LOOKALIKE GF AND MOTHER. UH OH

Disclaimers -- This is fictional and inspired by a popular story on this site. That one also featured a lookalike mother and girlfriend but it was written from the mother's point of view and quite a bit different than this one, which is much longer than I expected when I began to write it. I considered splitting it into chapters but the first part wouldn't have qualified as Taboo and I didn't want to have the two (or three) in separate genres.

If you're a fan of pregnancy or freakishly large cocks and breasts, you'd best seek another story more to your tastes. I've given up trying to find editors so the editing is mine alone. Please let me know if there are errors. I've re-read it in pieces a few times but I'm sure to have missed something. And I do reply to comments.

CHAPTER 1

Intro

I had never entertained sexual thoughts or desires for my mother. It's not that she was hideous or obese or foul-tempered. Quite the opposite in fact. She resembled the mother on The Partridge Family -- blonde, trim and cute but not exactly oozing sex appeal. While I had x-rated fantasies about a couple of aunts, I never thought of my mother, Shirley, that way.

When you're an 18 year-old male, your mind wanders all over the sexual terrain. But it was as though there was a big EWWWW sign over the track in the direction of my mother. As for me, blond hair, 5'11" (180 cm) slim and about to enter my freshman year. It had just been my mother and I for several years after my father packed up and left.

As the university was around 300 miles (480 km) away, I was to live in residence. I promised my mother I'd come home once a month and politely listened to her departure advice.

"Keep up your studies.

"Socialize but don't let it interfere with your schoolwork."

"Just because you're of drinking age (18 in our neck of the woods), don't go overboard."

"Try to meet a nice girl.

Meeting Stefanie

I ignored the first three but soon enough met a nice girl. We had a History class together where she asked smart questions and quietly mocked the dumber ones. We got chatting and soon discovered we liked the same music (Clash, Police, Madonna, OK, everybody liked them, how about Kate Bush and Squeeze), the same contemporary movies (Prick Up Your Ears and Under Fire), NPR radio, Shakespeare and smoking dope. More importantly, we laughed at the same things.

I could tell she liked me and I liked her too. But there was one problem. She looked like an 18 year-old version of my mother, even down to the same height, body shape, hair-style and how her nose wrinkled when she laughed. At least she didn't like The Partridge Family. Her name was Stefanie which made it weirder because my name is Stefan.

So for the longest time I friend-zoned her. We hung out a lot, had a weekly study session in the library and went out on lots of group dates where we'd spend most of the time talking to each other. My residence pals caught on and Dwight, my mountain bear of a roommate, questioned why I hadn't asked her out.

"Aww, she's nice enough but I just like her as a friend."

"But she's pretty and likes you. And she'd be putting out in no time."

I suspected that. And that was the problem. Every time I'd imagine something sexual with her, I'd get this vision of my mother and, ewww.

But I really enjoyed her company and enjoyed having someone who was sort of a girlfriend. Still, I recoiled any time there was an opportunity to kiss her.

Around mid-semester I went home for the weekend. My mother was glad to see me and over-fussed. After the usual school questions,

"So Stefan, have you met any nice girls?"

"Well, one, but we're just friends."

"Is that friends or 'friends'?" as she air-quoted.

"Friends, without quotes,"

"Well she must be a bit special for you to mention her."

"We get along really well but there's no chemistry, at least on my part."

"So there is on her part?"

"I don't know that."

"But you suspect so, or you wouldn't have mentioned 'on my part'."

I felt stymied. Words were failing me and I shook my head.

"Is she nice looking?"

Uh oh. I could sense dangerous ground here. I was disinclined to come right out and say she looked just like my mom because who knew where that would lead. Nowhere good I reckoned.

"Yes, she's pretty."

"Pretty, likes you and you enjoy her company. Stefan, give it some thought. Women with that combination don't come around very often. Is there some drawback you haven't mentioned?"

Now was the time. Except it absolutely wasn't. I racked my brain for a failing, but the only failing was my brain.

"Well..." long pause, "her parents live on the West Coast." Even my slow-witted self could see the No Sale sign going up on that one.

My mother looked at me as though she hadn't heard right, shook her head, made a "pffft" sound but then thankfully let me off the hook.

I got back to college and there was already a message from Stefanie. I called her right away.

"How was your weekend home? Did you miss me?"

"You know how those home weekends are. Lots of grilling about school and college life."

"That answers one of my questions."

"It was only a weekend. Just a couple of nights. If it had been a couple more then I'm sure I would have missed you. But we're talking now."

"Hmmm, I'll accept that. Of course I didn't miss you in the slightest."

"Then the phone message was an accident?"

"No, I actually wanted to know if you'd like to increase the study evenings. End of term is coming up and I seem to get more done when we study together. Would you mind Tuesdays and Thursdays?"

We already had our History class Monday, Wednesday and Friday and usually hung out on the weekend. This was beginning to feel like going steady but hell, I liked her company.

"Sure. If you flunked out on my account I'd really miss you."

"Thanks. I'd rather I didn't and rather you didn't, though I like that you said it."

After that Stefanie started getting more touchy-feely. Little things like sometimes grabbing my arm when she was talking to me or playfully shoving me Elaine Benes style if we were arguing about something.

A few weeks later there was a party at one of the student dorms. I was with my residence buddies and Stefanie turned up with some of her pals. She came over and hugged me and we started chatting. She was beaming and it felt like there was an undercurrent of something, tension?

Just then Dwight came over.

"Hey Stef, Marvin's breaking out the wacky tabacky. Want some?"

"Of course."

Stefanie chimed in. "I'm Stef too. Is this Boys Only or are women welcome too?"

"Stef and Stef. Sounds like... I dunno. But sure ma'am. You're very welcome."

Dwight was a slow talking good ol' boy who enjoyed his weed and as he described himself, "your basic C & D student". I liked him but suspected there'd be long spells of unemployment and underemployment in his future.

Marvin was the main dorm connection. A fast talker and entrepreneurial. Everyone knew not to ask where he got it from but he always had it. He was likeable enough but confuted volubility with insight. I didn't mind so much as I usually agreed with him but he did go on with conventional observations that he'd declaim in a tone of voice suggestive of stone tablets.

"You see, I don't want MY tax dollars paying for police to go after kids who are just smoking a harmless plant."

Well yeah. Not that he was paying taxes, and I noted the self-interest. I imagined his future as one of intermittent successes and jail time. I must have imagined that aloud as Stefanie whispered "My thoughts exactly."

There were eight or nine of us in the room and a few bowls had been passed around. It was good stuff and I was getting to that stage where whatever I said came as a surprise, especially to me.

Stefanie was looking glassy-eyed and leaned over on me. "This is really hitting me Stefan, do you mind?"

"Not at all. Make yourself comfortable." She snuggled closer and I put my arm around her shoulder. The physical contact was feeling very nice. We kind of dozed with occasional interruptions from Marvin.

"What people have to realize is that nukes can wipe out EVERYONE!"

I'd done enough realizing for the night and asked Stefanie if she wanted to leave. She put her arm around me. "Let's go."

Out in the fresh air we looked around. "Walk me home Stefan? That stuff was strong."

I'd never walked her home before. It was only a couple of blocks to her dorm and though it sounds minor, it felt like a significant step. If I hadn't been so buzzed I might have had more of a clue of the steps to come.

She fastened on to my arm and staggered once or twice. The second time she put her arm around my waist and I reciprocated by putting mine around her shoulders. We didn't talk much and I tried to steer what conversation there was to safe topics like Dwight's and Marvin's foibles.

At her doorstep she thanked me for getting her home and then lunged forward and kissed me on the lips. "Thanks again Stefan."

I mumbled a goodnight and turned away. Somehow I knew this moment would come. Now what? I didn't want to push it forward but I didn't think I could, well, whatever the equivalent of break-up is when you're not actually going out with someone. On the other hand, if she hadn't had a roommate and had invited me upstairs, I doubt I would have had the willpower to resist. It ain't easy keeping the harness on 18 year-old hormones. I wondered how I'd feel in the morning.

Which I never found out. It was almost 1:00 when I awoke. It was the first real dope-over I'd experienced and I just wandered around, watched TV and shot the breeze with the less studious dorm-mates. Stefanie called in the late afternoon.

"Hey Stefan. You want to get together in the library after dinner?"

"Sure. It's a date." Geez, what did I just say? But I did have a term paper due in a couple of days and had wasted most of this one.

We met up at the library, had some brief school talk and got to work. Around 10 we packed it in and she asked if I wanted to go for a coffee. I sensed that the coffee would come with A Talk but could see no way out of it. And sure enough...

"Thanks again for getting me home last night Stefan."

"No prob. That's what friends are for, right?"

Small grimace from her. "Stefan, did I kiss you goodnight?"

I nodded. Safer than words.

"Oh my. I was wondering if I'd imagined it."

"No, it happened."

"Did you mind? Did you like it?"

Two questions for the price of one. The first looked to be the easier reply. "No, we were both under the influence. No harm done." In thinking back I remembered liking it.

"I see you've a habit of answering only one of my questions. And the second?"

I liked that Stefanie was smart. Except for times like these. Lyrics from that Joni Mitchell tune came to mind.

You don't like weak women;

You get bored so quick,

And you don't like strong women

'Cause they're hip to your tricks.

"Yes, I liked it but in my condition I couldn't remember it too well." In that moment I thought that by using the faulty memory qualifier I might lower the positivity, or something like that. And that's why I waltzed right into the set-up.

"Well, we could try it again. Straight."

"Well, um.." and a few more semi-articulated sounds, "I wouldn't mind, I mean, I'm tempted, but I like our friendship and wouldn't want to ruin it." I'd once been on the receiving end of that line and was hoping it would stump her as much as it had me.

"I like our friendship too Stefan but don't you think we could enhance it?"

"Well, um..." it was like a favourite chess opening that I was familiar with, not that I'm much of a chess player. But Stefanie was in no mood to wait for a reply that looked to be long in coming.

"Look, I've enjoyed your company and being around you. And we've spent a lot of time together. I'm attracted to you and I thought you might be attracted to me too. Aren't you?"

She had such a sweet smile as she said this and I wanted to answer in kind. I hesitated, her smile receded and I saw my mother.

"So I've just made a fool of myself, haven't I?"

"No Stefanie, not at all. It's just, I don't know. I like you too of course and look forward to being with you."

She brightened a little and I couldn't resist. "Look, I really do value our friendship but maybe we can try for a little more. But let's take it slow and see how it suits us. If we rush into things and it doesn't work out then it would be too difficult to go back to being friends."

She'd been leaning forward with an intense look and paused when I finished.

"Well OK then. Would it be too much rushing if I kissed you now?"

I don't have to say how I replied, do I?

We kissed a couple of times, lots of lip but no tongue. I walked her home again and she was laughing and giddy.

"You know Stefan, I think I'm really going to enjoy, check, WE'RE really going to enjoy our...new friendship."

As we were both Casablanca fans, I couldn't resist.

"Stefanie, I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship."

She laughed, we kissed a few more times when we got to her dorm and I wandered home wondering where we'd go from here.

It was only a couple of weeks till the end of term so we were both very busy. We still had our library nights which were now Sunday through Thursday and we still went on group dates Saturdays and Sundays. I always walked her home, we kissed more and not only at her dorm entrance and sometimes even held hands. It occasionally felt high-schoolish to me but I was still nervous about upping things to college level.

I hadn't made it home in the past month with the end of term workload and, to be honest, the pleasure of Stefanie's company so I'd been calling my mother every week. In the last call she asked about my Christmas plans.

"I'll be home for a couple of weeks I guess."

"And what about your friend? Are you still seeing her?

Sigh. "Yes."

"Would she like to visit with you?"

"I doubt it Mom. It's Christmas for her family too and she has to fly to the west coast."

"OK, but would you do me a favour?"

"Yeess."

"Please tell her I've invited her to visit."

"Mom, there's no point. She has to see her own family."

"Just ask her though, promise?"

"Okay. Bye. See you in a week or so."

Now I hadn't told either Stefanie or my mother how much they looked alike. It never seemed the right time and just the thought of it put me into that Scarlett O'Hara 'I'll-think-about-that-tomorrow' mode. But I'd promised and at least I was sure that she wasn't about to skip Christmas with her family.

Wrong-o.

"Oh Stefan, I'd love to meet your mother. I can't miss Christmas with my family but I could come back before New Year's so we could have almost a week together."

Oh great I thought. Now what? "Great Stefanie. I'll tell my mother."

Weekend at Marvin's

We still had a few days of classes and I had three exams plus a term paper. Stefanie's workload was similar. At the end of it I'd planned to stay a few more days for a big end of term party before going home. That would give me a couple of weeks to figure out how to casually mention the lookalike matter.

Then Dwight added a wrinkle.

"Stef, me and Marvin are going to spend next weekend at Marvin's cabin. You want to join us?"

A weekend of major boozing and loads of dope didn't sound bad but I wondered if I was going out steady enough with Stefanie to allow for it. Dwight solved that for me.

"We're bringing Cathy and Karen (the latter was Marvin's girlfriend, I presumed that Cathy was Dwight's latest). You could bring Stef, I mean the other Stef, aw, you know what I mean."

"I'll let you know."

"Gee Stefan, I thought we'd have a few days here but maybe it would be fun? I can't say I'm crazy about Marvin but Karen sticks to him close. Dwight's a teddy-bear but what's Cathy like? And what's there to do there?"

"I don't know. If it were just the guys I expect there'd be lots of drinking and smoking."

"And you don't think I drink and smoke?"

"Well yeah, but not as much."

"They'll have their girlfriends with them which I'm sure will influence their behavior -- in a good way." And she gave a smirky smile.

That made me wonder about sleeping arrangements but I was too shy to ask Dwight.

The day arrived and Marvin pulled up in some monstrous gas-guzzler. I wondered where he'd got it but instinctively knew it was best not to ask Marvin where he got anything. He told us anyway.

"Like it? It's a classic 78 Caddy. It's my brother's but I'll be getting it next year."

We piled in. Karen in the front with Marvin and the four of us in the back with Cathy mostly on Dwight's lap. At least as students we didn't have much stuff for the trunk which left plenty of space for beer.

The cabin was a couple of hours north and there was already snow on the ground. Inside was a large main room with a prominent fireplace and an open kitchen alongside it. It looked like Marvin's family was well off.

The bedrooms. There were four, though one was used for storage and there were all manner of boxes and fishing gear in it. That left three. Marvin and Karen had the master which was down one hallway with the master bathroom. I looked at Stefanie and whispered..

"Hey, I can sleep on the sofa in the living room."

"Don't be silly. They'll make fun of you all weekend. Besides, I won't bite. Unless you ask me to nicely."

Dwight and Cathy had the bedroom at the end of the opposite hallway where the room that Stefanie and I were to share was also, across from the bathroom.

Dinner the first night was just hamburgers with lots of add-ons. Sliced tomatoes, onions, pickles, three types of cheese, green peppers, hot peppers, even salami and pepperoni. We sat around the table eating and drinking and generally having a laugh. Marvin called for an interval, or an appetite enhancer as he put it. So we smoked a couple of joints before going for seconds. Dwight started explain how he was going to make the ultimate burger with double everything. Much laughing and as Dwight was slow in both speech and movement, it took about 15 minutes before he was prepared. Then we all had a bigger laugh as he bit in and realized he'd forgotten the beef patty.

After dinner we sat around the fire, had more beers and passed around a few more joints. Marvin was a big Pink Floyd fan so there was a lot of their tapes (hey, it was the pre-CD 80s). Fortunately, both Stefanie and I liked them when stoned.

Eventually it was bedtime. Stefanie and I took turns getting changed in the bathroom. I was in regular pyjamas and Stefanie had a mid-thigh baby-doll buttoned up to the neck.

We got into bed and lay there nervously, gossiping about the others. We were side by side with only our shoulders touching. Soon enough we heard some faint moans from down the hall in the direction of Dwight and Cathy's room.

Stefanie turned and looked at me. "I'm done for. Goodnight kiss?"

We kissed. And kissed and kissed some more. Hands all over the back and shoulders. I felt her tongue along my lips and I tongued back hard. We were having our first French kiss and it was a dandy. Our bodies were still apart but we now were caressing hips as well. I had a full-fledged erection that part of me (you know which one) wanted her to touch. She was clutching the back of my head and pressed her mouth more firmly against mine.

I was caressing her lower back with my right hand and had my left underneath holding her shoulders. She kept her right hand against my cheek and moved her left around my chest, moving her hand between the buttons for the skin contact.

I couldn't figure out how to do the same as her buttons went down only to her breastbone. So I tried a quick caress of her breasts on the outside.

"Oh yes."

I kept it up. Her nipples were really hard, almost as hard as my cock. By now she had my pyjama top unbuttoned and was moving her hand all over my chest, a bit lower with each turn. I gave her nipples light pinches and she now ran her fingers just under my waistband. I moved from her breasts to her bum with soft caresses. She took her hand away and I thought I'd gone too far. But no. She unbuttoned her baby-doll and pulled it around and whispered "Suck me."

I had to yank it a bit but soon enough a luscious, beautiful breast popped out. The lights were off so I couldn't see much but I started licking, then sucking, her nipple. Around and around with my tongue and then sucking the whole tip into my mouth. This went on for a while until she pushed my head away. I thought that maybe that was it for the night but she rearranged her top so the right breast was now out. "Oh please Stefan. It's envious."

I went to work on the other breast and noticed she was panting deeply. After a while she pulled back and rolled part way on me. We resumed some heavy French kissing and I felt her hand on my lower stomach again. Around the waist band again only this time it went lower. Now she was touching my cock and it felt wonderful.

I moved my hand from her ass and gave some perfunctory caresses to her inner thighs before moving on to the main prize. She was now gripping my cock and pumping up and down, a bit awkwardly. Not that I was about to dock her style points at that moment. I rubbed her pussy through her panties and clumsily tried to get my hand under them.

"Wait."

She stopped, slid off her panties and rolled down my pyjama bottoms. "Isn't that better?"

I kissed her in reply and started playing with her pussy. She now had a firm grip on my cock and we kissed and caressed. Her pussy was really wet and I

could feel her pointy clit. I slipped a finger inside and she started bucking. I could feel myself getting closer and quite quickly she came out with "Oh, Oh, Stefan, Ohhhhh!"

That did it for me and I had a massive orgasm in her hand. I must have spurted half a dozen times and she kept thrusting as my finger was still inside her pussy.

Finally we collapsed. We lay there and I could feel myself drifting off.

Stefanie gave me a quick kiss. "That was wonderful, but we need to clean you up."

She got up and soon came back with a large wad of paper towels. She cleaned off my stomach, her arm and part of the sheet. We didn't say anything. She got back into bed and we conked out. At least I did.

I was awoken by the smells of bacon and eggs. A quick shower and I was ready to join them. Stefanie gave me a kiss and Marvin gave me a wink.

It was early afternoon by the time we finished. We went hiking for an hour and once we returned it was the first of a long series of happy hours. The drinking and doping started early and never really stopped. Cathy and Karen did most of the work on the chili with Marvin occasionally popping in with unneeded instructions.

Dwight, Stefanie and I tried to find some alternative to Pink Floyd but the other choices were Yes, Genesis, and the rest of the prog rock crowd. Not quite rustic enough for the setting. His brother's Elvis collection wasn't to our tastes either.

Marvin went out to put the finishing touches on the chili. Being the last one to fiddle with it allowed him to take credit. It was very chili-esque with plenty of cayenne and hot peppers and something else too.

"Geez Marvin, that was delicious but I think the afternoon's intake is catching up. I feel totally wiped."

Big laugh from Marvin. "Nah, it's the chili. There's an ounce of weed in it. My secret ingredient."

Cathy and Karen hadn't eaten as much and were giggling. Marvin was just as loud and with Dwight it was hard to tell. He was always so mellow that straight or stoned, it was pretty much the same. Still, his silly grin looked unusually silly tonight. Only Stefanie seemed to be handling it well.

After dinner it was Pink Floyd time. I was done with the dope for one night but a couple of beers went down nicely. Around midnight Stefanie whispered "I'm off to bed now. You coming?"

This was a good opportunity to say no but I was beat and Marvin's yakking was getting on my nerves.

"The company's been great ladies and gents but we're calling it a night. I'll try not to be the last one up tomorrow.

We got to the bedroom; I grabbed my pyjamas and went to the bathroom to brush my teeth and change. It briefly occurred to me that under the circumstances, we could change in front of each other. But I wasn't ready for that.

I got into bed while Stefanie went to the bathroom. I was almost passed out when she returned in a longer robe. She opened it and was naked.

"Ta-da! Surprise!"

Surprise, right. The lights were on and I saw my mother. Little Stef recoiled.

Bigger Stefanie paused, waiting for a presumably appreciative reaction.

"You're beautiful Stefanie. Come here."

She slipped out of her robe, turned off the light, got into the bed and embraced me, fully naked. We kissed.

"Stefanie, I don't think I'm up for much tonight. Too much carousing and that chili knocked me cold."

I couldn't make out her expression in the dark but felt she was disappointed.

"I guess you're right Stefan. Our first time should be something better -- intoxicating rather than intoxicated. But can you at least get out of those pyjamas so we can sleep skin-to-skin?"

That seemed like a fair compromise and Little Stef was sending me signals that I needn't worry about him.

We returned to the university around midday. We didn't talk much in the car. Stefanie had a plane to catch and I accompanied her to the airport.

"Overall the weekend was fun and I'm glad I spent it with you Stefan. I hate to leave you now but we'll be seeing one another in nine days. By the way, what's your mother like? I never asked you about her."

Hell of a time for that question. "Oh, she's nice enough. I think you'll like her." As I kicked the issue nine days down the road.

Stefanie Comes to Visit

Back home the Christmas break was the usual whirl of activities. Catching up with high school friends, shopping, visits from relatives etc. It was over in a flash and then Stefanie was to arrive the next day.

"So tell me more about her Stefan. By the way, do you call each other 'Stef" or use you full names?"

"Full names." At least that question was easy. But I sensed more challenging ones were on their way.

"Now, what does Stefanie like, is she majoring in anything yet, how did you meet, is it serious, what does she want to do here?" There were more but that's the gist. Surprisingly there were none that required me to describe her looks. That would have been the first thing a guy would ask. It dawned on me that guys weren't the same as my mother.

I got through the interrogation well enough but felt I should give her a slight heads-up about the resemblance.

"Oh, and sometimes she reminds me of you?"

"Oh, in what way?"

"Just kind of how she looks. I mean, depending on how she's wearing her hair." Now, Stefanie had only 'worn her hair' one way, the same way, all term. It was that bob-and-weave style or whatever you call it that the Partridge Family mother wore. Just like my own mother.

"Well, I guess I'm curious about how she'll be wearing her hair." Yoicks.

The day came. Stefanie was flying into our college city and then taking a train to my town. I would meet her at the station.

This was a pre-Internet time so I had no idea her flight would be a couple of hours late. That gave me plenty of time to work out what I was going to say. And plenty of time to think. Too much time. I knew I couldn't let her walk in only to be shocked by the resemblance. But I couldn't just now blurt out something like "Hey Stefanie, did I mention that you're the spitting image of my mother?"

I needed a Plan B. No, first I needed a Plan A before I could get to B. Mention it in a playing dumb sort of way. As though I only just realized it when I got back home for Christmas. It would make me look stupid and wasn't wholly credible but it seemed better than the blurt or stonewall options.

Finally her train pulled in. We embraced and I was perked up by how happy she was to see me.

"I'm so looking forward to this Stefan. Since September I don't think we've even gone two days without seeing one another so nine days, ugh!" And she kissed me.

It was only a ten minute drive home so I had to talk soon.

"You know Stefanie, when I got home it dawned on me how you sort of resemble my mother."

From the corner of my eye I noted a quizzical look. I meant to say more but couldn't fathom what.

"Uh, OK. Why didn't you mention it before?"

"It wasn't really forefront in my mind. Just kind of struck me when I got home. Not that I mean you look like a 40 year-old woman."

She laughed but it sounded of the polite variety.

"Now you've gotten me really curious to see her." Great.

We pulled up the driveway; I unloaded her bags and we went inside.

"Hi Mom. This is Stefanie. Stefanie, my mother."

They started with a smile and then froze, staring, more like gaping actually. My mother shot a quick glance my way. Hard to read but assuredly on the wrong side of the ledger.

Intervention was called for. "Let's get you unpacked Stefanie." That broke the spell.

"Oh, forgive me Mrs..."

"Call me Shirley." and we laughed, nervously, at the Airplane reference.

"Shirley, so nice to meet you and thank you for welcoming me into your home."

"I've been looking forward to meeting you Stefanie. My Stefan gets so tongue-tied when I ask about you."

I took her bags upstairs and she followed to her room.

"Sort of resemble? Ye gods, I could be her daughter!"

"Well I'm glad you're not."

"Seriously Stefan, how could you not mention this before? I was gaping like I'd just seen a ghost."

"Well, it seemed like a weird thing to say."

"It's a weird thing to be."

"Fair enough, but there never seemed to be the right time and..." I caught her look of disbelief. "You're right. I should have mentioned it before."

She shook her head and a small frown crossed her face. It occurred to me later that that was the instant when that sense of unquestioning trust had been dashed.

Dinner was alright. Not just the food which was great, but the ambiance. No tensions and just enough laughter. I caught Stefanie and my mother looking at one another a lot and even though Stefanie was chatty and friendly with me, it now felt slightly put on.

As we dug into dessert, my mother asked how we planned to spend the five days we had here.

"I don't know yet. I was more interested in meeting you and seeing Stefan so whatever he had planned would be fine."

"Well, there's not a whole lot to do in this town. See some friends, catch a movie, someone I know is having a New Year's party, just kind of hang out."

My mother spoke up. "I should mention that your Uncle Rasmus says we can use his cottage over New Year's. His gout is acting up so they won't be going this year. I know that spending a few days with you mother maybe isn't what you had in mind but I told Rasmus I'd let you know."

"I'd love to." That was Stefanie, which left me little option but to agree.

The plan was to up on the 30th and return on January 2. We had to be back at the university by January 4.

I could sense nothing but trouble being in close quarters with these two, and with little opportunity for escape. I wondered if this was some kind of payback from Stefanie. Again, that loss of trust.

Uncle Rasmus's Cottage

My mother drove with Stefanie in the passenger seat and me in the back. They talked easily and while I jumped in at times, it was mainly them. We arrived in late afternoon and my mother issued the bedroom directions. No sharing here.

I was able to get a quick word in with Stefanie along and apologized for my mother's Puritanical edict.

"No sweat Stefan. My folks would have done the same."

Dinner was fine, so was after dinner relaxing and we called it a night. Stefanie snuck into my room, waking me up around 2:00.

"Shhh." she whispered unnecessarily.

"Stefanie, glad to see you and all but I don't think..."

"Hush. I just want to cuddle. You didn't think I was here to have my way with now, did you?"

I was able to truthfully reply "I really didn't know what to think."

"No, our first time mustn't be rushed, smashed or furtive. Now give me a hug."

That was easy. Welcome too. We kissed and played a while and then she got up. "Better scoot. I don't want you mother to think I'm wanton, or disobedient. See you in the morning."

The next day was pleasant but uneventful. We went for some walks, read and played Scrabble. It was relaxing and I was enjoying the conversations with Stefanie. In the afternoon my mother announced that she'd like to take a sauna. Our family is Swedish and Uncle Rasmus had a small one.

"Have you ever had one Stefanie?"

"I've heard about them Shirley but no, have never been in one. Hot tubs are more our style. I gather you just sit in them and sweat?"

"That's about it. The sweat opens the pores and the sweat works like a shower in washing your body. And there's a hot water shower there as well so after you've soaped yourself, you can rinse. It's very refreshing. I'll show you how it's done."

"Sounds great."

"Stefan, Stefanie and I will take ours first. Can you get it going?"

Uncle Rasmus had left piles of wood so I didn't have to chop any. He'd also installed a hot tub last summer but it was covered over during the winter. They had their sauna and then I had mine. Nothing much else of interest till Stefanie paid another late night visit. This time I was better prepared.

"Ah, what kept you?"

"Shhh. I'm happy you're happy to see me."

We snuggled and kissed a bit.

"So I take it you liked the sauna?"

"The sauna, yes. But it was weird being in there undressed with your mother."

I didn't think I wanted to hear anymore but my demurral was slow on the draw. Instead I looked puzzled.

"We're not just lookalikes in our faces. Our bodies are practically the same too. Though her behind has spread a little and she has a slight sag to her breasts."

"Enough Stefanie. Geez, have you even known any guy who wants to know what his mother looks like naked?"

"I admit the subject doesn't come up much."

"Well let's change it here."

An uncomfortable silence ensued. When I hear what came next, I wished it had lasted.

"Stefan, does it bother you that I look so much like your mother?"

Little Stef had now gone full turtle and the rest of me badly wanted to follow. "I wouldn't say bothered, more like...disconcerted." And I hoped there was a real distinction.

"Hmm, I'm not sure that that's much better. But you know, I can't help the way I look."

"You look fine Stefanie. I like your looks." It was meant to be positive and reassuring but left me open for a devastating follow-up.

"I'm sorry if this is awkward but did you get attracted to me BECAUSE I look like your mother?"

"Oh god no. Not at all. I mean, I like your looks independently of my mother but it was your personality that first caught my attention."

"Well I'm getting sleepy. We needn't continue for now. "

The next day was the 31st so we made a fancy dinner and at midnight had champagne by the fireplace. At midnight we wished one another a Happy New Year's and Stefanie gave me a big kiss. Then she gave my mother one that wasn't fully on the cheek. My mother looked at me and we kissed too. On the lips. It wasn't long, hard or moist but it wasn't just a peck either.

No visit from Stefanie that night. Odd, it being the first day of the new year. But she was chipper in the morning and explained that the champagne must have gone to her head.

We packed up, I took the back and listened to Stefanie and my mother happily chattering all the way home.

The next day my mother drove us to the university, dropping Stefanie off first. It was only a few minutes to my dorm but my mother immediately declared how much she liked Stefanie.

"You really should have warned me how much we look alike but no matter now. She's a keeper. I'm so happy you found someone like her." And it went on. I was impressed by how many sentences she could utter in just a few blocks. And I replied just as any 18 year-old would.

"Aw, thanks Mom. Talk to you soon."

Back at School

I'd only just unpacked when I got a call from Stefanie."

"Wonderful visit Stefan but there's something even more wonderful."

"What?"

There's a message here that my roommate is taking another week. So I have this place to myself. How about a visit?"

I knew what this meant. Now any normal freshman would jump at the chance. Any normal one whose girlfriend didn't look just like his mother, especially naked. But there was no escaping it. No loopholes. No exit strategy. No backdoor. No force majeure. The time had come and I had to face it. And who could say, maybe Little Stef would rise to the occasion? Hard to tell as he wasn't letting on.

"Great. Best Christmas gift ever. I'll be there in half an hour."

Now Stefanie's dorm officially had a No Male Visitors rule but these days it was loosely enforced. They didn't do bed checks so it really meant don't get caught. Classes hadn't started yet and no one was on the watch so I slipped in easily enough.

Stefanie greeted me with an enthusiastic hug and a big kiss. "Well here we are."

I knew what about to come, no irony intended. While I was very fond of Stefanie, it was jarring to picture my mother every time I looked at her romantically. Maybe, just maybe, enough physical action and foreplay would do the trick.

"Oh Stefanie." I kissed her back hard and we necked vigorously. Slowly but surely the clothes came off until we were in our underwear. I was only semi-hard, well, a bit less than semi, and fretted about a disgraceful non-performance. Then, brainwave!

"Stefanie, if we're going to have our first time, I just realized I don't have a condom."

"Don't worry sweetie. I do. Bought them before the weekend with Marvin." Great. Typical brainwave. If all my organs functioned like the grey one and the turtling one, I'd be dead.

Stefanie removed her bra and. still standing, we continued to kiss. The hands were now moving and I was stroking her ass. She was doing the same and nudged my head down to kiss her breasts. I was happy to do so and still held out hope that Little Stef would make a surprise appearance. Big, real Stefanie was purring. "Let's go to bed."

She hadn't turned the lights off so I was getting a good look at her semi-naked. And not just her. In my imagination there was another woman with us. A boner-destroyer that unfortunately looked just like my Stefanie. The flesh and blood woman snaked her hand into my underwear and encountered a dormant worm. This had to stop.

"Stefanie, I'm sorry but I don't think I'm going to be able to do anything."

"That's OK Stefan. Lots of guys get nervous. We can do something else and besides, we have the whole week."

I couldn't let this go on. One night of embarrassment was one more than I ever wanted. Somehow I mustered the courage to actually confront the issue.

"It's no good Stefanie. I'm sorry but I just can't get over how much you look like my mother. I know the problem is with me and not with you but I just can't help it."

Stefanie looked startled by my uncharacteristic candour and then began to softly cry. Is there anything that can make a guy feel worse? Especially at that age?

"Look, I said I was sorry. I am."

Between sobs, "Why didn't you tell me this at the beginning? We could have worked through it?"

Questions that no guy ever wants to hear, much less answer. An honest reply might be:

"Because I don't like uncomfortable conversations. Because I enjoyed your company and was flattered by your attention. Because I didn't want to think ahead. Although I never thought it through, I must have sported a vague hope that by some ill-defined, unarticulated, barely-conceived miracle, there wouldn't be a problem. In short, I'm 18 and I'm an immature jerk, if you'll pardon the redundancy."

What I came out with:

"I guess I should have. But it was kind of embarrassing. And I didn't think it would come to this."

"Well what did you think it would come to?" More sobs.

I just shook my head and repeated that I was sorry.

"You'd better leave."

We didn't speak for a few days. I felt worse knowing that she had her room to herself. At some point I would have called but near the end of the week she beat me to it.

"Stefan, can you come over for a coffee?"

I knew that coffee meant talk. But it had to be.

She started. "Stefan, don't you think we can work this out?"

I'd wondered that myself. But I was unwilling to risk more nights of humiliation to find out. "I don't think so Stefanie. I think we're better off as friends."

"That's not going to be possible."

"Huh?"

"I've fallen for you. There's no going back."

"That's why I didn't want to get involved in the first place."

"But you should have told me why not. The real reason why not. As it is, we can't simply revert to 'just friends'. I know I can't."

"Well then...?'

"We have to stop seeing each other. That's the only way I'll be able to get over you."

I felt a chill but knew she was making sense. Still, being broken up with is no fun, even if you want it.

'I'm sorry to hear that Stefanie, very sorry, but I understand." She started crying again and I beat a retreat.

The Rest of the Semester

Stefanie switched out of the second part of the History course so we no longer had classes together. Library nights were never resumed. I'd see her occasionally around campus but we never spoke. So far as I could tell, she hadn't started dating anyone else, nor had I. Though I did have one drunken hook-up during a debauched mid-term week at Marvin's cabin.

It had now been four months since we last spoke and it was exam time. So I was surprised to get her call.

"Hi Stefan." There were a few strained pleasantries until she got to the point.

"Are you seeing anyone?"

"No. Are you?"

"No. We'll soon be going home for the summer but can we talk one more time? I promise I won't lay any heavy drama on you."

"We're talking now."

"No, this has to be in person."

"An in-person drama-free talk? I admit I'm curious."

"OK, tomorrow afternoon at the coffee shop?"

"See you there."

A big, crowded, noisy public place seemed safe enough for A Talk. And its noisiness meant no one else could hear what you were saying. Sounded ideal just in case drama made a guest appearance.

I got there first and was pleasantly surprised to see her. She was looking good and I didn't even think of my mother. At least not at first. We exchanged greetings and griped about our exams until she came to the allegedly non-dramatic point.

"Stefan, this is hard for me to say." And damned harder to hear I thought.

"I haven't really gotten over you. What we had, or were likely to have had, seemed so promising. If you have any feelings for me, however compromised because of, well, you know, could you promise me one thing?"

Is there anyone who relishes signing up to a blind promise? I don't even like the fully transparent, unadorned variety.

"Well what is it?"

"This will only make sense if you think there's any chance for us."

If this was her version of no drama, I could imagine Who's Afraid of Virginia Wolf scenes in fraughter times. But I remembered the stir when I saw her so played along to see where it led.

"Maybe it's worth a try. What do you have in mind?"

"Can you promise me that over the summer you'll see a counsellor or professional to see if you can work through this...thing.?"

"A shrink?"

"It needn't be a psychiatrist. There are different types and it might be easier speaking to someone like that instead of me. I guess I'm hoping you think I'm worth it."

"Geez Stefanie, I've never done anything like that."

"Well if you can't promise you'll do it, can you promise to consider it?"

"That I can do."

"Thanks so much Stefan." It was hard to tell if she was verging on laughing or crying; maybe a bit of both.

We chatted a while longer and she got up to go first. "One more exam tomorrow then I'm off the day after back home. Thanks so much for this." She kissed me on the cheek. "Write me."

I was reeling. Maybe things could be back on with Stefanie. But a shrink? Just the thought made me feel like Indiana Jones confronted with snakes. I'd think about that tomorrow.

Summer With Mother

Mom knew that Stefanie and I had broken up. She pried that out of me shortly after it happened. To my surprise she seldom brought it up, though when she first got me to reveal it, she said how disappointed she was.

She had offered to pick me up at school but I preferred the train. Something about seeming juvenile that my mother would pick me up and possibly the several hour car ride with her.

She was very happy to see me when I knocked on the door. She even gave me a full-on kiss on the lips. Now, some aunts, uncles and cousins on her side of the family customarily greeted family, including us, like this. But we'd never adopted the habit until, apparently, now. And the kiss was slightly more vigorous than the aunt and cousin variety.

"Glad to see you too Mom. What's with the kiss?"

"Oh, I'd been to see your Aunt Rose and I must still be under her influence. Besides, I'm so happy you're home." And she gave me another kiss, lighter and briefer this time.

I had a summer job in an insurance office; the same job I'd had the previous summer. It would start in a week so I helped out with some chores and slept in every day. Nothing much had changed except my mother was more touchy-feely. Like in the first week I was peeling potatoes at the sink and she walked by and slapped my ass.

"Hey!" She said nothing but just smiled. When we watched TV at night she'd always sit right beside me even though there was plenty of space. I put it down to her having missed me.

I wondered about her clothing too. She'd always been casual around the house and maybe I hadn't paid much attention before. But I noticed she seldom wore a bra, her shorts looked shorter and her blouses often seemed to have a button or two undone. As I said, it might have been nothing and after Stefanie I was just paying more attention.

Speaking of Stefanie, I knew the topic would come up at some point. It did, in the first Saturday I was back. We'd been watching a movie and drinking beer (me) and wine.

"Has Stefanie gone home for the summer?"

"Yes."

"Stefan, I promise I won't go one about her but I was disappointed that you two broke up. And so soon after you were getting on so well when she visited."

"Well that's the way it is."

"Is there any chance of a reconciliation?"

"I doubt it."

"Have you talked to her since the break-up?"

"We had coffee just before she left."

"Is she over you?"

"No."

"Are you over her?"

That was a tough one. I wasn't sure myself. Probably not, though I couldn't imagine resuming. "I'm not sure. Probably. Maybe."

"How did you leave it?"

"Leave it?"

"I mean will you stay in touch? See what unfolds? See one another in September?"

I was just replying on auto-pilot when a major blurt erupted.

"She asked me to see a shrink."

"A psychiatrist? Whatever for?"

Now I'd done it. How could I have said that? It was only a couple of beers so drunkenness couldn't be the answer. My tawdry shame was about to come out.

"Well, I couldn't get attracted to her in the way she wanted because she looks so much like you. So she asked me to see a shrink about it."

"Good heavens! I wondered about that too. But who could you see? There's only Dr. Ruby in this town."

"Yeah, I know." Dr. Ruby was ancient, around 60, and I suspected he'd gotten his degree in pre-Freudian times. Besides, he was the father of a schoolmate of mine and he always seemed doddering when I was at his house.

"I can see your reluctance. I can't imagine you opening up to him."

I sighed. "I just said I'd consider it, not that I'd do it. And I've considered it."

"Well let's think on it some more. I admit I wondered if that might be a problem."

"What?"

"In the sauna when I saw Stefanie, I realized that now you'd know what your old mother looked like naked."

"Aw Mom, you're not that old. But geez."

"Oh don't be so prudish. You used to take a sauna with your father and me."

"Yeah, but I was a kid then. I barely remember it."

"Look Mister. Nudity isn't that big of a deal. If we were back in Sweden we'd have probably gone to nude beaches."

"Mo-om."

"OK, I won't dwell on it. But I know you won't see Dr. Ruby so if you ever want to talk about it, think of me. I love you and want what's best for you and I think you'd be happy with Stefanie. Now let's call it a night."

With that she got up, tousled my hair, and bent over to give me a kiss on the lips. I stayed up for a while, had another beer, and tried to figure out what was going on.

Monday I started work and when I came home, my mother gave me a kiss.

"So what's with the kisses?"

"I think I like Auntie Rose's way of greeting. Do you mind?"

"Not really I guess. I just wasn't expecting it."

"Then you'll be in better form tomorrow when I kiss you again."

That was true to a point. She did kiss me only this time it was when I was leaving for work. A year ago it might have grossed me out but now, I was kind of enjoying it though it took me a long time to admit this to myself.

The summer went on the kisses kept coming though they never escalated to tongues or anything. But the touching increased. Pretty much always if I were doing something in the kitchen, she'd slap my ass or increasingly, squeeze it. It was done playfully but it sure hadn't happened before I went to college.

One day I decided to retaliate. My mother was washing dishes and as I walked by, I gave her butt a squeeze.

"Oooh! I'll give you thirty minutes to stop that."

I pulled my hand back as though it had touched a hot burner. "Sorry Stef, I didn't mean to scare you. It's just that I'm sensitive back there" as she glanced over her shoulder to her behind "and it's been so long since I've been touched there."

"Aw Mom."

"Well that's what you get for fondling your mother."

"It wasn't a fondle. And you do the same to me."

"It was a fondle and I don't mind at all."

This was getting too much for me. I blushed and left the room.

A few weeks into summer I was again watching TV with my mother on a Saturday night. My high school friends who'd stayed in town mostly had girlfriends so the social life was fairly poor on weekends. This Saturday we'd been watching a movie and I'd stretched my arm out along the top of the sofa. My mother took this as a sign to move in closer for a cuddle. I tried to leave it up there but after several minutes it was getting painful so I lowered it to around her shoulders.

"That feels nice. So cozy."

We kept watching the movie but after a while her breathing got steadier and I realized she'd fallen asleep. We had an older model TV with no remote and I didn't want to wake her up just yet. So I lay back a little and soon fell asleep

myself. A couple of hours later I awoke with the TV still on. My mother was lying on top of me and caressing my cheek.

"Hi Stef. I guess that movie wasn't exciting enough. But I liked waking up with you. Would you mind sleeping with me for the rest of the night?"

Still groggy from waking up, I must have looked shocked.

"Just sleep silly. I was so comfortable beside you. Please?"

I could hardly say no and I didn't. Normally in the summer I slept in my boxers or nothing at all. But under the circumstances I put on a long set of pyjamas, brushed my teeth and entered my mother's bedroom. She also had a long pair of pyjamas that looked unseasonable for a warm night. We got into bed, she kissed me and turned out the light.

There was a lot of tossing and turning before I fell asleep. Mainly it was those damned pyjamas which were way too hot. In the middle of the night my mother just tossed the blanket aside. I woke up on my side with her arm around my waist. We were both sweating.

"Remind me that the next time I invite you into my bed it better be winter. In summer I just sleep in my panties or nothing at all, but I didn't want to give you a complex."

"Same here. Boxers or nothing. But I didn't want to freak you out."

"It wouldn't be very appropriate for a naked mother to share a bed with a naked son, now would it?"

"I guess not."

"Well then, I'm stripping down so I can get some sleep. You should do the same, but back in your own room."

I got up to leave when she called out.

"Goodnight kiss." We kissed and this time she lingered a couple of seconds longer. "Now get out quick or I'm really going to give you a complex."

No new developments for the next couple of weeks until one day my mother announced that Uncle Rasmus had told her the cottage was available for five days in early August if we wanted to use it. It would be no big deal getting the time off from work but the thought of five days with my mother gave me pause. We'd been getting along fine but unlike those Literoticians with Oedipal Complexes, it wasn't my idea of a dream vacation. Still, it beat five days from the office routine.

"Sounds good."

Uncle Rasmus's Cottage Again

Not much on the first day. We got up there, unpacked, cooked hot dogs and vegged out. There was a sunroom with large windows overlooking the lake and we just sat up drinking and looking out till midnight. When she got up for bed she gave me a kiss and it lingered. I even moved my lips a little and so did she. "Goodnight love."

Whew. What just happened? It felt nice but when I thought of it, kissing your own mother? Yuk. It's my mother. But I kind of knew I liked it and wanted to do it again.

The next morning we had a late brunch, went for a walk and swam. My mother had a modest two-piece suit and I had a boxer-style swimsuit. There were some young couples, mid-20s, as our neighbours and the women had killer tiny bikinis while the men had those slick ones that looked like glam codpieces. The properties were large so they were about a hundred yards away but it was obvious they were showing plenty of skin.

"Well aren't we the fuddie-duddies." my mother remarked.

"I've always been comfortable in this one Mom but don't let me stop you from something more daring."

"Thanks, but this is the only one I brought and I'm not going to give you a complex by going topless."

"Now who's the one being prudish about nudity?"

She laughed and poked me in the chest. "Well we'll just see about that."

We had a light lunch and afterwards my mother remarked that she'd like to try out the hot tub.

"You get it ready and I'll join you."

There wasn't much to getting it ready. It had some jets that were easy to turn on. I contemplated going naked but with my mom? Nah.

I was sitting and relaxing when she came out with a towel wrapped around her. I wondered if she were naked underneath and noted a twinge of disappointment when she dropped it and was still in her two-piece.

We sat there and chatted aimlessly when she startled me by asking "Stef, would you mind if I took off my top?"

I was tongue-tied but managed to get out something that sounded like a no. And without fanfare, she undid her clasp and shrugged off her top. Her breasts weren't large but they were nicely shaped and her nipples, just like Stefanie's, were pink with an upward curve.

"It's OK to look" she laughed. I blushed. "So were both topless. No big deal."

"Well, it is a little different."

"Oh? How so?"

I couldn't believe we were having this conversation but, kind of thrilled to be seeing my mother's breasts, I continued.

"Well, women's breasts are also, um, sexual organs."

"They are NOT sexual organs. Though you guys treat them as though they were."

"But don't they get sensitive during, um, ah, sex?"

"That doesn't make them sexual organs. Some women are completely insensitive there and some men are get really turned on when theirs are stimulated."

While I was trying to think of a comeback, my mother leaned over and ran her tongue across my right nipple.

"Any reaction?

Aside from being shocked, no sensual one. "It felt OK but nothing in the way of, you know, sexual."

"You see, they're not sexual organs."

"But if someone did that to you, wouldn't it be sexual?"

"I suppose so but the difference is that mine are very sensitive."

"You mean just like your bum?"

She laughed again. "Yup. I have a lot of sensitive places. Don't you?"

I was blushing again. Half squeamish and half excited about the conversation. It occurred to me that my mother was flirting.

"Just the usual I guess."

"When you get more experience you'll probably find a few you never would have imagined. I know I did."

"Are you going to tell me?"

She was smiling but leaned her head on a slant and looked quizzical. For some reason I thought of Stefanie.

"That would be a lot to tell. And if I told you then you'd have to tell me and then where'd we be?"

There was a good answer to this but damned if I could come up with it. I was blushing even more.

"Look, you already know more than you should. I've told you my tits (yikes, she said 'tits') and my butt are sensitive and I'm sure you can think of at least one more place."

Bowled over. And now as I noticed, hard. And ready to blurt.

"I guess I should start thinking."

She laughed again and fake-slapped my face.

"That's highly inappropriate young man. You don't catch me talking about imagining your most sensitive places."

"Do you?"

"Keep that up and I just might. I think we've had enough of the hot tub. Let's have a drink and work on dinner."

Dinner was a tad awkward, as though the flirting had gone beyond agreed upon limits. The mood wasn't horrible or anything but it felt like much was unsaid.

After dinner we settled in with drinks in the sunroom and watched the lake. My mother snuggled in beside me and rubbed my mildly ticklish ribs. I grabbed her hand.

"Hey, stop that."

"So no rib sensitivity."

"Mom, don't start."

She looked up, serious. "Stef, I'm sorry if I've gone too far. It's just that I've enjoyed being around you and, well, sometimes I get a little playful. I can rein that in if you're uncomfortable."

Right then I decided I liked the playful side. "It's OK Mom. I really like your playful side. I just over-reacted to the tickling. Be as playful as you like."

"Are you sure?" I smiled and nodded. "Well, that opens up possibilities."

"Such as...?"

"Such as...midnight skinny dip. Have you ever done that?"

"No. Not at midnight or any other time."

"Well there's a first time for everything. Are you game?"

I'd gotten on the roller-coaster and was along for the ride. After the conversation I couldn't back down. "Sure. What do we do? Just walk down there..naked?"

"No. Put on your bathing suit and get a towel. Just in case someone's around. We strip off there."

A few minutes later were at the front door. We walked hand-in-hand down to the shore. "You still game?"

"Sure." And I pulled own my trunks.

"Me too." And she slipped out of her top and pulled down her bottoms. Little Stef woke up and tried to get a look.

We went hand-in-hand again into the shallow water and waded out to waist depth. She turned and looked at me. "Thanks very much for this Stef. She was looking up at me and with her naked breasts I felt like kissing her. But she dove under the water and I followed. We splashed around and she laughed loudly. In the still of the night it sounded like it would wake up the whole lake.

"Shhh, you'll wake the neighbours."

"That group today? They're probably already fucking."

Good grief! Did my mother just use the f-word?

"You're probably right. Lucky them."

"You said it. Hey, let's swim out to the raft. Race you?"

It was about 75 yards out and as the lake deepened gradually, only the last 15 or so was over my head. I was fairly athletic but my mom had been on her college swim team. We raced and it was pretty close but something told me not to try too hard to win. She got there a body length before me.

We scrambled up the ladder. "Gold medal! What's my prize?"

"Well, I had the medal in my pocket but I don't seem to have it now. Victory kiss?"

"That will do."

We were sitting on the raft and there wasn't much moonlight. I leaned over and she put her hand on my cheek. We kissed for several seconds and though there was still no tongue, there was plenty of lip movement.

"Umm, that's better than any medal."

I lay back on my elbows and she lay down completely with her hands behind her head and her legs parted. I could make out that she had some pubic hair. As for me, my cock was semi-aroused but with the darkness and as it was lying flat, you couldn't really tell. Not that my mother was looking at it in any case.

We didn't exchange a word for several minutes.

"So beautiful out here, like this." My mother broke the silence.

"Yes, I'm really glad you suggested it."

"It's so quiet, you can see the stars and it's so much back to nature. Being naked just adds to it, don't you think?"

"Yes. I thought it might feel...strange, you know, being naked together. But I'm really enjoying it."

"Me too. I fell very close to you Stef. You know I think it was the sauna with Stefanie that did it."

"What do you mean?" I was worried that the tranquil eroticism of the moment might be broken.

"When I saw her nude and realized how much alike we were, I realized that you would now know how I looked naked. I told you that. But I couldn't help but imagine what you would look like naked. Since I assumed you had been with Stefanie. So tonight has partly fulfilled my little fantasy."

"Fantasy? Partly?"

"Well it's dark out so it's not like seeing you naked in the sauna. And I haven't been staring. But yes, I daresay that quite a few mothers wonder what their sons would look like naked once they grow to become a man. Sorry love, am I embarrassing you?"

"Not at all. I'm flattered that you're so candid with me."

"I always want to be candid with you Stef. And here it's so natural. Naked outdoors in the dark and all."

By now I was about 80% erect. Partly it was hearing that my mother had fantasized about me naked and obviously, being here naked with her was pretty erotic. I was just now thinking of her more as a woman than my mom. Still, she WAS my mom and I didn't want to let it get more intense than it already was.

"That's sweet. Mom, I hope you can be candid with me always."

"And I hope the same of you Stef. You can tell me anything and you'll never hear a rebuke from me. Just a loving response." With that she sat up and looked at me.

At the time and due to extreme immaturity, I didn't recognize this as the come-on it must have been.

"Well I've loved my first skinny-dip and loved that it was with you. But it's pretty late so I think we should be getting back." And, clueless as I generally was, I sensed a letdown. So I rallied. "And I've loved being naked with you." Maybe overdid it a bit but hey, 18.

"You're so sweet Stef." And she leaned over and kissed me. Still no tongue but this one lasted for about half a minute.

"Race you back?"

"No, I know when I'm a beaten man."

We had a leisurely swim back and exited the water hand-in-hand. When we pulled up on the shore she embraced me and kissed me again. I could feel her breasts on my chest and her pussy hair on my thigh. I had my arms around her shoulders and was getting hard against her thigh. She must have noticed. Finally she broke the kiss.

"We don't really need to put on our bathing suits, do we?"

"I guess not."

"We walked naked holding hands up to the cottage. The lights were on and it felt like an over-familiar shock so see her naked in the light when we entered. She was completely casual and picked up our drink glasses and started washing them in the sink. I couldn't resist and gave her naked bum a squeeze. She wriggled back and turned to face me.

"Hey, I told you I was sensitive there." And she reached around with both hands and grabbed my ass. I was fully erect and pushing against her lower stomach.

"I love it when you touch me there but I think we've had enough for one night. Love."

And she pulled my head down and kissed me again. This time I felt her tongue against my lips. I extended my tongue and she immediately sucked in it to her mouth. We made out like this for a few minutes. I had my arms around her shoulders but soon my right hand down to her ass. When I touched it heard a muffled 'ummmm'. She tried to do the same but the differences in our height were too great. Suddenly she broke away.

"Oh Stef my love, I love feeling you like this. But we have to stop now before we go too far."

I was immensely frustrated but knew she was right. And as the hormonal lust receded a tad, the thought came back that this was with my mother! Get a grip Stefan. I'd have to face her at breakfast and every day for the rest of the summer.

"Yeah, you're right. I'm really sorry. I don't know what came over me. I'm sorry."

Still naked she replied "Stef, it came over both of us. No regrets, OK? It was a magical evening for me. Let's remember that. You're wonderful and I love you. That will never change." And she gave me one more kiss for the road. "Now beddy-bye time. See you in the morning sweets."

She went to her bedroom and I grabbed a wad of paper towels. I had the feeling that this would be my biggest ever masturbation explosion. It was.

I slept in and came out for breakfast in just my boxers. My mother was cheery and kissed me. "Good morning love. Sleep well?"

"I sure did."

"Me too. Though it took a while." She winked.

Though we didn't talk about the charged last night, it didn't feel awkward since she was in such a bubbly mood. After we finished I was doing the dished when she came up behind me and put her hand on my ass.

"Hmm, nice buns."

"Mom, I'm trying to do the dishes."

"Well don't let me stop you." Then she slipped her hand under the waistband and was caressing my cheeks.

"Mom! What's with you?"

"Just being playful with my son. I told you I can rein it in if you'd rather."

"No, it's OK. I'm liking the unreined mom."

"Oh goodie." She grabbed my face and gave me a big kiss. "Now hurry up with those dishes."

In the afternoon we went for a walk and then swimming. With fuddy-duddy bathing suits.

"Not sure if the neighbours would approve of last night's attire."

"I bet the guys would like it. Yours I mean."

"And those women would drool to see your cock."

"Mom!"

"Sometimes you're such a prude Stef. I liked seeing your cock. Why wouldn't they?"

"I'm sure they're happy with the guys they've got."

"Well, they don't know what they're missing. But I do. And I'm glad I didn't miss it."

"Mom, geez. OK, I liked seeing you naked too. And I'm glad those guys didn't have the chance."

"Oh, possessive are we?"

"I don't like sharing."

"You won't have to babe."

And she gave me a strong kiss. We went back to the cottage holding hands. After a snack she said:

"Stef, can we have a sauna?"

"Sure."

"Are you OK if we go in together?"

I was kind of expecting that. The roller-coaster hadn't stopped and I was still on it. I fired it up and an hour later we made our way there. It felt odd in the change area. She undressed first and I looked

"It's OK to look Stef. When you get naked I intend to get an eyeful."

She waited until I was undressed and took a good look. After last night it didn't feel that strange being naked with her, though on some level I knew it was.

We entered and sat there a while as the body temperature raised and the sweat began. She got up first and stepped down from the bench. Then she turned and faced me. This was the first good look I'd had of her fully naked. She still had that Partridge Family mom look to her but man oh man, her body was sexy. She was slim but her hips were nicely shaped and her pubic hair was a rusty shade and not too bushy. Same shade as Stefanie's as I recalled but hers was trimmed. I was starting to get aroused.

"Stef honey, do you want to soap up my back?" I'm sure you can guess my reply.

I started soaping around her shoulders and took my time. Little Stef was of two minds -- not fully erect but not asleep either. That put him facing outwards and before long there was a poke.

"Hey, is that what I think it is?"

"Yes. Sorry."

"No need to be sorry sweetie. Just be careful because you know how sensitive that part of my body is."

"Fair enough. It's a sensitive part of my body too." She let out a low=toned laugh.

I was working my way down her back and had to decide. Do I continue down to her ass? I wanted to but something, fear of the unknown, or maybe the known, held me back.

"Do you want me to do your behind as well?"

She looked over her shoulder with a concerned smile. "It's tempting, very tempting, but I'm afraid of where it would lead."

Whoa! It struck me that my mother was implying that full-on sex was a possibility, even if it were something she didn't quite want. Did I? It depended on which head was doing the thinking.

"Then I guess that doing your front is out of the question."

She laughed again and turned to face me. Seeing her naked and so close got me to near full erection. "It is love. And for the same reason." She raised up on her toes and kissed me. "Now let me wash your back."

She did and there was no more fooling around. After rinsing off we exited to the change room. I still had a semi-erection which she was staring at.

"Stef, we've been playing and fooling around and it pains me seeing you so...well, you look frustrated. So much of this is my doing and I told you I can stop if it's bothering you or making you uncomfortable."

"Well, sure it's frustrating, but I'm enjoying the intimacy."

"Me too. A lot. But you know, if you have to 'take care' of that, just go do it."

Gawd. I couldn't believe my mother was telling me to masturbate. "Mo-om!"

"Don't 'mom' me. I'm sure you masturbate daily. Everyone does it. After last night I had to make myself come three times before I could get to sleep." I was bug-eyed. "Well you said you wanted candour. Now telling my son about my masturbation is as candid as it can get. There's an old saying of be careful what you wish for. Are you sure you're still OK with candour?"

That was a lot to digest but I knew I didn't want to put the brakes on. I still couldn't fathom actually having sex with her but I was loving the titillation.

"I'm fine with it Mom. Sometimes it takes me by surprise. But please don't stop on my account."

"You can count on it." Another kiss. "I suppose we'd better get dressed, though I'll miss being naked with you. There'll be other times though."

Times with an s? It wasn't that the prospect was so unexpected. It was her openly acknowledging it. Candour.

We returned to the cabin and I went to my room to follow my mother's advice. The combo of a sauna and a giant orgasm knocked me out. It was about 45 minutes later when I came to.

"Nice siesta?" called my mother when I ambled into the main room.

"Nice enough. I must have needed that."

"Well you needed something." and smiled coquettishly.

Dinner was OK and we played Scrabble afterwards. Then she suggested a nightcap in the sunroom. We settled on the sofa facing the bay window overlooking the lake.

"So no skinny-dip tonight Mom?"

"Sorry, not up for it tonight. But we don't need a swim to get naked."

"What do you mean?"

"We can strip off here, enjoy our drinks and look out over the lake. Do you want to?"

The room was dimly lit and I wasn't about to get off the roller coaster. "Love to."

We undressed and sat back on the sofa. "Stefan, put your arm around me. I want to feel close to you." We cuddled and sipped our drinks. My cock was almost straight up and every now and then she'd look at it. She started rubbing my chest and it went to full erection. I looked over to her and she was beaming. We moved in for a kiss. It was passionate with lots of sensual tongue play. My boner was crying out for release but we kept our hands to safe places. In the back of my mind I couldn't believe that here I was, making out with my naked mother with my hard cock on display. Just a few weeks ago the thought would have...well, I was in no mood to pursue that thought. Eventually we came up for air.

"That was delicious Stefan. Now, can I ask a favour? I nodded. "Would you sleep with me tonight? I'd love to wake up next to you."

"Sleep?"

"Yes, just sleep. Since we're over that pyjama modesty, I thought we'd enjoy it."

"Well sure, but I don't think I can get to sleep until..." and I gestured to my cock.

"I see what you mean. And I'll have to, um, relieve myself too before I can settle down."

"OK, see you in a few minutes then?"

"Wait. If we're both going to do that, and we know we're both going to do that, how about if we do it together?"

"Mom! That would be, would be..." I was searching for le mot juste but the blood must have migrated from my brain.

"Intimate?"

"Yes, intimate. I don't know if I could."

"Would it be easier if I started?"

My jaw may have actually dropped. "Uh, I guess so."

"Then let's go."

She took my hand and led me to her bedroom, turning off the light. We lay down and she ran her hands over her breasts and played with her nipples, letting out a few "ahhs". Slowly her hand moved down to her pussy and I could hear some squishing. She picked up her pace and that was enough for me. My cock had been fully erect for what felt like hours and I started pumping. I tried to slow down as I didn't want to come before she did. So I slowed my strokes and noticed she now had one hand really driving her pussy and the other was under her ass. Lordy, was she really fingering her asshole? Her hips were now bucking hard and I couldn't hold back much longer.

"Mom" I whispered. "I think I'm going to come soon."

"Oh yes Stefan. So am I. Let's cooooome!" her Hips bucked wildly and she was gasping. I exploded and tried to keep my cum on my chest. But it was spurting like and unattended firehose and some got on the bed and a few shots even hit her arm. We collapsed after that and lay there panting.

"So now you know what your mother's like when she comes."

"And you know what your son is like when he comes."

"Yes I do. He's beautiful. And sexy." She leaned over to kiss me but then she noticed the pools of cum on my chest. "Wait here, I need to clean you up."

She returned with a large wad of paper towels and I found myself thinking of Stefanie doing something similar at Marvin's. The thought of her looking like my mother no longer bothered me.

Mom cleaned up the mess on my stomach and chest and now handled my cock to clean it up too. It stirred. "That should be enough for him to behave now."

We cuddled some at I fell fast asleep. Several hours later I was awoken by the sun streaming in through the curtains. The covers were off and my mother had her head on my shoulder with the rest of her body draped over my right leg and the right side of my chest. I could feel her pubic hair on my thigh. I was semi-erect and gave her a hug.

"Ummm, so sweet darling." She kissed me. Morning breath so no tongues. "I love waking up like this."

"Yeah, I could get used to it."

She started planting little kisses on my chest and licked my nipples.

"See, I told you I wasn't sensitive there."

"Just checking. But you'd better not try that on me."

"No? And if I did?"

"I'm very sensitive there and I might lose self-control."

"And you wouldn't want that." I tried to sound ironic.

"I might. But up to now we've gone close to the line but we haven't crossed over. I think we should keep in that way."

I was thinking, "haven't crossed over?". Geez, when you jerk off with someone, especially if it's with your own mother, it seems like some lines must have been crossed. But I didn't feel argumentative at that moment so let it pass. Meanwhile she'd gone back to kissing my chest. I could feel her nipples on me and her movements were making her pussy rub above my knee. Finally she got up and stood there facing me.

"Time for breakfast love." Her legs were slightly parted and I could make out her pussy lips. Suddenly I knew what I wanted for breakfast. But she turned, put on a light, mid-thigh robe and went to the kitchen.

As we were done eating and were on our coffees, she looked serious.

"Stefan, thanks for spending the night with me but I've been worried that we went too far. It's all my fault if we did and I'm sorry."

"Mom, we went pretty far but I enjoyed it. Every minute of it."

"I don't know Stefan. A month ago I'd have never dreamed we'd be like this but here, I don't know, I just feel like we're living in the moment."

I only had a vague idea of what that meant but it sounded OK. "Mom, you told me if you got too...playful, I should tell you and you'd rein it in. But I'm loving your playfulness and you haven't gotten close to me wanting anything reined in."

"Thanks for that Stefan. I was feeling conflicted and having second thoughts." She brightened. "So you won't mind seeing your old Mom naked again?"

"I told you, you're not old. And I've been fantasizing about seeing you naked again."

She had been sitting on one of the kitchen chairs with her legs apart. With my comment she shucked off her robe and was naked. Her pussy was on full display and she seemed so...available. She was untrimmed but I liked that she wasn't full ZZ Top and her bush didn't cover her pussy lips. I took a good look. It was funny how when I looked at her face, it still had that chaste Partridge Family mother look. But below that was a real woman. Oh so real.

"Ta-da!"

Again, a memory of Stefanie, though she hadn't been splayed like my mother. I smiled and tried to think of something to say. Nothing came to mind so I dropped my boxers and exposed my erection.

"Ta-da!"

"Om my god! It's so lovely." She was gazing at it and hadn't closed her legs. We stared for a minute or so when she got up, closed her robe and fanned herself.

"Whew! I guess I have my answer. But we've lots to do so we'll leave naked time for later."

There were chores. I had to chop some wood and trim bushes. My mother busied herself in the garden. By mid-aft she called break time and asked me to ready the hot tub.

"I guess nudity is acceptable now, right?" We got out of our clothes and just relaxed side-by-side.

"This is the life Stefan. I feel I'm in another world that I don't want to leave."

"It's been a great few days Mom. And we still have a couple more before we leave."

"Yes, it's going so fast. But I have to get the dinner ready. You stay here and relax."

She took her time getting out of the hot tub and at one point paused with her pussy inches from my face. I blew on it lightly. She moved slightly and put one leg up on the step, more fully exposing herself. I blew again. She was looking into the distance. "Ummm, such a nice breeze now. It's so refreshing."

I continued to blow and it looked like her lips were getting damp and moist. "Yes, such a lovely breeze." I blew some more and she shuddered. "Oh, it's giving me a chill. I'd better get to dinner." She blew me a kiss and climbed up the steps, again taking her time and giving me a nice view of her backside.

I relaxed some more and began wondering where this was leading. But I turned that aside and figured it was better 'living in the moment', whatever that meant. When I went inside my mother was whipping up something stir-fried, dressed in an apron and nothing else. She noticed my appreciative gaze.

"Can't have the tender bits getting burnt." I pinched her bum but didn't linger.

"Hey mister, that's not on the menu. Not on tonight's menu." And she giggled.

We had dinner and did the dishes. Mild flirting but nothing more. When we were done she asked "Do you mind if we skip the Scrabble and just get started on the skinny-drinks"

Did I mind? Hah!

"I think I liked the skinny-drinks more than the Scrabble. So let's go."

She tossed off the apron and prepared some gin and tonics. I stripped off and we made our way to the sunroom. I had my right arm around her and drank with my left. I noticed my drink was really strong.

"Oh Stefan, this trip has been like a dream."

"A dream I hope I don't wake up from."

"Do you mean that?" I nodded and we kissed. Very deeply and for a long time. I got very hard but by now didn't feel self-conscious. We broke and she rubbed my chest down to my stomach. I just caressed her shoulders.

Looking at my cock she said "I see my friend is ready for.." and she let the sentence linger. Typical me, I seized on the subject and not the object.

"Your friend?"

"Well after seeing him go off last night, I should think he's at least a friend."

"I hear he's very fond of you."

"Then this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship." Mom was also a Casablanca fan but again, another reminder of Stefanie.

Not knowing what to say I kissed her again. She put both her arms around my neck and leaned in. I could feel her breasts against my chest and caressed her back. She got up on her knees so she had to lean down to kiss me. Our tongues were duelling and I slid my hand down to the small of her back. I wondered if I should caress her ass. She may have sensed that too because she broke.

"I love how you kiss me Stefan. Tell me, are you going to spend the night with me again?"

"I'd love to. Are we going to...?" I felt shy about saying 'masturbate' or any of its equivalents.

"Oh, don't worry about that. Do you mind calling it an early night?"

I got up and grabbed her hand. We brushed our teeth in the sink and hurried into the bedroom. I lay back with a semi-erection and she cuddled up beside. She started rubbing my chest and gradually moved down my stomach. I caressed her face and down her side. We kissed a bit. Her hand moved down further and grazed my cock.

"Stefan, remember what we did last night?"

"I'll never forget that."

"Tonight, if you like, I can help you."

"You mean...?"

She kissed me again. "Yes. We won't get to sleep until we've come and instead of making you use your own hand, I thought maybe you'd like to try mine?"

"Mom, I'd love that. And can I help you too?"

"You'd better."

She moved along side of me to my right. We half turned to face each other; she grabbed my cock and I started rubbing her pussy. Dumb me still wasn't sure if her breasts were off-limits. She was really wet and I rubbed along her lips while keeping up contact with her clit.

"Oh Stefan, put a finger inside me." I did and she really started humping. "Oh god, Stefan, oh god." She thrust some more and collapsed. A few moments later she looked up and smiled. "Thank you for that my love. Now how is my friend doing?"

She started slowly stroking and I was getting close. A few more pulls and "Mom, I'm going to come." Just at the moment she took her hand away and climbed on top with my cock along her stomach. "Come for me my love. Oh yes, come for me."

I shot off a lot and it pooled between our stomachs. She kissed me. "I so wanted to feel you coming Stefan. It was magical."

We lay there a while and then she got up. "Paper towel time again. I should keep a roll in here."

She cleaned us off and lay down beside me, her hand going immediately to my limp cock. "I loved it when your finger was inside me Stefan." We kissed and she grabbed my left hand, the one I'd used to finger her. We were still kissing and she brought it between our lips and we kind of kissed around it. "Mmmm, tasty isn't it?" Then she sucked the finger up and down. I started getting hard again.

"Do you think he'd mind if we waited till the morning?"

"I'm sure he'll survive." We said our goodnights and I drifted off to sleep.

I awoke with this pressure on my cock. Looked up and my mother was straddling me and slowly pumping. It felt wonderful . She picked up the pace and soon enough I was spurting. "Good morning son" with a laugh and a broad smile.

"Morning mom. And thanks."

"My pleasure. Our pleasure. They're the same aren't they?" I smiled back. The paper towels were still at hand but I noticed she'd licked some of my cum off her hand. "Tasty. I'm not sure if I prefer my taste or yours. Oh well, time will tell."

I got up, gave her a quick kiss and went off to rinse in the sauna shower. When I returned to the kitchen my mother was preparing breakfast naked. "You won't need your boxers Stef. Today is Naked Day. You OK with that?"

"With that and with anything Mom."

"Good answer." She kissed me and gave my cock a squeeze. I reached around and squeezed her bum. She let out an "ummm" and moved it around in my hand. "Enough now, we'll get to that later."

There was breakfast, chores and some grabbing and fooling around. Nothing more until the afternoon sauna. I had to chop some wood and get it stoked so I was in an old shirt and shorts when I entered the change room. My mother was there, naked of course, waiting for me.

"Let's get you out of these." She unbuttoned my shirt and hung it up and then started on my shorts. As she was pulling then down, her head was level with my cock and she gave the head a kiss. "I missed my friend."

The sauna routine was the same as before, at least in the beginning. I got asked to wash her back only this time when I got down near her tailbone I didn't stop. I started soaping up her cheeks and she leaned forward, bent at the waist with her arms on the wall. This opened her up a lot more and I took the hint and started soaping her asshole with my fingers.

"Oh yes!" She writhed and I kept at it. Then she reached around with her right hand and grabbed my cock. I was rubbing all over her soapy ass and she was pumping me. She pulled my cock so it was no up against her asshole.

"Don't put it in me, just rub it around." I was more than happy to comply and she started squeezing my cock with her ass cheeks. Her hand had left my cock and she was now fingering herself. It didn't take me long and I was soon spurting. She thrust her ass back and while I couldn't be sure, I might have entered her half an inch or so. She came out with several "Ohhhs" and straightened up. We embraced.

"God Stef, I think I'm more sensitive there than my clit." This was another of those moments where I caught myself wondering how I could have wound up naked with my mother, coming on her butt while she was telling me about her clit and asshole. Quick reminder to self -- live in the moment.

"Geez Mom, you really are sensitive there."

"I wasn't always. At least I don't think I was. It seemed like a disgusting area to me but after your father left, I read some books and got curious. I'll tell you about it sometime."

We washed off normally, dried ourselves and make our way back to the main cottage. Dinner was just going to be pasta and tomato sauce so there was little preparation. I'd lost track of time but my mother reminded me that this was our last night. While I was readying the sauna, Uncle Rasmus had called to let us know he'd be arriving tomorrow aft.

"You know Stef, we could stay another day and visit with him, your aunt and your cousins."

"It would be kind of awkward for me. Can we just go home tomorrow?"

"You're right. I'd have trouble keeping my hands off you and we don't need any family scandals. By the way, you know we mustn't speak of this to anyone, right?"

"Well duh."

"Duh, yeah. I know how you guys like to brag about your sexual exploits."

"But not with their moms, Mom. I mean, I'm not ashamed of anything but I'm hardly going to tell my friends."

"Good boy. Make sure you don't." It was a logical enough conversation under the circumstances but I later realized that it was the first time my mother had acknowledged that what we had was a sexual relationship.

After dinner we were again having our skinny-drinks. She was playing idly with cock and I twirled her pussy hair. "Stefan, you know you've yet to touch my breasts. Surely you're not afraid of the girls?"

"Not at all. And don't call me Surely." I leaned over and gave her nipple a lick. And another. Then I took it into my mouth. She was purring and started pumping my cock harder. We kept this up for a few minutes when she stopped.

"Stefan, are you close to coming?"

"Maybe another couple of minutes."

"Then let's go to bed. "Stefan, it's out last night here and I want to make love to you."

Tongue-tied again. I kind of knew we were heading this way but nonetheless was unprepared for the question. If it were a question.

"I realize it's a big step and I'll love you even if you say no. But we've been so close and I'd love to feel closer, to feel you in me. Do you think you're ready for that?"

Of course I was but it was one of these moment-of-truth situations so I wanted to say just the right thing. But this was the best I could muster.

"I am." Then it occurred to me. "But Mon, I don't have any condoms." Little Steff wilted some at the news.

"Love, I had my tubes tied after your father left. We don't need them"

She took my hand and led me to the bedroom. We lay down but by now, Little Stef had decided to take a break. My mother looked at it and grinned.

"Hmm, two minutes ago he was ready for fireworks. Now he's taking a nap. Well I know how to wake him up."

With that she moved her head down and took me into her mouth. Little Stef woke up like the world's loudest alarm had gone off right beside him I was erect in no time and my mother lay back in the missionary position.

"Love me."

I got between her legs and moved my cock close to her pussy. She grabbed it and eased it inside. Fabuwonderfulousness. We slowly rocked and kissed fiercely. She ran her hands all over my back. The sauna come meant I didn't shoot off in seconds but I knew I wouldn't last too long. The unbelievable tight wet warmth enveloping my cock and knowing it came from an attractive woman who loved me seared into my brain. Oh, and the taboo aspect heighted the experience. Sex with my mother! Hot damn!

She was gazing into my eyes with an expression of tenderness, concern, love and lust. I kissed her again and felt the rumblings.

"Mom, I think I'm going to come."

"Yes, come for me darling." She thrusted hep hips more energetically and I responded. I could feel myself shooting inside and she grabbed my face and stuck her tongue in my mouth. I kissed back but soon collapsed.

"Lay there my love. Stay inside me."

Just what I wanted. I put some weight on my elbows to avoid crushing her. She had one hand caressing the back of my neck and ran the other down my back, pressing a finger on the tip of my tailbone. Man, could anything feel nicer?

Then I felt a squeeze on my cock. And another. I looked at her.

"Kegels. I haven't used them in ages but I think they're working."

I'd never heard of Kegels but I could feel my cock responding. It was soon back to an erection. Maybe not 100%; more like 80%. Close enough for government work and fucking your mother.

"Try to stay in me sweetie while I get on top." We managed this and she started rocking on me. At first she was sitting straight up and I played with her breasts. She had a wanton smile. Then she leaned forward and had her face beside mine. There was too much movement to kiss and I caressed her back. I was liking this position. She was doing most of the work.

Her thrusts got stronger and I started stroking her ass. "Oh yes".

I kept up the stroking and fingered her asshole. It was wet with her juices and I rubbed all around it.

"Yes, yes!" I slipped my finger in to the first knuckle and she bucked with a frenzy. A few more hard thrusts and lots of moaning and "Stefan, you're making me come. I'm coming with you!"

I tried to come but couldn't. But I was enjoying her ecstasy and when the thrashes diminished, I held her tight and kissed her.

"Oh my love! I loved coming with you inside me. And I loved felling you come in me."

"And I loved coming with you, inside you Mom."

She rolled over and I slipped out, still erect.

"Oh my, the youth of today."

"Sorry mom. I loved it but couldn't come the second time."

"Well I can't leave my dear friend in that condition. My pussy is worn out for tonight but maybe this will work. She got on her knees beside m and bent down to take me in her mouth. Her ass was inches from my face and I wondered if I was supposed to do something. But I could feel her gentle sucking on my cock and decided to enjoy the view instead. Her asshole was small, light brown and evenly puckered. I was tempted to give it a lick but was too much enjoying her mouth moving up and down my cock. Her pussy lips were parted and not too thick or thin. I made my mind up that I had to go down on her before we left.

It wasn't long before I came. It wasn't a monster spurt but it felt all the nicer for it being in my mother's mouth. She smiled. "Mmm, we taste good together. I must recommend it to my recipe club."

We lay back, cuddled, and didn't speak. I felt blissful and ready to pass out. The last think I remember was my mother thanking me and something about a night she'd never forget.

Next morning she was still in my arms, smiling.

"Good morning my love, and thanks again."

"No, thanks to you Mom. It wouldn't have happened without you." She looked slightly worried.

"Oh Stefan, I hope I didn't...pressure you into anything."

"No Mom." And I smiled. "I loved it and can't quite believe how lucky I am."

"I'm the lucky one Stef. Ok, we're both lucky. Finding a love like this is rare, almost non-existent between a son and his mother. And I can't believe how much I love fucking my son."

I wanted to respond in kind but still felt shy. "And I can't believe how much I love...ah, fucking you. Mom." Weird how you can have your dick up someone's pussy and can barely say the f-word.

"Then maybe we can do it again. Fucking each other that is." Wow. I'd heard that some women go in for the salty talk during sex. I guess I'd just gotten to know one of them. I had a morning semi-boner which her hand now raised to full attention. I fingered her pussy and within seconds it was wet. She slipped down on top of me and we were soon fucking. Nothing spectacular; just your regular mom-son coupling. When I was close to coming I fingered her asshole again. That was the trigger and we came together and collapsed.

A couple of hours later we woke up again.

"Yikes, it's late. What time does Uncle Rasmus get here?"

"Not to worry. Not for another four hours at least."

"But we still have to tidy up, have breakfast and pack." I really didn't want to run into him. Maybe he'd spot the guilt on my face.

"All of which should take us no more than two hours. Which leaves us about an hour and a half of unallocated time." Said with a wicked grin. "You want breakfast first or a shower?"

"Shower I guess."

"Mind some company?"

We went to the sauna where the shower was and quickly washed each other. She was paying particular attention to my ass; rubbing it around a lot with soap and then taking mouthful of water and blowing it on me. To my surprise I got hard again.

"There, I thought you'd like that. Now lean against the wall."

I did, little suspecting what was in store. She started kissing my behind and licking up at the tip of my tailbone. The sensations were stimulating. Then she moved her tongue down, parted my cheeks and starting licking my asshole. Ye gods! Sensational. Now she was jerking my cock and kept up the asshole

licking. I was in seventh heaven. Christ, not only was my mother a sexpot, she was a kinky one. I loved it.

The eruption came soon enough. I was basically one massive blow which necessitated extra cleaning of the sauna walls.

"God Mom. I never knew I was so sensitive there."

"Same with me Stef. I read about this in Xaviera Hollander and it's been my fantasy for a decade. I couldn't leave here without trying it with you."

"Well here's to reading Mom." I was slightly exhausted but remembered my vow from last night.

"Mom, I'd love to return the favour."

She looked at me and leaned against the wall. "No, can we do it on your bed?"

She shrugged. "Fine by me."

In the bedroom I had her lay back in missionary position. "Mom, I've been dying to go down on you."

She smiled. "Have your way with me Stef." She spread her legs wide.

I moved in and started licking. God, I loved that taste. I licked harder up and down and shoved my tongue as far as I could in her pussy.

She sighed, a happy sigh. "Don't forget my clit Stef."

I started licking it and sucked it into my mouth. That brought on a big shudder and some sex sounds. Then I thought of her ass. I licked down her pussy again and kept going until I had my tongue on her asshole.

"Oh my god Stef. Oh my god!"

This was definitely the sweet spot. I kept tonguing her asshole and moved my thumb to stroke her clit. She was bucking now and it was hard to keep my tongue in place.

"Put your finger in me Stef." She didn't specify where and I chose her pussy. Right choice. She started coming and grabbed my head. "Oh Stef, Oh Stef!"

Her pussy got really juicy and my face got soaked. I loved it.

She faded back. "God Stef, no one's ever done that to me. I fucking loved it. Thanks so much."

"My pleasure ma'am. It won't be the last time."

We kissed a lot. I loved how she licked around my mouth and sucked my tongue into hers. It wasn't just the physical sensation, great as it was. It was the acceptance of her love juices and letting me know that she was fine with my tongue poking her asshole.

We relaxed a bit until she looked at the clock. "Time to get up, again. Uncle Rasmus will be herein about two hours."

That energized the bunny. We wolfed down some fruit and bagels and hastily packed. Swept, cleaned and polished and we were on the road shortly before he was due to arrive.

My mother was driving and I vegged out in the front seat. I felt I should say something profound about our vacation but nothing came to mind. She broke the silence.

"Well Stef, what does one say after that?"

"Ah, I was thinking the same, but didn't know what to say. I liked it?"

"Well of course that. I loved it. But that was at the cottage. How do you feel about being back home?"

Usually I hated these personal talks and I'd clam up. Somehow though it was easier in the car when you weren't facing one another. Having recently had your tongue up your mother's ass might also have been a factor.

"Well, I loved everything about being up there. With you. So, whatever you're OK with back home."

"Look Stef, back home I'll have sex with you whenever you want. Just to get that out of the way. And if you'd rather not, I won't lay anything heavy on you. Are we clear on that?"

It sounded OK. Fine in fact. Excellent in fact. "Mom, I'd love to have sex with you again."

The words sounded weird as I said them. But what the hell. I'd just had the best sex of my life and no way did I want to take a pass on more.

"Nice to hear. It's a deal then. And did I tell you how much I love your cock?"

That broke the ice. Emboldened me.

"No, but I love to hear you say it. And did I tell you how much I loved licking your asshole?"

"Stefan, I loved, just loved that. But can you please not use that word?"

"Word? You mean ass..the a-word?"

"Yes, that word. I hate how it sounds."

"OK then, what should I say?"

"Call it my special place." I must have given off some vibe.

"Maybe it sounds corny but look, hardly any sons talk to their mothers like that so it's not as though you're going to get teased. It's just between us and I'd rather you say it like that. OK?"

"OK, and I'm looking forward to loving 'your special place' again."

Small laugh. "Same here bub. And also, when we're having sex, can you start calling me Shirley?"

"I can. Why?" I should have known it was a stupid question. 18.

"At first I got off on you saying Mom. But now I'm thinking of us more as man-woman than mother-son."

"OK Shirley." Genuine laugh this time. But this man-woman notion raised an anxiety. Something like the standard male fear-of-commitment variety. She may have sensed this.

"Stefan, when I say man-woman I don't mean I want to be your girlfriend or anything. I'm still your mother but, forgive me, I love the sexual part of our relationship. When we're in that mode I want to be your woman. But it can't be forever. You have to meet women your own age and have normal relationships. I'll be there whenever you want me and I'll still love you even when it's time to call a halt. But when I'm with you, I'm your woman, not your mother, OK?"

It was a lot to digest. I fastened on to the sex at any time aspect and it sounded OK. I felt there was more to think about but the main point seemed to be I could have sex with her when I liked and there'd be no recriminations if and when I didn't. OK? It was the perfect world.

"Sure Mom. Shirley. It sounds reasonable. Very reasonable."

"Good. So have you been thinking about Stefanie?"

"Whoa. Bolt out of the blue. "Ahhh, not that much."

"Really?"

"Yeaaahhh." I drew it out, not knowing what would come next.

"I ask because, excuse me if I have it wrong, that one difficulty you had with her was that we looked so much alike. Wasn't that the case?"

"Yeaahhh,"

"Well then, now that you've seen me naked and we've had sex, would you have the same hang-up with her?"

Geez, how I hated to be compelled to think seriously. But she had a point. If anything, seeing the naked Stefanie would turn me on.

"I guess not."

"I can't tell you what to do Stef but if she's still taken with you, maybe you should look her up when school starts."

More to digest. But again, she had a point.

"Maybe I will."

The Rest of the Summer With Mom

We fucked like rabbits. Though truth to tell, I've no idea how they fuck.

It was most days and twice on Sunday. One weekend was special. It was my 19th birthday. Unfortunately it coincided with her period. "Sorry my love, no sex for a few days. I have a hang-up about that. But I'm going to make it special for you. I'm going to see if you can handle 19 blowjobs in one weekend."

She may have tried 19 blowjobs. I lost count. But I only came in barely half of them. 'Only'. I did help her out once. Got her face down on her knees with her butt in the air while I licked her 'special place' as she fingered herself. She had a roaring orgasm which made me feel pleased.

With registration just a few days off, it was time for one of those Talks.

"Stef, when you get back to the university will you please look up Stefanie?"

"Yeah Mom." Actually it was an intriguing prospect. We'd exchanged a couple of letters but it was just friendly how's-the-summer-going chat stuff. If she'd found a boyfriend, she hadn't let on. And no way was I going to reveal much of my summer.

We had extra energetic sex the last two nights. When the departure day came she made me promise to look up Stefanie again. "I know she's still fond of you Stef."

Whaaaa?!? OK, it was probably just Mom being a mom.

Back at School

Look up Stefanie? There was already a message waiting for me when I arrived. As a returning sophomore I had my own room. Stefanie had moved into a second floor flat in a house off-campus. Of course I called her.

"So how was your summer?"

"Fine. How was yours?"

"Fine. You want to see my new place?"

"Sure. When is convenient?"

"How about tonight? Or you could even come over for dinner. It would have to be delivery as I haven't completely unpacked yet."

No wasting time there. "Delivery is fine. See you in a couple of hours?"

"See you then Stefan."

I got the address. It was only three blocks from the campus. I rang the doorbell and someone came down to answer. "Hi Stefan." And she hugged me.

Who in hell was this? She had shoulder length straight black hair. But she was smiling and I recognized that crinkle on her nose.

"Stefanie! Yeow! I almost didn't recognize you. You look great."

"New look for a new term. I hope you like it."

We got upstairs and she hugged me again. "I missed you you know."

Only one possible reply to that. "I missed you too Stefanie. I was afraid you might not return."

"Really? That's sweet. But here I am."

We looked at each other. The old connection was back but no one made a move.

"Dinner choices are Chinese or pizza. I'm OK with either."

"Let's make it Chinese. Though I'm OK with pizza too."

"Chinese it is."

She ordered something and after the two minute tour (tiny kitchen, living/dining room, small bedroom and bathroom), we sat down.

"You want some wine? I brought back a couple of bottles. They're supposed to be good. White or red?"

"Either is fine."

There was more desultory chat but there was tension in the room.

"Stefan, no pressure or anything but just so you know, I'm still very fond of you."

'Fond.' That sounded like one of those in-between words. Something more than 'like' but well down the scale from 'crazy about'. Of course, there was also the 'very'.

"Well I'm happy, very happy to see you again Stefanie. And I'm very fond of you too."

Hah! Returned the serve.

She got up and sat down beside me on the small sofa. "That's nice that we're very fond of one another." She stroked my hair as she said this. A familiar situation for me - tongue-tied. But she knew where she was going. "Would you like to kiss me?"

We looked at each other. Finally something where a non-verbal response was in order. We kissed. And kissed. And kissed a lot more.

"Well, we really did miss each other."

We kissed some more. "Oh Stefanie, I thought of you every day." That lie just burst out of me.

"Same here sweetie." She looked sincere. I hoped I did.

We were looking at one another in that teenaged 'meaningful' way when the Chinese delivery guy rang the bell. That broke the spell and the hell with chopsticks, we grabbed forks and spoons and devoured it quickly. "Looks like it's a race" she laughed.

We flirted a bit and then she took the plunge. "Remember the last time you visited me in my room Stefan?"

Ugh, did I ever. "Painful memory Stefanie."

She came over and kissed me. We made out a while and I could feel myself getting hard. So could she and she ran her hand down to my crotch to confirm.

"You think we could maybe eradicate that memory? Replace it with a new and improved one?" Now she was really squeezing my cock.

"I'd say it's worth a try Stefanie." Then a concern. "But I still don't have any condoms."

She laughed. "No worries silly." I still have them from the last time. I don't think they've hit their expiry date yet."

Yeow! I kissed her and massaged her breasts. We made our way, kissing and petting, to her bedroom. It was just a single bed but that's all we needed. As we stripped I took a look at her beautiful, sexy body and was reminded of my mother. That got me even harder. Within minutes we were making sweet love. Nothing acrobatic or wild, just sweet lovemaking. I didn't even come too soon thanks to the condom.

As we were basking in the afterglow, she asked "So tell me Stefan, did you actually see a counsellor?"

19. Intimacy. Sex. The time was ripe for another lie. "I did."

"I knew it. And my how it's worked. Remind me to thank your mother."

Whaaaa?!?

CHAPTER 2

Fall Term with Stefanie

I couldn't decide whether or not to let this pass. Did she really mean that she knew all about me and my mother? If so, did I want to confront her? What if in the confrontation I slipped up and disclosed my sexual involvement with my mother and it turned out she hadn't had a clue? Too many levels of thought to handle.

"What do you mean?"

She blushed. "I mean, I assume your mother encouraged you to see a councillor."

I should have stopped there. Damn, I'm smart as hell in hindsight. A simple "oh" would have sufficed. Instead, "Why would you think she'd do that?" I sensed that Stefanie wasn't being entirely truthful and should have left it at that. But nooooo!

She furrowed her brow as though she were weighing options. "Stefan, she saw how well we got on and was thunderstruck at how much we looked alike. She was also disappointed when we broke up. I'm assuming you wouldn't have seen a councillor on your own accord, yet you did, ergo, your mother must have encouraged you."

Whew! She should enrol in pre-law right now. Something nagged at me though. It sounded tight and logical but maybe just a shade too neat.

"Impressive Stefanie. Yeah, it was something like that." I didn't like to lie and hoped that 'something like' covered a whole lot of ground.

"Thought so" she said merrily.

We relaxed back on the bed and I started wondering how she knew that my mother was disappointed about the break-up. Safe assumption I reasoned but decided not to press it.

For the next few weeks we had a happy routine. I pretty much lived at her flat on weekends and we saw each other a couple of times during the week as well. The sex was nice but not yet wholly adventurous. Early on I'd tried fingering her asshole but she pushed my hand away. Not at all like my mother I thought but then remembered she'd thought it disgusting until she was in her 30s. That led me to believe that Stefanie was conservative in bed so even oral was rare and tentative. I didn't mind so much as I enjoyed her company and conversation. And the sex was nice. As the saying goes, especially when you're 19, good sex is great and bad sex ain't bad.

It was nearing mid-term and I'd promised I'd come home once for a visit. That was on Stefanie's mind.

One night after lovemaking she asked "Stefan, now that we've been having sex, do you think of your mother sexually?"

Ye gods! That was a hell of a lot to lay on someone.

"What do you mean Stefanie?"

She looked at me skeptically. "Oh, you know. The fact that your mother and I look alike, especially naked, and now that we've been having sex and being naked so much...Do I really have to go on?"

"No. I take your point. I guess I haven't given it much thought."

"Well you're going to see her in a week so don't give it too much thought."

"Stefanie, after this conversation it's going to be tough NOT to think of her that way."

"Hmmm, I hope I haven't unleashed a monster."

"Stefanie, you're all the woman I want and need. I'm hardly going to fall for my mother. Geez."

"Nice answer." She leaned over to kiss me.

I'd stayed over at Stefanie's the night before I was to travel back to Mom's place. In the morning she woke me with an uncharacteristic blowjob. She was unskilled and her teeth sometimes got in the way but it was a nice development. I warned her when I was about to come and she took away her mouth and held my cock as I spurted over my chest.

"And good morning to you too Stefanie. And thanks."

"Just wanted to take the edge off before you see your Mom. Can't have you getting too many thoughts."

Weekend With Mom

On the train back home I wondered about sex. Stefanie and I hadn't pledged to be exclusive but it was assumed since we spent so much time together. Still, my mother had told me I could have sex with her whenever I wanted. But in the end I thought I'd best stay true to Stefanie and sadly concluded that it was off the menu with my mother.

She had other thoughts though. As soon as I got in the door she threw her arms around me and kissed me passionately. I was taken aback but as it seemed the polite thing to do, I responded. She was rubbing her cotch against my thigh. After a couple of minutes of tongue-tussling, we broke.

"Mom, that was quite the greeting."

"You don't know how much I've missed you Stefan. And how is Stefanie?"

"Great. We're seeing a lot of each other."

"So, exclusive?"

"Not in so many words but yeah, I think that's the genera assumption."

"So we had better behave ourselves this weekend."

"Fraid so. I thought about it of course but it would feel like cheating on Stefanie."

"I suspected this so no worries. But damn!"

"What?" I now marvel at the capacity I had for obtuse questions.

"Oh, I was getting wet for you all afternoon. Now I'm going to have to change my panties."

"Mo-om. That was sweet and all. Sexy too." I was going to go on in search of the right words when she hiked her skirt, pulled down her panties and presented them to me.

"See what you did to me?"

They were red, skimpy and quite wet. I wanted to sniff them but something held me back. I mustn't have been too hard to read.

"Go ahead and sniff them. Taste them too if you like."

Obedient son I, I sniffed. "Ummmm!"

"And there's something else I have to do."

"What?"

"Stefan, if I'm going to keep my hands off you tonight, I have to take care of myself." She was looking me right in the eye. "And you can come and watch me if you wish."

"I don't know Mom."

"Awww, don't be shy Stefan. I promise - no touching."

"I don't know Mom."

"Well I can't wait. Either I get myself off or I'm going for your cock. You know where to find me." She turned and approached the hallway to the bedroom, paused, and looked over her shoulder.

"Remember, looking but no touching."

I heard her footsteps down the hall; gave her another minute and imagined her frigging herself on her bed. It seemed just too, I don't know, extreme? Kinky? Perverted? Deliciously erotic? If I just remained here for ten minutes then everything would be OK. I licked the crotch of the panties. But maybe she'd be put out, embarrassed, humiliated, if I didn't watch. A rejection. Could chill the whole weekend.

I got up. Then sat back down. Up and down a couple more times. There was a scene in the recently popular Beverly Hills Cop where Judge Reinhold is in his car trying to decide whether to enter the warehouse. That's how I felt. And then, acknowledging what I'd been avoiding, hell yes I wanted to see her masturbate. We'd done it side-by-side but this was a voyeur's nirvana. I got up and I, and I, walked on down the hall.

She heard my footsteps. "Stefan, do come in."

I tried to look reluctant but there I was. My mother was lying down, missionary with her knees up. Now Stefanie wasn't shy about nudity but she'd never displayed herself this explicitly. My mother was rubbing her breasts and stroking her pussy lips.

"Do stay Stefan. No touching and it's a lot less than what we did this summer. Now you sit over there" gesturing to a chair near the foot of her bed."

She'd been running her fingers through her pussy lips and around her clit. She really looked wet. Now she slipped a couple of fingers inside and with her other hand, reached under and fingered her asshole. No way was I going to miss this. So while the decision to stay wasn't hard, my cock by now was.

"Oh Stefan, I'm imagining your lovely cock in me. I'm remembering your tongue on my 'special place'. I'm remembering how it felt when you came inside me." All this interspersed with a series of ooohs and ahhs.

I was at maximum hardness and was seriously worried I'd come in my pants. My erection was prominent and my mother noticed.

"Stefan, why don't you take care of that before you make a mess?"

It was like I was in a trance. I was incredibly turned on and needed relief. It was way beyond my willpower to resist. I undid my belt, unzipped and pulled down my trousers and underwear. Little Stef burst out and was already leaking. I was afraid that one touch would make him go off.

"Beautiful. My friend is just as lovely as I remembered." My mother sped up her efforts and her hips started bucking. This I knew meant that she would come soon. My cock was throbbing and when my mother's orgasm started, I

grabbed myself and on the second stroke shot off spectacularly. Too spectacular as I creamed all over my shirt.

My mother's spasms were slowing down and I felt like collapsing. "Oh Stefan, I came three times just now. You don't know what you do to me."

"Same here Mom. I can't remember when I came so hard."

"Oh, look at your shirt." It was light blue and the cum streaks were pretty obvious. "Get out of it and I can wash it before you go back."

I did and now we were both naked. She got up and came over to take my shirt. She tousled my hair and looked like she was about to kiss me but turned away.

"See? No touching. Now let's get cleaned up."

We went to the bathroom and I noticed there was a stream of pussy juice down her leg. "I need a shower. Want to join me?"

"I'd better not. Too much proximity. I'd be too tempted to break the no-touching rule."

"You're probably right. I wouldn't be able to resist washing your cock and then where'd we be? Now give your mother a hug." She embraced me and I could feel her nipples on my chest. I gave her a light hug and felt her pussy hair alongside my cock, which behaved as healthy cocks do in the presence of pussy hair.

"Mom, you said no touching."

"I meant no sexual touching like with hands, mouths and genitals. Hugs are still OK."

"But naked hugs?"

"Stefan, we've been naked together so often that what difference does it make?"

I looked down at my erection in progress. "It makes this kind of difference."

"Hmmpf! As if you don't get erections when you're not naked."

I could see I was never going to win this argument. "Mom, enjoy your shower."

I cleaned myself off and returned to her bedroom to retrieve my pants and underwear. "Great" I thought. This supposed chaste weekend already had me naked and jerking off with my mother and this was just in the first hour. I was still resolved not to have sex with her but now had doubts about my powers of resistance. Stefanie would probably ask me how things went and I could sort of justify telling her there was no sexual contact, if it came to that. On the other hand, I couldn't exactly say "Oh, just the usual mom-son naked masturbation session."

But maybe there was nothing to fear. Mom kept her flirtatious side in check through dinner and the rest of the evening. So no intimate cuddling; no offers to sleep together; no surprise nighttime visits. Maybe she really did just need to take the edge off, though admittedly how she went about it was unconventional.

The next morning she came into my room to wake me up. I was wearing boxers and she drew back the covers thereby exposing a semi-woody. She herself was in a white light nightie that came to mid-thigh. I couldn't see any pantie lines so assumed she was al fresco underneath. The nightie was snug around her chest and her nipples poked up noticeably. I imagined her naked and got a full hard-on.

"Good morning sweetie. I didn't want you to sleep away the day and I'm just getting breakfast ready. But first I suppose you want to take care of something." As she glanced down to my tented boxers. "Don't worry. I'll give you your privacy. I'm behaving today. But won't you need some paper towels?"

I nodded my head. "Yeah, I guess so. Oh, and good morning to you too."

She was back in a flash with a few paper towels. "Take your time; enjoy yourself."

When I'd finished up I wondered how it had come to this. Where openly discussing my own masturbation with my mother seemed like a normal conversation. Let's see, there had been innocent kissing, less innocent kissing, nudity, naked kissing, mutual masturbation etc. Yeah, the chain of events made sense except it led to such an unlikely conclusion. Well, enough deep thoughts for one morning. Breakfast beckoned.

The day was just fine. We did some chores, some shopping, and prepared a nice dinner of trout. No flirting or anything.

Later that evening we were watching a movie and my mother asked if I wanted more wine. I did. When she came back with the glasses she sat down beside me.

"Cuddle time?"

I must have looked disapproving.

"Oh Stefan, I've been good all day, and last night too, eventually. You're going back to college tomorrow so I won't see you again until Christmas."

Hard to say no to that. And she had been on very good behavior. I put my arm around her shoulder, she moved in close and we watched the rest of the movie and sipped our wine. When it was over she started asking about Stefanie.

"Hey Mom, that reminds me. Stefanie said you were disappointed when we broke up. How would she know that? We barely spoke after the break-up and I'm sure I didn't mention anything about you."

"Oh, we spoke a couple of times during the year. I must have said something."

I sat up straight. "You two were speaking after we broke up? Why didn't you, or she for that matter, mention it to me?"

"I didn't see the need for it. She called me a couple of days after the split to thank me again for the hospitality and explain that she was sorry she wouldn't see me again because you two were no longer going out. I didn't pry even though I had my suspicions. And I told her I'd miss her too and if she ever wanted to talk to me about anything, I'd be happy to hear from her."

"So how often did she call?"

"Oh every week or two. More often than you did."

"Geez, that sounds like (here I was trying to do quick mental arithmetic), oh, 10 or 15 times."

"Honestly Stefan, I wasn't keeping track. We'd just talk about her schoolwork, roommate troubles, life away from home - things like that."

"Did you ever talk about me, or why we broke up?"

"Your name probably came up but by now we all know why you broke up so what does it matter?"

"It's just, it's just..." I couldn't put my finger on it. Mom's way of telling it made it seem oh so natural but something discomfited me. I made a note of it until I could figure out just what that was.

"Stefan, Stefan love, I've upset you. I'm very sorry about that."

I looked at her and she seemed verging on tears.

"Come back here and cuddle some more."

I must have still looked annoyed because she continued.

"Stefan, you know that I'm very happy you and Stefanie are together. I really am. And while I don't mean to boast, you have to admit that I helped make it happen."

I knew it. It was true. But this was the first time it was openly acknowledged. I should have calmed down but was, as they say, looking for a fight.

"Oh, so all that last summer was just a ruse to get me back with Stefanie?" I had gotten myself quite worked up by now.

"Stefan, let me give you the whole story. When we had that talk about counselling, I knew you'd never see Dr. Ruby. I also knew you had to do something to get over your hang-up with me so that you could be with Stefanie."

"At first I thought that maybe by dressing more provocatively along with mild flirting would do the trick. But I couldn't be sure that would be enough. So when the week at your Uncle Rasmus's cottage came up, I thought it was an excellent chance. You know, opportunities for skinny-dipping, hot tubs and a sauna - I felt that if you saw me naked you could get over your hang-up. So far that was all done with you and Stefanie in mind."

"But it still sounds like a set-up." I was still angry but less so.

"It was to some extent. But keep in mind that it was only a set-up because I love you and wanted what was best for you. Anyway, I'd planned the skinny dip. It was dark and it was a way off easing into it. But then we kissed on the raft, remember?"

I nodded "Yes. I remember it being kind of erotic."

"Kind of? Naked under the moonlight with my lovely son? Erotic enough that my pussy was tingling and I had to lie down so you wouldn't notice the juices running down my leg. Then we embraced on shore and I could feel your hard cock on my hip. Then again back in the cottage. God, I wanted to jump you and slide down on your cock then and there."

I was getting warmed up by the retelling. "So why didn't you?"

"Too much too soon Stefan. After all, sex between a mother and her son isn't the sort of thing you just plunge into. We're taught, or maybe it's wired into us, I don't know, but there's a reason why it's taboo. And I didn't know if you felt the same way."

"After that night, while I still had yours and Stefanie's welfare as my guiding principle, I realized that I was turned on by you sexually. I loved seeing you naked and, forgive me, I was really turned on by your erect cock. I didn't know what exactly would come next but I did know I wanted to see you naked again and see that hard cock again. And I wanted to expose myself to you. So there was the sauna where we could have a good look at each other and then what for me felt like the biggest step."

"Which was...?"

"The side-by-side masturbation. It was the first time we were openly sexual together and just the thought of you and your lovely cock right there with me as I touched myself, well, I don't think I'd ever come so hard. Remember what I said about exposing myself? The next morning I made sure I was sitting with my legs apart so when I opened my robe, all my womanhood was on full display. I don't know if you noticed but my little clit was as hard as all get-out. Then in the hot tub that afternoon as I was climbing out, I stopped with my pussy practically in your face. You started blowing on it and I got really turned on. I wanted to mash myself down in your face."

"But you didn't."

"No, didn't want to rush it and everything had proceeded so nicely. And after that, well, you know the rest. Mutual masturbation then full-on sex. It was our last night and I was dying to feel you inside me."

Wow! This reliving it had made me hard. I felt chastened at my earlier anger and felt the love I had for her. I moved back down and gave her a hug. She rubbed my chest and slid her hand under my shirt. My erection was obvious and she looked. "Whew! This got me all hot and bothered too."

"Oh Mom." And we kissed, deeply and lovingly with plenty of tongue.

When we came up for air she noted "Well it all worked. Having sex with me made it easier to have sex with Stefanie. Isn't that about it?"

There was only one answer but for some reason I was reluctant to confirm. So I kissed her again. She kissed back.

Several minutes later, "So tell me, how is your sex life with Stefanie?"

"Whoa, OK I guess. Still early stages. But why that question?"

"Because I care about you Stefan."

"Fair enough. But it's not like you're going to be giving us sex tips or anything."

She smiled. "Only if you ask politely."

"Right. I might forget to mention that to Stefanie."

"OK. I'll just have to wait until she asks. But what have you two done so far?"

I couldn't quite believe this. Was she getting off, or hoping to, on hearing about my sex life?

"Mom, a gentleman never tells."

"That's the right answer son. So have you done oral?"

I really should have stopped this line of questioning but it was having some kind of snake-charmer effect. Constant repetition until one follows. "Sort of."

"Sort of? Isn't it a yes or no question?"

"Well, we've given a few licks and sucks but haven't really gotten into it yet. I'm sure we will. It hasn't even been two months yet."

"So you've never come in her mouth?"

"Mom! No I haven't but geez, that's a pretty personal question."

"Well you've come in my mouth several times, which I loved by the way, so that extends the boundaries for personal questions, don't you think"

I had no idea what to think. It sort of made sense if you didn't think about it too much. Which I was in no mood to do so anyway.

"I guess so. But why all these questions?"

"I was thinking that since we can't make love, because you're already doing that with Stefanie, it ought to be OK to do something we've already done that you and Stefanie haven't. Get it?"

My mind was a whirl. It sounded reasonable; reasonable or something like it. It's hard to think straight when an attractive woman with whom you've already had great sex is telling you she'd like to give you a blowjob. Add to that that 19 year-old brains under hormonal influence aren't exactly renowned for their logical acuity.

"Well what about the no-touching rule? Wouldn't we be breaking it?"

"Not really. This is more of a clarification of its implicit underpinnings."

Well, if she was going to talk like that I could only respond with "So you mean..."

"Yes I mean. Oral is OK because you and Stefanie haven't gone there yet. When you do, we'll stop."

I should have stopped right there but Little Stef insisted on taking the wheel. And he was no stranger to driving under the influence.

"Well, OK I guess." And sensing how lame that was, "I mean, fine excellent. I'm dying to taste your pussy again."

She smiled and gave me a big kiss. We got up and were heading to the bedroom when she stopped at the bathroom.

"Stefan, let's take a shower first."

"A shower?"

"Yes. If I'm going to have your cock in my mouth all night I want to make sure it's squeaky clean. And I want to be sure that by nether parts and my 'special place" aren't going to gross you out."

Mom knew how to drive a hard bargain. We got out of our clothes and into the shower. We kissed again. :Oh Stefan, I've missed being naked with you."

"Me too." In the moment I really meant it. There was still something about the dichotomy between her outward picture-of-innocence aspect and her hot, sexy body combined with a very sexual mind that just turned me on incredibly.

We soaped each other and as every woman who's showered with a man knows; your breasts get really, really clean. My mother was doing my back and knelt down to pay particular attention to my ass. First it was a wash cloth and then her finger soaping up again and again my asshole. "Oh Stefan, I really need to do this. I'm guessing that Stefanie hasn't yet."

I knew what was coming and was eagerly awaiting it. "Not yet Mom" I gasped. She pulled my cheeks apart and then I felt her tongue licking my asshole. God, a year ago I would have thought this the kinkiest, no, grossest thing imaginable. Now I was loving it. She started pumping on my cock and I had to warn her. "Mom, I'm going to go off if you keep that up."

That stopped her. "Mister, there's only one place you're going off tonight. And that's in my mouth. Got it?" I really admired her ability to form questions that could never be answered in the negative.

Now it was my turn. A quick wash of her back and then down to her ass. She shuddered as soon as I touched her. "Make sure it's good and clean Stefan." I did. As I was using a soapy finger to rub all around her 'special place', I could feel her frigging her clit.

"Is it nice and clean dear?" Her breathing was making her speech uneven.

"Looks like it Mom, er, Shirley."

"Maybe you should make sure." I knew what that meant. Tongue. But first I got up and filled my mouth with water. Got back down fast, spread her cheeks and spit out the water to clear away the soap. Then got the tongue back to work. I was licking all around and her hand was becoming a blur as she worked over her pussy. It didn't take long.

"Oh my God Stefan. You're making me cooooooome!" And she shuddered violently as she grabbed the back of my head and pushed it into her ass. Good thing I was able to hold my breath for 30 seconds or so.

"Oh, that was intense."

"I loved seeing you come Shirley. But I hope I haven't worn you out for the night."

"Worn me out? I'm just getting started. Now let's get out of here and dry off. Because you're about to get the cocksucking of your life."

Funny about how people are with their language. She wasn't the least bit shy when it came to talking about fucking or cocksucking or my cock. But she hated the word 'asshole' so it could only be referred to as her 'special place'. I

probably don't need to mention that these weren't the thoughts that occurred to me at that moment.

"And your pussy is going to get tired of my tongue."

"We'll see about that. But it sounds like we have ourselves a deal."

By now we were on the bed and kissing. Oddly enough, no genital touching.

"Stefan, I don't believe we've ever tried 69. And I'm guessing that you and Stefanie haven't either."

"You guessed right."

"Well then. You lie back and.." she got on top. She wriggled her hips around so her pussy was right and my mouth. My cock was in hers and we started in. Just as I was seconds from coming she took her mouth away and caressed my groin and balls. A minute later she took me in her mouth again. And a couple of minutes later - the same. I realized she must sense when I was about to come and wanted to make it last.

Meanwhile, I'd been licking her pussy lips, sucking and licking her clot and trying to stick my tongue inside her. The second time she took me out of her mouth she leaned back so her 'special place' was now at nose level. I gave it a few gentle licks and she moaned. We put this process on repeat and at one point I marvelled at how erotic seeing my mother's anus up close was. The ridged oval around it was symmetrical and just slightly darker than the surrounding skin. Maybe it was the forbiddingness of it all but really, who knows why we're sexually turned on by whatever.

The repeat process had a limit and I was reaching mine. This time my mother doubled down on her oral efforts and I blasted into her mouth. From her hip thrusts I could tell she was coming too. Nice of her to control the timing so it was simultaneous.

We lay back panting and gasping. "Thanks Stefan, I needed that." I started to think of Stefanie but decided that would only make me feel bad and there was plenty of time on the train for that. Fortunately my mother's pussy and extended clit were still close to my face so there was an easy visual distraction.

She got up, kissed all around my face and snuggled in beside me. Next thing I remember was waking up with her in my arms. She smiled and gave me a lazy kiss. "Oh Stefan, I'm so tempted to go down on you one more time but I'd better leave you with enough ammo for Stefanie tonight."

Weird conversation to wake up to. I hadn't wanted to start thinking about Stefanie right away but there it was. "Thanks for last night Mom." I said it but didn't fully mean it. I wondered if I really wished it hadn't happened. What I really wished is that it happened and that I was given divine assurance that there was an absolutely zero, utterly impossible, null chance that Stefanie would ever find out or even suspect. That didn't comfort me as much as you might think.

Mom was well-behaved after that. Separate showers and only a goodbye peck on the cheek when I left.

Lying to Stefanie

I had a few hours on the train to mull things over. Obviously I couldn't tell her. That much was clear. It was the how-to-avoid-it part that was problematic.

Let's see, she would ask about the weekend and give our recent conversations, she was bound to question whether I'd found my mother sexually attractive. She wouldn't believe an outright No so it had to be a qualified Yes with appealing, mitigating conditions. So far so good.

Now what would those conditions be? Yes, I felt a twinge but only because she reminded me so much of you. Ye gods! Could it really be that simple? I reran it for logical flaws or errors of omission. Nope. It was ideal. I was so pleased with it I wondered why I couldn't apply such brilliance to my B-school grades. So I was in an upbeat mood the rest of the way back to college.

Stefanie was waiting for me at the station. Unexpected but pleasing. Though it meant I couldn't go through any last minute re-evaluation of my gambit. We chatted about nothing on the bus back to campus and after I dropped off my things, we walked back to her place. She made tea while I awaited the questions. Just as in lie detector tests, the first few were warm-ups.

"So how was your visit?"

"Nice enough. I missed you though."

"And how was your mother?"

"Fine. Happy to see me and sends her regards."

"What did you do?"

"Oh, chores, shopping, catching up?"

"So nothing sexual?"

Hey! It was supposed to be 'Did I find my mother sexually attractive?' You don't just leap from shopping to sex acts. What kind of disorderly mind did Stefanie have? I knew that a delayed response, which it now was, would invite...well, I didn't want to think of what except that it was bad all over. It reminded me of why I was a B- student and she was an A. I knew I was going down. I felt like Michael Spinks walking into the ring with Mike Tyson. This could hurt.

"Ah, not really."

"Not really!?! What kind of a response is that?"

"Well what kind of question is that?"

That set her back. "It was meant to be light, playful, teasing; but when you take half a minute to reply and the best you can do is 'not really', well, put yourself in my place."

Something I would gladly have done had she taken mine.

"I mean, sure, I couldn't keep out some thoughts because as you said, you look so much alike." Lame-o but at least it was timely.

"Stefan, I asked a simple question. Which you still haven't answered. Now I'm beginning to think that you needn't bother because, well..."

"Stefanie, it was just so unexpected. How would you react if I asked you if you'd had sex with a family member?"

"False comparison. There'd be no grounds for asking it."

"OK, no. I didn't have sex with her. Geez." As I tried to act like I was stifling my justifiable indignation at such a notion.

She gave me a long look. "Alright Stefan, I'm sorry I brought it up."

The rest of the evening was a downer. We tried to act normal and on the surface everything was OK. But it was the first time I stayed overnight where we didn't have sex. I didn't try to make the first move and neither did she.

Next morning over coffee she apologized. "Stefan, I know you must have a confusing relationship with your mother and I'm sorry if I pressed you on it."

"Well I probably over-reacted too. And one thing I had on my mind that unsettled me is that I didn't know you were calling her all term. She told me. Why didn't YOU ever mention it?" Ha! Hard smash to her court.

"Well, we weren't speaking at the time so the opportunity never came up. And I was hardly going to lay that on you during our one conversation at the end of term."

Hard smash indeed but evidently not a winner.

"OK, but..." I was going to ask why she hadn't told me when we got back together but it would have felt like over-zealousness. Meanwhile, I completely forgot to get her version of what they talked about or when was the last time they talked. B- with a Bell Curve assist.

She was looking at me as I paused. "OK but nothing. Maybe we'll be better if we just drop my mother for a while."

She looked as if she were about to say something more but all that came out was a sprightly "OK." We kissed and got ready for classes.

The rest of the term was fine. No fights of any sort, plenty of laughs and we got started on oral during another debauched weekend at Marvin's. He told us he was growing his own there during summer so of course the cabin got renamed Marvin's Garden. Oh, and the oral still didn't include me coming in her mouth. But I'd made her come in mine. Loved her taste. Not that I didn't like my mother's. But that was one aspect in which they differed. Stefanie's was more fresh and zesty like Beaujolais Nouveau while my mother's was deeper and richer like a fine aged Burgundy. I was inordinately pleased with the simile but stumped as to how I could ever work it into a conversation.

The Xmas Visit

Near the end of term my mother asked if I'd invite Stefanie to spend some time with us over the holiday break. As a sweetener(?), she added that if we liked, we could use Uncle Rasmus's cottage over Christmas as he and my Aunt Greta wouldn't be using it until a few days before New Year's.

I was immediately nervous returning, as it was, to the scene of the crime, but my mother insisted that I invite Stefanie.

"Mom, she can't miss Christmas with her family. Maybe she can come back early like last year."

"You're probably right but just ask her. Besides, if it's like last year we won't be able to use the cottage, unless we share with Uncle Rasmus"

"What's the big deal with the cottage? She could just come here."

"Stefan, you know there's not a whole lot to see or do here. I just thought it would be nice for her."

"OK Mom."

Stefanie was pleased but, "I'd have to speak to my parents Stefan."

I was hoping that would be the end of it. But no.

"It took a lot of doing but they said Yes. I'd still have to go back on the 27th and, oh, there was one more condition."

I looked hopeful.

"They insisted that you come for a visit over spring break. I've told them so much about you and they're dying to see you."

"I'd like to Stefanie but I doubt I could afford the flight."

"I know. I told them. My father insisted on paying."

"Stefanie, I'm not sure I could accept that."

"Yes you can. We'll talk about it later."

I might as well have folded on the spot. That's what happened when we did talk later. I wasn't all that keen about the Christmas visit, especially with the return to Uncle Rasmus's cottage in the mix. At least there'd be no skinny dips, skinny drinks or hot tubbing. But there was still the sauna and the general closeness. I sensed drama and while I liked it enough on film or the stage, vicarious enjoyment satisfied that taste. I was just hoping for some relaxation, easy conversation, some laughs, great food and drink and nice sex with Stefanie. Was that too much to ask? I sensed it was.

We were to arrive a few days before Christmas and head up to the cottage on the 23rd. Stefanie had to return on the 27th so that left us four days and nights.

Mom and Stefanie were delighted to see one another. They actually squealed when we arrived home and to Stefanie's surprise, my mother gave her a big kiss. "Mistletoe!" I was part-way under it too so I got a kiss too. Then Stefanie, cottoning on to the situation, gave me a juicy kiss too. All this two minutes in. 'Relaxation' wasn't the word that sprang to mind.

A couple of days of gift shopping and loading up on supplies for the cottage. Laughs, nice meals, a couple of movies, nice sex with Stefanie (we were even allowed to share a bedroom!) and NO drama. Maybe this break was going to be great after all.

We arrived in a packed car and it took us a couple of hours to unload and put away everything. Stefanie and I were in an upstairs guest bedroom while my mother took one of the others on the ground floor. We'd just gotten settled when my mother asked if I could prepare a sauna. Uh oh.

"Please Stefan. Stefanie and I will go in first." I looked up, giving them my best nonplussed countenance and shrugged. Fortunately, if that's the word I want, Uncle Rasmus had left piles of firewood so it was just burning; no cutting. It took an hour to warm up so by then we were on our second drinks.

"Have some waiting for us when we get back Stefan" my mother laughed. They scampered out with their towels, giggling like schoolgirls. OK, one of them was a schoolgirl so it was semi-legit.

Meanwhile I was wondering why they hadn't invited me in. Despite the events of the previous chapter, saunas are generally non-sexual. Normal families share them often and adults invite their friends in with no sexual implications. In this case I'd had sex with both of them. My mom knew about Stefanie and me and I still half-suspected that Stefanie had an inkling about my mother and me. Still, nothing was out in the open so we kept up pretences. But why wouldn't my mother have suggested that Stefanie and I go in together? Too many questions for one session. I fixed myself another drink, slipped out for a quick toke and cranked up some Dylan, ignoring the thought that it was my mother who'd gotten me into his music.

I was vegging out to Tangled Up in Blue when they returned. Still giggling which I remarked on.

"Oh Stefan. You shouldn't use that term. We were laughing. 'Giggling' is one of those male terms that demean us. Men laugh or chuckle but never giggle." That was Stefanie who was taking a Women's Studies course this semester. So far it hadn't affected her day-to-day demeanour but I took this as a harbinger.

"Fair enough. Laughter is good. Is there a joke or is it something I won't get anyway?"

"Probably the latter. It was just banter enhanced by practically sharing the same body with someone." My mother was just smiling as she observed the exchange.

I immediately saw there were two ways of interpreting this. But those tokes had given me a surprising clarity and I wasn't going to be taken in so easily.

"I can see, er, imagine it's unusual but funny? Hard to fathom."

"C'mon Stefan. If you met someone who was your near twin, wouldn't you get a laugh out of that?"

I was thinking "No way!" Especially if we'd been naked in the sauna together. And double, no triple, no, a lot more than triple if his dick happened to be longer than my six inches.

"Not like you two. But I'm happy to see you in such good spirits." I meant it too until I realized that the needle was now sitting closer to the Drama set of the dial.

Nothing much else that evening. A pleasant dinner, some after-dinner rum eggnogs by the fireplace, an early night and some sweet sex with Stefanie. She was now on the pill so thankfully condoms we no longer in the picture. Afterwards I was quite relaxed when she wanted to talk.

"Stefan, do you think your mother has ever been bisexual?"

Good Christ! What kind of post-prandial question was this? 'Has ever been'? Like 'once was a member of the Communist party'?

"How should I know? Not to my knowledge but geez, it's not the sort of thing a mother would talk about with her son."

I was so taken aback by the question that I forgot to ask what prompted it. But Stefanie threw me a line.

"OK, I was just wondering."

"But why? Did she come on to you in the sauna or something?"

"Not exactly. That is, I'm not sure. I don't think so."

"Well that sounds pretty vague. I almost don't want to know (lie!), but what happened?"

"We'd been laughing and joking, comparing bodies (she blushed at this) and then she asked if I wanted her to wash my back. I wasn't sure about the sauna protocol but it sounded harmless enough."

"So..."

"So she washed my back but then kept going and washed my behind. All the while she was talking about nothing in particular as though it was perfectly natural."

I was dying to ask for details, explicit details, on the bum-washing but couldn't figure how to phrase it without seeming creepy.

"Hmm, I guess that's unusual but I don't know what girls, women, get up to when they sauna together."

"Well I'm new at this but touching someone's naked behind? Aside from babies, isn't that something you only do in a sexual context?"

Tough question. Especially tough for a truthful answer.

"Did she try anything else? And how, um, intimate was the touching?"

"No, nothing else, and by 'intimate" I take it that you're asking if she put her hand between my cheeks? No she didn't. It was just a continuation of washing the back."

"Then nothing much happened and she probably meant nothing by it. Right?"

"I suppose. But Stefan, it actually felt pretty nice."

"Nice? As in...?"

"As in Yes, it turned me on a little."

"Turned you on? But when I tried to touch your..." I couldn't remember if I'd ever called Stefanie's ass her 'ass'. It wasn't a word she used. "...your.."

"You can say 'ass' Stefan."

"Your ass, you didn't like it."

"Stefan, that was early on in our sex life. You know I wasn't a virgin but I wasn't very experienced either. And it wasn't just my ass you tried to touch."

"Sorry."

"No," and she kissed me. "I wasn't expecting it and was maybe a little uptight."

"So now you might like it better?"

She smiled very sweetly. "I might indeed. But I haven't told you everything."

Ye gods! There was more?

"Well don't let me stop you." I was wide awake now.

"After she washed my back, she asked if I'd like to wash hers. What was I going to say? I was just going to wash her back and her back only. But as I got down to her waist she shifted her feet and her ass was kind of pointed more outwards. It was like she was reminding me to wash there too. And it was fascinating to look at. Like mine only spread out a little more, like it had been sat on for twenty years more."

I shouldn't have broken the flow but was trying to hurry her along. "So did you?" And hoped I didn't sound over-eager.

"I did. Just her cheeks, like she did mine. But as I did them her breathing got deeper and faster and she shifted her legs again and her ass just opened up."

I had to stifle a whole bunch of questions at this point. But I put on my most earnest 'Tell Me More' face.

"So I took the washcloth, soaped it up and washed her up, down and around. Now she was breathing really hard and bucking her hips in time with my washing. She was already clean enough but it seemed rude not to continue. Plus, I admit I was getting kind of turned on too. You know how

horniness can be contagious don't you Stefan?" She grabbed my cock which was now hard.

"Let's see how contagious" and I fingered her pussy - her wet pussy.

She laughed and squirmed. "I'm almost finished Stefan. So I kept it up for, oh, a minute or so and then she kind of shuddered and straightened up."

"Yikes. You mean she came?"

"Yes, maybe, I'm not sure. But this was way more than a friendly wash between friends. And speaking of between friends, it looks like my story has excited you."

"You have such a sexy way of telling it Stefanie. And you're pretty sexy yourself. Especially naked like this."

She leaned over and kissed me again, smiling all the time. "Yeah, but I think it's you imagining your mother's ass that's got you so worked up. You're just fantasizing it was you in there with her. And I bet your fantasy doesn't come with a washcloth."

All this while she was giving little kisses to my mouth and nose and playing with my cock while I was fingering her pussy. It was so pleasant I almost forgot her last statement urgently required a rebuttal. Almost.

"Stefanie, it sounds like that is your fantasy. Here I am in bed with a beautiful woman, a beautiful naked woman who I love (first time for the L-word but it wouldn't have been summoned into action if it hadn't been desperately needed) and you're suggesting I'm fantasizing about someone else? A family member no less?" And I stepped up the action on her clit.

Now I could see that Stefanie was getting really turned on. I leaned over to suck her nipple. "Oh Stefan, you'd better fuck me now."

Another first. The L-word and then the F-word. First time she'd used it in a sexual context. Neither of us were ever vocal in bed until now. She slid down on me and my cock easily slid into her.

"Oh yes, you're fucking me. Oh yes, oh yes."

In the back of my mind I didn't want my mother to overhear the sex sounds so I let her do the talking. I was rubbing my hands over her back and then down to her ass. "You like being touched there?"

She almost growled. "Yes. Fuck me and touch my ass." I went further and let my fingers graze her asshole. She bucked harder but didn't push them away. I pressed down and rubbed around her anus which was wet with splashed up pussy juice.

"Fuck me Stefan. Fuck me. Is that your mother's ass you're playing with?"

Whoa! Whoa whoa! This was now officially in the red zone. Or the twilight zone. Or, given the circumstances, maybe the end zone. I should have been freaked out but not-so Little Stef was having none of that. "No Stefanie, I'm fucking you, my cock is in your pussy and it's YOUR ass I'm loving."

We started kissing hard and I knew I was going to come soon. She thrusted harder and I slipped my finger into her ass up to the first knuckle. That did it and we came together.

I must have conked out right away because my next memory was Stefanie giving my head a shake and telling me my mother had made pancakes. I shook my head and was surprised to see the sun was already well up. So close to the winter solstice, that meant it was late.

"Stefan love, get up now or I'll send your mother up."

I shook my head and tried to figure out what she meant by that. Also tried to recollect the events of last night. Aside from a glorious fuck, there seemed to have been something about my mother. I didn't want to think about that. So I got up just as my mother was coming up the stairs. I didn't hear her and looked around for something to wear, all the while sporting a semi hard-on. The bedroom door was open and I turned in its direction just as she arrived.

"Stefan, I was just coming to...oh my."

I looked at her stunned, still in that morning fog. Stefanie looked at us both with Sphinx-like inscrutability. My mother looked at my cock.

"I was just coming to see if you were ready for breakfast, well, brunch now. It's anything but formal but you really should get yourself something to wear."

Still dimly recalling the previous night, I found some longjohns and a robe. I was expecting Stefanie to say something but she just led me downstairs

Breakfast was delicious. I love pancakes and my mother had sliced some apples into the, added some cinnamon to the mix and topped it off with real maple syrup. The accompanying sausages were large and spicy. Best of all, no breakfast drama or awkward questions. And the coffee was delish, all three cups of it.

Stefanie and I offered to do the dishes and clean-up and my mother made herself scarce.

"Stefan, I just have to ask you. I'm fine with accepting an 'I don't remember' or 'it was in the heat of the moment' reply, but did you really say you loved me last night?"

It was coming back. I did vaguely remember. To my still early in the day thinking, the L-word was part of a deal whereby she would cease and desist suggesting I was sexually fantasizing about my mother. But she reneged during the lovemaking by asking if I was imagining my mother's ass while I was touching hers. So the implicit contract was voided.

On the other hand, how could you not love someone who, aside from all the great company and sexual availability, could so charmingly give you a couple of outs in clarifying if you'd actually admitted to loving her. Add to that a promising and incipient level of kink to the sex.

"Stefanie, I said it and I meant it and I should have said it long before. I'm in love with you."

A very warm embrace with an intense kiss. "Same here Stefan. I love you. I was just afraid to say it first. But it's been true for a long time."

We kissed and hugged some more. She continued "And I loved how you fucked me last night. And I love fucking you."

That sure sealed the deal. You must all remember how you feel when it's your first real love, you've just mutually admitted it and everything seems as perfect as it can and will ever be? That was that moment. And at that moment I desperately wished that Stefanie and I were alone. And at that moment my mother entered the kitchen.

"Hey lovebirds."

We looked up sheepishly in that embarrassing state where someone catches you being, well, lovebirds.

"What's up Mom?"

"Well, maybe I should be suggesting that you two get a room but I actually wondered if you'd like to go for a short hike."

"I don't know Mom. It's pretty snowy out there."

She looked a bit cross. Maybe she was feeling left out. Stefanie must have sensed that because she took my mother's hands in hers.

"Shirley, I'd love to do some exploring. Stefan, don't be such a bore. Get dressed and join us. We'll have plenty of time indoors for the rest of our stay."

The hike was refreshing. As the snow was mostly up to our knees and there were few trails, we couldn't stay out long. But we horsed around, threw snow at one another (too cold to make snowballs) and laughed a bunch. My mother told Stefanie about the time when I was a kid and had gotten stuck in a snowbank. Aunt Greta came out to rescue me and in pulling me up and carrying me back to the cottage, had overlooked the fact that my boots had remained in the snowbank. We didn't figure that out till the next day and then spent an hour looking for them till someone guessed where they were.

Lunch was a stone soup, a Stefanie family speciality. Delicious. Afterwards we played scrabble and then my mother asked if I was going to prepare a sauna again.

"Two days in a row Mom?"

"Stefan, I got pretty sweaty in the walk and I don't want to wake up on Christmas morning unwashed."

Stefanie chimed in. "Me too Stefan. You don't want a girlfriend in bed with you reeking of stale sweat now do you? And I want you clean too."

Guess the answer.

I loaded up the sauna's firebox and came back inside. It would take about an hour's worth of refilling before it was hot enough. Stefanie and my mother had small drink glasses on the table.

"Hey, what's that? Is it already happy hour?"

Mom replied. "Who's to say Stefan? We're in a timeless state here. Why don't you join us?"

"Thanks, but I have to keep popping out for the fire. I'll have something while you're in there."

Stefanie's turn. "Stefan, why don't you join us in the sauna? You wouldn't mind, would you Shirley?"

Mom shook her head.

"Are you sure? I really don't mind waiting till you're done."

"Saves on wood and what's the matter? You two must have shared a sauna before."

I was about to offer up my "yeah but I was a kid then" disclaimer but sensed some backfire potential. Easier to just agree, but it sounded like Stefanie was up to some game. And I couldn't be sure whether or not my mother was an accomplice. Hell, I'd be seeing them both naked. That was a large plus. And after Stefanie's 'mother's ass' comments last night, maybe I was over-worrying.

"Well, 'saves on wood' is definitely a clincher. Uncle Rasmus will be so pleased." We all laughed, a bit nervously.

We got to the change room with our towels and change of underwear. I was faster stripping off and entered the sauna first. There were three levels of wooden benches on two sides of the sauna. The lower one was a couple of feet off the floor and each of the upper ones was about a foot and a half higher. I took a seat on the middle bench in the main section. The door was to my left and I was facing the shower area. I could hear them giggling in the change room. Maybe I couldn't say it but I could still think it.

My mother and Stefanie entered together. Instead of taking a seat on the bench, they stopped in front of me and struck cheesecake poses. Stefanie had her hips angled out exaggeratedly and her chest thrust towards me. My mother had her crotch towards me, her right hand pushing up one of her breasts and her left on Stefanie's shoulder. They were smiling and Stefanie stuck out her tongue.

This was the first time I had to study them together. At least now it was easy to differentiate. Stefanie was growing out her straight black hair and had cut it in a short of shag but there was still some black. I didn't have the courage to tell her it looked like remorseful punk.

Their breasts really were an almost perfect match. Around 34C maybe and both with the upturned nipples. Same pinkish colour and similarly sized aureoles. Stefanie's stomach was flatter and tauter but not by much. Their hips weren't hugely curvy but nicely so. Both had rusty blonde pubic hair. Mom's was untrimmed but not wildly bushy while Stefanie kept hers cropped. And good heavens! I hadn't noticed before but even their feet looked the same. Had I been aware of DNA at that time I might have insisted on a test.

"Well this is a sight for sore eyes." Best I could come up with given that Little Stef had issued an APB for all available blood.

"That's all you have to say?"

"Sorry Mom. You two are gorgeous but I didn't think it was appropriate to say anything too ribald." Again, I hoped it meant what I thought it did.

"Oh, go ahead. I'll wager that Stefanie and I can out-ribald you anytime." She laughed deeply and they broke their pose.

The sitting and working-up-a-sweat part usually took 15-20 minutes so we joked a bit and relaxed. I had gotten about one third erect but neither of them commented.

Stefanie was first up. "I've opened up enough pores. Stefan, will you wash my back?" It sounded like the first step of something.

"Sure." I did and eventually got down to her lower back. No washcloth - just hands. I kept going and was now soaping up her ass. She parted her legs a bit and I went between her cheeks and soaped up her asshole. She actually responded with some little movements back at me. I couldn't see my mother

but she probably figured out what was going on. I continued down her legs and then she turned around.

"Thanks Stefan. I'll take it from here." She quickly washed her front and as I was about to sit down again, my mother got up.

"Oh Shirley, let us wash your back."

My mother arched her eyes. "Does it really take two?"

"It will be faster that way. Stefan, I'll start on her shoulders and you take her legs."

It meant for awkward positioning as Stefanie was directly behind my mother while I was crouched and a bit to the side. My face was level with Stefanie's hip and I playfully gave her ass a small bite.

"Hey! We're supposed to be washing your mother. And you're the one who complains about teeth." Damn. Out-ribalded.

She washed from the shoulders down and I from the ankles up. My mother spread her legs as I got above her knees and Stefanie didn't seem to be looking down. So I ran my finger through her pussy lips real quick and moved on to her ass. I soaped it up and no longer paying attention to Stefanie, I moved a soapy finger all around her anus. She groaned quietly and twisted her hips. Stefanie was just giving cursory rubs on her shoulders and looked down. I thought I caught a smile. Finally my mother moved away and looked flushed.

"See how nice that was Shirley?"

"Almost too nice Stefanie. But Stefan, now it's your turn."

"Shirley, why don't you do his back and I'll do his front?"

It started off nice and proper. Well, as proper as it gets with two lovely naked women caressing your body. My mother made quick work of my back and legs and then settled in for my ass. Stefanie had done my chest, ignored the groin area and finished up my legs. Meanwhile my mother had her hand in my cheeks and was giving me a vigorous fingering. I was fully hard by now, just as Stefanie was about to attend to my last unwashed part.

She washed my inner thighs, my public hair, all around it but not 'it'. She went back to my inner thighs just as my mother had decided to caress my balls. Their hands touched.

"Hey neighbour" my mother joked.

Stefanie said "Stefan, I can't wash any more of you because I'm afraid that after that we'd have to wash off much of the sauna. But you won't suffer for long."

We'd finished up and I felt odd standing there with a grade A erection in front of two sexy women. My mother tried to cut the tension.

"Goodness Stefan, it's a good thing I saw you in such a state this morning otherwise I'd be shocked. Shocked I tell you!" She laughed but it sounded put-on.

Stefanie looked at us as though she was about to say something but turned, doused herself under the shower and went to the change room. That left my mother and I. She just looked at my erect cock, put her finger to her mouth,

kissed it, and then touched her finger to the tip of my cock. Gave me a hard-to-read look and got under the shower.

Just then Stefanie poked her head back in. "Stefan, I think I left a hair clasp in there. Can you bring it when you come out?"

I looked around. No hair clasp. "Not here Stefanie."

"Thanks. Must have left it upstairs then. We got dressed and went back to the cottage. I was horny as hell and wondered about that sauna scene. It felt like something more was supposed to happen but it had been plenty erotic as it was. Still, nothing overtly acknowledged. I was dying to get off and my mother came to my rescue. No, not THAT way.

"I have some dinner prep to do. Why don't you two take a break and leave me to my kitchen."

Stefanie and I tried not to look too grateful and went upstairs, quickening our pace with every step distant from my Mom. We stripped off right away.

"Stefan, we can't take too much time. Your mother is feeling left out." I wondered how much she meant by that. "Do you know what 69 is?"

"Ah, isn't that where two people..."

"Yes. Now get down on the bed."

Another first. Stefanie pounced on me and my cock was in her mouth in seconds. Her pussy was mashing my nose and I easer her back and started licking. She was going at it fast and best of all - no teeth. Her pussy was wet

and I licked, tongued her clit and stiffened my tongue to shove it inside her. The action was frantic and I was tempted to lick her anus. I felt myself getting close and tried not to concentrate on my cock. Then I noticed her asshole was very much like my mother's. Thin little ridges, slightly darker than the surrounding skin and kind of a symmetrical, oval shape. Geez, out of the ten billion or so hetero males who'd ever lived, I must be the only guy in human history who'd ever thought of comparing his girlfriend's and mother's anuses. Ten billion? Okay. There must have been at least one other guy. But to my knowledge he kept it to himself.

That little mental diversion wasn't exactly thinking about baseball but it did distract me enough from my incipient orgasm. Meanwhile I'd kept licking and sucking and finally stated fingering her asshole. I could hear some muffled sounds and figured it was time to let fly. And did I. Stefanie came too and, another first, I came in her mouth. She collapsed on me and we lay there without saying anything.

She got up first, grabbed a paper towel and spit into it. "Sorry Stefan. I know that guys are supposed to like it when girls swallow but I'm not there yet. Still, it was the first time you came in my mouth."

"That was outstanding Stefanie. And look, I don't want to rush you into anything. I love our love life and love how it's developing. Oh, and I love you too."

She came back to the bed and lay on top of me. Gave me a juicy kiss and rubber her crotch against Little Stef who was on break. "Mmm, I like this, a full body hug. Now let's get dressed and keep your mother company. I worry she's being left alone."

Mom was chopping herbs when we came down. Stefanie went and gave her a big hug from behind. My mother turned and they were now facing one another; arms around their hips.

"Thanks so much again Shirley for inviting me here to share your Christmas." And she leaned in to give my mother another hug, this time nuzzling her cheek. My mother was doing her own nuzzling while caressing Stefanie's back. I watched with plenty of interest.

The nuzzling over, my mother stroked Stefanie's cheek. "Has anyone ever told you how lovely you are Stefanie?"

"Well, my boyfriend says I remind him so much of his mother."

Geez, what game was Stefanie playing at?

"That's sweet of him. But I hope that wasn't an impediment to,...you know."

"Au contraire Shirley," said with a lascivious smile.

I was afraid of where this was heading when Stefanie switched topics.

"Stefan, get on over here and give your mother a nice Christmas hug. Sometimes I think you don't appreciate her enough." Hell, after that sauna anal play, of which Stefanie was surely aware, I was still in the dark as to what she was up to.

I gave my mother a bear hug and she looked up at me like she was hoping for a kiss. "No mistletoe here so that's enough."

"No, I think I see a sprig right above you." That sprig was about as visible as the phantom hair clasp but my mother accepted Stefanie's authority. "In that case..." and grabbed my face and gave me a juicy kiss on the lips. I kissed back and didn't use my tongue. Finally we broke and everyone was smiling

as though...as though more was going on. Maybe they had a clearer idea. It couldn't be less clear than my own.

Dinner was coq au vin and utterly delicious. We down a couple of bottles of white Burgundy and talked until well into the evening. Once we'd cleaned and tidied up it was getting late. I figured bedtime was approaching but my mother had other ideas.

"Stefan, can we have a fire tonight?"

In the main room there was a large fireplace that gave off a lot of warmth. Uncle Rasmus loved gadgets and tinkering and had installed some sort of piping that directed the fire's heat into the room. "OK Mom. Christmas Eve and all that."

Stefanie was definitely in favour. "Oh yes. Let's have some rum and eggnog and sit by the fire. I'm going to get changed."

It didn't take long to produce a roaring fire. While I was attending to this my mother went to get changed too. They returned around the same time, each dressed in long fleece robes. I figured I should change too and returned in my own bathrobe, shorter, just to the knees, with boxers and a t-shirt underneath.

There was a large, thick, fake bearskin carpet in front of the fire where we sat and sipped. Stefanie's back was to the fire while my mother and I were facing her, triangle style. Stefanie had her legs tucked under her while my mother's were sideways. She was going on about how much she was enjoying the trip.

"It was lovely having the sauna together and I'm enjoying the company tonight." On it went until Stefanie shifted her position so one leg was crossed underneath her while with the other she drew up her knee to where she

could rest her chin. That caused a part in her robe and my mother and I both saw she wasn't wearing panties. Nice view of her pussy which transfixed me.

"Well, I can see I'm overdressed." With that, my mother shimmied out of her panties and tossed them up between us. We both went for them but my reach was longer and I caught them.

"Stefan, you've caught the bouquet. That means you're next."

They both jumped me. My mother held my shoulders while Stefanie pulled down my boxers. I put up some mild resistance for the record but the boxers were off plenty quick.

"Oohl Someone is glad to see his friends." That was Stefanie but what the hell. 'friends', plural.

"Hard not to with two temptresses flaunting their goods."

"That's hardly flaunting Stefan. THIS is flaunting." Stefanie stood up and shoved her pussy to within inches of my face. Then she sat down again quickly.

"I think I see the difference. And not just see." As I gave a little sniff. My mother hadn't said anything but was now sitting Indian style cross-legged. That fully exposed her pussy and her lips were glistening and slightly parted. She caught me staring.

"Oh Stefan, nothing you haven't seen before in the sauna." That wasn't quite true, at least not in reference to today's sauna, but I wasn't feeling terribly disputatious so let it pass. My erection however was now at full mast.

We were all looking around as though someone was expected to say or do something. Stefanie took the lead.

"Wouldn't it be nice to spend the night here in front of the fire?"

"I don't know Stefanie. This carpet is OK for now but it will feel pretty hard and cold by later." She looked disappointed until my mother chimed in.

"Easily remedied Stefan. We can lug in the mattress from the main bedroom and sleep on it. It's queen-sized and has sheets and duvets to match. Now get up and help me with it."

Obedient again. I'd been hoping to get back to bed with Stefanie for some increasingly adventurous sex. And that mattress was no easy lug. But I'd lost enough arguments to spot know one when I saw one.

With the mattress down and some extra logs on the fire, we settled in. It was getting quite warm so we rolled back the two duvets and lay back under a cotton sheet. No one said much of anything and I was hoping my erection would go to sleep. Just then Stefanie got up.

"Sorry folks, gotta pee."

We'd been side-by-side-by-side with me in the middle and our shoulders almost touching. With Stefanie gone I felt the light touch of my mother's hand on my cock. I put mine on her pubic hair and slowly stroked her clit. Stefanie was taking quite a while in the bathroom and we just continued with the slow, silent stroking.

It was now almost ten minutes. Longest pee ever. My mother's slow pace meant I was in no danger of coming but I was incredibly turned on. She had

spread her legs and my touches were now against her wet pussy lips and clit. We were still on our backs under the sheet. Finally Stefanie re-appeared.

"Wow, it's really warm in here. I don't think I need this. She shrugged off her robe and stood there totally nude except for a pair of socks. I was actually glad for that. I'd got used to seeing their near-identical faces, nipples, shapes and even anuses but for some reason it still weirded me out seeing their matching feet.

Stefanie got under the covers and cuddled a little. "I'm calling it a night. But first, body hug."

She rolled on top of me, naked of course, and wrapped her arms around my neck. I could feel her pussy hair on my cock and she gave a little grind. Then kissed me and rolled off on my mother's side.

"A hug for you too Shirley?"

"Love to."

She got on top of my mother and put her arms under her shoulders. The sheet had come down and I was seeing the two of them in a naked embrace. Their breasts were mashed together and I could see some hip movement with my mother's legs parted. Stefanie was again nuzzling the right side of my mother's face and appeared to give her ear a lick. Then she was done.

"Your turn now Stefan."

"OK, but you've already given me a hug."

"No, I mean you should give your mother a nice Christmas hug."

I leaned over from the waist up and went to hug her. Then I felt Stefanie's hand on my hip pushing me. "A proper body hug Stefan."

I moved to get on top of my mother. Her right leg nearest me had been lying flat but she raised her knee so now I was in between her legs. My cock was on her pussy and she wrapped her arms tightly around my shoulders. Then she thrust her hips a bit and Damn! I was in her. It felt great and all but I didn't know what to do next. In case I was about to change my mind, my mother brought her Kegel muscles into play so I was gripped.

"That's more like it Stefan." Stefanie was beside us with one leg tucked under and the other drawn up with this look on her face like, to borrow an expression, a monkey who'd spent all day watching the Banana Channel. . She was frigging herself and my mother started fucking me. I was still kind of freaked out but it felt so good being back again in my mother's pussy, especially watching Stefanie playing with herself - another first.

Finally I responded to my mother's thrusts and started humping back. With that earlier caressing during Stefanie's pee break, I knew we wouldn't last long. We didn't. I called out "Oh Mom" and started ejaculating. She gave a couple more thrusts and came too. We collapsed and lay there while Stefanie upped the pace on her pussy. But she stopped without coming as I rolled off my mother and looked at her. I tried to say something but was at a loss for words. Stefanie gave me a quick kiss.

"I guess I owe you an explanation."

I'd been ready to conk out but no way was I going to miss this.

"It started last summer when you said you'd think about seeing a therapist. I had my doubts and your mother confirmed them. She told me she'd see what she could do."

"At first I thought that meant she'd persuade you into seeing one. But later I wondered if she'd meant that she would act as your therapist. That confused me for a while and then one night it occurred to me that maybe she'd try to tempt you. You know, get you hot and bothered for her so you'd be hot and bothered for me. I didn't know what to think about that."

"As I was getting accustomed to that, it struck me that maybe she'd actually try to seduce you. God, that sounded sick. Incest between a mother and her son? Yuck. I hated the idea. So I tried to hold out some kind of hope for a real therapist."

"But, I kept coming back to the incest scenario. I felt sick even thinking about it but as I was thinking about you Stefan every day, I couldn't keep it from my thoughts even though I wanted to."

My mother and I hadn't made a sound. I wondered if she were as wide-eyed as me.

"Little by little as those hateful scenes entered my thoughts, they seemed to last a bit longer. One night I startled myself on realizing that I'd been imagining the two of you fucking for over ten minutes. I felt really appalled and disgusted with myself, especially when I noticed my pussy was wet and my clit throbbing."

"The next day I took a long walk and wondered if I was the one who needed therapy. But I couldn't imagine talking to anyone about that and my mind wandered back to a scene of you two screwing. Then and there I decided to live with my sickness, for that's what I still considered it, and just get on with life. I rationalized that we're all flawed or damaged in some way and there

were worse things than fantasies about your hoped-for boyfriend and his mother having sex."

"Besides, I now allowed myself to accept the fact that that fantasy was turning me on. I imagined watching the two of you together while I got myself off beside you. Like just now. And that became my regular masturbatory fantasy for the rest of the summer."

I was tempted to ask a few questions but didn't want to break the flow.

"Now with summer over and you returning, I was dying to see you. Your mother had mentioned in vague terms about you getting counselling and I was happy enough to accept that. Besides, while I knew it must exist, I'd never heard of any actual mother-son incest cases so I thought it was very unlikely you two had actually, ah, done it."

"Still, I couldn't get the thought out of my head which is why I teased you about it just before you went home for a visit. And when you came back and got all flustered when I hinted at it, well, I really began to wonder. And while it still seemed highly unlikely, it also fit with everything I knew. So I thought it was possible and was all kinds of curious about whether it had. Of course I couldn't come right out and ask you so I jumped at the chance when Shirley invited me for Christmas."

My mother broke the spell. "Fascinating account Stefanie. I'd been wondering about what you were thinking. Mind if I pick it up from here? And you can correct me if I've gotten anything wrong."

Stefanie nodded. She was out of breath.

"So we got up here and you decided to see how Stefan and I interacted. To see if we slipped up and gave away anything. So you got Stefan to sauna with us and maybe one or both of us would get carried away and do

something blatantly sexual. Well, there was a fair bit of sensual touching all around but nothing exactly incriminating. So you left the sauna early and then popped back in a few minutes later for your hair clasp."

"Then there was the mistletoe and the marathon pee break. Did you think you might return to see me riding him?"

"No, but.."

Mom cut her off. "Finally it was the 'body hug'. That seemed awfully contrived."

"Then why didn't you stop it?"

"Because I was turned on. I was already horny with this nudity and talk and even though I've never been with another woman, nor been inclined to, your naked body on top of mine with Stefan right beside us excited me even more. I was pretty sure you'd guessed the truth about Stefan and me so when it was his 'turn', I just decided to satisfy your curiosity and that itching in my pussy. I don't know what would have happened if he'd just given me the hug and then gotten off but I do know we all would have felt mightily frustrated. So I made a little movement with my hips and he was inside."

"So you two had had sex before. This wasn't your first time?"

"Stefanie, you had it figured out. Even if we'd carried on and pretended that we'd never made love, you would have been forever suspicious and would never have fully trusted Stefan. So I thought it was best to bring everything into the open."

"Well, this is about as open as it can get." I finally found my voice.

They both smiled. My mother continued. "So are you angry, disgusted with us?"

"No. You're right about my maneuverings here. Sorry if that was too manipulative. And I guess I'd be angry if you were another student who Stefan was seeing every day. But I told you I was fantasizing about you two. Masturbating to you two. And now I'm so glad I've seen it in person. And I realize that Stefan and I might never have gotten together if he hadn't got over his hang-up about our looking the same. So thanks for whatever you did." She leaned over and gave my mother a kiss full on the lips. "Now tell me, how did it happen? What did you do? Tell me EVERTHING!"

My mother related the account that she'd give me during my angry night on my home visit. Stefanie listened intently and gave my cock a few squeezes. Normally, another ten minute soliloquy would bore me but in the company of two lovely naked women with the subject my sex life and one of them holding my cock, well, that enhanced the entertainment value.

"Wow Shirley. That's quite the story. I don't think I could have resisted jumping him on the raft that night. The whole thing is pretty erotic."

"Turning you on is it? Well, maybe you can return the favour."

"You mean...?"

"Yes Stefanie, I'd love to see you make love to my son."

"Happy, most happy to oblige Shirley."

Little Stef had reckoned it was quittin' time about half an hour ago and it showed. I tried to send him signals that this was going to be the most lucrative overtime of his life but he didn't seem to be buying it. My mother sized up the problem.

"Let me get him ready for you Stefanie." She bent over and took my cock in her mouth. That got Little Stef's attention and he reported for duty in a flash.

Stefanie climbed on top of me and slid down. My mother was holding my cock and eased it in to Stefanie. She started with slow slides and kissed me hard, sticking her tongue in my mouth and lashing it around. I kept up a steady pumping as I knew it would be a while before I came. Now and then I could feel my mother's hand on my falls and the base of my cock. I slid my hand down Stefanie's back and started playing with her ass. At one point I felt my mother's fingers there too. We took turns playing with Stefanie's asshole and she gasped.

"God you two. You're going to make me come."

"That's kind of the point sweetie." Now my mother went back to caressing my balls. It felt nice but it was more the thought. Then she slid a finger into my ass. That turbo-charged me and I started thrusting even harder. Stefanie was close too and we blasted off together. I thought I'd been emptied out after the post-sauna 69 and the recent fuck with my mother, but here I was pumping multiple spurts way up into Stefanie.

We disengaged and lay back panting.

"Thanks kids. I'd say that's plenty for one night." And my mother got under the covers. I got up to throw a couple of large logs on the fire, went back to bed and fell quickly to sleep.

It was chilly in the morning. Someone had gotten up in the night to throw the duvets over us but my face was cool. Stefanie was beside me and waking up too. We kissed lightly and looked up. There was my mother standing over us dressed in a bulky sweater, slippers, and nothing else.

"Merry Christmas children!"

"Merry Christmas to you too Shirley. Oh my god. I completely forgot to wrap the presents."

"So did we all Stefanie. But maybe there's an existential symmetry to this."

I was pleased to see that Stefanie looked just as mystified as I did. "Huh?"

"Well, the gifts are unwrapped and we'll stay the same. Unwrapped. Anyone else up for a naked Christmas?"

"Geez Mom, you're sure putting the X into Xmas."

That got a big laugh. Stefanie too smiled. "I'm game. But Stefan, can you get the fire going again? The electrical heat doesn't warm it up enough."

If that's what it would take to have both of them naked all day, well just call me Firestarter.

We'd been lying down through this exchange which gave us a good look at my mother's pussy. After she returned to the kitchen Stefanie whispered "Wow. I guess that's what mine looks like."

"You've never looked?"

"No. Too shy or something. That is, until this weekend. I can't quite believe the things I've done, that we've done."

"Yeah, same here. But I've loved doing them all with you." We kissed and got up.

Breakfast was smoked salmon and bagels. All in all pretty normal except everyone was naked. Afterwards we handed out the presents and sat around the fire. My mother was sitting cross-legged again which meant her pussy was prominently displayed. Both Stefanie and I were taking a good look. My mother caught us and smiled.

"You like?"

I answered first. "You know I do." I was pretty hard now.

"Sorry for staring Shirley but I've never seen another woman's pussy up close. I'm guessing mine looks about the same."

"Hey, I can let you know. Now sit beside my mother." She moved over and now they were both sitting legs apart. Their lips were about the same size with my mother's being slightly thicker and a whole lot wetter. Her clit was more prominent too.

"Well?" That was Stefanie.

"Close enough. They both look good enough to eat."

"So what are you waiting for?" My mother had this lewd grin as she spoke. I figured I'd better start on Stefanie and I moved my head in. She lay back and put her feet over my shoulders. I kept at it for a few minutes until she gave a little shudder. Then I moved over to my mother who'd been fingering herself.

She shoved my head down hard and I went to work. Stefanie started pumping me and moved to the side to get a good look at my oral on my mother. She was twisting her hips and gasped "Stefan, I want you inside me."

We both gave a look to Stefanie who nodded. "Sure. But I want him to finish inside me." No one looked to me but they didn't need to. This was shaping up to be my all-time greatest Christmas ever.

My mother lay back and I was in her for only a few minutes when I could feel her coming. Stefanie gave my shoulder a tap, I pulled out and she pushed on onto my back. She climbed on top and started sliding up and down. My mother mustn't have been done yet as she started fingering herself. Stefanie and I were still fucking when my mother asked "Do you mind?"

I had no idea what she meant but, undoubtedly invoking that British legal principle of silence equalling consent; she lowered her crotch on to my face, back to Stefanie, and started humping. She came again in a couple of minutes and then left Stefanie and me to our thrusts. We both came together and she collapsed. After resting a bit, she gave me a big kiss and looked surprised.

"Oh Shirley, I could never go down on you but you don't taste too bad."

We laughed and them my mother gave my cock a quick suck. "I couldn't either Stefanie but you two have a taste I could get used to."

We were pretty listless after that but stuck to the Naked Christmas. Except for me. Stefanie and my mother urged me to prepare one last sauna which meant going out to the cold a few times to get the fire going. I was sexually

drained but was plenty curious about how the no-holds-barred version of the sauna would be.

It didn't take long to find out. We entered together and they both took hold of my cock. I grabbed their pussies and we made our way awkwardly to the bench. The first part of the sauna, the working up a sweat part, was pretty standard. The washing up part, less so. It was a blizzard of hands soaping up whatever and whosever body part. No wash clothes were harmed in the making of this sauna. I licked both their pussies at least twice. Stefanie seemed to be getting into the anal play part as at various times both my mother and I gave her a good soaping. My cock was getting really, really clean.

At one point Stefanie was playing with it and kissing me while my mother was tonguing my backside. She moved around to my front and Stefanie let go. Out of nowhere I could feel an ejaculation and my cock started twitching. My mother recognized the warning signs and quickly clamped her mouth over it. That's where I shot off and she swallowed it.

That brought a halt to the proceedings and my mother shrugged. "I didn't want to have to clean off the walls."

We dried off and returned to the cottage. Stefanie and I decided to take a nap in our room. She was subdued and I sensed she didn't like that I had come in my mother's mouth. Geez, women can be so sensitive at times. I asked if anything was bothering her.

"I don't know Stefan. I guess I just felt, oh, inadequate or something when your mother swallowed your come. I've never done that."

"Stefanie, I've never asked you to."

"I know. But it seems like everything we do, you've already done with your mother. It looked like she was licking you...back there too. Was she?"

I nodded.

"I don't think I could ever do that to anyone. And I suppose you've done that to her?"

Christ, who has ever had to answer a question like that? Maybe that one guy in ten billion who didn't let anyone else know but that was about it.

"Ah, well..."

"And I suppose you 69'd with her before we did it?"

I made some body movement that I hoped would pass for a reluctant Yes.

"Is there anything you haven't done with her?"

That at least afforded a few options. Let's see, no BDSM, no watersports, no outdoor sex. No sex in public. Nah, none of these were going to elicit any response I cared to hear. Maybe no threesomes would work. Except just this morning we had sort of one. That Stefanie had been a part of my mother's and my first threesome didn't sound auspicious either. Scratch that too.

"Plenty of things. You've seen everything."

"So, no anal sex?"

That took me aback. She's only just got into enjoying anal play. Was she really going to suggest what I desperately hoped she'd suggest?

"No. Not with her or anyone else."

A half smile. "So if we did it, it would be a first for both of us?

"It sure would."

"Well let me think about that. I figured I'd try it once in my life but not for quite a few years. But maybe, just maybe...I'll have to think about it."

She didn't even ask me if I was game for it. Just assumed I'd be. Safe assumption.

Dinner was a prepared capon that just needed heating up. Accompanied of course by the usual variety of starchy vegetables that only come out at holidays. We were still undressed though I put on a tie to formalize the occasion. We finished, cleaned up and took our places by the fire and sipped rum eggnogs. It was a low-key mood and no one was particularly conversational. Stefanie broke the silence.

"Shirley, would you mind if Stefan and I spent the night together in our room? Last night was wonderful but I don't have the energy for a repeat."

"Of course not Stefanie. I'm just happy, honoured, that you've included me as much as you have." She moved over and gave each of us a kiss. "You two deserve some time together. Now scoot!"

We went upstairs, brushed our teeth and got into bed. No undressing needed. I didn't know what to expect so waited until she said something.

"Stefan, if we do this, I've read that it can be painful."

I was sure no voice of experience but I'd done some reading too. "Stefanie, I think that if we take it very slow, with lots of lubrication, it needn't be painful. And if it is, we stop."

"Yeah, that's what I've read too. I don't know. I guess I'd like to try. I would like to try, but I'm not very aroused right now. Should we wait? Or do you think you could get me aroused?"

A rare, easily answered Stefanie question.

"I think I could make a pretty good try."

She smiled. "Well have at it."

She lay back and parted her legs. I kissed her, then her breasts, and slowly worked my way down to her pussy. It wasn't wet yet but soon would be. I didn't know what oral skills I had but summoned all of them. Gentle licks of her lips at first and light flicks around her clit. More gentle licks and then a darting tongue into her pussy. Then I sucked her pussy lips into my mouth and kind of sucked them in and out. I could feel now she was getting wet and getting into it. More licks around her clit and more tongue-fucking. She hadn't come yet but I could tell she wasn't far off.

Then I reckoned I'd best prepare her ass. I'd barely licked her there but reasoned that if she were willing to let my cock have a go, sure my tongue

wouldn't be unwelcome. I tried to turn her over but she stopped me and got up.

"Stefan, what about lubrication?"

Right. I sure wasn't travelling with any. There were shampoos and conditioners in the bathroom but I didn't feel like suggesting them. No Vaseline on the premises that I'd seen. Good thing as I later learned, it's not recommended for anal sex. I knew we had some WD40, a lubricating oil for metals, but just NO. But that got me thinking of olive oil. There was plenty downstairs and hey, it was natural.

"I don't know Stefanie, what about olive oil?"

"Olive oil? Really?"

"I think it would do the trick. And it's a natural substance."

"But then when I have some on my salad tomorrow, ewww!"

"Well, we won't be recycling what we use tonight." That got me a slap. She was lost in thought for a minute or so.

"OK, you get the olive oil. Meet you back here in a bit."

She went to the bathroom and I went downstairs. Of course my mother was in the kitchen tidying up. And we were both naked.

"What brings you down here?"

Glass of water wouldn't work. We had that upstairs. I had it!

"Nightcap in bed. A couple of white wines."

"OK, I'll get it. My mother got the wine and poured out a couple of glasses. I took them and stood there befuddled.

"Is that OK? Anything else?"

I looked at the floor. I didn't want to go back empty-handed. We could wait half an hour but that might wreck the mood. And what if my mother were still there? I was still looking at the floor. Then moved my gaze to the window. "Oh, and this."

I got the olive oil out of the pantry and even though I tried to avoid her gaze, I noted this disbelief/surprise and something else. She paused.

"Well I hope she likes it better than I did." Then she looked at the wine glasses. "Do you really need these?"

Still not looking at her, "Not really, but they're already poured so..."

I scooted.

I actually got back before Stefanie. Placed the wine glasses at the bedside along with the far-too-conspicuous olive oil bottle.

Finally Stefanie returned. "I just wanted to make sure I was super clean..hey, what's this?" She gestured to the wine.

"Just thought you might enjoy a nightcap."

"Stefan, I've just brushed my teeth so the wine will taste terrible. And you don't have to get me drunk for this you know."

OK. So I looked stupid. Felt stupid. I've done both for lesser causes.

"It was just a thought. Forget the wine. Ahh, what do we do next?"

"Well, it doesn't look like you're in the least ready so there's that. And I guess, I don't know. Do we put the oil on your cock? On me? In me? Both?"

"On both of us I guess."

"Right, but first things first. How do you want me to get you hard?"

"69ing works pretty well."

"Lovely."

Stefanie got on top which seemed to be her preference. We went at it for a while and I thought of rimming her but the position was too awkward. Once I was good and hard she stopped. "It's time."

Lubing me up was easy. Then we got out some paper towels and I soaked the middle of one. She was lying on her stomach and I dripped from the paper towel to her anus. "I'd better get some inside you too. Roll onto your side."

My finger was now oily and I started slowly to insert it. She grimaced and gasped and I asked if she wanted to stop. "No, first time jitters. It was more unexpected than bad."

I applied more oil and continued with the finger fucking, increasing slightly the pace and depth of insertion. Eventually, "OK Stefan, I'm as ready as I'll ever be."

I dabbed some more oil on my cock for good measure and placed the tip against her asshole. We were on our sides and I told her to push back a bit. She did and I felt the tip enter. We moved a little but it felt stuck. Then a little more and whoosh! I was in and man did it feel great. Much snugger than the vagina and so completely enveloping. The taboo nature of the act had some effect as well.

Stefanie had given out a small "Whoo" when I entered and was now panting. I reached around to finger her clit and she brought her hand to mine for a fingering party. We humped slowly and kept up on her clit. I thought she must be getting close, as was I, when she let out with an "OHHH!" and humped back hard. I went in as far as I could and she pumped twice more and we came. Wonderful feeling but I wondered how long I should stay there. I didn't have to wonder for long because as soon as I started to soften, I got pushed out. We lay there for a while.

"That was great for me Stefanie. But how did it feel for you?"

"Weird at first, but not unpleasant. Not painful either. Part of me still thought it was gross but lots of people enjoy it and I thought that I just might turn out to be one of them. It was nice having you touch my clit too. All in all it was my

first time, but not my last. And I'm glad my first was with you; and you with me."

We both washed off, separately, before going to bed. Having shared a first intimacy I think we felt that much closer. A kiss and some "I love yous" and we fell asleep.

In the morning we were late getting up and my mother had already started cooking breakfast. Scrambled eggs and sausages.

"Good morning kids" accompanied by kisses. "Stefan, have you seen the olive oil? I can't find it anywhere."

Stefanie blushed. I came to the rescue. "I was putting some empty bottles away. Maybe I took that one by mistake."

The empties went into a storage room on the ground floor while the olive oil was upstairs. I whispered to Stefanie "Distract my mother while I go upstairs."

She whispered back "Stefan, just go get it. I don't mind if she knows, or suspects." I did as I was told and returned with it. My mother took it and no one uttered a word.

I was to take Stefanie to a town 20 miles away with a bus connection that would eventually get her to the larger college town with an airport. We'd have to set out early so there was packing and cleaning up before Uncle Rasmus, Aunt Greta and maybe one of both of their kids arrived in the afternoon. So no more saunas or sex parties.

Once, when my mother was out of the room, Stefanie asked "So you'll be going home with your mother after you drop me off?"

"That's the plan."

"Are you going to have sex with her back home?"

I didn't know how to answer. I wouldn't be initiating anything but doubted my will to resist if she did.

"I hadn't thought about it Stefanie."

"Well think about it now. Are you?"

"I don't plan to."

"That's not a complete answer. It doesn't rule out unplanned sex."

"OK, I take it you'd rather I didn't."

"Stefan, I don't want to be one of those girls who are always making rules and setting conditions, but holy moly, hoping that your boyfriend doesn't have sex with his mother while you're away? God, I can't believe we're having this conversation."

"But you seemed fine with it before."

"I was, and still am. Fine that what happened, happened. And I've had a blast up here. But for the future, can you understand why I want you to

myself? That we have an exclusive relationship? Isn't that what you want too?"

I guess what I wanted was the best of both worlds. The Captain's Paradise as it were. But I could see that it wasn't to be. Before I could get to a reply, my mother walked in.

"Stefan, would you mind if I stayed here with Rasmus and Greta instead of returning with you? I haven't seen them for ages and she IS my sister.

Problem solved, for now. "Of course not. That means Stefanie, instead of dropping you off at Nowheresville, I can drive you to the airport."

My mother added, "I was going to say that you could stay here and visit too, but it would save Stefanie a lot of time."

"Thanks Mom, but I'd really like to drive Stefanie to the airport."

My mother looked quizzical and shrugged. "Yes, that's for the best. Your Uncle Rasmus and Aunt Greta will miss you but they'll understand. And I can get a ride back from them."

That settled that. Later that night after Stefanie and I had finished some sweet lovemaking, she asked "Stefan, do you think we should have invited your mother in for one last time?"

"A little late for that now Stefanie."

"I know, but I'm feeling conflicted."

"I think she may have accepted that we're now officially a couple. That decision to stay here with my Aunt and Uncle didn't strike me as mere coincidence."

"I suppose you're right. Still..."

"What? Are you sorry you missed your chance to go down on her? Or her on you?"

She punched me lightly. "That's not what I meant. But I did consider it the last time we were in the sauna."

"Really?"

"Well, with all that hand action, I rubbed her pussy a couple of times you know, and she had her finger right inside me, I did consider it. You know, if my hand can go there, why not my mouth? But I think that I'll just leave that as a fantasy. I'll bet it's one of yours too. Aren't two women going at it every guy's fantasy?"

Tricky question. Easily answered though. "You're all the fantasy I need Stefanie."

Another light punch. "Good answer, but, I see a career in politics for you."

The next morning we were saying our goodbyes to my mother. We'd loaded up the car when Stefanie said she'd forgotten something and ran up to the bedroom.

"Thanks for everything Stefan. These last few days were wonderful." Then she gave me a kiss with a bit of tongue. "I'm going to miss this" and she gave my cock a squeeze. Stefanie returned.

"Got everything?"

"Yes, I'd forgotten my hair clasp."