

The Mom Memories: Lorne's Story

alwayswantedto

This is Lorne's story compiled from Chapters 7 and 9.

All characters are 18 years or older.

Parts 1 and 2 from Chapter 7.

How intriguing to discover this group. I hope the story about my mother and I is sufficiently interesting that you vote to allow me in, and to share your stories with me.

My story is a little different from all of yours in that I was adopted, as fact I didn't discover until I turned eighteen. Evidently my Mom and Dad had taken me in when I was a baby. My real Mom had been a drug addict, and the sister of my Mom, Ann. Now, don't get me wrong. 'Mom' had always treated me as her own, spoiling me rotten. But my Dad and I had never been close, and now I know why. He was a little older than Mom and probably didn't want her junkie sister's kid but he did take me in and gave me his name.

I don't really know how to feel about it. It didn't really bother me, but for some reason I let on to my mother that it did, probably because whenever she was worried about me, or felt bad because I was in heck with my Dad, she would let me do whatever I wanted when he wasn't around. I'd always been a bit of a brat and I think that's how it started. It just got a little carried away, that's all.

Anyway, one night when I came home late, a little drunk because I'd been drinking at a friend's house, Mom was waiting to give me heck. Dad had gone to bed hours ago but Mom was waiting up in her bed clothes.

"Where have you been?" she demanded when I sneaked quietly in through the back door. She was standing by the fridge, in the dark.

"Mom! You scared the shit out of me," I blurted out, my voice slurring a bit.

"Don't swear, and keep your voice down. Your father's sleeping."

"Alright, don't have a cow," I slurred again.

"You've been drinking again!" she accused me.

"No, I haven't," my voice turned defensive.

"Don't lie to me. I told you about drinking and drugs."

"Yah, yah."

"You don't understand," she cried, her voice loud despite telling me to keep mine down. "You don't know how easy it is to get in deeper." She took a step toward me. "You've been drinking since school finished. Why? Have you done any drugs? Have you?"

"You know why I've been drinking."

Now, I have no idea why I said that, it just came out.

"What? What do you mean, I know why?"

"You do. You and Dad. You both know."

"What are you talking about?"

I looked at her, swaying on my feet, and slurred, "Because I'm adopted."

Mom stepped back until she backed into the kitchen table, sitting down on its edge.

"I'm not yours," I twisted the knife, "so what do you really care?" With complete, drunken disregard for the knife I'd stuck into this woman who had coddled me all my life, I shuffled past my stunned mother and went to bed. She let me pass, staring at the floor where I'd been standing, too shocked to move.

When I woke up the next morning, the kitchen confrontation came back to me. Christ! Why had I let on that I knew? My mother would feel bad. And I did too, saying that to her. Maybe she'd be mad. Before I could get up, Mom knocked on the door. I didn't answer but she came in anyway. I pretended to be asleep. She sat on the bed next to me, stroking my shoulder and patting my head.

"Wake up honey, your Dad's waiting."

I was really hung over. The last thing I wanted to do was ride in the car with my father. He'd figure it out and give me shit.

"I don't feel well," I groaned.

"Ok," she said. "I'll tell Dad you're sick and then we'll talk about last night."

She was back two minutes after I heard Dad drive away. When she entered my room, for some strange reason I continued with the same adopted gambit I'd started the night before.

"You don't really love me. I'm just adopted." I turned over and covered my head.

I won't go through all the sordid details of my whining and my Mom's consoling assurances that both she and Dad had always loved me as their own. Suffice it to say that we ended up hugging and heading to the kitchen with a promise for my favorite breakfast, the little brat inside me firmly in control.

Now, I'd have to say that if I hadn't found out that I was adopted the next bit would surely never have happened. As I followed Mom down the hall and downstairs, I noticed her figure, fully covered though it was by her bed robe. I had never looked at her as a woman before but it occurred to me that she wasn't actually my real Mom, and she was good looking. It dawned on me that I had never been alone in a house with any woman dressed in her bed clothes, except her.

I felt a tingle when she lifted her robe as she started down the steps. Just the glimpse of her ankle and foot was suddenly interesting. I found myself watching her slim figure as I sipped coffee. While she was standing at the stove, I stepped up close behind her and gave her a hug.

"Thanks, sweetie," she said softly, feeling that the crisis was over.

I pulled the hair away from her neck and leaned down to kiss her in the hollow of her neck. She seemed a little flustered, so I repeated the kiss and then planted a couple on her cheek, lingering with the last one.

"That's nice, sweetheart," she said, her voice cracking a bit as her face flushed red, "but it's not the way you usually kiss me."

Still holding her shoulders, I whispered in her ear as if what I was saying was our secret, "But you're not really my Mom, so I should kiss you a little differently now."

Now she really looked upset and confused. She didn't do anything, she just kept fussing with the food on the stove. I leaned down and kissed her again in the nape of her neck.

"Don't kiss me like that."

"Why? You're a very good looking woman."

"I'm your Mom, not just some woman."

I leaned in to kiss her but she cringed away. "If you were my real Mom, you'd let me," I said.

"What are you talking about? I've been your mother all your life." Her voice was angry now.

"You know. The whole Oedipal thing. I didn't know you weren't my real Mom so I've had a thing for you since I started noticing girls, like most of my friends did for their moms."

"What?" Mom was truly taken aback.

"Come on, Mom. You know teenage boys get a thing on for their moms. All my friends did and I did too. Except they tried things and I was always afraid to. I didn't know why but now I do."

I kissed her neck again. She didn't pull away.

"Tried things? What things?" she asked, concern showing on her face.

"You know, kissing them and feeling them up."

"Your friends felt up their moms?" she asked, her voice sounding incredulous. I kissed her neck again, a longer kiss this time. I let my hands slip down to hold her waist.

"Yes," I whispered, kissing her cheek.

"I can't believe that. What happened?"

"They let them because they were moms." I moved my lips down to kiss her neck again and pulled her back toward me. Seeming quite rattled, Mom let me kiss her again.

"And this still goes on?"

"For some of them, yes. Others have moved on. Its just a phase mothers help their sons through."

Mom was clearly thinking, not paying attention to what I was doing. I was almost munching in the nape of her neck, squeezing my lips on her collar bone. I let my left hand move up her waist and around to her front a little while my right tugged her back tighter against me.

"Did they tease you because you couldn't?" Her voice sounded concerned that her son had gone without something others had. She didn't question my bullshit about my friends being able to feel up their Moms.

"No. I didn't let on. I acted like I was doing the same, that you let me too."

"Oh." Her answer was quiet. I pulled her rump against me but she didn't seem to notice. I guess she was digesting the idea that I had told my friends that I was feeling her up, but then they were saying that they were doing the same. It didn't seem to strike her that maybe we were all bullshitting.

"And some of them are still doing this?"

"Yes." I continued my kisses on her cheek and her neck. "Some are just kissing and touching, some are way past that, and some have moved on to younger women." I was really getting a handle on this on-the-fly story telling.

"So, they're just kind of showing the way, their Moms? Like teaching?"

"That's right, Mom," I planted a small kiss right on her ear, "except its more like letting them learn by doing, rather than teaching. You know, letting them try things without having some teenage girl freak out on them if they do something wrong." I let my left hand slide up two inches to nudge the bottom of her breast, taking up some of its weight. I kissed her ear again.

"So your friends think I'm helping you too?"

"That's right, Mom." I purposely emphasized 'Mom'.

Mom leaned forward and turned the stove off. "So what have you told them?"

I could feel myself stiffen at her acceptance, and of course, at the way her bum pressed harder against me when she leaned into the stove.

"You haven't said you were way up there like some of them, have you?"

"No, no. I just said you let me kiss you and feel you up a bit, and uh ..."

"And what?"

"Uh ... I said you've been letting me see you lately."

"Lorne!"

"Well, Mom. They're all way past that. They've been able to do that for a long time. And now they want me to prove it."

"Prove it?" her eyes opened wide. "You mean, pictures?"

"No, no," I quickly tried to head off her apprehension. "They just want me to be able to describe it realistically, like I could if I'd really seen you."

"Oh." She seemed to settle down at that.

Always one to push the envelope, I added, "But some have pictures." I felt her tense in my hands. "But without faces. You couldn't recognize them." She relaxed again.

"Oh." A long pause followed during which I kissed her neck again and pushed my left hand up into her breast. "I'd have to think about that," she said.

"What?" I asked, opening my hand to form it into a cup.

"Pictures," she said quietly. I pressed my open palm against her breast and squeezed her back to me.

"You could think about it while you let me kiss you, Mom. I've never kissed a girl while we were laying down, even at a party." I turned her away from the stove, toward the kitchen doorway.

"But don't you want to have your breakfast first?"

"No, I'm not hungry anymore."

I was starving actually but she seemed pliant and I didn't want to take any chance that would change her mind, like I'm sure she would if she stopped to think about it. I steered her upstairs and down the hallway. She walked woodenly, as if unsure of it all, but she turned into her room and headed for her bed.

"Are you sure that their moms let them do more than just kiss?" she asked as she sat on the edge of her bed.

"Definitely, Mom. I'm the real novice at parties, it's almost a joke." I pulled her slippers off and tugged on the belt of her robe. "We can't kiss with this big terry cloth robe on."

She let me tug the sleeves off her arms and push the robe off her shoulders. She seemed to be still thinking about how much the other moms were doing. I was pleasantly surprised to see that she wasn't wearing button up flannel pajamas. She was wearing a three quarter length nightie made of some thin cotton material with a lace bodice that looked like a dress slip. It wasn't a real sexy item but she looked nice in it and I could tell she didn't have a bra under it.

To comfort her, I said, "Just let me practice kissing you, Mom."

I pushed her back on the bed. She lifted her hips and shifted her weight into the middle of the bed, actually slipping under the covers. I slipped in beside her, quickly taking her into my arms. Pausing briefly, I kissed her several times on each cheek, a couple of times on her forehead, and then her nose. I laughed at that, and she smiled back.

"See. It's just natural. A Mom helping her son." I emphasized 'Mom' again and smiled, kissed her on the nose again and then quickly took possession of her lips. I didn't kiss her hard and long. I kissed her many times with small kisses but worked up to longer and longer ones. After five or ten minutes had passed we were engaging in long, intense kisses and I was pressing my body against hers, full length.

During a pause, I complained that I was too hot and needed to take my robe off too. As I stripped it off, Mom asked, "How long do they practice for?"

"Oh, at least an hour at a time," I made up some data for her, "usually twice a day." Thankfully my face was turned away dropping my robe to the floor.

"An hour. Twice a day." Mom seemed incredulous. She hadn't noticed that I was only wearing my underwear now.

"Sometimes more," I added, taking her in my arms once more and regaining possession of her mouth. After another five minutes, I started slipping my tongue between her lips. I had been planning this for several minutes, expecting resistance, but there was none. We continued as if it was a natural progression. I loved having my tongue in her mouth and the feeling of hers in mine was exquisite.

I had my arms right around her back now, and hers were around my neck and shoulders. I had been rolling side to side as I kissed her and had managed to get her legs open. My cock had actually pressed against her pussy once or twice. I kept trying to nudge her softness there but she twisted her pelvis away as soon as she noticed but I could tell it excited her by the way it throbbed before she turned away. I was sorely tempted to rub up and down, as if I was actually fucking her, but was afraid of going too far. As it was, it was after one of these presses that she pushed me away.

"That's enough for today," she said, panting. "Whew, I haven't kissed like that for a long time."

I realized that I would have to stop when she said. I somehow knew that if I tried to force her, she'd quit for good. But that didn't stop me from trying to be a little naughty, to get a little more for quitting nicely like a good boy.

"Ok Mom. But let me see a little then."

"What?" she asked, still trying to catch her breath.

"Show me. All the other guys have seen. Just let me see your tits."

"Lorne. Don't talk like that."

"Well it seems funny to call them breasts." I tugged the front of her nightie.

Mom looked torn. She didn't really want to do it.

"Please Mom. I'm way behind all the other guys."

"No. I don't care what the other boys are allowed to do."

I was only momentarily crushed because I'd been here many times growing up. This ploy always worked. If I said other boys were allowed to do something, or had some new coveted toy, she always caved in the end. I put on the expression and mannerism that I had always used in these situations. I could see evidence in Mom's face of the strings pulling at her heart.

"I'll think about it. Maybe later this week, ... but we're not doing this every day for an hour, let alone twice a day, so don't get your hopes up," she said.

"I won't," I promised but nevertheless stared at her breasts, especially her nipples which had stiffened considerably during our necking session and were poking proudly through her nightie.

Mom noticed my look of awe and crossed her arms over her breasts, hiding her treasures from me. But she didn't seem angry about my adulation.

"Now run along and get your own breakfast."

I don't think I've ever felt less like eating in my whole life than at that moment. Well that's it so far. I'll write in soon to keep you posted.

I fished through the rest of that bundle hoping that Lorne had written in soon since he had expected further action within days. I found his next letter near the end of the bundle.

Hello everyone. I haven't heard back from you about my first letter yet but I have more to report so thought I'd send another letter right away. I know that I was being a creep leading my mother on like this but I couldn't turn down the chance to fool around with her, now could I? Would you? Please keep that in mind when you're reading my letters.

Anyway. Here's what happened next.

True to her word, Mom wasn't about to let me make out with her every day, let alone twice a day, as she put it. In fact, several days went by without any opportunity for me to be alone with her. I tried acting sick but it didn't work. I always had to get up and get a ride with Dad to my stupid summer job. I began to think that she hadn't

bought my story about almost everyone else getting to fool around with their moms. When you really think about it, who would buy that, even if they thought it was something people would keep private.

On the third night, I took every opportunity when Mom and Dad were in different rooms to join Mom and give her a kiss or a hug, and when they were together I made a point of watching her and smiling at her. At first, Mom seemed pleased with the attention but then she got annoyed, casting furtive glances at Dad to see if he was also aware of the extra attention I was directing at her.

Late in the evening, I followed Mom into the kitchen and hung about while she made a snack for her and Dad. My attempt to kiss her was angrily rebuffed.

"Stop it, Lorne," she whispered curtly.

"Just as I thought," I grumbled. "The guys were right."

"What do you mean by that?" she whispered sternly.

"It's just like the guys said."

"What guys? What did they say?"

"I told them I found out I was adopted and they said that explained why I never got to go as far as they did." I turned to sulk away.

"Wait. Wait, dammit!" Mom managed to sound like she was shouting but she was still whispering. "Come back here," she hissed, pointing to the floor in front of her, like when I was little and she was really mad.

I skulked back to stand in front of her.

"I've been your mother all your life since you were only a month old. Don't you tell me that I don't love you! And don't you let those guys say that either, you hear me?"

"Yes Mom," I shuffled my feet. "I won't. ... I'm sorry."

Again, I turned away, my head hung low. But Mom grabbed me, put her arms around me, and hugged me to her. I could feel her breasts pressing into my back, her head leaning on my shoulder. She released me and spun me around. Smiling up at me, she patted my shoulders and upper arms and whispered confidentially, "Why don't you go up to bed in a few minutes but tell me you don't feel well before you go up."

"I don't feel well?" I repeated, looking at her, confused.

"Not here," she said. In the living room, in front of Dad. Tell me then."

"Oh," I said, still not on the same page as her.

"I don't think you're going to be well enough to go to work tomorrow morning," she whispered, smiling, and then standing up on her toes and giving me a short kiss on my lips. She spun around. "Run along, now."

Duh. I finally got it. It was hard to look depressed and sick in front of Dad because I was now elated. I hung around, drinking the hot chocolate and eating the cookies Mom brought out for us before doing the world's worst acting job of having sudden stomach pains. Dad seemed to buy it but when I turned back to look before climbing the stairs, he had already focused back on the TV and Mom rolled her eyes at me. How was it that I was managing to fool her?

I half hoped she would come to check on me before going to bed herself. I listened closely as my parents readied themselves for bed an hour after I had retired. The house went still. They were going to sleep. I was about to fall off myself when the hall light went on. Looking at the light shining under my door, I heard mom half whisper to Dad, "I'm just going to check on him. I'm sure he's OK and sleeping."

My door opened very quietly, and was pushed almost closed, the hall light flooding a wedge into my room across the end of my bed. I felt Mom's weight ease onto my bed and her hand gently touch my head.

"How are you feeling, sweetie?" she asked, as if she really did believe that I was ill.

I opened my eyes. She was smiling and her eyes looked truly concerned as she brushed the hair away from my face. She was wearing just her nightie. No robe. And the nightie was shorter than the three quarter length thing she'd worn a few days ago. This one was above her knees. Her eyes followed mine.

"Oh, so you have more than just a breast fetish, do you?" She laughed, enjoying herself at my expense as my face flushed.

Her right hand dropped to her knee and then slowly pulled her nightie up to just above her mid thigh. She lifted herself as she did so, allowing the nightie to ride up under her leg as well. I think she watched me as she bared her legs but I'm not sure because my eyes were fixed on the hem of that nightie as it traveled higher. When she stopped I could see her thighs up to where they thickened and the flesh squeezed together.

"There's more to a woman than breasts, you know," Mom said in the same amused tone, leaning in to kiss me on my forehead, "much more." Then she added, "We're a little complicated for you men, even when you get older. It's no wonder you need help at this age." Noting my gaze, she queried me again, this time wanting a response, "You want to see further up, don't you?"

I nodded.

She leaned in to kiss me again, this time on my mouth. I watched her breasts when she straightened up, jostling unrestrained and uninhibited under her nightie. I wished she'd left the door open wider to allow more light. She just sat there, watching me watch her breasts. She laughed that laugh again as my eyes slid down to her legs once more.

"Ah, so you're a leg man," she whispered. "I'm learning new things about my boy." Again she laughed, almost a low growl, a laugh I hadn't heard before.

She sat still, letting me look, watching my eyes slide over her thighs, falling into the crease between and peeking into the darkness under the hem. Finally, she said, "I'd better go now. I was just checking so I could report that you really are sick."

She leaned in and kissed me softly on the mouth again. When she straightened up, I sat up as well, reaching to take her in my arms. She pulled back, but didn't get up.

"No, I have to get to bed."

"Just one kiss," I demanded.

"No, your Dad's waiting for me." Still she just sat there.

"A goodnight kiss," I insisted, leaning forward to put my arm around her, pulling her head to mine, bringing her mouth to me. Within seconds, my tongue was in her mouth. Minutes passed. It was a long kiss which ended with her leaning back over my legs, my left hand pressed against her side, her right breast resting on my wrist as it curled around her abdomen. We were both breathing quickly. Her eyes were sparkling as she got up, watching me as I leaned back to make way for her.

She stood, brushed her nightie down over her legs and started to the door.

"Mom," I whispered when she was halfway there. She stopped and turned, looking at me, not saying anything. She looked gorgeous, still out of breath, her hair mussed up.

"Would you leave your slippers here so I can watch you walk away in your bare feet?"

Mom didn't answer. She stood there for about 15 seconds and then silently walked back to stand in front of me at the side of my bed. I could hear her shuffling her slippers off her feet, kicking them under the bed. Without a word, she turned and walked, more slowly now, toward the door. Her fingers grasped her nightie on each side and pulled it up until the hem was at mid thigh, like she'd done on the bed. I watched until she finally disappeared. Seconds later, the hall went dark.

You'd think I would have had trouble falling asleep, wouldn't you? But I didn't. I started thinking about her legs, her thighs, and her question when she saw where I was looking, 'You want to see further up, don't you?' It seemed that I'd just thought about that and then I was waking up, with the same thought in my mind. I could hear my parents voices downstairs. The clock showed that I was already late, even if I got up now. Mom must have convinced Dad that I was truly sick. The voices stopped. I didn't hear Dad drive away, so I stayed in bed. I could hear the radio playing.

Time passed. I was impatient but I wasn't sure whether Dad was still downstairs for some reason and if I went to see and he was still there I'd probably end up going to work. Finally, I heard someone coming upstairs. I put on my sick look in case it was Dad.

The door pushed open and Mom entered, carrying a tray with my breakfast. Toast and eggs, sliced up apple, juice and a coffee. I sat up in bed, shedding my sickly demeanor as Mom set the tray on my legs. She was wearing her robe so I couldn't see how she was dressed. She was barefoot, I noticed. I wondered if she'd done that for me. She had several pairs of slippers, and she didn't try to retrieve the ones she'd kicked under my bed.

"Call me when you're done," she said. "Don't get up. I'll come." She whisked out of the room.

I settled in to eat. I was hungry. I had just leaned back to enjoy my coffee, having set the tray on the bed, when Mom returned. She was still wearing her robe, tightly wrapped around her and belted. She picked the tray up and left again, cheerily tossing out, "I'll be right back."

And she was. She must have dropped the tray off in the kitchen and come right back. She bounced up and sat on my bed where the tray had been, tucking her legs in and leaning on one hand, her head cocked to one side as she looked at me. I finished my coffee, set it on the bed table, and turned, expecting to start our morning session. But Mom just looked at me.

"You know," she said, "it's hard for a woman to be in the right mood in the morning. We always have so many things to do, and we start thinking about them right away."

What? She was renegeing? That wasn't fair! I had to do something. Take charge.

She was talking again.

"... so men don't understand, women aren't simple like them. You can't turn them on by flipping a switch, like you can with men. And we can't do it FOR you either, you have to help."

There was a long pause.

"Men who figure that out get a lot further with women, I can tell you that."

Another pause.

"Has Dad figured that out?" I asked, not being able to think of anything else to say.

"We're not talking about Dad."

This was frustrating. I wanted to neck and feel her up. What happened to the flirty mom that had been in my room last night?

Mom was toying with the lapels of her robe. Not loosening them. She looked up at me with a 'Well?' kind of expression on her face. What could I do? I could try looking helpless and depressed like I had in the kitchen but I had a feeling that a little boy act would be exactly the wrong thing to do. I could look at her breasts and legs like last night but they were all covered up. I looked anyway but could immediately tell that wasn't going to work either. She was looking restless. I was panicking. She was going to leave!

Desperate, my thoughts galloped through last night again. What had I done that might have put her in a mood? Kissed her? No, she was talking about getting her in the mood for that so that wasn't it. What? ... I had it. I almost smiled but kept my smug face turned inward to myself.

"Yeah, I can see what you mean, Mom. That's why women are so interesting, and challenging."

Mom just nodded, waiting.

"Say Mom, do you still have those fluffy slippers?"

Mom looked at me, a little surprised I think. "Yes," she answered, unsure of what I was getting at.

"Do you think you could put them on for me?"

She nodded, slowly, then quickening, perhaps understanding now. "Sure."

Mom got up and made her way to the door. She walked slowly, like she had last night. I watched her until she disappeared again.

It was several minutes before she returned. When she appeared, she wasn't wearing the slippers, or any others for that matter. She was barefoot and walking far more slowly than when she'd left, giving me lots of time to watch her. Her robe was gone.

The nightie wasn't a three quarter length job, nor was it a knee length thing. It only came to just over halfway to her knees. There was lots of leg there to see. She knew I liked her legs. She paused just inside the door. She made no mention about her missing robe when she spoke, "I couldn't find them," she explained, took a couple more steps, stopped, and said, "You know, I think this nightie looks better without slippers anyway, don't you?"

She picked her hem up on the sides with fingers, like she'd done last night, but this time she was starting where she'd ended. The hem rose until it couldn't have been more than two inches below her private parts. She held it there, letting me have all the time I needed to admire the legs she knew I liked so much.

"Yesss," I drawled. "Yesss ... I think you're right, Mom."

"Turn ...," I blurted when it looked like she was ready to drop the hem, "turn around."

She kept the nightie high on her legs as she spun slowly around. One, two, three full turns. The nightie just covered her bottom in the back. When she started to walk toward me, I tossed out another instruction, "Keep it up high."

She did. She held it all the way to the bed and even held it up as she climbed up on the bed. She straddled my legs and sat on them. I noticed that her panties were a matching silky material of the same color before she finally dropped the hem lower onto her legs.

I was still propped up on the pillows in an almost sitting up position. She leaned forward and gave me a quick kiss on my lips.

"What should we do today?" She smiled, leaned in for another quick kiss, and sat back on her haunches, on my legs, her knees outside mine. She was back to that perky, playful woman I'd met last night. She was beautiful. My cock swelled, but I don't think she could tell through the covers.

"Well ... we could just kiss some more, like we did the other day."

"Ah, you're learning," Mom looked pleased, like her 'teaching' was paying off. "A woman doesn't like to go faster than she wants to. You're going to learn more than those other boys, even if you don't get to see or do as much as they do."

That was disappointing. I wanted to see and feel her, not learn about women, but I didn't let it show. "And maybe how to hold a woman, properly, so she won't freak out."

Mom paused, then seemed to relax. "Uh huh. OK." She leaned forward to kiss me. "Put your arms around me, low down, but don't put your hands on my bum," she instructed.

I did as she asked. She continued kissing me. We kissed for several minutes. I moved my hands up and down her back, stroking the sides of her waist, but never tried to move them over her ass or down to feel the sides of her breasts. And I didn't try to slip my tongue in her mouth, but I gladly accepted hers when she finally pushed it into mine.

The next little while was filled with fairly intense mouth work, with Mom taking it to higher levels each time. When our mouths finally pulled apart, we were both gasping for breath. Mom's legs had stretched out so that instead of kneeling over my torso, she was laying over me with her legs splayed on either side of mine, her groin pressed against mine through the blankets.

"Whew," Mom gasped, "you're certainly getting better."

"And it's only been fifteen minutes," I answered.

"We're not timing ourselves, remember?" Mom verbally spanked me. "Anyway, you should never get cocky with a woman about how well you're doing. It's better not to even talk about it."

"Sorry Mom. I just got carried away, it felt so good."

Mom looked pleased. "Yes ... well, it felt good to me too."

"We're not finished yet, are we Mom?" I pleaded again.

"No, I guess not." Mom lowered her face to mine.

"Wait," I cried, "I'm really hot. Can I take my covers off?" I began tugging at my blankets. Mom started to get up but I stopped her. "No. Just lift up a bit. ... I can pull them out." I didn't want her to get off me, she felt so good laying on me, even through the covers.

"OK," I said as soon as I pulled and kicked the sheet and blanket to the side, pulling up as well as out to the side. My hands pressed on her back, pulling her back down on me. My lips took possession of hers right away. I didn't move when I felt her body on mine, not wanting to call attention to the fact that she was only wearing a short nightie, and I just my undershorts. Her legs were still splayed over mine, and her groin pressed against mine. My hardon must be evident to her now, especially since my upward action with the covers had pulled her nightie up to her stomach. I could feel her bare tummy pressed tight to part of mine and knew that only her panties were pressed against my shorts.

I let my hands press in on the middle of her back and pressed my arms tight to her sides. As I kissed her, I pulled her waist tighter to me, moving my hands up and down with the result that her pelvis moved the same way against mine. And her breasts. I could feel her nipples poking into my chest. I contented myself with this new level and once again waited for her to intensify our kissing.

I wasn't disappointed. Her mouth was hot on mine as she worked herself up more and more. Soon she was writhing on me, just slightly and very slowly, but writhing nonetheless. I was loathe to break our kiss, despite my need for air as breathing through my nose failed more and more to fill my body's needs. I could tell that her nightie had risen until it was piled across the small of her back, confirmed by my hands realizing that there was bare skin below the material. Her ass was bare! If only I could see it.

Finally, I could last no longer and pulled my mouth away, inhaling loudly, gasping great gulps of air, wanting to renew our kiss before she realized her exposed state and shut me down for the day. Mom was gasping for air too but her breathing recovered before mine.

"Lorne." Mom whispered into my neck, her head resting on my shoulder. The skin on her face was damp with sweat.

"Yes, Mom." I knew I was done even though she hadn't moved to break our body long caress.

"When you do get a girl to a point where ... you know ... you should always cover her up, so she feels safe and not exposed."

Well, I'd only got a little farther today but it seemed like a lot more. One step at a time, I thought, as my hands started to tug her nightie down.

"Pull the sheet over me," Mom whispered.

"What?" My hands froze.

"The sheet, Lorne. Cover me with the sheet."

Slowly, my hands slipped off her back, the right seeking the sheet to my side.

"Come on, cover me, make me feel safe." She kissed me several times on my face as she whispered to me.

Mom must think I was stalling to keep her exposed but I was just stunned that she was going to let this continue, knowing her backside was bare. It took me at least a full minute to cover her, my hands fumbling around to get the sheet over her back and legs. But the job was finally done and I returned my hands to their former position in the small of her back. Mom started kissing me again, light kisses on my lips, without any tongue play. I rubbed her back in small strokes, happy to be where I was.

"Lorne."

"Yes, Mom."

"When a girl opens herself to you, you should show your appreciation."

Again, she was leaving me behind. I pulled her tighter and lifted my head to kiss her, trying to slip my tongue into her mouth, but she blocked its entrance. Pulling her lips away but keeping her face close so I couldn't see her eyes, she whispered hoarsely in my ear, "Touch me."

I hesitated.

"Touch me," she whispered again, then lifted her face and planted her lips on mine, her tongue slipping between.

I moved my hands slowly, tentatively, up onto the swell of her buttocks. Her tongue moved faster in my mouth. My fingers crested her cheeks and slipped down the rear slope to the backs of her thighs. Deep into my mouth her tongue plunged. I reached the crease between bum and legs and dug my fingers between her thighs, stretching until they met, then sliding them together back up the divide that separated them, squeezing the flesh underneath. Mom's groin pressed harder into mine as my fingers traveled that delightful, narrow canyon.

"Mmmmmmmmm," she sighed into my mouth.

I pressed my cock up, once, twice, three times.

Mom broke the kiss as my fingers reached the top of her crack. "You like that, don't you?"

I nodded.

"Keep touching me," her soft voice caressed my ear. This time she just lay on me as my hands and fingers loved her ass. She moaned as I dug between her thighs and pressed the sides of my index fingers against her, under her bottom, before sliding them up, deeper between her bottomly crevasse. Again, she pressed her pussy down on my cock, shoving it hard against my stomach under my shorts. But this time, she ground it around, side to side and up and down.

"Keep touching me," she commanded, her breath ragged.

My fingers dragged more slowly down and back. Her groin ground harder against me, and her tits too. This time her pussy moved up and down and around more rapidly.

"Oh, Lorny," she groaned in my ear, a name she hadn't used since I was little.

I was caught off guard. It roared up my shaft, bursting from the head, shooting into my shorts, soaking them. Frantically, I humped against her panties. She didn't pull away. She kept grinding until I was still, laying there, panting, my hands slipping from her back.

She got up. "I think that's enough for now." She walked away. I turned to watch her, her bare feet padding softly on the floor. She wasn't in a hurry and though she didn't look back, I could tell she knew I was watching. She exuded sex appeal.

Part 3 and 4 from Chapter 9.

Hey, Lorne here. I haven't figured my mom out yet. I've had two chances to get close to her. The first time she let me neck with her but wouldn't let me see her tits, or commit to letting me take pictures like I told her the other guys got to do. Several days passed before the second time when she let me stay home sick from my summer job. She just wanted to talk to me about being with a woman but we necked anyway. With her laying on top of me, she got carried away and rubbed herself on me until I came. I'm not sure if she did or not, but I think so.

I don't know how far Mom will let me go. I'm sure she's only doing this because she believes me when I say the other moms are and she doesn't want me to be the only one left out. On the other hand, she waited days before letting me do something the second time, and it's been over a week since then. She doesn't exhibit any remorse so I don't think she's holding back because of guilt or anything like that, but she isn't exactly keen either. By the time she let's me do something, I've got blue balls and I'm ready to really have at her.

Thinking about what she'd said to me about women, I tried to be more aloof, to intrigue the woman I was interested in, as she put it. So, hard as it was, no pun intended, I decided to wait her out. This meant I was jerking off about four times a day. I tried to be around her a lot but without paying attention to her. When I got the urge to check out her body, I avoided her all together so she wouldn't catch me looking at her all the time like I'd done the last time. Maybe this was the wrong approach because, after all, when I'd done that before she had let me pretend to be sick and came to see me after Dad left. But that was also after I said the guys didn't believe I was getting anywhere. So I tried to convince myself that what really worked was doing something unexpected, and avoiding her was certainly not expected.

So I was sitting in the living room reading when Mom came in with a basket of laundry and began folding it and separating it into piles of mine, hers and Dad's on the couch. I was sitting in Dad's chair in the corner and she positioned herself right in front with her back to me, which wasn't where she usually stood when she did this. I couldn't help checking her out when she bent over to get clothes to fold from the basket.

I tried to keep to my plan of not staring at her, or approaching her first, but it was difficult. Mom was wearing a sleeveless blouse which showed off her nicely tanned arms, and a pleated skirt which fell almost to her knees but still showed off her nice legs, especially when she bent over to get stuff from the basket. Trying to be discreet, I only looked when she was bending over but my glances became longer and longer. But then, Mom was bending over longer and longer, evidently searching for a particular item to fold. When I noticed this, I realized that Mom was trying to attract my attention, quietly flaunting herself in a subtle way.

My attention then stayed on her even when she straightened up to fold stuff, enjoying the outlines of her legs, the shake of her breasts which I could see from behind and to the side, and the toss of her hair when she stood up from retrieving an item. Every movement she made was so feminine. I could feel my excitement grow as I became convinced she was purposely putting on a little display for me.

I was surprised when she abruptly left the room but she returned just a few minutes later with another basket full of sheets and towels just before I adjusted myself to make it a little more comfortable for myself. I was pleased when she resumed her activities right in front of me again, working slowly rather than with the brisk efficiency she typically employed when doing housework. I certainly didn't want her to finish any time soon, that's for sure, and I wished Dad had gone fishing instead of puttering around in the yard.

Mom hadn't spoken to me the whole time she'd been folding clothes until she leaned over and then paused, reaching back to lay her hand flat on her right cheek.

"Oh," she complained, "I'm getting old." She pulled her skirt to scratch herself and then rubbed the hand up and down on her buttock, raising the skirt up high enough on each pull that I could see her panties come into view.

I didn't say anything, my attention firmly focused on her backside. Mom didn't look back, allowing me to watch at my heart's content, but I'm sure she knew where my mind and my eyes were. After a minute of this display, she resumed her folding.

"So," she said, startling me out of my reverie, "Are your friends showing you a little more respect now?"

"Respect?" I stumbled out.

"You know," she went on, "because now you can tell them you can do the same kind of stuff they do." She didn't look back at me, as if she didn't want to look at me and talk about it at the same time.

"Oh, that," I remarked as casually as I could. "I haven't really said anything."

Mom stopped, still not looking at me. "You haven't said anything?" She paused, then started folding the same towel over again. "Why not?"

"I thought it that was kind of special, you know, just for you and me to know."

Mom stopped folding the towel again. I couldn't tell what she thought about that, but I meant it. Even if I really was telling guys stuff, I don't think I'd tell anyone about our last time together, about her rubbing herself on me. She started folding again, same towel for the third time.

"They wouldn't believe me without proof, anyway," I added.

Mom finished the towel and leaned down to get another one, quickly this time, like she usually did, and folded it just as fast.

"Go see if your father is ready for lunch," she said, grabbing a sheet and starting to fold it.

When Dad came in, we sat down for some soup and sandwiches. Lunch time banter was the typical daily fair until Mom suddenly struck out on a tangent, "John, you know that fancy digital camera you have at work, are you using it much?"

"Nope," Dad replied.

"Is anyone else using it?" Mom queried further.

"I don't think so," Dad answered, "It mostly just lays around until someone needs it, which isn't much. We haven't used it since the Denison project."

"Do think I could use it?" Mom asked, "I want to take some close up pictures of our flowers. There so beautiful now. You could take it back if someone needed it."

"I don't see why not. I'll bring it home on Monday."

"Can't you get it today?" Mom asked, "I'd like to start tomorrow, it's supposed to be nice out."

"Tomorrow?" Dad complained. "Can't it wait until Monday? I was going to take Lorne fishing. We haven't gone for years."

"But I don't know how to work these new cameras and Lorne promised to help me. He works all week. It's not fair for you to take him fishing, you know he'd rather do that than stay and help me." Mom pouted at Dad. "Can't you drop in and get it this afternoon so he can show me how to work it tonight?"

"Oh, alright," Dad gave in, as he always did when Mom wanted something. I guess I was going fishing tomorrow, and showing Mom how to work a digital camera, something I was looking forward to as much as fishing, given Mom's slow learning curve with anything technical.

"We'll still get to go fishing, Lorne," Dad assured me, thinking I was actually looking forward to killing fish and, knowing about Mom's difficulty with technology, probably thinking better me than him.

After lunch, Dad went back outside and I returned to loll around on the couch, waiting for Mom to finish folding her laundry. She showed up lugging the ironing board which she proceeded to set up and started ironing, back to me again, after turning on the TV. This wasn't nearly as entertaining as watching her fold laundry, mostly because she didn't bend over to fetch things from the basket nearly as often. She did stay bent over for longer though, supposedly needing more time to pick out the next thing to iron, and she clearly wasn't going to finish anytime soon, so I didn't mind so much.

We didn't talk. Mom didn't pick up our earlier conversation and I felt too awkward to renew it, not knowing how to continue it along the lines that it had so abruptly ended. Mom ironed and watched some talk show and I read and watched Mom whenever she retrieved clothes from the basket. I was content.

Dad drifted through about an hour later, announcing that he was off to the office to pick up the camera, kind of pausing, waiting I think, for Mom to say not to worry about it and that Monday was fine. But she didn't. When he asked me to get off my butt and cut the lawn, she insisted that I was helping her by answering her questions about digital cameras. Dad obviously didn't want to interject himself into that one, and left.

I was curious about Mom's little lie about asking me about cameras, but didn't say anything. Clearly, she wanted me to stay put, and I hoped it was to continue our earlier conversation. Mom kept ironing and watching TV for several minutes after Dad left.

"So you're still the low man on the stick with your friends, then?" she suddenly broke the silence, though in a quiet voice barely audible above the TV.

"What?" I asked, not quite sure what she'd said.

"Your friends," she went on, "they still don't believe you, still tease you?"

"Yes," I lied, maintaining my make believe role as a beleaguered soul.

"They can't see that you're more knowledgeable about women now?"

"They don't believe I'm getting as much as they are, so why would they pay attention to what I have to say about women?" I replied, hoping to guilt her into another necking session while Dad was out. I was already thinking ahead, wondering how I could get her to lay on me like she had when I was 'sick' in bed. I wished I was laying on the couch, but it was now covered in folded clothes. But her next comment made me forget about necking all together.

"So what kind of pictures would you need?" she asked, continuing to iron.

"Pictures?" I was stunned. Mom kept ironing.

"Yeah, pictures. You said you needed proof for these so-called friends of yours."

"Oh, those." I was slow to react, caught off guard, my mind reeling.

"I don't think I could show my boobs," she went on, "I know you want me to, but I don't think I can do that." Mom seemed flustered, her hand moving the iron back and forth faster along the pant leg she was ironing. She couldn't let me see her tits but she could rub herself to orgasm on me? I guess if things just happened, that was one thing, but purposely doing something was another.

"Well, uh ..., well" I stammered, "how about your legs? You have really nice legs, Mom. How about some pictures of your legs?"

"My legs?" Mom looked relieved, and the iron slowed.

"Yeah. But it would have to look like you were showing them to me, not like I just sneaked some pictures when you weren't looking."

"Showing you?" Mom asked.

"Yeah Mom," I was beginning to get into this, "You'd have to look like your were purposely showing off your legs, ... higher, you know ... with your skirt way up."

"I'll have to get some new pantyhose then. All of mine are torn," she mused. "What do you mean by way up? Not all the way?"

"No, not all the way," I agreed, assuring her that there would be limits. "But you don't need to get new pantyhose," I continued, not wanting a delay though I'm sure she'd look great in pantyhose, "it would be better just like you are, with bare legs." Thinking for a moment, I added, "Or maybe you could wear the old kind of stockings, you know, the kind that have those strap things to hold them up." I felt myself stirring as a picture of Mom in these popped into my mind.

Mom laughed. "Oh, so you want to see me in stockings and garters do you?" She laughed again, the tension clearly easing. "And will that make up for not seeing my boobs?" Her amusement was clearly evident in her voice.

I laughed as well. "Well, it would certainly be more convincing if you at least showed some cleavage," I couldn't help pushing for more while making like I was continuing with our little joke. I had learned that this was a good approach when you were trying to get more than you deserved.

"Maybe we should wait until next week, then," Mom countered, "I have a bruise on my leg."

I looked Mom's legs up and down, closely. I didn't see any bruise or any other unflattering marks and said so. I didn't think she was teasing me because I'd been playing it pretty cool, trying hard not to act too eager. I wasn't sure, but maybe she really was concerned about a blemish showing. I mean, women can be quite concerned about their looks, especially if captured permanently in pictures.

"You aren't going to let them keep the pictures, are you? You're just going to let them look at them, right?"

"Absolutely. I won't let them keep them."

"Promise?"

"Yeah, Mom. I promise."

"Ok." She turned directly toward me for the first time, squarely facing me as I sat in Dad's chair. "Seriously, though, maybe we should wait until this bruise goes away."

"I don't see a bruise, Mom."

"Well, you will if you want me to pull my skirt up for pictures," she said.

I ignored this. "Where is it?" I asked.

Mom lifted her skirt a couple of inches to maybe halfway up her thigh. Not quite. "There," she said.

I couldn't see anything but took my time looking, I think enjoying Mom lifting her skirt for me more than actually looking at her legs. I lifted my hands, palms out and up, with the accompanying 'I don't get it' expression. Mom

pulled her skirt up another inch. I shook my head, winning another inch. Still, I shook my head. I was afraid to use my voice in case it cracked and betrayed the calm, not all that interested demeanor I was trying so hard to convey.

"You need your eyes checked." Mom said, suddenly lifting her left foot and putting it on the seat of the chair beside my leg. "There," she twisted her knee out a little, opening the inside of her thigh. "You must be going blind," she added, her voice exasperated.

True enough, there was a small bruise on the lower part of the inside of her thigh, on the really soft fatty part that hung down from the bone. I was enthralled by the opportunity to so closely examine Mom's leg, my eyes tracing its curvature as it widened from her knee to the bottom of her thigh.

"Are you sure this won't ruin your pictures?" Mom asked, her fingers pulling around the small bruise to emphasize it, the back of her hand pushing the skirt even higher, allowing me to glimpse the lower part of her panties.

In answer, I framed my hands in a rectangle, like the viewfinder in a camera, and 'snapped' a picture. I then looked down at my left palm as if looking at a picture, "Nope, can't really see it."

"Joker," she laughed, tousling my hair with her free hand. "But I think it would show on a real one," she was suddenly serious again. "Would you have to take pictures this high?"

"At least, Mom. Even higher. It won't convince those guys if they can't even see your panties. It's either tits or panties," I said.

"Lorne, don't talk like that. You know I don't like it."

"Sorry Mom. But if you're going to let me take pictures, they have to be convincing."

Mom tousled my hair again, this time slowly. "I know, dear, I know."

I took advantage of her soft moment, reaching out with my fingertip to touch the small bruise. "I don't think this will matter." I circled the little bruise, round and round, pushing in to make a dent in her leg, pulling the skin away from her panties just inches away. Mom moved her hand out of my way, placing it on top of my head with her other one.

"Are there any more bruises there?" she asked.

"Not that I can see," I replied after craning my neck around, looking for bruises but really eyeing up her panties.

"Any other marks?" she asked.

"Nope," I responded a moment later, immensely enjoying the opportunity to eye up the area near the secret garden from which I should have sprang. When she asked if I was sure, I knew she was getting in the mood, especially when she leaned forward, opening her legs even wider. I moved my face very close, thrilling in her faint musky odor.

"Better let me check out your other leg, Mom."

Mom lowered her foot to the floor and lifted her right foot but I didn't shift over to make room so she had to raise it up to the arm instead of beside me on the seat. She pulled her skirt up. I pushed her knee out with my left hand and leaned in to look, putting the tip of my right index finger on the bottom of her thigh near her knee. As I examined her, I traced my finger along the bottom of her leg until it was only an inch away from her panties in the little hollow where her leg joined her groin.

"HMMMM," I leaned in for a closer look, peering intently at her leg near my finger, "what's this?"

I moved my finger around in a tiny circle, scratching it back and forth beside the edge of Mom's panties.

"HMMMM," I repeated, trying to sound very concerned, continuing to scratch softly at her leg.

"What?" Mom asked, also sounding concerned, leaning down to look herself, her legs widening as she did, but my head was in the way, so close my nose was almost touching her pussy. I could see the hairlines mashed under her cotton panties, could trace the groove running down the center of her mound with my eyes, and struggled not to stick my tongue out to test her enticing cleft. I couldn't help inhaling through my nose.

"What?" she asked again, a faint worry evident in her voice.

"Nothing," I said, reluctantly pulling my face back but considering it necessary lest she think there was something there that nobody should see, especially in pictures. "It's nothing," I repeated. As she relaxed, pulling back, her legs narrowing, I added, "But you better let me take a look at the backs of your legs, just to be sure."

"The back? I don't think that will be necessary."

"Mom," I took on an insistent tone, "The pictures have to be convincing. If I only have pictures from one angle, they'll just think I got lucky, but if they can see from different directions, they'll know you were showing me."

Mom nodded, agreeing with my invented-just-in-time logic. I pressed forward, not wanting her to think too much, "Come on, let's have a look."

I pushed her leg down, as much as I didn't want to, and urged her to turn around with my hands on the sides of her thighs. Slowly, she twisted around until she was facing away from me but then just stood, as if unsure about what to do. I pulled her skirt up. She put her hands down, blocking me from raising her skirt higher.

"Mom, I'm just going to take a quick look to make sure you don't have any bruises or marks."

I pushed her skirt higher, her hands yielding before mine, but still there. I kept pushing until the hem of her skirt was above the top of her thighs, exposing the very bottom of her panties. I asked her to hold her skirt there while I looked, using my finger again to trace around her legs. Starting at the back of her leg, I quickly ran it between her legs, below the spot I so dearly wanted to touch, that magic area she had rubbed against me when she'd gotten carried away. How could I get her into that space again?

Unable to come up with a new idea, I tried the same gambit again.

"Hmmm," I mumbled, stopping my fingers on the inside of her left thigh, bringing them all together, flat against her leg, and pushed out to widen the gap between her legs. She moved her feet, yielding to accommodate my pressure as I, unnoticed, pushed her skirt higher up her back.

"Lean forward a bit so I can see," I instructed.

Mom leaned forward, her head twisting around to look back to see what was going on.

"More," I insisted, pushing out on her leg to widen the gap even more.

Both my wishes came true. Mom was now leaning far enough forward that she put her left hand on her knee to prop herself up. I held her skirt at the very top of her bum, leaving her buttocks exposed, even above the top of her panties which drew a line only half way up her cheeks. I had seen my Mom in a two piece swimsuit before but not this small, and I had never had the opportunity to sit closely behind her, examining her ass. God, this was great!

"Hold your skirt for a minute," I instructed, looking concerned and leaning in to look closely at her backside.

Mom took hold of her skirt, allowing me to pull my hand away. At the same time, I leaned back, joined my hands together and pretended to take a picture again.

"Snap," I said, "picture perfect," and laughed.

"Ohhhh, you brat!" Mom exclaimed, standing up, her skirt falling back into place, turning to faint a slap at me, her face flushed and smiling as I leaned back in the chair to get away. "You brat!" she yelled.

Mom jumped onto the chair, her legs straddling the arms to pin me in place, and pretended to beat on me.

"Mom, mom," I cried, laughing.

"You're just making fun of me."

"No, no," I cried, my laughter growing fainter. "Really. If you let me take pictures of you like that, it will be awesome. They'll be blown away." I raised my hands in picture mode and 'snapped' another of her as she slowed her assault on me.

"You look beautiful when you're mad." I 'snapped' again. "Especially when your face is so flushed." Snap.

"You got me all worked up," she said.

I snapped another 'picture' of her face, then lowered my hands to 'snap' another of her chest. Seeing where my hands were pointing, she slapped them away, but I kept returning them to 'snap' more pictures of her chest. She finally gave up, so I continued taking fake pictures of her breasts, and she let me.

"Why are men so consumed with breasts?" Mom asked.

"I don't know, Mom, but you know they'll want to see them."

"I'm not going to show my breasts to those creeps," she insisted.

I 'snapped' another pic. "Just a little cleavage then," I said and added, when she didn't seemed moved, "It would be more convincing if you opened your blouse just a little."

I paused, watching Mom digest what I'd said, seeing her buy the logic.

"Just a button or two," I prompted, snapping another picture, then dropped my hands to urge her elbows up, letting go to snap another pic. Snap, snap as her fingers reached her blouse. She stared straight ahead, not looking down at me, as her fingers undid the top button of her blouse. I forgot to snap a pretend picture as I stared, my eyes glued to her fingers. Her hands hung in the air in front of her blouse as the button came undone.

I 'snapped' another picture. "That's it, Mom. Like that." Snap.

Her fingers moved to the next button. Snap. The material moved as her fingers fidgeted. Snap, my index finger moved again, as if pushing a real button.

Mom kind of slumped when the second button came undone, still looking blankly ahead. Her groin fell on mine as her weight shifted, her feet lifting from the floor and her knees dangling over the arms of the chair.

I could feel the heat of her as her panties came into contact with me. I realized then that I was already hard which momentarily panicked me, thinking she would jerk back angrily when she noticed, but she didn't. She just slumped down, pressing warmly against my hardon, looking blankly at the wall behind us.

Her hands were still held in front of her, poised by the button she'd just undone.

"One more," I whispered. Hesitantly, Mom's fingers began their work again, seconds later opening her blouse a little more.

"Just one more, for good measure," I whispered again.

"Is that what you want?" she asked, still staring ahead.

"It's what they'll want."

A pause and then, falteringly, her fingers moved to the fourth button. A moment later it too was undone. Mom's hands dropped to her sides, then moved up so that her hands were flat on my shoulders. I 'snapped' another picture.

She looked amazing. I had never seen my mother in a low cut dress. This was the most exposed I'd ever seen her chest. Her blouse was undone to the bottom of her breasts. I could see where her bra joined together at the bottom. The upper half of her breasts were bare, the swells straining to be free of the cups.

I was getting harder as I looked, and I couldn't help straining up against the heat of her. She didn't flinch away. She didn't seem to even be aware that my cock was pulsing against her.

"Is this what you wanted?"

"Yes," I whispered, my voice dry and cracking, not bothering to continue the charade that it was just for my 'friends'.

"Then have a good look," she said, her gaze shifting from the wall to my face. "Your father will be home soon."

"Push up for the picture," I whispered, holding my hands up in fake camera mode.

Her blouse parted as she did, exposing the inside of her breasts. I reveled in her beauty. I'm sure I told her she was beautiful, or awesome, or something like that, or both. I know she smiled at what I said, looking pleased. I know I did say I would never show real pictures of her if she let me see all of her. "Maybe without the camera, one day," she answered.

"Why?" I asked, finding my voice again, "Don't you like the way I take pictures?" I smiled, faking some snaps again.

"Actually, it was fun," she admitted. Then, looking intently at me, "Did you like taking them, or were you just trying to get a look?"

She kind of caught me off guard. "No," I said truthfully, for once. "I think I liked taking the pictures more. It was exciting."

"I thought so, too." Mom smiled, her face suddenly softening. "Would you like to practice kissing a little before Dad gets home?"

I answered by stretching up to meet her lips. Mom lowered herself to help and I pushed up more when I felt her weight come down, pressing the warmth of her panties firmly against me. She slipped her hands under my arms and pulled her self down even harder and slipped her tongue into my mouth when I thrust my hips up to meet her. We were kissing hard, panting, and rocking against each other when we heard the car door slam. We hadn't heard Dad pull into the driveway.

We almost fell into the ironing board as we leapt awkwardly to our feet. I had just started upstairs when Dad came through the door. Looking back, I could see Mom running the cold iron back and forth on the same pants. Though she was turned partly away, I knew her blouse must still be undone almost to her skirt.

Thank god, Dad turned to me with the camera in hand. I asked him a couple of dumb questions, keeping his attention on me as Mom came to her senses and quickly did up her blouse. Dad suddenly turned, said hi to mom, and wheeled through the kitchen and out the door into the backyard. I stood there, real camera in hand, looking at Mom. We both had stunned looks on our faces, then slowly broke out into grins, and then nervous laughter.

I walked down the two steps to the floor and raised the camera to my face, slowly stepping toward Mom, still smiling. Click. Another step. Click.

Mom raised her hands high above her head, cocking her hips and pushing her breasts out. Amazingly, she moved her hands to her blouse again. Two buttons were loosened before I clicked again. "More," I whispered, repeating our game.

"More?" she teased.

Click, I answered.

"More?" she whispered huskily.

Click. Another button. Click.

"More," I gasped.

Another button. Click. She parted her blouse again. We'd reached our previous game point in less than a minute. The return trip is always faster they say. Click.

Then another button. Click. Her blouse was open all the way to her skirt. Click. She moved her fingers to her bra.

"Put the camera down."

"Put it down," she repeated.

I set the camera down on the floor. Her fingers moved and her hands pulled away. Nothing looked different. Then I noticed. Her bra was undone. I could see her skin as it pulled apart. I raised my hands into a mock camera. Snap.

Mom cocked her hip out to one side, her waist bending and her shoulder lowering. The blouse opened a little more. Snap. She straightened in mock disdain, her back arching, thrusting her chest up and forward, and the blouse away to the side. The gap between her bra opened wider, showing the crease under her sweet globes, but it still covered most of her breasts. I stepped close to her, looking down at her chest.

"Memories are better than pictures," she said. "They last forever. Would you like one?" she asked.

I nodded.

"Then take it."

I raised my hand to her blouse, unsure of myself. She waited. I pinched the material of her blouse between the fingers of each hand and slowly peeled her blouse off to the side, leaving her only her bra covering her breasts.

"Is that the memory you want?" she whispered.

"No," I cried hoarsely.

Mom breathed in, her chest expanding toward me.

I grasped her bra and pulled it apart. I stood there, holding her bra apart and stared in wonder as her breasts sprang free. They sagged a little, but they were wonderful tits. Her nipples stuck up, surrounded by a nice brown surround.

"Disappointed?" she asked.

"No," I cried, clearly not.

"You like them?"

"Yes!" I answered enthusiastically. "I love them."

Mom laughed. "Well, I think that's going a bit far."

"No. I love them," I insisted.

"Ok, you love them," Mom laughed.

I let go of the bra and slipped my hands inside, cupping her tits gently in my palms.

"No, Lorny, no." Mom gasped. "Your father's right outside. No," she insisted as my grip tightened. She pushed me back.

"Be patient," she said. "I'll let you look some more tonight while you're showing me how to work the camera." She did up her bra and started on her blouse. "Now go out and cut the lawn for your Dad."

The rest of the afternoon was a blur. I couldn't think about anything else but my Mom. I was back to sneaking looks at her all the time but this time, she didn't seem mad. She just smiled at me, like we were sharing something

private. She even seemed pleased by my attention, keeping up a lively banter with Dad during dinner as if to distract him. Mom had set dinner at the kitchen table that night instead of the dining room and she pressed her knee against mine several times during the meal.

After dinner, Mom and Dad went into the living room while I cleared the table, loaded the dishwasher, and cleaned the counters. Joining my parents in the living room, I found Dad sitting in the chair I had so much enjoyed this afternoon, and Mom sitting on the couch. Dad was watching TV and Mom was doing a crossword.

"Come and help me, Lorne" she asked when I came in, patting the seat beside her on the couch, next to her feet which were tucked up beside her. As I sat down, she rearranged her skirt, the same loose pleated job she'd worn earlier, untucking it to bare her lower legs. As she worked her puzzle, asking me questions from time to time, the skirt pulled up over her knee and even showed the underside of her thigh. My cock stiffened as I remembered how she let me touch her legs this afternoon.

Her pencil rested on her lower lip as she thought and every once in while, on its journey back there after making an entry in the book, she stopped to let the eraser rest between her blouse. It was only then that I noticed she had actually undone two buttons. She smiled just then, as if aware of my discovery. The pencil moved sideways, pushing the blouse apart, exposing the upper swells of her breasts, the ones I had briefly cupped in my hands only hours earlier. It seemed like a dream.

She was right about memories. Her tits were more vividly expressed in my mind than any picture, more intense than any porn movie I'd watched on the internet. My memory had touch, the feel of her perfectly rounded lower breasts as they rested in my palms. And sound, the sound of her breathing as it quickened when my fingers first brushed past her tits, something I was just realizing now as I examined that memory. Mom had been excited too!

I watched her use the pencil to play with the tops of her breasts as she stared earnestly at the crossword. Leaning in to look, I allowed my hand to slip between her calf and thigh, pressing her warm flesh on each side as I pushed in. Mom didn't object, the corners of her mouth even turning up slightly, producing a thin smile on her face.

"HMMMM," she mused, "I don't know about that."

"What?" I froze, thinking she was referring to my action. Still I couldn't help leaning in further and twisting hand so my palm faced her thigh.

"I don't know," she replied, "this is a tough one."

"It doesn't look so tough to me," I replied, my fingers reaching the other thigh and sliding up along the crease between her legs.

Mom's smile deepened but then flattened quickly as I neared the apex of her legs. "Maybe you should let me work on it myself." I could feel her trying to push my hand away.

"No. You've got me hooked now," I said, pushing my hand further up her legs, closer to her treasure pot.

"If you keep bugging me, I'll make you show me how to work the camera."

Dad smiled, hearing that remark. "Be careful, son," he chipped in.

I pulled back, relaxing my hand, keeping it still, but I left it in place.

After I stayed still for a moment, Mom also relaxed, content to let me stay where I was. A moment later, her legs relaxed more, making it easier for me to move. I wiggled my fingers between her thighs, and brushed my thumb across the back of her thighs. Why I was allowed to do this, I don't know, but she let me do it for quite a while, and I never tried to force my hand higher again. After a long while, Mom said it was time for me to show her how to use the camera.

"Where is it?" she asked, "looking around. Have you hidden it?"

"No, it's in my room. I was checking it out so I'd know how to show you how it works."

"Let's go then. Come on," she said, "you may as well get it over with."

Trying hard to look unhappy, I followed Mom up the stairs, my eyes on her legs, the tantalizing swivel of her hips, and her behind. When we got into my room, I closed the door behind me.

"Where do you want me?" she asked. "Do you just want me to just stand here and hold my skirt up?"

"Mom. Come on."

"Well?" she asked.

"On the bed, please. Just lie on your side."

"Should I try to look sexy?"

"Just be yourself, please."

Mom lay on the bed and watched me while I got the camera ready. She kicked her shoes off while she waited and slid the foot of her upper leg slowly up and down along the lower one. Her tongue traced the line of her upper lip as she pushed her foot down her leg. Her hand rested on her hip and as I turned to look at her, the camera ready, she pulled the skirt up her thigh and onto her hip.

"Is that what you want, baby? Do you want your Mom to show her legs for you?"

"Yes, Mom. Please. Show me your legs."

"Ok. But don't show my face."

Mom slid her foot up and down her leg, slowly pulling her skirt higher and higher until the hem rested on her hip on one side. I clicked away. Her legs were bare almost all the way up as her knee bent to let her foot slide up, her thighs gaping wide open. Her panties peeked out each time her thighs opened like that. I closed in to get some good pictures, gasping when I noticed that she wasn't wearing the white cotton panties she'd worn that afternoon.

She was wearing a pair of sheer, black lace panties now. They were much narrower through the crotch yet I couldn't see any hair poking out. Clicking away, favoring many shots instead of the perfect one, I realized that her hair wasn't just tucked in, there was less of it. She had shaved to get ready for this! At least, she had trimmed herself. My cock bulged in my jeans.

"That's it," she whispered, "take some close ups for those pigs. They'll want the vulgar stuff, won't they?"

She pulled her skirt high, showing all of her sheer panties. Twisting onto her back, she planted both feet wide, spreading her legs for me, like she was waiting for an inspection or getting ready to give birth. Click, click, click.

"Lift up," I whispered.

She lifted her hips.

"Again," I whispered.

She let herself down and lifted again, holding herself thrust up.

"Again," I whispered, very excited, "keep doing it. We'll show those pigs."

Mom repeated her pushing up several more times. I kept clicking away.

"Faster," I almost begged her.

She started thrusting up and back, her ass moving up and down, her pussy almost pulsing in her panties as she mimicked fucking.

Suddenly she threw her legs out straight, almost kicking me in the face, and turned onto her stomach, her legs together. Her skirt covered her ass as she lay there. I reached out with one hand and flipped her skirt up, baring her flimsy panties which barely covered her bottom, only reaching a third of the way, if that, up her cheeks. And I could see right through them to boot. I clicked away.

Leaning closer, I pushed her legs apart, a little at first as I snapped pictures of her ass, then wider as I moved in, getting closeups of her panties between her legs and the outline of her pussy underneath.

"This will look really hot, Mom." I put the camera down and pushed the legs of her panties together with my fingers, tugging them up into a single strand that I stretched between her cheeks. Her bottom was now essentially bare, the cheeks accented by the divide of the panties buried in her crack. She lay docile while I picked up the camera and took my time taking pictures.

"Lift up," I suggested. Mom raised her ass, her legs tightening with the effort, her back arching. She looked so incredibly sexy, and acted even more so as she raised her ass more without waiting for me to ask.

"Do you like that, Lorny"

"They'll love it, Mom."

"Do you like it?"

"Yes, Mom. I like it too."

"Why do young men like this? You're so different now. Your father has never asked me to turn over. Our generation always does it the same way, in front, with the man on top."

I was stunned that she had mentioned her sex life with Dad, and that she was clearly bored. I put the camera down, letting her feel it against her leg so she knew I was concentrating on her instead of taking pictures. I let my hand touch the back of her leg, trailing my fingers up the back of her thigh to her bum.

"I don't know, Mom. I think we know that women like to be enjoyed in more ways now."

"Do the other boys do things like this with their moms? Show their behinds?"

"They say they do." I heard Mom suck in her breath. "I've seen pictures," I lied. I let my fingers trace a feather light path across the back of her panties. Her breath sucked in hard again and her ass twitched, but she didn't say anything to stop me.

"A couple of them have said their mom's really like it." I ran my fingers back across her panties again.

"Really?" Mom whispered, turning her face to one side.

"Yeah," I brushed my fingers back and forth. "They're the top dogs, the leaders."

"Because they get to do that?"

"Yeah." I was now just running my fingers all over her ass, not just across her panties but on the bare cheeks above. "They showed pictures of their mom's bare asses, but they weren't anywhere as nice as yours, Mom." I continued my delicate caress. "It would blow them all away if they could see yours, ... bare."

I stopped talking but kept rubbing, back and forth, lightly, softly.

Mom stretched her hands back to her sides. She's going to stop me now, I thought. Just a few more brushes, Mom. Just let me touch your ass a little longer, I thought. Her ass lifted and her hands moved up to her sides. I pulled my hand away, so she didn't have to actually force me to stop. But her hands grasped the sides of her panties and pushed hem down until they rested on her thighs, baring her buttocks, still stuck between her cheeks where I'd tugged them up a few minutes earlier. She didn't say anything. Neither did I.

I returned my fingers to continue my soft caress across her buttocks, using a more circular motion to softly cup her cheeks, even trailing my finger down her crack. I paused to tug her panties down, pulling them all the way along her legs and off her feet. I picked up the camera and took a few pictures. Mom spread her legs a bit after a few clicks. Click, click, click, click. I nudged her knees farther apart and put the camera into movie mode just as she lifted her ass, baring the back of her open, bare pussy. It glistened in the light.

"Will they like that? Will that do it for you?" I don't know how she got the words out, her breathing was so erratic.

"Absolutely, Mom. You're awesome."

"No more pictures, now."

I tossed the camera down.

"Did you like it, Lorny?"

"Yes."

"Do you love your Mom now?"

"I always have, Mom," choking, my voice breaking with the emotion of the moment.

"Am I your real Mommy?"

"Oh Mom," I cried, flopping down and hugging her.

"That feels good," she whispered. "Lay on me like that."

"Ok, Mom." I scrunched into her ass.

"Lorne, don't," she complained, "your jeans are too rough."

I stood and quickly shucked my jeans. She hadn't said I could take them off but she knew I was and she still lay there waiting, her legs still spread, naked from the waist down. I kneeled behind her and lowered myself, looking down as I lined up my hard cock with her ass. She raised it to meet me just before I connected with her.

"Is this what they do with their moms?"

"That's what they said," I assured her

"And yo want me to let you? Just once?"

"Yes," I gasped.

"Ok then," she said. "Make sure you make a good memory."

Tentatively, I rubbed myself against her, pushing her ass down into the mattress.

"Yes, like that," she cried, turning her face down, muffling her voice in the mattress. I thrust harder against her ass and began rubbing myself up and down between her cheeks. Her hands snaked underneath herself. I couldn't see but I'm sure she was rubbing her pussy. I started dry humping her as if I was actually fucking her from behind. I

lost control, I went wild. Minutes later, I burst, soaking my shorts with my sticky liquid at the same time Mom stiffened and cried out into the bed.

A few minutes later she got up and left, leaving her black panties on my bed. I put them under my pillow before going to the bathroom. As I walked down the hall I could hear my parents arguing.

"I don't care if you want to go fishing," my mother was saying, "I need Lorne to help me with the camera tomorrow, so you'll just have to go by yourself. I need more time to learn."

"Ok, dear, ok," my father's voice filtered up the stairs. "I'll go by myself."

My cock was hard and in my hand by the time I entered the bathroom. The next day I looked disappointed as my father explained that I had to stay home with my mother, that it was for the best in the long run. If I took my time with her, he promised, he'd make it up to me.

I wore a huge smile as I walked, no, stalked up the stairs as Dad's car pulled away. I didn't wait any five minutes like Mom had. My pajamas were stretched to the breaking point as I walked down the hall toward Mother's room.

She was laying on her stomach when I came in, supposedly sleeping, though I knew she wasn't. I clicked a few pictures but she didn't stir. I peeled the covers down her back, baring her shoulders, pausing to take a few more pictures. Slinging the camera, I pulled the covers down to her knees, pausing again to take pictures. I waited after clicking, knowing she was expecting me to pull the covers down further but instead I lifted her nightie up over her buttocks, baring her behind. She wasn't wearing any panties. I was rewarded by the sharp intake of her breath. Clearly, my mother liked ass attention. How had neither of my parents discovered this in all their years of marriage?

With a sudden jerk, I yanked the covers all the way off, dumping them past Mom's feet to the floor at the end of the bed. Surprised, her breath sucked in hard. I paused again for effect. I was really enjoying this. I couldn't imagine any girl my age playing along like this. I loved the taper of her legs, her feet turned in. Gently, I took her feet in my hand, running my thumbs softly up and down the insteps of her feet, then pulled them slowly apart. I reached in to pry her knees open and then further to spread her thighs.

Click, click, click. I raised one foot. Click, click. Raised the other. Click, click. Pushed one down and bent the other over to lay on it. Click, click. Opened her legs wide again. Click, click. Then nothing.

The seconds dragged by. Then, slowly, starting with only a tensing of muscles along her legs, her ass lifted. Just a tiny bit. Click, click. Up a little more. Click, click, click. Higher. Click, click, click, click.

I leaned on the bed, between her legs, sighting the camera directly at her pussy, now clearly visible, from below. Click, click, click. Then nothing again.

Mom didn't move.

"Higher," I whispered, barely audible.

Her knees shifted up as pushed her ass farther from the bed. Click, click, click.

"Wider."

Her knees shifted out, lowering her ass. Her pussy lips parted. Click, click, click. I knew this camera would capture the shine as her nether lips glistened in the morning light. Click, click, click. Stop.

Again, no movement.

"Touch it."

No reaction.

"I need a picture with your hand there, for the finale. Please Mom."

Nothing. Then, two slender, feminine fingers appeared through the wedge of her legs and red polish covered her pinkish slit. Click.

Her fingers stayed. I crawled off the bed but Mom stayed as still as I dropped my pajamas as quietly as I could.

Click.

Did I see her fingers move?

"Just one more, Mom. A closeup."

I crawled up on the bed again and moved in behind her. Yes. There. Her fingers moved. She rubbed herself. Holding my cock, I lined myself up, moving as close as I could, hoping she wouldn't suddenly move her fingers back and discover my impending attack.

SHOVE!

I was in! PUSH! Get in her, my mind screamed, get in before she throws you off. Get in her! All the way!

"OHHHHHHHHH."

Was that me or her.

Grind! Shove, shove, shove.

"Unnngh, ugh, ugh."

It was her! Fuck, fuck, fuck.

She was loose, she was wet, I was moving easily. I was fucking her ... faster, faster, hard.

I looked down. She wasn't fighting me. Her head was still down on the pillow, her face turned to the side. She was moaning, continually, getting louder each time I shoved in. GOD, she was fantastic! I slammed harder against her thighs. She moaned louder. Harder, harder, harder. Her face was rocking against the pillow, her breath exploding out of her mouth. I grabbed her waist and started pulling her back with each thrust. I was going to come already! I couldn't stop it. I could feel it. OUT, it was squirting out. I jammed forward and pushed my cock in as far as I could, followed by little lunges with every squirt, my toes digging into the mattress to help me shove into her.

I was empty. I held her, gasping. Her breath was rasping out, her legs slowly giving way under my weight, her feet stretching out. I fell with her until we were flat on the bed, my cock still in her. My hands slid up her waist to cup her tits, squeezing them, finding each nipple and pinching them between by fingers.

We lay like that, regaining our breath until we were breathing normally. Not a word was spoken. Our breathing was the only sound in the room. I began rolling her nipples. They hadn't softened but I could still feel them stiffen as I pinched and tugged on them too. I renewed tiny little fuck motions against her ass.

"Lorny,"

She was going to make me stop. I made my fuck motions a little bigger.

"Lorny."

A stroke. Just a little one, then another, and another.

"Ohhh, Lorny," she sighed, "that's so nice."

Fuck, fuck, fuck. The mattress was moving beneath us now as I put more weight into my thrusts.

"Do you ... really ... like it ... like this ... this way?"

"I love ... it ... Mom."

"Unngghh," she burst out as I threw in a hard one to emphasize my point.

"Unngghh, unnnghh, unnnngghh," she moaned as I began rocking into, starting to really get into it again as my cock became fully hard again.

I reached forward and gently pulled her head up. I kept fucking into her as I whispered directly into her ear.

"You love ... it ... too ... don't ... you ... from behind?"

We were really getting intense now. She was shoving herself back at me, fucking me as much as I was fucking her.

"Yesssss ... I ... love it!"

I stopped talking then and just got into our fuck. It was better and longer than the first. Very intense. I thought it would have been uncomfortable for Mom, holding her head up like that, but she seemed to like it. I guess she'd had her fill of comfortable, ordinary sex.

We rested after that. There was no recrimination for my surprise attack, nor did she express any guilt that we had gone all the way. We just cuddled, and chatted, and had a few laughs. Then I started to fondle her again, slowly working up to more overtly sexual touching until I was once again in her, from behind of course. She kept turned away from me. I put her on her side, spread her legs and did her that way for a while, then got her up on her knees and held her feet up as I worked myself in her and then, finally, I got above her, on my feet and drove down into her. She seemed to love the lewdness of this, becoming quite vocal from the first shove at this angle. After that, we were hungry and went downstairs. Me first, and then Mom after her shower.

Mom came downstairs completely nude. I have to say that even after the morning's romp, I was shocked. Her hair was covered in a towel in that way that women do after washing their hair, but she was otherwise naked as a jaybird. She smiled at me, laying plates out on the table, and went straight to the counter to finish making the sandwiches I had started. I turned to watch her, amazed at her nonchalance, her confident beauty. She did have a picture perfect ass for a woman her age.

My cock hardened with that thought. God, could I do it again? I stiffened more as I focused on her cheeks. Why did she love it so much from behind? Was it just new, or did she really like having her ass touched? I remembered how excited she'd become every time I looked at or touched her ass. Maybe that was it. Maybe her ass was really sensual for her.

I got up, downed my pajama bottoms, and walked up to stand behind her, as quietly as I could, but she knew I was there.

"You look beautiful," I said, "especially like this." I put my hands around her and kissed her on the side of her neck. She just smiled.

I let my cock poke against her ass.

"After lunch, Lorny."

"Ok," I conceded, "I'll just play a little."

"Alright, but don't get too carried away."

I reached around and scooped up some butter in my fingers.

"What are you up to? she asked. How strange that only yesterday she would have chewed me out for wasting food.

My hand disappeared from sight behind her. I stepped back and rubbed the butter all over her right cheek.

"Lorny!" she gasped. "Stop that. I've just had a shower."

"Well," I laughed, "you'll just have to have another with me, after we get all greased up."

"Are you trying to get us all slippery? Is it better that way?"

"Yeah Mom. That's it. I'm going to make us slippery." I think my Mom was quite naive, even for her pre-internet age. I scooped some more butter and spread it over her other cheek, then returned for another big handful which I started to spread between her cheeks.

"I have some baby oil we could have used instead of this if you'd just waited until we got back upstairs," she complained. She wasn't happy about the mess but I could tell she was getting excited again by the way her butt was moving against my hand as I began caressing her cheeks more than just rubbing stuff on them. I also began dipping my fingers deeper between her cheeks and down to her pussy, rubbing the butter in well.

When I reached for my last scoop of soft butter, I noticed she had stopped making the sandwiches. She was just standing there letting me feel and rub her, swaying back against my hands and fingers. I knew right then she was going to let me fuck her here in the kitchen. I leaned against her back with my left arm, pushing her over the counter a little and pushed her legs apart with my foot. She definitely knew I was preparing her for a fuck, but she let me open her anyway.

"Lorny, no. Wait until after lunch."

"But my cock is hard now, Mom."

"But Lorny, I'm hungry."

"So am I Mom." I cupped my fingers over her pussy and ran it right up her ass crack, dipping my fingers in to drag them across her rear hole. I repeated this a couple more times and then let the tip of my longest finger nudge into her little hole.

"Ohhhh. What are you doing?"

"You mean here?" I asked, circling my slippery fingertip around her bud.

"Yes. ohhhhhh. What are you doing?"

I circled and circled, moving my left hand around to her mouth, I began circling her lips the same way.

"I was just thinking of doing this, Mom." I pushed my finger into her mouth, then pulled it back out.

"No, Lorny. I don't think I'd like that?"

I circled her mouth again. I hadn't stopped circling her rosebud.

"Doesn't this feel good, Mom?"

"It's ... different," she gasped.

I plunged my finger into her mouth and at the same time, poked the tip of my finger into her anus.

"Ohhhhhhhhhh," she gasped around my finger.

I pulled my finger out of her mouth but left the other one in her ass. I circled her lips, pushing them into an open 'O' while I wiggled my finger in her butt, then slowly began moving it in and out. I took my time working from the first to the second knuckle, matching movements with the finger in her mouth. In and out, and in and out. She let out a guttural exhalation – that's the best I can describe the sound, not quite a moan – when I pushed a second finger in, mouth and ass. I'm sure her reaction was to ass invasion. Eyes closed and head down, she moaned loudly as I pushed the two fingers all the way in, holding them there, barely moving, while I pulled my fingers out of her mouth and gently stroked up and down her throat.

"Lorny, what are you doing to me?" She had difficulty getting that out, her breathing was so ragged.

"I'm loving your ass, Mom. I thought you'd like it."

Gently squeezing her throat, I tugged her head down closer to the counter. Once there, I started moving my fingers slowly in and out of her again. When I was moving easily in her, several minutes later, I made a little extra push at the top of each thrust and twisted my hand a few degrees before withdrawing. Mom was moaning constantly now.

Suddenly, I pulled my hand away. Mom's ass, almost pathetically, strained back several times searching for her now welcome invader. Her thighs quivering from her need.

"Lorny ...," it was almost a wail.

"Let's go upstairs and get that baby oil, Mom."

She pushed herself upright and turned to walk out of the kitchen but she could barely stand, her legs were so shaky. I slipped my hands around her waist and lifted her. My cock was firmly lodged between her cheeks as I walked her upstairs. Waddling our way up, her cheeks rubbing up and down my shaft, proved too much for me. By the time I got her to the bed, I was desperate to get inside her.

"Where is it?" I cried frantically.

"What?"

"The oil?" I yelled.

"On the dresser," she yelled back, fling her arm toward the wall to my right, her voice muffled because her head was face down in the comforter.

I ran over to the dresser, knocking over several bottles of feminine products in my haste before latching onto an almost empty bottle of baby oil. Feverishly I ran back to stand behind my mother, still in place, knees braced against the end of the bed. Quickly, I squirted the rest of the baby oil into the top of her crack, pushing my cockhead between her cheeks to block its flow. I could feel the point of my cock insert itself into her softened hole as the oil flowed on its head. Right away, my cock burst through her ring embedding the head completely inside her bum.

"UGGGGNNNGGHHH, OHHHHHHH, LORNY, LORNY," Mom yelled. I'm sure the neighbors would have heard had her face not been buried in the bed.

The bottle dropped to the floor as I grasped her hips. Unable to wait, incapable of stopping, I pushed my shaft all the way in. She grunted, one long, huge grunt.

"Mom? Are you OK?" I asked when I was plunged fully inside her. "Mom? MOM?"

"Yesssss," she cried, twisting her head sideways, her red face now showing under her hair. "Move it ... MOVE!"

A little stunned, I pulled my cock out a little, then pushed back in. Despite her moans and grunts, not as loud now, I could tell she was OK and liked it, really liked it, I thought as I began to move faster and faster.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god," she kept repeating between moans and grunts. I couldn't help myself, the sound and feel of her sent me out of control. I banged her butt harder and harder. She just seemed to love it even more. I thought she could easily take all I could give and in that instant I gave it, all of it. I poured my seed into her ass.

She slumped forward as my cock softened and popped out of her ass. She crawled up onto the bed and spread her legs wide with ass raised up about a foot from the bed, her face turning back to me, hidden by the mass of her hair.

"Can you do it again?" she asked, not a begging voice, more like a demand. Her ass was moving, twisting up and down, her little pucker winking at me, waiting for it.

I didn't know if I could. Looking down at my wasted cock, I knew I couldn't. Not right away, anyway.

"We don't have anymore baby oil," I threw out in my defense.

"We don't need it," she cried, "just get in me."

"No Mom, I don't want to hurt you."

Exasperated but resigned, she said, "There's more in the bathroom downstairs, then."

Her voice followed me as I walked through her bedroom door, relieved at my reprieve, "Hurry, Lorny, hurry."

'Get up,' I silently screamed at my flaccid member, 'get up,' shaking it all the way down the stairs, trying vainly to trigger some life in it. I swung around at the bottom to the downstairs bathroom. Finding the baby oil right away, I slowly headed back upstairs, still trying to convince my cock to rise from the dead. As turned to go upstairs I got the shock of my life.

"Dad!" I exclaimed. "What ...,"

"We need to talk" Dad replied calmly as he turned to walk upstairs.

I followed Dad up the stairs, like a condemned man trudging to his own execution. Numbly, I trailed Dad to his bedroom where he stood frozen in the doorway, staring at Mom, her ass still wavering in the air, her little hole winking, and her head buried in the pillow. She must have heard us.

"Come on, Lorne, hurry," her muffled, urgent voice drifted back.

Dad was in shock. I stood there, not knowing what to do, naked, still holding the bottle of baby oil. I cast my eyes at Dad, afraid to look squarely at him. He was still frozen but there was a look of anger growing on his face. I looked down at my hand, at the bottle of baby oil, as if it was a smoking gun. But there was something else. I could see Dad beside me. There was a big tent in front of his pants! Dad had a huge hardon, looking at Mom waving her ass, unaware that he was there.

"Hurry," Mom wailed, "come fuck me."

Dad's hands moved. He was undoing his belt, pushing his pants down, kicking his shoes off and stepping out of his slacks. He pushed his shorts down and straightened up, his cock lunging forward like a pole protruding from the prow of a tall ship. Silently, I held up the baby oil. Dad grabbed it without acknowledging I was there. He walked straight to the bed and clambered up behind Mom on his knees.

"Yes," Mom cried, her ass cocking up in anticipation. "What took you so long?"

Dad held his cock while he squirted baby oil along its length and then plunged into Mom's ass. He pushed straight in.

"OHHHHH owwww ohhhhhh," Mom exclaimed. "Easy, easy."

"I'll fuck you, you bitch," Dad shouted, and started banging into Mom.

Mom's head jerked around at the sound of Dad's voice, her eyes wild. "John!" she yelled.

"Take this," Dad yelled, pounding roughly into Mom's ass, her neck bouncing dangerously, twisted sideways still as she looked back at him in horror. "Is this what you want, you slut?"

I leapt onto the bed, kneeling down beside my parents.

"Dad ... Dad," I yelled. "Take it easy, take it easy, ... don't hurt her! Please."

Dad slowed, easing up. He turned to look at me. His eyes losing some of their fanatic glaze.

Mom straightened her neck. I laid my hand on her back, running it gently down to her neck. "Take it easy on Mom, Dad," I repeated. His pace slowed again and he looked blankly at me. "We have all afternoon, Dad." I stroked Mom's neck, "She'll look after us all afternoon."

Still looking at me with a blank stare, he seem to nod, turned away and quickened his pace but not roughly anymore, sinking into a rhythm. Mom soon started her sounds.

"Do me John ... do me." Dad's pace picked up a then a little more as she urged him on with her grunts and moans. My own cock hardened as I listened to her. She reached out and grabbed my tool. Dad looked down expressionlessly as Mom held my cock while he thrust into her behind. As he came in her she started jacking me and when he fell onto the bed beside her, she pulled me around behind her. I was in her in a second. I lasted longer than Dad – after all, it wasn't my first that day – but not much longer.

We all lay on the bed after, Mom on her stomach, Dad on our backs on either side. We must have fallen asleep. At least I did, because I suddenly became aware that Mom was jacking me off as she lay on her tummy. I raised my head and saw that she was doing the same for Dad. She got up then and moved over on top of Dad, pausing to insert his cock into her, probably getting to be on top for the first time in their marriage.

She started slowly but soon was really working on him. He seemed content to keep his cock pushed in her and to fondle her tits once in a while. When she had worked herself up so much I thought she was about to come, she leaned way forward onto Dad's chest, like a jockey on a steed. Looking at me for the first time, she whispered, "Come on Lorny, get behind me."

I was so slow to react that Dad looked over at me and Mom seemed about to repeat herself. I scrambled up behind her and slipped my cock into her well lubricated asshole. You should have heard her moan. I wish I could reproduce that sound for you but I can only do it in my head. I could actually feel Dad in her, moving, as I was. That was a really wild fuck. I lost track of all the grunts and moans and expletives. We fucked off and on into the night. There was no discussion or recrimination.

After that, we just swung into a new relationship. I think Dad was thrilled with the new sex and Mom loved getting fucked by both of us at the same time. It was almost impossible for either of us to satisfy her alone. I don't know what I'd turned on in her, but it couldn't be shut off, that's for sure.

When we went to Florida to visit my Dad's parents, we took a room right on the beach as usual. We usually dropped our bags and rushed over to visit my grandparents as they almost always knew exactly when we had

flown in, and complained if we didn't show up within an hour. But this time, while Dad and I were unpacking our bags, Mom walked out of the washroom in an incredible swimsuit. It had a tiny stretch of material over each nipple, matched by a similar patch covering her pussy, and nothing but strings everywhere else. She walked past us to the open glass doors and out onto the patio.

"I'm going to touch the water before we go," she announced as she passed by us. Dad and I watched her saunter sexily across the beach, turning every man's head. Several old duffers stopped to stare at her and actually started following her back to our room on her return until they saw Dad standing in the doorway with me behind him.

Dad closed the door when she came back in and I could see how big his hardon was as he turned to follow her. Mom crawled up onto the bed and took her familiar position, face down in the mattress, ass in the air.

"Fuck my parents," Dad said as he stumbled past me, trying to get his pants off.

You got that right, I thought as I yanked my own pants down.

I woke late that night to the most incredible feeling. Dad was snoring on my parent's queen bed but Mom was in mine on top of me. She was holding her weight up on her elbows, brushing her lips on mine and her nipples across my chest. Her fingers were stroking my forehead and the side of my face and my cock was buried deep inside her, privy to the most delightfully soft, wet, pulsating muscle you can imagine. As she pulled up, she squeezed my shaft all the way, twisting her hips to maximize the exquisite feel as I slipped through her wet tunnel.

"Are you awake dear?" she whispered.

"Yes," I answered, whispering too. "God, Mom. That's fantastic."

"I wanted to give you a special memory."

"I won't ever forget this feeling."

"There more," she whispered, even more quietly. She cocked her hip to the side a bit and pushed down on me as far as she could go. "That's where you started, Lorne. Right up there." She gave her hip a little extra shove to emphasize where she meant.

"Mom," I said, "I know I was adopted. I couldn't have started there. I love you. You're the only Mom I've ever known, or want, but I know you're not my birth Mom."

"You're right," she said, resuming her slow milking fuck, "you were adopted. You know what your grandparents are like, how religious they are. Well, they were mad because your Dad was their only child and he said he wasn't going to get married and have kids because there were too many in the world already. We thought like that back in those days. He was going to live in a commune. But then he did it."

"What ... did what?" I could barely get out two words as a time, she was making me feel so good.

"Your Dad met me and got me pregnant, but he didn't want to admit that he'd done that when we weren't married so we got married and he told them we had adopted you because a friend was going to have you aborted otherwise. It made him kind of a hero to them."

"So Dad got you pregnant ... with me?"

"That's right. This is where you came from." Mom pushed right down on me again. I could feel that I was very deep in her. She squeezed her pussy on me and twisted her hips again. "I am your real Mom, baby."

I was in shock. I had been convinced that I was adopted. Mom pulled slowly off me, right out, and hovered above the tip of my cock.

"Is it still ok, baby? Do you still want me?"

"Ohhh, Mom. Yes, yes." I put my arms around her, hugging her, flooding with emotion as her sheath slipped once more over my cock, where it belonged, resuming its excruciating squeeze down my shaft. I'm the luckiest son in the world, I thought. When I was deep in her again, at my origin, I felt the tears flow onto the side of my face. Seconds later, she began her slow, teasing withdrawal.

"Fuck me, Mommy," I cried.