

The Mom Memories- Kevin's Story

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This is Kevin's story compiled from Chapters 10, 13, 15 and 16.

All characters are 18 years or older.

Part 1 from Chapter 10.

My name is Kevin and my mom's name is Margaret. We're a fairly typical family except that my older brother left home a few years ago and we haven't heard from him since. Matt was the outgoing one. He was pretty good at school but excelled at sports and was very popular, with the girls and guys, almost making captain of the football team. Me, I'm the bookish one. In the last year, my mother has become quite withdrawn, going to church at least twice a week until recently. We used to go only on Sundays, but since my brother left Mom became even more religious than before. My father is the same, except he seems to keep to himself more, spending most of his time at home out in his workshop or downstairs in the rumpus room listening to his old music or watching old movies.

Matt and my mother were close. He used to tease her a lot, about being so straight-laced, prim and proper. He tried to get her to let her hair down, literally, instead of wearing it in a bun all the time. Mom had thick brown shoulder length hair with deep red highlights, very sexy if it wasn't on an uptight, religious church woman. But Mom would only loosen her hair after extended harassment from Matt, and then only in the house, never outside, and only when no one else was around, especially Dad. I only saw her like that twice when they didn't realize I was home.

I still remember that first time. I came upstairs into the kitchen and heard their voices in the living room. For some reason, though I was on my way up to my room, I didn't just walk into the hallway and head up the stairs. I

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stopped in the kitchen, listening to them, creeping quietly up to the doorway to hear better, and peeking around the jamb.

"There," Mom was saying, "I don't know why you like this so much." Mom's hands were dropping from her shoulders just as she began shaking her head, her hair snapping out and swirling in the air, tossing out the kinks.

"Because your hair is so beautiful, Mom," Matt said, reaching out to take a handful in each hand when her locks settled to her shoulders, his fingers closing in to feel it as it slid through his hands. "Turn around," he said quietly, his hands pressuring her shoulders into a spin. He stopped her when she was halfway around, his fingers tugging through her hair to the end, then back up to fill themselves again at the sides of her head.

Mom's eyes closed as her head lifted to the pull of Matt's hands through her hair. Matt watched as his hands pulled through her hair, lifting them to do it again, but his eyes moved past the end of Mom's hair to the small of her back and then over the rise to her rear end. That was what drew my attention, this hint of illicit lust. This wasn't a girl at school. I'd seen Matt eyeing up most of the girls there. This was our Mom! I wasn't angry, I was simply confused. Why was Matt checking our Mom's ass? Aside from being our Mom, she was old, past forty. And she was dressed in her typical fair, long dress made of thick material that covered her from her neck to almost her ankles.

There was something odd about that look and the way he touched her hair, even the expression on Mom's face as if she really enjoyed the feel of Matt's fingers running through her hair. I tried to retreat then, feeling like an intruder, an observer of a moment not meant to be witnessed. But my elbow bumped a bowl sitting on the counter near the door as I backed away so I went to the fridge to get a glass of milk. When I passed through the living room on my way upstairs, glass in hand, Matt was sitting on the couch fumbling with the remote and Mom was in her chair, hair tied up in her usual bun.

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The second time, I had come home from school early, surprised to see Matt's car already in the driveway. I entered the house quietly, thinking I might find Matt playing with Mom's hair in the living room again, but the house seemed to be empty. Then I heard the faint sound of muted voices downstairs. Quietly, I snuck down the stairs and along the hallway, stopping short of the rumpus room in the relative darkness of the hallway. Peeking around the door jamb, I saw Matt and Mom at the far end of the rumpus room, he playing with her hair again. Unlike the first time, I wasn't confused. There as an implicit erotic aura surrounding them and my groin stirred in recognition even before my brain processed the information impinging upon my eyes.

Mom was wearing a dress. Yes, of course. She always wore dresses, never pants. But she was wearing a dress you'd see on other women about town, not on my mother or most of the ones that attended our church. This dress was above Mom's knees, had no sleeves, leaving her arms bare, even dipped down over her breasts before reaching the buttons that ran down the front, rather than a zipper on the back. Mom didn't own a dress like that. At least, I had never seen her wear one.

Matt's hands slid through Mom's hair to her shoulders and onto the outside of her arms, holding her there. His head nestled beside hers and he was whispering to her as they both looked at the wall, I presume at the full length mirror I knew to be there. There was an odd sparkle in Mom's eyes as they looked out from her face which looked small embedded in the rich auburn surround of her rumpled hair. She seemed enthralled by what she was looking at.

"You see," Matt was saying, "I was right. You're beautiful."

I could see that. Mom looked like another woman. She could see it too, and I could see it fascinated her as much as Matt.

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Matt's hand slid down her arm, slowly, caressingly, possessively. He lifted her hand, holding her arm by her slender wrist.

"Look how it shows your figure, like it's part of you, shouting at the world, here's a real woman!"

Mom's face broke out in a smile when he said that and she didn't object, or even seem to notice, when Matt's other hand slipped down inside Mom's other arm, sliding over her waist until his hand rested just above her hip, squeezing her flesh.

"This isn't a woman to hide." Matt's other hand loosened its hold on Mom's wrist, letting it fall against her other hip. He swung her torso in a tiny circle, his face nuzzling closer to her head. "You can't hide this kind of beauty with frumpy dresses."

Matt's face turned inward to kiss Mom on her jawbone. I remember going rigid, expecting her to swing angrily around to slap him. Instead, Mom raised her arm up to place her hand on the side of Matt's head, pressing him to her. His hands slipped down her hips and around the front. I could see him pulling her back into him and his own body pushing forward into her rear. Her face turned toward him then and he kissed her. Not like we kissed her goodbye before going to school. Mouth on mouth, for a long time.

My brother pulled Mom against him the whole time he kissed her. I could see his hips pushing forward and back, grinding against her behind just like his mouth was grinding on hers. Mom pulled away from his when the kiss ended, gasping for breath.

"No, Matt, stop."

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Matt caught her in his arms, stopping her from getting away. "You promised .. you said if you liked the dress, you'd let me kiss you. And you like it. I can see you do," Matt insisted.

"But not like that," Mom was still struggling to catch her breath. "We can't kiss like that!"

Mom was pulling away from Matt but not so hard he couldn't hold her. He used his arms to smooth hers down her side and turned her to face him, moving close and taking her lips in his once more. As they kissed, Mom's hands came up, slowly, until she was again holding his face in hers. Matt's hands moved around her back and down, over her hips to hold her buttocks, pulling her to his own thrusting hips. Mom's hands slid past his face until her elbows crooked around his head, her body plastering itself to Matt's front, her hips moving in closer even than his hands were pulling.

The kiss ended but they broke apart only long enough to gulp in air and breath each other's name, before locking into another intense kiss. Matt walked Mom backward to the wall, holding her there with his body. When the kiss ended, he moved his hands up to the buttons on the front of her dress.

"No, Matt. I said I'd kiss you, that's all."

"Mom, even in your day, a girl would let her guy have a little feel when they were necking."

"No, I can't, Matt, please stop," Mom struggled to stop him as she complained. But Matt managed to undo a button anyway. He stopped then and Mom ceased struggling. Matt's head moved forward, his lips capturing Mom's again in another long kiss. Seconds later, Mom's hands returned to wrap around Matt's head, pulling him to her. And Matt's hands returned to Mom's dress, fumbling to get her buttons undone the whole time he kissed her.

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"Oh, Matt, Mattie," Mom cried when the kiss ended, her dress undone to her tummy, which heaved as she recovered her breath.

Matt stared down her front. "Mom, you're awesome, just awesome." His hands slipped under her dress and I could tell he was holding her tits. The way the muscles in his forearms moved, I knew he was kneading them with his fingers.

Mom didn't fight him, she simply leaned back against the wall and let Matt play with her breasts, her hands loosely clasped behind his neck. I even saw her arch her back, I guess in response to something he was doing underneath her dress that I couldn't see. I had a boner by this time and I was wishing that he'd take her dress off so I could see her tits too. But he didn't try to. Mom was smiling at him as he continued fondling her and she kept smiling when his right hand dropped away from her breast to slide over her hip, behind her leg to her knee. She was still smiling when Matt pulled her knee up and pushed her calf behind him, pushing himself, and her in front of him, hard against the wall.

Matt started rubbing himself up and down against Mom, sliding her bum against the wall.

"No, Matt, stop!" Mom ordered, but she didn't do anything to inhibit his movements, and nothing was keeping her leg up around his hip. Matt ignored her, increasing the pace of his thrusts against her.

"Mattie, ... no, no." Mom was saying she wanted him stop, but her arms seemed to tighten around his neck.

I could hear Matt's breathing getting very loud. His hand slipped down to grasp Mom's raised leg just below her bum at the top of her thigh. Mom's other foot suddenly appeared behind him on his other side. I guess he was lifting that leg as well. Mom was only held up by the pressure of Matt's body against the wall.

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Matt's hips were really moving now. He was shoving Mom up and down the wall with great vigor, and gasping loudly from the effort. Mom was gasping too, and she continued imploring him to stop, but her clutching feet were pulling him tight to the apex of her wide open legs.

Suddenly, Matt let out a great bellow, "AAAAHHHHHHHH, Ahhhh, ahhhhh."

His hips stopped, legs straining mightily to almost push Mom through the wall, interrupted by sudden surges of even greater strength. Not until he was long still did Mom's legs loosen their hold and slide down to the floor. Gently, she pushed him away, her hands going to her dress, starting to button them as she slipped out sideways, toward me. Thank god she was looking at Matt.

"That was a mistake, Matt. It won't happen again."

"But I love you, Mom," he turned toward her, looking somewhat ridiculous as he exposed the front of his come-soaked jeans.

"I love you, too. But that was a sin before God. It won't happen again, and that's all there is to it."

I pulled back then, hiding in the furnace room as Mom passed by, followed by Matt a moment later.

That's the last time I saw them together, although I did hear them arguing when I came home early again to see if I could catch them again. Matt's car was there but all I heard when I came in was yelling, and Matt stomping upstairs. I fled to my room. Moments later, I heard him pull out of the driveway and when I crept out of my room

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to peek downstairs, I saw Mom standing in the living room, looking out the front window, sobbing. Two days later, Matt left.

So it's been a little over a year now. Dad has no idea why Matt left but he stopped to visit one of our distant relatives a few states away so we know nothing ill became of him. Mom and I have a pretty good idea, but only I know that we both know. Mom seems to have pulled back from the religion thing recently, perhaps not finding the solace there she's seeking. I've tried to comfort her, but I'm not Matt and don't have his personality. Don't think it didn't cross my mind to try to fill his shoes, but I know I don't have that easy banter with people the way he does. I think, deep down, I knew better than to try to be Matt.

I came home from school one day, at the regular time, to find Mom in Matt's room. The time must have slipped by her. I hadn't seen her there before, though she may have gone there often when nobody was home. She was sitting on Matt's bed, the dress she's worn the last time I'd seen them together draped over her lap, her hand absently stroking it.

She jumped when she saw me, clearly not expecting me to be home yet.

"Oh, sorry Mom. I didn't mean to scare you," I apologized for startling her. She seemed flustered, even after recovering from her surprise, trying to gather the dress behind her. I realized she felt guilty, though there was no way she could have known I knew the significance of the dress. She stopped trying to hide the dress after my eyes fell on it, fidgeting with it in her lap. "I just found myself here. I miss him so much," Mom said, feeling the need to explain herself, I guess.

"I miss Matt too, Mom," I replied. Then, I blurted out, "He liked you in that dress."

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I don't know why I said that, giving myself away like that. How was I going to explain knowing about the dress?

"What?" Mom asked, her face going red, "What dress?" Her hands almost seemed to be trying to shove the dress between her legs, through the clothes she was wearing and out of sight.

"That one," I pointed, "The one he got for you."

I could believe my own pizzazz, brazening this out like this. Where was I going? My mind was frantically trying to catch up with my mouth.

"Got for me?" Mom looked confused. "What do you mean, got for me?"

I made good my escape then. "We're brothers, Mom. We talk." I turned and scurried to my room, leaving Mom with a shocked look on her face.

There was a knock on my door a few minutes later. "Can I come in?" Mom asked.

I didn't answer. Mom pushed my door open and came in. I kept my nose in the comic book I was pretending to read.

"What makes you think your brother got this dress for me?" Mom held the dress up in her hand.

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I glanced over at the dress. "Because he told me he did. He showed it to me," I lied. I still wasn't sure what I was up to, I was playing this entirely by ear, not even knowing where I wanted to go.

"What did he tell you?" I could see fear in my mother's face.

"He said you looked good in it and that you liked wearing it," I casually tossed out, flipping the page of the comic I definitely wasn't reading.

Mom looked even more shocked. She didn't say anything for a minute, then explained, "Matt did buy this dress because he said Dad never buys me anything, 'modern', but I never did put it on." She turned and spoke to me over her shoulder as she walked away, "That's just nonsense, what he told you."

That night, I made a point of sitting in the kitchen while Mom prepared dinner. I was reading a comic book but I made it obvious that I was looking her over. When she got everything on the stove and the oven set to cook for a while, she came and sat down kitty-corner at the table next to me.

"What's going on?" she demanded.

"What?" I asked innocently, "I'm just reading a comic."

"You know very well what I'm talking about. I can't get a spoon out the drawer without you watching every move I make. I can feel your eyes on me when I'm getting something out of the cupboard or looking in the fridge. What's the matter with you?" Her voice was intense, angry, but subdued as well, lowered to limit its range to inside the kitchen.

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"I just can't help thinking about what Matt said. He said you looked fantastic in that dress. He said 'You won't believe how great Mom looks'." I held her gaze.

"Kevin, I didn't wear that dress, I don't know why Matt told you that," Mom's voice was almost pleading. I let my eyes drop from her face to run over her chest, unhurriedly, then down her left side to the hip and leg nearest me. Mom's mouth opened in shock as she watched my lecherous gaze caress her body.

"Kevin! ... Stop that! ... Look at me." Mom reached out with her left hand and pulled my chin up to level my face. "I don't know why Matt told you that, but it's not true. Now just get it out of your head and behave yourself." She pushed the chair back and stood up, angrily turning away. Halfway to the stove, she suddenly whirled her head back my way, catching my eyes on her behind. She huffed as she carried on, and continued making dinner as normal, except she tossed utensils about more aggressively than seemed warranted. She didn't try to catch me again, but I think she knew I was watching her even more closely than before.

I behaved myself during dinner but when it was just Mom and I in the kitchen again, I resumed my close observations. Usually, Matt and I did the dishes after dinner but since he had left, Mom washed and I dried. Every time I picked a dish from the rack I would step back to dry it, eyeing mom's figure up and down, imagining her in that dress that showed her legs above the knee and even higher, like it did when Matt pulled her foot up behind him. I became hard putting myself in his place. I started brushing by Mom every time I put a dish away.

"Please stop, Kevin" Mom sighed when we were nearing the end, working on the pots. "Why are you doing this?"

I know you put that dress on, Mom. Matt told me. He said you looked like a movie star."

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"A movie star?" Mom couldn't help but laugh out loud, "me?"

"Yeah," I lied, "he said you let him undo your hair and you looked like that actress in 'Fatal Attraction', the one that played the jilted wife, Ann Archer."

"I don't look anything like Ann Archer."

"Matt said you did in that dress, with your hair down. He said you were even sexier than her."

"That's nonsense."

"You have the same hair as her, Mom, and your voice is real soft, like hers."

"So we have the same voice and hair. Big deal."

"That's what I said, Mom," I put a pot away and stood very close behind her, waiting for her to wash the next one, letting my jeans just contact the back of her dress, "but Matt said you were real sexy in that dress. He said I'd have to see it to believe it."

Mom looked wistful for a moment, perhaps thinking of a shared moment with Matt when she'd first put that dress on for him. Suddenly she looked down and began furiously scrubbing a pot, oblivious to the effect her shaking butt was transmitting through to my jeans as she scrubbed. I was at full mast when she stopped again.

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"I'm not putting that dress on just so you can see if I look sexy. I'm your mother, not an actress, not a mannequin you put dresses on and gawk at." She yanked the pot out of the sink and banged it down in the rack. She pulled the plug in the sink and stomped out of the kitchen, her hands dripping suds across the floor.

I finished up and joined my parents in the living room. Mom became further annoyed with me several times that evening, catching my eyes on her legs and stocking feet. I really couldn't help it. When she crossed her legs, hanging one foot over her knee, the image of her leg crossed behind Matt's hip leapt into my mind. She noticed and stretched her legs out, still crossed, but that only tightened the muscles of her calf prettily. She glanced quickly toward Dad, who was oblivious, then back at me, 'Stop it' she mouthed.

But I didn't. I let my eyes run up her legs, over hips, to her chest, and stopped there, replaying the scene with Matt kissing Mom as he unbuttoned her dress and unfettered her tits. When I 'came to' Mom was getting up, seemingly angry, saying she was going to bed early. Dad barely acknowledged her.

The next night was a replay. I watched Mom the entire time she made dinner. She didn't admonish me or even talk to me. When we washed the dishes, I continued brushing against her and started to put my hand on her hip or waist every time I reached around her to put a dish away. She didn't stop me, or even rebuke me, but she became more angry and aggressive washing the dishes, banging them about more. She hurried through, finishing the dishes quickly but leaving them less clean than her normal standard. I rewashed a few dishes after she left before joining my parents again in the living room where I continued my admiration of her legs and breasts.

By the end of the week, Mom wasn't hurrying through the dishes, but she wasn't dragging it out either. She just went about her business as usual, ignoring my apt attention. I almost always had my hand on her hip or up along her waist when I wasn't actively drying a dish. In fact, I had made it a habit to grasp her waist when I passed by her if Dad wasn't around, usually giving her a quick kiss on her cheek, and sometimes on her neck. She just seemed to bear with it, pausing to let me finish but not reacting against it or for it, except that is if Dad was very near and sounded like he was coming our way. Then, her hand would press against my abdomen or chest to gently urge me away, or she would try to turn away early. The thing that excited me about those times was that her breath would quicken.

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On Saturday night, we faced more dishes because we'd had our usual roast beef dinner. There was no hurry because Dad very rarely took Mom out. As we worked our way through the mound of dishes, I continued my usual brushes across Mom's backside but stepped up my waist holding to give her side a slight squeeze and, while drying a dish behind her, leaning in to kiss her neck. We didn't speak while we did the dishes, Mom concentrating on ignoring me, waiting me out I suppose, and I on enjoying myself, wondering how far I could push things. I was surprised, then, when she spoke.

"Kevin," she spoke softly, "if I let you see my legs, will you stop this nonsense?"

I finished drying the dish in my hand. "What nonsense?"

"You know. If I put a robe on tonight and show you my legs, after Dad goes upstairs, will you leave me alone? After all, you said you wanted me to wear the dress because it showed my legs."

"I don't know, Mom. Matt got to see you in that dress, and with your hair down. Wearing a bathrobe isn't the same."

Mom paused, her head turned to the side, thinking. "I can't wear that dress in this house," she blurted out, "I just can't."

Recognizing that this might be a painful memory for her, I relented. A little. "Will you go for a drive with me then, tomorrow?"

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"Where?"

"Anywhere," I replied, "just out in the country."

"Ok," she seemed pleased at the opportunity to get away.

"And will you wear the dress once we're away?"

Mom frowned, but her frown slowly dissipated. "Alright," she said, "I'll wear the dress while we're out on our drive." She smiled and turned back to washing the dishes.

I had placed both hands on her waist while we were talking. I leaned in now to whisper, "And you'll wear your hair loose?" I asked, letting my breath blow past her ear and sliding my hands just a little higher so they were at the sides of her breasts.

She drew her breath in before answering, "Yes."

"Thanks, Mom." I turned my mouth down to connect with her neck, kissing the muscle cord running across to her shoulder, pressing myself into her behind just a touch more and squeezing my hands in tighter, against the side of her breasts. "Thank you," I repeated.

I was surprised when I entered the living room to see that Mom wasn't there with Dad. I sat down in the chair in the opposite corner from Dad and picked up a magazine from the side table, flipping through it while I thought of

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the concession I'd won, about what a great day tomorrow would be. I was surprised again to see Mom coming down the stairs, already dressed for bed in her bathrobe. She never did this and, given her commitment to wear the dress for me, I had thought the bathrobe and leg show were out. Was she going to give me a preview anyway?

My eyes never left her as she approached the couch and sat down at the end near me. She rummaged through the pile of magazines and picked one up to read. Dad didn't pay any attention. Fifteen minutes or more went by without anything happening. Mom changed her position a couple of times but she didn't loosen her robe at all, keeping herself covered from neck to ankle, with her feet covered by fluffy slippers.

Then, Dad's favorite show came on, CSI, and his eyes were glued to the set. Within minutes, Mom changed her position, re-crossing her legs again but this time, she didn't reach down to tug the robe firmly into place around her ankles. The robe lifted about six inches up to rest halfway to her knee but, more alluringly, it split to show the inside of her calf, on my side, all the way to her knee.

Mom extended her foot, letting the heel flop down, the sole marking a 45 degree angle away from the bottom of her toes. As I watched, she began tapping her foot to some silent tune. I ran my eyes up her legs, leaving her foot with difficulty, past the magazine in her lap and climbing her torso to glance at her face. She was smiling. I gazed intensely at her, demanding her attention, but she never looked my way.

Running my eyes down her legs I found even more showing as her robe seemed to have split even wider. Her foot was still tapping to the same tune and, as I watched, she curled her toes and let the slipper fall to the floor. Her toes stretched out and then spread wide. Relaxing, her foot arched, bending her instep into a tight curl and stretched out, toes spreading wide again. Mom repeated this languid stretching over and over. Gradually, I noticed how the muscles tightened and released in her leg as her foot played, how it made her calf look hard and muscular and then suddenly soft and yielding.

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The sound of the show intensified as it neared the half-time commercial set, setting up the hook to keep viewers riveted so they wouldn't change channels. At that moment, Mom's hand slid off the top of her magazine to pinch the robe where it lay on her thigh. As Dad leaned forward toward the TV, Mom's delicate hand lifted her robe, re-arranging it on her legs, but pulled sufficiently high that I could see the tops of her thighs, at least a foot above her knees. The skin there looked incredibly soft and enticing. Her hand paused, holding the robe open, clearly letting me see. As the show reached its mid-point climax and the commercial started, the robe closed again, Mom's hand smoothing it down her leg, all the way to the ankle.

"That is such a great show," Dad exclaimed, getting up, "this is a really good one." He headed quickly upstairs for a bathroom break.

I sat there, staring at Mom, my mouth open, I'm sure. She had an enigmatic smile on her face, but seemed engrossed in her reading. By the time I realized this was a great opportunity to see more of her legs while Dad was upstairs, the toilet flushed and I could hear him tromping down the stairs. He resumed his position without saying anything more and quickly became engrossed as soon as the show started again.

I waited for Mom to renew her leg show, expecting a full half hour of tantalizing display. But she made no move to continue. I was noticeably fidgeting, becoming quite antsy actually, trying to indicate my great desire to see more of her legs. Her hands moved, but not down to pull on her robe. Instead they moved up behind her head, fussing with her hair.

My disappointment gave way to a thrilling bolt that shot from my eyes through to my hardening cock as she shook her head and the first pile of deep auburn hair tumbled out over her shoulders. She gave it another light shake, and then another. Then she shook her head hard, side to side, throwing her hair into a violent swirl, finally settling down around her face which was now pointed directly at me. She was smiling, that same enigmatic smile, her soft lips barely turned up. Then she looked away, picked up her magazine and began to read.

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As I stared, cock hard, mouth open, Mom's hand slid across the magazine laying on her thigh, and on past to her knee. Her fingers slowly tapped her knee, then sped up to a light drumming that continued while the tension on TV grew. Mom pulled her right leg up from where it lay crossed on top of her left, slowly pulling her right foot up to her left knee and finally resting it there, her hand holding her robe in place. From Dad's side, she was completely covered, the robe stretched across her leg, but I could see the whole inside of her right leg, right up to where her panties would be if they weren't covered by her robe and the magazine.

My eyes were captivated by her bare leg and I wouldn't have thought it possible for them to look closer without burning her skin until she did a very simple thing, she arched her foot. Like before, this tensed the muscles in her calf, turning her soft looking skin into cordoned contours of shadow and light. I wasn't so focused on her lower leg to miss the tensing of her upper thigh, especially on the inside running up to her loins. Mom kept reading her magazine, she never looked at me but the whole time she flexed the muscles in her right leg, intensifying its dazzling effect on me. As CSI neared its conclusion, she collapsed her leg, stretching it out over the other, her robe demurely arranged by the time the commercials started.

Dad got up to go to bed after that and Mom followed, to my great disappointment. She didn't look back as she followed Dad up the stairs but she shook her hair, toying it wildly over her shoulders. Dad hadn't even noticed that Mom's hair was loose.

The next day at breakfast Mom announced that I was going to take her out for a drive, and would he like to come? I almost choked on my eggs. Oh yeah, that would be a lot of fun. Given her actions last night, I had laid awake, hard, most of the night, my mind imagining over and over what could happen the next day. But Dad declined, which I'm sure Mom knew he would. When Dad headed out to the garage to get the rider mower fired up, Mom packed a picnic and we left shortly after. Mom wore a long coat with her typical kerchief covering her hair, tied back as usual in a tight bun.

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It was a brilliant, sunny day, perfect for a drive. I headed for the country, toward some small, windy roads, still paved but seldom traveled. I rolled the windows down in my four door hardtop, the car my father had given me so much grief for buying because I could have gotten a sedan for much less. The wind blew by but it wasn't cold, it was such a beautiful summer day.

It wasn't until we were miles from town, turning off on the three digit country roadway that Mom pulled her kerchief from her head with her left hand. Reaching up, she pulled her bun apart and shook her head, tossing her hair out, fluffing it up with her hands and pulling it out through her fingers. I loved the look of her and watched her while she modernized her look, only glancing at the road as we drove along.

We had only driven a few miles before we ran into a little town. I had never been here before, having never strayed from the larger roads but it wasn't hard to find our way through. The downtown was only about two blocks long and we were almost out the other side when Mom implored me to stop at a Dairy Queen. We pulled in. There was no drive in window so I went inside to get a banana split, Mom's request. When I returned, Mom was sitting in the dress, her coat thrown across the back seat.

"Let's find somewhere nice to eat this," she said as I handed our splits to her. I couldn't help looking at her legs as I drove, though the dress came down almost to her knees. Mom's arms were also bare, something I hadn't seen since that afternoon with Matt. All in all, she was sporting more womanly skin that I'd ever seen on her.

I pulled off on a small, grassy/dirt road winding off to the right, probably toward a few small farms, turning off at the top of a small rise that afforded a view over the green fields. As soon as we stopped, Mom opened the door and got out, walking toward the edge looking back the way we'd come. "Bring a blanket," she yelled back, "I put one in the basket."

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I retrieved the blanket and caught up to her, standing there looking over the field. I admired her legs as I spread the blanket. Mom sat down, tucking her legs to her side, handing a banana split to me, and digging plastic spoons and napkins out of the bag. We ate our splits in silence. I finished way before Mom and watched as she ate hers, delicately inserting small spoonfuls of ice cream into her mouth, licking any extra from her lips that didn't make it all the way in. I beat her near the end, reaching out quickly with my finger to wipe some chocolate from her upper lip. She smiled at me and didn't seem upset when I pulled it back to lick the chocolate off. She just turned her head sideways again, showing me the profile of her face. She really was quite attractive. She had a lot of sex appeal with her hair flowing free.

When she finished, Mom carefully put the spoons, the plastic dishes and our napkins into the bag. "Shall we go?" she asked.

"Let's stay here for a while longer," I responded. In answer, she stretched her legs out in front of her and leaned back, bracing herself on her hands. She tipped her head back and closed her eyes, allowing her hair to fall free behind her back. She used her feet to push her shoes off her feet, bending her knees and pulling them toward her, causing her dress to slide up her thighs, closer to her pelvis than her knees. My mouth was dry as I ran my eyes up and down her legs. I was surprised when I noticed her watching me.

"Matt was right, Mom. You look fantastic. Thanks for letting me see you in this dress." My eyes strayed back to her legs, following the curve of her calves down to her ankles.

"That's ok, Kevin. Fair is fair."

"So you admit wearing the dress for Matt."

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"Yes," mom replied softly, "but I think you like me in it even more that he did." Her knees widened a little as she said that, forcing the dress a little farther up her thigh. I don't know if she knew, but from my vantage point, I could see most of the backs of her thighs, though not all the way to her panties. Still, it was very sexy and I could feel myself hardening in my jeans. "Perhaps you're more of a leg man than your brother," Mom added, moving her knees just slightly wider again.

"Perhaps," I mumbled in response, loving her legs with my eyes. We sat there for a few minutes, Mom quietly allowing me to look all I wanted, moving her legs side to side in unison, or apart and together again, once stretching her right foot up in the air, tensing her muscles and twisting her leg before bringing it back.

"You're more relaxed than Matt. That's nice. Oh, you've been pretty persistent up to now, a real pain in the butt, but now that you're here, you seem content to take your time. That's attractive in a man. Rare, but attractive."

I looked up at Mom. She was smiling at me. I smiled back. We were very relaxed with each other.

"Do I have a time limit, Mom?"

"No, sweetie. You don't. I'm yours all day."

"And after?"

"You can't keep doing what you're doing. Your Dad will notice."

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"What if he doesn't?" I reached out to touch Mom's leg. She watched as I traced my fingers up and down her leg, from her ankle to her knee.

"Let's not think about that," she replied, continuing to watch me stroke her leg.

I stroked her leg in silence for a few minutes.

"So, you'll let me do what Matt got to do?"

Mom seemed surprised. "I'm letting you see me in this dress." She seemed suddenly nervous. "What do you think Matt got to do?"

I looked at her, my love showing in my eyes, I'm sure. "Can I touch your hair? Matt said you let him touch your hair."

Mom visibly relaxed. She shifted her hands behind her, her upper body moving enticingly as she did. "Sure, you can touch my hair, Kevin."

I shifted closer to Mom then, moving up beside her, letting my hand slide up her leg with my fingers dangling on the inside.

"Can I touch your legs for a while longer?"

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"Sure," Mom smiled, "Like I said, we have all day and I like that you take your time."

"Thanks, Mom." I trailed my fingers down the back of her calf, my hand reaching around the inside of her leg to do so.

Mom closed her eyes, her head tipping back again, "Uh huh," she said, as she lowered herself onto her elbows instead of her hands.

I caressed Mom's leg for some time, tickling up and down, trying to be gentle yet stroking her as sensually as I could. Mom looked really relaxed. As I neared her knee, coming over the thick part of her calf, I arched my hand so it scraped against her thigh. She tensed the first time I did this but relaxed as I continued to her knee and journeyed back down to her ankle. I didn't scrape her again until the fifth time after that and the third time after that. She only tensed up the first and second times. Soon, I was regularly scraping along the back of her thigh, managing to hit sooner by arching my hand awkwardly so I could touch her higher up her leg. I was also arcing my fingers around the hollow behind her knee and I think I was on my third time down the back of her thigh with my fingers before she noticed. I caressed the outer part of her thigh and moved my fingers inward, toward her center, for the return journey. I heard a sudden intake of Mom's breath, and that, I think, is when she first noticed that I had strayed from her calf to her thigh.

"I think you should try my hair now, sweetie."

The tone of her voice didn't seem to leave room for choice but I tried anyway. "Just a few more times, Mom."

"Three more," she replied, "just three."

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I tried to strain my fingers closer to the inside each time I reached the furthest point up her thigh. She smiled, amused by my attempts, but kept her eyes closed. She must have enjoyed what I was doing because I was on my ninth stroke when she shifted her leg downward, signaling that my leg time was over.

I shifted to a position kneeling behind Mom as she moved back up to brace herself on her hands again. I slipped my fingers into her hair, pulling gently lest I hurt her by catching a snag.

"You're so much more thoughtful than your brother," Mom said.

I began stroking my fingers through Mom's hair, concentrating on giving her a relaxing head massage. A long while later she slumped back against me, her back laying on my thighs, tipping her face up to me as I massaged her temples and her jaw.

"Oh, god that feels so nice, Kevin."

"Just relax and enjoy yourself, Mom," I whispered.

I continued massaging her face and head, running my fingers through her hair as well. After a while, I reached forward to slip my fingers behind each knee, pulling them closer to me. Mom shifted her feet closer to her bottom to help. I slid the fingers of each hand in a slow caress down the back of each thigh. I could feel her legs tense, but she didn't stop me. I pulled back up just as slowly and ran my fingers down again.

As I pulled back up, Mom spoke softly, "You really do like my legs, don't you Kevin?"

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"Yes, Mom." My voice was dry and cracked. My nerves were tingling, I was so nervous.

"Ok," she whispered.

I continued caressing her thighs, looking down to watch her face in my lap. She seemed serene, her eyes closed. Some time into this, I closed my wrists to the sides of her legs, pinching her dress and dragging it on the down stroke, right to the top of her legs. I could see her panties now. I looked down at Mom's face. She was smiling, that same enigmatic expression she's worn the night before. I stroked my fingers down her thighs, staring at her panties and the faint outline of her womanhood laying underneath.

As I brought my hands back up, her knees suddenly parted wide, forcing a small gap at the side of her panties by the hollows of her legs.

"Do the insides now, Kevin," Mom whispered.

I was stunned by this unexpected encouragement. My breath short, I slid my fingers over her knees and started down. Oh, the skin was so much softer here. My fingers trembled as they rose over the wide part of her inner thigh on the final approach toward her panties. I could hardly breathe. I stopped, afraid to go closer, returning to her knees. Several more times I traced my fingers down but was unable to move lower.

"Closer," Mom whispered.

But I retreated again. When I reached my turning point again, her legs moved wider apart.

"Closer," she whispered.

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I pushed past my barrier, but only half an inch. Again, into the breach, and past again. My breathing was ragged, Mom's was simply quicker. Down I went, to the barrier and beyond again, just another half an inch. Again, again, again. I was there! My fingers were right beside her panties.

I forgot to pull back. I sat there, leaning far over Mom's head, close, watching my fingers on her inner thighs, beside her panties. Without comprehending, I watched as my finger, of their own accord, stretched open to form a semicircle between each thumb and the fingers of each hand. They slipped around, making an arc around the edge of her panties.

"I think that's enough for now, Kevin. We should be going." I looked down at Mom, she hadn't opened her eyes.

"Just a little longer, Mom."

"No," she said, pushing herself up and closing her legs. She turned and gave me a quick kiss on my lips. "Women will find it hard to say no to you, you have a way about you." Mom stood up, brushing her dress free of grass, "Come on, let's find another spot, maybe back in the trees a bit out of the sun, for our picnic." Mom headed toward the car, leaving me to pick up the blanket.

We drove about for more than an hour, taking our time, down little roads and then back out again, admiring small cottages and big old farmhouses we saw along the way. We didn't talk about what had just happened, and I didn't ogle Mom's legs. Mom loosened her seatbelt and tucked her legs up beside herself. I told her she should keep her belt on but she ignored me, squiggling around to get comfortable, pulling her dress up a bit to show her legs.

"You seem to have gone off my legs, sir."

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"I don't think so, Mom," I smiled casually, glancing down at her.

"Well, if you're so worried about the seatbelt, pull off up there. We can walk over to the other side of that little hill over there for our lunch."

I pulled off and we carefully climbed over the barb wire fence. I loved the carefree look of Mom as she walked briskly up the little hill. It was a good spot. We were alone on the other side, invisible from the road. We sat down and had our lunch. I was surprised to find that Mom had brought a bottle of red wine. We lay back on the blanket, sipping our wine and enjoying the scenery. Mom, the hills, me, her legs as she lay on her side facing me.

Mom noticed me looking at her legs again and she quietly dropped her hand to the side of her leg and began tugging her dress up, and inch or two at a time, every few minutes, teasing me. When the dress couldn't go any further, she lifted her hips and tugged it hard, bringing the hem right up to her hip. It dropped across her front just below her groin, allowing me the full vision of her legs, but not her panties.

"Not so interested in the seat belt, now?" Mom laughed, following my gaze down to her exposed thighs.

"No," I answered, my voice a little hoarse, but not from the wine. I reached down, tentatively, to touch her thigh. She recognized that I was silently asking permission as I paused before making contact. When she said nothing, I slipped my fingers between her legs, just below the hem. I gazed into her eyes, softly regarding my face, left hand between her legs, right hand on the blanket holding my glass of wine, next to hers doing the same.

"You've trapped yourself," Mom laughed. "You're won't be able to move your hand when it's squeezed in there."

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I wiggled my fingers, proving her point. I returned her laugh, "Oh well, it's not so bad here."

Mom laughed out loud at that.

"Of course, if you opened your legs for me ..."

Mom looked aghast, then smiled widely, "Opened my legs for you? Now, that's forward, young man."

Nevertheless, her top leg lifted leaving a small gap between her legs. I began moving my fingers in a small oval from there to almost touching her panties with the side of my index finger. We gazed at each other for several minutes while I did that, our breathing becoming more rapid with each minute. Mom raised her glass and sipped her wine.

"Don't like the wine?" she asked, that little smile taking over her mouth again.

She knew I couldn't drink without removing my hand, since I was propping my weight up on the elbow of the hand holding my wine. She laughed at my expense again and lifted her glass to my lips, letting me take a small sip before returning it to her own mouth. I had paused when she held the glass to my lips, holding my hand still right below her panties, the edge of my index finger actually touching them. When she finished taking her sip, I asked for another and stopped there again, this time pressing slightly harder as I leaned toward her glass.

And then, I almost blew it.

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As she took another sip, I asked, "Are you going to let me do everything Matt did?"

She went rigid, pulling the glass from her lips.

"What did he tell you?"

I didn't respond verbally, realizing I'd said something dreadfully wrong, and not wanting to make it worse, but I couldn't help looking at her breasts.

"Oh," she said. "He told you I showed them to him?"

"He uh said you uh let him touch them."

"Let him touch them. He said that?" her voice was a little angry now in an incredulous tone as she looked straight ahead. She turned to face me directly, "Is that what you want? To do what Matt did? Tit for tat?"

I looked at Mom, a little shell shocked, fear, I'm sure, showing on my face. "No, Mom, no." I shook my head emphatically, "No."

Mom looked at me, steadily, then pulled back, drank the rest of her wine, and tossed the glass in the grass to the side of the blanket.

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"Let's not have any more talk about Matt, then," she said. She twisted onto her back, pulling her legs from my hand, putting her arm over her eyes to shade them from the sun. "Finish your wine," she said, "and then let me rest against your knees so you can do my legs again. I liked it when you did that, it's your specialty, I think."

I tossed my wine off in one swig and moved behind her, incredibly relieved that the crisis had passed. I swore to never mention my brother's name again. I placed my hands under her shoulders and shuffled my knees under her back as she raised herself up. While I played with her hair, Mom bent her knees, tucking her feet very close to her bottom, allowing her dress to fall down her thighs again. I reached forward to caress her legs.

This time I stroked all of her legs, repeatedly, from foot to thigh, again and again, stroking softly for a long time. Our breathing was quite irregular. Mom stopped me by reaching up to grasp my wrists in her hands.

"Let me catch my breath for a few minutes," she gasped.

I thought that was it. She lay on my knees, eyes closed, regaining her normal breathing pattern. Then her hand slipped off my wrists, her elbows falling to her side, her hands resting on her chest. She lay still but her breathing was still heavy enough to make her breasts push her hands up and down, something that immediately captured my attention.

Then ... her fingers moved, she undid the top button of her dress, then stopped.

"Do you mind, Kevin?" she whispered, "It's so hot in the sun."

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It took a moment for me to jerk myself into action. My fingers fumbled with the next button but I finally managed to get it undone in only three times as long as it had taken her. I stopped, unsure of whether I was to simply loosen her dress or had been given permission to see her breasts.

"I'll tell you when to stop," Mom whispered.

I continued with the next button and, hesitantly, the next. Though the dress still covered her, it was sufficiently undone that I could tell there wasn't a bra underneath. My boner was bending in my jeans big time. I realized I had stopped on this discovery but Mom hadn't said to, so I started on the next button, making sure during my fumbling to accidentally spread the lapels of her open dress. I proceeded to the next button and did that one with some semblance of efficiency. It was the last one.

I leaned over her, uncertain and eager. I dearly wanted to plunge my hands inside that dress but remembered Mom's appreciation of the way I took my time. I'm sure Matt would have reached in and grabbed a handful of tit, and that is probably what she expected me to do. Instead, I carefully pulled her dress apart until the edge of the dress was just hiding her nipples. Her chest was pulsing with her quickening breath. I nudged the material over a little more, just exposing both nipples, which now stood up past the thick material of her dress.

Gingerly, I inserted my hands under the dress above her breasts, palms flat, and slid them down and outward, cupping the side of each globe. Letting my fingers slide further around and underneath, I pulled each breast up toward me, sliding my thumbs down at the same time. The parts of my hands met on her nipples, fingers from the bottom, thumbs on top. I pinched gently, and pulled. I loved the sharp and deep intake of breath that resulted as I pinched her tits.

"Awesome, Mom. Just awesome."

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"Shhhhh, Kevin." There was a break in her speech as I rolled her nipples. "It's late. You only have a few minutes, and then we have to go."

It was half an hour later that Mom finally buttoned her dress. On the way home, she said, "Now I want you to stop this nonsense at home before you get us both into big trouble, do you hear me?"

"Yes, Mom," I answered, sulking a bit.

"Don't sulk," Mom cut in, "I let you do more than Matt. I had a bra on when I let him, so you're way ahead."

That perked me up. I saw Matt undo her dress and take hold of her, but I didn't know she was wearing a bra. The very fact she didn't wear a bra with me was encouraging.

"So you want me to behave myself now?" I asked.

"Yes."

"At home?"

"Yes," she confirmed, a suspicious questioning tone apparent in her voice.

"So will you go for a drive with me next week, Mom?"

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Mom laughed when she looked at me, and slapped me playfully on the shoulder. "You brat."

"Well?"

"I guess you did make my legs feel nice. Maybe. If you behave yourself."

I looked down at Mom's legs, since she'd mentioned them. She noted my line of sight, and made a comment about not being used to tight dresses. Then she lifted herself and pulled the dress way up her legs. I reached over past the stick shift to her seat and rested my hand on the inside of her left leg. A moment later, sure of her acceptance, I pulled it toward me. Most of the way home, she let me run my fingers up and down the inside of her thigh.

Part 2 from later in Chapter 10.

I was true to my word. I didn't bother Mom for at least four days. I have to admit, though, that it was awfully hard, especially later in the week when our Sunday drive was so close. Standing behind her doing the dishes for four days without trying to give her a kiss, put my hand on her waist, or brush against her behind, was murder. But on Friday night, I got a reprieve.

"You've been awfully good all week, mister," Mom said as soon as we started the dishes.

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"I've tried hard, Mom. Are you going to come for a drive?" I asked, a little desperate.

"I haven't made up my mind yet," she replied.

"Mom," I complained.

"You've been good, it's true. But I have to say, you've been pretty boring all week."

I took a cup and dried it, looking at her as she scrubbed another. What was she saying? Did she want me to fool around? If I did, and I was wrong, she surely wouldn't come for a drive. What to do?

I finished the cup and put it away. As I passed behind her, I leaned in and gave her a kiss on her cheek.

"Sorry, Mom."

"That's ok."

I picked up the next dish, dried it, and put it away also. Then I stood behind her as she washed the next one. I kissed her cheek, and then her neck as she worked. She just smiled, so I kissed her again, letting my lips linger on her face. She finished the dish and started another. I didn't move to pick it up. Instead, I put my hands on her waist, and whispered, "Can we go to the same spot?"

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"Don't you like to try new places?" she asked.

"I kind of like familiar ground," I replied, rubbing my hands up her waist, feeling the swell of her breasts.

"Do you now?"

"Yes. When you have the best ground, why go anywhere else?"

"Men always like to explore," Mom replied.

"True. But some discover new things on old ground," I whispered, leaning in against her. She felt softer tonight, different somehow. I pushed my hands forward a little so my fingers touched the sides of her breasts instead of her waist.

"So I'm old now, am I?" Mom teased, finishing another dish and putting it in the rack.

I pressed in harder and let my fingers slide under her breasts. "An old woman wouldn't feel like this."

Mom seemed pleased by my comment but she pushed me back and spread her arms to force my hands away from her. "You're falling behind. Let's get these dishes done now."

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That was it for that night. Saturday, I had to work. Dinner was done and the dishes too by the time I got home, even though I rushed to get there. I was up early Sunday. It was a beautiful day. Mom made a great breakfast but wouldn't let me help with the dishes. She sent me out to help Dad in the yard. I was angry, thinking she'd drawn me in Friday night and was now canceling the drive. But when I got back in the house, she was waiting, dressed in her long coat and holding a picnic basket.

"Are you ready?" she asked, a little smirk on her face.

She asked me to stop as soon as we left town so she could take her coat off. She was wearing the same dress and she let the hem ride up as she got back into the car. I didn't stop at the Dairy Queen, I sped right past. Mom didn't protest, she simply reached across and laid her hand on my leg. "We're not in a hurry, Kevin," she said.

It was an hour before we arrived at our afternoon spot.

Quickly, I spread the blanket and we sat down to have our lunch and wine. I relaxed as we ate. I was filled with anticipation, but I somehow knew she would let me do what we'd done the week before. She teased me, but she wasn't mean. I enjoyed looking at her, her hair moving in the slight breeze. She had an easy manner when she was with me out here, I noticed, she was different. We took our time drinking our wine. Mom finished hers first and asked me if I was going to massage her like I had last week. "Of course," I assured her, sipping my wine.

"Don't hurry, take your time," she said as she got up on her knees, legs tucked underneath, lifted her fingers to her dress and began slowly undoing the buttons. She did all of them as I watched, moving at the same deliberate pace.

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I finished my wine and tossed the glass aside, moving to kneel behind her and squat on my haunches, making a place for her to rest on my thighs, like she had before. Her hands reached down to grasp the hem of her dress and she tugged it up high on her legs as she wiggled herself back closer to me. I thought she was about to sit down and lean against my legs but she paused for a moment, then she started shrugging her shoulders, like something was bothering her.

Her dress slipped off one shoulder and then the other. I could see that she had pushed it off with her hands. She looked back at me then and smiled, then sat down and leaned back. There she lay, on my legs before me, her dress pushed down to her waist and her breasts bare and thrusting up toward me. God, this woman was exciting.

"I love the feel of your hands, Kevin. Love me with them," she whispered, closing her eyes.

I reached down to take a breast in each hand, testing their softness, rubbing my thumb down to meet my palm, nipple squeezed between. I pulled her nipples up about an inch and gently shook her tits. I let them drop, then pushed them flat with my palms and rolled her nipples around for several minutes, followed by an extended period of pinching and tugging her nipples.

Reluctantly, I moved to caress her legs. I repeated, as close as I could remember, the same sequence of stroking caresses I had done the previous week. I took a long time stroking her thighs until I reached the same point as the week before, my fingers spread around the edge of her panties. I think she'd been close to letting me touch her then, but she'd stopped me, enticing me away with the hint of her breasts. But she'd let me start with her breasts today.

"Touch my breasts again," she whispered.

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"I'm almost finished your legs, Mom."

"Ok," she whispered back, "but just a bit longer."

I squeezed my hands together, just the slightest bit, pushing against her panties, shoving her womanhood up. Mom's breath sucked in hard. She seemed about to speak, to stop me. I flicked my thumbs down, brushing them over her panties, over her mound.

"Ohhhohhhohhh." Mom's hips moved, twisting her panties up against my thumbs. I don't think she could help it. I brushed my thumbs back and forth, pressing more firmly as I rubbed them along her pussy lips. I could feel they were damp even through the panties.

"Ohhhhh, ohhhhhhh, ohhhhh," Mom sighed and purred, music to my ears. I was proud that I could make her feel like this. Her eyes fluttered and she seemed about to speak again. I moved the fingers of my right hand into the center of her panties, on the lower side, and pushed, the tips of my middle three fingers making a hollow, between her lips. I began moving them in a circle, pressing in and out as I worked them around.

She was gone. Her hips began generating little thrusts, pushing her up against me. Her eyes were now screwed tightly shut, her face no longer serene.

I slipped the fingers of my top hand under the elastic of her panties, finding her groove and laying my long finger in it. I pressed down with my finger and released, then again and again, at a steady pace. Her hips were really straining now, pushing her pelvis against my hands. I slipped my lower fingers under the leg of her panties and pushed them inside, gratified by the wet, squishy sound as they slid in. Her hips began bucking furiously, there was no need to move my fingers, I just held them still while she did all the work. She was moaning. She seemed very

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close. A tremendous urge struck me. I leaned way over and covered her damp, panty covered mound with my mouth, pulling my upper fingers back to make room for my tongue, pushing it into the top of her panties.

Mom shuddered, lifting her ass off the ground, legs straining, heels dug into the blanket. Her whole body quivered as her pussy shoved frantically into my face. Between gasps she was wailing. She collapsed to the ground, my face landing half a second later cushioned by her panties and the puffy lips underneath. I took one last munch and was rewarded by a long, throbbing shove into against my face.

I don't think Mom knew what to do after that. She lay still, breathing very hard. My face was still on her panties but she didn't try to push me away. I realized that Mom didn't know how to handle letting herself get that carried away, but I didn't have a clue how to proceed either. I was very horny, so I just kept touching her. I was still kneeling with her head laying on my legs. I twisted my hips against her head, repeatedly pressing the bulge in my jeans into her hair. I moved my lips against her panties and slid my hands back to squeeze her tits. There was no way she could miss the point that I hadn't had mine.

Mom put her hands on my head and tried to move it away from her pussy, but I held steady, continuing to work my lips on her panties. Her hands dropped away. It crossed my mind that my father had probably not put his mouth on her for a long time, if ever. Anyway, it didn't seem that she wanted to stop me all that bad. I shifted my knees back and opened my legs, letting Mom's head drop to the blanket. Dropping my hands from Mom's breasts to brace myself, I stretched my legs out to help hold my weight and lowered my hips until the front of my jeans pressed lightly against Mom's mouth.

I don't think I could have been more obvious but Mom didn't take the hint to unzip me. I was so horny, I almost came anyway. I rubbed myself sideways across her face for emphasis but she only turned her head, facing away from my desperate knob. I needed to do something, I was so horny I thought I would die. Lifting off her and twisting around, I laid down between her legs, lowering myself until I felt my jeans contact her mound.

"No, Kevin, no," she cried, her hands grasping my hips and trying to push me away.

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"Yes," I gasped, "I'm so horny, I have to do something."

"I can't, I can't," she pleaded, struggling desperately to push me away, without success as my bulge pressed into her.

"I can't help it," I panted. "You let Matt rub you," I accused her. "I need to too."

Her hands relaxed. Unrestrained, I humped against her.

"Yes," she acknowledged, "and he ran away when I refused to do it again."

"I won't run away, Mom," I promised, "Just let me rub you like Matt did."

When her hands slid up over my shoulders, I knew I'd won.

"Ok, Kevin. I'll let you do what Matt did, and then that's it." She patted me on my back with both hands, giving me the signal to go ahead.

Reaching under, I undid my belt and pushed my jeans down over my throbbing cock. Released from the constraining power of my jeans, my dick straightened out against the mild strength of my jockey shorts.

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"No!" Mom cried. "Keep your jeans on, like Matt."

"I'm still wearing my shorts," I wailed back, pressing down on her, delighting in the greater warmth from this closer connection.

"No, Matt wore his jeans," cried, less emphatically.

"It's too late," I gasped, rubbing my boner up and down on her pussy, humping against her like I was really fucking her.

In the time before she replied, I had rubbed my stiff cock through her a dozen times.

"It's not the same," she panted, "it's not fair."

I rolled sideways into her as I rubbed up and down. She moaned and raised her legs, her knees reaching almost to my shoulders. I rubbed her really fast, then slowed down to a slow grind. She shoved her pussy up to meet me.

"Why is it so hard to say no to you?" she panted, then let out a long, slow, "ohhhhhhhhhh, Kevin."

I became less desperate when I heard that. I concentrated on giving her the best rubbing, or fake fuck, I could manage. I changed my pace and pressure frequently and staved off coming until she did too. I kissed her when we finished, a long, languid tongue exchange.

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When that was done, I whispered in her ear, "I'll never go away, Mom. I'll never leave you alone."

"I know, Kevin," she whispered back, "that's what I'm afraid of."

She watched me as she cleaned herself with a towel from the picnic basket. I took off my jeans, slipped off my shorts, cleaned myself with the dry back, and tossed them away. Buttoning her dress, still sitting on the blanket, she kept her eyes on me as I stepped back into my jeans. Instead of pulling them all the way up, I turned toward her, my cock sticking straight out.

"Are you boasting that you're bigger than the rest of the men in the family?" she laughed.

"Am I?" I asked.

Her response was to let her eyes twinkle as she held her hand out for me to help her up. I pulled her up but held onto her hand, moving it down to my cock. She pulled back when she realized what I was trying to do.

"Come on, Mom. It won't bite." I pulled her hand nearer, looking down to watch.

"No, I can't," she said, "I mustn't." She wasn't tugging her hand any harder, despite the extra pressure I'd brought to bear to get it closer to me. Her eyes, like mine, were on my cock and her hand.

I twisted my cock to nudge against the fingers of my hand and hers.

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"Touch it, Margaret," I suggested softly. I don't know why I used her first name.

She groaned and stopped trying to pull her hand away. I loosened my hold and saw her fingers open within my hand. I pushed my shaft in, nestling it against her palm. Her fingers closed over me. Her fingers were so soft and gentle, like little vines snaking around my cock. I started to harden immediately. She gasped, yanked her hand away, and ran toward the car. Calmly, I gathered all our things and followed her. She didn't let me stroke her leg on the way home this time. She was quiet, lost in her thoughts all the way. So was I.

Part 3 from Chapter 13.

Hello. Kevin here again with more about my mother and I, and my brother Matt. I was eager to keep the pressure on my mom after that beautiful afternoon in the country when I caressed her legs for so long, lulling her into acquiescence, allowing me to touch all around her panties, finally surprising her by covering her mound with my mouth. I'd humped against her after that, in my shorts. Strangely, she hadn't been overly upset about either of those two events. Flustered, yes, but still talking to me. That changed when I pulled her hand onto my cock. She'd run to the car then and remained quiet and distant all the way home.

So the very next day, I made sure to help her do the dishes, though I normally only helped on the weekend. But she wouldn't allow me my usual brushes against her skirt or my hand on her waist. Nothing, nada. She was cold.

That went on all week, until Friday, when I arrived home early, armed with calendars and brochures for various colleges and universities, all far from home except the two local ones. I spread them out on the coffee table and

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sat in the middle of the couch, browsing through them. Eventually Mom's curiosity drew her over to see what was so interesting. She sat next to me and asked why I was looking at colleges so far away.

"They have good reputations, Mom."

"What about these?" she pointed to the local schools.

"Oh," I said dismissively, "I just got those for comparison. I'm not really interested in them."

"Oh," Mom replied in a small voice.

A minute later, she picked up one of the local brochures.

"This seems to be a good school. It doesn't look any different from the others."

"It's not the same, Mom."

"Why?"

"Well, it's too close to home. You have to live too, you know, enjoy yourself, not just study."

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"You can enjoy yourself at home."

"No, Mom. I mean really enjoy yourself. You know, things you can't do when you're living at home."

Mom dropped the brochure in front of me. I pushed it away and continued browsing through the calendar of a distant university. Mom picked up the calendar for the local school, leafing through its pages. She set it down on top of the one I was looking at.

"This one looks interesting," she said.

"Mom," I complained, pushing it away, "I'm looking at this one."

Mom pushed it back, "Let's just look at it for a minute," she suggested, resting her free hand on my knee.

Relenting, I skimmed over the page and even turned to the next one. When I did, Mom's hand slipped from the top of my knee to the inside of my leg, though she seemed intent on reading the calendar. I waited a minute, pretending to read, before turning to the next page. As soon as I did, Mom's hand slid further up my leg, to the part where my thigh muscles thickened. Her hand was now pressed between both legs. Her thumb moved up and down, stroking my thigh as I 'read' the next two pages. I became conscious of Mom's own legs, pressed tightly to mine. She was wearing a one piece housedress that buttoned down the front, large buttons about an inch across that ran from her collarbone to the hem, just below her knees. It wasn't a dress to show off her body, typical of her wardrobe.

"I don't know, Mom. It wouldn't be much fun. It would be just like another year of high school," I complained.

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"Oh, I don't know," she said, "it might not be that bad, spending one more year at home." Mom reached behind her head and pulled her scrunchie off, shaking her hair loose. She smiled at me, saying, "Why don't you try it for a year, and see." Mom squeezed her hand back between my legs and leaned forward to look at the calendar again.

I pulled a few strands of her hair out, straightening them along her shoulders before leaning forward myself, feeling my swelling groin slide nearer to her hand as I did. I left my hand on Mom's back, just below her hair. "I don't know, Mom. I think it would be more of the same old, same old if I stayed here."

"Not all the same old is bad, is it?"

I didn't answer.

"You like some of the things you can do at home don't you, or nearby?" she added as an afterthought.

"Sure. Some things," I admitted, turning the page and moving my hand to rest on Mom's knees. We didn't say anything as we read the calendar, but only seconds after turning the page, I began toying with the bottom button on Mom's dress. "It's your turn to turn the page," I said.

When Mom leaned over to turn the page, I slipped the button through its hole and took possession of the next button. Mom didn't seem to notice. We perused the topics for a moment before Mom said, "Your turn."

"Can you do it for me, Mom?"

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"Sure." I slipped the next one through as Mom leaned forward to turn the page without me having to ask. I slid my arm down behind her back and reached around to hold her waist. I took hold of the third button as Mom flipped the page and undid it half way through the page. Mom flipped the page before I could undo the fourth but I did it as soon as she straightened up anyway. Her dress was now undone up to the 'V' in her legs, that heavenly juncture, and I would have been able to gaze at her panties except Mom dragged the calendar back onto her lap, holding it there for us to read.

Undeterred, I kept my hand under the book, dropping it between her legs, spreading my fingers out to caress familiar territory.

"You have a beautiful touch, Kevin, but we should wait for Sunday, don't you think? Your Dad will be home from work in less than an hour."

"No, I don't think so Mom," I replied, continuing to brush my fingers over her thighs. "If I'm going to stay here for college, I have to have more fun than just on Sundays, don't you think?"

"I ... I guess so." Mom seemed a bit flustered by my precocious response.

"You looked flushed, Mom," I observed. "Are you too warm?"

Mom nodded, thankful I think for the diversion.

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"Here," I said, pulling my hand away, Mom's face immediately expressing relief, "let me loosen your dress around your neck."

I began to undo Mom's top button, suggesting she turn the page to keep her mind on something else.

"Why don't you turn to the next page, Mom?"

Mom dutifully flipped to the next page as I finished that button and moved on to the next. When my fingers took on the third button, Mom let out an exasperated sigh, leaning back against the couch, pinning my arm behind her and pulling her dress away from the invasive fingers of my left hand.

"Kevin," she said firmly, "your Dad will be home in forty-five minutes. Now, behave yourself."

"Mom, if I stay here for college, I won't have classes all day long. There will be afternoons when I'll be home." I let that sink in before going on. "So I'll want to play, even though it isn't Sunday." I waited, expectantly. Mom nodded her understanding. "So I have at least half an hour to see what it would be like to enjoy myself, if I stay home for college next year. Right?"

Mom nodded. I took possession of the third button again and quickly slipped it out, then moved directly to the fourth. This button was the gold, for it would open Mom's dress to just below her breasts, revealing the gorgeous swells of her tits. I slowed my pace undoing this button, watching Mom's face the whole time, working by feel, not even looking to see the result until I'd finished. I loved the tension as I worked, and the resigned patience in Mom's eyes as she tolerated my fumbling.

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I was disappointed when I finally looked down to admire my handiwork to discover a heavy white bra. Mom laughed out loud when she saw the hurt look that must have crossed my face.

"Don't cry," she laughed.

Now it was my turn to be flustered. Upset, I undid the next button. Mom's dress was now held together by only one button.

"Will you undo that for me?" I asked, indicating her bra.

"Nope, it's your show," she insisted.

It didn't take me as long as I thought to open that thick casing to reveal the soft treasures underneath. She really did have nice, ample and mature tits, but her nipples weren't hard. Mom wasn't excited, probably because of my pressure and the stress of worrying about my father's arrival. I realized then that I should never push her, I should always find a way to pull her in.

"You still have half an hour, easily," she said. "What are you going to do," she mocked, "stare at them for thirty minutes?"

Undeterred, I answered immediately, honestly. "I could, Mom. You don't understand. I could look at you for hours. I'm not Matt. I'm not looking for a quick feel. I love you, everything about you."

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I slid my cupped fingers under Mom's tits, gently, taking her weight, lifting them from her slouched tummy.

"If you just wore an old dress, like this, even with a thick sweater over top, but let me know that you weren't wearing a bra, or panties, then that would be enough. For you to do something sexy like that, just for me, that's what I call fun. And I'd enjoy that so much, I'd never leave home."

Tears welled up in Mom's eyes. Actual tears. She pulled me to her, hugging my head to her breasts.

"Oh Kevin," she cried, "I love you so."

When she released the pressure on my head, I pulled away just enough to slip my mouth over her nipple, sucking it in. I didn't bite, or pinch and tug her other one with my hand. I just sucked and sucked, moving over to take the other after a few minutes, only then manipulating the now wet one with my fingers, but gently, very gently. I moved back and forth every few minutes, from one nipple to the other, sucking and gently squeezing her tits. She was excited now, I could tell from her hard nips and the rapid rise and fall of her tummy. I was aching to grasp her panties in my hand but I didn't want to go too far.

When I pulled my head away, I was surprised how much her tits had firmed up and how long, stiff and swollen her wet nipples really were. I had really done a job on them. I kissed her.

"I'd better do up your dress now. Dad should be here any minute."

"He's usually late on Mondays," Mom answered, her hands slipping around my face. "Kiss them some more, baby."

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"No Mom. It's too dangerous." Mom laughed at our sudden switch in roles, but she allowed me to start buttoning her dress, doing her bra up herself. When I moved down to do up the buttons in her lap, Mom opened her legs, showing me her panties. They were dampish in front and a musky odor wafted up to infiltrate my nostrils. It was very exciting for her to do that, that simple sexual act.

"Thank you," I said.

"You're welcome," Mom answered, knowing full well what I was talking about. I knew then we had reached an understanding.

"It feels weird to have you look at me like that," she whispered.

"Am I making you uncomfortable?" I asked.

"No," she said, "not in the least." She watched me, looking at her panties, examining the soft rise from her tummy and fall between her legs, stained by a dark, damp cleft down the middle. "I'm intrigued," she said, "by your fascination." She paused, then added, "I like it." She moved then, bulging her panties up toward me, laughing quietly at her own joke.

Just then, we heard Dad's car coming up the gravel drive. I jumped up, nervous.

"You'd best go up to your room and do your homework," Mom said, buttoning her skirt as she calmly walked to the kitchen.

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Dad was pleased to hear that I wanted to attend college in town, saving him big bucks. He told me he was very relieved that I was staying, what with Matt leaving and all, and he was proud that I was so thoughtful, so considerate of Mom. "She wouldn't say anything, you know. But I know she's just ecstatic that you're not leaving."

Mom wouldn't let me help clean up the kitchen after dinner again, and she disappeared upstairs for an hour afterwards. I could hear the bath running and couldn't stop myself imagining her getting in the tub, soaping her body, rinsing off by dribbling water over her thrusting tits with a large sponge. She was wearing her bathrobe when she came downstairs, like that time she'd let me see her legs, but this time she just sat demurely at the other end of the couch reading a book while Dad watched CSI. During the middle set of commercials, as usual, Dad bolted upstairs to use the bathroom.

Mom continued reading but reached down to scratch her left knee. Whatever was bothering her must have been quite itchy because she slipped her hand under the folds of her robe to scratch her bare skin on top of her leg but soon moved it to the outside of her leg. Though she continued to read, Mom also kept scratching her leg, slowly moving her hand higher and higher until she was almost scratching her hip. As her hand had moved up, she had pulled her robe open with it, exposing her left leg as she went. Frustrated, she dropped her book, loosened the belt on her robe, and pulled it from her leg entirely, scratching furiously on her bare hip. My eyes, closing following the entire path of Mom's scratching fingers, quickly noticed the absence of any panties covering her hips. I had just shifted my eyes to the tops of her thighs, barely glimpsing a tuft of light brown hair peeking out between her legs, when the toilet flushed upstairs and Mom snapped her robe closed, arranged it to cover her legs once more, and secured the belt.

Dad returned to watch the second half of CSI and Mom continued reading her book. Part way through the second half, Mom suddenly looked up from her book, catching me still looking at her, and smiled, configuring her face into a knowing expression, as if she and I were sharing a private communication.

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There was another episode of CSI on after that. Mom offered to make hot chocolates just before it started and called me into the kitchen as soon as the episode proper began. Entering the kitchen, I knew I would never leave home until Dad kicked me out. Thank god for Matt.

Mom was leaning against the far counter, her robe unbelted, and displaying a narrow, two inch gap down the entire front. I couldn't see her breasts but I could see that she was braless since her skin was visible right through the middle. I could also confirm that she was indeed not wearing panties as my attention slid down to the area sloping down from her tummy to a small, brown quilt of hair. I walked toward her.

Just before I reached her, Mom whispered, "Is there something you wanted?"

"You called me, Mom," I whispered back, my eyes looking down past the swell of her tummy.

She ignored my response. "To see perhaps?" she asked, then added, "Or touch?"

My eyes remained on her patch of hair but I said nothing. Tentatively, I stretched out my hand. I felt like I was standing inside a seashell, there was that much noise swirling around in my head. It must have been my heart pounding and the sound of my own blood rushing to my head, and probably to my rising cock as it sucked in most of my spare blood. I extended my fingers, pointing them down and cupping my hand toward her.

"I didn't say you could," she whispered.

It was my turn to ignore her. I slipped my hand between her legs until her pussy hair tickled my skin, then pressed my long middle finger into her cleft, slipping the others over her lips to bracket the treasure between. I was in heaven.

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Mom swung her arms around me to cover us both with her robe.

"There's all sorts of fun things you can do at home," she whispered, kissing me on my lips and nudging her pussy against my fingers.

When our kiss ended upon the sound of the next commercial I was rock hard and my fingers were wet. Mom pushed me away and wrapped her robe around herself, cinching it tight. It seemed strange that she could turn so quickly to the domestic task of measuring chocolate powder into mugs.

"Pour the water, "she ordered, "and warm them in the microwave."

She was muttering something to herself about going too far but I couldn't tell for sure. The mugs were hot when Mom took them in to Dad. The rest of the show was a blur. I couldn't believe what had happened, playing it over in my head, thrilled and stunned by Mom's behavior but worried about her muttering about going too far.

Mom went upstairs to bed with Dad after the show was over, ending my fantasy about continuing our kitchen episode. I sat by myself fantasizing about Mom coming back downstairs after Dad fell asleep, or to my room late in the night. The images were so vivid in my head I started touching myself and almost didn't hear Mom whispering from the head of the stairs for me to come say goodnight. She backed away as I climbed the stairs, retreating down the hall until she stood outside her room. I could hear the water running in the ensuite as Dad brushed his teeth but my eyes stayed on Mom as she raised her arms for a hug. As I neared, she let her robe fall open. She was still naked, her secret hair tufting out in disarray, perhaps from my previous handiwork. Mom guided my hand down and I quickly cupped her, as before, but this time my long finger slipped between already wet lips. She laughed when she felt my surprise, and quickly kissed me on the mouth, her tongue dipping inside mine for a few fleeting seconds before she pulled away.

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"Think about that mister and staying home next year," she whispered excitedly. "Sweet dreams." She laughed and turned into her bedroom just as the water stopped running, closing the door behind her.

I thought about her alright, most of the night, awkwardly jacking off with my left hand while I sniffed my golden fingers.

Part 4 from Chapter 15.

Mom wasn't about to do much until I committed to staying home, meaning I applied and I didn't accept anywhere unless I was turned down at the local college. Oh, she kept me interested. Every three days or so she'd wait for me in the hallway while Dad was getting ready for bed but after a few weeks I got tired of a just little stinkfinger every two or three nights. I wanted the excitement of those first couple of weeks, the country drives after church, stroking her legs, putting my mouth on her pussy. She was keeping me interested by doling out a secretive smile, a quick touch, a flash of thigh, a brush of her breast and, the big treat, two minutes to finger her every second or third night. I wanted more, I wanted everything.

I whispered my unhappiness one night while working a couple of fingers in her pussy, a very wet pussy. The only other sound in the hallway other than my whispering was the sound of Dad having a shower in their ensuite, Mom's heavy breathing, and the squishy sound of my fingers working in her. That is one thing that had happened. Mom had gone from this reluctant, very straight and prim mother to a woman meeting her son in a dark hallway for a few clandestine minutes, her pussy already soaking from anticipation. I knew she was ready for more.

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"Just wait," she panted. "You'll hear from the college any day now. Just accept their offer and your Dad and I will be very pleased. Especially me," she panted in my ear, adding an extra grind on my fingers.

She wouldn't do anything more until I was committed. I wonder if that's why Matt left, because he was trying to get her without giving anything away, and gave up. But I wasn't Matt and it frustrated me that she might be treating me as if I was. "Maybe I'll just forget college and go find myself, like Matt."

I regretted that instantly but in my frustration, it just popped out. The reaction was predictable. Mom pulled herself off me and stepped back.

"You do that," she hissed, "and just see what happens. You'll never, I mean never, get what your brother wanted, what you're so close to."

She was angry and hurt, and scared. So was I. I immediately held up my hands, apologetically, moving toward her, "Mom, I'm sorry. I didn't mean it. Please."

Mom came back toward me and we wrapped ourselves in each other's arms.

"I'm sorry," we both whispered, several times, peppering each other with little kisses on lips and cheeks.

"Please don't leave me," Mom pleaded.

"I won't, I won't," I sobbed back.

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"Just a few days. I promise you won't be sorry."

"Ok Mom. I'll wait." I couldn't help sensing an advantage, and pushing it.

"But I'm not Dad. I'm not interested in once a week, same old, same old."

Mom nodded her understanding.

"And I'm not Matt either. You're not just another notch, like one of his girlfriends. I want you, totally, completely."

Mom nodded, more uncertainly, taken aback by my intensity. I kissed her full on her lips, a rabid kiss, and she was breathing harder when we pulled apart than she had with my fingers plugged inside her. Her eyes were a little wild, kind of stunned, as she backed away, legs unsteady, and turned into her bedroom, closing the door behind her.

For the next few days Mom and I avoided each other when we could and there was a strange tension in the air when we couldn't, one that we were both aware of but Dad wasn't.

On Friday, Mom called me into the kitchen as soon as I came in the door. She was sitting at one end of the table, the chair at the other pulled out with a pen laying on top of a form. There was a letter beside it, my acceptance letter for the local college. Mom stood as I entered, waving her arm at the table. She was tense and clearly worked up.

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"You have a decision to make," she said.

I read the letter and saw that the pen was pointing right at the line for my signature. I looked up at Mom.

"So do you," I replied.

I walked over to stand close to her, lifting my hand to caress the side of her face, kissing her softly on the lips, pulling away and letting my thumb push into her mouth in a clear sexual suggestion.

"Are you sure you want me to stay?" My whole body was tingling. This was it, and I couldn't keep the restrained excitement from my voice.

"Yes, I think so." Her voice was uncertain, either from my surprising oral thrust or maybe from sensing the restrained fervor in my voice.

"No, Mom. You can't think so. This a real commitment, there's no turning back," I spoke harshly.

"It's already too late for that," she said.

"Then tell me you want me to sign," I made my meaning clear, running my eyes down over her breasts and belly to the spot she offered every few days, then back to hold her eyes steady.

Although she still looked nervous, Mom said, "Please sign, Kevin. You belong here with me."

Mom's body relaxed as she finished speaking and we were standing so close that when her hip thrust forward as one knee bent slightly, her thigh pressed against mine and sent a jolt through me. I turned away, leaned over the table and signed the paper. When I stood, Mom was waiting to put her arms around me. She pressed herself close, the entire length of her body, hugging me and kissing my cheek and the side of my neck, thanking me, then kissing me fully on my mouth. The gravel crunching under Dad's tires as he pulled into the driveway pulled us apart.

"It's Dad's poker night," she said.

"Oh no. All those guys are coming here?"

"No, it's at Ben's place."

"So, are you joining the other wives?" The women usually got together when the men had their poker nights.

"No," Mom said, smiling. "I told Sally I was feeling out of sorts today and probably wouldn't make it."

Mom's smile widened as she saw relief and pleasure wash over my face just as Dad burst through the door.

Dad was wildly happy that I was staying home, said he'd better get lucky and make some extra money tonight. Mom told him she'd said she wasn't joining the girls because she wasn't feeling well but really she wanted to stay

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home with me tonight and make my favorite dessert. Dad embraced me and shook my hand vigorously, telling me how proud he was, before leaving for his poker game.

"You've made your Mom so happy with this decision, son. I imagine you can expect lots of your favorite desserts this year," he laughed, waving his hand as he walked toward his truck.

Coming back into the house, Mom said she would clean up later, that we should have a celebration drink, but first she wanted to freshen up. I said I'd make us a couple of special drinks in the rumpus room.

Mom arrived downstairs less than ten minutes later wearing a dress that showed off her wonderful legs. It was a simple dress made of a heavy royal blue material that matched her eyes. The dress wasn't cut low but the lapels crossed in front to join at the waist. I imagine if you were sitting to the side when she leaned forward, it would provide tantalizing glimpses of her breasts underneath. Though the material was thick, I could see movement underneath as she walked toward me and I knew she wasn't wearing a bra. The dress was elegant more than sexy. It was sexy because of the way her body filled it.

I also noticed the shiny sheen on her legs though she wasn't wearing pantyhose. Mom had shaved and oiled her legs. She hadn't had time since dinner so she must have done it this afternoon before Dad or I got home. Knowing her powers of anticipation, my own excitement cranked up a notch.

"Thank you," she said as she took the stiff drink I had prepared, immediately taking a big sip.

"Kevin, are you trying to get me drunk?" she asked. "We're in no hurry."

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"I know you don't really drink, Mom, but I thought we should take the edge off, just to relax a bit."

"I see," she said, taking another sip. "I thought you might choose this room," turning around to survey the rumpus room, staring at the wall for a moment where I'd first seen Matt press into her, holding her knee up while he rubbed himself on her panties. She was blushing when she turned back to look at me, raising the glass to her lips and draining it. I handed her my drink which was even stiffer.

"Hold this," I instructed. I turned to make a couple more, another for her, and one more for me.

"Mmmmm," she murmured, "it's strong but good. What is it?"

"It's a black russian," I answered

I turned back with two more drinks to find that Mom had finished my drink too. I guess she wanted to show me she was game to be on the edge too. She took traded one of the new drinks for her empty glass, raised it up to click mine and downed it. Three black russians in five minutes. She swayed on her feet. I took the glass from her hand and finished my drink, setting the empty glasses down behind me.

"Would you like to stand against the wall over there?" Mom waved her hand in the general direction behind her.

"No."

"You might find a surprise waiting for you."

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"I'd rather find it here." I walked over to the old couch and sat down in the middle, stretching my feet out in front of me."

Mom followed, standing in front of me, hand on one hip. She reached behind her neck to unhook her dress.

"Don't," I said.

Mom looked confused, dropping her hands to her sides. A few seconds later she smiled, grasped the sides of her dress and raised it slowly up her legs.

"No."

Mom dropped the dress, looking unhappy for a moment, then smiling as she leaned forward, reaching for my belt.

I pushed her hands away.

Mom straightened, now looking perplexed and unsure of herself.

"I like bare feet," I said.

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Mom kicked raised her feet, one at a time, and slipped her fancy high heels off, dropping each to the floor with a small thud. She stood, smiling nervously at me, unsure about what the game I was playing but willing to go along.

I laid back on the couch, my head leaning back.

"You're a very beautiful woman, Mom."

She smiled at that, confidence returning to her face.

"Do you remember our drives in the country after church, Mom?"

She nodded, smiling more broadly.

"Do you remember something that you really seemed to like?"

Mom nodded, her smile still on her face.

"Do you remember this?" I stuck my tongue out of my mouth, wiggling my tongue.

Mom looked shocked at my lewd gesture, but she nodded slowly, her eyes staying on my vulgar display.

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"Did you like it?"

Mom nodded again.

"Then come and get it." I stuck my tongue slightly out one side of my mouth, head back on the couch.

Mom didn't move for a second, then stepped up onto the couch, her hands now raising her skirt up to her hips. She paused, looking down at me as if for confirmation, but I simply stared back with as blank a look as I could manage. She lowered her dress over my face and I soon felt her slippery wet pussy on my mouth. It appears her surprise and mine were perfectly matched.

Mom moved her pussy around, searching for my extended tongue. I held still, letting her position herself where she wanted and move herself around the way she liked. She was very excited and was soon rubbing herself all over my mouth and face, bathing me in her juice. It was probably a record for her, rubbing herself furiously on my mouth, her hips in a frenzy, bucking into my face, forcing it into the couch, driving herself into a very intense orgasm judging by the sound and the strength with which her thighs clenched my head.

Mom collapsed down onto my lap, knees straddling me. She was gasping for breath, her face red, eyes still registering the shock at her own actions. Seeing how much she had creamed my face, she began to wipe it with her hands, then softly licked my cheeks and mouth, the sides of my nose, and my chin.

"I'm so sorry, baby," she whispered.

"I'm not," I answered. "Did it feel great, for me give myself like that?" I asked.

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"Yes baby," Mom replied, still trying to catch her breath.

"That's what I want. I want you to do that for me too."

Mom nodded. "Alright baby," she whispered. "I'll do anything for you."

Without a word, I lifted one knee and slid out from under her.

"Stay," I said when Mom started to turn.

She remained on her knees on the couch, sitting back on her calves. I stood behind her and slowly removed my shirt, then my pants, and finally my jockey shorts and socks. I was naked. Mom was dutifully staring straight ahead at the top of the couch and the wall a foot behind it. I placed my hands on her hips, urging her up and forward until she rested her hands and elbows on the back of the couch. I lifted her blue dress up and held it on her back, baring her backside. I could see her juices still glistening down the inside of her thighs.

Bending my knees, I lined up my wobbling prick and leaned forward until it nudged against her pussy and pushed in, just getting the head inside to give her a few seconds to get used to my presence before shoving up to the hilt. I sucked my breath in sharply as the feel of her zipped up to my brain, matching her own surprised groan.

"Here we go," I said as I withdrew and immediately thrust back in, starting a steady rhythm, my legs soon making a slapping sound against the back of her thighs each time we connected. I kept increasing speed until Mom was

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rocking forward, head bobbing, grunting with each full thrust. Abruptly, I slowed to a crawl, pushing in and pulling out in long strokes, holding and swinging her hips in a circle as I dug myself into her.

It was only then the full realization that I was fucking my mom really hit me. It hadn't really been obvious that we would fuck right away. I had actually thought I was in for a night of seduction that would hopefully culminate in sex but after eating her something in me just assumed control. It was almost like I was waking up to find myself with my cock buried deep inside Mom without really knowing how I got there, like dreaming of waking up in a candy factory when I was a kid.

I pushed Mom forward against the couch, put my own knees outside of hers, and started rogering her from behind again. She laid her head on the couch as I again worked us up to a really good hard, fast fuck. Again, she groaned at the top of each slam. As I neared orgasm I slowed to a stop and stepped off the couch, pulling her back with me until she too was standing, bent in front of me. I pushed down on her back, forcing her head and shoulders onto the seat cushion, then shoved forward until she was wedged in where the cushion and seatback met. Again I ratcheted up my attack over a couple of minutes until I was pounding into her. Her groans grew louder and louder with each thrust until they blended into one long moan.

I stopped, before I came. Leaning over Mom, I pulled her hair up and smoothed it together, one hand on each side of her head, until I had it laying in a pony tail along the middle of her back. My cock was deep inside her, not pulling in and out, but working around in a small circle. Holding her hair, I pulled her off the couch until her shoulders were above horizontal and continued to pull her hair gently until her face lifted toward the wall. Slowly, my rogering circles grew stronger until I was again thrusting in and out, fucking my gorgeous mother hard from behind, knees bent and aligned with hers.

Soon I was rocking so hard into her that she stumbed forward to embed her head and shoulders into the couch once more. Following, I stepped up onto the seat of the couch, grasping the back for support, and pounded down

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into her upraised ass. This had long since become the most incredible fuck I had ever had and I was grunting and moaning just as loudly as her.

I tried to stop, to slow down so I could last for another ride but I rode her past that crucial turning point when I knew I would come anyway, so I kept pounding into her until I was blasting my seed into her, yelling, draining myself, emotions and cock, until I was empty.

I pulled out and Mom slid along the couch to collapse along its length. Gasping, I laid myself down alongside her, enveloping her in my arms, panting and hugging this gorgeous woman, my new lover.

Part 5 from Chapter 16.

Kevin here for another update about my Mom. I am one who can truly look back at my first term in college and say it was the most fantastic time of my life. Mother was true to her word. If father wasn't around, she made herself available to me. She was a very generous woman and did anything I wanted, as I had asked.

She never offered, but she never refused once I initiated an action. Oh, she liked to act as if I was an annoyance, intruding on her busy day, but she would eventually get into it with me. I soon learned that Mom needed to resist me at first. She needed time to transform into the role she had set for herself, the fallen mother who would do anything to keep her last son nearby.

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In fact, Mom loved to fuck but she needed to hide her passion under the guise that she was losing herself in the promise she had made to please me. However, a month of sex all over our home was enough to show even an exuberant teen that he was with a woman who was more than willing. The wilder my demands, the more accepting and excited she was, even offering herself in lewder positions than requested, seemingly lost in delirious pleasure.

She absolutely loved it from behind. When I arrived home from school, typically horny, with little more than an hour before Dad came home, Mom would be less resistant to my advances than she was on weekends and it wouldn't be long before she would run downstairs to bury her head in the couch pillows, ass raised up so I had to stand to take her the same way we had first coupled.

We did it other ways but they were mostly some variation of behind sex. On her side, on her knees, bent over with head and hands dangling to the floor, or flat on her tummy. One time, in that position, she reached behind to spread her cheeks for me, opening her wet pink slit but also drawing attention to her little brown hole. Sensing an invitation, I immediately knelt, straddled her ass and spit on my cock, lowering myself so I could insert my tip in her bottom.

The way she scrunched her ass away from my strange, unexpected attack surprised me and showed how wrong I was, but she pushed back a few seconds later and suffered my pokes and shoves until I managed to get my head inside her. I had taken only a few strokes and wasn't even all the way in when I came. I lay for several minutes gasping for breath on her back. It didn't seem to do anything for Mom, so I didn't try that again.

A week later, on a Saturday when Dad was away for the afternoon, Mom came into my room while I was browsing around on the web.

"Would you like to see something?" she asked.

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"What?" I replied, not really paying attention.

"Just something I found. You might be interested."

I knew Mom had been poking around on the internet and it finally clicked that she must be finding some of her new ideas on the web. So let her take over the mouse and push my hands aside on the keyboard. A few keystrokes and clicks later and Mom was navigating through an amateur video website. She found what she wanted, clicked, knelt down on the floor beside my chair while we waited for the video to load.

There was a woman standing in the middle of what looked like a typical teenage boy's bedroom with a single bed behind her. The woman, who looked old enough to be the mother of a teenage boy, finished unbuttoning her blouse, stripped it from her arms and let it fall to the floor. Immediately, she removed her bra and treated it to the same fate. Next came the skirt. She cocked her hip as she unzipped the side and let the pleated affair drop to the floor, staggering backward until she fell to her knees and leaned back against the edge of the bed, knees open to show the narrow band of her panties splitting into two arcs rising up and over her hips before disappearing from sight. She waited, lips moist and mouth partly open, small tips sagging on her chest with nipples hard and stabbing out. One hand strayed between her legs and cupped her pantied pussy. She rubbed it slowly, waiting.

Mom pressed her head against my side, her hands slipping between my thighs and up to cup my scrotum, stroking slowly in time with the woman on the screen.

A male swaggered into the picture, on the right from behind the camera POV, stopping in front of the woman but to the side so our view of her wasn't blocked. He was muscular with a broad back, slim hips and thick thighs. His whole body screamed youth. The woman's eyes slid from his eyes to his hips, fixed on the tumescent stick that periodically swayed partially into view.

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Mom's fingers adeptly loosened my belt and zipped my jeans down, pushing them apart, grasping the straining lump under my jockey shorts. Screen boy stepped closer, his tool wagging in a wider arc. The woman reached up to grasp it, steadying it in front of her mouth which seemed to be open a little wider now. The young man batted her hands away, and again when she tried to grasp him again. Mom fished my cock from under my shorts and held it in her fist.

Screen boy moved suddenly forward, jabbing his cock into the woman's mouth, pulled out, and then rammed it in again almost a dozen times in quick succession, her head bouncing back with each jab until he withdrew, holding his weapon about an inch away from her lips, as strand of saliva the only connection remaining between her mouth and his cock. Mom's fist moved up to squeeze grip my head tightly and then slowly squeezed down my shaft.

Plunk! Screen boy suddenly drove his cock fully into the woman's mouth and held it there, her jaws opening wide as she struggled to accommodate him, his buttocks pulsing as tried to fuck her even as he held his cock fully plugged into her mouth. Her hands were batted away again but he yanked his hips back just as she seemed about to pass out from lack of air. She gasped again and again, gulping in air while simultaneously drooling saliva from the corner of her mouth. As her breathing returned to normal, she glanced up at him, waiting, not trying to move away. Mom's cock squeezed the tip of my cock hard, released, and then teased the underside with the softest rub of her thumb.

Bang! He was in her again, thrusting, thrusting, holding her head with both hands, fucking her face in short jabs. He was in her longer this time and her gasp was explosive when he finally released her head, allowing a more copious stream of saliva to escape her lips. Her respite was shorter and the thrusts longer and harder for the next four attacks, their breathing louder and more ragged. On the final exit, his cock blasted his gift, into her mouth, then covering her nose and cheeks, one eye and her forehead. After the last squirt, screen boy fell to his knees, straddling the woman's legs, kissing her mouth and cleaning her face of his dripping mess.

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The clip ended and an ad was displayed.

Mom stood, backing away several feet before her hands reached up to undo the buttons on her blouse. She wasn't wearing a bra so her hands moved directly down to undo and remove her slacks. Her eyes were bright and intense, gripping mine. I noticed her breasts were larger than screen woman's but not as saggy. Her nipples were stiffer than I'd ever seen them.

I stood as she pushed her pants down her legs and shook my jeans off at the same time that she stepped out of hers. My shorts were gone though Mom was still wearing her panties. She backed away as I started undoing my shirt, falling to her knees and leaning back against my bed just as the woman had done. Her hand absently strayed down to stroke the front of her panties.

My shirt gone, I stepped forward, only barely conscious that my weapon was far more timid than screen boy's but it did manage to sway as I stalked toward Mom. Almost dutifully, she reached up to grasp my tool but, on cue, I smacked her hands away, and again when she repeated her futile defense.

I stood with my cock just before her mouth for much longer than screen woman's tormentor, or lover, or son. The tension was high, and so was I, barely able to contain myself with my knowing tease. We both knew what was coming, but still I delayed. I grasped a handful of hair on top of Mom's hair, adding in my own personal twist. I waited several heartbeats past where she and even I expected me to thrust into her mouth.

I was in. Jab, jab, jab. Quick thrust, fuck, fuck, fuck in her sweet wet hole. God, I was almost coming already. She was panting, drool streaming down from her mouth already. Her hand was inside her panties, moving quickly up and down. Jam, jam, jam. I was back in her mouth. Deeper, pushing hard. I could feel myself starting. Quickly, I grabbed her head and held myself in tight, not concerned with whether or not she could breathe.

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Owwwwww! Jesus!

Mom was squeezing my balls hard. My cum blast halted dead in its tracks. I guess I was too rough. Mom looked up at me, panting and drooling when I pulled my bludgeoned cock out of her mouth.

"You've got to last," she gasped, reaching out to grasp the back of my thighs, pulling me forward and back into her mouth, her hands forcing me into a series of small lunges until I was once again fully embedded. I gripped her head and starting fucking her face again.

Over and over we did it. Many more times than our screen mentors. My cock was gooey with her spit and her face was slick from those times I missed her mouth and slid over her cheeks or under her chin. I was able to stay deep in her mouth for quite a while now, as she had somehow figured out how to breathe even when I was plugged to the hilt. It was me that was pulling out for a respite now. The room was full of our gasps and the loud wet squishy sound of my cock abusing her mouth but more frequently now, Mom blocked my attempt to pull out by throwing her hands around my ass and keeping me in. Unable to get out, I finally reached the tipping point and launched into a violent series of hard thrusts, culminating in a gushing geyser of sticky fluid that spewed down her throat.

I didn't come on Mom's face. Not that I didn't want to, or tried not to, or even thought of it. Mom just held me inside until I was empty. She pulled off my cock, looked up coquettishly, and returned her pouting lips in an excruciating ecstatic final suck all around my cock's head.

"There," she said. "You still have something to look forward to."

She laughed then, stood, stooped to pick up her clothes, and walked out holding them under her arm, naked as a jailbird. Hopefully, Dad hadn't returned while we were oblivious to the universe.

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I was stunned. I had thought I was in control, taking her to places she, and I, had never been.

A week later Mom demonstrated her power again. I had been inside her for a while, from behind as usual. We were in a slow part of our fuck, she resting her head on her arms, ass raised up to meet my slow strokes as I kneeled on the couch behind her and kept an eye on the distant highway for the approach of Dad's truck. She reached behind her ass and grabbed my shaft as I pulled out, shifting herself ahead so I fell out of her very wet pussy.

She rubbed my cock around the outside of her wet slit and twisted her face around to look back at me with an odd smile. She pulled me forward but twisted my cock up so it slipped up over her ass. She pulled it back down but stopped when the head was right on her crinkly little hole. She smiled again and tugged, trying to press it in. Belatedly realizing what she wanted, I shook my head, knowing she hadn't found pleasure in it last time, that she was doing it only for me.

Mom nodded, and pulled me again, mashing the tip of my cock against her small hole. I tried to pull back but she insisted, cocking her hips to sweeten her invitation with the most erotic, slushy rub. Still, I tried to pull away. At least, in my mind I did. I intended to, but my cock never broke contact with her ass. Almost helpless, I looked down at my mother's upturned face.

"Do it," she whispered, tugging me harder. Her breath was coming in gasps, her tummy heaving with the effort to breath. "Make me," she gasped.

She grunted as my head slipped in. I paused, still a little shocked, then started pushing against her tightness.

"Ugggghhhhh," she groaned.

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I tightened my grip on her waist just above her hips and pulled her back against my invading cock, shoving forward. If that's what you want, you're going to get.

"Unngghh," she moaned. "Unnggh, unngghh, unngghh."

I was all the way in her now. My cock felt a mile long, gripped tightly as if it was in a biting dragon's mouth that was trying to snip it off at the root. I rocked forward, pressing my thighs against hers, mashing my hips against her cheeks. Shove, shove, shove.

"Euuuuuhhhhhhaaaahh," a long, primeval moan escaped her lips. I gripped her harder, shoving further.

"Yeah," I gasped, again and again to matching moans. Slowly, I increased my paced, building and building, expecting to blast at any moment, but it didn't come and I slowed down until I was barely moving, pushing just to keep hearing the soft moans she made in response. I enjoyed the more guttural groans even more once I started thrusting harder again. Several times I repeated this and found that she seemed wilder after I slowed almost to a stop each time. I realized that my continued rooting in her was spreading a throbbing glow through her pelvis, raising the base level of her pussy's excitement. I kept it up as long as I could until finally, I couldn't slow down, I had to keep thrusting, harder and harder until I did blast my cum in her, pulling out to finish spilling on her quivering cheeks.

What an incredible woman. How could I have ever considered leaving?

Ten days later Matt returned for Christmas.

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At first Mom was ecstatic, overwhelmed. But she quickly drew back as her hurt flooded back. But love is the great forgiver and within little more than a day Mom slowly began welcoming Matt back into her arms. Her motherly arms that is. There was no hint of anything more and I certainly didn't let on that there was anything going on between us.

Mom invited all our nearby relatives and for Christmas dinner and went all out. It was a huge success. Several times, Mom and the other women came out of the kitchen to join the rest of us cramming in the living and dining rooms. Each time, she went over to Matt and put her arm around his shoulder as he sat there. Each time, Matt offered her his chair but she insisted she was there for only a few minutes and had to get back to watch dinner.

But on one occasion, after refusing his offer, she sat on his lap. No one paid any mind, except me. I watched closely and was probably the only one to see Matt suddenly seem uncomfortable, saw him glance quickly around to see if anyone was looking at them, saw him relax as he realized nobody was, except me who he couldn't see behind him. I watched as Mom's arm circled tighter around his neck and shoulders, watched as she seemed to squirm for a more comfortable position, watched as Mom hugged Matt's head to her and wiggled some more. I noticed how Matt quickly picked up his drink and held it over his lap after Mom got up to return to the kitchen.

Moments later, Mom was back. She sat straight down on Matt's lap and didn't join in the animated conversation buzzing around, content to simply sit and watch, like Matt. The squirming started almost right away. Jealousy flooded through me as I watched her fingers toying with my brother's hair while she rocked her hips in tiny movements, working her cheeks around on his cock which I'm sure was poking up hard against her.

The wanton bitch! Right in front of everybody. She leaned down to whisper something. Was she talking dirty? Telling him to push up more, telling him to keep it hard for her, until later? Matt slipped his arm up and curled it loosely around her waist, and affectionate hold between mother and son except he seemed to be pressing down on her hip, pulling her to him.

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Matt followed Mom when she got up this time. Neither of them looked my way as they passed by me. I followed a minute later, entering the kitchen to find it empty. I walked over to the stairs down to the basement, descending the steps quietly and continuing down the hall to the rumpus room where my covert listening had started it all so long ago.

"I've missed you so much son." The sound of kisses and smooching drifted out of the doorway along with the rustling of clothes.

"No, wait. Stop."

More kisses.

"I've missed you too, Mom. I'm so sorry I left like that."

Kiss, kiss.

"No, don't Matt. We can't."

"I just need to feel you. Just for a minute. You were driving me crazy, sitting on me like that."

More rustling clothes, and louder breathing. Kissing.

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"Matt, really. We can't."

"Just for a minute. Just let me feel it against you."

"Oh, Mattie. This is crazy, it's so dangerous. There's too many people."

"We're all alone down here." More kissing, the sound of a zipper.

"Please. Matt. Wait until later. I'll come down here after everyone's asleep."

"Ok, mom." The sound of resignation, giving in. "Turn around for a minute. Just let me feel it against your bare skin."

"No, Matt."

"Please, Mom. Just a touch."

"Oh Matt. Alright but just a touch."

There was a bang on the wall. Mom's hand's? Matt's breathing quickened audibly.

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"Oh, Mom."

"Matt don't. Leave my panties on."

"I just want to touch it to your bare skin."

"Oh, Matt. Be quick then."

More harsh breathing from Matt. More banging, hands sliding on the wall.

"Matt don't. You said you wouldn't."

"I can't help it," Matt hissed. "You teased me. I need to."

"Oh Jesus, Matt. Hurry." Mom's voice was now excited, panting.

The rustling suddenly ramped up. They were fucking. He had her against the wall and was fucking her from behind. They were grunting and gasping. It was definitely a quickie. They groaned each other's names again and again until they moaned their final release.

"I still want you tonight," Matt said over the rustle of their clothes.

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"Alright," Mom answered. "After everyone's gone or asleep."

I retreated down the hallway and quickly went upstairs.

It was well after midnight when I returned. There was no need to be quiet. They couldn't possibly have heard me coming over their heavy breathing. They were naked on the floor. Matt on his back resting his head on his crossed arms, Mom straddling his hips, slowly working his cock embedded deep inside her, her body glistening with sweat in the dim light of the single table lamp.

Matt looked shocked when he noticed me standing about five feet behind Mom, watching them fuck. He tried to hold her still, to push her off. Mom turned to look at me. She smiled and turned back to Matt, resuming the movements of her hips on her oldest son.

"It's alright," she whispered, her hands pressing Matt's shoulders back to the floor as I pushed my pajama bottoms down, freeing my rock hard cock. As I lowered myself behind Mom she leaned forward and kissed Matt hard, raising her ass toward me without dislodging my brother. Carefully, I aimed my cock at the treat she had so recently offered and pushed. It was awkward but within minutes I was plugged to the hilt inside her, in tune with both of them, feeling him fuck her and knowing he could sense me doing the same. We were together again, we were one.