

The Mom Memories: Grant's Story

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This is Grant's story compiled from Chapters 5, 11 and 17. All characters are 18 years or older.

Part 1 from Chapter 5.

Hi everyone. My name is Grant and this is the story of my mother and me. My father died at just 45 years old after a lengthy illness that took its toll on our family so it was almost a relief that he was gone. After the funeral, Mom and I returned home while my sister and her husband returned to their hotel. We were all tired and wanted a break before heading for my father's celebration of life.

I took off my shoes and laid back against the arm of the couch resting my eyes while Mom went to the kitchen to make some tea, though I suspect she was sneaking a hot rum. I looked up when I felt Mom sit down at the far end of the couch. She was still wearing her black funeral dress. She wasn't crying, but her head was in her hands.

"Are you ok, Mom," I asked, softly.

"Yes," she replied quietly, her head still in her hands. Looking up, she leaned toward me, her twisting torso pressing against my knees. She sobbed. I grasped her shoulders and pulled her through my knees to hug her. I consoled her for several minutes before she shifted her weight to lay more comfortably on top of me, her head laying on my stomach. My hands rubbed her back while I comforted her.

She made a soft, pleased sound each time my fingers tickled her neck so, without thinking anything of it, I undid the top few buttons joining the lacy part of her dress behind her neck. I brushed the lace aside and slipped my

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hands inside, softly tickling her neck. She purred in response. After several minutes of this, Mom spoke, "Can you do my whole back?"

I stretched my hands down over her back, digging in slightly with my fingers.

"No," Mom whispered, "inside."

I paused. "Inside?" I repeated.

"Yes," she replied, "it feels better."

I moved my hands to the top of her dress where the lace started and the zipper ended. Slowly, I pushed the zipper down my mother's back, ready to stop the instant she indicated that was far enough. I had to lean forward as the zipper neared her bottom and I could feel myself pressing into her chest. She never spoke so I continued until the zipper was all the way down, part way up the slope leading to her buttocks. Pulling my hands back as I leaned back, I slipped them inside the lace again but this time spread my fingers over her shoulder blades.

"That's better. That feels wonderful," Mom sighed.

I kept tracing my fingers lightly over Mom's shoulders. This time, she made pleased sounds each time I reached lower on her back, deeper into her dress. After a while, I was moving up and down her entire back, across her shoulder, over her bra strap, down the groove in the middle of her back to the little valley just before the rise to her buttocks, then down to her sides and up over her bra strap to her shoulders again. Her purring sounds seemed

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to encourage me to reach toward the swell of her cheeks and to dip into the curve of her waist, but I was afraid to go too far.

"Undo me," she said as my hands brushed over her bra strap for the fiftieth time.

"What?" I asked, not sure I'd heard her right.

"Undo me," she repeated.

I fumbled with her bra strap, twisting and pulling until she crooked her arms behind her and undid the bra herself in a quick motion that I couldn't quite follow. Immediately, her arms twisted up the other way and she pulled the shoulders of her dress down, baring her upper arms as she dragged the bra straps down too. She wiggled about until she was comfortable. When I didn't move, she wiggled again. I began moving my hands over her skin once more. She wiggled slightly once last time, as if settling in, and then emitted a long, pleased purr.

My cock grew like a balloon being blown up. It strained uncomfortably against my pants, between the breasts I could feel pressing down on my legs. I moved my hands over my mother's back in the same motions but it wasn't quite the same. Her bra was undone, and I was acutely aware of it. And that changed everything.

Did I say the same? Well, that wasn't quite true. Although I was covering the same ground, my fingers weren't lightly brushing over her skin anymore. Instead, I was touching her, if that makes any sense. I was touching my mother, and though I couldn't put my finger on it, the feel was different. My fingers rubbed on her skin, dragging on her flesh, pressing and pulling.

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At some point, I expanded my reach along her waist in a sensuous sweep to the sides of her breasts which had previously been covered by her bra. Now, I slowed my probing fingers, pressing in a just a tiny bit harder where the flesh bulged out from the pressure of her weight. When I pushed my hands down her back I dug my thumbs through the furrow along her spine, all the way to the bottom of her zipper, and then probed a little further her under her dress until I could feel the beginning of another furrow.

Mom must have been wearing skimpy panties because I couldn't feel any material. Just as I was wondering what to do next, if I dared go any further, the phone rang. Mom didn't move. I froze. The phone rang and rang. When it stopped, I started moving my hands again. Mom sighed very softly. Then the phone rang again.

Mom sighed loudly, "I guess we better get going. Everyone will be waiting for us." She sat up, swinging her legs out to the floor. "That was lovely, Grant. Thank you," she looked at me with a look of true appreciation. Her dress was hanging forward, the sleeves drooping down her arms. She twisted slightly away from me. "Can you do me up please?"

The celebration of life was quite a success, but emotionally draining afterward. Mom put my sister off from joining us at home, insisting she needed to rest, and she should come over the next day. We went our separate ways when we got home but both ended up in the kitchen, in our pajamas, making a snack. We took our food to the living room, Mom sitting in the big chair reading a book while I browsed through the channels, eventually settling on an old western movie.

I watched the movie, glancing Mom's way to admire her during the commercials, experiencing new thoughts about how attractive she was, thoughts I'd never had before. On one commercial, Mom had dropped the book into her lap and allowed her head to rest against the back of the chair. I noticed how fine her features were, how the shadows and light played on her face. I also admired the full rise of her breasts from her chest, not the least bit disguised by the thick, full length terry cloth robe covering them. Letting my eyes follow her figure down to her bare feet, I enjoyed the sight of her right leg, exposed from the knee down where the robe had fallen to the side. I

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turned back to the movie when it came back on, suddenly glad that Mom hadn't opened her eyes to catch me staring at her. About an hour into the movie, Mom surprised me with a soft query just as a new set of commercials started.

"Grant honey, would you mind terribly giving my back a rub like you did this afternoon?"

Startled, surprised that I had become engrossed in this old movie I'd seen a hundred times, I simply blurted out, "Huh?"

"Would you mind doing my back again?" she repeated, a bit of a pleading looking on her face.

"Oh, sure. No problem."

Mom got up out of her chair and came to sit next to me on the couch. "Lie back like you were this afternoon," she said. I lifted my legs, twisted myself around and placed my left leg behind her, leaving the right awkwardly bent with my foot still on the floor under her legs. Mom moved her hands down to her waist to loosen the belt of her robe. She turned to look at me, smiled sweetly and said, "Don't peek, OK?"

"I won't," I agreed as she turned away, but I didn't look away.

Mom tugged on the terry cloth belt, pulling the ends out far from her stomach and letting them drop to the sides of her knees. Without looking back at me she spoke quietly again, "Close your eyes, Grant."

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I did. I could tell she had stood as her weight left the couch, and I heard the heavy but soft thump as her terry cloth robe hit the floor. Her weight once again pressed down on the couch. I could feel her settling in against my left leg, her head coming to rest on my stomach. As her chest pressed down on my thighs, I moved my right leg up onto the couch, squeezing her between, letting my foot fall onto the back of her left calf.

"Ok, sweetie. Go ahead please."

I opened my eyes. Mom's head lay sideways on my stomach, her arms reaching around to my sides. She was wearing a pale yellow cotton nightie that was laced up the back to her shoulder blades where it ended. It didn't have any straps. My cock leapt. I could feel it twitch up against my pajamas and press between her breasts, which seemed to be closer to me than they'd been this afternoon. Of course they were, some logical part of my brain was answering myself, she isn't wearing a bra now. My cock twitched again.

Mom didn't react except to say, "Aren't you going to start?"

"Yeah sure," I replied. I started to massage her shoulders. Mom sighed after a minute and I began kneading her neck and shoulders with my fingers, using my thumbs to dig into the hollow of her neck on each side. After a while, she instructed me softly, "Do my back."

I slid my hands down over the cotton nightie to massage her sides along her spine. She went along with this for a moment or two, then instructed me again, "Undo me."

I hesitated only briefly this time. I moved to undo the lace ties, pulling each tied bow apart one after the other, realizing excitedly only when I reached the last two that undoing them would part the whole nightie since the ties traversed the entire garment. I could feel my cock throbbing as I pulled the final two apart, my eyes searing along

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her back as the material separated. Her whole unblemished back lay before my eyes, covered only by a narrow band of panties stretched across the crevasse between the swells rising up below her back. I was right. Mom's panties came barely half way up her cheeks.

I simply stared at her bum, my cock stiffening in response to this beautiful vista. I was dimly aware that Mom was adjusting herself, moving her chest to accommodate my intruder between her breasts. "Rub me," her words urged me to break free of my frozen state.

I moved my hands to her waist, thumbs toward her spine, fingers reaching around her sides, and pushed toward her hips, pressing in firmly against her soft flesh. Back and forth I rubbed, pulling my hands right back along the sides of her breasts, not shying away from pressing them as well. I worked my hands lower and lower, down the full length of her hips to her thighs. I could feel my cock moving between her breasts as I leaned further and further forward.

Slowly, I let my hands move higher up her sides toward her center onto the sides of her cheeks. Soon my hands were traveling from her shoulders down into the sway of her back and up onto the top of her ass. I was rubbing my Mom's bare ass, pushing her panties down a bit as I slid my hands up and down her cheeks. Dare I do more? I stroked and rubbed, fearing to go further, not willing to risk what I had. But inevitably, I couldn't resist trying for more. I moved my stroking fingers, a few millimeters at a time, edging them closer to the crack between her wondrous globes until finally they met. I let the index fingers of each hand dip in and slide up and down her forbidden furrow to the point where the tops of her panties stretched across her cheeks, and even poked underneath a ways. On the upstroke, I pulled outward on her cheeks, dragging them apart.

When Mom moved, I froze. Her head lifted groggily as if just waking from a little doze. I was in for it now! I waited for the sharp rebuke. But ... nothing. Mom pulled herself higher up on the couch and settled her head down on my chest, wiggling about until I felt my cock once again surrounded by her breasts but now firmly ensconced between their heaviest part.

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But that wasn't the best part. Oh no. When she had lifted herself, my cock had poked out through my pajama fly. How did I know this? Because when she dropped herself down, covering me again with her breasts, I could feel warm, bare skin. Yes! My mother's nightie had a low neckline which must be why she'd told me to close my eyes. My cock was now wedged between my mom's bare tits.

Oh, and there was still an even better part. My hands had stayed on Mom's ass as she shifted herself higher. I now noticed that my arms, previously stretched as far as they could to reach her ass, were now bent at the elbow and I could easily reach all the way to the bottom of her cheeks and beyond.

Mom sighed and wiggled, as if urging me to continue my 'back rub'. My cock digging even deeper between her tits, I ran my fingers up and down Mom's ass once more but now, since I could easily reach without straining, I slid my hand over her panties to stroke the flesh bulging out below her panties. It wasn't long before I was again pulling her cheeks apart, but this time not so tentatively. Soon, I simply pulled her right cheek to the side with my left hand and used my more deft right to slide deeper through her crack the entire length from the small of her back to the bottom of her ass, pushing her panties off her cheeks until they stretched across the backs of her thighs. Rather than objecting, Mom sighed and purred as my fingers traced their path, my fingers sufficiently deep between her cheeks to strum across her back door.

Risking everything ... or so I thought, really, at this point what was I risking? ... I pulled my hand back to my mouth and drenched it in saliva, drooling on my fingers. Placing them back in her anal furrow, I rubbed my slippery digits up and down, wetting her cheeks, pausing for effect on her crinkly rosebud. Her sharp intake of breath followed by series of small gasps encouraged me to once again drool on my fingers ... I didn't put them in my mouth this time ... and return them to spread the slippery mucous about her little hole and further down between the fleshier part of her cheeks.

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I could feel her breathing quicken against my chest. Her whole body tensed up and froze as I dipped the tip of my big finger into her little bud. I held it there ... not pushing, not pressing ... just holding it against her nether hole. Slowly, her tension eased. As she relaxed, her little rosette opened to welcome my fingertip. I could barely sense the upward movement of her pelvis as she lifted her ass up toward her invited guest. Two almost imperceptible repeats of this wanton movement did the trick and my finger slipped through the gate but only far enough to cover the fingernail as if awaiting a full invitation before stepping completely through the door.

"ohhhHHHHH." Now that was a definite shove, no imperceptible movement there. "Uhhhhh, unnnhhhh." Nope. Those next two upward butt movements was a definite 'COME ON IN.' Such wanton behavior from my mother was startling, and tremendously exciting. My long middle finger was now embedded to the second knuckle. I had forgotten my cock nestled between Mom's bare tits I was so fascinated with her ass, this being the first time I had ever played with a woman's ass.

I started to work my finger in and out, out to scoop up excess saliva left on her cheeks and then back in. Soon I was slipping easily in and out. Further and further I pushed until the full length of my finger was digging into Mom's taboo hole. She really seemed to like it. She was oohing and ahing, catching her breath and panting, even moaning a little. Did Mom and Dad do it this way? My stiff cock hardened even more as I pictured my father fucking my mom in the ass as I slept in the next room.

I pulled my finger out to a dismayed sound from Mom when it didn't immediately re-enter, followed by a surprised gasp when I slid my finger along her perineum, pushing her panties further down her thighs to make room, and plunged it deep into her very wet pussy. I jammed it in and out of her a dozen times in quick succession, then quickly back up and into her ass again. This prompted a clearly audible grunt, followed by a long moan as I pushed my finger slowly in and out at full length.

Running my hand back to her pussy, I pushed two fingers into her, slowly, gently, letting her feel and appreciate the width and fullness of this new invasion. I took a full minute to get my fingers in. Moving my left hand in to her

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ass, I pushed its index finger into her now loosened little hole, pressing steadily until it was in to the second knuckle. Holding it there, I began to shake my right hand, vibrating the three fingers ensconced in her twat until I was shaking her pussy at almost vibrator speed. She was now moaning softly, constantly, working her pelvis, pushing up on the finger in her ass and down on the ones in her pussy. I continued shaking my hand and wiggling my fingers until I felt the warm gush of her fluid spilling out, and a final long, gasping exhalation.

Mom sagged against me. I pulled my fingers out of her pussy, then slowly pushed the three fingers between my thumb and baby finger into her cunt. Her body tensed as they shoved their way in. When her soft pussy lips met my hand, I began twisting it back and forth. Within a minute, she shuddered to a second orgasm. I brought my hands up and began massaging her shoulders gently.

When Mom finished shaking, I moved my hips, sliding my cock between her tits. She didn't react in any way. She just lay there letting me fuck her tits. I stopped massaging her shoulders and began pressing down, encouraging her to go lower. Suddenly, she lifted slightly and shifted down. I moved my hands up to hold her head, turning it to face my abdomen, and pushed down. On one upswing through her tits, my cock popped into her and I immediately began hunching my hips faster and faster. I couldn't hold back, feverishly fucking my cock into her mouth. I tried jamming it higher but was blocked by thickness of her tits. Still, I tried to get farther and farther into her mouth. I could hear myself gasping for breath. Louder and louder. I was running out of air. And then I burst, spurting and spurting into her mouth. Her mouth slid down my entire shaft, my cock bumping against her throat as she allowed me all the way in. She let me stay like that until my cock softened, one of the most exquisite sensations I have ever felt.

We lay there recovering our breath, not speaking, for several minutes. It dawned on me that Mom, just like me, wasn't sure what to do now. I think we were both in a quandary about how to deal with each other now that the passion of the moment had passed. Mom was breathing regularly now, almost as if she was napping. This thought sparked a solution in my mind for how we could extract ourselves from this situation. Mom couldn't pretend to be asleep, she was on top of me, almost undressed with her panties pushed down. But what if I pretended to be asleep. Surely not believable but at least we could avoid confronting the facts and facing each other.

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I began to breathe regularly and deeply letting my right hand fall off her shoulder to hang in front of the couch. After a few minutes Mom stirred, either believing my act or at least realizing the opportunity to get up and leave unobserved. After she stood I heard her pull up her panties and pick up her terry cloth robe. A minute later, she spoke to herself out loud, "Oh, look at him, so cute, just like when he was little. He must be so stressed to sleep in the middle of the afternoon." And so she set the stage to cover our actions. Would there be more acts?

I sensed Mom lean over me and felt her lips on my forehead in a familiar motherly caress. Then, uncharacteristically, she kissed me gently on the lips and whispered, "Sleep well, you're the man of the house now." She kissed me again, sliding her tongue between and across my lips. And then she was gone.

Part 2 from Chapter 11.

A week after my father's funeral, everyone had gone home and Mom and I settled into a routine. Nothing happened after the episodes that first afternoon and later in the evening, when I had inserted my finger into Mom's behind, and my cock into her mouth. The feigned 'stress sleep' worked. We didn't have to talk about it. But then nothing happened. Mom didn't ask me to rub her back for her again, and there was no way to bring that day up, at least, the special things that had happened.

We carried on, not mentioning Dad, as if he was just away for a while. It was more than five weeks later that Mom had a bad day, and began mentioning things about Dad throughout the day. Late in the afternoon, I slipped out and came home with some flowers to cheer her up. I've made a reservation for dinner, I told her, so dress up and let's go out. Mom seemed pleased to get out of the house.

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I don't think she meant to, but Mom wore a cute black dress. It wasn't a funeral dress. Quite the contrary, it was one of her favorites when she and Dad would go out. Not too revealing, actually elegant and conservative, but she did look great in it. I was dressed too casually to match her but Mom didn't seem to mind. She laughed at my apology when she came downstairs, and said a woman should always be better dressed than her man. She wouldn't let me get changed.

We had a nice, relaxing dinner with a whole bottle of wine between us, but we stayed for dessert and coffee, too. It was easily ten when we got home. Mom insisted on a nightcap, just one more glass of wine. I opened a bottle and settled down on the couch with her. I turned on the TV but switched it to a soft music channel. For the first time that evening, our conversation turned to Dad again. We drank more than one glass of wine, as Mom's conversation become more personal, talking about their relationship, things my sister and I didn't know.

Mom snuggled up to me as she talked, her thigh pressed to mine, her dress only slightly higher, but not intentionally. She talked about their ups and downs over the years, how sometimes things were difficult between them, about my father's wandering eye, but how their sex life had always been good. You'd think this would be uncomfortable, hearing about your parents sex life, but it wasn't, perhaps because of the wine.

It wasn't that he was a great lover, she confided, but he was always different, trying new things. And she would let him, often adding her own twist, which she knew always drew him back to her. I couldn't help but get excited as she told me these things, feeling her hair against my cheek as she nestled against me, the weight of her breast when she turned toward me for a little laugh now and then. She didn't do anything explicitly sexual with me, or provide intimate details as she alluded to sex between them that was periodically somehow illicit.

I was hard by the time we finished that bottle of wine. And, despite all the talk, I didn't do anything except keep my arm around her shoulder, sometimes letting it fall to her waist when she pressed herself closer to me.

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"I knew you miss him, Mom" I squeezed her to me, "but now I understand just how much. Thanks for letting me know." I kissed the top corner of her head. Mom didn't say anything. She just nodded her head in acknowledgement.

"You know Dad thought you should get married again. He talked to me about it. He thought you were too young to be a widow for the rest of your life."

"I know," she laughed, then sniffed, and wiped a tear from her cheek.

"She's too much woman to go to waste," I repeated, mimicking my father's voice.

Mom laughed at that, remarking on how he'd said exactly that to her. Shortly after that we finished the wine and Mom said she should get to bed. She thanked me for the flowers and the lovely evening, all of it. She turned to me and gave me a kiss on my cheek, her hand laying on my leg. "You're more than a son to me, you know. You're special, like your Dad."

She got up then, and so did I. We turned out the lights and walked upstairs. Mom turned to me before going into her room.

"I haven't been sleeping well lately," she complained, her voice frustrated. "I just can't fall asleep. I used to get like that sometimes, and Dad would rub my back for me until I fell asleep."

I nodded, not knowing what else to say, waiting for her to say goodnight.

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"Would you do that for me tonight? Rub my back, just until I fall asleep?"

I nodded. "Sure, Mom."

"Just until I fall asleep. Then you can go back to your own bed."

I nodded.

"Ok. Go get ready for bed and come back. I'll be ready."

In my room, I rushed to change into some pajama bottoms. I didn't usually wear anything but put them on for my mother's sake. I waited for a few moments to let Mom get changed, then went back to her room.

She was sitting on the end of the bed, still in her dress, one leg raised over the other knee as she tugged her pantyhose off her foot. Only one bedside lamp was on. She looked very sexy in the shadows. She held her hand up as she saw me.

"Sorry, Mom," I said as I took her hand, helping her to her feet, "I thought you'd be changed by now."

"I was waiting for you," she said, turning her back to me. "Dad always did my back after we went out for dinner, and he always unzipped my dress for me. It was like a little ritual."

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Mom used both hands to lift her hair, sweeping it up behind her head, baring her neckline. God she looked great, waiting for me to undo her, her hips canted to the left, accenting her curvy body.

I unhooked her dress and slowly pulled the zipper down that elegant black dress. When I reached the bottom, Mom spoke, very softly.

"Since you're not your Dad, I guess you better close your eyes until I get into bed."

She didn't wait for me to answer, or look back, and I didn't close my eyes. Her hair fell as she dropped her arms and crossed them in front of her, raising them to push brush dress off each shoulder. I drank in her bare back as the dress fell to her hips, her shoulders covered by her hair. Seconds passed before she pushed the dress off her hips, her calves somehow seeming ultra sexy as the dress first covered and then bared them as it dropped to the floor.

As I pulled my eyes up Mom's legs they rested on her matching black, lace panties. Dimly, I became aware that her hands were pulling her bra off, and my cock hardened as it remembered being ensconced between those firm, substantial globes. I almost closed my eyes as I realized that she was about to get into bed, or turn around and catch me by surprise looking at her but before I could react, her hand had tossed the bra to the floor and placed itself on her hip. Stunned, I watched as she pushed her panties, dragging them over her hips and down her thighs to her knees. There, she lifted her foot and, hooking her toe in the little lacy affair, dragged it down her calf to the floor. Placing her foot on it, she stepped forward, pulling her other foot free.

She stood still for several seconds, allowing me to taste the vision of her full, womanly ass.

"I'll let you know when I'm in bed so you can open your eyes," she whispered.

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Then, she moved with slow deliberate movements onto the bed, crawling up to the pillows, pulling the covers down, and getting in, never once looking back. She lay face down.

"Ok," she said, using her left hand to pull the covers back beside her.

I clambered onto the bed and got in beside her. Mom pushed the covers down so her back was bare to her hips.

"There's some oil on the table. Dad always put a little on his hands."

"Ok, Mom," I'm sure my voice cracked

"He always started at the top," she wiggled her shoulder, "and he kept the light on until he went lower."

She didn't explain what that meant. I had to reach across her to get the little tube of oil from the bedside table. Sprinkling several drops on the fingertips of my right hand, I began. I paused to put more oil on after doing her shoulders and upper arms, at least fifteen minutes later. I spent even more time on Mom's lower back, her waist, and her sides, where her breasts bulged out. I spent a lot of time there, tracing my fingers more lightly there, but she seemed most appreciative when my fingers delved into the small of her back, before the rise up to her buttocks.

"Dad used to pool some oil there before turning out the light," she said.

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Though it was very low, her voice startled me because I was so focused on trailing my fingers around her skin. I put oil where she suggested and reached over to turn out the light, making sure not to let my huge hand scrape her back even though it was still inside my pajamas.

"Put more on," she said, before I reached the light.

Dutifully, I added more at the base of her spine where she seemed to be so sensitive to my touch, turning my hand over and letting the oil drip into the little dish in her back until a little puddle formed, spreading it in a little circle with my finger. She spoke for the last time that night.

"Lower," she whispered.

I turned out the light.

Starting at her neck, I slid my hand down her back in a languid arc, in no rush, skirted around the side of the little puddle of oil, and dragged my fingertips over the erotic slope of Mom's left buttock, the one nearest to me, pushing the covers ahead of my hand until I reached its crest. Sliding back down, I crossed her back and did the same on the other buttock, taking time to enjoy that one as much as the first. I paused at the top but rather than returning I pushed on, shoving the covers down the backslope to Mom's thighs, pulling my hand toward me to bare her left cheek as well.

I couldn't see in the dark but the vision of her perfect behind was vivid in my mind. No blind person could have read braille as intently as I read my mother's ass, sliding my fingers and palms around and around, over and over, until every millimeter of her bottom had felt the softest, gentlest touch I could muster. I could tell by Mom's breathing that she approved.

Dipping my fingers in the pool of oil, I raised my hand from Mom's flesh and held it above where I knew her crack to be. I traced my extended fingertips above that line back to her thighs, letting drips of oil fall into the crevasse below, moving ever so slowly so I could hear her breath change as the drops hit, formed little rivulets, and ran down into her crack. I repeated this again and again, until the puddle was gone. At last, I let my fingertips touch her ass. She was slippery all the way down her crack. I brushed my fingers back and forth several times relishing the feel as they slipped past the slick inner skin of both cheeks, pausing to let my longest fingertip remember her crinkly donut.

Her legs parted a tiny bit as I pushed beyond. I pulled gently, urging her left leg toward me a little more, then pushed out to demand similar compliance from her right. Like a short domino effect, this thigh moved further than the first, providing ample room for my oily hand to cup the juncture of Mom's behind and legs in its palm. A moment later my fingers stretched out to rest on the back of her pussy. I brushed my fingers side to side and was rewarded with a sound I hadn't heard for more than five weeks -- Mom purring.

Her right leg shifted out more as I brushed, so wide that I easily rested my arm on the back of her left thigh, allowing my fingers to stretch out from that side rather than from above. I was now pushing my fingers across the surface of her lower pussy. On one backward draw, I dug my fingertips in a little and dragged her pussy open. She gasped. I held it open for several long seconds before pushing across and dragging her other pussy lip back the same way, holding it open too.

Returning, I stopped to dig in just a little more, then slid up her moist slit as she gasped a long sigh. And though she twisted her hip to cock her ass up, my path was still blocked by the mattress. Mom raised her hips as I my left hand pushed under her tummy to the rescue. Unfortunately, this made it harder for me to keep my right hand as far forward, and it slipped back. By this time, the fingers and palm of my left were skidding under her from above. I stopped my hand there and delighted in the feel of her full mound as she relaxed her weight directly upon it. For several moments thereafter I cupped her damp pussy as my fingers stroked it from the rear. Mom's faint purring raised up a notch.

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I hunched myself closer to rest my head on Mom's behind, the proximity allowing my right arm greater freedom of movement. I opened my left hand to form a pincer of my thumb and index finger, placing one on the inside of each pussy lip. Slowly, I spread her open, holding her like that, waiting. I could feel the tension, feel her wondering what was coming, all the while knowing.

Still, she flinched and gasped out loud when she first felt my finger seeking the center of her open cunt, trying without success to avoid touching their walls but then drawing immediately away, chased by the throb of her velvet sheath. The further in, the harder it became to avoid these brief, feathery touches, my finger failing to hide its presence as it crept inside her. My head laying on her ass could feel Mom's tension as she fought to keep still, waiting breathlessly for the next tickle, positive it would come. Yet, each time she gasped in total surprise.

Soon, I couldn't avoid touching her tunnel walls so I dipped in as far as I could and wiggled my finger all around. I drew my finger out and slid it back in, slowly, doing more of the same. I must have repeated this thirty or forty time before adding a second finger. The whole time I kept her pussy lips spread wide open but I let them go when I added a third finger. That's when she first started to moan and when I began strumming her clit with my dormant left hand she really got going.

I didn't try jackhammering my fingers in Mom. I had read somewhere that a woman is more responsive to her lover's girth, so I concentrated at the depth of each thrust to move my hand in a small circle, working my upper knuckles against her sensitive opening. It seemed that I was right, because Mom was really getting into it. I was incredibly excited to make her feel this good. It made me feel like her lover.

I think it was by accident that my thumb first dipped into her little hole, probably seeking traction to help my volatile fingers as they swirled in the entrance to my birthplace. Mom's moaning briefly reached a new octave which is what first brought the mini invasion to my attention. But the second time was not an accident, or the third and fourth, and after that, well, I just left it in there. She was still slippery there from the oil so it had likely

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slipped in easily to that first knuckle. Still, my main focus was working Mom's pussy, the more so because I could tell she was close, very close. Her hips were pushing back to meet my fingers and rolling around trying to accentuate their touch as I reamed her pussy lips.

It was on one of these backward thrusts that Mom suddenly went rigid, her hips lifted an inch or two in the air, her legs snapping shut on my hand, shuddering, followed by a feverish series of frantic bucks of her hips, her pussy squeezing my fingers, my hand trapped by her bear trap legs.

"Unnnnnnnnnngggggggghhhhhhhhhhhhhh," she let out a long, low grunt.

Her legs continued to clutch me for another minute and then she collapsed to the bed, her muscles sagging loose, expelling a long, long sigh. She went still and didn't move. Even her pussy was dormant.

After a few minutes, I pulled my hand from under Mom's tummy. I guess she thought I was going to sneak off so we could keep up our charade. I'm sure that's why she emphasized that I should go to my own bed after she fell 'asleep'. Well, she'd given me a beautiful show when she'd dropped her dress and taken off her bra and panties, allowing me to watch. She had certainly let me enjoy touching her body, but I had paid the piper and made it worth her while. I was still hard. She had repaid me with her mouth five weeks ago after I'd done her but I couldn't see how I could manage that now the way were laying. So I just lay there, my face still on her cheeks, my fingers still just inside her, thinking, how can I get mine?

Mom lay still, patiently waiting for me to go, her breathing returning to normal. I still hadn't come up with a plan when my fingers moved. I could feel her head shake, could sense her message, 'no, time for sleep'. I wiggled my fingers again and felt her head shake in reaction so I pulled them out, but as I did, my thumb slipped up to nudge her little bud which was still open from my little guys earlier visits. She stiffened when she felt that, so I circled my

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thumb around her little hole without trying to push it in. Mom remained tense, but I noticed that her head didn't shake.

I raised my head from Mom's cheeks and turned to look down at her ass, though I couldn't see my thumb in the dark. I swung my left arm over Mom's back, resting my elbow on it and my hand on her right cheek. Pressing the edge of my right hand into her cheeks, I let its thumb again press on her dark hole, circling the rim once more with its tip. Mom noticeably tensed up. Pulling her right cheek away, I lowered my head as I pulled my thumb back, sliding my tongue along her crack until I found the little hole. I flicked my tongue rapidly across it, swirled it around the edge, and quickly dipped inside before pulling just as quickly out.

Mom let out a weird sound, not loud, almost a whimper. I can't describe it accurately, but it was a sound of pleasure for sure, because her hip pushed up toward my face, eager for more. I drooled into her ass and moved my thumb up to mash it into her hole, pushing in and then out. Quickly, I teased her with my tongue, flicking, swirling, poking, circling, then up and drooling a big shot of saliva into her now quivering hole. When I didn't do anything, the whimper started but it only became louder when I inserted my thumb into her, this time pushing until it was all the way in. I stopped, letting her feel it plugged inside her, then began moving it in a small circle the same way I'd started to work her pussy less than a hour before.

She didn't moan like she did when I manipulated her cunt, but every once in a while she let out a small, quiet grunt. I liked the sound of that. There was something abandoned, almost primeval in that sound. I tried hard to make her do it again, pushing my face in so I could lick all around the base of my thumb as it dug around in her ass. Soon, I was able to make her grunt several times a minute, but couldn't predict exactly when or what would actually do it. I was so fucking hard.

I scrambled from my side to my knees without interrupting my work, passing first my right and then my left knee over her leg. Mom opened her legs to make room for me. She must have known what was coming but didn't object. Still, I wasn't 100% sure, so it was with a little trepidation that I lined my cock up with her pussy, my thumb

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still twisting in her ass. Her legs were open and inviting. I slipped my left hand under her to lift her hip and felt her helping, rising up to meet me. GOD, she was going to let me fuck her, she was even welcoming me, almost asking me!

Leaning forward, I pushed my cock at her, trying to find her pussy, to push into her gorgeous, hot wet cunt. I was there, but I couldn't get in! What was stopping me? I shoved, and shoved. I was blocked. It was her fingers! Mom had her hand covering her pussy. I poked again, and again. I reached around, trying to pull her hand away but couldn't. I pulled my thumb out of her ass, heard her whimper, reached down to dislodge her hand. I couldn't. Why was she stopping me?

I took my cock in hand and aimed it directly at her cunt again. No way. She wasn't going to let me in. What the fuck?

I stopped still. I could feel Mom spread before me, her ass still tilted up, open, ready for me. So why wasn't she letting me? I pressed my cock against her fingers, gently, nudging. She pushed me away, just as gently, not out, but up. Up? I used my hand to guide my cock higher, directly above her pussy, to the place my thumb had just vacated, to her little hole, still slick with my saliva. I let the tip rest there. She didn't try to avoid it. After a minute of me just resting there, her ass wiggled just the slightest little bit, from a small wriggle of her hips. The tip pressed in a little more.

Another wiggle. I pushed. Wiggle, wiggle. Push, push, oh this felt good, this wasn't rejection, wiggle, wiggle, shove, shove, POP. I was in.

"Ungghhh."

That little grunt. I shoved quickly in and back, rocking her forward but keeping the head of my cock just inside her ass.

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"Ungghhh."

More shoves.

"Ungghhh, ungghhh, ungghhh."

I grabbed Mom's hips and held her as I shoved completely in her, a moan escaping my own lips as I felt the tight scrape of her anal ring dragging on my shaft. Mom let out a long grunt matching my moan, all the way in. God, this was great. Incredible. My very first fuck, and it was in my Mom's ass!

I pulled her hips up higher and started steadily fucking her. She grunted each time I shoved into her. It was amazingly exciting. I got up on my feet, squatting over her ass as she raised herself right up on her knees to follow me. I really dug into her. I was making sounds like an animal as I humped her ass, gasping and grunting, my hands on her waist, keeping her head down in the mattress. I pulled out, stretched her back and pushed her flat on the bed. Straddling her thighs, I spread her cheeks open and pushed my cock in, feeling around for her hole, digging in when I found it. She wailed as I shoved in. I laid down along her body, fucking, fucking, reaching around to grab her tits for the first time in my life, squeezing as I dug my cock into her ass, frantically now, pounding, pounding, coming ... oh my god, coming and coming.

I stumbled to my room in the dark ten minutes later. I forgot my pajama bottoms in Mom's bed, but didn't want to go back for them. When I woke up the next morning, they were on my bed. Everything was as usual for the next few days, just like last time. Was it going to be another five or six weeks? After last night? I knew I couldn't last that long. Fortunately, Mom starting mentioning intimate details about her and Dad's marriage at breakfast only eight days later.

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----- Part 3 from Chapter 17.

Mom was cooking something on the stove. I'm not sure what and I didn't look as I shuffled past to the coffee pot, mumbling "morning," not yet quite awake. The past week had been uneventful and I was resigned to waiting at least a few weeks before having another chance at her. I added milk, spilling some on the counter and walked over to sit at the table before getting something to eat. As I sipped my coffee, my eyes wandered to my mother, to her big fluffy slippers, up her bare calves and to her behind, or at least what I could see of it covered as it was by her thick terry cloth housecoat. Still, it moved interestingly as she slowly stirred the pot on the stove. My ears perked when she began talking about Dad.

"Come over and keep me company while I cook this," she said.

Grumbling, I got up and scuffed my way over, leaning against the fridge and drinking my coffee while she continued to talk. She was talking about the time she finally managed to still Dad's wandering eye.

"... and that was it," she said. "One day I just happened to wear a pair of slacks that was too tight around my butt. Well, your father was beside himself. All the way home he was on about how he had sat on the bench in the middle of the mall and watched guy after guy staring at my butt when their wives weren't looking. Even the young shop boys looked he said."

Mom stopped stirring and laughed, looking up and away as if watching a recording of the scene from long ago. She stared to stir again and continued, "It was a good thing you and your sister weren't home. He was in such a rush, he bumped into me on the way up the stairs and I dropped all my bags but instead of helping, he started pulling my pants down. By the time I crawled to the top he had them off and he was on me."

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Mom fell silent but she continued to stir.

"That was the first time," she said in a lowered voice. There was a long pause while she continued to stir silently.

Sensing that she might be getting into a mood, I gently prodded.

"The first time ..."

She didn't respond and I was about to nudge her again when she whispered, "He took me from behind."

I almost dropped my cup. Recovering, I quickly finished my coffee and walked past Mom to set it on the counter, returning to stand behind her, the blood already rushing to my genitals.

Mom's spoke again, her voice resuming its normal tone. "It was a regular thing after that, shopping at malls all over town, even other places, just so Dad could follow and watch men look at my butt. I had to wear pants that emphasized my ass, especially anything that would divide my cheeks no matter how uncomfortable. But he didn't have eyes for other women, so I put up with it."

Mom kept stirring, adding some spices to the pot now and then.

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"And then one day, he didn't want to go out anymore. He always found a way to pat me on the ass when you kids weren't looking, or he'd get you to go out and play so he could play with my bottom, especially while I was cooking, like this."

"Really?" I asked, stepping closer so my pajamas brushed lightly against Mom's terry cloth robe, placing my hands on her hips.

"Yeah. I'd fetch something that I had to bend over to get and the next thing you'd know, he'd be right behind me." Mom laughed softly. "Sometimes I teased him terribly." She pushed her bum back, bumping me lightly on the front of my pajamas. "Like that," she laughed louder. "It never failed."

Mom's voice lowered again. "But then he started getting fixated. He wanted me to walk around in my panties when you kids weren't home. And then he wanted me to just wear an apron. As soon as you were out of the house on the weekends, I had to put on the apron and pretend I was cooking while he stared at my bare butt and touched it until he got really worked up and I'd run upstairs and he'd try to catch me like that first time."

Mom stirred for a few more minutes without saying anything. This time I was afraid to disturb her reverie lest I derail her from the path I hoped she was following. I had managed to pull her back a bit to nestle against my pajamas but I didn't dare push in case I interrupted her train of thought. Please go on, I thought.

With a tiny extra push, almost a rub, Mom began speaking softly.

"Then, one day, he started doing strange things. He'd been hugging me, you know, standing behind me, kissing my neck and stroking my back. Oh he did that so nicely, you know, running his fingers up and down my back." She paused. "Gosh, it's hot in here." She began to fidget.

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No, don't stop, my inner voice was shrill. Please don't quit.

"I think I'm getting a flash. I'm so hot." She was wriggling around now. "Baby, help me get my robe off."

Quickly, I reached around and undid the belt on Mom's robe and pulled it from her shoulders, pausing to let her get each arm out, one at a time so she could keep stirring the pot. After draping it over a kitchen chair, I turned back to see Mom stirring the stove, dressed only in a thigh-length nightie cut in a deep U shape that bared her back. The material was so thin I could see a long shadow defining the divide between her cheeks. My boner stiffened markedly. Why wouldn't Dad be fixated on her butt? I stood behind her but made sure my eager member didn't touch her bottom.

"Thanks sweetie."

Mom continued to stir but was silent for a long time. I kept myself busy staring at the smooth womanly skin of her back, the swell of her buttocks, and the bulge of her breasts at her side. At some point, I began stroking her back, lightly dragging the fingers of both hands up and down, following the edge of her nightie from her shoulders until they met at the base of her spine. Over and over, as soft as I could manage. When she still didn't speak, I couldn't help prompting her.

"So, Dad was doing strange things?"

"Yes," she said quietly, staring into the pot.

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"Like what?" I matched her quiet tone.

"Well, he put his fingers on my butt. He was always patting it, but this time he slipped his fingers between, you know, like, between my cheeks."

Mom shuddered.

"It felt so weird," she whispered.

I hazarded a touch on Mom's bottom, thrilling to the free feel of her loose cheeks.

"No," she said. My hand froze.

"He was always doing that. It was right in there, you know, in between."

I moved my hand toward the middle of Mom's ass, lining its edge up with her crack.

"Yeah, like that," she said. "Except, since it was your Dad, and I was only wearing an apron, he pushed his fingers right into my bare ass."

"Oh," I said, not sure what to say or do.

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"And then he did it," Mom said.

"What?" I whispered.

There was a long pause. I let the edge of my fingers push deeper between her cheeks, pinching her nightie in.

"He spit on me," Mom whispered.

"He spit on you?" I was incredulous. I couldn't imagine my father treating my mother badly. I knew he loved her.

"Yes. It shocked me, but before I could react he did it again. But this time, it was more like a dribble. I could his spit running down my back. He spit again, a wetter one, and it pushed the rest faster down my into my bum, running into my crack like a little river. He grabbed my cheeks, one in each hand, and pulled them apart with his thumbs, I guess to let his spit get right in there. I could feel it oozing through my crack. Then he spit again, almost gobbing, right at the top of my ass. It ran slower, like hot toffee, flowing like hot lava into my ass."

Mom stopped. She was panting, gasping for air. I was having difficulty breathing myself. I pulled her nightie up to her waist and held it there, staring at her bare ass. She was oblivious.

"Then he ... oh god ... when it dripped down, he smeared it all around with his thumbs. It was so strange. Nobody had ever touched me there. It felt weird, but good, and that shocked me. And just then, he pushed one of his thumbs inside. I don't which one, but he poked it right inside my bum." Mom followed up with a few short gasps, each followed by a quick intake of air.

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I leaned down, put my mouth near the top of Mom's ass and went for broke. I squeezed out a large stream of saliva, opening her cheeks to let it drool down her crack. As it neared her little hole I moved my right hand below, stopping the flow with my fingers, forcing it to pool around her crinkly brown door. I could hear her panting quicken. Was she thinking of Dad that day or reacting to me?

I drooled out another mouthful of saliva, moved my mouth lower and used my tongue to urge the goo along. Was that moan for me? No matter. She was ready. I slid my finger inside and quickly moved it back and forth as I discovered how easily it slipped through her dark little entrance. A second finger followed. I shoved them both in and out several times. She's getting fucked right here, I thought, desperately trying to pull my pajamas down with one hand. Mom must have realized what I was doing because she suddenly lurched forward off my impaling fingers and stumbled out of the kitchen, catching me completely off guard.

"No, the children. They'll be home soon."

What? The children? What the fuck was she talking about.

I stumbled after her, dragging my pajamas off as I went. Mom was halfway up the stairs by the time I passed through the doorway, discarding my pajamas on the floor. I caught her near the top but she struggled up to the landing before I pushed her onto the carpet, kneeling her legs apart and pushing my cock against her butt.

"No! The children."

"Fuck the kids," I yelled, my cock nudging against her slick anus. I pushed and the head popped inside.

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"Uggggh," Mom responded.

I pushed, forcing myself in, slowly widening her.

"Ohhhhhhhhh," Mom moaned, and then, "ugghh, unngghhh, unnggghh," as I stared pumping into her ass, nudging her along the hallway.

We reached her bedroom doorway by the time we came. She fell flat to the floor and I collapsed on her. A few minutes later, she pulled herself ahead away from me and stumbled over to the her bed, falling face first onto the mattress. I struggled up and followed her, cum dripping from my half hard cock.

I scrambled up onto the bed and straddled her thighs. Spreading her cheeks with my hands I stared at her asshole, my cum oozing out. My cock stiffened so fast I thought it would snap. Guided it down into the pool of white goo, I pushed in, relishing in the loud grunt from my mother's lips that my effort produced.

"Oh, god. I love it," she cried as I started our second ass fuck that morning, a long one with lots of moaning and grunting. It exhausted us. I'm surprised we even heard my sister coming in the door with her kids. I ran to my room.

Mom was downstairs in a dress when I arrived, also fully dressed. My sister Wendy was chiding Mom about leaving laundry layout around. My pajamas had been picked up and placed on top of Mom's housecoat, still draped over the chair. My sister and her kids stayed for lunch, long enough to fulfill her duty visit before she drove home in the next town. I managed to pat Mom's ass several times without getting caught. Mom seemed shocked and then angry at first but warmed up and seemed to be enjoying the game by the time Wendy was ready to go.

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As soon as my sister and her kids were out the door, I pinned Mom up against it, holding her there with my body while my hands reached around to grope her tits. Mom was looking through one of the long vertical window slits in the door as her daughter leaned in the back seat on the far side of the car to strap one kid into their car seats. As she shut the door and walked around to do the other kid, I dropped my hands to my jeans and undid my belt. As my sister leaned in to do her daughter, her behind facing us, I lifted Mom's dress and pushed myself against her, ready to rub myself against her panties until my sister was gone.

I was surprised when my cock mashed against Mom's bare ass. She wasn't wearing panties. Well, I guess she hadn't had time to put any on. Watching my sister's well-defined behind as I rubbed Mom's, my cock hardened to pure steel.

"Look at that," I whispered. "Like mother, like daughter."

"You keep your eyes to yourself," Mom reprimanded me.

"Do you think Don does her like this?"

"Stop it, Grant."

"No, I don't think so," I went on. "He's too much of a wuss."

"He is a wuss," Mom agreed as my cock slipped between her thighs and I slid my hands up inside her dress to take her bare tits into my hands.

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Wendy finished strapping my niece in and closed the back door, turned to wave at the house, and got into her car.

"I hope she doesn't get frustrated and start looking around," I whispered, sliding back and forth between Mom's legs as my sister began backing down the drive, smiling and waving at the door where she could probably see Mom.

"No," Mom said. "We don't want her to stray."

My sister had backed onto the street and her car started moving forward.

"We should keep her busy in the family," I whispered, pushing into Mom's pussy for the first time in my life. She was surprisingly tight but I managed to get the door rattling before Wendy's car disappeared. I didn't let her off the door until I was finished. She seemed to like it. She loved it the rest of the afternoon, too.

We were graced with several visits from my sister after that. Almost every weekend. I had been visiting Mom's bed every night so it wasn't too much of an interruption except that it stopped me from having her during the day on the weekends. Still, I looked forward to her visits because I couldn't get the thought of her behind out of my mind since I first mentioned it to Mom.

I was so keen on looking at my older sister, who I had fought with like cats and dogs for years, that Mom had to ask me to leave so she could talk to her. She suspected that her daughter was trying to tell her something and needed time alone to work herself up to it. That week, Mom confided in me.

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I guess Don wasn't satisfying her too well and she was getting bored and antsy. She was at that age, almost thirty and married six years, where she wanted some excitement and Don wasn't it. Mom was terrified Wendy was going to have an affair. I guess one of her and Don's friends was flirting with her when his wife and Don weren't around. And Mom thought Wendy was weakening. Evidently, this guy had got Wendy into online chatting with him during the day and late at night and had sent pictures of himself to her and pointed her to a website with video clips of sex that was more exciting than the not even weekly missionary position excursions she engaged in with her husband. Mom thought that confiding in her was a desperate attempt to stop herself because she was about to give in.

On Saturday, Wendy arrived for another visit. Mom was petrified that she was about to reveal a tryst with their adventurous friend and that two marriages were now in jeopardy. Just a matter of time. I took the kids out for the afternoon so Mom and Wendy could talk. As it turned out, nothing had yet happened but they were closer than ever. Evidently, Wendy's trips were more to avoid the inevitable than to seek counseling from her mother. Mom thought Wendy might not visit the following week, and was desperate to do something.

Wendy wanted to leave right after supper but Mom insisted she and the kids stay, promising the kids that I would take them to the local fair the next day. After that, it was impossible for Wendy to get the kids to go home. Mom insisted that Wendy have a relaxing bath after supper. She came downstairs in the velour robe Mom had laid out for her. Mom insisted the kids go to bed early and shooed them upstairs with a promise to come up to read them fairytales from her big book, the one with the scary stories unlike the safe vanilla ones offered up these days. Wendy usually hated for Mom to read these stories to her kids but she didn't complain tonight.

As soon as the kids went upstairs Mom dragged out her large exercise pad and covered it with white towels. She lit the gas fireplace, turned out the lights, and pulled a surprised Wendy onto the mat, instructing her to lay face down and relax. Mom went into the kitchen and returned with a large metal mixing bowl filled with warm oil. Now I began to get an idea about why she had insisted earlier that change into my robe while Wendy was in the bath.

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"You need to relax dear. Now, I'm going to go upstairs and look after the children until they're asleep and you're going to lay her and enjoy a massage from your brother. He's been taking a special course in relaxation therapy and it's done me wonders since Dad passed."

This was pure malarkey. I hadn't taken any course in relaxation therapy and didn't know the first thing about how to do a massage. Wendy began to protest but Mom insisted she wouldn't take no for an answer from either of us. She turned to me.

"Now you do the best job you can for your sister. God knows, you owe it to her for all the years you were nasty to her." Facing Wendy, Mom said, "Just let Grant do his thing. He has a real talent, and you need it."

Capitulating, Wendy laid her head down in her crooked arms and waited. Mom smiled at me, a knowing smile, capped by a slight twist of her face and a concerned look that kind of said, "She's in your hands. Save her."

As Mom padded away and up the stairs, Wendy asked, "So can are you really learning how to do massage and practicing on Mom?"

Picking up from Mom, I answered, "I was the top student and the instructor said I was a natural, the best she'd ever had. You can see how much it helped Mom, I can do the same for you."

I smiled to myself when I said that. If only.

Wendy sighed and said, "I'm all yours."

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That was an exciting thought but I didn't dwell on it. I squatted on the floor and moved the large bowl of hot oil down beside my sister's feet, picked up a foot, dipped my fingers into the oil and rubbed some onto her sole. Though I took my time, it was only a few minutes later that I set Wendy's foot down and picked up the other.

"Mmmmm, that does feel nice," my sister murmured.

"Try not to talk. Just feel," I replied. I was playing this by ear but it seemed that Wendy was impressed with my fake massaging of her foot. I didn't want her to talk because that would keep reminding me that I was her brother. I wanted her to drift off, to lose herself in feeling. I had been presented with a wonderful opportunity to touch up my married sister's body and I wanted to make the most of it. "Shhhhh," I tried to soften my instructions.

With a single index finger, I repeated the sensuous stroking that worked so successfully on the other foot. I lightly traced the bottom of her sole, over her instep and around her angle, down each side of her Achilles and back up to her arch and then down to her toes, slowly inserting my finger between each toe and dragging it through. I stopped several times to dip my finger in the oil, keeping her foot slick and warm.

I was acutely aware of her other foot laying across my folded knee. I had shifted closer to her to make sure it dangled across and outside of my thigh. I didn't want her coming into contact with my boner and stopping the show. I set her foot down and picked the first one up again. I tickled my finger across the base of her toes above the balls of her foot and then traced a line along her sole with a detour into her instep, over her heel and then down the back of her calf to the hollow behind her knee where I circled several times.

"Ohhh, that's wonderful," she sighed.

"Shhhhhh," I admonished in a very soft voice.

Dipping several fingers into the bowl, I spread oil liberally over the muscles in her lower leg. I took my time stroking, squeezing, scratching and tickling her leg and foot, and then did the same with her other leg. She was definitely relaxed when I finished.

I took her hand and gently massed it the same way I had done her foot. Whispering that it was time to do her arms, I gently tugged on her sleeve until she shifted her weight and helped me slide the sleeve of the robe off her arm, leaving one shoulder half uncovered. Again, I took my time working on her arm, from fingertips to shoulder, working my finger between hers, tracing through her palm and over the back of her hand, swirling a curving trace around her forearm, behind her elbow and along the delicate skin of her upper arm. The other arm was a similar treatise and both shoulders were bare when I was done.

Kneeling behind her again, I shifted her knees slightly apart as I whispered that it was now time to finish her legs. As delicately as I could, I folded the robe up to the middle of her thighs and began spreading the oil above her knees, on the backs of her legs. After a while, I folded the robe again, onto her bottom, leaving her legs mostly bare but not yet exposing her buttocks. I spent a lot of time stroking her legs, making sure to lift her knees so I could spread oil on the front of her thighs too. Then I moved to her back.

I folded the robe down from her shoulder the same way I had folded it up her legs. The first fold I laid across the small of her back, exposing only her upper back, but to do so, I tugged the robe out from underneath. Without a sound, Wendy lifted her weight to let me slip the material from under her chest. When she laid back down she kept her arms tight to her sides but a few minutes later, as she luxuriated in my back massage, she curled her arms above her head. Now the sides of her breasts squished out from the sides of her ribcage. Oh, how that sight sent a tickle from my balls to my tip.

A few minutes later, I folded the robe once more. Now it lay in a band across her bottom and the sway of her back, centered on the groove rising up to her buttocks, caressed my eyes. Using both hands, I dripped oil until it pooled

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in the small of her back and then spread it around with my trembling hand in widening circles until my fingers dipped over the edge of her waist and fluttered up the rising swell of her hips and across, approaching but not touching her still covered buttocks. I vacillated between light, feathery stroking and kneading her flesh, pushing down and up her back, forcing her tummy and chest down to the floor, rubbing her against the towels underneath. Reluctantly, I eventually stopped and moved to kneel above her head. I whispered again, very softly.

"Now I'm going to push the tension down your back to your center. Let it flow, don't resist."

Wendy didn't respond. She could have been sleeping except for her breathing which signaled how much she was enjoying the massage. I started pressing down on her shoulders with flat palms, squeezing toward her waist. I kept this up for several minutes until I was brushing along her sides, over the bulging swells of her squashed breasts, down her waist and along the outside of her hips under her robe, her bare hips. For the first time, I realized that my sister wasn't even wearing panties. My cock strained against my gaunchies under my robe. Moving onto the center of her back, I pushed into the hollow and up the rise to her buttocks, stretching my fingers a couple of inches under the robe again.

I leaned back because my robe had loosened and was threatening to drag on her back. As I started to cinch it tight, I changed my mind and instead removed it completely. Since her eyes had remained closed, I thought, what the hell.

I whispered, "This is the hardest part. I'm going to pull the tension up from your legs. Keep your eyes closed. It will help you concentrate."

I set the bowl beside Wendy's hips, dipped my fingers in and dripped oil onto the back of her thighs, repeating until her legs were slippery with oil. Leaning further forward, I grasped each leg just above the knee and pulled

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toward me, squeezing her flesh between my widely stretched thumbs and fingers. Again and again I stroked, leaning forward and pulling back with my whole body.

On each pull, I pushed the bunched up robe higher. Soon, I was able to push it above the crest of her buttocks and down the slope until it was stretched across the small of her back. My hands were now dragging oil up and over her bottom, pressing her cheeks down as they passed. If my sister was aware that I was running my oily hands all over her slippery ass, she didn't let on or complain.

As I realized what I was getting away with, I became more liberal with my touch, switching from massage to caress. I was no longer kneading and squeezing but stroking, pulling her cheeks apart to reveal what her secret crease had been hiding, enjoying the meaty resistance of her flesh. Applying yet more oil, I dipped my fingers between her legs and dragged them through her cheeks, right over that dark little spot my mother enjoyed so much.

Wendy pulled away on that first stroke but didn't otherwise object. On the next stroke, her butt lifted the tiniest amount toward my advancing fingers, increasing their access and allowing them to remain in contact for the briefest extension. It was a telling sign and a few strokes later I allowed them to pause for a little circle before continuing on their way. Like mother, like daughter. I don't know if my sister knew it or would admit it but her asshole definitely liked being touched. Soon I was circling on every stroke, oiling her rim, even venturing brief dips, tiny probes into what I now hoped the future held.

And then I had my accident. I stretched down to grasp her calves at the bottom of her muscles, intending to launch a long, sensuous pull all the way up her legs before trying a more obvious poke into her hole. But I had to lean forward so far that my gaunchies contacted Wendy's face, pressing into her cheek as her head lay to one side. I froze, my body rigid, my swollen gaunchies pressing at the side of my sister's mouth. I pulled my hips up, still clutching her lower legs just above her ankles. She didn't move.

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Slowly, I pulled up her legs to her ass but didn't try the probe. Instead, I stretched down to grasp her lower legs again. Pausing, I lowered my hips until my bulging gaunchies pressed into her cheek again. No reaction. This time, as I pulled my hands up I tried to keep my gaunchies pressed against my sister's face. Since no objection was raised, on the next few strokes I tried to keep my gaunchies pressed on her face with mixed success.

I lowered myself to rest on my elbows so I could more easily brush my gaunchies against Wendy's cheek. My cock had hardened so much it was straining the confines of my underwear and the tip was trying to escape through the gap on the left side. I dipped my right hand into the bowl and began to stroke between Wendy's cheeks but this time, after circling her little hole, I stayed there.

I circled and circled, slowly increasing the pressure, pushing in until suddenly, my finger inserted until my fingernail was covered. Without pushing further I wiggled my finger in a little circle. I was fingering my sister's ass! Unbelievable.

My cock grew enough to escape through the gap between my leg and my gaunchies. I looked down at my knees stretched wide apart over my sister's head and the white bulge of my underwear almost touching her face, the head of my cock sticking out the side. Fascinated, I lowered myself slowly down, down until the head of my cock grazed my sister's face and then down a little more to put to dent her cheek. Amazingly, after a few seconds Wendy's head turned slightly, up, toward me. The corner of her mouth dragged across my throbbing cock and past, leaving me poised in front of her open cavity. She waited. With great trepidation, unsure if this was an invitation, I lowered the head of my cock into my married sister's open mouth. Her lips closed over me.

I groaned. She moaned. I pushed my finger deeper, deeper, deeper, until it was all the way in and began wiggling it around, then pulled it in a out. I looked back to watch my cock struggling to get further into my beautiful sister's mouth. Her hand moved, fingers slipping into the gap in my gaunchies, pulling and freeing my cock, letting more of it slip into her. My gorgeous sister tilted her head and pulled, filling her mouth with my cock. I pushed, and pushed and pushed.

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A minute later, on the verge of coming, I pulled out.

Scrambling around, I kneeled behind her, pushed my gaunchies down to my knees, dipped my hand in the bowl and cupped a liberal amount of oil all over my cock which seemed ready to explode. Wasting no time, I pushed down and lined it up with the nickel sized hole and struggled to push it in.

Oh, god, the moans. You wouldn't believe the way she moaned. As soon as I started shoving it in. She loved it. I thought my mother liked getting fucked in the ass but my sister was made for it. I knew on the third stroke, when I was able to get fully inside her, that my sister would never deny me, that I would have a woman's ass for the rest of my life.

I leaned over her head and grabbed her wrists, resting my face in the crook of her shoulder.

"I love you," I whispered.

"I know," she whispered back.

I slipped my hands back to tilt her head up, gently stoking her throat.

"I love you," I repeated.

"Then show me," she said hoarsely

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I did my level best.

When I finished and we were gasping for breath, we noticed Mom sitting on the couch. We hadn't seen her come in. I was surprised at Wendy's muted reaction.

"The kids are sleeping," Mom said. Wendy nodded.

"Do you feel better?" Mom asked. Wendy nodded again.

"Let's go upstairs to my bed. I need him now."

Mom and I went at it while Wendy had a shower. She joined us just as I rolled off Mom.

"You have to get up and to go your own bed before the kids get up," Mom warned.

Wendy nodded, looking at my long, flaccid cock lolling around on my stomach.

Seeing where her daughter was looking, Mom laughed and said, "Don't worry. Knowing him, you'll wake up with it in you before dawn."

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I did wake before dawn. My cock was embedded in a warm, wet mouth. My sister's mouth. She finished what she'd started the night before and kept sucking long enough to get me to half mast again. Then she quickly kissed me and lay between Mom and I with her face on the mattress, ass in the air.

"Fuck me," was all she said.

As it turned out, Mom took the kids to the fair so my sister and I could fuck our brains out the next afternoon. Wendy left late, and she was back every weekend for the next few months.

We didn't manage to save Wendy's marriage. She didn't have an affair with that guy, or anyone else, but she and Don were divorced within the year. All Wendy's doing. Nobody thought anything of it when she moved back home to stay with her mother.

And brother.