I like this too," she said before sinking her tongue into my mouth again.

Mom fucked me slowly while Jenny sat silently on the bed, leaving us to make love for the first time. She had brought Mom to the point where she would fuck me but making love was a choice the two of us had to make, and it was one we both made enthusiastically.

Mom took a long time. I almost came several times but she held back until the urge subsided. When she was sure I was ready, she started again. There came a point when Mom was ahead of me and I didn't hold her back. I didn't know how to anyway and there was little I could do to hold myself back: Mom was in full control. Or, I should say, now she was out of control. Mom sat up on my cock, rising completely off my frame to the very tip of my cock before dropping down with a loud groan, again and again and again. Then she leaned forward onto my chest, humping me just as desperately, tucking her head under to watch herself plunging onto my cock. Later, she leaned

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back, legs straining with the effort of churning her hips. When she finally came, I thought she would squeeze the life out of me. She shivered and shook for minutes above me.

Jenny was gone. I felt a loss but then realized it was appropriate for Mom and I to have this experience to ourselves. I was surprised when Jenny returned carrying a tray with a teapot and three mugs and cookies. We sat on the bed and dunked our cookies, smiling at each other and not saying a word.

That night, I awoke with Mom straddling my hips, her hand feeding my already hard cock into her pussy.

"I can't wait until tomorrow," she gasped. "I feel so empty."

I wasn't about to complain. Mom repeated her on-top-fuck in record time. She was really horny. When she rolled off I immediately lifted her legs and pushed them back until her knees were beside her head and her ass was completely off the bed. I got up on my feet and straddled her haunches, then dropped my steel hard cock into her soaking wet cunt.

I knew my father couldn't hear anything over his loud snoring so I didn't hold anything back. I let Mom really have it and I knew from her reaction that she didn't want to 'make love' all the time. Some time, she just wanted to get fucked, and fucked hard. I could see it in her face every time I dropped on her with force and dug my cock in that extra little bit. I don't know what Mom's sex life had been like when she was young but I knew from her expression that no cock could ever make her feel better. Mine was the only 'son' cock she would ever have.

The next night, Mom told Dad that his dinner was warming in the oven.

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"Where are you going?" Dad asked, not even bothering to look away from the TV let alone turn down the volume.

"Mark's new girlfriend has invited me over for dinner to meet his mother."

This was news to me.

"She just wants to me you and not his old man?" Dad asked.

"It's a woman bonding thing," mom explained. "Come on, Mark. Jenny wants you there too, to break the ice."

I guess I was still looking surprised by the look on Dad's face.

"Go on Mark. Do your duty. You may as well get used to it," Dad guffawed.

In the car on the way to Jenny's, Mom reached over to massage my pants.

"I hope you're up for some heavy duty tonight," she said, smirking. "Jenny and I have been making plans all afternoon."

"Don't worry about me, Mom. I'm a dutiful son."

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"I don't know," she said, unzipping my pants and fishing my cock out, "you look a little worn out to me."

Mom's mouth opened and my cock enjoyed a breath of hot air before disappearing into its slick warmth. My hand gripped the wheel and I slowed down to look for a good place to park. As soon as I stopped, I pushed down on Mom's head and hunched my hips, fucking into her mouth. I didn't last long. I didn't even try, and we were soon on our way.

Jenny opened the door and, upon seeing me, immediately glared at Mom.

"You promised you wouldn't!" she cried indignantly.

Mom smirked and shrugged her shoulders and I tried to shrink out of sight but Jenny didn't pay me any mind. She pulled Mom into the apartment and dragged her toward the couch, walking backwards until she fell on it.

"You're gonna have to pay for that," Jenny growled, hiking up her skirt.

"I know," Mom replied, not sounding the least bit repentant as she fell to her knees in front of my girlfriend.

I closed the door and followed my women into the living room. I watched for several minutes before slowly removing my clothes. Naked, I kneeled behind Mom and flipped her dress up onto her back. As I pushed Mom's panties down to her knees, I looked into Jenny's eyes.

"Thank's for inviting us for dinner," I said.

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Jenny's face already wore a lusty expression of intense pleasure but she managed to croak, "You've got yours coming too, Mister."

"I hope so," I cried, sliding into Mom.

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