Chapter 1

To introduce the characters, my name is Brian and I was in my early 20s. I was 5'11", 165 pounds, trim rather than muscular, and blond. And for those to whom it matters, I had an average sized cock - about 6 inches, well below apparently the Literotica standard.

My father had left us when I was a kid so I lived with my mother Stella, in her mid-40s. Of Swedish descent, she was also trim, with small hips and decent sized but slightly droopy breasts. On a good day she resembled Helen Hunt. While I knew she was attractive, having sex with her was in no way an obsession. Here is our story.

"Brian, for a few weeks now I've been wrestling with how to tell you this and since I couldn't find the right way, I'm just going to tell you."

I looked up, startled, expecting something awful. Cancer? Job loss? A move to somewhere far from my friends?

"I'm going to start going out with someone."

No big deal I was thinking. The disruption to our routines, especially mine, would be bothersome but I suppose I knew

the day would come and besides, in a few years I'd be finished college and setting out on my own.

"Great Mom. Who's the lucky guy?"

"That's what's so difficult Bri. It's not a guy."

Startled again. I'd had no inkling she leaned that way.

"You mean, with a woman?" Duh. But that was all I could come up with.

"Well, yes. It's someone from the office who I started working with a couple of months ago. Do you want to hear about it?"

"Sure." That came out a bit too enthusiastically. While I sometimes fantasized about my mother, every time I jerked off to her, I'd feel regret after I'd come. But the thought of her with another woman was new and intriguing territory.

"Her name is Valeri and she was born in Hungary. As I said she started working at my place a couple of months ago. I took her under my wing and got to know her a bit. She started off shy but she certainly has a flirtatious, vivacious

side. A couple of weeks after she started we had an office happy hour. Two drinks into it the others began to leave and eventually there was just us. I asked if she were married or had a boyfriend and while at first she didn't directly answer, she finally confessed she was more attracted to girls, or women, as she corrected herself."

"I was a little surprised but curious to hear more. You see Brian, before I met your father I played both sides of the field."

Wow! This was news. I started imagining her eating out some girl's pussy, or even better, some cutie eating out hers. This focus on my mother's pussy started getting me aroused.

"Geez Mom, you never mentioned that before."

"Well hardly. Mothers don't usually share their pre-marital sex lives with their sons. Anyway, she's not completely lesbian but that's her main preference. You've heard about the Kinsey scale?"

I nodded, but hoped this wasn't going to lead to a quiz.

"So 6 means you're completely homosexual or lesbian with no interest in the opposite sex. Zero means you're completely

hetero. Three means you're perfectly bi. So I'd say that Valeri is a 5. I'm a 2 which means I prefer men but sometimes enjoy women. What about you?"

"Zero I guess. Thanks Kinsey."

"I told her of my university dalliances including a hot romance with my freshman roommate. She said I was very sweet to have confided in her and that she could see why any woman would find me attractive. We flirted a bit more and then called it a night. But since then the flirting has escalated and last week she asked me out for dinner. I asked if this meant what I think it meant and she said yes. I told her I was tempted but that I'd have to think about it. Which I have. I realized I'm attracted to her and she's fun to be with. Plus, to my eyes she's kind of exotic. Sexy too. She's only 30 with olive skin, dashing brown eyes and curvy hips. And her ass, oh my."

I was wide-eyed. I was plenty curious to meet Valeri but I was also regarding my mother as more of a sexual being than I'd ever imagined.

"So when do you start dating?"

"I told her Friday so long as our talk went well. Did it?"

"Well, I'm still digesting that you've been with girls, but Valeri sounds nice. And you haven't dated anyone since Dad left. So I say Go For It!"

"Thanks Bri. You don't know how much I appreciate your maturity. And Bri..." Even though were sitting on the sofa, she looked up.

"Yes..." What was coming next?

"If it goes well, would you be upset if she spends the night here?"

"Where would she sleep?" The words were out of my mouth before the stupidity of the question registered. Fortunately my mother didn't answer. At least not in words. But that look of sympathy mixed with pity topped with confoundment spoke plenty.

Part 2 - Valeri

Friday. Date night. Mom was giddy and changed her outfit three times before settling on a stylish silk blouse and a sharp black skirt. She looked damn good and I told her so.

"Good enough to eat?" She giggled and before I could unwrap my tongue, continued "Rhetorical question honey. No need to answer that."

She went out and I took off to hang out with my friends. Normally we'd make quite a late night of it but my mind was elsewhere. I was dying to know how the date was going and whether Valeri would be spending the night. I didn't feel comfortable mentioning it to the guys and pleaded fatigue around midnight. When I got home I saw mom's car in the driveway. On entering, no sounds at first but then I heard voices. The bathroom was beside my mom's room while mine was well down the hall. I had half a mind to try to listen (not easy from my bedroom) but decided against it. Still slightly squeamish about that kind of intimacy with my mother. So I put on the headphones, cranked up some Clash and conked out.

I was awakened by my mother.

"Brian, I need one of your T-shirts."

"Whaa?" I was groggy and the request didn't make much sense. My mother was in a thin baby doll and was looking very good. She looked earnest but there was a glow to her I hadn't seen before.

"Valeri spent the night. She didn't bring anything to wear for the morning and doesn't want to get into last night's dress."

That snapped me awake though I still felt dodgy. "Sure", and waved in the general direction of my clothes chest. She got something out and departed.

I wanted to get up as curiosity about Valeri was killing me. Mom too looked fetching in her baby doll. But I thought I should give them some time as obviously Valeri needed to get dressed. I drifted off, got up with a start about 45 minutes later and took a shower. Mom's bedroom door was open and no one was inside so they must be in the kitchen. I put on a pair of boxers and T-shirt and made my way there.

"So there you are." Mom, still in her baby dolls, came over to greet me with a hug and a hand through my hair. "And this is Valeri."

"And you must be Brian. Thanks so much for your shirt." She came over and we hesitated. I thought of a handshake but that seemed way too formal. But anything else seemed too familiar. Valeri rescued me by giving me two quick pecks on each cheek.

"Nice to meet you Valeri." Clichés are safe when the brain isn't in gear. She was short, about 5'2" and had medium length wavy black hair. Her legs were a bit thick but very firm. Small breasts from the look of how my T-shirt hung and she was barefoot which I found oddly sexy. I don't have a foot fetish but I do like a nicely formed one. Her red toenail polish just added to the effect. As she turned to go back to the table, I could somewhat tell that even through the loose-hanging T-shirt, her ass was one for the ages. It reminded me of a pornstar from the 80s (whose name I've now forgotten) and the closest modern day equivalent would be J-Lo's.

They were on their coffee and chattering about folks at work. I just had some fruit and toast and didn't join the conversation. But I noticed that my mother looked animated in a way I'd seldom seen. Eventually she got up.

"I'm going to take a shower now so you two have some time to get to know each other better." And she left with the slightest of sashays.

Valeri and I looked at one another, each I suppose searching for a conversation starter.

"You're so cute." she said. "You look so much like your mother."

That nonplussed me. Few guys take it as a compliment to be compared to their mothers. But, I knew that Valeri liked my mother so what the hell.

"Thanks. You're quite attractive. I can see why my mom wanted to go out with you."

"I was the one who pursued her. She was so helpful at work and, well, I've a weakness for tall, trim blondes. Just the opposite of me."

I must have blushed. Valeri continued "Oops, maybe I shouldn't talk like this with her son."

"It's OK. I know she works out and keeps fit. She just complains about her droopy breasts." Once again I couldn't believe what I was saying it as I said it. I sometimes have a tendency to blurt and sitting there with Valeri seemed to ratchet it up. She was at the end of the table and I was on one side. My T-shirt which hung at mid-thigh standing was edged up much higher seated. And she had this bright expression that edged on blooming into a full, glorious smile. Her eyes were captivating and she had full, broad lips. Lips, which I reminded myself, must have been on my mother's pussy just a few hours ago.

"Oh, I don't care much for breasts. Mine are nothing special. I'm more of an assman." And she grinned.

So now I wondered what she'd done to my mother's ass. In somewhat of a daze I didn't even see the next blurt approaching. "Well she says that yours is something special."

Now Valeri laughed. "Oh Brian, I can't believe we're having this conversation. Mine is too big."

I plunged on. Here I'd imagined that maybe we'd talk about how she came to the States, where she'd gone to school etc. Somehow it was about her and my mother's body parts.

"I didn't get much of a look so I can't say, but maybe my mother likes it like that."

"Brian" coyly now, "Are you asking to see my ass?"

That brought on a danger zone blush. "Ah, well, er" was about as much as I got out. Valeri was smiling away. Thankfully I was rescued by my mother's return. She had changed into a snug pair of cotton shorts and pink, short-sleeved shirt.

Valeri got and said she'd change and would shower at home. As she left she flicked up the T-shirt giving me, and my mom, a good look at her ass. Thongs weren't a thing in those days but her panties were tiny. And her ass was so inviting.

"So what do you think of her?"

"She seems very nice. Cute, no, very attractive."

"Sexy as hell you mean. What did you talk about?"

No way was I going to tell my mom that we talked about her body. But I don't lie very well. "She just said how much she liked you."

Mom looked like she was on the point of a smackdown rebuttal but let it pass. "Well I like her too. A lot. She's bringing out feelings in me that, well, no need to elaborate." Then she leaned over and kissed my forehead. We'd never been much for open affection so this was new. Then she pulled my head into her chest. "Brian, I do hope you'll get on with her. I'd give her up if I thought you were uncomfortable with the relationship but I think I'm smitten."

"Mom, she's great. And I can already see the change in you. She's welcome anytime."

"Glad to hear it. Are you saying this because you want to see more of her ass?"

Another blush. "I'm sure that was more for your sake."

"And I'm sure you enjoyed it every bit as much as I did." Then she kissed my forehead again.

Part 3 - Developments and Conversation with Mom

Over the next few months they were dating steadily. Valeri stayed over a couple of times a week - usually Wednesdays and Saturdays. My mother was very happy and looked like she's lost years off her life. She also got more touchy-feely. Simple things like touching my arm when we talked, more hugs and snuggling up on the sofa when we watched TV. Unlike a lot of guys on Literotica, I wasn't desperate for a sexual relationship with my mom, though I did find her attractive and welcomed the growing closeness.

I was also enjoying Valeri's company. She'd compliment and tease me and became more openly affectionate with my mother. Slaps on the butt and open-mouthed kisses when she left. At first my mother tried to stop this when I was around. Eventually she went with the flow. One time I

entered the kitchen when they were kissing and Valeri was fondling my mother's (clothed) breast. That led to a talk.

"Brian, I'm sorry about that. Valeri is very affectionate you know. But I shouldn't have let myself get carried away while you were in the house."

"It's OK mom. I wouldn't have minded a show." Mr. Blurt was seldom at a loss for words.

She looked slightly shocked; then laughed. "Hmm, two women. Every guy's fantasy, right?"

True dat, though since one was my mother, I wasn't sure how to take it. Ducking the question seemed the safer course of action. "Seriously, you two have been going out for several months now. It's a serious relationship - not just a fling. If you want to be affectionate in your own home, I shouldn't inhibit you."

That mature-ish response gave my mother pause. "Brian, that is so sweet and thoughtful of you to say. I've no intention of flaunting anything but thanks so much for the assurance."

I should add that I'd gotten into the habit of rising on Sundays before they did. The new routine was to bring them coffees in bed before they got up. One time as Valeri was reaching for hers, the covers slipped and I saw her breasts. They were small but nicely shaped. Her nipples were dark brown and very long and perky. She was nonchalant about it. "Oops, well, nothing to see here Brian."

"That's what you think."

"Actually, I don't. I'm not crazy about big breasts. Never wanted a couple of heavy melons. Your mother's are about as big as I like them. But I do love my nipples; their color and how they stand out when I'm excited." Which presumably she was now. "Do you like what you see?"

Now my mother was watching this exchange with an expression that was one part surprised and one part hard to read. Had it been just Valeri and I alone, I would have been more forward. But under the circs, "You're a very pretty woman Val." And I left.

Over the next few weeks Valeri never covered her breasts when I brought in the coffee. My mother always did. I asked her about this one night when we were on our own. We were watching an old movie and on our second glass of wine.

"Mom, does it bother you that Valeri doesn't cover her breasts when I bring you coffee?"

"It did at first and I talked to her about it. Her attitude is that they're only tits so what's the big deal. She's not that into breasts as sexual playthings so maybe that's a factor too."

"But you always keep yours covered."

"No shit Sherlock. I'm your mother."

"Sorry, but it just seemed incongruous." I'm not sure if that's the word I wanted but that's the word that came out.

"Are you saying you want to see your mother's tits?"

"Well, um, not that I'm asking you to see the, just that I wouldn't mind, no, that I'm sure they're great looking, but I wouldn't want you to be uncomfortable..." I blundered on for a few more part-sentences before my mother laughed.

"Brian, I'm the one who's made you uncomfortable. Even though you didn't complete a sentence, I understand. So henceforth I needn't be so vigilant about my modesty. Just

keep in mind that Valeri is much more adventurous than I am."

"How so?"

"I can't tell you about our sex life."

"I'm not asking you to. But you brought up the topic so give me one example. That's all."

"Hmm, this will take another glass of wine."

The glasses refreshed and half drunk, mom continued.

"You can't mention this to anyone. "

"It stays in this room."

"I told you how she's not so keen on breasts. Even though I like 'em. But she loves my ass."

"And..."

"Well, she gets off on kissing it, licking it."

"You mean your cheeks?"

"No Brian, my hole. She loves to stick her tongue in my hole. Every time we have sex she licks me there. One night she said it was ass-only night and all she would do would be to ravish my ass. Brian, she had me down on my knees with my ass in the air for almost an hour while she licked and kissed me there. She sticks her tongue way up inside. Oh God, I can't believe I'm telling you this.

"Do you do the same for her?"

"I do. But not nearly as much. I can't bring myself to stick my tongue right up there. But I've gotten to like licking."

She looked away, then at me. "God Brian, this is NOT the conversation I'm supposed to have with my SON."

"Mom, I'm touched that you can confide in me like that. I've seen how happy you've been over these months and Valeri has been nothing but good for you. It was high time you had an adult relationship and now you have one and that's great. And I'm sure your tits are lovely."

She half laughed and half cried. "Oh Brian, that was so sweet. I do love you, you know. But it's a school night and I'd best get ready for bed."

She went off to the bathroom while I finished my wine. Hers too as she'd left a couple of ounces. She returned to say goodnight wearing a full length nightgown. She kissed me on the forehead, then the nose and cheek. Then she got up, thanked me for the conversation, flashed me a breast, yes, FLASHED ME A BREAST, and left.

Part 4 - Valeri's Request

Things gradually progressed. Mom and I didn't have any more intimate talks but the hugs and cuddling on the sofa grew more frequent and prolonged. I still served the Sunday morning coffee and Valeri always left the covers down, exposing her breasts. One morning my mom's covers slipped. She went to pull them up, then stopped.

"Oh well, if you can see Valeri's then I needn't be so shy about you seeing mine."

I had a semi-hard-on that morning that grew into a full-fledged salute at that sight. Objectively speaking they were nothing special. Maybe a 34C or a 36B and they drooped a bit. The nipples were faintly pink and stuck out nicely. But it

was the fact that they were my mother's that made them special. I still didn't have a raging desire to have sex with her but I was enjoying our growing intimacy.

Another morning as I entered with the coffees, Valeri got up and said she had to use the bathroom. Got up fully naked I should add. She didn't make a big deal of it and sauntered off. I was able to see that her pubic hair was jet black and unusually for those days, trimmed. And her ass was even better than the glimpse I'd had several months ago. It was kind of big with rounded cheeks and very firm looking. My cock had risen to a 75 degree angle - almost fully erect but sticking out so it couldn't be missed. My mother caught me gaping.

"Some people just aren't very modest."

"Yeah, she is kind of a free spirit."

"I didn't specify Valeri Brian. I said some people." and she looked directly at my crotch.

"Mom, you can't expect me NOT to get aroused when I see someone like Valeri naked."

"Well I'm glad it was Valeri and not the sight of my naked breasts. That would be kind of perverse don't you think?"

I'd turned my mind from contemplating Valeri naked to my own mother nude to the waist. And my cock was responding - visibly moving from 75 to 90 degrees fully erect.

"Mom, your breasts are lovely."

"We both know that that's not true but it's sweet of you to say so. And your cock.."

But Valeri re-entered the room just then. My mother slipped back under the covers, as did Valeri.

"Looks like you two want to be left alone with your coffees." and I left.

A few days later my mother told me we needed to talk.

"Bri, this is awkward but I promised Val I'd tell you. You see, from time to time she needs a man. Or in her words, she needs a cock in her. And she wants it to be yours."

Bowled over. Wide-eyed. Stunned. Couldn't process what I just heard.

"You mean, she wants to have sex with ME?" My mother nodded yes.

"How would you feel about that?"

"That would be great. But how you YOU feel about it? I wouldn't want to come between you. No pun intended."

"Intended or not, I bet you'd love to cum between us." Then she giggled and put her hand over her mouth. "I knew that someday she'd want a man and I just assumed it would be an anonymous stranger whose presence I could just ignore. Knowing it was my son who I see every day makes that impossible. Then I'd be imagining the two of you together and the next time I went down on her I'd be thinking that you mouth and cock had been there before me."

"Really? You'd think about my cock?"

She blushed. "You know what I mean. But I was going to say that when I thought it was between two people I love, it seemed selfish to stand in the way. Besides, I'll still be seeing Val as usual and I gather she only wants sex with you every month or so. So are you up for it? Pun intended."

I was up alright which was evident to my mother. "If it's OK with you, sure."

It was arranged that my mother would drop me off at Val's on Friday night. She lived in the boonies and the transit connections were poor. As we arrived I could sense that mom was nervous.

"Here we are dear. Don't do anything I wouldn't do."

"But I thought that was the point. Aren't I here because there are some things I can do and you can't." I remember being pleased by the comeback. Mom laughed.

"Touché. Have fun and I'll see you tomorrow." And she kissed me full on the lips.

Valeri answered the door. She was in a deep green, ankle-length silk nightgown.

"I'm glad you came Brian. Did Stella explain everything to you?"

"Ah, I think so. You want...". I just couldn't get the rest out.

"Yes, I want to have sex with you. I want you to fuck me. That IS why you're here isn't it?"

I nodded.

"Good. Great. But just so there are no misunderstandings, I want to make a couple of things clear. I like you Brian but this is just sex. I'm not going to be your girlfriend, we're not going out on dates and you're not going to turn me straight. Got all that? Oh, and you can't come in me. I hate condoms. So much plastic that I might as well stick to my dildo. So when you're close to cumming - pull out. If you dare cum in me, well, let's just say you don't want to see a Hungarian woman in full fury. Your mother may have had her tubes tied but I haven't"

I nodded. I might have vaguely fantasized about the first three but that was off the table. No condom sounded great though.

"OK then. Have you showered?" I had.

"Then let's get started. Come here."

I approached her and she surged up and planted a big juicy kiss on my lips.

"Bedroom. Now let's get out of these clothes."

We stripped and stood staring at one another, naked. I was at half-mast.

"Oooh, nice size. Not to small and not too big. I like it like that."

I must have looked offended. I knew I wasn't huge but it felt odd having someone point that out. Especially a naked woman who I was going to fuck.

"Don't look like that Brian. If it's too big I can't and won't take it in the ass. Yours should fit just fine."

Wellll, that brought it up to full attention. She grabbed it, pulled my head down for more kissing, and twisted her hand all over the head. Then she pulled us onto the bed. I quickly had my hand on her pussy and was feeling her lips. Even though she wasn't stroking me I could feel that the explosion wasn't far off.

"Nice Brian. You'll probably cum fast the first time so let's get it on. But get me ready." And with that she pushed my head down to her crotch.

She smelled great. Kind of a fresh musk scent is as best as I can describe it. Her pussy lips were thick but not too long and her clit was already standing up. I started licking. First just up and down and then at that juncture where the top of the inner thigh joins the crotch. I sucked here there too and then took her pussy lips into my mouth and sucked them in and out. Then I went back to licking the lips and flicking my tongue around her clit.

"God Brian, I'm loving this. Now stick that tongue inside me. And you can use a finger too."

I did as told, taking turn sticking my tongue as far in as I could and alternating with a finger. She was getting really juicy and it was drenching my face. I used some of those juices to start running another finger all around her asshole.

"Brian, I need you inside me."

I raised my head and got up to mount her. Embarrassingly, my erection had wilted some. But Val gave it a couple of yanks and it was good to go. I eased into her and just revelled in the warm, silky tightness. She had some muscle movements that felt like milking and I knew I wouldn't last long. She grabbed my head and pulled to hers; licking up her juices and then sticking her tongue in my mouth. When she

wrapped her legs around my waist it just about tipped me over the edge.

"Val!" I cried and pulled out. Then it was a huge explosion of cum all over her stomach and chest. She smiled and kissed me. We rested a while and then she got up.

"I knew you wouldn't last too long but it was fun. And thanks to this (gesturing to the pools of cum) I have to shower now. You should join me."

Valeri got under the water first and rinsed off all the cum. I was behind her and started tentatively washing her shoulders. When her front was clean she turned and grabbed the soap. Then she washed my shoulders, chest, stomach, cock and down my legs.

"Turn around now,"

Next was my back and ass. She paid special attention to my asshole; first rubbing the soap hard into it and then using her soapy fingers to rub it around and up inside. That gave me a quick erection.

"Bend over under the shower."

She aimed the shower head at my ass and got rid of all traces of soap.

"Your mom really likes this."

With that she pushed her head into my cheeks and started tonging my asshole. Up and down, round and round, and the odd plunge right up inside. Small wonder my mother loved it. I was in heaven. It wasn't just the physical sensations shooting through my body; it was the taboo nature of the act as well. No one had done it to me before and I'd never done it to anyone. By this time Valeri had grabbed my cock; gently pulling on it. All at once one of those tongue plunges sent me over the edge and I ejaculated.

"Oh Valeri, I can't describe how great that felt."

"I thought you'd enjoy it. By the way, yours and your mother's asses are almost identical. Someday you should compare." Now how the heck you could do that beat me. And part of me shuddered at having the same ass as my mother, though under the circumstances it was a very small concern.

"But I didn't mean for you to cum just yet. I still need you for more." I'd almost forgotten. Did she mean the anal?

"This will really test the residual powers of a young man. But first I'm putting you to work. You've already cum twice and I've only had a tiny orgasm while you were eating me. So get ready for a long session of licking my pussy." Sounded like a deal to me and we headed for the bedroom.

Val laid back and spread her legs. I laid down in between and began licking and sucking; much as before. Her juices intoxicated me and this time she was humping her pussy up and down my face. She was getting into it with a series of "oooohs" and a purring sound. After several minutes she sat up.

"And now my favorite position. You lie back."

She straddled my head and slowly lowered her pussy on to my face. What a glorious sight! Her thick dark lips were glistening and slightly parted. Finally they came to rest and I started licking. I was able to get far up inside her and just loved how her tasty warm juices flowed into my mouth and over my face. We kept this up for several more minutes and my tongue was getting tired. She was increasing her rocking which now sometimes brought her asshole over my tongue. Finally she stiffened and shuddered and brought her cunt down hard. A series of staccato "oohs" and then a big one. She didn't squirt but there was a lot more of her juices.

All this time my cock was still soft but the sight of her pussy and the taste of her juices made me feel stirrings.

"Whoa Brian, that was a good one. It really got me in the mood. But first..."

She got up and left the bedroom. Came back in a jiff with some paper towels and a small bottle of olive oil. "Lubrication" in answer to my evident puzzlement. "Now you have to get my ass ready. Have you done this before?" I shook my head.

"First you have to get it in the mood."

She was face down on her knees with her butt straight up.

"Now give it a really good licking. And stick your tongue inside as much as you can. Don't be timid. I keep it clean - clean enough to eat off."

I really had to pull away her cheeks. They were nicely round but quite large. That gave me a great, close-up look at her anus. It was much darker than the skin around it and ridged and puckered with a smooth circular patch around the opening. I leaned in and began licking; lightly at first. But her

moans got me going and I put more oomph into it. Eventually I braved sticking my tongue up inside. Not all the way but a good half inch. It was so tight, but I could feel her clenching and unclenching her anal ring muscles. What a delicious, nasty sensation.

"I'm ready. Get the olive oil. Now pour a little on my asshole. Rub it all around. Pour a little more and slowly push your finger inside. Keep repeating until your finger slides in easily. Then try two fingers. Once they slide in smoothly, put some oil on your cock and slide that in."

I followed that recipe and was ready to go but the position was awkward. Her large cheeks kept me from being able to penetrate more than a couple of inches. Same problem when we tried a spooning position. Finally though, one that worked. I was on my back and she basically sat on my cock. Her pussy was facing me and her cuntlips were swollen and wet. The sensation in her ass was fantastic. Pressure, a warm, loving, enveloping pressure from all sides that was so much more pleasurable than I ever imagined. She started sliding up and down while fingering her pussy lips and clit. I looked up at her face. Her eyes were scrunched-up closed and her mouth was in a sexy "O". It was beautiful but I couldn't help looking back at her pussy while she lifted her ass up and down on my cock. I don't know how long it went on but as much as I wanted it to continue, I couldn't stave off coming one last time.

She could feel it and started thrashing her butt all the more. Her fingering grew more frantic too and a minute or so later she was crying out while a small flood seeped from her pussy. She threw herself on me and my cock slipped out - clean as a whistle (are they really the epitome of cleanliness?) with a sheen of olive oil.

"Thanks Bri. I need that."

Part 5 - Back Home Again

I didn't see much of my mother until later on Saturday afternoon.

"So how did your date go?"

"It was fun." I was trying to figure out what else to say when I realized it had become a long pause.

"Fun? That's it? I don't get to hear what she did with my baby? How she ravished your body? Guess I'll have to get the details from Valeri."

I was tongue-tied but finally came out with "Mom, thanks very much for arranging this. It was really a great night." Then I hugged her and she hugged back. I started getting an erection which she surely felt.

"I'll tell Val you miss her." she said looking at my crotch. Then she kissed my forehead and tapped my cock. With a smile and wink she was out the door.

I started wondering about my own reaction to my mother. While I'd never had the Oedipal obsession, I'd begun to think of her sexually. Our hugs, seeing her breasts, that kiss in the car, and now the cock tap. I thought back on the wild sex with Valeri and imagined her and my mother naked and eating one another. I had to face it. I was sexually attracted to my mother. I wanted to see her naked. Suck her tits. Lick her pussy. Fuck her.

Next morning I was nervous about the reception I'd get when I brought in the coffees. As usual Val sat up naked to her waist. So did my mother. Val spoke first.

"Why don't you stay with us a while Brian?" And like Lennon in Norwegian Wood, I looked around and noticed there wasn't a chair.

"You mean..." and nodded at the bed.

"Yes, but not dressed like that. Stella, do you mind if your boy joins us?" Mom just shook her head.

I quickly shucked my boxers and T-shirt and slid in. Valeri moved over to the middle. It was a double bed so it was cozy. For a couple of minutes there was occasional, desultory conversation and then I felt Valeri's hand on my cock. She was more playing than stroking but it got me hard fast. We were all lying on our backs under the covers and it looked like Valeri was fingering my mother's pussy too. I thought I'd better reciprocate and moved my left hand over to Valeri's pussy. To my surprise and delight, my mother's hand was already there. We teamed up to caress her pussy lips and then my mother grabbed my finger and ran it around Val's clit. Val's action on my cock tapered off and she was bucking her hips. Soon she bucked hard and let out a gasp.

"Whew! You two make a good team. Sure beats coffee for waking up." With that she got up to go to the bathroom. In so doing she tossed the covers completely off.

My mother and I leaned over on our sides and just looked at each other. Her stomach was trim and her pubic hair was blonde, and while unshaved, sparse and wispy. I now had a super hard-on with some pre-cum seeping out of the head.

"Looks like someone's missing Valeri" my mother smiled.

"It's not just her."

"You mean I'm responsible for that?" she nodded at my cock. Her voice was huskier now.

"You're so beautiful mom. Especially naked."

"You mean you like being naked in bed with your own mother? You don't think I should cover up?"

"No!" I grunted.

"OK then. And I must confess I like seeing you naked too. You have a lovely cock. I kept thinking about it when I was licking Valeri's pussy. That my tongue was where your cock had been just a night before."

I was afraid this talk was going to make me come all on its own. That's when Valeri returned.

"I'm ready for more. You two? "

My mother and I looked at each other. I was sure she'd object but instead she took the initiative.

"Ok, Valeri, you lie back and I'll eat you. And Brian, you kneel by Val' face and she can give you a blowjob."

"Sorry Stella, I don't do blowjobs. Too much maleness for me. Here's what. Brian, you fuck me and Stella, you sit on my face and I'll eat you. But Brian, first get me ready."

Valeri parted her legs and I got down and tongued her pussy lips like I was possessed. My mother was straddling Val's face with her back to me. Now and then I got a look at her tight ass and anus. I had to remind myself to keep working Val's pussy instead of luxuriating in the view of mom's ass.

"I'm ready Brian." I raised myself up, adjusted my cock to enter Val's pussy, and steadied myself by holding my mother's shoulders.

"And Stella, you turn around. I can't lick your ass like that."

Now I was in Valeri and staring at my mother. I tried to kiss her but between my thrusting, and hers and Val's rocking, we couldn't make contact. Instead I reached towards her

breast. She nodded and I caressed her nipples. She arched her back giving Val direct access to her asshole. She was leaning back on one arm which left her gaping pussy pointed right at me. Her lips were thin and she was very wet. With her left hand she started fingering herself. I thought about helping her out but foolishly thought that it might be too forward.

I wasn't going to be able to last much longer. "Val, I'm going to come."

She moved her head from my mother's ass "Another minute Brian. I'm almost there." I slowed down the pace, thought of baseball and let her do the work. As her thrusts got more intense I pulled out. Shot all over her stomach and onto my mother's thighs. She scooped some up and rubbed it on her clit. That brought her over the edge and she let out a high-pitched "Ohhh." Val had come too and went limp. My mother caressed my cheek and ran one finger across my lips. It was wet with her pussy juice.

We all flopped down; spent from the exertions. I don't know about them but I drifted off for half an hour. Valeri shook me awake.

"We're going for a shower. Join us?" I didn't need to be asked twice.

We took turns soaping each other and rinsing. It was crowded but I wasn't complaining. At one point Val was washing my mother's back. She was facing me and I had my back to the shower head. Valeri moved down her back and shoved her head into my mother's ass. That pushed my mother into me and we embraced. I turned my head and we kissed. I felt her tongue press between my lips and I sucked it. Then it turned into wild tongue-lashing. I got hard and it pressed up against my mother's stomach. She was fingering herself and I reached down to help her. That got me even harder. I couldn't believe I had my finger between my mother's pussy lips. She was wet and thrusting and stuck her tongue deeply into my mouth.

Then I felt her hand on my cock. We were too closely pressed for her to fully stroke me but she manipulated the head while I rubbed her clit. She shuddered and cried out. That set me off and I spurted over her stomach. Whew! And just in time as the water was growing cold. Mom gave me one last kiss and we got out, dried and dressed.

Mom drove Val home and I took care of a few chores. When she returned home we tried to act like normal but obviously the atmosphere was strained and artificial. After dinner my mother said "We'd better talk about this morning. Pour us some wine and let's sit down in the living room."

We sipped our wine and she looked into my face. "So?"

"It was wonderful mom."

"I'm so relieved. I've been fretting that I behaved like no mother should. That my own wantonness took advantage of you."

"Mom, I was a fully willing participant. I loved being naked with you and touching you in the shower."

"And I loved seeing your cock and touching it. And I saw you come, twice."

"Mom, I think I'm falling in love. And you can see and touch my cock anytime."

"Can I give it blowjobs too? I'd love to put my lips around it."

I had a raging erection by now. "Anytime Mom. But only if I can return the favor."

"You'd lick my pussy Brian? You'd stick your tongue up my cunt?"

"Not only that, I'd lick your ass too."

"Ooohh, so I won't have to give that up if I break up with Val."

"Break up? I thought you were crazy about her."

"I was, but I've met someone new and I want to devote myself to that relationship."

I moved over and we embraced. She broke the clinch.

"Now let's continue this conversation in the bedroom. Naked."

Chapter 2

Part 1 recap -- My mother Stella had taken a female lover (Valeri) who eventually wanted a fling with me. That led to a threesome where my mother and I had mutual sexual contact -- just kisses and hands though. After Val went home, we had a talk.

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"I was, but I've met someone new and I want to devote myself to that relationship."

I moved over and we embraced. She broke the clinch.

"Now let's continue this conversation in the bedroom. Naked."

We made our way to the bedroom and my mother paused and asked "Are you sure of this?"

"Yes. Are you?"

She nodded. "Are you sure you're sure?"

"I'm..." and then, worried about getting tripped up by the multiplying "sures", I nodded.

"Well, we're going to have this relationship, a full one, but I'd rather not rush into it right away."

I must have looked baffled.

"Get undressed. For now I'd like to just lie naked in the bed with you, like we did this morning."

Sounded good to me, though I wasn't sure how this would play out. We stripped and got on the bed. My mother was on the far side, lying on her side propped up on her right elbow, a couple of feet from me. I really liked the look of her trim

body and didn't mind if her breasts drooped a bit. I'm not sure how to put it but it seemed to make her more human to me. Too much perfection would have been intimidating. I can't say that's exactly how I thought at the time but it's the best articulation of those unformed notions that I can now muster.

For some reason I was fascinated by her public hair. I'd mentioned before she resembled Helen Hunt. Trim, 5'9" (175 cm for non-Americans; ironically, the last bastion of the British Imperial system of measurements), blonde, and with those high cheekbones that everybody loves. Her pubic hair was untrimmed but sparse and wispy. I now imagined how, without having thought of it before, it was always tucked away inside her panties as she made me breakfast, hurried me along to school, coaxed me into finishing my homework, scolded me when I was acting up.

All those roles a mother plays -- guardian, protector, teacher, disciplinarian, nag. You get used to them that way and don't think of them quite as an independent human being with goals, aims, wants, desires, needs and foibles of their own. And all this time there was a woman, an attractive woman, with that sparse, wispy, blonde pubic hair covered up resting above that font of femininity. And here it was unashamedly on display for me.

Maybe she was thinking something like this because we didn't speak for a while.

"Brian, I want you to know that I love being naked here with you. You know, I put my sex life on the back burner for so many years until Val reawakened it. I hadn't thought of you sexually, well, not very often, until Val brought you into the mix. Then it came over me that you were an adult, a sexual being with the same desires and wants as me. It's not that I thought you wanted me. But when I knew you were about to start a sexual relationship with Val, I couldn't help imagining how each of us would be naked and doing sexual things with the same person. That meant thinking of you naked, naked with an erect cock. Like you have now. And, well, I couldn't help imagining that whatever you were doing with Val, you could be doing with me."

I was enjoying the talk, and especially the sight of my naked mother, but part of me worried that this was headed for a letdown. Not the part that, in the moment, counted, but still...

"I still can't quite absorb how we've reached this state but, I don't know, I don't want to analyse this to death." "Good thing" I was thinking. This was plenty enough of analysis for my tastes.

"So Brian, love..." Oh oh, "love", that set of an alarm. Not klaxon-sized but enough to wilt my erection. Not that we guys have anything against love. We often say it and often mean it. But coming from the other side it triggers the commitment warning. It's over-sensitive and sends out messages like "Careful, are you pledging to have sex only with this woman and with this woman only for the rest of your life?" In this case I shifted to the Scarlett O'Hara position and decided to think about that tomorrow.

"So Brian, love, you're really OK with our having a physical, sexual, relationship?"

Yikes. By this time I'd reckoned she would have gone down on me as the opening act of glorious sex. Instead I had to divert resources to the big head.

"Mom, a few weeks ago I could never have imagined being in this situation and having this conversation. But here we are. I've loved how we've grown closer, all of that physical contact, and, well, being naked with you. And I'm really hoping we'll do the sorts of things that naked people do."

She smiled. "Brian, I do love you, and not just maternally. But it looks like someone was getting bored with it."

And she grabbed my cock. It had slipped into "at ease" mode but was soon at attention. Then she kissed me, tentatively as though she was still gauging my intentions. I responded fast, kissing her passionately and within seconds our tongues were lashing back and forth. I caressed her pussy and felt the first bit of wetness. We quickly settled into a rhythm of stroking and kissing. She had her left leg over my right and was bucking her hips while tugging my head into her face.

I had expected we'd do more but the kissing and stroking was blissful. In some ways it felt more intimate than full-on sex. Deep kissing is plenty intimate on its own. And the stroking and fingering seemed so deliberate. Whereas actual fucking has that instinctual aspect, touching seemed to say "I desire you as a sexual being; I want to touch your sex and give it, you, sexual pleasure." I can't say that such articulated thoughts were present at the time but in retrospect it's the best construction I can make.

Our bodies were closer now and Mom was very wet. I could hear a sloshing sound and I stoked her pussy lips and played with her clit. Our tongue-play was more urgent than frenzied. She'd probe hers around mine and sometimes suck it or one of my lips into her mouth. I followed her lead as her kissing was at a far higher level than the girls I'd been with. Her stroking was more forceful now and I could feel myself getting close. The knowledge that it was my mother's hand just amped up the excitement. She started making strained sounds and thrusting her hips harder. Then she broke of the

kiss with a series of "Oh, oh, oh's". I was at the point and when she gave out with a big thrust and a big "Ohhh", I exploded. Having come twice that morning it wasn't exactly a Texas-sized gusher but it shot up to our chests.

"God Brian, that was one of my best orgasms ever."

I may have muttered "Me too" but a deep body relaxation was coming over me. I thought I'd just take a short rest but, well, the rest part I got right.

I started remembering how intense it felt. My cock got hard and I idly thought how pleasurable that warm and wet pressure felt. WARM and WET? I looked up and it was my mom sucking my cock. And from the light coming through the window, it was morning. I had half a mind to try to do something in return but I guess it was just a shade less than half so I laid back and enjoyed it. She had this technique of tightening her lips around my shaft as she moved up and down; alternating with a looser, faster motion. It was way better than any blowjobs I'd had and soon enough I was coming. My mother swallowed it down and gave me a kiss.

"Mom, that was great, no, fantastic, no.." but that was all the adjectives I could muster.

"My pleasure too Brian. You looked so sweet just sleeping there and I was sorry we didn't do more last night. Plus, I wanted to start your day right."

"Start my day right? Right doesn't do it justice. Nor does day. Make my life right is closer."

Aside here ladies. If your intimate relationship ever needs buffing up, do try this to your man. And gents, I hear tell that it works in reverse. Who in the world wouldn't just love being awakened by some oral action? They really ought to teach it in school. I'll see if I can get someone to raise the issue at my next PTA meeting. Please do the same. Now back to the story.

"Aw Brian, I'm sure you'll do the same for me some day. How about tomorrow?"

I relished the prospect but since I was maybe three the last time I awoke before her, tomorrow seemed long odds.

"I have breakfast ready but you need to shower."

That I did and went to the kitchen dressed in a robe. Mom was naked.

"Brian, I don't think you need that." and she proceeded to loosen its belt. "I've already called in sick and I don't think you'll flunk if you miss today's classes."

Having come with her four times in the past 24 hours, it wasn't like I was unaware of my mother's sexual side. But this was vastly more than I expected. A whole day of sex? I'd had one four hour session with a previous girlfriend and thought that nothing would top that. Now I was about to learn otherwise. Except I wasn't at my rational best in the moment. So I handed the mike to Mr. Blurt.

"So I should skip school?" While I did that, I'll also skip the description of my mother's look. It would be too painful to recollect even after all these years. "I mean, OK, great!" It wasn't much of a rally but a rally nonetheless. "So.." not knowing how to start.

"First, breakfast. You'll need your energy. Clothes, you won't need. Are you OK with that?"

I searched for a sly and seductive comeback. Something clever yet enticing. Something that would show off my man-of-the-world adroitness -- the sort of line James Bond wished he'd thought of.

"Ah, yes." With a subtle emphasis on the "yes".

"Here's what I had in mind, if you're sure about this." I nodded and hoped the repartée would soon show up. "Today we'll explore oral love. This morning was just a sampler. By bedtime tonight I want you thinking that you've had enough mouth on your cock to last a lifetime. And your tongue better give me lots of orgasms. Are you sure you're OK with this?"

"Sounds great." Fine. Words sometimes fail me. Not always. Only when they're most needed.

"Now let's have breakfast."

Although I should have been famished, there were competing appetites. I was highly eager to eat my mother's pussy and it sounded like there were at least two, maybe three, blowjobs n it for me. Now I ask you guys, could even the tastiest bacon and eggs grab your attention?

I'm sure it was delicious but I wolfed it down without bothering to let those taste buds take their time. "Finished!"

She smiled. I was ready to go but Mom had to be Mom. "And what do you do after eating?"

Bafflement. "The dishes?"

"Well that too. But shouldn't you brush your teeth?"

Right. She wanted a clean mouth. Way way promising. And it took only all of 15 seconds. She was waiting outside the bathroom, grabbed me by the cock and led me to her bedroom.

"Brian, I said this day would be about oral sex. You've had yours. Are you game to reciprocate?"

One of those questions where there's only one answer. Even my youthful self couldn't botch it.

"Love to."

She let go of my now erect cock and lay down on the bed. Missionary position with her knees raised. So inviting. Her pussy lips were thin and thanks to that sparse pubic hair, fully visible.

I approached them slowly, kissing up her legs and inner thighs. It wasn't that I was trying to delay getting my tongue on her pussy. Actually, it was. I was enjoying the view so

much that I hated to rush it out of sight. But I knew I'd be seeing it again so moved up and gave her lips a big lick. Deep sigh from her.

Bewitchment for me. I loved her taste but it was the thought that here was this fantastically desirable, sexual being living under the same roof. That life's greatest pleasure was now a continuing presence in my life. I kept licking and plunging my tongue as far as I could in her vaginal canal. She was very wet and my face was getting drenched. Loved it.

"Brian dear, suck on my clit."

Done. And done and done again. One of my exes was too sensitive to have direct contact on her clit but sucking it in and licking it were my mom's favorite. Hmmm, maybe all women weren't quite the same.

I was licking heavily now and fingered her asshole. A series of "Ohhs" were coming from her and soon enough she bucked and twisted and gave out with a great "Ohhhh!"

She collapsed and I moved up beside her. "Just give me a minute." I put my arm around her and let her rest. She turned and started kissing my face, sucking up her juices. Very sexy.

"That was wonderful Brian. I hope you're ready for more."

"Ready? I thought you'd never ask." I lay back, expecting another blowjob. Instead, mom turned around and swung her crotch over my face. 69. I felt my cock slide into her mouth while I licked her pussy again. I loved the position as it gave me a close-up view of her anus. It looked tight and was light brown with small ridges. I really wanted to tongue it but concentrated on her clit. That got her bucking and a couple of times my cock slipped from her mouth. Not so bad really as I was very close to cumming.

One of these times she leaned back a bit and her asshole was touching my nose. I moved my head up and started licking that light brown rose. "Ohhhh." She let me do this for a minute or so and then went back to my cock. I sucked her clit into my mouth and slid one finger into her asshole. That got her body shaking and we both came. It felt like quite the blast but I couldn't tell because she swallowed it all.

Mom collapsed on me and we lay there for several minutes. Then she righted herself and snuggled up beside me.

"Oh Brian, I thought that last orgasm was great but this one was even better. My body is super-relaxed with a tingly undertone. And I loved feeling you shoot in my mouth."

"It was so great Mom that I can barely believe it happened."

She rolled over and kissed me while laying her hand on my cock. It felt sweet but Brian Jr. needed his rest. I caressed her side and hips, gave her nipples the occasional lick and played with her pubic hair.

"I know what you mean. A few weeks ago I never ever would have imagined having sex with you. I might have fantasized about how you'd look naked but sex -- nope. And now, just think of all the orgasms we can give each other. What could be better than that?" And she squeezed my cock more firmly. Brian Jr. was waking up but wasn't quite ready for more.

"Better?" My analytic side searched for an answer but quickly concluded the question was rhetorical. "Nothing, nothing at all. I love giving you orgasms."

"Me too. And we'll have more before the day is done." My cock was now stirring as she continued to finger it.

"Looks like he'll be ready for more pretty soon. By the way, how often do you masturbate?"

I wasn't expecting the question and stammered. It seemed too personal. What guy ever talks to his mother about his masturbatory habits? Then I remembered. Guys who recently had their tongues up their mothers' ass probably do.

"Oh, once or twice a day, almost every day."

"Well that has to stop."

I looked, quizzically.

"I don't want you having orgasms when I'm not there. I don't want that lovely cum to be spilled anywhere except on me or in me. Got it?"

"Deal!" Finally, a question that required zero thought.

"Now I'm almost ready for more and you seem to be getting there. But I need a coffee first. Let's get one and watch TV."

We got up and I went to put on my bathrobe. "No. We're naked today." OK, I could work with that.

Mom prepared the coffee while I flipped around the channels. I settled on one of those talk shows about

dysfunctional relationships. Soon Mom was beside me with our coffees.

"What are we watching?"

"Seems as though this girl's boyfriend had sex with her mother. Now everyone's mad with one another."

"The things people get up to" she said with a smile while she played with my cock. "What if we were on that show?"

"Wouldn't work. No conflict."

"What if I told the host I was conflicted because I loved sucking my son's cock and I knew it wasn't normal behavior for a mother?"

"That might get them interested. And then I'd have to say I was conflicted because I loved sucking my mother's clit, loved the taste of her pussy juices and loved tonguing her ass."

"Do you think they'd let you say that on TV?"

"They'd have to bleep a lot. But I'd be more worried about being discovered by your sisters, your office colleagues, my friends, shit, everyone who knows us."

Well the, I guess we'd better not put in that application." Then seriously, "Brian, you do know we can't tell anyone about this, don't you?" I nodded.

"Not your friends, not anyone. Valeri probably knows, or strongly suspects, but she doesn't have close friends and I'm sure she wouldn't compromise us. Now where were we? Something about blowjobs wasn't it?"

With that, she leaned over and took my cock into her mouth. That sucking action had me rock hard and that pressure of her gums up and down my cock was bringing me close to DEFCON 1. Thanks to the two orgasms I'd had this morning, I lasted all of ten minutes. Man did that feel great, and I loved how she swallowed everything.

I was leaning back, luxuriating in the afterglow and trying to make out what some TV lowlife had done.

"Alright mister, you said you liked giving me orgasms. Well here's your chance."

She stood up on the sofa and shoved her crotch into my face. Just as delicious as I'd remembered. I held her ass cheeks as the position wasn't the steadiest. She was doing as much work as I -- basically face-fucking me while I kept licking every chance I would. She slowed her movements and I was able to suck her clit into my mouth. I remember how her pubic hair felt on my upper lip and nose and relished the intimacy.

After a couple of minutes of sucking and fingering her pussy from behind, then her asshole, she began shuddering. Then a few more thrusts and "Ohhhh Brian." And a LOT of pussy juice. I could actually feel it drip down my chin.

"Thanks love, I needed that." And she sat down and kissed me, again sucking up her juices on my face while cradling my cock.

Not much happened the rest of the day. We watched TV, drank more coffee and did some general tidying up. Whenever we passed one another she'd stop and kiss me and give my cock a squeeze. I'd finger her pussy in return. Whenever we went into a room together she'd hold my cock. Dinner was something micro-waved. Then dish-washing and teeth brushing.

I was in the living room and my mother entered and stood there. I went to her and we embraced. We French-kissed and we fondled one another's genitals.

"Brian..." and didn't say anything more. She led me by the cock towards the bedroom. There she got on her hands and knees and then relaxed her shoulders down so her butt was in the air. I moved in behind her and licked up and down her pussy. Her smell was intoxicating and I was getting hard. She was purring and put her hand on my head. I took the hint and moved up to tongue her anus. Her butt cheeks were smallish and firm which gave me easy access.

Her anal wrinkles were thin and uniform and I was licking hard. I knew that Val had stuck her tongue was up but I felt squeamish. Maybe the tip of my tongue but I mostly stuck to vigorous licking.

"Oh Brian, I can't tell you how good this feels."

I kept licking until she got up. "Brian, you lie down."

I did and she straddled my face. She was moving her pussy back and forth over my mouth while giving my face a good soaking. Then she leaned forward so I could suck on her clit. She was going through fucking motions with her clit in my mouth and then thrust hard. Lots more juice flooded my face and she moved down to kiss me.

I had my arms around her and she flattened out her body for maximum skin contact. Slowly she moved down and I could feel her pussy on my cock. She moved a bit more and now I could feel myself entering her. I looked in her eyes but they were closed. Now I was in her. NOW I WAS IN HER!

"Oh Mom."

She put a finger to my lips and slowly began to rock. I was plenty hard but having come three times that day, I wasn't about to shoot off anytime soon. She was still lying on top of me with her head cheek-to-cheek with mine. It was a slow, sensual fuck and I was enjoying every moment and every movement. The knowledge that my cock was inside Mom's vagina was something wonderful. I was gently caressing her back and butt and she started with low-pitched "ooo-ing" sounds.

We kept this up for around 15 minutes when her moans became more pronounced, she raised up her upper torso and her rocking became harder and faster. Harder and faster and then a big "Ooohhhh!" THE Big O. Then she collapsed on me.

I was still hard and still in her but let her have a minute.

"Oh Brian. I could lie here like this forever."

"Same here. I've never been happier. I feel like I belong here."

"Well you'll be happier in a few minutes when you come inside me." And she commenced a less gentle rocking. I started thrusting more seriously now and fingered her asshole. We tongue-kissed and I inched my finger deeper in her ass.

When we broke the kiss I said "Mom, I was in you three ways."

"I know. And I loved it. I love being yours and I love feeling your cock in my cunt." I always shied away from that word but Mom had fewer compunctions.

"And I love feeling my cock...there. And I'm going to come soon if you keep that up."

"Me too honey. Let me know when you're close."

"I'm close now Mom."

With that she kind of twisted and bucked. That set me off and I started coming hard. So did she. "Brian, oh Brian."

Again she collapsed on me and I held her close. We rested there a few minutes and then she slid off to my side. I turned and kissed her softly. Damn, I felt like I was falling in love. And why not? Someone I'd always loved in a mom sort of way, someone attractive, and someone with whom I was having great sex and who loved to have sex with me. Sounds great but I couldn't help thinking that longer term...Well, I didn't want to think that far.

"Brian, I meant to save this for tomorrow but you've been so good to me; so good FOR me, that when I felt your cock against my pussy, I just had to have you. I hope you don't mind." A smile accompanied the last sentence.

"Mind!?! No, it was just what I wanted and better, far better than I imagined."

"For me as well. But now I need my beauty sleep. Will you spend the night with me?"

I hadn't thought that was even a question but was glad it implied I had the freedom to say no. Though in writing this it was probably an illusory freedom. "Of course, and with great, very great pleasure."

"Now give me a goodnight kiss."

I obliged and it was a creamy wet one. We stopped and she gave me a big smack on the lips. Then she bent over and gave a goodnight kiss to my cock. I felt a lovely twinge but Brian Jr. needed his rest too. So I moved down and kissed her pussy, also giving a quick tongue swipe of her clit.

"That's wonderful Brian but I'm not sure it helps me falling asleep. We should always give each other that kind of goodnight kiss but next time don't get my clit going."

Next morning we awoke to her clock-radio. I was hoping it would be I Got You Babe but no such luck. Mom got up first and gave my cock a nice little suck. Not long enough for me to come but nice anyway. "That's a down payment for tonight. Plus, I want you to think about me today. Now I've got to rush. Can't be late after missing Monday."

As if I'd be thinking of anything else. And I was right. Tuesday was my boring day. Sociology, Accounting and History. OK, the History class was good. I took lecture notes haphazardly but kept replaying yesterday's events. Mom was as into the sex as much as I was and was a much better lover than either of my two previous girlfriends. Accounting in the morning was especially tough. I daydreamed about

the 69 for practically the whole class. Whenever I started to get too noticeable a hard-on, I'd tune into something about balance sheet provisions.

I got home in the late aft and waited eagerly for Mom. She called around 6 and said she'd bring some take-out. An hour later she finally arrived.

I met her at the door and we threw our arms around one another. She set down the food bags (Chinese), tossed her coat on the chair and grabbed my cock through my jeans. She unzipped me, then just pulled them down and started to suck.

"Mom.." but decided that if there was ever a time when words would get in the way, this was it. She was on her knees and I was standing. I'd been semi-aroused all day and I knew it wouldn't take long. A few minutes into it and I exploded. Mom swallowed everything, smiled, and got up to kiss me. This time I tasted a bit of cum still in her mouth. Definitely different than anything I'd ever tried but at least it wasn't foul. I imagine that would put off most women.

"I've been thinking about your cock all day. That's just for starters. And just like Chinese food, an hour later you'll be horny again."

We ate our dinner and talked about our days. Both of us had relived yesterday's sexual romps non-stop. Suddenly it occurred to me.

"What about Val?"

"Val? Oh my god Brian. Of course she pumped me for details. I couldn't exactly talk in the office so we arranged to leave a half hour early and went for a drink. And my, she was direct."

Here she paused, knowing I was going to egg her on.

"Direct? How direct?"

"Here's what she opened with."

"Stella, when I last saw you, you and Brian were naked and had just made each other come. I don't know what happed the rest of the day but when you couldn't make it in yesterday, I suspected that Brian had missed his classes too. Am I close?"

"Brian, I didn't know what to say. I couldn't bring myself to lie and she wouldn't have believed me anyway. So I just said 'Close enough'".

"She wan ted more details but after ducking around, I admitted we'd become lovers."

"You were going to break up with her too."

"Brian, I couldn't. She seemed very happy for us."

"Yes, but..." I knew something should have followed but for the life of me, I wasn't sure what. So I hoped that by implication it would come off as meaningful.

"Brian, I want to be with you, mostly. But as Val pointed out, it was she who brought us together."

"Well, that doesn't give her claiming rights, or a stake, or..." I was getting close but couldn't quite articulate it.

"It's not that Brian. I love you but I'm fond of her. She understands that. I'd still like to see her every week or two. The rest of the time I'm yours. And I insisted that when I see her at our place, you had to be welcome to join us."

I looked doubtful. It had only been a day or so but for now I wanted my mother exclusively. Still, I could sort of see her position. And after all, Val was sexy. She'd rimmed me and let me fuck her and fuck her in the ass. Damn, life was just full of compromises. Somehow I'd make do I guess. The occasional dalliance with Val and my mom couldn't be that bad.

"OK, we can try it out."

"Great. How about this Friday? That gives us the rest of the weekend. And she said she'd love to see us making love. Or "fucking" as she put it."

"OK for Friday. But she wants to watch us? That's pretty kinky."

"Waching a mother and son fuck or being a mother and son fucking. I wonder which is kinkier?"

I began formulating an authoritative response, but soon got distracted. Mom started stripping. First her blouse, then her skirt, then her pantyhose, then her bra, then her panties. My exposition the relativity of kinkiness got brushed aside. I should mention that after the "Honey I'm home" blowjob, I

hadn't dressed and was naked below the waist. She approached me, naked everywhere.

"Brian, remember when you make me come when we were watching TV?" I nodded. "Let's do that again. I was thinking about that a lot today." As was I.

I went to the sofa and got rid of my shirt. Now we were both naked. I sat back and again she stood up on the cushions and thrust her pussy into my mouth.

"Oh Brian, this one was so special yesterday. Standing here in the living room, naked, and giving you my pussy. So exposed."

I'm sure I had a reply but it's hard when you're munching. Like yesterday, I held on to her ass cheeks, licked between her pussy lips and sucked on her clit. It wasn't long before she came, giving me another dousing of that tasty pussy juice.

She stepped down to the floor and started jerking my cock. I sucked on one of her nipples and played with her pubic hair. It was pretty arousing and I soon sported a full-fledged erection. I got up, thinking it was bedroom time but she pushed me back.

"Just sit there Bri" and she lowered herself on to me. She was very wet and I slid in easily. This time we were face to face. She put her arms around my and kissed me. And started moving her hips up and down on my cock. I can't fully describe the feeling on intimacy that came over me. I had one arm around her shoulders and caressed her face. The other was holding up her ass with one finger, wet from her pussy, playing with her asshole.

:Brian, have I told you how much I love feeling your cock inside me? That cock I saw when you were a little boy, that's now a man's cock, filling me up? And how much I love what you're doing to my ass? Did you ever imagine that one day you'd have your cock inside my cunt and be fingering your mother's asshole?"

God, this sexy talk was driving me wild. One of my previous gf's liked to talk dirty but it was simple stuff like "Fuck me, oh yeah, fuck me. Harder." My mother's talk was so much more erotic.

"Do you feel my juices on your cock? Do you feel my cunt squeezing your cock? Is there any place your cock would rather be?"

She kept this us for a few more minutes. It was really turning me on and if I hadn't come just an hour or two earlier, I'd have shot off by now.

"And did you like it when I gave you a blowjob as soon as I came home? Did you like having your mother's lips wrapped around your cock? Did you like coming in my mouth? Did you like how I swallowed ever drop? And ooh Brian, I love how you play with my ass. I loved when you had your tongue there. Will you put your tongue there some more Brian? Will you lick my asshole again? Will you put your tongue right inside my asshole?"

Maybe I should have been replying in kind but I felt like I'd come off as some kind of dim pornstar. And she seemed to be into the sexy monologue. It was really turning me on and I knew the end was nigh. So I gave it a shot.

"Yes Mom, and your son wants to come in his mother's pussy. He wants his sperm to mix with his mother's pussy juices. He wants to fill her up. He wants to...Oh!"

And I came. It, er, came on in a rush. Mom pumped even harder and a few second later she came too. She fell against my shoulders and we collapsed.

"God Brian, I don't think I'm ever going to get enough of you. I love having your cock in me and I love how it feels when you spurt inside me. And I love being naked with you."

I just held her, caressed her back and her ass, and told her I loved her. We kissed slowly and deeply. Something about that "love" business nagged but I decided to think about that another day.

Eventually we got us, cleaned up dinner and watched the news, still naked. It wasn't that late but we were both tired.

"Let's make an early night of it Brian. It's not that late but my body says it's bedtime."

We took our turns in the bathroom and got into her bed.

"Brian, this sex has been so intense. But I can't begin to tell you how happy it's making me."

"It's better than anything I dreamed of Mom. I'm very happy too."

She turned towards me and we kissed. Necked a while and I stroked her breasts. I was super relaxed but enjoying her

tongue twisting with mine. She ended it. "Well that was a delicious goodnight kiss. Oh wait, I almost forgot. And she put her head under the covers and gave my cock a goodnight kiss. A couple of kisses. Then some light licking. More kisses. Then she took my cock into her mouth. It was flaccid but from what I was feeling, it wasn't going to stay that way.

I shifted my position so I could bring her hips around to my face. And as it was a double bed, I angled us corner to corner. She ready opened her legs for easier access. Man, a beautiful woman spreads her legs wide so my mouth could have easy access to her lovely, thin-lipped pussy. This while she had my cock in her mouth and was now sucking hard. Does life get any better than this? After having lived quite a few years since then, I can confidently say, "No it doesn't."

I had some catching up to do so started licking hard and fast. I focused on her clit and shoved two fingers into her pussy. I wasn't about to come too soon but Mom was bringing her A-game. I kept working her pussy and clit and slipped another finger into her ass. She bucked a lot and while her mouth never left my cock, I sensed that from her muffled groans she was close. As was I.

From this point I don't remember much. I came and I think she did too. I conked out fast and sometime in the night awoke groggily to pussy hair on my face. Instinctively I gave those lips a few licks, maybe a whole lot of licks, but I fell

back asleep. Sometime later I was wakened by lips around my cock. It felt like the best dream ever but again I fell asleep. This cycle continued a few times and when the radio came on, my mother's pussy was only inches from my face.

We got up slowly. Neither of us had enjoyed a full night's sleep, though we'd enjoyed plenty else.

"Oh Brian, that was so sexy. But other nights we do need to sleep properly."

"I know, but that was one hell of an improper night's sleep."

She smiled, kissed me, and got up.

The next couple of days were more of the same. Lots of sex and lots of positions in different rooms. Friday finally rolled around. Val's visit.

They arrived around 7 with some takeout schnitzels. Val had sussed out one of our city's few Hungarian restaurants. We ate and made inconsequential small talk. Once finished Val couldn't wait for the large talk.

"So Brian, Stella tells me you two have become lovers."

My mother jumped in before I could gather my thoughts. "Val, you know we are. There's no point in grilling Brian about it."

"Pffft. That wasn't grilling. Grilling is when I ask him everywhere he's had his cock this week."

"Well you're not asking him that. What happens between us is between us. Got it?"

"Sorry, I didn't mean I'd actually ask him that. After all, I'm going to see for myself."

"Val, I thought I'd made this clear. We're not all here for Brian and me to put on a show for you. What's got into you?"

Val visibly softened. "I'm so sorry Stella. I'm very happy for you two and happy that I helped you find this relationship. And maybe I'm just too excited to be a part of it, to share your love."

Mom smiled and caressed Val's cheek. "Much better, and apology accepted."

Val gave her a quick kiss. "Well what are we waiting for?" and gave a nod in the general direction of mom's bedroom. When we got there we looked around, unsure of what to do next. Val started stripping.

"I guess I'll have to do it myself if no one wants to help."

Mom and I both moved in and had Val naked fast. Then Val and I started on my mother. That didn't take long either. Then they started in on me. Val started on my jeans but my mother intervened.

"You take care above the waist; I'll take care below."

Val smirked and unbuttoned my shirt. My mother got my pants down and gave my already hard cock a kiss. We sat on the bed. My mother with her legs tucked under her. I was leaning on my arm with my legs aside, fully erect. And Val was cross-legged, Indian style. That gave me a great view of her thick pussy lips. Hey, this wasn't going to be so bad.

No one moved or said anything. Val broke the silence. "I don't know how you two could manage without me." And she kissed my mother and started fingering her pussy. I reckoned I should take part so fingered Val's. My mother groped around and started jerking me.

Val broke off the kiss and pushed my mother on her back. Then she straddled her face. I scooted down and started licking my mother's pussy and sucking her clit. It felt longer and harder than ever. Val was bucking on my mother's face with occasional "Oooh's" and "Yesss's". We kept this up until Val really starting shaking and my mother thrusted up her hips hard. I guessed they'd both come.

After some decompression, Val spoke up. "Delicious starter. It's whetted my appetite for the main course. But in fine establishments they serve an "amuse-bouche" between courses. And this is a fine establishment, no?"

My mother and I looked at one another and laughed. At Val's direction we formed a daisy chain with my face in Val's crotch, Val eating my mother and my mother sucking my cock. The position was physically less comfortable than how it looks in porn. That was the only downside. The very considerable upside was that I was enjoying Val's tasty pussy and getting another great blowjob from my mom. While I loved cunnilingus with my mother, there was a very erotic smell and taste to Val's pussy. Something slightly musky that made me want more.

It was Val who broke it off. "And now for the main course. Brian, now you're going to fuck your mother. Stella, want more of my pussy?"

My mother got into the missionary position and I got up to enter her. Val reached over and grabbed my cock. "Allow me" as she guided it into my mother's pussy. When it was in she fingered my ass and then moved up to squat over my mother's head. At first I was sorry that I couldn't see my mother's face as I fucked her but Val's breasts weren't a bad consolation prize. They were nicely formed and I was getting hooked on those dark nipples. Kissing them wouldn't work in this position but I squeezed them a bit.

My mother was making some muffled sounds that I knew by now meant she was close to coming. I couldn't last much longer either and soon enough I blew a big load. While I was easing back Val moved forward and gave me a big kiss with lots of tongue. I tongued her back and played with her breasts. But when I slipped out of my mother, I rolled over and lay by her side; Val now on the other.

Mo mother spoke first. "So Val, is this what you came for?"

"Oh, I came alright. I don't think I've seen anything sexier -- a son's cock entering his mother's pussy. And such a delicious pussy too. Brian, if I were ever going to suck a cock, this would be the time; just to see how Stella tasted on you."

I looked at my mother and she kind of shrugged. "Be my guest."

Val leaned over and took my cock into her mouth. Brian Jr. was tired but as I'd only come once that day, perhaps not irredeemingly so. I thought that Val had meant to only give me a quick suck, for my mother's taste. But she kept at it and for someone who had little or no experience, she was surprisingly good. I started to get hard, not rock hard, but enough that it looked and felt like an erection.

"Stella, I think your boy has more in him. Do you mind if I try him on?"

"As I said, be my guest."

"Is it OK if I take him in my ass?"

Mom's eyes widened. "If that's what you want."

I piped up "Shall I get the olive oil?" Mom gave me a surprised look.

"No, saliva should do the trick. Just get my ass ready. And I guess you can consider this the salad course. As in tossing."

Val turned over and raised her ass in the air. My mother and I looked at one another. She grabbed my hand. "Shall we take turns?"

She spread Val's cheeks and leaned in. I caressed Mom's back and fingered her anus. Then we switched. Val's ass was already wet with my mother's saliva. I added a bunch of my own and slid my tongue in a bit. For good measure I slipped a finger in too. Meanwhile Mom was stroking my cock. We went back and forth until Val signalled she was ready. Then my mother and gave each other a deep French kiss. While we knew that Val kept her ass very clean, the kiss still felt nasty. The final prep was for Mom to suck my cock; getting it hard enough and leaving it coated with saliva.

I lay back and Val squatted over my cock; slowly easing it into her ass. My mother took a position over my face. From the corner of my eye I could see Val fondling her tits and my mother stroking Val's clit. I tried licking my mother's pussy but from this position, her ass was a more direct target. What the hell I thought. It's an all anal dessert course.

Val was slowly rocking up and down and from the tightness of her hole, I sensed I wouldn't last long. I'd begun licking my mother's asshole and then, so to speak, took the plunge. I pressed my tongue against her anus and gradually pushed it up inside. I knew she loved it when Val did this and in

additional to its sexy nastiness, I didn't want her to think that Val gave her something I couldn't.

"Brian, I love what you're doing to me." Given that my tongue was up her ass, I couldn't reply. Just as well really with my knack for misstatement. But hearing her acknowledge what we were doing pushed me close to the edge. And a couple more slides from Val pushed me over. I felt my cum shooting up her asshole and from my mother's action on her clit, she started coming too.

Val dismounted and we all lay down beside one another. My mother took my cock and looked like she wanted to suck it, but she hesitated. I got it. Even though Val seemed clean, had my mother stuck her finger way up Val's ass, I probably wouldn't have wanted to take it in my mouth. Val read the situation.

"Brian, first off, thanks for that. I love it in my ass and flesh and blood always beats plastic. But it looks like your mother wants to suck your cock so why don't you rinse it off?"

I was pretty beat but went to the bathroom for a wash. When I got back Mom and Val had just begun 69ing. Where they got that energy was a mystery. I went round to where Val was licking my mother's pussy. Her ass cheeks were parted

and I gave a few licks but there was too much movement to continue. So I lay back, enjoyed the show, and nodded off.

I was early morning when I awoke. While it had been a long sexy session, we'd gotten started fairly early and I probably dropped off well before midnight. So I went back to my routine of making the morning coffee. They were just waking up when I returned. Val threw off the covers and sat there with her legs apart. Looking at her dark, thick, slightly parted pussy lips gave me the beginnings of an erection. My mother was awake but still drowsy. I set the coffee down and said quietly to Val, "There's something that I promised my mother."

I got between Mom's legs and started softly licking. She moaned and spread them wider. I licked a little harder and Val got down beside me.

"I've never seen you lick you mother before. I hope you like her taste as much as I do."

I kept at it and my mother moaned a bit louder, then pushed my head away.

"Lovely Brian, just lovely. I think I could get used to that"

We had our coffees and Val was getting up to leave. "Before I go, I'd like to ask one favor."

Mom and I looked on. "Stella, I haven't seen you take Brian's cock in your mouth. Would you mind doing that just for me?"

Mom smiled. "And for him too? No, I don't mind. Is that OK with you Brian?"

Man, I really preferred these questions that could be answered with a nod.

Mom took my cock into her mouth with Val watching closely. We soon settled into a 69. Val came around to my end, fingered my mother's pussy and ass and slipped a finger up her butt. We soon came and Val thanked us.

As she was leaving, Val kissed my mother and then kissed me. She gave my cock a squeeze and said "Brian, yours is the first cock I've sucked in more than 10 years. And I'm happy to do it anytime, under one condition."

"And that would be...?"

"It has to be coated with Stella's pussy juices."

We all laughed and Val was on her way.

A couple of months later Val moved out of town. We got together with her three more times with antics similar to the above. On her last visit she persuaded my mother to take me up her ass. My mother and I had gotten into lots of anal play and this was something we would have graduated to on our own. But we were happy to please Val and it became a regular part of our sexual life.

My mother and I continued our relationship and I never got tired of her sexually. And we always gave one another the genital goodnight kiss. A couple of years later I went overseas for grad school. There I wound up in a serious relationship with a sweet British lass. I loved her and we eventually got married. Our sex life was fine but she thought the goodnight genital kisses were silly and a bit of a bother, especially as she liked to read in bed.

Mom too got a steady boyfriend and later moved in with him. For a couple of years she'd get Christmas cards from Val but after that we never heard from her. Mom and I never told anyone about our affair. I mean, who would? Several years later we got together for one more weekend but there's not much to tell about that. We both cherished the memories

and marvelled at having the best sex of our lives with each other. And we always remembered Val fondly as we'd never have gotten together without her.

Everyone needs a Val in their life. Or a mom. Preferably both.