

The Mom Memories: Francis' Story

alwayswantedto

This is Francis' story compiled from Chapters 3, 6 and 8.

All characters are 18 years or older.

Part 1 from Chapter 3.

Hi everyone. My name is Francis and this is what happened with my mother. My Mom is quite thin, always has been. She has a fairly pretty face but you wouldn't give her body a second glance because she's quite flat-chested and doesn't have much of an ass, either. But my view on this changed one very hot summer day when I was home from school, still without a summer job.

I spent my time lolling around the house. We didn't have an air conditioner and when the temperature soared, I began shedding clothes, eventually hanging around in just a pair of shorts.

"You're so lucky," Mom said that hot afternoon, wiping the sweat from her forehead with her arm, "being able to wear just shorts."

"You could do the same, Mom. I wouldn't mind," I said with a grin.

"I'm sure you wouldn't," she smiled back.

"Why don't you just wear a bathing suit then?" I suggested.

"I don't have one. You know I don't like going to the beach," she replied in a semi angry tone. Mom didn't like the beach because she was shy about being thin and flat chested. I hadn't seen her at a beach since I was really little.

"Well, just wear a bra and panties, then. It's just like a swimsuit."

"I don't think so, Mister."

"Well, roast then," I casually dismissed her problem, having suggested a solution. I returned to reading my comic book. I had started working my way through my old comic book collection since coming home.

Mom read her magazines, huffing and sighing and complaining about the heat for most of the next hour. I ignored her. Finally, she spoke directly to me again.

"It wouldn't bother you, if I did?" Mom asked.

"Did what?" I replied, not even looking up from my comic.

"Just wore a blouse and panties around the house."

I replied with exaggerated disinterest, "Nope."

Mom went upstairs. When she came back down, I pointedly refrained from looking in her direction, keeping my nose buried in my comic book. After a while, when I could feel she wasn't looking my way, I stole a few glances. She had indeed changed into just a t-shirt and panties. Now, I wouldn't have thought she would need a bra anyway but her t-shirt clung to her chest and I could see her nipples poking against the fabric. I'd never noticed this before. And her t-shirt wasn't quite long enough to cover her panties, so I could see them, too. Despite what I'd said, it certainly wasn't the same as a swimsuit. My swelling prick attested to that!

Acting as if nothing was different, she asked me if I'd like some lemonade if she made some. Nodding absently, I turned my eyes to look at her as she walked away to the kitchen. I was stunned. My mother, who didn't seem to actually have an ass, sported two great looking pear-like globes that moved erotically with each step, pushing out against her panties. How had this treasure been hidden? Her cheeks hung low, rather than sticking out. Was that it?

I got up to follow her and stood watching from the doorway as she made lemonade. Her little ass was truly divine. I would have loved to see it in more revealing panties.

Glancing over her shoulder at me, Mom said, "You're sure this won't bother you?"

"No, not at all," I assured her. I walked up behind her for a closer look at her cheeks. "It's cooler without a bra, isn't it? You don't really need one anyway, you know."

"I'm quite aware that I don't have anything up top, young man," she rebuked me.

"No, no. That's not what I meant," I quickly scrambled to redeem myself. "I only meant that you don't need one to hold things up, ... I mean ... you don't, uh ... you're not saggy like bigger women," I finished off, lamely.

"No, I guess that's a plus," she acknowledged.

"Anyway, big ones were a big thing for Dad's generation. Guys my age like smaller ones," I added, quickly feeling like I was overstepping myself again.

"Is that so?" Mom replied with skepticism.

"Yeah. Really, Mom," I assured her with enthusiasm. "Big ones are ugly."

"Oh." She smiled, then added, "I don't like wearing them anyway, you know. They're uncomfortable and you're right, I don't really need one."

"Well, you shouldn't wear one. You look good without it."

"Hmmm," Mom responded, turning to face me. "Would guys now-a-days really like to look at small ones like mine?" she asked.

"I would!" I blurted out loud, without thinking, looking at her t-shirt. My face reddened. I started to bluster a recovery, then just stood there.

"I don't think Dad would think very highly of that," she mused and then, with a little laugh, added, "For that matter, I don't think he'd like me wandering around the house in my panties, either."

I just stood there, not knowing what to say or do.

"But what the hell," she said, "It's so hot out." She reached down and tugged her t-shirt down, the stretched material emphasizing her small breasts, and particularly her prominent nipples. "See, this is all your mother has."

I stared down at her chest. She arched her back to amplify her limited assets. Her tits were beautiful in my eyes. They were small, yes, but the normal sized nipples looked extra long on her breasts.

"They're nice," I finally choked. It was clear that I wasn't kidding, that I meant what I said.

"Oh. Well. Thank you very much, Francis." I could tell by her voice, the way her eyes glanced shyly down, that Mom was pleased despite her kidding tone. She really wasn't used to men complimenting her breasts and I could tell she liked it.

"Well, if I did take my shirt off, you wouldn't gawk at my tits all the time, would you?"

"No, Mom," I tore my eyes away but they soon strayed back to her t-shirt, latching onto her nipples once again.

"Oh, for heaven's sake. I suppose I could tolerate you looking. I'm sure you'll tire of it soon enough." Mom poured two glasses of lemonade and walked toward the living room with the glasses in hand. "Come on, then."

My eyes fell to her ass as she walked. As I followed her, I noticed for the first time that I was hard. I wondered if she'd noticed the bulge in my shorts.

Mom sat on the couch and started reading her magazine. I sat next to her, not in the chair where I'd been before. I sipped my lemonade, staring at her nipples poking up from her t-shirt. Eventually she looked up, "Is that all you're going to do all day, stare at my tits?"

"Sorry, Mom. I just haven't seen you like this before."

"Well, you're the biggest fan they've ever had, that's for sure. God knows, your father certainly strains his eyes looking at other women with bigger ones," she complained. She looked down at her chest and laughed, "Well, they do seem to like your attention."

Mom turned her eyes back to her magazine, letting me carry on ogling her shirt. I let my eyes stray down to her panties, her open legs providing a great view. I could see the crevice below her mound where her pussy lips parted, pouting out against her panties.

"I thought you were fascinated with my breasts," Mom suddenly asked. Quickly jerking my head up, I could see her looking right at me, a quirky smile on her face. I went beet red. "Go read your comic now," Mom instructed me. I did, but I couldn't help but look over to check her out now and then. She didn't seem to mind. About an hour before Dad usually came home, Mom went upstairs and got dressed in her normal attire. When Dad came in, everything was prim and proper.

When I got up the next day, Mom had gone out shopping. I was sitting on the couch in my shorts reading a comic when she came in the front door about noon.

"My god, it is SO hot out there," she announced, dropping her stuff in the hallway and walking into the living room toward me. "Should we have some lemonade, sweetie?" she asked stopping in front of me.

"Sure," I started to get up.

"No stay, I'll get it," she said. But she didn't move, she just stood there. "Were you bored, honey, sitting here with nothing to look at?" she finally said, that quirky smile reappearing on her face. I could feel the blood flushing to my face. She lifted her foot and stretched it out to me. "Why don't you undo my shoe for me?"

Flustered, I undid the ankle strap and slipped the shoe off her foot. She kept it still in my hand, not pulling it away, so I rubbed the bottom of her foot, then slid my hand up the back of her calf and rubbed the muscle in her leg.

"Mmmmm, that feels good," she sighed. I did this for a minute or two before she pulled her foot away to replace it with the other. I did the same for that foot. Then she pulled it away to and just stood once more in front of me.

Without a word, she dropped her hand to the side of her skirt, cocked her hip, and pulled the zipper down. Uncocking her hip, she let the skirt fall to the floor. Her blouse fell low enough to cover her panties in front so that it looked like she was only wearing her blouse. She stood again for a full minute, just looking down at me while I gazed at her pelvis. "Come on," she finally said, "Let's go get some lemonade."

I followed her into the kitchen, not able to see her ass in just her panties because her blouse covered her backside as well. As she retrieved two large glasses from the cupboard she instructed me to fetch the lemonade from the fridge. When I came up behind her, she told me to reach around and fill the glasses. When I was done, I put the lemonade container back in the fridge and returned to stand behind her. She stood in front of our lemonades, not doing anything. There was a strange tension in the air. I felt awkward but I didn't want to leave.

"Should I take off my blouse and just wear my bra?" she broke the silence. "Would you like that, Francis?"

"Yes, Mom," I whispered.

"Then do it. Take it off for me."

I reached around and fumbled with the buttons on her blouse. I was all thumbs but Mom was very patient. Finally, I had all the buttons undone and I pulled the blouse off her shoulders and down her arms. I stood behind her, holding her blouse in my hands.

She turned to face me. I looked down, avoiding her gaze. She wasn't wearing a normal bra! I could see her tits through the see-through red material and her nipples standing up, stiff and proud.

"They really do like you looking at them, don't they?" she laughed softly, as her nipples visibly stiffened even more. "Do you like them, Francis?"

I nodded my head. "I love them, Mom."

She smiled and reached out to pick up the glasses. "Love? Well, let's go drink some lemonade to that."

As she walked away I thrilled to the discovery of her new matching red panties. They were just a tiny triangular patch that barely reached up onto her ass cheeks. I could plainly see through the material to the globes underneath, and the crack of her ass. The slowness of her pace could have been to avoid spilling the glasses of lemonade but I got the impression she also wanted me to look at her ass. My cock swelled at that thought.

We finally made it to the coffee table and Mom set the glasses down. Then she stood, and just stayed like that. I stood back a little, so I could keep admiring her ass, the narrowness of her waist and the flare of her hips.

"Do you like them?" she asked.

"What?" I feigned innocence.

"My new panties, of course." My cock stiffened at hearing her say panties. "They're the smallest, ... the coolest ... ones I could find without going to one of those thong things." I immediately pictured a thong dividing her pearish cheeks. My cock hardened even more.

"Do you like it too?" she asked.

"Like what?" I played the innocence thing again.

She was having none of it. "My ass, silly. I know you were looking at it. A woman can tell when she's being admired. Do guys your age like little asses too?"

"Yes, they do," I said, and added, "I sure do."

Mom laughed out loud. "Well, your father doesn't. He thinks its too skinny."

"He's crazy."

"You think so?"

"I sure do, Mom."

There was a pause. Nothing was said for a minute. Then Mom broke the silence.

"They're made of a special material that keeps you cool. Would you like to feel it?"

"Your panties?" I asked.

"Yes, the material. What were we just talking about?"

"Sure," I replied. I reached my hand down, cautiously stretching my finger tips out to touch the material of her panties. She pushed her ass back a little, pressing my fingers flat onto her panties and forming a cup to hold her right cheek in my palm. "Yeah," I said, "it feels silky, kind of slippery." I moved my hand around on her cheek, gently squeezing her little globe as if testing the panty material. I cupped her left cheek in my other hand and began gently kneading that globe as well.

"Don't get too naughty, Francis," Mom cautioned me. Ignoring her reproach, I continued to knead her flesh.

"You'd be even cooler in a thong, Mom."

"I doubt it, my butt's too skinny for a thong."

"No it's not. You're perfect for a thong. You'd cause accidents if you walked down the street in one."

Mom burst out laughing. "You're just trying to make me feel good. Men would laugh if they saw my skinny butt in a thong."

I leaned in over Mom's shoulder. "Trust me, Mom," I said, my voice thick, "You'd look awesome in a thong. Men would look, and they wouldn't laugh."

"Do you really think so? Do you think I'd look good in a thong?"

"Why don't you buy one tomorrow and try it on? See for yourself."

"Actually, I did," she confessed. "It's in my shopping bags," she tossed her head in the direction of the hallway.

"Go get it," I said, releasing her cheeks and patting her ass. I didn't say it like a request. Mom looked surprised, even a bit shocked, but she wasn't angry.

"No. I don't think so," she dashed my hopes.

"Well, you bought it. What are you going to do with it?"

"Oh, I'll probably just throw it away," she mused.

"No, don't do that," I protested.

"Why? Is there someone you'd like to give it to, to try it on for you?"

"No."

"Would you like me to wear it, then?" she teased.

As I started to nod my head, she went on, "For your father?" A quizzical expression formed on her face.

I shook my head no. "For you, then?" She smiled, the quizzical expression becoming more exaggerated. "You wouldn't want to see your own mother in thong?"

"Yes," I answered, my hopes rising again.

"Francis, you wicked, wicked boy," she teased me, having a laugh at my expense. I was too tense to laugh along with her and her face quickly sobered. "We'll see, then. Maybe I'll let you have a quick peek tomorrow or the next day."

She sat on the couch, and I sat on the other end, watching her. She swung her feet onto the couch, pulling her magazine up, obscuring her face and blocking my view of her see through bra. I shifted my gaze down to her legs

and along her thighs to her panties. As I watched, she slowly opened her legs until I could look directly at the front of her panties. I could see through the material to her pussy underneath and the crevice dividing her pouting lips. I swear that once in a while she twisted her hips forward, accenting her pussy mound for me. She kept her legs open for me the whole time until it was near time for Dad to come home.

Finally, she dropped her magazine and said, "Let's go upstairs and change, Francis, before your father comes home."

Mom walked to the stairs, a slow sensuous walk that exaggerated the sway of her hips. My face was level with the jut of her buttocks as we slowly climbed the stairs. When we reached her room, she told me to wait there for a minute and disappeared inside. A moment later she reappeared wearing a robe loosely clutched to her chest. It splayed open under her breasts, widening as it crossed her hips, exposing a tuft of golden pubic hair. With her free hand, she held out her red bra and panties. "Here," she said, "keep these in your room for me. I don't think it would be good if your father saw them."

I whacked off more than once that night thinking about my mother and the highlights of that day, capped by the glimpse of her pubic hair and her choice for me to keep her bra and panties. I went to sleep dreaming about her wearing a thong for me.

The next day, Dad went in to the office late. He said he had a dinner meeting and would be home late, so he wasn't going in until noon. I could hardly wait for him to leave. The morning dragged on for an eternity. It was sweltering. Mom looked flushed and sweaty. I was boiling but didn't feel I could drop down to just my shorts with my Dad there. Finally, he left after a quick lunch. Mom gave him a kiss goodbye, wished him luck in his meeting, and went upstairs.

I waited impatiently for her to reappear but finally gave up and started to read my comics while sitting on the couch. I didn't hear her, but she was suddenly just standing there, barefoot in a white t-shirt which clearly showed

two very stiff and long nipples poking up underneath. Her face was flushed and she was breathing in short, rapid breaths, as if excited about something. I think we'd both been tense waiting for Dad to leave, and were both a little wound up.

"When Dad left, it felt like a visitor had left," she said. "What a weird feeling."

"Yeah, I know," I replied. "It was uncomfortable, and now it's kind of like the way it should be."

"Yeah, weird," she said. She tugged down on her t-shirt, forcing it down so hard on her nipples I thought they would burst through. She arched her back and twisted from side to side. "But we're alone now," she said, coyly.

I didn't say anything. I just watched her.

"Would like to see something?" she asked, taking our little game further.

"Yes," I answered, my mouth dry.

She raised her hand behind her head, pulled on something and shook her head, her yellow blonde hair falling out about her shoulders. Then she lifted the bottom of her t-shirt up to the level of her hips, exposing a little red patch that covered her pussy.

I stared. "Mom, is that ..."

"You wanted me to wear it for you, didn't you?" she cut me off, dropping the t-shirt to hide the red patch.

I stood up and she turned away, walking to the middle of the room.

"But, I can't ..."

My voice trailed off as Mom pulled her t-shirt up with both hands at her sides. Her bare ass came into view, separated by a red strand of material that disappeared between her cheeks.

"Well, have a look, then, Mr. Impatient."

I stepped behind her. Her ass was essentially bare. I reached down to take possession of her cheeks.

"I don't think your father would approve of that, young man."

"I'm just checking the material."

Mom laughed. "Don't get too clever, Francis. I never said you could touch my bare ass."

"You didn't say I couldn't, either." Then, more submissively, "Let me, Mom. Just for a while. You look awesome, just like I said you would."

"Will you stop when I tell you? No arguments?"

"Yes, Mom. I'll stop right away." I continued kneading her cheeks, pulling them apart and squeezing them together again. Hanging my head over her shoulders, I looked at her nipples poking out her shirt. "Can I touch them too, Mom?"

Her voice was a little hoarse when she answered. "No, Francis. I don't think I can go that far."

"Please, Mom. You said they like it when I look at them. Let me touch them a little bit. I'll stop when you say," I whined, following the same path that succeeded in letting me fondle her ass.

She didn't answer. I released her cheeks and pushed my hands around to her tummy, then started sliding them up over her t-shirt toward her breasts. She watched them approach but didn't say a thing. My fingers moved over the swells of her small tits and then on to close on her long nipples. I brushed over them and back, pinched them softly through the material of her t-shirt, and tugged on them gently. Releasing, I flicked them again with my fingers, back and forth, many times like I was strumming chords on a guitar. Mom moaned. Surprisingly, I could feel them grow even more. They were already stiff and long. Groaning, I grasped them again, pinching and twisting, rolling them between my fingers, tugging. Again I released them and flicked them back and forth with my fingers, then grasped them again. Mom was moaning softly, constantly.

"You have fantastic tits," I whispered in her ear. I pushed my shorts into her cheeks.

"Oh Francis, that feels so good. It's been so long. He never touches them, anymore." She sounded as if she was about to cry.

"I'll touch them for you," I murmured in her ear. "I love touching them."

She let me continue fondling her tits. She didn't stop me until I whispered in her ear, "I want to suck them."

"No, Francis" she cried. She pulled away from me, walking back toward the couch.

I pursued her, getting my hands back on her tits.

"I can't let you do that, Francis," she protested, but she let me continue to manipulate her nipples.

I didn't mention sucking them again but I kept working her tits. After a moment I pushed her back onto the couch, sitting her down. Kneeling next to her, I pulled her feet up on either side of me and pushed her back onto the arm. Regaining my hold on her nipples, I pinched them between thumbs and forefingers. She lay back, eyes closed.

"I'm just going to look at them, Mom," I whispered. I started bunching the t-shirt up in my hands until her tits were bared to my eyes. I began kneading them, covering them with my hands, bending her nipples around in my palms. I pulled her t-shirt up and pushed it over her face, covering it. She became very excited, her breathing quick and harsh. I squeezed her little tits, forcing her long nipples to stand straight up. Leaning forward, I took one into my mouth and began to suck and swirl my tongue around it. She gasped loudly, over and over as I sucked.

"Ohhhhhhh, ohhhhhh, ohhhhhhh."

I sucked her tits, switching back and forth, pinching and flicking the nipple of the other with my fingers. I felt her legs come up and her feet cross over to rest on my back. Looking down between us, I could see her pelvis straining up, trying to come into contact with mine. She's really horny, I thought. Move now. Take her!

I pulled her up and swung her around, pushing her to the back of the couch, resting her on my upper thighs. Her shirt fell down around her neck and her eyes opened but I delicately pulled it up and over her face again, then dropped my head to suck her tits once more. When I heard her moaning, I looked again and saw her shirt moving in and out of her mouth with her rasping breath, like a speaker vibrating to deafening music. Moving my mouth back to her tits, I used my hands to push my shorts down. Keeping my mouth on her, I slipped my hands under her to grasp her ass. I found the thong and pulled it to the side over one cheek. Then I slid my hands up under the bottom of her thighs until I grasped the underside of her knees. Pushing her knees up high, I slid her up on the back of the couch, and pressed my pelvis in. Pulling my mouth off her tits, I dropped her down, guiding her until the head of my hard cock pushed against her pussy.

"No," she cried through the shirt covering her face. "No, Francis," she repeated.

My cock parted her lips.

"No," she cried again, but her body betrayed her. She moaned as my cock found little resistance from her wet pussy lips, digging into her an inch. I held her knees high and wide.

"No?" I asked.

"No," she gasped.

"No?" I asked again, pushing my cock into her another inch.

"No, oh, no, Francis." I pushed further in. "No, don't, baby, don't."

"Unnnngghhhh," she moaned as I pushed all the way in.

"Don't what, Mom?" I gasped.

"Don't fuck me," she gasped back.

"I won't, Mom," I said as I drew my cock back, and shoved it back in. "I won't fuck you," I said as I started thrusting into her.

We repeated this exchange over and over again, back and forth, "Don't fuck me" followed by "I won't" as our pace steadily increased and our moans grew ever louder. It wasn't really that long before I was really banging her and her gasps were one long continuous moan. I squirted my juice into her, my bare cock spewing my raw spunk.

I collapsed back on the couch, falling away from her as I slipped to the floor. Mom got up right away, unsteady on her feet, pulled her thong off and threw it at me.

"Don't you follow me," she barked as she turned to go upstairs.

"I won't," I said, but got up to trail her just the same.

"Don't come upstairs," she commanded as I started up the stairs behind her, mesmerized by her bare ass.

"I won't," I repeated.

"Don't you dare come into my room," she said softly, as she walked down the hallway and passed through her bedroom door.

"I won't, Mom," I guaranteed as I padded behind her to her bed.

"Don't try to fuck me again," she said as she stretched out on her tummy on the bed, lifting her ass up into the air and spreading her legs.

"I won't fuck you again, Mom," I promised as I shuffled in behind her and nosed my cock up to her pussy.

"Francis, no! Don't take me from behind," she cried.

"Never!" I gasped as I shoved my cock all the way into her cunt.

"Don't fuck me really hard, son."

"I won't, Mom" I agreed as I reached out to grasp her hair, tugged her head back and began to really shove it in her.

"D ... O ... O ... O ... N'T," she yelled as my bucking my hips slammed against her ass.

A few minutes later, as I lay spent on her back, her legs splayed wide, my still embedded cock dripping inside her, I whispered in her ear, "Don't milk me with your pussy, Mom."

"I won't, son" she said, laughing as she clutched me with her cunt, tugging my cock down into the mattress.

She squeezed even harder as I pulled my swelling cock out of her. "Don't pull out, son," she begged.

"I won't, Mom," I lied as I pulled my tool slowly out.

"Don't shove it back into me ... please don't." I slid my hardening tool into her as slowly as I possibly could. When I was fully embedded in her I kept pushing in short shoves, moving her up until her head was against the headboard. I pushed my tongue into her ear.

"Don't fuck me all afternoon, Mom," I groaned.

"Not a chance son," she laughed, her throaty voice stiffening my cock. She twisted and pulled on me with her clutching pussy. "Your Dad won't be home until late tonight," she laughed again as she splayed her arms out to her sides and began moving her hips up and down on my stiff member, fully plugged inside her from behind, between her wide open legs.

I'll let you know more about my suddenly horny mother in my next letter. Looking forward to receiving more from all of you. Until then.

Part 2 from Chapter 6.

Hi everyone. Francis here again. Refresher time. My Mom is a quite pretty, thin woman with really small tits (but great nipples) and a skinny ass. You may recall that, during our heat wave this past summer, Mom walked around the house in just a shirt without a bra, and then even no shirt, just her panties. She eventually let me play with her tits and even suck them. But when I pulled her t-shirt over her head I hit paydirt. She got very, very excited with her face covered and I quickly took advantage, plugging her right there on the couch. That was followed up by a great fuck session when I followed her upstairs even though she told me not to. As promised, this is what happened after that.

As I guess is fairly common, at least according to many of the letters circulated amongst this group, Mom had second thoughts about what we did. She acted like it hadn't even happened and started wearing clothes around the house again, even though it was still really hot. I thought this would wane, given the heat, but she insisted on being fully dressed. When I commented about the heat and how much more comfortable she'd be if she lost her blouse, or her pants, or her skirt on different occasions, she invariably got angry with me. So I quit trying.

Then one day I had an idea and brought a peace offering home for her. A present.

"But what is it?" she asked, turning the package over and over.

"Open it and see," I said.

"You shouldn't be wasting your money on presents for me," she complained. "You should be saving for school."

"Mom, come on. Open it," I insisted.

"Alright," she sounded put out but looked pleased nonetheless.

In that motherly fashion, she slowly opened the package being careful not to tear the paper. After folding the fancy wrapping paper, she opened the clothing box within to reveal an elegant pair of shimmering silk pajamas with a matching robe.

"Oh my," she exclaimed, very surprised and pleased, "it's beautiful. But this must be so expensive," she complained a moment later. "Francis, you really shouldn't have. You must take it back."

"No way, Mom. You've been dying in this heat. This outfit will keep you cool, and it's very proper, even demure."

Mom nodded her agreement as she surveyed the buttons that ran all the way up the front of the top, the pants that would run half way down her calves, and the thicker coat that would cover the whole thing down to the middle of her thighs as an extra protective layer from prying eyes without adding much of an insulating effect because of the silky material.

"Francis, you really shouldn't have."

"Go try it on Mom."

"But I can't keep it. It isn't right."

"Just try it on," I insisted, pushing her toward the stairs.

Finally, the woman in her took over. She gave in and took the outfit upstairs. A few minutes later, she reappeared at the top of the stairs and made a graceful entrance, in a slow and elegant descent. She really did look truly beautiful in this outfit, surpassing my expectations by quite a measure.

I took her hand at the bottom of the stairs, leading her a few steps and then twirling her around, holding her hand high above her head. She laughed and primped, obviously pleased with the look and feel of the pajama set.

"Can I really keep it?" she asked, changing her mind.

"Of course. You'd hurt my feelings if you didn't."

"It feels so good, so cool and flattering. Does it look OK?" she asked, suddenly insecure.

"You look gorgeous in it Mom," I assured her, the honesty in my eyes instantly reassuring her. She danced away to the kitchen.

"Come on," she tinkled, I'll make us some margaritas to celebrate.

I followed her to the kitchen where she started to make our drinks.

"It's very conservative, Mom," I commented as I eyed her from behind, "but I imagine it would be quite racy without the jacket, even buttoned up to your neck."

"Oh, I think so," she agreed innocently, "it really clings to you. You just couldn't wear it without the jacket."

Mom finished making the margaritas and we went outside to sit in the shade and drink them. We drank two more apiece, with me offering to make both, an offer she gladly accepted in the heat. When we finished those, I insisted she make the next batch but she claimed she couldn't drink anymore since she was already too tipsy. But I insisted, arguing that I had made two to her one and she owed me. I followed her into the kitchen to watch her make the drinks.

"Why don't you take the jacket off Mom?"

"No, I don't think so," her voice slurring a little.

"Come on Mom," I whined, "just let me see what it looks like."

"It really is too racy, Francis. I don't think I'd feel comfortable."

"But it buttons right up to your neck, Mom, for heavens sake."

"Yes, but it really is clingy, it's very revealing, and you know you get carried away, you don't just look."

"But you can drape the scarf over your shoulders. It will cover you just as much as the jacket and be even cooler."

"The scarf," she asked, "what scarf?"

"You didn't see it?" I replied, "I'll go get it."

I ran into the living room and grabbed the scarf from behind a pillow where I'd hidden it earlier that day and returned to the kitchen carrying the long scarf of the same shimmering green material. Mom looked at it with approval after seeing that it possessed the same opaque qualities as the rest of the outfit. She slipped the jacket off, being careful to keep her chest facing away from me. I swapped the scarf for the jacket and carefully hung it over the back of a chair. When I turned to face her, Mom had draped the scarf over her neck. I imagine she had placed it strategically to cover her breasts, or nipples to be more accurate in her case.

From behind, I could see every trace of her hips, the cup of her ass below each cheek, and the line between them. Not that I could see through the material. It just clung to her flesh as she had said, like the lady in the shop had assured me when I asked for something very sexy for my girlfriend that would still make her feel as if she was dressed demurely. That saleswoman knew her stuff. Any woman would look hotter in this thing that she would naked.

I walked up behind Mom and stood very close to her while she finished up our drinks. "Are you really not going to let me see you in just the pajama part?"

"No Francis."

"Just a peek, Mom. I'll be good."

"Just a peek?" she asked. "You promise you'll be good."

"I will, Mom. But not too quick. Be fair."

"Alright. But just a peek and then we'll finish our drinks outside."

Mom turned around, leaning against the counter, her hands holding the ends of the scarf. She was looking up at me for confirmation. I nodded. She cast her eyes down, her hands pulling the scarf tight as she did, stretching across her chest, outlining her little bumps and the long nipples poking up from their shallow rise. She pulled the scarf quickly away to each side and then back just as fast.

"No fair, Mom. That wasn't fair," I complained.

Mom laughed. "Ok, ok, I couldn't resist a little tease." She stopped laughing, then with a serious look on her face, she slowly pulled the scarf apart again. This time, she gave me plenty of time to check out her chest, my eyes of course focusing on her nipples. I could swear they grew as I watched. I could hardly contain my excitement knowing she was getting excited too, despite her stance that she wasn't interested in going down that path again. Her nipples had definitely hardened.

When she looked like she was about to close the scarf, I beat her to the punch, turning away. "Thanks Mom, I really appreciate you letting me see."

I grabbed both our drinks and led the way out to the patio, smiling to myself at how well I had handled that.

After we sipped our way through the drinks, I offered to make one final set. I stood up and retrieved my glass. Mom was clearly at the limit of her alcohol consumption, and looked like she might nod off.

"Did you really want another one, Mom?" She shook her head. "Ok, I'll just put the glasses away. Hey, you know what else you can use the scarf for, Mom?"

She didn't respond at first, just laying there with her eyes closed, then quietly, "What?"

"A sunscreen," I answered, "You can drape it over your face and hardly know it's there." I retrieved her glass and passed it to my other hand which was already holding my glass. With my free hand, I grasped the end of the scarf and tugged it from behind her neck as she lay on the lounge. Quickly, I draped it over her face. "Try it while I put these away."

I hated to leave, wanting instead to watch her nipples, now bereft of the scarf and covered only by the pajamas, rise and fall with her breathing. I hurried back but approached stealthily to conceal my return. I stood watching her breasts and the way her breath moved the scarf as it lay over her face, triggering the memory of her rapid excitement when I first covered her face. My cock stirred.

Quietly, I moved forward, kneeling at her side. I pressed the scarf back on each side of her head, stretching it across her face. Moving my hands to her face, I gently pressed the scarf around her face with my cupped fingers whispering, "It's neat how the scarf accents your features." Mom didn't react except her breathing quickened. I circled her mouth, running my finger around the outline of her lips, toward the inside, finally dipping in a little as her lips parted, poking the scarf in a bit. "Keep it on for a few minutes," I continued whispering as I wound the scarf behind her head, crossing it and pulling it tight in a knot. Mom was definitely breathing faster.

I moved my eyes down to her breasts and followed with my hands. Pressing the material to her sides, I again whispered, "This material is very flattering, Mom." Her nipples were jutting from her chest. "It really accents your features. Definitely very flattering."

I pinched the pajamas on each side and moved it up and down on her chest, teasing her nipples as it brushed over them. I kept doing this, without rebuke, for several minutes. Mom was breathing in short, rapid gasps.

"I think you've had too much to drink, Mom. I'm going to take you upstairs so you can have a nap before Dad gets home." I slid my hand under her and picked her up. She circled her arms around my neck and pressed her face into my chest.

Upstairs, I lay her on the bed. She waited, her breathing still indicating that she was excited by this blindfold scenario. I let her wait for a full minute before moving my hands to press the material to her sides, deliciously outlining her tits. Once again I moved the material along her sides to brush it back and forth over her nipples. After a few minutes of this, I let go of the material to take possession of her tits. I pinched her nipples between my thumbs and forefingers, rolling and pulling them away from her. She gasped audibly. Moving my hands to her buttons, I slowly I undid each one, without a sound from Mom except for her breathing. I pulled the pajamas apart just enough to expose her breasts. Again, I let her wait as I stared at her delicious tits with such incredibly hard and long nipples. I wondered if she knew how gorgeous her tiny tits really were.

I moved my hands down her legs, pushing them apart, then slid in over the inside of her thighs until I cupped my hands around her pussy. Pushing her legs even further apart, I pressed the pajamas tight to her thighs, stretching the thin material across her pussy to highlight her mound.

"Look at that," I whispered. I formed my hands like a viewfinder and pressed in harder to accentuate her pussy even more. Pulling my hands away, I stood up straight and let her wait again. As she lay there, her legs closed but I pushed them apart again. I tugged her pajamas down, overcoming the resistance at her hips and moving on until

they were very low, stretching across her pubic area just over her pussy with her hair tufting out above the waistband. She gasped again. I had surprised her. I'm sure she thought I would return to her.

Minutes later, I grasped the bottom of her pajama legs and pulled, tugging them off her pelvis and down her legs. She wasn't wearing anything underneath and tried to close her legs but I pushed them apart yet again. Wait. Wait with your face covered, I thought, wait for it.

Her breathing had slowed and softened but she drew in a sharp breath when she heard me slowly drag my zipper down. I undressed, in no hurry -- with the scarf acting as a blindfold, I somehow knew I didn't need to rush. I made a point of letting her hear my clothes rustle as I peeled them off and dropped them to the floor. When I at last threw my shorts down hard I surprised her again by not waiting. Quickly I crawled on my knees between her legs, slipping my hands behind her knees and pushing her thighs back, raising her ass and pussy toward my advancing cock. I nosed up and shoved in right away, pushing until I was fully inside her.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh," she squealed.

Impatiently, I began fucking her hard. I didn't pause, I didn't stop, I just hammered into her.

"Unnnngghhh, unnnnggghhhh, unnnnngggghhhh."

Slap, slap, slap, slap ... steady and fast my thighs slapped against her upturned buttocks. Not faster, not slower, just a steady furious fuck.

"Ugh, ugh, ugh," I repeated, over and over.

I kept it up until I exploded in her. I let her legs fall to my sides and lay there with my cock still in her. She lay still except for a periodic jerk of her hips and pull on my cock as it lost its rigidity. I slipped out of her and rose to go clean myself in my parents ensuite.

When I returned, Mom had rolled over onto her tummy, still naked. I imagine she was waiting for me to go before removing the blindfold. As I approached the bed, the sight of her ass, her legs tight together with her right foot crossed over her left leg near the ankle, fired me up again. Kneeling on the bed, my cock was already stiffening. Delicately, I lifted her right leg and pulled it to the side, gently urging her legs apart. She complied, opening a narrow gorge up to her ass.

I waddled forward until my knees were straddling her thighs. Leaning over, I lowered my pelvis until my cock dipped between her thighs, not touching. Slowly, I moved my dangling cock ahead until it bumped against her, below her ass, right at the apex of her thighs, the head touching her pussy.

"Ohhhh."

I rubbed it up and down her slit, trying without success to move it inside.

"ohhhhhh."

"Lift up, baby," I whispered, "Lift it for me."

Mom lifted her hips up a couple of inches. My cockhead slipped in an inch.

"ohhhhhhhhhh."

Back and forth I urged my hardening member but the angle wasn't sufficient for me to go deeper.

"Come on, baby, lift it," I pleaded, "let me come in."

Up another couple of inches. I slipped in another inch or so.

"ohhhhhh, ohhhhh, ohhhhh."

I slid back and forth, pushing to gain further entry.

"ohhhhhh, ohhhhh, ohhhhhh."

Then I pushed in one long, slow shove, lifting her several inches on my own.

"Unnnnnngggghhhhhhhh."

"That's it, that's it," I cried. When I was fully in her, I squeezed my knees together, forcing hers between and her pussy tight on my embedded cock. Slipping my hands down her waist toward her head which still lay on the bed, I took hold of the scarf. Withdrawing, I tugged on the scarf, pulling her head up from the bed until her face rested on her chin. I pulled my cock right out, paused, and then slipped in back in a long slow push. I repeated this for a couple of minutes, resisting the urge to begin slamming into her again. I was rewarded with a low moan which

began building as I maintained my slow, deliberate fuck. As she became more audible and her moans lengthened, I spoke again, no longer whispering, "No one fucks you like this. Only I fuck you like this."

She moaned louder.

"Isn't that right?" I bulged my cock into her on that thrust. She moaned even louder.

"Right?" I insisted, "Right?"

"Yes," her voice was halting, then in time with my thrusts, "yes ... yes ... yes."

I kept it up, every few thrusts I shoved in harder, forcing a grunt. I was able to last this time until she finally came. I pushed her flat on the bed, digging my cock in her as she shuddered against the mattress, pushing her pussy even further into the bed on her own. When she was finally still, I slid out, quietly picked up all my clothes, and left.

Part 3 from Chapter 8.

So, I didn't have an opportunity to have Mom for some time after our 'pajama' affair. Not that Mom ignored me. Quite contrary, she seemed to take every opportunity to tease me. She wore blouses undone down to her navel when Dad wasn't around, allowing me to glimpse her small tits. If Dad was around, she would stretch when he

wasn't looking, thrusting her nipples against the material of her blouse. She seemed to revel in such teasing but she didn't make herself available for more.

Weeks went by like this. Then one day at dinner, Dad announced that he was leaving for several days on a business trip and was catching a flight later that night. If I took him to the airport, I could use his car, as long as I picked him up as well.

"Oh Tom," Mother sighed, "do you have to go away for so long? You know I don't sleep well when you're gone."

"Come on, now," Dad consoled her, "you know you're perfectly safe with Francis around. He's more than capable of looking after you."

"I'm sure he is," Mom smiled sweetly at me, "but I need something a little extra when you're away."

"You're not taking pills again, are you?" Dad asked, his voice worried.

"No, no. But I got something to help me sleep, just the same."

"What?"

"A sleeping mask."

"Oh. Do you think that will work?" Dad asked, not convinced because Mom had complained about insomnia for years.

"Oh, I think it will be very effective," Mom replied, turning to look at me. "What do you think, Francis?"

I blushed furiously. "I guess so."

"Well, I hope so," Dad said, giving me an odd look. Standing, he went on, "I'd better get going. Come on, Francis."

"Don't you want to see the pajamas it comes with?" Mom complained.

"I don't have time, honey. Wait until I get back."

"That will be too late," Mom whined, "they'll be old by then."

"Well, show them to Francis. Then he can buy another pair and you can show them to me when I get back. Can you do that, Francis?"

"Sure Dad." I smiled at Dad and then at Mom.

"Ok, honey?" Dad asked Mom, picking up his suitcase at the door and pulling on his coat.

"Alright. I'm sure Francis has the same taste as you." Mom smiled broadly at me. Dad gave her a peck on the cheek and turned to go out the door. Mom held the mask up to her face and blew me a kiss. "Hurry back," she said.

Fortunately, Dad was worried about being late so I was able to drive fast to the airport. On the way back, I wasn't very safe. I burst into the house, to find it dimly lit by candles placed on various tables in the living room and in the kitchen.

"Pour us some wine, Francis," Mom's voice drifted down the stairs.

By the time I had poured the wine, Mom was standing at the bottom of the stairs. She wore a long, filmy, almost transparent green robe. Underneath, I could see an undergarment of the same material draped from her shoulders, falling sleeveless almost to her knees. Suspended around her neck she wore the mask she had displayed earlier. It rested on her breasts, covering them. Otherwise, I would have been able to make out the bare shape of her tits despite being covered by two layers of the filmy material of her 'pajamas'.

Mom took a glass of wine from my hand as she walked past me into the living room. "Put some mood music on, Francis."

Her movements were elegant and incredibly sexy despite her very slight frame and too thin legs. When I moved to take her into my arms, she pushed me away. "Go upstairs and put on one of Dad's suits."

When I returned, dressed to the hilt in Dad's most expensive suit -- shirt, tie, jacket and even shoes -- Mom was still standing next to the stereo. Except for an almost empty glass of wine, nothing had changed. Without her asking, I grabbed the bottle and refilled her glass as she held her hand out to me, the filmy robe hanging from her slender arm.

"Thank you, sweetie," she purred.

She turned her back to me.

"What do you think?"

I took time to run my eyes over her before answering. I wanted her to know that I was truly appreciative.

"Awesome, Mom."

"Thank you, sir." She turned back to face me. "And what about this side?" she asked.

Again, I took my time appraising her form, running my eyes up and down as she watched. "Double awesome, Mom. Dad will be pleased."

She looked at me oddly, then smiled. Arching her back, she thrust her breasts up. "Dance with me?"

In response, I moved forward to take her into my arms. We danced for several songs. I didn't try to touch her inappropriately. I treated her as if we were on a public ballroom dance floor, thankful for the lessons she had insisted I take with her since my father had refused. At the end of the last dance, she rose up on tippy toes to kiss me, her breasts pointing into my chest. "Let's take a break for awhile," she whispered, though we were definitely alone.

We simply stood there, Mom chatting inanely about normal house stuff, while we finished our wine. As she talked, I swept my eyes up and down her body. Mom didn't seem to mind. If anything, she seemed pleased by my rapt attentions. After she swallowed the last drop, she whispered, "Put on something softer, for slow dancing."

When I turned to take her once more into my arms, she had tossed the robe onto the couch. She stood there with only the nightie covering her, her body showing through. Though the mask still covered her breasts, I could see that the panties were a simple wrap of the same material running over her hips and down between her legs. Mom raised her arms and her eyebrows as she saw where my gaze had fallen.

I danced with her just as I had before, without groping or unnecessary touching. Just dancing. After the first song, Mom peeled the suit jacket off my shoulders. After the second, she loosened my tie and pulled it through the collar and off at the end of the third song. By the middle of the fourth, enough buttons were undone to show the hair on my chest. I kicked off my shoes. In between the fifth and sixth songs, I lifted the mask from Mom's chest and adjusted it to fit snugly on her head. Mom kissed my chest during that dance. When it ended, I slid my hands down her back, below and under the hem of her transparent nightie, and up onto her ass.

I had noticed while dancing that the material of Mom's panties met in the back and was snapped together. Pulling the snap apart, I snaked the material through her legs, pulling it away in my hands. Mom gasped into my chest as the seventh song started. Barely moving to the music, I pulled her hands together behind her back and used her panties to tie them together. Mom's breathing was getting shorter and quicker as the song played on.

I pulled away, leaving her in the middle of the room, swaying to the music, tied and blindfolded.

Picking up her discarded robe, I stepped near. Slowly, I wrapped her robe around and around her head, finally tucking the end in, and stepped away. I undressed, saying nothing, but letting her hear the clothes being dragged from my body and dropped to the floor. I undressed completely and approached her from behind, though I could tell she still thought I was in front of her.

My cock sprung from my body at a proud angle, jutting ahead of me. I guided it carefully into her soft hands, bound behind her, threading it between her fingers. Grasping her hair, I lowered my lips to kiss the nape of her neck, pushing myself through her fingers. I whispered in her ear.

"Do you remember where it likes to go?"

She drew her breath in sharply, but remained silent.

I pulled back and thrust slowly through her fingers again.

"Help it," I whispered, hoarsely. "Help it find the place it loves."

A few more shoves and Mom's hands reacted, pulling me forward, nosing my cock down, between her cheeks, below her ass and into the dark, damp triangle. I thrust ahead, she bent forward, stumbling toward the window. I turned her, guiding her, past the coffee table, until her knees hit the couch. She crawled onto it, slowly, holding my member against her soft butt. She braced her knees wide apart, and leaned forward until her face lay against the wall, all the while holding my cock at the entrance to her pussy.

"Do you like it there," I asked.

"Yes," she moaned.

"Do you want it inside?"

"Yessss," she moaned again.

"Then pull it in."

Mom pulled, but I resisted, letting her just get the tip into her. I kissed her between her shoulder blades, sucking on her skin. Pulling up to nibble the nape of her neck, I whispered harshly, "Come on, pull it in."

Mom pulled harder but I pulled back almost as hard. Our tug of war continued until she managed to get the head in. I slipped my hands under her arms and underneath her nightie to cup her little tits, pinching her long, hard nipples, squeezing and stretching them forward into the couch.

"Ohhhhhhh, God," Mom groaned.

"If you really want it, pull it in." I pinched her nipples harder, tugging them out even more.

"ohhhhh, god ... ohhhhh, God." She pulled on my cock.

"Come on," I urged, "Pull it in ... suck it into your pussy."

Mom yanked on me, shoving a couple of inches in until her hands got in the way. Yanking her arms up, forcing her head harder onto the couch, I thrust up hard the rest of the way into her, lifting her knees right off the couch. With her legs splayed widely across the back of the couch, I began fucking her in earnest, holding her up by her arms tied behind her back.

As she moaned and grunted, I talked. "Do you love fucking me? ... Who fucks you the best?"

I don't know if I was insecure, wanting confirmation that she wanted me more than Dad, or what. I just kept rattling out these stupid comments, not expecting an answer and never getting one.

Mom just let me work on her, urging me on with her 'ohhhs' and 'ahhhs' and groans and moans. By the end, just before I burst in her, her feet were stretched out so far her toes were dug into the arms on each side of the couch, and my thrusts were sliding her head up the wall. It was incredibly intense.

After we were done, we went upstairs. I followed Mom into her and Dad's bed, getting in on Dad's side. Mom turned on her side away from me to sleep. I nestled in behind her, lifted the nightie which she was still wearing, and pushed my cock between her legs. She pulled away and twisted forward to evade my eager rod. Stymied, I noticed the sleeping mask was still hanging around her neck, so I pulled it up and fitted it on her face.

Though she may have thought I had given in and was just helping her get ready for a good night's sleep, she didn't object when I started poking my cock into her again. Instead, she just leaned forward to give me better access. I slipped my cock inside her and fucked her until I came. I loved the feel of her this way, calmly fucking her, relishing in the slick feel of her as my cock moved back and forth until I couldn't hold back and twisted her onto her tummy for the final intense hump. There was a repeat the following morning when I entered her before she could remove the mask.

At breakfast, there was a knock on the door. It was a delivery man with a courier package for Mom from Dad. She had to sign for it so I asked the man to wait just inside the door while I went to the kitchen to explained to Mom that she had to sign for a package. I slipped the sleeping mask, which she was still wearing around her neck, onto her face. Pulling her up by the hand, I led her to the front door. Mom didn't know the man was inside until she was

very close. I could feel her stiffen and balk as she heard his breathing, and the rustle of his coat as he handed me the clipboard.

"Sign here," he said. Ignoring me, he ogled Mom, dressed only in her almost see through nightie.

"We can't sign until we see if the contents are OK," I said.

"You're just signing to acknowledge receipt," the man responded, not even looking at me, his eyes running up and down Mom's body. "You can make a claim of there's anything wrong."

"We'd like to be sure," I insisted.

He turned to me to argue, then said, "Ah sure, sure. Go ahead, open it. I'll wait." He was in no hurry, now realizing he could ogle Mom while I fiddled with the package. I handed the clipboard back to him.

"It's a present from Dad, Mom."

The man glanced at me, his eyes widening.

I ripped the package open. Mom stood there, trembling, her face red.

It was another nightie, quite similar to the one Mom was wearing. I told Mom.

"We want to try it on to make sure it fits."

"Sure, sure," the man replied.

"They're beautiful, Mom. Just like these but bright blue." I placed my hand on her shoulder and dragged her nightie off, over her arm, and then did the other side. The nightie was stretched to Mom's outer arms, tightly across her breasts. Her nipples strained upward against the taut material.

The man's mouth dropped open.

I pressed Mom's arms together and pulled the material forward off her tits, letting it fall around her waist. I pushed it over her hips and let it drop to the floor, leaving Mom standing there in just her panties. Stooping to pick up her new nightie, I pulled it down over her head, slipped her arms through, and draped it over her body.

"Well, that part fits," I commented drily. "Let's try the panties."

Mom visibly tensed, but didn't move. Stepping behind her, I reached under the nightie to grasp her panties on each side and tugged them down her thighs, her calves, and off her feet, one at a time. Picking up the new panties, I slipped them over her feet and pulled them up, slowly, snugging them over her cheeks and pulling the sides up onto her hips. Putting my arms around her, I cupped her tits.

"What do you think?" I asked, "Isn't my Mom beautiful?"

It took a moment, but eventually the man responded, "You're a very lucky young man."

"Let her sign now," I said.

He held out the clipboard and guided Mom's hand to the right position but the man didn't notice, his eyes were still on her tits.

"Thanks for your patience," I said. As he opened the door to leave, I whispered to Mom but loud enough so he could still hear, "Let's start enjoying Dad's present right away."

I locked the door after he left and steered Mom to the couch. I almost had to carry her, her legs were so wobbly.

As soon as we reached the couch, she immediately stretched her feet out to the arms and placed the side of her head against the wall. I pulled the panties to the side and shoved myself inside her. It didn't take long, for either of us.