Mom Witnesses an Incestuous Kiss

Foreword

Just so you don't waste your time on something that will disappoint you, this story features no monster cocks, watermelon sized breasts or pregnancies.

It does include (in a supporting role) one of the main characters from my Lookalike stories. Nonetheless, this one is written as a standalone

Thanks in advance for reading and I do reply to comments.

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"Carlos! Are you home?"

"Yeah, what is it?"

My mother Anita had been visiting relatives for a few days and had just returned.

"Carlos, oh my God. You'll never believe what I saw at Greta and Rasmus's."

My mother had a way of going on and invested small incidents with grave import. A kid could fall off a bike and it would be like the President had been shot. So I was expecting she'd seen a squirrel. "What?"

"Well, we were out by the pool just relaxing. Greta and Tim (their son) went in to get drinks for everyone. A minute later I had to use the bathroom and when I went by the kitchen they were kissing."

"Kissing?"

"Yes! And not just gentle kissing. It was pretty wild and I'm sure they were using their tongues."

"Mom! How could you know that?" She did have a tendency to exaggerate.

"It was obvious. But not only that, she was stroking his penis!"

"What?"

"Through his pants. She was rubbing her hand up and down. Hard!"

"Yikes. Did they see you?"

"I don't think so. I only watched for a little bit but they were too engrossed in one another to notice me."

"Yeow. Well she was always kind of..." I wasn't sure what the right word was.

"Forward."

"Yeah, something like that. Free-spirited. Didn't she live on a commune for a while?"

"I believe so. Your father told me so."

My father, Sven, had impregnated my mother and without even marrying her, buggared off back to Sweden. He was a second cousin or something to Uncle Rasmus. I have no memories of him. My mother Anita is Chilean. Short, about 5'1" (155 cm), olive-skinned and with medium length straight black hair that often looked greasy. I suppose she was kind of attractive; better looking than my friends' moms at any rate. She wasn't overweight but she didn't dress up and didn't really stand out in a crowd. Her breasts were small but she had a radiant smile and flashing, expressive brown eyes.

My mother gave me a Spanish name but I got my father's looks. Blond, trim and 5'11 (180 cm). They met at a state college. My mother was studying bookkeeping and ESL while my father was an exchange student studying business. He had family here who'd urged him to study abroad.

"Well from what I've read, they were the free love generation so maybe it was just an extension of that."

"But with her own son?"

"Yeah, that part seems weird."

"Still, I can imagine how tempting it could be - living with a handsome young man while being sexually unsatisfied."

"Mom, how would you know she's sexually unsatisfied?"

"Call it a woman's intuition. She mentions sex a lot and Rasmus is 20 years older than her. He probably can't keep up with her."

"Keep up or get it up?"

We both laughed. "Both."

"But Carlos, why would a young man be sexually interested in his mother?"

I didn't care for the generality of the question so answered it in the specific.

"I don't know Tim very well but he doesn't strike me as someone having many barriers."

From my mother's quizzical look, I figured I'd better elaborate. "I mean, he's always going on about hunting and wild antics with his boozer friends. Nothing ever that implies altruism or self-sacrifice. It's always about him so I'm sure if he had a chance of sex with anyone, he wouldn't turn it down."

"Hmm, maybe. How do you think they got started?"

"I don't know. I haven't given it any thought."

"Do you think she seduced him or he seduced her?"

"I don't know."

"I bet she seduced him. How do you think she started?"

"Geez Mom, how would I know?"

"Maybe she started getting friendlier. You know, complimenting him, flirting, more touching, showing more skin."

"Yeah, maybe. The 'more skin' I could believe."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"You know how skimpy her bikinis are. Once she was fiddling with her top and her breast popped out."

"Oooh! You saw her nipples?"

"Just one. But yes."

"Her breasts are so large. What colour was her nipple?"

"Mom! It was pink but what's with that question?"

"I just wanted to know. Mine are brown."

"Too much information Mom."

"Say, they have a hot tub and sauna at their cottage. Maybe Tim and Greta had one together. Naked."

"Maybe." How they got together didn't much interest me but my mother's keen curiosity did. I had no Oedipal feelings

about her but it was kind of funny to see the directions her mind was taking.

"I bet that's how they broke the ice."

"Yeah, a hot sauna should do the trick."

"She would have seen his penis. Maybe she offered to wash him and then touched it."

"Could be."

"If she started touching his penis, do you think he could have resisted?"

"Probably not."

"If she touched yours, would you resist?"

"Mom, I'm not at all interested in her."

"But if you were having a sauna with her and she washed your penis, wouldn't you want to do more?"

"Mom, there's no way I'd have a sauna with her. I'm not at all interested."

"Hypothetically, would you have a sauna with me?"

"Geez Mom, I don't know."

"Hypothetically. I wouldn't have a problem having one with you."

"I don't know. Depends on the circumstances. Maybe."

"OK. Sometimes you seem a bit of a prude when it comes to nudity."

"I don't know. Not in principle though I'm a bit shy."

She laughed. "You might have your father's looks but you don't have that Swedish attitude."

"What do you mean?"

"In Sweden topless and nude sunbathing is common. And then there are the saunas."

"Maybe if I were in Sweden I'd join in."

"We don't have to be in Sweden for that."

"What do you mean?"

"Carlos, when you were away at college I got into the habit of wearing little or nothing around the house. One morning after coming out of the shower I was going to get dressed for breakfast and then I thought 'why bother'. So I had breakfast naked and then got dressed and went to work. After that on Sundays I seldom got dressed. It was fun; liberating. What do you think of that?"

"Well it's your house so I guess you can wear what you want. Or don't want."

"Would it bother you if I wore less now that you're home for the summer?"

"I don't know Mom. I'm not used to anything like that." I felt uneasy at where this was going. I know that sex and nudity are supposed to be two different things but they sure overlapped a lot. And while I had no sexual interest in my mother, I suspected she'd look pretty good in the flesh. But

then she might try to get me to go naked - something I did NOT want to do.

"It's not hard to get used to. Maybe at first but they're just bodies. And I've kept myself in pretty good shape so it wouldn't be so disgusting."

"Mom, you can do what you like. But don't try to rope me into it."

The next day was Saturday and we both had errands to run. That evening I went to a movie with a couple of my hometown buddies but, as they had girlfriends, it was an early night for me. Mom was still up when I got home. She was sitting on the sofa watching TV dressed in a flimsy pink robe that went to mid-thigh.

"Hola Carlos!" She sometimes reverted to Spanish when she was tipsy. Pour `yourself some wine and join me."

I got the wine and sat down. "Nice robe there."

"You're lucky to be seeing it. An hour ago I was naked but I decided not to show you too much too soon. Besides, you might have invited some friends back."

"You're so thoughtful Mom. I bet there aren't many Moms who cover up in front of their sons." The sarcasm attempt backfired.

"We know that your Aunt Greta doesn't."

"Are you still on about them?"

"Well it's pretty extraordinary. A mother making love to her own son." I didn't care for the sigh that followed.

"I don't know about the 'making love' part. It's more like just..." I hesitated. My mother never swore and had a long list of words she considered too vulgar for public discourse. "Screw" was one of them. And the F-word was majorly blacklisted.

"Like just...rutting?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

"Maybe. Tell me Carlos, do you think she gives him oral sex?"

"Oral sex?" Good grief. Where was this heading?

"Yes. Taking his erect penis into her mouth. Or maybe his soft penis and sucking on it until it grows hard. Do you think she does that?"

"I don't know. Yes, probably. Oral sex is a normal part of sexual relationships."

"Mmm, my my my. It must be so erotic to have your son's penis in your mouth. I mean for her to have her son's penis in her mouth. Do you think she swallows?

I shifted around as I was feeling uncomfortable. I kind of liked the sexy talk but geez, it was coming from my mother.

"How would I know? Some women do; some don't. I don't know which she is."

"I loved to swallow. It's very erotic."

"Mom! Way too much information."

"Carlos, you're an adult now and we should be able to have adult conversations."

"But you're my mother. This isn't a normal family conversation."

"How do you know what people talk about behind closed doors? Besides, who else can I talk to?"

"You could always ask Aunt Greta yourself? Which reminds me, when you asked about the colour of her nipples, didn't you have a sauna with her that one time we were at their cottage?"

"No, I was with those movie stars. Sheila (Tim's sister) who looks like a young Dyan Cannon and that other woman who looks like the mother on the Partridge Family."

"Shirley, I think."

"Yes. Now I could tell you plenty about their nipples. But Greta's, I'll just have to take your word for it."

"You don't have to tell me about their nipples Mom. I just remembered about Aunt Greta."

"Shirley's were so cute. They're pinkish and upturned like fishhooks. And Sheila's are huge and carmelly."

"Mom! Enough already."

"OK. I won't tell you about the rest of their bodies." She had a bright smile on her face.

I actually wouldn't have minded if she'd continued but no way in hell did I want to seem like an eager participant in shared intimacies. I'd remembered Shirley who I'd called Aunt. She was something like a third cousin or maybe something removed and she had a son a year younger than me. Looked a lot like me too but as we were family, not so surprising. Anyway, I could never get those connections straight.

Aunt Shirley looked so chaste but if I ever saw her again I knew I'd be thinking about those fishhook nipples. And Sheila was definitely hot but too young for me. While I was mulling this over my mother decided to continue.

"You'd have loved being in there with us, wouldn't you?"

"I don't know Mom. I've never thought about it."

"You've never thought of how Sheila would look naked? I thought the two of you might hit it off."

"Mom, she's three or four years younger than me and always going on about her creative writing."

"Well she's got a very hot body that promises hours of fun for some lucky man."

"Good for her. I'd actually be more curious to have seen Aunt Shirley."

My mother looked directly at me; eyes wide open with an intense smile. "Oh, you prefer older women?"

"I don't know in general but if I had to choose between Sheila and Aunt Shirley, I'd pick Aunt Shirley."

"Don't forget, I'd be there too. How do you think my naked body would stack up against hers?"

"I don't know Mom. You both keep yourselves in good shape. I don't know,"

"Meaning you'd need to get a closer look. Well, you'll be seeing me in the altogether one of these days. But it's late now and I need my beauty rest. Buenos noches mi amor."

She got up, turned to face me and flashed a breast. "Just a sampling of what you'd have seen if you'd returned earlier." And she left. Yep, her nipples were brown.

I shook my head at the unlikely conversation. It was titillating alright but felt weird because, well, it was with my mother. I was sporting a solid erection and I masturbated in bed to the thought of naked Aunt Shirley and cousin Sheila in the sauna. But as I came I remember my naked mother would have been there too.

It was Sunday morning which meant I was sleeping in. My mother came to wake me dressed in skimpy panties and a light diaphanous top.

"Buen dia Carlos. Time for breakfast."

"Morning Mom. Quite the outfit there."

"It's more modest than I wanted but I'm easing you into this nudity. And say, what do you have on under there?"

With that she flung off the covers. I sometimes slept naked, sometimes in just boxers. It was boxers last night but I'd shucked them in my masturbatory fantasies over Aunt

Shirley. So the boxers were beside me, as was the paper towel into which I'd jacked off. And I was sporting morning wood.

"Mom!" I yanked the covers back and awkwardly covered my groin. What in hell...?"

"Language Carlos. I didn't know you'd be naked. And you've got nothing to be shy about. You look very nice in the altogether."

"But it's for me to decide when I'm naked and who gets to see me."

"Carlos mi hjo. We're family and it's not unusual to see one another in states of undress. I've already told you this."

"That's for you Mom. You can dress as you please. And if I were to go from the shower to my room without dressing and you accidently caught me, well, accidents happen. By tearing off the covers was no accident." I was pretty annoyed but as I was fond of my mother, I couldn't get downright furious.

"I'm sorry Carlos. I didn't think it was such a big deal. I promise I won't invade your privacy like that again. And I'm

glad you're accepting of how I want to dress. Or.." smiling, "not dress." With that she slipped off her top leaving her only in the skimpy panties. I could see tufts of black pubic hair poking out from all sides. That didn't mean she had a lot; more an indication of just how skimpy they were.

Meanwhile my morning wood had progressed to titanium. While I didn't want my mother sexually, it was, well, hard not to appreciate the attractiveness of her body. Her breasts were small but nicely formed and her nipples were hard, like little brown bullets. Her stomach had a very slight paunch which for some reason seemed kind of sexy.

"Very nice Mom. But I need some of that privacy now as I'm about to get up."

"OK." She smiled again. "See you in the kitchen." As she walked away I could see that her ass also looked small and firm.

I had to jerk off again in the shower. It was getting confusing. I liked looking at my mother's body - hell, she was a nice looking woman showing lots of skin. But as I was jerking, the thought of actually having sex with her turned me off. Had to switch to Aunt Shirley and her fishhook nipples to complete the act. Then as I was relaxing I envisaged that

sauna with her, Sheila and yes, my mother. All of them naked.

My mother was sitting at the kitchen table with bagels and salmon. And no top. I couldn't stop staring.

"Carlos, they're just breasts. You'll get used to them."

"I guess so. But I've never had a meal with a naked woman before."

"Nearly naked. And as I said, you'll get used to it. But can we change the topic?"

"Sure."

'We didn't finish discussing Greta and Tim."

"Mom, WE weren't discussing them. You were."

"Oh, don't tell me you're not interested in the two of them. Your aunt and your cousin are having sex and to you it's as though I told you I'd seen them out golfing? I don't think so."

"OK, it's more unusual than golfing."

"Exactamente!. I'd still love to find out how they got started. Who said what to whom? How did their first kiss come about? Who was the first to touch the other's genitals? This isn't a normal boyfriend-girlfriend romance where if you're into one another, eventually there'll be sex. They both would know there are societal rules against incest so there must have been a great deal of passion for them to overcome."

"Or, they're just too horny for their own good."

Mom made a face. I wondered if "horny" was on the vulgar list.

"Carlos, having a sex drive is natural. We all do. I do. I'm sure you do. That doesn't make be any more or less 'horny' (another face) than she is. Or that Tim is more or less...than you."

I wasn't sure how to reply. I liked the sexy talk but had the uncomfortable feeling that something else was lurking. Surely she wasn't hinting she'd want sex with me. Nah! More like her tendency to go overboard with enthusiasms.

For example, she had several dates in my teen years. And hardly any second dates. I'd wondered why since she was nice looking with a nice, cheerful personality. But I got an inkling once.

A few years back she'd gone out with some guy and when she got home she was over the moon. How much of a gentleman he was; how interesting; good-looking; he held the door for her; asked about me; smiled a lot etc. So the second date was a brunch at somewhere trendy. It was the 80s so that meant lots of ferns. I dropped her off and to my surprise he asked if I wanted to join them. I didn't but was too tongue-tied to refuse.

The brunch was fine. Grant, the date, conversed easily and had an understated self-deprecating aspect that appealed to me. He gleaned that I liked fishing and the Yankees and was able to relate experiences in common. My mother was fawning over him and laughed too easily at his wry jokes. As the waiter brought the bill he remarked that it had been enjoyable and that we ought to do it again.

That set her off. "Oh yes" and continued with an agenda for their next ten dates. I could see Grant growing uncomfortable as she babbled on. It was painful. She was kind of adorable in her enthusiasm but I could see that "I never signed on for this much" look in Grant's eyes. There

was a third date from which she came home early and in tears.

I'd been daydreaming this when she continued.

"So there's no reason to think that their sexual drives are any greater than our own. Carlos, are you listening to me?"

"Ah, yeah, their sex drives."

Skeptical look. That slowed her down for a couple of seconds.

"So what else could it have been?"

Frankly, I didn't know and didn't care. I didn't much like Tim and Aunt Greta didn't appeal to me in the slightest. Her hippy past was kind of interesting but she played that up too much; as if to say that I was once young, trendy, unconventional, in short, fascinating, and therefore I still am. It must have worked sometimes, on some people.

"I don't know Mom. If it wasn't overactive sex drives and poor self-discipline, I don't know what else it could have been."

She looked miffed, as though I wasn't playing the game the way I should,

"You're no help Carlos. I think there was an element of daring."

"Daring?"

"Yes. We're brought up to think that sex is sinful, at least in some measure. You don't just have sex with someone the way you'd play cards or go to a movie with them. So when you do have sex, there's this sense of doing something forbidden. Something that, unless you're married, you shouldn't be doing. You're not supposed to let anyone see your naughty bits but when you have sex they're on full display. It's all quite, as I said, daring. So sex between a mother and her son is doubly, no triply, no, way, way more daring. It's the daring aspect of normal sex that's partly what's so exciting. And it must be so amplified when it's two people who should NEVER be having sex."

She beamed as though she had delivered a tour-de-force summation that would surely free her guilty client. Still, although I had only followed it intermittently, she may have had a point.

"Maybe that's it Mom."

"Carlos, I've never asked you this before but are you a virgin?"

Fuck. Double fuck. Who in hell wants ever to be asked this? Especially by your own mother.

"That's my business."

"Fair enough. But I'm taking that as a 'No.' Meaning, I'm sure by now you've had sex. The first time, maybe all the times, didn't you think you were doing something a little bit daring?"

Maybe. Who in hell knew? She was hung up on 'daring'. Excitement, sure. Duh. But what was this with this 'daring' idea? Either I didn't answer or answered according to her terms. I didn't care for either option.

"Sorry Mom, I've never thought of it like that."

"Well if you'd think a little more, you'd understand what I mean."

"OK, so it's daring. What difference does it make?"

"I'm just trying to understand the psychology. It's probably the most exciting sex she's ever had."

I shifted uncomfortably. While I shied away from believing it, it sounded like she was already fantasizing about the two of us. I didn't want to confront her because, well, I don't like confrontation; and the resulting conversation was bound to be awkward as hell. But there was an ill-formed notion in the back of my mind that knew it was coming.

"Mom, you've given this way more thought than I have so maybe you're right."

She gazed right into my eyes with a look that was hard to decipher. Expectantly perhaps as though there was a thought I was supposed to complete. Looking back, maybe I was supposed to conclude that if it was the most exciting sex for her, therefore it was for him too. And if exciting sex was available...

"I'm sure I am Carlos. Yesterday we figured that she probably sucked his penis and swallowed his ejaculate, correct?"

"Mom. You were going on about it. I hadn't given it any thought."

"But you agreed she probably sucked his penis."

"OK. I did."

"Well then, do you think he licks his mother's genitals?"

"Genitals? Mom, if you're going to talk about it, can you at least use a normal word?"

"Whatever do you mean?"

"No one talks about licking or sucking genitals. Can't you say...pussy?"

She laughed. "Pussy sounds so adolescent. I don't think I could say it with a straight face."

"Well can't you use a less clinical word than 'genitals'?"

"Vulva?"

"Even more clinical. And it doesn't include the clit, er, clitoris."

"How about 'womanhood'?"

"Mom! Have you been reading those Harlequin romances?"

"OK Mister, why don't you tell me what word you'd like to hear. And it better not start with C."

"Mom, 'pussy' is widely used and isn't vulgar."

"Fine. 'Pussy'! So do you think he licked his mother's pussy?" She giggled.

Sigh. I felt like I was just a conversational prop for her stream-of-consciousness sexual fantasizing. I was getting fed up but she hurt easily and I hated seeing her sad. "Well, if they're having oral sex then I'm sure it's reciprocal."

"Ooohh!. So he's licking his mother's...pussy."

Her eyes were especially animated now and her nipples had reverted to bullets. "I guess so."

"My. That's so...intimate. Carlos, when a woman spreads her leg and fully reveals her...herself, you can't imagine how exposed she feels. And then you can't imagine how exquisite it feels when a man's tongue starts to caress her vaginal lips and clitoris."

I just looked at her. Blankly. What was I supposed to say?

"Oooh, I think I enjoy oral sex more than penetrative intercourse. It feels more intimate and a man's tongue can manipulate a woman's sensitive parts so much better than his penis. Then afterwards when you kiss, you can taste each other's sexual fluids. It's so erotic."

As much as I'd rather not have had this conversation, it had gotten me hard. "Yeah, oral sex is great Mom." I hadn't had a whole lot of experience but I'd certainly enjoyed what little I'd had.

"We're of one mind then Carlos. But all this talk is getting me aroused so if you'll excuse me for a while..."

She got up and I noticed a wet spot in the bottom of her panties. Holy heck, had she really as good as told me she was going to masturbate? Then she noticed me staring.

"Carlos, if you're going to stare at my panties, why not take a closer look?"

With that she slid them off and tossed them to me. This was the first time I'd seen her fully naked and man, she had a real nice body. Her pubic hair was thick black but it didn't go down far so her pussy lips were exposed and looked wet.

"Now I need some private time." She walked to the kitchen door, then turned and looked back. "Carlos, I'm only human."

I was sitting semi-turned to the door and my hard-on which noticeable. Which she noticed. "Looks like I'm not the only one who needs some private time." And she left.

Once I was sure she had gone to her room, I took a closer look at the panties. They were soft and ivory coloured and the crotch was very wet. So I did what any young man or reader of this site would do. I took a big sniff and then licked them. I don't know how to describe the smell but I guess musky comes closest. By now my erection was demanding attention so I slipped off my boxers and wrapped her panties around my cock.

I resisted jerking because I knew I was close to coming. But the thought that my mother's pussy juices were now moistening my cock was sexy enough. I stayed that way a few minutes and couldn't help thinking about her pussy and how she must be jerking herself. Then I moved them a bit and that did it. Mega eruption. Some of it hit my chest, some the floor and most of it got caught in her panties. If they were wet before, now they were saturated. I leaned back, tried to recover, and drifted off. It's hard to say how long I was out but at a certain moment I heard the floor down the hall creak. Damn, I couldn't let her catch me like this. So I leaped up, wiped the cum off the floor and my chest with her panties, and started rinsing them in the sink just as she entered.

"Carlos? What are you doing?"

"Well, they felt a bit wet so I thought I'd rinse them off for you."

"Thanks, though you didn't have to get undressed to do it."

Ye gods! I'd forgotten that I'd left my boxers by the chair.

"Well they were a little wet too so I was going to do them next."

She was smiling, as though she couldn't wait for my next absurd excuse.

"OK. So long as you're cleaning, don't forget that goo on the tip of your penis."

I looked down and she was right. Furiously blushing I tried to think of something to say.

"Carlos my sweet." She stood on her tiptoes and gave me a peck on the cheek. "All that talk got us hot and bothered so naturally we wanted to relieve ourselves. It's nothing to be embarrassed about. Everybody masturbates and there's no reason to pretend we don't."

I started a sentence with "But" followed by a long pause.

"Tell me Carlos. Did you use my panties when you masturbated?"

I looked down at the floor and gave my head a slight shake that I hoped would pass for a grudging yes.

"Did you smell them?"

Head nod.

"Do I smell alright?"

"Mom. That's too intimate a question."

"Carlos, we're supposed to be open with one another." I didn't remember agreeing to that but kept my mouth shut. "Sniffing my wet panties and using them to masturbate is pretty intimate too. So answer me please. Do I smell alright?"

I nodded, grudgingly. "Yes Mom, you smell fine."

"Fine? That's nice. Sexy would be nicer." She smiled and raised an eyebrow. And waited.

"That too I guess." Man, I wished this would end. I was conscious of my own nakedness and was afraid I might get another erection. Mostly though I didn't want her prying any sexual compliments from me.

She laughed. "That's very nice Carlos. I have an obsession about hygiene. In Chile our family had a bidet so I was always sure of being clean down there. When I came here, no one had them. So whenever I, ah, need to, I use a cloth

and lots of soap and water to keep myself clean. I'd hate to think, for instance, that a man giving me oral sex would be put off by a bad smell. But you're saying that my smell wouldn't put you off." Another, bigger smile.

"Mom!"

"Oh sweetie, I'm just joking with you. I know you're not about to give your old mother oral sex."

"Geez Mom! And you're not that old." I should have negated the oral sex part too but I didn't even want to acknowledge the subject.

"Nice answer Carlos. But I'll take over the washing from here and you can go get dressed, unless you'd like to give this nudity a try."

I shook my head. "Not quite ready for that Mom."

"Too bad. You're off to such a good start. You have a beautiful body and a lovely penis. Which still needs cleaning young man." She looked directly at it and laughed some more. I scurried out of there and got dressed.

The rest of the day was pretty normal, well, as normal as it gets when your mother walks around naked. I had some chores and Mom worked on the dinner. It was still hard to get used to seeing her small breasts and dark nipples at the dinner table. I liked the view of course and if it were only a matter of the view, I'd be fine with it. But this joking and sexual innuendo weirded me out, even though part of me enjoyed the titillation.

After dinner I talked to a couple of my friends and then Mom and I settled down to watch a TV movie - one of those disease of the month flicks if memory serves. She was still naked and I'd changed into a t-shirt and boxers.

At some point she asked if I minded if she stretched out with her head in my lap. I said it was OK and put a small cushion over my thighs. She lay there with one hand on my thigh, just below the cushion. Everything was comfy but I should have known it was too good to last. At the next commercial break..

"Carlos, when you sniffed my panties earlier, did you also taste them?" She asked without looking up.

"Mom, why do you ask?"

"If you found out I'd been using your underwear to masturbate, wouldn't you want to know just what I did with them?"

"No, maybe, I don't know." It would be years before I got good at dodging gotcha questions.

"Did you like how I tasted?"

Think carefully Carlos before you answer this one. Too positive and it leads to...somewhere you don't want it to lead to. Too negative and...tears and sadness.

"Mom, I'm sure that any man would enjoy your taste."

"Including you?"

'Mom! There's nothing wrong with your taste."

"Thanks Carlos. Maybe I obsess too much. And I know you're not about to give your old...your mother oral sex." She looked up and smiled as though to say she hadn't really meant it.

I thought it safer not to reply and we went back to watching some kid in the hospital with a hard-to-diagnose condition. My mother shifted her position and suddenly her hand was under the cushion and on my boxers right where my cock was. It responded like it was starved for company.

"Mom. Your hand is on my, my penis."

"Oh, it's just my hand. I wanted to get comfier. And your penis doesn't seem to mind." She gave it a quick, light squeeze.

"Mom. You shouldn't be touching me there."

"Oh, I didn't mean to. I just wanted to reposition my arm and your penis just happened to be there."

I sat up forcing her to move. "Well maybe you should re-position it elsewhere. Anyway, I'm going to bed. I bet that kid doesn't even die."

I went to bed feeling pretty angry with her. Reluctantly, I was enjoying the nudity and sexy talk but I did NOT want it to lead to sex. She was my mother for God's sake. But I didn't want a big confrontation because I knew she'd overreact and start blaming herself for being a horrible mother etc. etc.

The next couple of days were normal and undramatic though she kept up with the nudity. On the Wednesday she started stripping as soon as she got inside. It was pretty sexy. At the point where she was just in her panties, she lowered them slowly and I got hard. That dark bush and the tips of her pussy lips were enticing. When she finally stepped out of her panties, she held them in her hand and looked at me.

"I was thinking sexy thoughts this afternoon so they're nice and ripe. Not over-ripe. Do you want to make use of them?"

I wouldn't have minded but no way was I going to admit to it. "Thanks Mom but I'll manage without."

"You sure?" And she tossed them to me. "You can sniff them if you like."

I hesitated. I wanted to sniff but not in front of her. It seemed just too revealing, though I wondered about the limits of revealingness when she was standing naked just a few feet from me.

"Well? It looks like you want to." She nodded towards my crotch. I was dressed in a work shirt and trousers that now

featured a prominent erection. I couldn't resist and took a quick sniff.

"And...?"

"Just as nice as before Mom." I handed them back to her.

A bit later we settled down for dinner. For some reason I came out with...

"So what were these sexy thoughts you were having Mom?"

"Carlos!" She smiled. "Are you sure you want to hear this?"

I was and I wasn't. I mean, who doesn't want to hear of a sexy fantasy but I sensed it would end in uncomfortable embarrassment for me. Still, in for a penny...

"I guess."

"Well, I'd been generally aroused since the morning. By the afternoon I pretended to be in deep analysis over some report when in fact I was lost in a sexual fantasy. My lover had woken me up with oral sex and kept licking between my lips and sucking on my clitoris. I had a strong orgasm and

drenched his face. Then we kissed and I lapped up my own juices. After that I sucked on his hard penis until he came in my mouth and I swallowed all of it. And that's why my panties were so wet."

"Whoa! That is hot. Who was the lucky fantasy guy?" I know, I know - it just slipped out.

She looked coy. "Oh, just some guy."

At least I knew when to stop with the questions. But I was rock hard and had to get off. "Excuse me. I just have to go to the bathroom."

She looked at me knowingly. "Carlos?"

"I do. I'll be right back." My erection was showing and we both knew it.

As soon as I got to the bathroom I dropped by drawers and started to stroke. I thought of how my cock would feel in her mouth and it didn't take long before I blasted into a large wad of toilet paper. Once I'd settled down from the aftershocks, I felt weird again fantasizing that my mother, my naked mother, had given me a blowjob. But it was just a fantasy, right?

I hurried back to the dining room so I wouldn't raise too much suspicion. Yeah, right.

My mother was sitting there, her face aglow. "Carlos, did you go to the bathroom to masturbate?"

I was going to deny it but I knew she knew. "Yeah, sorry. Your story got me worked up."

"Oh that's quite alright Carlos. I did the same while you were gone."

I must have looked surprised. "Don't worry. I got out a dishtowel to sit on so I wouldn't leave a stain. Maybe you'd like to wash it out now? And maybe take a sniff?"

I did and I did and took a lick too. My back was to her so it wasn't obvious. The thought that those dishtowel juices had been in my mother's pussy a few minutes earlier was arousing. I still didn't want to have sex with her but was increasingly enjoying living on the edge.

To my surprise, nothing much happened the rest of the evening. We had dinner, watched TV and went to bed.

Maybe the masturbation sessions had taken the edge off. Next morning though was different.

I usually had my shower about half an hour before my mother. I had just gotten in when I heard my mother enter the bathroom.

"I'm sorry Carlos but I have to pee real bad." The shower curtain was translucent and as she was seated, I couldn't see anything but the sound of her pee hitting the toilet bowl got me aroused. I felt pretty pervy and planned on jerking off once she left. But I didn't get the chance because next thing I knew, my mother had stepped into the shower with me.

"I have to go into work early so I thought I'd shower with you now. After all, we've seen each other undressed and I promise - no touching of our sexual parts."

I was speechless but maybe grunted an OK. I kept my back to her because I didn't want her seeing my erection. She washed a bit and then asked if I could do her back. Seemed harmless enough and though she gave a little shimmy when I washed her shoulder blades. I stopped at her waist but she was having none of that.

"Carlos, please continue."

Tentatively I started washing her ass. She sighed, bent over and wiggled it around so my hand was soon inside her cheeks. "Everywhere Carlos. You know how I am about hygiene."

"But you said no sexual parts Mom."

"Carlos, the anus is not a sexual part."

"But you seem pretty sensitive there."

"I am. I'm also sensitive in my ears, my shoulders and my shoulder blades but that doesn't make them sexual parts. Now please make sure I'm clean."

There was no arguing with Mom. I rubbed the soap up and down her anal crack and she kept moaning and thrashing. I was hard again and when there was plenty of lather, I couldn't resist just using my finger around her asshole. It was small and brown and looked tight. I pushed the tip of my finger inside and she thrust back. "Oh yes Carlos!"

She pushed back against me and I was now up to my second knuckle. Her anal muscles kept squeezing me and she seemed to be fingering her clit. A few more thrusts and then

a loud "Oh Carrrrrlossss!!" My finger slid out and she leaned heavily against the wall. I didn't move and after 30 seconds or so, she turned and with a big smile said "Thanks my sweet. Now it's your turn."

I kind of knew what was coming. She washed down my back and then in between my cheeks. I felt her finger playing around on my asshole and got even harder. No one had ever touched me there and I was amazed at how sensitive it was. She kept up with these small, circular motions and my erection grew harder. I didn't want to come with her there but damn, I really wanted to come. She applied a bit more pressure and I just touched my cock. That did it. I exploded and blasted a few jet-propelled ropes off the bathroom wall. Like my mother a couple of minutes earlier, I collapsed against the wall.

When I recovered and turned around she embraced me. "Oh Carlos, I'm so happy you could share this with me."

Now the embrace felt very nice. Her body was firm and warm and I could even feel a small stirring in my depleted cock. But it was starting to sink in that my mother and I had just come together and that level of intimacy made me uncomfortable.

She had to hurry off for work which gave me some time to ponder. The sexy shower stuff was plenty of fun but I really didn't want that close, that intimate relationship with my own mother. The more I thought about it, the angrier I got at her having seen me come. I still loved her in a normal, mother-son way but geez, I didn't crave her as a lover. But I didn't want to hurt her either. She was too sensitive and I hated seeing her sad. Maybe just a cool aloofness, cordial correctness or some such thing was the right attitude. We'd see.

When she got home she was her usual self. Stripped off of course but that was in her bedroom and she didn't come on to me. The next day was OK too. Saturday rolled around and uncharacteristically, I was up before her.

I had some cereal and made coffee and she still wasn't up. It was past 10 so I thought I should at least remind her of the time. Her bedroom door was partly open and I could see her lying naked on top of the covers.

"Mom, it's after 10. I've made coffee."

She turned on her side, facing me. "Good morning Carlos. That's so sweet of you." Then she idly brought her left hand down to her pussy. "I was having the nicest dream."

She wasn't outright frigging herself but her fingers were softly touching her pussy lips. "Mom..." and I nodded towards her crotch.

"Oooh, I had a little itch." said with a winning smile.

"Surely you've scratched it by now."

"I have, but the scratch got me aroused and now I don't want to stop."

"I'll leave you to it Mom." and returned to the kitchen. About five minutes later she joined me.

"Good morning again Carlos. I didn't think it was so serious you seeing me there. You know what I look like naked, you know I masturbate and you practically saw me do it in the shower. So this just seemed like more of the same."

"Mom, I'm Ok with the nudity but masturbation in front of me is too much." While I really didn't want any sexual entanglement with her, I felt conflicted. Part of me wanted to watch her masturbate but it was bound to lead to somewhere uncomfortable.

"Alright son. I'll keep that to myself. And I promise I won't ask to see you masturbating." She laughed.

The rest of the day was pretty normal. Then came the evening. We'd been watching TV when she gave a few conspicuous stretches.

"Carlos, my back feels strained. Would you mind giving me a massage?"

Great. A naked massage. Had I wanted to fuck her, this would have been a glorious opportunity. But I didn't want that. And how do you say no to a massage request? "OK I guess. Do you want to lie down on the sofa?"

"I think the bed would be best. It's roomier so it will be easier for you."

The bed. Right. Easier for me. Easier for her if she was thinking what I was afraid she was thinking. Still, hard to back out of it. "OK Mom."

We got to the bedroom and she lay on her stomach. As usual I was in a T-shirt and boxers. I started in on her neck and proceeded to her shoulders and shoulder blades. She was making these cooing sounds. Damn, I remembered from the shower that these were erogenous zones. Well, I knew of a

couple of others that WEREN'T going to get any attention tonight.

I'd moved down to the small of her back and stopped. She was still softly cooing and purring.

"Carlos, can you keep going?"

"Your legs too?"

"Yes please. And my behind."

Fuck. I could feel myself getting dragged into something and I couldn't figure out a way of drawing back. So I gave her ass a few perfunctory pushes and squeezes.

"Mmm Carlos. That's nice but I think it would be better if my gluteus muscles were more stretched."

With that she raised her hips so her ass was now sticking straight up. That gave me a close-up of her pussy lips and asshole. She had small, tight buttocks that parted easily. While I'd seen her naked many times, this was too much like porn. I had to admit that her pussy lips were nicely formed. Brown and not too thin, thick or long. And her asshole was

small, with a larger symmetrical, distinctly ridged, softer brown anal aureole. Had it been any other woman I would have dived in. But with my mother? Just no! I gave a few more squeezes and couldn't take any more.

"Mom, I'm calling it a night."

"Oh Carlos. I was so enjoying this. Are you sure?" She'd looked over at me with a fetching smile, her ass still in the air.

"Mom. This is too much. I'm used to the nudity but geez, you're so exposed like this."

"They're just bodies Carlos. I'm not shy about mine." Then, perhaps realizing I wasn't going to be swayed, she straightened up and gave me a quick kiss on the cheek. "Well thanks for that my son."

I scurried off to bed and couldn't get the sight of her pussy and ass on full display off my mind. So, no surprise that I jerked off to that vision. And felt squeamish once I'd come.

Next morning I was still asleep when I heard my mother calling me.

"Carlos, you should be up by now. I've made coffee."

That was still registering and I wished she would go away and give me another half hour. Next thing I knew the covers were pulled aside and she was on me.

"Good morning Carlos. Time to get up."

I could feel her nipples against my chest and they were in their best bullet form. Then I noticed her warm and wet pussy against my upper thigh. And her hip against my morning wood.

"Mom! Get off! Geez, what's got into you?"

I was grumpy to begin with in just waking up but this felt like an assault.

She looked taken aback. "I just wanted to wish you good morning."

"But Mom. I could feel your pussy on my thigh."

"Well it had to go somewhere."

"It doesn't have to go on me. Look, this is getting too intimate. Back off. The panties, the shower, masturbation, you flaunting your goods last night - stop it! Please."

I don't think the "please" softened it much. She looked crestfallen and got up and exited. I didn't see her for breakfast and we avoided one another and barely spoke the rest of the day. That night I went to visit a high school friend who I didn't much like just to get out of the house.

The coldness continued for a couple of days. She wasn't her perky self and the explanation finally came on Wednesday.

"Carlos, I have something to tell you. I realized I was making you uncomfortable with my nudity and sexual flirting. So I saw a doctor who suggested I might be manic-depressive. I get too enthusiastic when I'm happy or excited and too depressed when I'm sad. I need more sessions but in the meantime he's given me a prescription."

Whoa. A lot to take in. Hard to know which point to respond to. The prescription seemed safest.

"What kind of pills Mom?"

"They're called Xanax. They're supposed to keep me more level."

I'd never heard of them but they did seem to keep her away from the highs and lows. I had a distaste of any sort of pills, except the fun ones, but hell, if the doctor said...

"Well, maybe it's best to try them for a while and see how they work." That was just as blandly non-committal as I'd hoped for and it avoided any talk of the sexual flirting.

But over the next couple of week, I was beginning to miss my mother. The nudity disappeared but it wasn't just that. She didn't smile as much and when she did, it was a faint version of what it used to be. She didn't get sad either but there was no enthusiasm for anything.

One weekend I took her out to the local mini-golf. She'd always loved that because in her mind it was so ridiculous. They didn't have them where she grew up in Chile and the notion that someone would put a windmill just where you wanted to direct the ball struck her as hilarious. Anyway, she seemed to enjoy herself but there was no laughter or exaggerated mocking; just an occasional smile as though she couldn't quite recall why she'd ever found it so amusing.

This continued for another couple of weeks and I was getting worried. OK, I didn't have to worry about a possible seduction but hell; a zestless plodding through the days was no way to go through life. I was too deferential to question the doctor's call but something didn't seem right. In the midst of vaguely stewing over this, respite came in the form of a call from Aunt Shirley.

"Carlos, is that you? This is your Aunt Shirley." Immediately I thought of those fishhook nipples.

"Hi Aunt Shirley. How are you? What's new?"

"Well, I was supposed to go to Uncle Rasmus's cottage with Stefan (her son) and his girlfriend, but something's come up and he's visiting her in California instead. So I was wondering if you and your mother might like to join me?"

Uncle Rasmus's cottage was always a popular spot in the summer and which family member got which dates was carefully negotiated in the spring. She probably wouldn't go up on her own and if she left it unused, other family members would be annoyed and take it out on her when next year's allocations were being discussed.

"It sounds good, but I'd have to ask my mother. And what are the dates?"

"It would be the middle weekend in August with a couple of days on either side. But let me talk to your mother."

A half hour later my mother came into the living room. She had the nicest smile I'd seen in a month. A far cry from the happy side of old but still, an improvement.

"Carlos, can we?"

"I'd like to, but I'd need some time off work and it's only a summer job. I take it you would like to go."

"Oh yes. I love it there. It's so peaceful and beautiful."

I was able to get the Friday and Monday and a week later we were off. Aunt Shirley had gone a day before to tidy up. As we were driving up my mother looked happier than I'd seen her since the Xanax started.

"Mom, you sure seem to be looking forward to this."

"I am. I needed a getaway. And Carlos, I decided to go off the Xanax for these days. I just feel so listless with it and the nature and relaxation should be a healthy substitute. And I

promise I won't embarrass you with sexy flirting." And she gave one of her old smiles.

I was glad to see her back and plenty relieved that the sex part was off the table.

We arrived on Friday afternoon with the usual greetings and hugs. Aunt Shirley seemed more vivacious than I remembered.

"Goodness Carlos, it's been only a couple of years but you've grown so. And you look so much like Stefan." Big hug with that.

Big hug back as I imagined those fishhooks underneath her bra. We settled in with coffee, catching up, and inevitably photos. They usually bored me but my mother always took a great interest. Something about her family being back in Chile and desperately craving a substitute on here.

"My heavens Shirley! You look so young in this one. Look Carlos."

Geez, she did. It was her and Stefan last Christmas.

Nervous laugh from Aunt Shirley. "Actually Anita, that isn't me."

Stupefied look from my mother.

"It's Stefanie, Stefan's girlfriend. "

"But she looks just like you."

Aunt Shirley blushed. "Yes, I felt awkward at first. So did she."

"It must have been...strange for Stefan too."

"I suppose it was. But he seems happy with her and I quite like her too. We spent last New Year's up here - just the three of us."

"How sweet. So you got to know her better and the two of them together."

"I did. They're really well matched and while there's no talk of marriage yet, I'm hoping."

I kept my mouth shut through all of this but I was thinking - what a perverted family. One cousin is getting it on with his mother and another is dating a girl who looks just like his mother. Then there was Mom and me; well, enough thinking for now.

The rest of the day passed easily enough. My mother was at her best with much joking and laughing. I went to bed early and left the two of them to gab. Next day was OK too. Leisurely breakfast, then swimming, then lunch. After that Aunt Shirley spoke up.

"Carlos, I feel like a sauna this aft. Would you please prepare it?"

"Sure." That got my mind racing. Would they invite me in with them? It would be awkward naked with my mother again but to see Aunt Shirley in the raw would more than make up for it. I started to imagine the Partridge Family mother naked. She looked so chaste but man, she must have had a hot body under those clothes. Just like Aunt Shirley. And hey, wasn't the actress named Shirley Jones?

All this got me chopping wood with a vigor that would have shamed Paul Bunyan. I couldn't make it burn faster but it was ready within an hour. Then my mother spoiled it.

"Thanks so much Carlos. We'll go in first and you can have yours after that."

Damn! She was probably being extra solicitous about avoiding sexy interludes with me, but there went my chance to see Aunt Shirley naked. Damn!

I was sitting in the sun room reading when I heard them come in whispering and giggling a half hour later. I looked up and there they were at the door. Naked!

I did an exaggerated double-take, not on purpose, and gaped. They show only lasted for a few seconds before they took off. I barely noticed my mother. Aunt Shirley was half a foot taller than her and her pubic hair was rusty brown, slightly bushy but not thick like my mother's. Her breasts were round without much sag and her nipples were pinkish. But where were those fishhooks? Maybe they only appeared when she was excited, when she wanted the fish to nibble.

They were still changing when I went for my sauna. I felt like jerking off but decided to save it for a more intensive session at bedtime. When I returned they were in the the sunroom with gin and tonics. I'd considered doing the nude appearance but chickened out.

"Come in and join us Carlos." That was my Aunt Shirley. "I hope we didn't shock you earlier."

"Startled maybe. But I didn't mind."

"Well your mother told me you'd fantasized about seeing me naked. And since I was ready to have you join us in the sauna I thought 'why not'?"

"Mom! I didn't say that."

"Well Carlos, when I was teasing you about the sauna up here a couple of years ago, you said that of all of us, you'd most like to have seen your Aunt Shirley naked."

"I didn't say it like that. I didn't mean it that way."

Aunt Shirley's turn. "Carlos, I'm so sorry. I apologize for showing you something you didn't want to see."

"No. I didn't mean it like that either." I couldn't figure out what I meant. Well, I could. But I couldn't figure out how to translate what I really meant into something I wanted them to think I meant.

"Look Carlos, when I suggested the sauna I just assumed we'd all go in together. We're family. I went in with Stefan and Stefanie last winter and just supposed we'd do the same. But your mother explained that her nudity might make you uncomfortable so I left it at that. Then in the sauna when she told me about how you would have preferred seeing me over that sexy niece of mine Sheila, well, I persuaded your mother to give you a quick flash. And you're welcome to join us tomorrow."

The she got up and gave me a big hug. I could feel myself beginning to react and she gave me a small smile. But I was still peeved that bigmouth Mom couldn't keep anything secret. I wondered what else she'd told her.

We had our drinks and then another round before dinner. It was a delicious paella that my mother made at home and brought up to the cottage. That was washed down with a couple of bottles of white wine.

During dinner my mother started questioning Aunt Shirley about sauna-ing with Stefan and Stefanie.

"Didn't it feel a little strange being in there with them when she looks so much like you? And knowing they're probably having sexual relations?"

Aunt Shirley laughed at the last part. "I don't quiz to see if anyone is a virgin before I sauna with them Anita."

"No, I meant, that, well, she looks so much like you...do you think that's why Stefan started going out with her?"

Aunt Shirley now looked slightly uncomfortable. "Stefanie is super smart and has a lovely personality. If anything, her looks probably put him off for a while."

"Sorry, I didn't mean to pester. It's just that the resemblance was so striking."

"Well once I knew they were an 'item', I resigned myself to Stefan's knowing what I must look like undressed. So it was no big deal having a sauna with them. And for old bags like us, who wouldn't want to see a strapping young man nude? Even if it is your own son."

They both laughed a lot at that. It really wasn't that funny once you discount the alcohol boosters. While I was getting off on the Aunt Shirley naked talk, there was still this weird, slightly unsettling mother-son vibe.

"Oh..." my mother was still laughing and having trouble getting the words out. She didn't drink much so a couple of

G&T's followed up by a few glasses of wine was taking its effect. Definitely anti-Xanax.

"Oh, and Stefan and Carlos look so much alike that you've as good as seen my son naked."

More hilarity which exasperated me. The sexy overtones were great but all that hysterical laughing, cripes! I was hoping they'd get back to sexy talk when, in reaching for the last of the wine, Aunt Shirley knocked the bottle over. It spun around for a few seconds before falling and twirling; its neck eventually pointed at my mother.

After further overdone laughter, Aunt Shirley gasped out "Spin the Bottle! Anita, you have to kiss someone."

Geez, you would have thought it was Eddie Murphy, 1980s Eddie Murphy, riffing away. When their laughter subsided Mom got up, came over to me, made out like she was going to plant a juicy kiss on my lips, and then swerved at the last minute to kiss my cheek. More hilarity, at least for them.

Then she spun the bottle and it pointed to Aunt Shirley.

"Anita, you look so attractive there, maybe next time." She got up from her chair and went through the same

exaggerated motion of going to kiss me on the lips. Only she did. No tongue but it was moist and lasted several seconds. That ratcheted down the laughter.

"Oh my." That was Mom.

The next bottle spin went my way. I really wanted to kiss Aunt Shirley back but I thought that Mon would feel left out. So I faked left, went right, pretended I was going to kiss her on the cheek and gave her a nice one on the mouth. She flinched at first, then grabbed my head and kissed back.

Aunt Shirley spoke up. "Carlos, I think we need more wine for this. Please open another bottle." Such was my state it seemed an eminently sensible idea. The glasses refilled, I spun. Aunt Shirley.

She winked at me, went over to my mother and kissed her full on the lips. My mother looked nonplussed at first, but kissed back. Shirley spoke up again.

"Anyone feel like raising the stakes?"

"What do you mean Shirley?"

"How about whenever the bottle points at someone, they have to remove an article of clothing."

No one said anything for a few seconds. Then my mother looked at me. "Carlos?"

I had no idea what the right answer was but who knew, maybe it was this one. "But I only have three articles", thinking that they had four.

"Me too." That was my mother. Hmm, braless.

"I have four but I don't want to disadvantage you." With that Aunt Shirley slipped out of her top, putting her sexy bra on display. That meant the game, the enhanced game, was on.

Aunt Shirley's spin. It was me. I took off my shirt. No big deal. Last kiss went to my Mom so tis one went to Aunt Shirley. We kissed for a few seconds and she slipped in her tongue. I think my mother caught it. I spun and it went to my mother. I assumed she'd slip off her shorts but no. Off with her shirt and there were those two brown bullet nipples. She came immediately and kissed me with lots of tongue. And I tongued back. Now I was getting hard.

Next spin went to Aunt Shirley. She followed my mother's lead and undid her bra. There were those fishhooks! She looked at me but went back to my Mom. Only a few second kiss but with lots of lip action. And I noticed she dragged a fishhook over my Mom's face and she got up.

Next spin to me. I slipped off my shorts and went to my Mom. My erection was obvious and I kissed her. She slipped her tongue into me right away and put one hand on my hip. I lashed back at her tongue and we were at it for several seconds. When I came up for air I gave her nipple a quick pinch.

"Hey, get a room you two."

I spun and it pointed at Aunt Shirley again. She unzipped her shorts and I was sorry to see she was wearing normal panties. Oh well.

"Golly. I just can't decide between the two of you. I'm just going on auto-pilot rotation. So your turn Carlos."

She came over, leaned won and gave me a sweet kiss. Not as passionate as my mother's but French kissing was now the rule. And I felt a flick of the fishhooks and she rose up.

Next spin pointed at my mother. She stood up and shucked off her shorts. Very skimpy panties with her pubic hair bursting out of the sides. She approached me, grabbed the back of my head and gave me a Hollywood-style deep kiss. I kissed back and stroked her thigh. She went back to her seat and spun. Aunt Shirley - the first one naked.

She stood up to remove her panties. Faced me but following her rotation plan, went to my mother. A much deeper and longer kiss this time. Next spin pointed at me. I just slid off my underwear and now had to choose. I decided to follow Aunt Shirley's lead and stood up to kiss her. I was fully erect

I bent down to kiss her and just as our lips touched, the power went off. That happened often enough as Uncle Rasmus's cottage was remote and the cables were around 50 years old. But now it was pitch black.

No one could see anything and I continued my kiss. Then I felt her hand on my cock. We kept kissing and she began to stroke me. Then...the lights came back on.

My mother shrieked. "Shirley, WHAT are you DOING to my SON?"

We broke the kiss and Aunt Shirley took her hand off my cock. She looked stunned. And guilty. My mother's eyes were blazing.

"I don't know...it's just that..., oh, I'm sorry." Without another word she got up and fled to her bedroom.

My mother and I just looked at each other. Her face began to soften and she looked on the verge of tears.

"Mom, I'm sorry."

She shook her head and stifled a sob. "Oh Carlos, come and sit with me in the sunroom."

The sofa there was much more comfy than the kitchen table where we'd been playing.

"I'm sorry Carlos. I over-reacted. The lights came on and I didn't expect to see THAT!"

"That's OK Mom. I shouldn't have let that happen." Like there was much I could have done, or wanted to do.

"But now I've spoiled your night; Shirley's night; everyone's night. If I'd just sat there and laughed you'd probably be having sex with her by now."

"Mom!" I wanted to say more but the words wouldn't come. I should add that I was still undressed and my erection hadn't gone away. I really should have jerked in the sauna. Way too much pent-up cum now.

She still looked like she was verging on tears so I put my arm around her shoulder. She moved closer. "Oh, we were having such fun, saucy fun, and I went and spoiled it. I should have known it might lead to something like, well, where it was heading. But it came as such a shock."

"Mom. It's fine. And it would have been mighty awkward if at the end of the game Aunt Shirley and I had gone to her bedroom and left you there. Besides, I don't know that she even wanted that."

That produced a laugh and a hug. "Good heavens Carlos. Such an innocent boy. What do you mean 'you don't know'? She was stroking your penis."

I didn't have an answer for that. I may have muttered something like "Yeah, well" but that was as articulate as I got.

We sat there a while in silence, looking out the window at the dim, far shore. I was still about 90% erect which my mother couldn't help but notice. "Carlos, she got to touch your penis. Do you mind if I did?"

I hesitated, kind of knowing it might come to this but not quite ready to take that step. "Carlos, after all, you squeezed my nipple in there."

What kind of answer could I give? I didn't want her to, knowing where it would likely lead. But it was a close 55-45 vote with the big head barely in front. On the other hand, a No here would likely lead to more sadness or whatnot. Some people trust in letting Jesus take the wheel. For me, I went with the little head.

"Really? Well, if you want to."

Her first touch was soft and tentative. Seeing no objection she tightened her grip and started slowly stroking. I reached round and gave her nipple a light squeeze. She upped her pace and I could feel it coming.

"Oh Mom, I'm gonna..."

She let go, dropped her head and took me into her mouth. A few seconds later I exploded. Major release. There were several aftershocks but she never let my cock out of her mouth. I started to relax but she kept her head down. It felt nice, then great. Good god! While I'd never gotten

completely soft, I could feel myself getting hard again. She had this technique of squeezing her lips on my shaft with varying degrees of firmness. And something like a circular motion which doesn't make anatomical sense. But that's how it felt. I was fully hard again and she hadn't let up. I could have just enjoyed the second cumming but didn't want to seem too selfish.

"Mom. I'd like to do something for you."

That got her off my cock. "Oh Carlos." She kissed me and I got a taste of my cum. Not as bad as I feared.

"Mom, I'd like to give you oral sex too." Awkward to say but I didn't want a vulgarity like 'eating your pussy' to mar the mood.

"Yes, oh yes Carlos. Now you lie down." I did. She slipped off her panties, climbed on top and we were soon 69ing. I'd had a few blowjobs but nothing like this. In my limited experience the concept of a bad blowjob did not compute. But a fabulous, mind-blowing one sure did. And that's what I was getting.

Meanwhile, I was licking her pussy. No expert here but I figured that so long as I licked between her lips, gave her clit regular licks and sometimes sucked in her lips hard, that

might do the trick. I loved her taste. Much better than panty or tea towel residue. Note to self. Compliment her later on how sexy she smelled and tasted. And I wouldn't even have to fib.

I was enjoying the heat from her pussy, her juices, and especially the feeling on my cock. Then, in the midst of it, I noticed a movement in the window's reflection.

Aunt Shirley. She was holding her clothes in her hand. She was backlit and easy to see. I couldn't tell if she saw us but with the slurping and sucking sounds, she would have figured it out. I considered stopping but what would that accomplish? Another scene. And hell, I badly wanted to come in my mother's mouth again

I could feel myself getting close and wanted to hurry my mother along so we could come together. So I moistened my finger with her pussy juices and started playing with her asshole. She bucked her hips and made a muffled, high-pitched "uuummfff".

I never looked back at the window and concentrated on getting my mother off. I was now sucking on her clit and had slid my finger up her ass. Then I could feel myself starting to come. And she started too. More frenzied hip-bucking and a deep throat on my cock.

"Whoa Mom." I tried to muffle it but it came out louder than I wished. I shot several bolts down her throat and revelled in feeling her pussy juices drenching my face. One last spurt and she slowly lifted her lips from my cock.

"Oh my god Carlos. I hope your orgasm was as intense as mine." She got up, lay down face-to-face and kissed me.

I was still luxuriating in the afterglow when a couple of small thoughts tried to send warning signals. First, I should NOT be having sex with my mother. Second, Aunt Shirley had caught us. But I didn't want to entertain either in that moment. I'd just had the best blowjob, er, blowjobs of my life and my mother was very happy.

"I was about to say the same Mom." And I kissed her.

We hugged and kissed some more. Nothing intense, just the sort of affection so common for lovers in the early stages.

"Carlos..." that was all she said but with a searching look in her eyes.

"Mom, I'm fine. This was wonderful."

"Oh Carlos, I'm so happy." Tighter hug and more kisses. I kind of wished it had been someone other than my Mom but hell. The sex was great and it was a pleasure to be loved so.

Eventually we got up and went to the kitchen to retrieve our clothes. "Carlos! Where are Shirley's clothes?"

Play dumb. That came easy to me. "I dunno. Didn't she take them with her?"

"No. She left abruptly. I wondered why she didn't take them then. Oh god, oh god."

"Mom. We don't know that she saw us. She probably came down before we, before we started."

"I would have heard her. Oh god Carlos. She knows. She KNOWS!"

"Maybe not Mom. We don't know that. Let's see how things go in the morning. And who is she to say anything? After all, she was squeezing my cock."

That last sentence was meant to be reassuring. Emphasis on the "meant to.".

My mother made a face. Not a nice one. Oops. Vulgarity coupled with an unwanted reminder.

"Oh Carlos. Tonight was glorious but now I'm worried like hell." I was about to correct her grammar (shouldn't that be worried AS hell?) but thought the better of it.

"Mom, let's see how things go tomorrow. I'm sure she didn't see anything." OK, it wasn't quite a little white lie; more like a large and darkly hued one, but I hoped it would buy me a short spell of calmness.

She shook her head. "Carlos, I don't know how to feel. I'm going to bed."

We went to our own rooms. I tried to think of a plan for tomorrow's inevitable confrontation but was too blissed out for that. On-the-spot improvisation seemed as good a bet as any.

Next morning I was up before Mom. Aunt Shirley had already made coffee. She at least had the decency to let me down a cup before starting in.

"Well, I guess I really set some things in motion last night."

I was embarrassed and would rather have skipped the talk, but I knew we'd better sort some things out before Mom awoke. "Aunt Shirley, my Mom thinks you must have seen us. I tried to persuade her you mightn't have, but I don't think that worked."

"I suppose she was upset about that?"

"Pffft! Yeah, upset is one way of putting it. Near-hysterical is another."

"Now don't you worry Carlos. I know just what to say to her." Knowing smile here.

"Really?" I hoped it was true, as unlikely as that seemed. But for now I was just grateful that I'd delegated my anxiety to her.

"I didn't want to say anything last night because you two looked like you were enjoying it so much."

"Um, ah..." if there were a suave rejoinder to that, it certainly didn't crop up.

I was saved from further exchanges by the rustling coming from my mother's room. Aunt Shirley excused herself to use the shower in the sauna.

My mother wandered out looking sleepy and anxious. No nudity - she was in a cotton nightgown. "Good morning Mom. Can I get you a coffee?"

She looked around and I gave her a hug. "Good morning Carlos. Where is Shirley?"

"She went to rinse off a few minutes ago."

"Did she say anything about last night?"

"We didn't talk much. You know how I am in the morning."

"But she will say something. We're not going to spend the rest of the weekend pretending that nothing happened when we all know it did. And Carlos, I did enjoy it. Soooo much!" She gave me a kiss on the cheek.

I let her finish her coffee and soon enough, Aunt Shirley returned. They said their good mornings, hugged, and looked at one another. My mother looked uncertain; Aunt Shirley - a curious mix of confidence and hesitation.

"Anita, we're going to have to talk about last night." My mother looked down and I looked out the window.

"I went to bed feeling shamed and embarrassed at letting myself get so carried away and upsetting you so. It was my fault entirely." My mother looked up, relieved she hadn't heard the worst. I kept a lookout through the window. There was this most fascinating squirrel...well, I'll leave that for another time.

"But you came back for your clothes."

"Yes, and I heard what I heard." My mother put her head in her hands and looked like she was about to cry.

"But Anita, I don't condemn you or think badly of you at all. In your position I would have done the same." My mother looked up as though she couldn't register what she'd just heard. Meanwhile, this squirrel...

"You don't have to say that Shirley. Now I'm just so ashamed for myself and for compromising my son." I really didn't want to hear this and luckily, that crafty squirrel...

"Anita, stop that. When I said I'd have done the same, I meant it. You see, I've made love to my son."

Fuck that damned squirrel! This was taking quite the turn. My mother and I sat there speechless.

"It happened last summer. We were up here alone, just the two of us. He had broken it off with Stefanie because he couldn't get over how much we looked alike. It seemed that when they were trying to get intimate, he'd think of me and would lose his edge, so to speak."

"I thought that if I could get him used to seeing more of me, I mean, immodest outfits, occasional nudity, it might help him get over his hang-up and he'd be able to get back with Stefanie. But things escalated and I got more excited. First it was nudity and kissing, then masturbation and finally sex. I have to admit it was thrilling to feel his cock in me and we fucked practically every day for the rest of the summer. And the best thing is that it worked. Stefan and Stefanie got back together and they're still together."

My mother and I listed, captivated, though I saw her wince at "cock" and "fuck".

"As for last night, Carlos, you reminded me so much of him that I just lost control and touched you. And for that I apologize to you and to your mother."

"Oh Shirley." My mother got up and hugged my Aunt. The two embraced for a few seconds and my mother had the nicest smile.

"Shirley, your secret is safe with me. And it's such a relief to know that you understand what I was feeling."

At this point it looked like it was headed to some serious heart-to-heart stuff. I can't stand those scenes in movies and the real life version seemed worse, so I excused myself to go fishing and mull over the scene.

About 45 minutes later I was still sitting there. No fish, not even a nibble. But I'd had a chance to ponder. The taboo of sex with my mother was broken and even though the thought made be a bit queasy, I was very fond of her and her blowjobs were outstanding. Maybe there was a way of making this work. It made her happy which made me happy too. I could end it when I went back to college in a month

and I really wanted more blowjobs if I was being honest about it.

While I was working this out, my mother came down to join me. "How's the fishing Carlos? Have you caught us lunch yet?"

"Geez, if they're biting they must be biting each another."

"Oooh. Like us last night?"

"Mo-om!"

A concerned look. "Carlos, are you regretting?"

Hesitation, but only a little. "No Mom. I loved what we did. And I meant to tell you that you smelled and tasted great. Smelled and tasted sexy. Very, very sexy."

She smiled, put her arms around me, and gave me a big kiss on the lips. "Then maybe we'll try it again?"

"Anytime Mom."

"Sometime later today I think. I loved feeling you penis in my mouth and loved feeling your semen ejaculating into my mouth. And how you licked my...pussy (small giggle), oooh!"

Nice talk but weird how she mixed the sexy with the clinical. Maybe it was some sort of second language thing.

"Anyway Carlos, I had a nice talk with Shirley. Her affair (affair?) with Stefan came about almost by accident."

"You sure Mom? From the bit I heard it didn't sound that accidental."

"I mean, she set something in motion where she didn't foresee the outcome. She hadn't set out to seduce him. Do you want to know something else?" Whispering here.

"Sure." As if there was any chance of a negative response.

"She even had a threesome with Stefan and Stefanie."

Whoa! Now that's a sentence you don't hear every day. "Whoa Mom. Really?"

"Yes, when they were up here last New Years."

"So not only is Stefan banging his mother and his girlfriend who looks like his mother, they're banging each other too?"

Small frown. Apparently "banging" was too close to vulgarity. "I'm not so sure. I didn't get all the details but I think it was more like the two of them sharing, or taking turns with him."

"Yikes! Lucky guy in any case."

"Oh, so you'd fancy having both of us? Me and your Aunt Shirley?"

"No, I didn't mean it like that. Well, a guy with two women is a popular fantasy for most guys."

That wasn't doing the job so I elaborated. "Mom, I mean, well, if that was something you and Aunt Shirley wanted, of course I'd be interested."

"Chicken. So you're leaving it up to us are you? Well, we didn't even discuss that. But I know you have the hots for her."

I was going to offer a protest for the record but couldn't be bothered. Suddenly I was starving, having had only a couple of coffees that morning. "Can we continue this after lunch?"

She laughed. "Goodness, that's why I came down to get you in the first place."

Aunt Shirley had made some sandwiches. I wolfed mine down with the subconscious notion that the sooner lunch was done, the closer I'd be to another blowjob. Afterwards there were chores and, as expected, a sauna request from Aunt Shirley. "And this time, if you wish, you can join your mother and me Carlos."

Hot damn! I'd been working out how to get my mother alone for some more oral loving and had completely forgotten about seeing my Aunt Shirley naked again. This was bound to be good. My thoughts immediately went to the threesome my mother had told me about. Could it be? Was there a chance? On the radar perhaps? I didn't want to get my hopes up but hell. Worst case was plenty of eye candy and an almost guaranteed blowjob sometime after that. If I'd shamed Paul Bunyan yesterday, today's effort would have humiliated him into retirement. An hour later it was ready.

We entered the change room and I was out of my clothes faster than the pizza guy in a porno. Then, sensing I'd over-hurried, I entered the sauna alone. My mother and Aunt Shirley joined me a couple of minutes later. I had a roaring hard-on as I stripped but believe it or not, the sauna isn't as sexual as you might think. For about 20 minutes you just sit around waiting for a good sweat to develop. Plus, it relaxes you. All of you.

I was still mentally horny of course and finally Aunt Shirley got up to lather and rinse.

"Would one of you like to wash my back? "

"Gladly." "Of course." My mother and I answered simultaneously. Shirley laughed.

"Well I don't think there's enough of my back for both of you. Maybe one can take my back and one can do my front?"

I looked at my mother with pleading eyes.

"I'll take your back Shirley." Oh boy!

I started up around her shoulders and along her arms. Then her sides. She had her eyes half-closed and offered encouragement. "Mmmm. That's nice. Oh yes Anita." Geez, what in hell was my mother doing back there? Hmm, maybe something to do with her hands on Aunt Shirley's ass. Crucial time now. I started soaping up her chest and the very tops of her breasts. She opened her eyes and gave me a small nod. Next stop - her breasts. All parts of them. I ran my hands over her nipples. Out came the fishhooks. Out came a deep and noisy sigh.

"Mmm, make sure they're really clean Carlos."

Man, I could follow orders like that all day. Several soapy caresses did their work and I moved on down. Her stomach, hep hips, and just when I was getting close to her pussy...

"Thanks Carlos, but I better take it from here."

Fair enough. Life wasn't supposed to unfold like a porn flick and anyway, I knew there was a glorious blowjob in my future.

Aunt Shirley finished her cleaning and remarked "That was so special being washed like that. Anita, you should try it. You will try it."

Hey, life taking a pornish turn?

"Carlos, you did such a good job on me that I really think your mother deserves the same. I'll do her back."

Through all this my mother had been uncharacteristically silent, but she gave me a big smile when I faced her to begin washing. Her bullet nipples got an even better cleansing than had Aunt Shirley's; practice making perfect and all. And she didn't stop me as I approached her pussy.

At the same time, her breath shortened as Aunt Shirley was lathering her shoulders and shoulder blades. So many erogenous zones. As I moved to do her pussy, Aunt Shirley had knelt to do her ass. She lowered her head and blew me a kiss through my mother's legs.

"Do be careful Carlos. It can sting if you get soap up inside me."

A minor restriction at that. I soaped her pubic hair and rinsed her inner thighs before making sure her clit got a few rubs. She moaned and thrust towards me. I noticed that Aunt Shirley was working her ass too. But I didn't think I could take it further so continued down her legs.

Then it was my turn.

"Anita, you're his mother so you should do his front."

I stood up and was mostly erect as they began. They didn't exactly linger on my upper body but took enough time to make it seem legit. Aunt Shirley had started soaping up my buttocks just as my mother reached my groin. She gave a light stroke to my cock which brought it to full erection. Then she moved on to my balls and inner thighs.

"I don't want to give you TOO much stimulation just yet my son." They both laughed.

She was now washing my thighs and had knelt down, bringing her head level with my cock. More washing and then she took it into her mouth. I gasped and Aunt Shirley looked around.

"Sorry Carlos. I just couldn't resist." She released me before I could come. "But I'll make it up to you later." Followed by a giggle.

Aunt Shirley had been washing my ass and had used a soapy cloth, then her fingers, to rinse around my asshole. My

mother's oral attention had paused her ministrations while I was still soaped up back there. Then Aunt Shirley spoke up.

"Carlos, I'm not quite finished there. Now here's something that Stefan and I just loved."

I didn't care to think of my cousin just then but the rest of the sentence sounded great. Aunt Shirley had taken a mouthful of water from the bucket and blew it slowly over my soapy asshole. Then another.

"You're almost clean now." My mother had finished and was just standing and observing. Aunt Shirley moved her head between my cheeks and a moment later I could feel her tongue on my asshole. Up down, around; over under sideways down. Fuck, a first for me and it felt so damn good.

My mother was wide-eyed.

"Goodness Shirley."

"As you said Anita, I couldn't resist. When I was younger I thought that anything to do with the ass was disgusting. But I read this Happy Hooker book where Xaviera Hollander describes how much she enjoyed 'going around the world" ('rimming' in modern parlance), I started to think about it

and eventually became a little obsessed. This started a little while after my marriage ended and I wound up fantasizing about it for more than ten years. Then finally I got to try it with Stefan. It was even better in real life and, well, as you said, I just couldn't resist."

"Oh, I love being fingered there but I've never felt a tongue."

"Well some day you should. Soon." Aunt Shirley looked my way.

"But now Shirley, I think you have my boy so turned on that I'm sure he wants to have sex with you."

Aunt Shirley looked puzzled. "With me? But you're his mother." We chuckled nervously at how this actually made sense. "I'm sure I can leave that to you two."

"I'm happy to continue and I hope he feels the same, but.." facing me now, "Carlos we can't actually have real sex."

I didn't get where this was going and must have looked, well, I hope not too stupid.

"Whyever not Anita? I though you had, after last night and our talk today."

"I love having oral sex with him Shirley but it can't be real sex, not full-on sex. That should just be for a proper man-woman relationship."

"Oh, I see, sort of. For me, once there's a little sex there might as well be all of it."

"I'm just different I guess." Facing me again, "But Carlos, if you wanted to have sex, real sex, with your Aunt Shirley, I'd understand."

I'd been feeling left out in that way you get when two people are talking about you as though you weren't there. And thanks mom. Hell of a way to announce that we weren't going to have "real sex". My erection had wilted and I was getting annoyed.

"Mom, it's not like I'm not here. And you shouldn't put Aunt Shirley on the spot. Besides, I have a say in this."

Aunt Shirley looked at me and stroked my cheek. "Carlos, your mother only means what's best for you. I didn't feel like

I was being put on the spot. And anyway, do you want to fuck me as much as I want to fuck you?"

Schwing!

Wide-eyed, I couldn't get a word out so nodded vigorously.

Aunt Shirley smiled and glanced at my erection. "I'll take that as a yes then."

We rinsed and dried off fast. "No need to get dressed I guess. And oh, Anita, I hate to leave you alone. Would you care to watch?"

What? This was getting weird. OK, I'd had sex, well, oral, with my mom so that discharged a few inhibitions but still, who wants to have their mother watching them have sex?

Sensing my hesitation Aunt Shirley spoke up. "I hope that's all right with you Carlos. You see, I really got off having sex with my Stefan while Stefanie watched us. Would you mind?"

I was still flabbergasted but hell, I knew I wasn't going so turn down fucking Aunt Shirley. "Ah, no." There was still hope. Maybe my mother would find it too perverted.

"And you Anita?"

My mother had put her hand over her mouth. "Well, I've already seen you stroking my boy's penis and licking his behind so, OK."

Back in the cottage Aunt Shirley took hold of my cock and led me to her bedroom; my mother following close behind. When we got there we stood and looked at one another. I wasn't sure how to start.

Sensing my puzzlement, Aunt Shirley smiled. "Why don't you begin by kissing me Carlos."

Easy enough. We started making out and I clumsily fingered her already wet pussy. We broke and she lay back on the bed. I got down and was about to enter her when DAMN! I lost my erection. Now nervous I tried to stroke it back into shape but that wasn't working. How could this be? I was as horny as Charlie Sheen on Spanish Fly.

'Relax Carlos." That was my mother. "You've never performed in front of an audience so it's a bit of stage fright. Perhaps I can help."

She leaned over and took me in her mouth. That warmth and however she managed that 360 degree sucking action soon had me hard. She released me and Aunt Shirley spread wide her legs. Her pussy lips were slightly open and I almost came just looking. Then the condom question popped into mind and I just blurted it out.

"No Carlos. I had my tubes tied years ago. Come inside me as much as you want."

No problem this time. I eased my cock into her and it felt like it was just sucked in. Slowly in and out at first. I'd had sex before but had never felt this pussy muscle suction before. And I still couldn't get over the fact and it was Aunt Shirley beneath me. I was actually fucking my Aunt Shirley! Her fucking pussy lips were wrapped around my cock and her vaginal walls were massaging it. Hot damn! I moved my head down to give those fishhooks some licks. She wrapped her legs around my hips, drawing me in closer. I'd forgotten my mother being there until I felt a hand stroking my ass. Then caressing my balls. That did it. I started shooting off.

"Ohhhhh Aunt Shirley." She started thrusting harder and came shortly after. At least I think she did. Not having yet seen When Harry Met Sally, the concept of faking it was unknown to me. It hadn't lasted long, maybe five or six minutes, but it felt fabulous. I slipped out of her and rolled over. My mother was looking at me with a huge smile.

"Do you mind Carlos?"

Blank look and a head shake here. Then she leaned over and took my cock into her mouth. Up and down slowly, then with a faster pace. I'd come out of Aunt Shirley wilted but now I could feel myself getting hard again. Once I was fully erect my mother stopped.

"Oh my. I've always liked tasting my own juices on a man's penis but this is the first time I've tasted another woman's."

Aunt Shirley looked bemused. "And...?"

"It was nice, different, tasty. And very erotic."

Then I had one of my rare, bright ideas. "Hey, I could do a taste test!"

They both looked at me; surprised I'd spoken up. Aunt Shirley broke the silence. "Well I won't say no to that." My mother just smiled. She was about to lie down beside Aunt Shirley when I noticed a dribble of my cum seeping from Aunt Shirley's pussy which dampened my taste test enthusiasm. My mother noticed my hesitation.

"Shirley, before we start, how about if I clean up a bit?" My aunt looked quizzical. "I mean, I liked tasting you on Carlos's penis and thought I might try it from the source. Plus, I do love my son's semen and maybe you have some there for me."

Aunt Shirley sighed. "I guess I can't say no to either of you."

My mother leaned down and buried her face in Aunt Shirley's crotch. She was defter than me. A more rhythmic variation of licking speed and movement from the pussy lips to the clit. She was going to be a hard act to follow.

Aunt Shirley was now gently thrusting her hips and I decided to give my mother some oral loving. I moved in behind her but her hips weren't raised up enough. Her ass on the other hand was exposed. I hesitated and then thought "Why not? Aunt Shirley did it to me and we're just out of the sauna"

So I started giving her backside light kissed and the occasional lick. She didn't let up from eating out Aunt Shirley but encouraged me by reaching back to give my cheek a stroke. I moved to kissing the cleft of her cheeks and adding more licks to the mix. Then on to the tailbone where I give it a long, sucking kiss. She raised her hips a little and spread her cheeks. I slid my tongue down and licked all around her brown, nicely puckered asshole. A little closer and I now had my tongue right up against it. That produced a moan.

Aunt Shirley's shakes were getting more pronounced and my mother was starting to bounce with them. Once such bounce had my tongue slip a little inside. Incredibly tight and it felt nasty. Loud "Ooooh!" from mom. My aunt's bucking jarred me out of there and I went back to licking. I was hoping to get them to come at the same time so now reached down and stroked my mother's clit. It was already wet and I shoved a thumb inside her. Her juices let it easily slide in and out. Aunt Shirley let go first. "Oh, oh, oh, OOOhhh!" My mother soon followed and rolled over on my aunt's leg. I was left kneeling at half mast, studying the scene.

Aunt Shirley's legs were still parted and her pussy, pubic hair and inner thighs looked drenched. My mother was slowly edging up to lie alongside of my aunt. They kissed.

"I love how you taste Anita."

My mother laughed. "It's your taste Shirley." Small laugh again. "My, I've never done that to a woman. I don't know what came over me. And I've never been with two people together." Looking at me now, "And Carlos, no one has ever licked me there."

Aunt Shirley's turn to laugh, gently. "Well, there's a first time for everything Anita. I've never had a woman eat me out and I daresay that before this weekend, you'd never sucked your son's cock."

I saw the small brow furrow on my mother but she just gave Aunt Shirley a playful shove. "I was just following in the family tradition."

Meanwhile, I'd risen to 80% erect from the front row seat to my aunt's pussy and my attractive naked mother beside her. "So, are you two still game for the taste test?"

They exchanged glances and giggled. "I wouldn't want to deprive you Carlos." My mother just laughed some more.

I started in on Aunt Shirley. She was wet and her pussy lips looked larger than before. I tried to follow my mother's example of varying my speed and rhythm and was

rewarded with some fresh juice. Out of the corner of my eye I noticed my mother frigging herself while Aunt Shirley was stroking my mother's stomach.

Aunt Shirley definitely tasted different than my mother but it was hard to describe. Unlike wine, we haven't developed much of a vocabulary to differentiate the flavor of one pussy to the next. Well, I had a linguistics course next semester so filed that away as a possible term paper. Knowing I was likely to be asked, I settled on a mix of deeper and fresher. 'Muskier' would do for my mother. Regardless, I was finding Aunt Shirley's pussy intoxicating. She started pushing back and holding my head down. I was happy enough to stay there but soon she lifted my head up.

"I think you've got enough for one sample. Now don't neglect your mother."

She had an expectant smile as I moved over to her. "First a kiss Carlos." We made out passionately for a minute or so. Tongues lashing and licking in each other's mouth and around our faces. "I don't know about my son Shirley but I'm really getting to like your taste."

"Well you're always welcome to seconds Anita. I just loved how you ate me out."

My mother giggled. But I had a job to do. So I kissed my way down her body, taking the scenic route to give her nipples a suckle, and then took her pussy hair into my mouth and gently pulled on it. My mother was stroking my shoulders and her feet were moving around the backs of my thighs.

I finally got down to her pussy lips and gave them a large slow lick, taking in as much of her juices as I could. Definitely muskier than Aunt Shirley's and on the whole, I think I liked my mom's better. I concentrated on trying to emulate my mother's technique of a more rhythmic licking and sucking instead of my former thrashing style. It seemed to be working as my mother was sighing, then moaning. She put her hand on the back of my head and my face was mashed in her pussy. She was thrusting and it felt like she was trying to shove my whole head inside her.

I was enjoying how much I was turning her on and then I felt a hand on my cock. Good old Aunt Shirley. Then I felt her kissing my ass; getting closer to my asshole with every kiss. Great, great Aunt Shirley.

I kept working on my mother as I wanted her to come before I did. It wasn't that I was being so gentlemanly - more like I didn't want to blast a load on the bed. The moans were getting louder and a few "Oh Carlos's" were now mixed in. I sucked in her clit and slid a finger around her asshole. That did it. A very loud "Dios! Oh Carlos!" and one violent thrust.

Her body was twisting and I rose to my knees and watched. She bucked a couple more times and rattled off more Spanish that I couldn't follow. For a moment I forgot my own condition which was 80% there to coming myself. Aunt Shirley had pulled up beside me to watch my mother's writhes. There were a couple more before she settled down. One hand went to her forehead and the other to her pussy.

"My god Carlos. I think I had four or five orgasms all at once." Orgasms. Good old Mom. She couldn't bring herself to say that she'd come. It just had to be clinical.

Aunt Shirley spoke up. "That was so hot; so sexy Anita. Do you think you could stand some more?"

My mother looked bewildered. "That felt like enough for a lifetime. What do you mean?"

"Well, your son looks like he could use some relief. As could I. If you can handle a little more oral, well, I've never gone down on a woman and I'd love for you to be my first. And while I'm doing that, Carlos can fuck me again."

Yet again they were talking like I wasn't there. Can't say I minded much this time.

"I don't know Shirley." My aunt had now put a hand on my mother's thigh which brought about shudders. Aunt Shirley noticed this and started stroking her way up to my mother's pussy. More shudders.

"My god, my whole body feels like one big sexual organ."

"Then I think you need some more." Aunt Shirley lowered her head to my mother's crotch and just as she was about to make contact, looked back at me. "And Carlos, while I'm loving your mother's pussy, I expect you to fuck me again." Accompanied by a sweet smile. And a nod from me.

Aunt Shirley bent down with her head in my mother's crotch. She raised up her ass and I pushed my cock into her. Man, I'd be a hero if I could keep from coming in a minute. The warmth and wetness of her cunt felt fantastic and the knowledge that my Aunt Shirley was letting me fuck her almost put me over the edge right away. Her asshole was fully exposed and that sure didn't calm me down. I tried to think of fishing but a limp line in the water doesn't hold one's concentration as much as you might think. I switched to thinking about that stupid squirrel running back and forth as though death squads of hawks had drawn a bead on him.

That at least distracted me for a minute or so from focusing on fucking Aunt Shirley and revelling in looking at how her

asshole twitched. But soon enough that squirrel became hawk supper and I could feel a load of cum ready to blast into Aunt Shirley.

Meanwhile my mother was getting more vocal. By now it was all Spanish; the sort I didn't much understand. And Aunt Shirley was pushing back. I had my hands on her hips and tried to hold back but couldn't. "Oh fuck!" And immediately hoped my mother wasn't listening.

I needn't have worried. Her Spanish ravings were getting louder and with one big body writhe, she pushed off Aunt Shirley. My cock was still in my aunt and she squeezed me and gave a couple of quick thrusts. "Oh fuck yes!" She pitched over on her side and I slipped out, now exhausted.

My mother was still twitching and I lay down to her right while Aunt Shirley was on her left.

No one spoke for a while. I was panting and felt super relaxed and I could hear deep breathing from Aunt Shirley too. My mother was making soft shivering sounds. I tried to put my arm around her but she jerked away; apparently still too sensitive all over.

Aunt Shirley broke the silence. "Wow, I was just remembering something else I read in The Happy Hooker.

After Xaviera had an especially fulfilling session, she referred to feeling 'all fucked out'. That's just how I feel now."

"Same here." I murmured. "I couldn't get it up again even if Michelle Pfeiffer and Heather Locklear appeared naked looking for a threesome."

"Hah! Dream on. I'm afraid you'll have to make do with your mother and I." Then, leaning over to see me, "Now that wasn't so bad, was it?"

"Not at all. The best sex, by far the best sex I've ever had. I meant that you two had so satisfied me that even those other two wouldn't be able to catch my attention."

"Better. You wriggled out of that one pretty well."

My mother was now stirring. "Dios mio, I've never felt anything like that before."

"I think you speak for all of us Mom." Aunt Shirley just smiled and I wondered how hot it had been with her, Stefan and Stefanie.

We talked a bit more and eventually got up to prepare dinner. After last night and today it was a quiet evening. My mother asked if I'd spend the night in her bed and while I was still kind of reluctant to get so close, I didn't want to hurt her. The prospect of another blow job also may have tipped the scales.

After washing up I made my way to her room. She was standing there waiting, already naked. I admired her hot body and began to reason that if I could just think of her as a sexy older woman, the 'mom' business wouldn't disconcert me so. She helped me out of my clothes and suggested a slow 69. We did it side-by-side and the combination of her musky smell along with her wet pussy lips on my face really turned me on, as did her loving sucks on my cock. We kept this up for about half an hour, including breaks, when we managed to come together.

Next day it was time to go home. There was a bunch of tidying and packing to do so it was all a bit rushed. As we started in on goodbyes, my mother launched.

"Oh Shirley, this was such a wonderful weekend. I can't imagine the things we did, I mean, I never thought I'd be doing something like that with another woman."

"Or your son?"

She laughed. "That too. But when can we see you again?" Aunt Shirley lived a few hours drive from my mother so it took some planning.

"I'm not sure. But have you heard about Greta's big Thanksgiving?" My mom shook her head.

"Apparently it's the 25th anniversary of their commune so all the former residents have been invited back for a celebration. It's only an hour or two from Stefanie's parents' place and since Stefan was planning on spending it with them, we might make the trip together. Are you going?"

"I hadn't heard of it. I don't think I could show up without an invitation."

"Oh, they're old hippies so don't expect six sigma levels of organization. I'm sure you'd be welcome. How about it? And Carlos, that goes for you too."

Shrug. I seldom planned that far in advance. But I'd liked Stefan and I was kind of curious about how the hippies once lived.

"Well keep it in mind. From our family there'll be Rasmus, Greta, Tim and Sheila; Rose, Bjorn and Anders; and I expect that Stefan and Stefanie will join us at least for a day or so."

Yikes. What kind of Thanksgiving was this going to be? Tim was boning his mother; Aunt Shirley had had threesomes with her son and his girlfriend; and then there was Mom and me. All this in a hippie communal setting? I'd have to see.

My mother and I hit the road and I settled back to contemplate the weekend's events and what lay in store for the rest of the summer. My mother was driving and started in.

"So Carlos. Do you think you'll join me in the home nudity now?" big smile on her face.

"I suppose so now. I guess we'll be seeing a lot of each other naked for the rest of the summer."

Squeal of glee followed by a torrent of happy chatter but I wasn't paying attention. Then sharp braking, fishtailing and a shriek. Fuck! What just happened? I looked back to see who we just ran over.

"Look Carlos. A squirrel!"