Roommates - Mom and Me

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.

The sex takes a while to develop. if you're looking for hot action on the first page, you'd do better with most other stories.

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

Well this sucked. I was scoping out our new, tiny apartment which took all of ten seconds to absorb. My father, Bjorn, and mother, Rose, had recently spilt. I'm Anders, 19 years old, blond, 5'10" (178 cm) and a bit stocky. My mother was also blonde with a round face and a bit of extra weight on her hips and thighs. She had just turned 40 when my father walked out.

We'd been renting a small house but with our now reduced circumstances, my mother and I had moved into a cheap apartment. The living room and dining room were basically the same room and both the kitchen and bathroom were

small. All the doors were cheap, not even wooden. Just some cheap panelling stuffed with what looked to be wood chips, judging by the gash in the bathroom door. At least there were two bedrooms.

My mother looked around and sighed. "Well Andy, this is going to be our life for the next little while."

She was already depressed so I didn't want to say anything too negative. "Don't worry Mom. We'll make the best of it. And Dad hadn't been very good company these past few years." That part was true. He'd grown increasingly withdrawn and irritable and I just tried to avoid him, which he seemed content with.

My mother on the other hand had always been cheerful and affectionate. She'd often touch my arm when we talked, there were lots of hugs and she greeted and bade farewell to family members with a brief kiss on the lips.

She smiled. "You're right Andy. He hadn't been and we'll be better off without him. But it's going to be a tough adjustment and I miss our old house already."

"Me too Mom, but it could have been worse." I didn't know exactly how but it seemed a comforting thing to say and she didn't challenge me on it. I gave her a hug and she hugged

back strongly. Our bodies were pressed together and I could feel her breasts flattened out against my chest. Then I felt myself starting to get hard so I backed my hips away. I couldn't tell if she noticed but she broke the hug, caressed my cheek, tousled my hair and gave me a quick kiss on the lips.

"Looks like you'll be the only one I can kiss for a while."

"That's OK Mom. Do you think you'll start dating anytime soon?"

"I don't know. It does seem too soon but I've always had a man in my life so I'll miss having that."

I could sort of imagine what "that" referred to but I didn't want to venture down that alley. Yoiks, it was my Mom.

In the next several days we began settling in. As this was a considerable downsize, there was a three-way split on our furniture. One part moved in with us, another got put into storage and the rest we sold. There was just enough money from my mother's pay to cover the rent and bills. Once my father started coming through with support payments, we'd be able to afford a car and then some small luxuries like the occasional restaurant and new clothes. In the meantime it was permanent home cooking and second hand shops.

A big drawback of the new place became evident in the first few days. I'd been doing my jerking off in the shower but at 19, once a day isn't always enough. So one night I was taking care of business in my bed. I'm not noisy but the bed wasn't completely silent, my breathing may have been elevated and then there was the "unghh" I let out when I came. No big deal; nothing to even notice; except just after that I heard my mother in her room softly cough. Fuck. These walls were more like amps.

I couldn't be sure she heard me but I assumed she knew I masturbated so even if she did, it shouldn't be that big a deal. Still, who wants their mother to know exactly when they're jerking off? And when they come.

I kept up with the shower routine and tried to be extra quiet at night. Mom never let on about anything so I didn't worry about it. Then one night I heard sounds coming from her room. Nothing loud but some audible panting and the occasional sloshing sound. Yikes, Mom was jerking off too. I suppose it shouldn't have come as a surprise but I'd never given a thought to her sexual side. Nor did I want to. But I could be as mature as she so I wouldn't mention it.

I didn't hear her again until a few nights later. This time I paid closer attention and found myself getting hard. Both the panting and sloshing seemed a bit louder and I started

touching myself. And at that age genital touches are like Pringle's Potato Chips. One is never enough. So I started jerking off too and didn't pay any attention to the bed noises. When I heard a soft "ahhh" from her room, that pushed me over the edge and I answered with a muffled grunt.

In the morning and during the day life carried on as normal. She went to her job and I had classes at a city technical college. There I was majoring in law and real estate but I'd taken a culinary course as an optional seeing as how we had to cook all our own meals. My mother had also taken to giving my kisses in the morning as she left and in the evenings whenever we returned home. While they were on the mouth they didn't last long and there was nothing overtly sexual to them.

Nighttimes were a little different though. I soon figured out that if I went to bed a few minutes after her, it wouldn't take long before I heard her stroking herself. And while I had zero thoughts of getting sexual with her, her sounds always got me horny and I'd start jerking along with her. She never acknowledged that she could also hear me but I had to assume that she did.

I didn't want my mother sexually. I must have told myself that a thousand times. Geez, what guy (present company excluded) does? But with 19 year old hormone levels, hearing any woman touching her pussy is bound to turn you

on. It did me. I'd imagine it to be some other woman but I couldn't always pull that off convincingly. After I'd come I'd always feel kind of squeamish but since there were never any consequences, I got used to it and over time the squeamishness diminished.

In the meantime I got a girlfriend. She was in my real estate class and we went to parties around the college. I couldn't afford to take her on real dates and we only had sex a couple of times -- once in someone's bedroom at a college party and once standing up in her parent's garage. She didn't seem too impressed at our digs the one time I invited her over for tea and she soon dropped me for some other guy in our class who drove a Mercedes.

My mother too had gotten into the dating world. There were a couple of one date onlies with jerks before she met one guy, Trevor, she seemed to care about. They'd gone out a few times when she eventually invited him back to our apartment. He was good-looking in a conventional way, sort of like an actor in a supporting role on a TV series. And he looked to be mid-30s so a few years younger than her.

Trevor seemed surprised at my age when we first met. "Hi Andy. You're older than I expected."

"Hello Trevor, nice to meet you. I sometimes act like an immature jerk so you must have been reckoning my age from some of my Mom's stories."

I have to admit I was impressed by what I came out with. Usually I get tongue-tied but I didn't take to the insinuation that someone must have been lying about my age. Or hers. I decided to make it an early night. "Classes". It wasn't long before I heard them in Mom's bedroom. Whispers and muffled voices that didn't sound especially amorous. When there was a moment of silence I decided to cough.

Then, slightly louder muffled voices. I couldn't make out what they were saying but I did hear him get up and exit the bedroom. At the door to our apartment I heard my mother say "Sorry Trevor, see you soon. Trevor's reply was less audible.

I remained in my bed and heard my mother sit down on the sofa. My room was adjacent to the living room and my bed and the sofa were against the same thin wall. For a few minutes all I could hear was my mother's breathing. Then, what sounded like soft, suppressed sobs. I felt I should do something but didn't want to intrude on a vulnerable moment. On the other hand, maybe she'd appreciate some support. After a bit of dithering, I got up and went to her. I was in my usual bedtime gear -- T-shirt and cotton pyjama bottoms with an elastic waistband and no opening at the

crotch. Comfortable enough but it meant I had to pull them down to piss and they did a horrible job at hiding an erection. Fortunately that wasn't a concern at the present.

My mother looked up and I sat down beside her. She was in pants but with a pyjama top, as though Trevor had gotten her blouse off before leaving.

"Hi Mom. Is everything OK?"

Kind of a stutter sob. "No. Trevor left and I don't think I'll be seeing him again."

"Why not? Anything you care to talk about?"

"Oh, why not. You're just about all I have left in this world."

"That's not entirely true Mom. You have a big family, friends and your job."

"Yes, but they're not around when I need them most. I'm sorry to say Anders but that burden falls on you."

"It's no burden Mom. I know it's tough times now but I'll try to help out however I can. And Trevor sounds like he must have been a jerk. What happened?"

"Thanks Andy. You're too sweet with me. Trevor got cold feet because he thought you'd hear us through the walls. Plus, he didn't seem to like the fact that I had a 19 year old son living with me."

"Well, not much we can do about the walls for now." She looked at me and smiled. "And he knew you had a son so I would have thought that 19 was better than nine. You know, flying the coop lot sooner."

"Oh those walls! Yes, we do hear things we normally wouldn't. But we've coped well with that don't you think? As for Trevor, he may have thought I was too young to have had a 19 year old."

"Geez Mom. Didn't he know your age?"

"Well, he may have thought I was more like mid-30s than 40." Rueful smile here.

"His loss Mom."

A nicer smile and she caressed my cheek. "You said it Andy. As I told you, you're too sweet to me."

She gave me a quick kiss on the cheek and got up. "Andy, if you don't mind staying up with me, I'm going to get changed. Be right back."

I felt a bit strange. This looked to be unknown territory. I most certainly didn't think that anyone was trying to seduce anyone but being the designated comforter coupled with a late night talk was new to me.

I thought more of my mother. She had a pretty face though it wasn't to my tastes. I liked the leaner, high cheekbones look. But I could see why Trevor would have pegged her for several years younger than she was. No blemishes or wrinkles and she smiled a lot. I wondered about her allusions to the thinness of the walls but reckoned it meant nothing more than acknowledging the obvious.

That led me into wondering what she looked like naked. From one of her bathing suits she wore a few years back, I could tell that she had puffy, curly, blonde pubic hair. She only wore the suit once until my father pointed out that her pubes were sticking out. Her hips were a bit wide, her stomach had a small bulge and her breasts were about average from what I could tell, though they sometimes

seemed a little flattened. All in all, while her body look wasn't my ideal, she probably looked good enough in the flesh. But why was I even wondering? I didn't actually want to see her naked, did I?

This reverie was broken by my mother's reappearance. She was her pyjamas -- off-white long-sleeved top and a pant-like bottom made of something artificial. Rayon or nylon or some other --on. No bra apparently and in the light I couldn't tell if she was wearing panties.

"I hope I didn't keep you waiting son."

I laughed. "I hope it was worth the wait." She laughed too.

She sat down beside me. "Here, I could use a little cuddle."

I put my arm around her shoulders and she nestled into my chest; her right arm around my stomach. She issued a long "Mmm" and I squeezed her shoulder. She responded by rubbing my side and hugged me harder. I was now beginning to get hard but she wouldn't notice unless she looked down.

"Well Andy, it's just the two of us for now."

I hugged her again and ran my hand down her back to her hip. "Yes Mom. We'll get through this and better days are ahead."

She sat up and put her left arm around my neck while she rubbed my chest with her right. "My dear, sweet boy. I don't know what I'd do without you." Then she kissed my cheek a couple of times before planting one on my mouth. It only lasting a couple of seconds, a bit longer than the hello and goodbye ones.

"Oh, I think I miss kissing, and being kissed, as much as I miss sex." I blinked. "I hope I'm not embarrassing you Andy."

"No." That lie came easily. "And you can kiss me whenever you like." I skipped the part of kissing her in return."

"Really? You know how much I like kissing. A lot."

I could see that's I'd taken a wrong turn but damned if I was going to acknowledge it. That was as bad as asking for directions (if that even makes sense to the GPS generation). "No Mom. Whenever you need to."

"Or want to? Like now?" She was looking me dead in the eyes, our faces just a few inches apart. It was so obvious what this meant. I nodded.

She moved in with both her hands around my head. At the last second she turned her head slightly and our lips met. At first just some solid contact and then she began moving her lips. I followed her lead. It felt like several minutes but was probably 15 seconds or so. She broke it off.

"Oh Andy, thanks so much for that. I'm sorry if I overdid it."

She had overdone it but I didn't want to tell her that. "It's OK Mom. Heat of the moment and all that."

"Well I'd best be off to bed now. That got me a little...oh, never mind." She got up and now saw my tented pyjamas. Then she blew me a kiss that looked aimed at my groin, and was off. I sat there a while trying to figure out my feelings. I didn't want to have sex with her -- that much was for sure. But hearing her masturbate was kind of a turn-on and tonight's hugging and kissing felt nice. But I half feared it would lead to more and I wasn't sure how far I wanted to take it.

More kissing? OK. French kissing? Maybe. I loved French kissing but with my Mom? Maybe. I suspected it would head

that way so I'd see at the time. Touching her breast? If it stopped there I suppose. Her pussy? NO! Her touching my cock? No, but hard to resist if it came to that. But that would call for reciprocation so no.

I got up to go to bed and had just taken a couple of steps when I heard that sloshing sound. Her bedroom was at the end of a short, five foot hallway with the bathroom on one side and my room on the other. I stopped outside her door and listened closer. I could hear the breathing and sloshing quite clearly and it got me even harder. So I dropped my pyjama bottoms and started stroking. Her sloshing sounds were getting louder and faster and her breathing was now mixed with soft moans. I was getting close and when I heard a sudden "OHHHH!" from her room, I came too.

I tried to contain it all in my hands but some must have dripped out. I stepped back into my room and cursed the creaky flooring. Back in bed I got out the Kleenex and cleaned my hands off. Then I felt post-orgasmic regret and drifted off.

Next morning at breakfast my mother looked rueful. "Andy, I want to apologize for getting carried away like that last night. I wanted to give you a kiss but I came on too strong."

Decision time. Should I accept the apology and hope we'd leave it in the past? That would be the smart and reasonable course of action. But if a similar moment should ever arise, it would make it awkward as hell. Better to share the blame.

"Mom, we both got carried away. You didn't see me resisting you. Anyway, it was just a kiss. Let's not make too big a deal of it."

She looked at me uncertainly. "Are you sure Anders? I'm the one who's supposed to be responsible and I'd hate to think I pressured you into anything."

"Mom. You're not the only adult in this dump. As I said, it was just a kiss. Let's not make it into anything bigger."

Now she smiled. "OK then son. But now I have to rush off. Goodbye kiss?" It was just one of the usual quick ones. That was a relief. I hate family dramas.

The next few days were fairly normal. The goodbye/hello kisses were standard practice and we usually sat together on the sofa with some minor cuddling. And we kept up with the never-acknowledged nighttime masturbation sessions.

But I expected that the normalcy wouldn't last and it didn't. We were watching TV and I had my arm around her. "So Anders, if the kisses were no big deal, does that mean we can do it again sometime?"

Sigh. "Well, yeah, I suppose so."

"Like right now?" She looked up at me. "I'd really like to kiss you again."

What could I say? I had enjoyed those kisses but I would have been fine had she never again raised the matter. Any reluctance would mean hurt feelings and awkwardness.

"Mom, I'd love you to kiss me."

Her lips were on mine a millisecond later and the lip action started right away. No tongue but I had a feeling that day wasn't far off. I had another feeling too and since I was in my pyjamas, it was showing. The kiss went on for a lot longer this time, maybe 30 seconds. It was my mother who broke it.

"That was wonderful Andy. But please do stop me if I've gone too far."

"It was fine Mom. I enjoyed it too."

I guess that "fine" was too lame an adjective because I got a look. But she went back to kissing me again. This time it was only about 10 seconds but there was lots of lip movement and I could feel her saliva on my mouth.

"Was that 'fine' too?"

"Yes, much better than fine. So was the first one."

"Well I think that's enough for one night but let's cuddle a while before bedtime."

She moved closer with her head on my chest and my arm around her. This gave her a close-up look at my protruding pyjamas. She didn't say anything but kept her gaze fixed there. In that position I couldn't do much to adjust so just tried, unsuccessfully, to will it down. The cuddle felt nice but I was as embarrassed as hell.

Finally my mother got up, gave me quick goodnight kiss and called out "Sweet dreams."

I waited for her to go to bed and looked forward to jerking off to her sounds. But not the one I heard. It was a loud, a very loud buzzing. I guess that vibrators are much quieter now but some of the 80s versions could wake a neighborhood. Which this one did. The buzzing had only lasted a few seconds when I heard a thumping on the floor and a man's voice shouting "Turn it off. Now!" The buzzing stopped and I didn't hear anything else.

Next morning over breakfast my mother shook her head. "I guess you heard everything." I nodded.

"That was so embarrassing. From now on I'm going to take the stairs to the seventh floor (we were on the 9th) so if I ever run into whoever that was, he won't suspect me of being the one."

I laughed at this. "But Andy, I apologize if I embarrassed you too. But now I'm running late so we'll talk about it this evening."

Frankly, I could do without the talk, though I was kind of curious what she'd say. She waited on that until we were in our pyjamas watching television.

'So Andy, about last night's incident."

Yes?"

"This isn't easy to say but since we're both adults, I hope you can handle it."

Laying it a bit thick I thought, but I was curious where it was headed. "Yup."

"OK, good. Now, we both know we masturbate." No beating around the bush there. Sorry, I just couldn't resist that line.

"I can hear you and I'm sure you can hear me even when I try to keep quiet. Are you with me so far?"

"Mmm hmm."

"Last night was an embarrassment and I'll never use that damned thing again. But at least it brought everything into the open."

She looked to see if I was following. I nodded. "Okay."

"What I'm trying to say is that it should be no big deal when one of us has to masturbate. We're both at our sexual peaks and having to live in such close quarters, well, it isn't easy

keeping these activities discreet. So, no teasing or smirks or anything that might make either of us uncomfortable. Fair enough?"

"Sure, I guess so. I mean, why not?" I wasn't sure what this entailed but it didn't sound too risky.

"Good then. Now shut up and kiss me." Said with a laugh. We started kissing again and when I reminded myself it was with my mother, it felt weird. So I avoided that though and just enjoyed the kiss. Still no tongue but our lips were wet and once again it got me hard. Mom broke it off and got up to go to bed. And again looked directly at my tented pyjamas.

"Bedtime for me Andy. It looks like I'm not the only one who needs to take care of business" gesturing to my crotch.

"Mo-om." She smiled and like last night, blew a kiss in the direction of my crotch. "Sweet dreams son."

I knew the routine well. Give her a few minutes, go to bed, wait for the sloshing, and jerk along with her. I still didn't want to have sex with her but this dancing on the edge was titillating. The sloshing sounded a bit louder tonight, as was the breathing and moaning. I didn't make as much noise but my bed creaked. Before long I heard the "Ooohh" and with a

couple more quick strokes, I came too. Faintly through the walls, "Sweet dreams Andy."

There were no TV nights for a few days. I had one night course, my mother had a night out with her office colleagues and I had a night out with some college folks. Just being around them reminded me of how weird the situation was at home. Making out with my mother and openly talking about masturbations, listening to one another do it -- it felt weird. But I kind of missed the make-out sessions and was looking forward to the next one. Which happened to be Friday. I was so looking forward to it that I even turned down an invite to a college party.

My mother give me an extended, director's cut of a kiss when I got home Friday. She was giddy as she prepared the dinner and wanted to get into TV mode as soon as we finished dinner. "TV and pyjama time Andy."

I got changed and sat down, waiting for my mother. This time, instead of her usual long sleeves and bottoms, this pair was a two-piece one with tight shorts and a flimsy, frilly top that left a good deal of her midriff exposed. And definitely no bra.

"Het, I like the new look Mom."

"Oh, you've seen these before. But I wanted a change from dowdy. Anyway, I've missed our kisses. Can we start before we watch TV?"

"Ah, sure I guess."

She knelt on the sofa against me and wrapped both her arms around my head. Her kisses were really wet but still no tongue. I was happy to respond and we must have gone on for a good minute or two. My own priorities confused me. She always initiated the kisses but I was never the one to break them off. As she did this time with glowing eyes and a happy smile.

"That was nice Andy. Are you sure you don't mind?"

"No, I'm enjoying them too."

"Good. We can have more while we watch TV if you like."

Now I was starting to have second thoughts. I did enjoy the kisses but if tonight turned into a prolonged make-out session, would it only be just that? And what about other nights? Would this wind up being the high point? Doubtful. I felt that if I agreed to more kissing, I was proceeding down

a road where the exits were few and uninviting. So either I took that exit now, or...

"Sure Mom."

There was some detective show on. When the first commercial came she looked over but we didn't do anything. For the second I got up to get a glass of water. "You want one Mom?"

"All right then" said without much enthusiasm. Maybe that was because we couldn't afford to drink anything that cost anything, or maybe...

By the time the third commercial came on she spoke up. "Andy, maybe we can do something to pass the time during these commercials."

I knew what that meant. "Maybe we could." She leaned into me and started to kiss. Mouths slightly opened but still no tongue. Plenty of saliva though which I had to admit felt exciting.

After that it was every commercial. Sometimes we varied with little quick kisses around each other's face. There were another couple of shows so all in all we had about ten make-

out sessions. For the last one she put her hand on the back of my head and kissed me hard.

"Thanks so much for this Andy. But now it's bedtime and I just know we're going to sleep well."

"Goodnight Mom."

She used the bathroom first and I noticed that after I'd brushed my teeth, her bedroom door was partly open. I decided to leave mine half ajar too. The sloshing started right away and her moaning was a bit louder. I was stroking slowly and trying to listen in. Her moaning hit a crescendo and as it devolved into a short series of "Ohhs", I gave an extra jerk and came too with and "Uhhnggh".

"Goodnight Andy."

"Goodnight Mom."

The next day at breakfast there was the usual question. "Andy, I enjoyed our kisses but did I come on too strong?"

By now I knew I was never going to suggest she had. "No Mom. Remember, I kissed back. And we hadn't kissed for a few days so we were making up for lost time."

"That's right. But in the morning I always feel so conflicted. I'm fine during the day but at night my feelings get stronger and, well, sometimes I think I'm forcing myself on you. Then I feel awful in the morning."

I didn't exactly disagree with her. She always instigated but I never rebuffed. And even though it was with my mother, I was getting to look forward to the kisses.

"Mom, as you mentioned, we're living in close proximity and we're having to make do for now. If the kisses help, that's fine. And I've liked them."

"Thanks Andy. If you're sure. But if I ever get carried away, don't be afraid to tell me no. I want what's best for you but sometimes at night, well, these feelings..."

We left it at that and didn't see much of each other during the day. I had some running around and that night there was another college party and I didn't want to miss two in a row.

The party was at a house shared by five guys from college. It wasn't bad and they only asked for 50 cents a beer (mid 80s prices). But the male-female ratio was around 3:1 so by the time I'd spent the two bucks I could afford. I called it a night.

I got home around midnight and my mother had already gone to bed. But evidently, not to sleep.

From her bedroom, "Hi Andy. How was the party?

"OK I guess. I'm going to pack it in now."

"How about a goodnight kiss?"

I waited a few moments until it was obvious I had to enter her room. She was under the covers.

"Lean down Andy. I can't very well get up because I'm not wearing anything."

Nice of her to put that thought in my mind. I blame the beers because I responded with "Well you could, but I'll just lean over." We kissed for maybe 30 seconds and for a change, I broke it off.

"Mmmm, that was sweet Andy. So maybe next time I don't have to feel so shy about getting up?"

Yoiks. "Goodnight Mom."

The next morning, Sunday, I was making toast when my mother came up behind me and gave me a hug. Her arms were around my chest and she pressed her body hard against mine. I could feel her squashed breasts on my back and she started running her hand around my chest and stomach while nuzzling the back of my neck. That gave me an erection and I tried to keep myself facing the counter, but Mom was having none of that.

"Turn around and give me a hug Andy."

I did, but tried to keep it to the upper body so she wouldn't feel my erection. But again, Mom was having none of that. She moved closer and as I was pinned against the counter, there was no escape.

"Andy, put your arms right around me."

Obedient as always, I did. She was now clutching me with her head turned sideways against my chest. My cock was pressed against her lower stomach and she was moving her

hips from side to side; just subtly enough to maintain plausible deniability. Finally she broke and gave me a kiss.

"Good morning Andy."

I was blushing and she could tell. "Oh Andy, are you worried about THAT?", nodding in the direction of my erect cock.

I nodded back.

"Did you hear me complaining?"

"No, but..."

"I enjoyed it. It's very flattering that a man can get aroused from hugging me."

I blushed even more. "And Andy, maybe you're embarrassed because it's so apparent. Would it help if I told you that hugging you and feeling you against me made me very wet?"

It was kind of nice to hear, but..."Geez Mom. You didn't have to tell me that. Or say anything really."

"Andy, remember that talk we had about being adults at our sexual peaks?"

Back to the nod.

"Well there's nothing wrong about becoming aroused. When that happens neither of us is doing anything bad. You know, I usually get wet during our kissing sessions. And I know your, er, you get hard then as well. Nothing wrong with that. And I secretly enjoy seeing you hard."

I was thinking "Secretly? Yeah, right." I was also looking at her more closely and realized she was looking better than she had in ages. Thanks to our poverty diet she must have lost around 10 pounds. That's didn't exactly make her svelte but to my mind she was looking more womanly and less mom-ly. Meanwhile, I'd been making a few mumbled sounds as it seemed easier to let her continue.

"So from now on, you don't get embarrassed when you have an erection. It's natural and means you're healthy. And your old Mom enjoys seeing it."

Finally I was able to scurry away and went about some chores and homework. That evening was another TV and

pyjamas session. With kissing of course. We didn't break any new ground but kissing during commercials was now an established practise. At the end of the last program she leaned over and kissed me hard while running her hand up and down my left side. I'd been going from erect to semi most of the evening but this last kiss got me quite stiff. On one of the passes of her hand, the inside of her wrist grazed my cock. She didn't say anything but took her hand away and gave me a big smile.

"Alright Andy. You've gotten me aroused enough that I need to finish the rest of the evening in my bed. If I stay here any longer I'm going to soak right through to the sofa."

"Mom! You're getting to be incorrigible."

"You're right. And I like it like that." Looking now at my erection she continued "And I'm not the only one who'll need to take of things. You have a good night now. I know I will."

I didn't know what to think. I recognized that I enjoyed the kissing even though it seemed a little perverse that it was with my mother. Something must be wrong as I'd die of shame if any of my friends knew what was going on. But hell, it was just the two of us and nobody needed to know. I sensed that things might go farther and wasn't sure how I

felt about that. Full-on sex -- no! But French kissing and petting? Maybe.

The next week things were fairly normal until Thursday. We were watching TV when my mother told me of a visit from my Aunt Anita. I wasn't sure if she was a real aunt. She was from Chile and had a kid with a nephew or cousin of my grandfather Rasmus. "Aunt" just seemed the easiest term to use.

"She was in town and I hadn't seen her for ages so she gave me a call and we had lunch together."

"How's she doing?" I didn't know her well having met her just a couple of times. She seemed nice enough and was pretty.

"Oh, fine. Kind of giggly. And she loves to talk. Gossip too."

"What sort of gossip?"

"Oh, I don't know that I'm supposed to share it with you."

Since I didn't know Aunt Anita well, I wasn't too curious about her gossip. But it sounded like my mother was egging me on to ask.

"Up to you. I don't care for gossip but it's like The National Enquirer. It's garbage but sometimes I take a look."

"Well let me think about it. But when she was leaving we went to kiss goodbye and as usual I kissed her on the mouth. She looked surprised and explained that in Chile, kissing like that was always on the cheek. And then she kissed me on the mouth. I was so surprised and seeing as how her racy gossip had turned me on, I almost Frenched her."

"That racy gossip you can't tell me about?" Now I was getting more curious.

"I said I'd think about it."

"And what's with the Frenching? You're not bi are you?"

She laughed. "No, not really. But I did fool around with my college roommate a couple of times."

Wow! This was news. "Really? What did you do?"

"Well, we were sharing a room so eventually masturbation came up. Something like with us here. We'd hear one another but never mention it. Then one night she asked if we could do it with the lights on. She had always seemed shy so I was taken aback. But I was curious to see her naked since she was from Hong Kong and I'd never seen an Asian woman naked. And it turned out she was curious to see a blonde woman naked."

I didn't want to interrupt so just gazed, wide-eyed.

"So the lights were on and I started to touch myself. But Ry-Ting wanted a better look so we moved our beds close together and watched each other. She was fascinated by my blonde pubic hair and asked if she could touch it. You can figure out the rest. Touching led to fingering and we brought each other off. It was exciting but we went back to normal until a couple of nights before she had to return to Hong Kong."

"And then?"

"She asked if we could do it once more. This time it led to oral and we wound up 69-ing. So now you know about your mother's lesbian experience."

"Wow Mom. That's quite the story. I had no idea you'd done anything like that."

"You'd be surprised what roommates get up to. And mothers don't usually tell their sons of their sexual past. But since we're living in close quarters and have become closer, I thought you could handle it."

"Well thanks for that. Now I have this picture in my mind of you and Miss Hong Kong."

"Hey, does that mean you're imagining your mother in a sexually explicit position?"

Blushing again, "No, I mean, I didn't mean it like that."

"Don't be embarrassed Andy. We can't control our fantasies and if you want to imagine your mother getting licked by a sexy Asian woman, well, enjoy it."

I was imagining just that but didn't feel like admitting to it. "I'll keep that in mind Mom. But now I want to watch this program." I wasn't sure what program was on but this level of intimacy was unsettling.

There were the usual kisses during the evening and at the end of it my mother asked "Andy, what do you think about French kissing?"

"I like it, but why do you ask?" As if I didn't know.

"I was wondering if you think we could give it a try?"

"I don't know Mom. Let me think about it."

"You do that." She gave me one last kiss and then a big, doggy-style lick from my chin to my nose, laughing when she finished. "Don't worry, the real thing will be better."

Friday after school I hung out with some classmates and didn't get home till around midnight. I'd had a couple of beers and since I don't have a great capacity, I was light-headed but far from drunk. My mother had gone to bed but called me for a goodnight kiss.

As before, I entered her room. This time she sat up, the covers falling to her waist. It was dark so I could only see shapes but that was enough to tell she was naked. We started with a sloppy kiss and then I felt her tongue around my lips. I licked her tongue and soon our tongues were in each other's' mouth. It was heady stuff and I had to resist the urge

to fondle her breast which was only inches away. She had run her arm down my back and it was now resting on my behind.

I leaned over a little more and ran my hand around her back, letting her know that I knew she was naked. She squeezed my ass and pulled my head towards her. Finally she broke off to come up for air. "Whew! That was intense. Thanks so much for it Andy. But now I need to... you know. So goodnight and thanks again."

I straightened up to leave and was glad I was wearing jeans. In that light my erection wouldn't be noticeable. As I was leaving, "Oh Andy, you can leave my door open. And why don't you leave yours open too?"

"Really? Goodnight Mom."

Our doors were at right angles so even when open, you wouldn't have been able to see the other's room. But sound, not sight, was the operative sense here. No sooner had I undressed then I could hear her pleasuring sounds. The sloshing, the sighing and the low moans. I'm not noisy but the small sounds and bed creaks made it clear what I was up to. As we had before, we both came around the same time. I'd waited till I heard her final "Ohhh" and then I spurted with my usual grunt.

"Goodnight love."

"Goodnight Mom."

It was mid-morning when I awoke and I thought about last night's events. I reckoned that French kissing would now be the norm. That was OK, nice even. But what of that obscured nudity? I had my answer soon enough.

I'd thrown on a robe to go take my shower. The bathroom faced my room and I had to cross in front of my mother's room. There she was, standing and facing me in all her naked glory. I didn't say anything, just nodded. In the shower I considered that she must have timed it. She heard me get up and then as I made my way to the bathroom, she was standing, waiting for me to see.

Time for more mixed feelings. It was all kinds of tempting but I felt like it was heading somewhere I'd regret. On the other hand. she looked pretty good naked. Those wide hips and bushy blonde pubes sure looked fine and even though her breasts were nothing special, hey, they were breasts! Her stomach looked flatter than I'd remembered too. Thanks, poverty diet! I half wished she'd join me in the shower. That memory got me hard and I jerked off before I finished.

I just put on my robe to go for breakfast and I saw my mother preparing something. She was also in a robe. Very short and loosely tied. As she was reaching for something in a cupboard, one breast popped out. She looked over to see if I was watching.

"Ooops. But nothing you haven't seen before. I guess after getting caught this morning, I needn't worry much about being seen again. By the way, how did I look?"

"Fine. You looked fine Mom."

"Fine is nice I suppose. Just fine and that's all?"

"Actually, very attractive Mom. You have a sexy body."

"That's more like it Andy. I was afraid it might have shocked you. You weren't bothered seeing me like that, were you?"

"No. I was surprised, that's all. Not bothered. More like hot and bothered." I hadn't meant to be that suggestive but it seemed like too good a line to leave unsaid.

"That's my boy. Now come here and give me a hug."

I was already getting hard again and the hug just worsened it. I could feel her body warmth and realized that between us, we had only two articles of clothing. I tried backing away as my erection was now full-fledged.

"Don't worry Andy. I love feeling it against me. And I've told you what effect it has on me."

I didn't know how to reply so just kept with the hug. She was moving her hips again and it felt like her robe must have parted below the belt. Mine was a good deal bigger so it continued to provide cover. But holy hell, it felt like she was really coming on to me.

"Alright, thanks for that Andy. But I'm famished so let's have breakfast."

Once we'd finished, she announced that she was going to take her shower. "You know, I almost joined you in there earlier. After all, you'd seen me undressed so that barrier had already been broken."

"Yes, but you haven't seen me."

"True, at least not since you were a child. But you know, I don't think I'd mind if I did. Anyway, consider this a

standing invitation to shower together." And with a laugh she exited.

In hindsight I may have been slow on the uptake but at that moment it dawned on me that my mother was trying to seduce me. Or maybe not. Maybe she was just being swept along by the gradual escalation, just as I was. I still told myself I didn't want to have sex with her but I enjoyed the excitement of skating close to the edge.

The library beckoned, well, more like summoned in the afternoon and I didn't get back till dinnertime. Afterwards it was TV and pyjama time. Except my mother decided to wear just her short robe from this morning.

"It seemed pointless to get into pyjamas since I'm just going to shuck them off later. I've decided I like to sleep naked. Maybe it's because I like my body more now. Did you know I've lost 12 pounds since we moved in here?"

"I noticed you seemed trimmer."

"So you liked how I looked?"

At this point I felt like I was on the stand with a guilty secret while Alan Dershowitz was readying the cross-examination.

"Mom, most women would kill for a body like yours."

"Aw, that's sweet." Kiss. "What about my breasts. I've always wished they were fuller or perkier."

"Looked alright to me."

"I always worry that if I get a man into a compromising position, he's going to be put off by my droopy breasts."

"Mom. They're not droopy, not really."

"So they wouldn't put you off?"

"I'm sure by the time a guy had a look at them, he'd be hankering for the rest of you."

"Which you've already seen. And liked. So I'll take your word for it. Now can you give me a kiss?"

The kiss started out normal but soon I felt my mother's tongue. And yes, after a few moments I responded. She moved her all around my mouth, then in between my lips

and my teeth before tenderly sucking each of my lips. When she finished that I slid my tongue back into her mouth but she caught it between her lips and started sucking it back and forth. I was getting very turned on and my cock was at full attention. Her right hand had been on my shoulder but now she started caressing my chest and stomach, coming within a couple of inches of my cock.

I don't know how far it might have gone because just then, the Masterpiece Theatre show that she wanted to watch came on. I don't remember much else because since there were few, if any, commercials, she'd occasionally nuzzle my neck and a couple of times would roll her tongue around in my ear. I would never have thought that could be erotic, but, live and learn. As the program neared its end she suddenly straddled me.do.

"God, I forgot that they don't show commercials. I need some kisses Anders."

She moved her body in tighter and put her hands on my cheeks. Then she moved her head in close and gave me a passionate kiss. We made out for a couple of minutes and my cock, which hadn't been much interested in the PBS offering, went back to straight up. She had her knees on either side of my legs and while I couldn't see to be sure, it felt like her robe had parted below her belt. She was swaying her hips and her bare pussy must have been on my cock.

I started humping a little and she ground her crotch onto my cock. I was still in my pyjamas so it was just dry, well, somewhat dry humping and I was torn between stopping and grabbing her bare ass. But she took the pause and slid off me.

"God Anders, I almost got carried away. You can't imagine how turned on I am."

"I think I have an idea. It was pretty intense."

Looking at my tented pyjamas, "Well it looks like you have something to take care of."

"Yeah Mom. I'll do that when I go to bed."

"You'd better go to bed right now."

"What?"

"You'd better go to bed right now and take care of that before I do it for you."

"Mom?"

"I mean it. Now." She started to slowly slide her hand up my thigh. "Anders, I'm not joking. If that's still here in ten seconds, I'm going to grab it."

She continued with a slow, meandering caress of my thigh, her hand moving ever closer to my cock. She looked at me with an expression I'd never seen before. Anticipation? Lust? Uncertainty? I half wanted to call her bluff. It would have felt great but I wasn't ready for that step. At least not now. Maybe never but I didn't have to decide on 'never' in the moment.

"Whoo, OK Mom. Bedtime for Bonzo I guess."

It might have been my imagination but I thought that a shadow of disappointment crossed her face. I got up with my cock still prominently tenting my PJs. Then to the bathroom where I set a tooth brushing speed record. My mother was standing outside the door, her robe now undone and parted.

She embraced me and kissed me hard with lots of tongue. I held her and felt her semi-naked body heat against me. "OK Mom, as you said, I'd best get to bed."

I closed the door about three-quarters way and stripped off. As I started to stroke I heard her from just outside.

"Andy, are you touching yourself?"

What the hell? Did she want a play-by-play? I didn't reply, but kept my hand on my cock.

"Andy?"

"Yes Mom, I am."

"So am I Andy. I'm standing here naked just outside your door and I'm touching myself."

"Wow Mom." I couldn't decide if this was too perversely weird or if it was highly sexy. But my cock gave me the "Keep stroking" signal so I continued.

"Are you touching your cock Andy?"

Sigh. "Yes Mom."

"Tell me."

"What?"

"Tell me what you're touching Andy."

"I'm touching my cock Mom."

"Ooooh! I'm touching my pussy Andy. I have one finger in between my pussy lips and I'm pinching my nipples with the other."

"Sounds sexy Mom." At this point I was having trouble forming proper sentences.

"We're both being sexy Andy. Are you going to come soon?"

"Think so."

"Tell me when you're about to come Andy. I'm so close now. I'm stroking my clit."

Her voice was deeper than usual and there were sighs and low moans between her words.

"Getting close Mom."

"Me too..Ohhhh! Oh Andy, I'm coming! Oh God, what an orgasm. Oh!"

That did it for me too. "Mommmm!" I sprayed everywhere. I'd never come like that before. It wasn't just a few mighty blasts; it felt like trying to hold a firehose. I conked out then and there.

Next morning was Monday so a breakfast was rushed. When my mother saw me she put her head in her hands. "Andy, I got too carried away last night. Again. We'll have to talk tonight."

That night Mom was dressed more conservatively. "Andy, as I said before, I'm fine during the day but at night I get these feelings. Sexual feelings. I know they shouldn't be directed at you but, well, you're here. And I have a weakness for a man's erection. I love to feel them against me, touch them, and do all the other things you can with them. When I saw that you had one last night, I was almost overcome."

I must have looked uncomfortable. "Andy, am I embarrassing you?"

"Not really Mom. But it's kind of an awkward conversation to be having."

"You're right. It is. But it's better to face the facts, don't you think?"

Nod.

"Well then, I know I have to get a better grip on my feelings, especially at night. You can help with that by telling me to tone it down when I go too far."

"Okay." I didn't like that the onus was on me, though it did offer some options. I wasn't sure if I wanted it to go any farther though I was tempted to have let grab my cock last night.

"I didn't mean to put all the burden on to you Andy. It's just that I won't hate you if you tell me to stop. Now last night, what would you have done if, instead of giving you a warning, I had just reached out and stroked your cock?"

"I don't know Mom."

"I bet you wouldn't have stopped me. It would have felt toooo good for that. You would have let me stroke you and stroke you till you came. There would have been a mess in your boxers and then I would have had to get a wash cloth and clean you. I would have pulled down your shorts and cleaned up all that cum. That would have gotten you hard again and..."

'Mom! You're doing it again."

"What?"

"Being forward." She looked crestfallen and I didn't mean to hurt her. Then I realized that two can play this game.

"Yes, forward. You're talking explicitly about your son's hard cock and what you'd like to do with it." Her eyes widened.

"And all the while you're sitting there getting wetter and wetter. Aren't you?" She nodded.

"When you talk about your son's cock, you're also hoping that he'd want to touch your pussy, run his fingers through your lips and play with your clit. Isn't that right?"

Another nod. "Oh Anders, at least it's out in the open now."

"What is?"

"Our fantasies. Our sexual fantasies. But they're just fantasies and there's nothing wrong in having them. Now excuse me while I slip into something more comfortable."

I needed to take stock. My words had just come out in a rush. The verbal equivalent of a sneeze. I hadn't really been fantasizing about my mother. Well, sort of but not really. I was mixed up. I didn't really want it to head where it was heading but I also wanted to see where it was heading. Mixed up.

My mother reappeared in her shortie nightgown tied up very loosely. It covered her nipples but revealed all of her cleavage. And as she walked the bottom sometimes parted exposing her bushy pubic hair.

Noting my rapt gaze, "Well, I'm not terribly fussy about modesty since you've seen everything. Now where were we?

"You were talking about fantasies."

"Right. So it's no secret that I've developed a fantasy about seeing your hard cock, touching it even. Back at our old place I never would have imagined that but, well, here we are. And you, have you really fantasized about me?"

"Well, yes, I guess I have."

"Tell me about it."

"Like, when I've been masturbating and I know that you are too, I've thought about you. And I've thought back about seeing you naked."

"Ooo, I loved that. It gave me a thrill to know you saw me. Was this how you remembered me?"

With that she undid her belt and, turning to face me, opened up her robe. I got a better look at her breasts and her nipples -- round, pinkish and now pointy, were kind of cute. As she was sitting I could see the top of her pussy hair but nothing more. And her stomach had barely a paunch. It wasn't so much that it was a gorgeous body, though it was nice enough; it was the fact that she was exposing it to me that made it exciting.

"Wow Mom. You really are looking good."

She smiled. "Andy, I feel so depraved, but in a good way. I like my body so much better now and I really get off on showing it to you. Do you want to know another of my fantasies?"

In for a penny..."Sure."

"I've fantasized about touching myself in front of you."

She started running her hand along her inner thigh and awaited my reaction.

"Andy?"

I didn't know what to say. I tried to come up with something witty along the lines of the cat, or pussy, having my tongue, but the sentences didn't form.

"Andy, I'm about to do it unless you tell me to stop."

Speaking as though I was under a hypnotic spell, "If you want to..."

We'd been sitting side-by-side and now she leaned back against the end of the sofa, her right foot on the floor and the left leg against the back of the sofa, bent at the knee. Her pussy lips were now visible through the tufts of pubic hair and they were wet. I couldn't look away. I was no virgin but none of my girlfriends had put themselves on display so wantonly.

She started running a finger through her lips and then plunged it in. In, out, back and forth. And that sloshing sound I'd come to know. Sometimes she used both hands. I was getting immensely turned on and wished I could jerk off. She must have picked up the signal.

"Andy" a bit huskily, "You can join me if you want."

"I...I..."

"C'mon. Get out of those PJs and touch yourself. Let's do this together."

That was all the encouragement I needed. I shucked them off and angled myself so I maintained a good look at her pussy while I started stoking my cock. Not too vigorously as I was already close to coming.

"Ooooh, that's so much better. I just came a little looking at it."

Now my mother really picked up the pace. Her fingers were flying and she mostly used both hands. Her left leg which had been bent at the knee was now flung up on the back of the sofa. It didn't look that comfortable but it gave me a much better view.

Meanwhile, I'd been trying to pace myself but there was a gallon of cum bent on getting out. I decided to warn her. "Mom, I'm..."

But she beat me to it. A few big "Ooohs" and a major hip contortion. That was enough for me and I started spurting. I tried to cover it with my hand but a lot of cum just got deflected. In my mother's writhes her right leg was now over my thighs. And soon enough it came in contact with my cock. I was settling down but the contact felt good so I grabbed her leg and kept it there.

"Oh Andy, that was wonderful. I came so hard."

"Same here Mom." But now the enormity of what we'd just done hit me. This wasn't just listening, making out or the occasional glimpse of nudity. She'd seen my cock, my hard cock; I'd seen her wet pussy and we'd watched each other

come. I must be some degenerate loser if I had to get my jollies with my own mother. I guess I don't have a poker face because...

"Andy? Are you OK?"

"Well, we went pretty far didn't we?"

"Farther than we had, yes. But does it bother you?"

Keep in mind that we were both naked at opposite ends of the sofa. She had brought her left leg down but hadn't tried to cover her pussy. My cock had wilted but was still exposed.

"I don't know. I was excited while we were, you know, doing it, but it's kind of strange?"

"I know what you mean. If anyone had told me a few months ago that I'd be sitting here naked with my legs open after having masturbated with my son, I'd have called the cuckoo doctors on them. But look, this isn't permanent and it needn't define our lives. We're coping with temporarily reduced circumstances living in close proximity with our hormones on high. Let's not overthink things. We can enjoy what we have for now, both of us knowing that before long we'll go on to some other phase of our lives. And tell me the truth.

Wasn't this more exciting than just going to our rooms to take care of our needs?

"You have a point there."

"Good. We don't have to do this all the time or even again. But let's not get hung up on occasional displays of lust. It's healthy and it's natural."

Sitting up, she moved over beside me. "After that I need a quick shower before bed. And you need to clean yourself up. Wouldn't this be a good time to join me?" She had been stroking my cheek and then ran her fingers across my mouth. The fingers that minutes before had been in her pussy.

Seeing my hesitation, "Don't worry, I'll behave. No touching of naughty bits."

It was a hard offer to refuse. And I reckoned that if not tonight, it would happen someday. "OK, quick shower then."

It was one thing to have seen her naked a few times in various positions but standing in the small shower stall was, I don't know, somehow more explicit. The nudity was upfront and fully on display. So naturally I started to get another erection.

"Oh Anders, you have such a beautiful penis."

"Mo-om."

"Don't worry. I said I'd behave. But I love seeing you like that. Don't you like to see me too?"

Actually I did. The 'Mom' part was still off-putting but the naked woman part trumped that. And my cock was only concerned about the latter. "I do Mom. You look great."

"Well it's so nice we can each enjoy the view. I know I certainly do. And I love showing myself to you."

We finished up and true to her word, there was no hanky-panky. At least till we finished drying off. Then she embraced me.

"Oh Anders, thank you so much for everything. I'm so happy with you."

We started kissing and she clutched me closer. One hand was around my neck while the other caressed my lower back. My hard cock was against her stomach and she started

in with that slight side-to-side hip movement. I could feel myself approaching an orgasm and tried to pull back. But she was having none of it and clutched me tighter.

As I was getting closer we had one of those coming-up-for-air kissing breaks. I started to say "Mom, I'm..." but she shushed me and started kissing again. Her hip shakes grew more pronounced and she was holding my waist. Within seconds I was shooting up against her.

Gasping, "Oh Mom!"

She had a big smile. "Oh Andy, I'm so happy you could share that with me. And you know what? I came too just feeling your body against me. Now let's get back in that shower."

Well, we did need another clean-up and I noticed that before she turned the water on, she scooped some of my cum from her stomach and licked it off her fingers.

"So? I gave you a taste of me earlier and I was curious about you. My my -- delicious."

The next week was fairly tame, if you discount the French kissing, partial nudity and occasional comments about my cock. It was getting later in the school term and I was busier

with my courses. The Memorial Day weekend was upon us and Saturday night I was out with some classmates. I got home around midnight and as usual, my mother called me in for a goodnight kiss. As I entered her room she got up and was standing there naked.

"I haven't seen as much of you this week Andy. Now how about a goodnight hug and kiss?"

I embraced her and we kissed for a few seconds before she pulled back.

"Andy, those clothes feel rough against my body. Can you get out of them and try again?"

"OK, be right back." I wondered if I should return naked but in the end decided on just boxers. When I returned Mom seemed slightly disappointed, but not enough to stop her from wrapping her arms around me and thrusting her tongue into my mouth. I responded of course and got extra turned on by feeling her hard nipples against my chest. My cock went to 11 fast. Her hands were all over my back and I slipped one down to caress her ass. It was still pretty wide as the weight loss seemed to be all in her abdomen.

"God Andy. You'd better go to bed before I jump you."

"Mom?"

"You touched my ass. I love having my ass touched and it turns me on like crazy. Stay here and I'm going to jump you."

I wasn't ready for that. "Sorry Mom. Goodnight."

Sunday was a library day and I didn't get back till dinnertime. Since I'd got a lot done I figured I could take the evening and even the holiday Monday off. That meant another Masterpiece Theatre night with Mom. She was in her shortie nighty and had barely tied it up. Whenever she moved a breast popped out. I was in an unbuttoned short sleeve shirt and my boxers. We made out a bit before it started and I noticed she was using her hands a lot more -- rubbing them on my chest, back, thighs; everywhere but my cock.

During the show she kept her arm around my shoulder and sometimes stroked my chest. But no kissing. That changed once it ended. We started out with some passionate Frenching and then she straddled me, her robe falling open. I had my left hand on her hip and stroked her back with my right. She had one arm around my neck and stroked my side with the other, all the while sliding her hips around so that sometimes her pussy came in contact with my tented boxers.

I was mighty horny and felt I had a wild woman on my hands.

At one point she broke the kiss and threw her head back for air. This raised her left breast to eye, and mouth level. I couldn't resist. Fastening my mouth on her nipple I started to suck and lick.

"Oh my God Anders! Oh yes! Oh yes! Suck it in. And please, the other one too."

She moved that breast and directed the right one into my face. I started licking and nibbling it when I felt her hand on my cock. At first it was on the outside but soon she slid it into my boxers. I lost the thought that it was my mother and focused only on it being an incredibly sexy session with a hot and naked woman.

I was pretty aroused and would have come already except she was stroking from an awkward angle. I kept up with the licking and sucking of her erect nipples and started caressing her ass. She was panting and gasping and I was making whatever sound is possible when your mouth is full of tit.

She continued holding my head with her left while stroking me with her right. It seemed to me that she was rubbing her pussy on the back of her wrists. Her moans and panting were getting fiercer and with a great eruption, I came. One huge

spurt and a few follow-ups. She let out a loud "Ohhh Andy", shivered violently and collapsed on me.

No one said anything for a while. Partly it was post-orgasmic stupor. Only partly.

It was my mother who broke the silence. "Well, I guess we just crossed a line."

"Another line you mean."

She smiled. "There's been a whole lot of lines, hasn't there?"

I nodded. "Yup." It sure had felt great while she was jerking me as I was sucking her tits, but then the Mom thing came back. I began stewing about that and then noticed her sitting naked on the sofa with her legs apart. The hell with that incest taboo. Here was a woman that just made me come and who loved showing me her pussy. I could live with that. Duh, I am living with that.

Perhaps mistaking my pensiveness for regret, my mother spoke up.

"Look Andy. I don't think that either of us meant for this to happen. Let's sleep on it and talk in the morning." And with that she got up, kissed me on the forehead and left.

That night in bed I was in my usual state of uncertainty. I had only just persuaded myself that I was happy to have more sexually from my mother. But maybe it was her having second thoughts? I drifted off to those confusing thoughts.

Next morning I got up and went for a shower. I just had a robe on and as I crossed the hallway to the bathroom, I could see that my mother's door was open and she seemed to be asleep. When I finished and stepped out of the bathroom, she called out.

"Good morning Andy."

"Morning Mom."

"How did you sleep?"

"Fine. You?"

"Just fine. Come here. I don't like talking to someone down the hall."

'Down the hall.' It was maybe 3 or 4 yards. But I'd been raised right and was seldom disobedient. So I entered her room and stood beside her bed.

"Andy, why don't you get in with me. Don't worry, I won't attack."

Still in my robe I got under the covers.

'You're not going to wear that robe in bed are you?"

"Well, I, ah..." Seeing as no excuse was forthcoming, I shrugged off the robe and tossed in on the floor. Now we were both naked. No cuddling or embracing but still, naked in bed with my mother who just last night I sort of decided I wanted to fuck. Now though I was less sure.

"Andy, if I went too far last night, I apologize. But I was so turned on by you sucking my breasts that I wanted to do something for you too"

"No, it was fine. We both got carried away."

"So no regrets or complexes?"

"No. I think I'll manage."

We lay there a while and then she got up."

"You stay there; I'll be right back."

She entered the bathroom and a moment later I could hear her peeing. That got me hard. Then she brushed her teeth and returned. She seemed to take longer than necessary for the few steps to her bed. No problem for me as I enjoyed the full frontal nudity. And I remembered she said she liked showing her body to me.

"Move over on your side. I need to warm up."

I was facing away and felt her breasts against my back. She had one arm wrapped around me and slowly and lightly caressed my chest and stomach.

"I'd forgotten how nice it feels to have a man's body against mine." Tighter hug with that. "And you really didn't mind me touching you last night?"

"Yeah, nice" gasped in answer to both statements. Her hand was now sliding down to my lower stomach.

"Did it feel good?" Her hand now grazed over my hard cock.

"Oh yeah." Now she was gently squeezing it.

"Good. I wanted to make you feel good. How does it feel now?" The squeeze was turning into stroking. And yes, it felt great.

"Oh Mom." Last night was terrific but the actual handjob was awkwardly positioned. This morning's was ideal. I couldn't believe how much better someone else's hand could feel.

"You just lie there and enjoy it. I love feeling it and I love touching you." She went on whispering stuff like this. Lots of pre-cum had seeped out and my cock was now well-lubricated. Her strokes grew faster and the release was imminent.

"Are you ready Andy?"

I grunted something and she grabbed my shoulder to turn me on my back. Then she straddled me and resumed her steady stroking while looking me in the eye.

The combination of her strokes on my cock while enjoying her nakedness was too much. I started blasting and she kept her hand over the tip of my cock.

"Oh geez, oh Mom!"

"Yes Andy. Come for me. I love making you come."

I relaxed and enjoyed the post-orgasmic convulsions. My mother smiled and then told me to stay there while she went to get something to clean me up. In so doing she again swiped her finger through my ejaculate and put it in her mouth. "Mmm."

We got up for breakfast and at my mother's suggestion, we wore our robes but didn't do them up. As we were finishing our coffee my mother came over to embrace me. We started kissing and I felt her hand slide down to my cock.

"I don't think I've had enough of this."

I got hard and figured that now was the time to reciprocate. She was standing and leaning over me so I ran my hand up her legs and made contact with her pussy. It was warm and wet and I stroked my fingers between her lips.

"Oh yes Andy! Oh yes!"

We both kept stroking and then she lowered her breast to my mouth. I wrapped my lips around her nipple and started sucking and licking. She was humping my hand as I had a couple of fingers inside and my thumb on her clit. Even though I'd come just an hour ago, the carnality and eroticism of the situation was overwhelming. I was getting close and my mother's moans indicated she was too. I managed to hold off until I felt her spasms. Then, blast-off.

We took our time recovering. I made a point of sucking my fingers coated with her juices and she conspicuously licked my cum off her arm.

"We're so naughty aren't we?"

"Yeah, I guess we shouldn't have been doing any of this."

She sat down on my lap, facing me, and wrapped her arms around me. Our bare torsos were touching. "But isn't it

glorious that we did? Look, maybe we're on the road to hell but let's at least enjoy the trip."

"So this isn't the last time we touch one another?"

"It better not be." And with that she gave my cock a squeeze.

I had some studying to do but was able to do it at home. Mom kept out of my way but after a couple of hours she suggested I needed a break. She did this by coming over to the table where I was working, bending down and wrapping one arm around my shoulder while squeezing my cock with the other.

"You've been working so hard. I think you need a break."

I rubbed her thigh while she played with my cock. Then we kissed.

"C'mon. Let's sit on the sofa where it's more comfortable."

She hadn't changed from the shortie robe while I changed to sweatpants and a T-shirt. We sat down, her robe came open and we started kissing. Her hand was on my crotch and I started caressing her inner thighs.

"Nice Andy, but why am I the only one undressed here?"

Just one answer to that. I slid off the sweats and boxers. "That's much better" as she grabbed my erect cock and started slowly stroking. We resumed our kissing, French of course, and she lifted her right leg to provide better access to her pussy. It was already wet and her lips parted easily. We kept making out and I could feel my creamy lava rising. She was thrusting her hips more and her pussy sucked my fingers in. The kissing was intense and we kept stroking one another. She started thrusting her hips and I was at the boiling point. A few seconds more and we both came.

"Oh Andy, yes, yes!" We collapsed back on the sofa, catching our breath.

"I loved doing that. If there's a better way of dealing with sexual frustration, I'd sure like to know what it is."

I could think of a few other ways but chickened out. We cleaned up and spent the rest of the afternoon on chores.

That evening we were watching some Memorial Day show after having changed into our open robes. At some point my mother started to caress my chest and slowly worked her

hand down to my cock. I played with her nipples but felt a slight pain in my cock. Too much manual stimulation? I must have winced.

"Andy, is something wrong?"

"I don't know, it feels a bit tender."

"Oooh, I've been too hard on it. Let me kiss it better."

She gave my chest and abdomen a couple of perfunctory kisses and moved her head to inches from my cock. For a few second she just looked at it while holding it softly in her hand. Then a quick kiss on the tip, then another. My pre-cum was flowing and she swirled her tongue around the tip; lapping it up. Finally she wrapped her lips around it and slowly sucked it in. Hot damn! it felt fantastic. I couldn't believe that my cock was actually in my mother's mouth! Way, way better than her hand.

She started with slow pumps while gradually upping the tempo. I'd been playing with her nipples but now leaned over so I could start stroking her ass and pussy. Having come four times in 24 hours, I wasn't about to explode anytime soon, so just luxuriated in the warmth of her mouth. But now she was pumping faster and applied a firmed suction on my cock while playing with my balls. I was fingering her and her

pussy was wet. I'd hoped it would continue much longer but soon enough I felt that imminent build-up. So did she and she began to take slower sucks where she'd let my cock slip out of her mouth and then move down with a firm deep-throat. On about the fifth one of these, that did it.

"Whoa Mom!" I could get anything else out and I blasted hard. She kept her lips around my cock and gently held my balls as I pumped three or four loads into her. Then I collapsed with my softening cock still in her mouth.

She slowly pulled her mouth back, giving me a couple of light sucks as she left.

'Geez Mom, that's the greatest blowjob ever. And another line I'm so glad we crossed."

"Oh, you've had others?", said with a winking smile.

"Just a couple, but nothing like this."

"Well you deserve them. And I love giving them to you. And I love the taste of your cum."

She was sitting back with her robe undone and I was admiring her breasts. Then I realized there was some unfinished business.

"Mom, um, I'd like to return the favor."

She brightened. "Really? You don't need to Andy."

"No, I really want to."

"You'd really like to give your old mother's pussy a licking?" Smiling all the while.

"Mom, I'd love to taste you."

"In that case be my guest." She lay back with one foot on the floor and the other stretched up against the back of the sofa. Her small pussy lips were peeking out from the matt of curly blonde pubic hair. I fancied they were starved for attention and that if they could talk it would have been "Kiss me you fool!"

I started on her inner knee and quickly kissed my way to her pussy. Her smell was strong but sexily aromatic. I gave hep lips a couple of tentative licks and then started licking

harder. I put my hands under her ass to raiser her up and she responded by pumping her hips. Now I was licking strongly and giving her clit some licks and kisses too. She kept pumping and for a while I stopped licking and just let her fuck my face.

"Yes Andy! Eat me. Lick my pussy. Taste your mother's juices."

She was also moaning loudly, way more than when she masturbated. As her pumping diminished I wrapped my lips around her clit and sucked it in while slipping two fingers in her pussy. That pushed her over the edge.

"Ohhhhh Andy! Ohhhhhh! Oh my god!"

She bucked her hips forcefully and then sank back. I sat back and watched her sighing and panting, then lay down on top of her and kissed her. My face was drenched with her juices but she gave me a nice kiss. Now, my cock was still soft but I was lying between her legs so it was touching her pussy. I could feel the early tinglings but before I could get hard she pushed me and sat up.

"Oh Andy, I can't begin to describe how wonderful that felt. So much better than my fingers. And how about you? Did my mouth feel better than your hand?"

"Sure did Mom."

"Then there'll be a lot less fingers and hand stuff from now on" said laughingly.

"Sounds good Mom."

It did sound good. Some part of me still thought the whole mother-son-sex business was perverted and disgusting but I tried to keep my mind from drifting in that direction. Instead, I focused on how great it was to have an attractive woman wanting to sexually please you. I was also getting to increasingly like her naked body. And perversity aside, I was now sure I wanted to fuck her. But I hesitated in rushing things. At least that was the plan. So I'm still not sure why the next thing out of my mouth was...

"Mom, are we going to have actual sex?"

She looked surprised. After a couple of false starts...

"Anders, this might sound silly but I think we should leave it as it is. God knows I've gotten so turned on by you but if we'd continued with our normal life, none of this would have happened. It did however and I've no regrets. The

proximity, difficulty with partners and general horniness -- we needed some outlet. And I'll repeat that I've loved what we've done and I want to take care of your cock whenever it needs attention."

At that point she leaned over and gave it a small lick and kiss. "But I don't think we should cross that final line." I must have been looking nonplussed, if that means what I think it does, so she continued. "Look, we've given one another a lot of pleasure and can continue to do so. But years from now when I'm looking back on my life, I don't want to count my son as one of my lovers. Can you understand me?"

I was pretty miffed by this but wasn't sure why. Even a week or two ago I didn't want to actually fuck her. Even oral sex seemed too far. But having recently concluded that I wanted sex with her, now it seemed so unfair, even though it wasn't.

"I guess so" sounding more begrudging than I had any right to be. "Sorry, I shouldn't have mentioned it."

"No, that's fine love. I'm glad you can tell me things. But let's enjoy what we have. After all, how many women do you know that love to touch and suck your cock?"

That settled me down. "Well when you put it that way..." and I leaned over and kissed her. We kissed some more and I started to feel that tingling again.

"Look Andy. It's almost bedtime. Tell you what. Do you know what 69 is?"

Duh. I just assumed it had been invented by my generation. "Of course Mom."

"Have you ever done it?"

"Of course. Once."

"Well are you UP for trying it again?"

Vigorous nod.

"Goodie. Let's brush our teeth and rendezvous in my bedroom."

My mother went first and when I entered her bedroom, she was lying naked on the bed.

"Come lie down beside me Andy."

I did and she half rolled on to me with her wet crotch on my upper thigh and one hand stroking my cock. We kissed and I played with her breasts with one hand while caressing her ass with the other. We kept this up for a minute or two and then she pulled away and started slowly kissing her way down my front. As she neared my hard cock she swung her hips around and lowered her pussy to my face. I could feel her mouth close around my cock and I started licking her slit.

Damn, this felt so intimate. Her pussy was jammed in my face and my cock was in her mouth! Her pussy lips were kind of short and I always felt they struggled to push out from those curly blonde pubes. They kind of rasped on my face but I licked the lips a lot and thrust my tongue inside. She pushed back and for a spell I was tongue-fucking her. Meanwhile she was giving my cock the up-and-down treatment and I knew we wouldn't last long.

Sure enough, I could feel another blast coming. I started sucking in her clit while she pumped down hard on my face. Plenty soon I started shooting into her mouth and from her moans and groans, she must have come too. She sagged on me and for a minute or so we just lay there panting. Then she got off, pulled up beside me and gave me a wide wet kiss that took in much of her pussy juices on my face.

"Well how was that?"

"Wow Mom. That was pretty erotic."

"Yeah, erotic alright. And it felt so fucking great. Say, why don't you stay here tonight?"

"You mean...?"

"Yes. I'd love to wake up beside you."

We didn't talk much after that and I fell asleep quickly. Five or six orgasms in 24 hours have that effect. In the morning as I was regaining consciousness, I was spooning my mother with my morning wood poking between her upper thighs. I gradually started to hump when I felt her hand touching my cock from between her legs. She raised her left and pulled me so my cock was now brushing her pussy lips.

"This was it!" I thought. "I'm finally going to fuck her!" So I angled and pushed and felt myself starting to enter.

"No, like this." She held my cock and rubbed it against her pussy lips and clit. I got the message and tried to match her rhythm. It may not have been the real thing but it felt mighty

fine. I reached over and played with her nipples as she kept jerking me against her pussy.

It didn't take too long and I was again coming. And I think she did too. My cum was messed around my cock and her hand so she wiped off her hand with a Kleenex and sucked my cock clean with her mouth.

We settled into a new routine for the next couple of weeks. Plenty of kissing and oral; fewer handjobs. I'd sleep with her on Fridays and Saturdays and a couple of times she woke me up with a blowjob. Once when we were spooning in her bed I kind of tried to slide my cock into her but she shifted away, wordlessly.

I still wanted to have real sex with her but the blowjobs and daily orgasms or two were a satisfying compensation prize. And we might have continued like this except...well, you knew there'd be an 'except', didn't you?

It was now mid-June and the oral hadn't let up. One Saturday evening we'd been watching TV and fooling around, taking turns with some oral action. At one point I was lying back and my mother was sitting on my face and basically fucking it. I got off on the overall intimacy and the intense aroma of her pussy, though it was hard to do as

much with my tongue. After she'd come this way, she got off me.

"Anders, give me a minute and then come to my bedroom."

When I entered I saw her laid back with her legs open missionary-style.

"I'm ready" she breathed.

Except I wasn't. I'd only come once that evening and while my cock was just semi-hard, it was easily rousable. No, it wasn't that. It just seemed, oh, too easy, too automatic. Like there should have been more tension, more hesitation, more of a build-up before taking that final step. I must have paused too long because...

"Andy, is something the matter?"

"Ah, well, um, I mean..."

Now she was sitting up with her legs closed. "What is it?"

"I don't know. I'm not..." To my shame I was now on the verge of tears, though I'd be damned if I would let that show. Instead, I went to her and hugged.

"I don't know Mom. I guess I'm not as ready as I thought."

Now she seemed overcome as I felt a couple of silent sobs.

"Oh Anders, it's all been too much for us. I feel awful at how I've pushed us, you, into this."

"Mom, you didn't. It just happened. It's just..." The rest of the sentence failed to materialize.

"Go now. We'd best sleep in our own beds and we'll talk tomorrow."

Man oh man. Another of these "we'll talk tomorrow" finales. Except that in the past it was because we'd gone too far. I wasn't sure how I'd handle this one, though I reminded myself that I was never sure how I'd handle the previous ones. Somehow that wasn't as reassuring as it was meant to be.

Next morning was quiet. My mother just muttered stuff about coffee and lunch and wouldn't look at me directly. I

didn't want to take the lead either. Finally by late afternoon she broke the ice.

"Anders, I think we both know now that we let things get out of hand. I don't want either of us to beat ourselves up for anything we've done but surely you can see that we must go back to a normal mother and son relationship."

Well, this wasn't quite as painful as I feared but it still left me in the unpleasant position of having to reply.

"I guess you're right Mom."

"That's all you have to say?"

Nod.

She looked as though she was about to deliver the follow-up part but instead just scowled, shook her head and turned away.

The next few days were strained. I'd picked up a part-time job at the library which included three evenings. So we weren't at home together so much. One evening that we were she spoke up.

"Anders, there are a couple of invitations I should tell you about. Your Aunt Anita called to invite us to a Thanksgiving fest in California. And Mr. Dobbin (one of our old neighbors) called about a neighborhood barbeque next weekend. Sort of an end-of-school start-of-summer get-together."

"California? What's up with that? And isn't Thanksgiving a long way off?

"I know. As for California, your Aunt Greta used to live on a commune there. Apparently they're celebrating its 25th anniversary so there's a reunion centred around Thanksgiving."

I hadn't travelled much and was plenty keen to see California. "Sounds great Mom, but can we afford to go?"

"No, not at present. But I said I'd tell you. Now what about the Dobbins' barbeque?"

"That should be OK. I wouldn't mind seeing the old neighborhood again and some of the neighbors too."

"Good. Same here. It's this Sunday. We don't need to bring anything and we'll have to take the bus."

Sunday rolled around and I tried to figure out the bus schedule. Although ours was a small city (or large town), we were on one side and our old neighborhood was on the other. Sunday service was much reduced and we'd have to transfer downtown. So what would have been a 20 minute drive looked to be well over an hour by transit.

We didn't talk much on the bus and finally arrived. There was quite a crowd and I was glad to see some of the kids from my old neighborhood. The ones around my age had mostly gone to the out-of-town state college and one had even gone to Yale, about which she let everyone know. They seemed happy enough to see me but I got the feeling they were under-impressed at my choice of the town's community college.

Fortunately there was one cute girl named Sheryl who had just finished high school. She too was thinking of the community college and we hit it off.

Meanwhile my mother was surrounded. With the weight loss she looked much better than before and a few of the men were chatting her up while their wives hovered nearby monitoring the situation.

One in particular, Howard Pike, seemed to be coming on to her. He was the neighborhood loudmouth, had a couple of drunk driving arrests to his credit and a couple of separations too. Now he was back with his wife but for how long, I wondered.

He'd been overly solicitous in getting her drinks and was conspicuously trying to charm her.

"Hey Rose, I always thought you were a 10 but now you're an 11." Followed by a bellowing laugh as though he'd just said something very funny.

Meanwhile I was enjoying chatting up Sheryl. She had the typical girl-next-door looks. About 5'8", slim, average sized breasts, a couple of freckles, dark brown hair in a pony-tail and a pleasant smile. She laughed at my jokes and had lots of questions about college and how I was getting on living with my mother. I stuck to the college questions.

At one point both my mother and I were inside in the kitchen fetching ice and soft drinks.

"How are you enjoying yourself Andy? That Sheryl seems taken with you."

"It's pretty good, though some of the kids are snobbier than I remembered."

"Oh, like Karyn. Can there be anyone here that doesn't know she's going to Yale?"

I laughed. "Probably not. And if there is someone, I wondered what they've been up to all afternoon. And what about you? Mr. Pike has been paying you a lot of attention."

"It's been nice to see some of the old crowd. As for Howard, the attention's been fun but I'd have to be pathetically desperate to take up with him. I'm surprised his wife took him back."

At that point others came into the kitchen and we retreated outside. It was late afternoon and the Dobbins, our hosts, asked if anyone cared for an afternoon swim. We hadn't brought bathing suits so of course Mr. Pike suggested a skinny dip, laughing loudly again. No one wanted to take him up on it and since by now he was slurring his words, I could see a couple of the men talking to him. Shortly thereafter he and his wife left.

The Dobbins assured Mom and me that they could find us suits but knowing the lousy bus connection, we declined and said our goodbyes.

Being a Sunday evening, the bus was uncrowded and because we were smelling of alcohol, we sat near the back.

"So Mom, you weren't tempted by Mr. Pike's skinny-dip proposal?" I said it teasingly and didn't expect a straight answer.

"Oh, I was tempted alright."

"Really? You? I thought you weren't keen on Mr. Pike."

"Oh, it wasn't Mr. Pike I had in mind." She smiled and put her head closer to whisper, even though no one was sitting within six rows of us. "It was you. I've missed seeing you naked." Followed by a soft giggle.

Whoa! I was a little worked up between flirting with Sheryl and the three or four drinks I'd had. Things had been frosty between Mom and I but now I was enjoying the forwardness.

I whispered back, "Oh yeah? Well I wouldn't have minded seeing you naked either."

"Well play your cards right and maybe you will."

"Fair enough. Just give me a nudge if I'm about to misplay them."

"Oh, I'll give you more than a nudge."

"Like what."

"Well nothing here on the bus. But back home..."

"Yes?"

"First, we get out of these clothes. Then we make out in the hallway. I give your cock a few squeezes and you suck on my breasts."

"Do go on."

"Then I take you by the cock and lead you to my bedroom. You lie down, I fuck your face for a while, and then I turn around and we 69 until we come. Or something like that."

"Wow. You've really thought this out."

"I've been fantasizing about it for a couple of hours now. Are you OK with it?"

Even though there was no one sitting with half a dozen rows of us, I whispered. "More than OK Mom. I've missed sucking on your pussy lips and you sucking my cock." Her eyes widened and she smiled while I looked around in case there were hidden mikes.

"Well you won't have to miss it for long. Though it feels that way with this damn bus."

We didn't say much the rest of the trip. It was only about 20 minutes but it felt like hours. Finally last our stop arrived and we quick-marched the couple of blocks to our apartment.

We were the only ones on the elevator and my mother embraced my and kissed me hard. "Is my baby's cock ready to have his mother's lips wrapped around it?"

"It sure is."

"And is my baby's tongue ready to enter his mother's pussy?"

I stuck my tongue out at that. She responded by sucking it in. She stopped when we arrived at our floor and resumed the quick-march to our apartment. Once inside I grabbed her but she shimmied away with a smile. "First Anders, I have to pee and I'm going to brush my teeth."

She went to the bathroom but didn't shut the door. I watched as she pulled off her slacks and panties. Then she sat down and while I couldn't really see anything, I could hear a strong stream hitting the toilet bowl.

She smiled as she looked straight at me. "Your mother is feeling extra naughty tonight." Eventually the stream ended and she stood up, wiping between her pussy lips with a wad of toilet paper. Then she took a wash cloth, soaked it, and rubbed some more. "I don't want the taste of pee to put you off. Now you'd better relieve yourself as I don't want any interruptions later."

She began brushing her teeth while I looked vacant and confused. "Come on Anders. Get out of those jeans and relieve yourself."

I got the first part but had a mighty erection which made it impossible to pee. My mother sized up the situation and sighed.

"Oh Anders, I know what I have to do." She sat back down on the toilet and gestured me to approach her. I had to bend over a little and she took my cock in her mouth. She worked it up and down and rubbed my ass, eventually pushing her fingers between my ass cheeks. She continued to suck passionately and fingered my asshole. This was new to me and even though I thought it was something I shouldn't like, the sensation was mind-blowing. And soon enough, cock-blowing.

It felt like the biggest spurt of my life and I cried out "MOM!" She tried to swallow it but some seeped down her chin. She got up and kissed me. I could taste some of my cum in her mouth and while I wasn't crazy about the flavor, the act itself seemed pretty erotic.

"Now have your pee and meet me in the bedroom."

Done and done. I figured I might as well strip off and entered the bedroom, completely un-erect. She was under the covers and smiled brightly.

"Lie down with me Anders." We kissed some and stroked each other. Another erection wasn't on the horizon but the intimacy felt great. Then she got up on her knees and leaned over my lifeless cock.

"I think he needs some encouragement." She started giving it little licks and kisses interspersed with gentle manual stroking. Nothing yet. Then she shifted her position so her backside was inches from my face. The clear view of her pussy along with its smell gave me a twinge. Then another. "Oh Anders, I think I felt a heartbeat."

I started stroking her already wet pussy. She took my slightly stiffening cock into her mouth and shifted again so her pussy was right in my face. I breathed in the aroma and then started licking. With her bucking hips and my wild tongue-swipes, I couldn't get a fix on any one place but from her muffled sounds, she seemed to be enjoying it. By now I was hard again and we kept up the 69-ing for another minute of two.

Just as I reached maximum erection, she stopped and got off me. "Anders, there's something I want to try."

"This was it" I thought. "She actually wants to fuck me." And I was ready. Maybe it was missing the sexual activity or maybe it was Mr. Pike with his clumsy flirting but there was no doubt in my mind. I wanted to fuck her very badly.

"Yes?"

"Anders, there was one time when I was riding your face and I came really hard. Would you mind if we did that gain?"

Not at all what I had in mind but I remembered it being pretty sexy. So I nodded and took her hand.

She straddled me, rose up on her knees and slowly lowered her crotch over my mouth. I got my tongue working and slid it into her pussy. We alternated between this and her sliding around so I could suck on her clit. From time to time she reached back and squeezed my cock. Her humping got more intense and with one great thrust she came, crying out "Oh Anders."

That elicited a thump from downstairs. She smiled with her hand over her mouth and began to slide down my. As her pussy got closer to my cock she put her finger over her mouth and raised her eyebrows. I nodded and felt her pussy making contact with my cock.

She was soaking and I was hard and slipped right in. Because of the thump we didn't speak but I remember feeling happier than I ever had. My cock was now inside my mother's pussy. I was fucking her and she was fucking me.

She put her hand on my cheek and we kissed. We kept humping and I caressed her ass. But mostly I was revelling

in the knowledge and feeling that my cock was sliding in and out of my mother's cunt. Christ, how she could transform from a normal mother to this sexual beast was, well, I wasn't much for complicated thoughts. Instead I kept thrusting, caressing and enjoying the tight warmth of her slick pussy.

Soon enough I felt that pressure building and wanted to signal it to my mother. I had no idea what a "Mom-I'm-going-to-come" face might look like but tried one anyway. It involved wide open eyes and other stuff I'd rather forget. But she caught on and nodded. I was still a few thrusts away and just as I could feel the semen about to erupt, I gave her ass a strong squeeze.

The volume may not have been there but the intensity of the spurts sure were. And I couldn't keep my mouth shut. "Oh Mom!" Loudly.

"Fuck Anders. Oh fuck!" Loudlier.

She collapsed on me and I put my arms around her, my cock still in her pussy. Then from below, "Keep. It. DOWN!" THUMP THUMP THUMP.

My mother stifled laughter and put her hand over her mouth, whispering "I don't care how much we bothered him.

That was fucking glorious. But what do we do now, and in the future?"

"Mom, I want to fuck you as often as possible. And for the future, I guess I'll be taking the stairs to the 7th floor too."