

**Mom and I in our old age 01**  
(Older mother and son discover kinky wet mutual interests)

IMPORTANT!

This story contains kinky fetishes with pee, and incest between older mother and son.

DO NOT READ further if those things offend you, or you find the categories disliking!

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My mom and I have had our ups and downs in our relationship, you might say. Sometimes it has been very turbulent and stormy, and sometimes it has been better than best, and we were closer than ever before.

I've been alone for quite some time now, and I really miss female company. It has made me sometimes look at my mother as more than just a mother, which of course I did back in college too. Almost every visit back home ended up in extra sticky wash in the hamper, when I smelled like a madman in her panties...and squirt my cum in bras, panties and dresses.

And now, here we were...30 years later. And I'd just shot my load in her dress she usually wears when she cleans...and just like before, I had been completely euphoric about the smell in her panties when I sprayed the dress.

Mom wore different dresses, of course. This was an "old rag", she did not want to throw away, but now used when cleaning the apartment. And she didn't wash it very often. Which suited me very well, because I really liked to see my old sinful spots in it. Dried sperm from my last visits to her.

Sometimes I seized the opportunity when she was in the laundry room, or in the store or just resting. When she was resting was the best. Because that was the highest risk of being caught, the tension increased a lot.

I remembered we talked about older women in college, and thought several of us had real MILF's. And speaking of moms we'd love to fuck...was I now standing here, again. With her panties over my face, which smelled of both old cunt and pee... and with her cleaning dress tightly squeezed around the cock and ejaculated in it like old times. Just as mom came up from the laundry room and opened the front door.

"Stephen, can you help me carry, please."

"Sure, just a second...I'm just going to. I'm in the bathroom."

Put the dress on the hanger, pretend-flush in the toilet, and quickly out and help.

Mom was getting older but she was alert, mobile, and really fresh for her age. Really fresh.

Some things she couldn't do on her own, but still relatively much. I think she liked having me here. And I liked being here too. Was a very good fit for both of us.

When the laundry was tucked away, the coffee was made and mom came out of the bathroom...she sat down. Not across where she usually sits, but the chair next. Pretty close, and she was holding something in her hand, too.

I noticed she didn't use the toilet when she was inside...just fixed up a little, before she came out and sat down next to me. With her cleaning dress in her hand.

"It's been a long time for you now, Stephen, hasn't it? Long time since you were with a woman?"

"Mmm," I replied nervously, while my mother took my hand in hers.

"Do you feel such a longing for a woman that you've again done like when you were a young college-boy, and used my underwear to help yourself in your room and on the toilet? Or is there anything else that's made me have stains from you little here and there...now again, after so long?"

What, she knew? I thought I hid the evidence so well...then.

"Well?", she said, and woke me up from my daydream.

I'm older now, and I think you should stand up for what you do and feel. So I said a little quietly, "Hhrrm, I guess it's because I'm missing a woman.....and....eh... I think you always were a woman who suited me in every way. Both back then and today."

"I see. In retrospect, and with my panties and cleaning dress in my hand, maybe I was wrong not to let you live out your dirty college-desires with me then... or at least some of them."

She was quiet. Sat and thought, probably for a minute. Then she said, "I'm old, but I also long for things...that hasn't happened for a very long time. And how do you feel about getting a chance with your old mom today? Maybe you don't want this so long after...even if the things here say otherwise. But clothes are one thing and reality another..."

...I just sat quietly, with a little hope in my eyes...and with nodding head.

Mom got up. Took off her blouse and pants. And now I noticed she wasn't wearing a bra. The panties showed a pair of light yellow spots on the front. And then, she put on the cleaning dress. So now she was standing there, without a bra and with the dress on that I had just come in, and it was getting really tight in my pants, really tight.

"Take off your shirt, my little boy. We can care for that. And then I want to feel your skin against mine, too. But first, I want you to do to me, like you usually do with my panties...if you smell and lick them because you like the way I smell and taste down there. So, now is your chance that you've been dreaming about for so long. Smell me...as much as you want. Do you want to? Come on, I'm going to go make the bed. Maybe you'll see something you like..."

When I hung up my shirt and came into the bedroom, my mother stood and "made the bed" at the back against the wall, so she stretched out. And the dress went up a long way.

To be able to shove my face into my mother's butt when she bent over during cleaning or other things had been a lifelong dream. And now I was standing here in the doorway, with VIP invitation to the best place.

I got on my knees behind her so enticing backside, and now I wasn't going to wait a second longer...I shoved my face into her dress-covered adorable butt...and inhaled the deepest breath I could. It smelled wonderful!

Sooo long I've been waiting for this. And any way she'd have smelled now, it would have been perfect. I pulled the dress up and the panties aside. And back into the rear and new deep breaths again!

After a moment inside her fragrant butt, mom asked if I wanted to smell her front too? I wanted that, to say the least! And since I already was at the right height...we just switched places. I sat on the floor and put my head against the bed, and my mother lifted the dress and stood wide-legged over me. Lowered a little, so I got her pretty strong smelling panties right on the mouth and nose. They smelled strongly of both pee and her pussy. I got so excited that I grabbed her buttocks and pushed her into my face. I wanted to get as far in as I could in the loveliness.

After too short a while, my mother moved. She said she couldn't stand like that anymore. Disappointed, I had a sultry face, a la teen grumpy....which she saw. And immediately said, "So my good boy, don't be cranky now. Here mommy's going to get you more good to smell and taste...as long as she can go to the bathroom first."

I immediately thought. No way she's going to walk away now. And while she took off her panties right in front of me, showing off her hairy old pussy, I was wondering if I really want this? Well-used panties that smell strong from all sorts of things are one thing, and cuntjuice is one thing....

But as soon as she took off her panties, and gave them to me on the way to the toilet, I grabbed her legs, and gently but firmly turned her against me...completely ignoring the panties she was holding out. Now I had the source within reach, and almost licking-range...

"But, are you sure? You want me to pee on you? But it's going to come on the floor, and..."

"No Mom, I don't want you to just pee on me. Maybe some other time...but right now, I want to smell and taste your nice mommy-pussy. The one I've dreamed of for so many years. I want to lick you as good as I can. And I want you to pee out everything you need to pee in my mouth. I want to smell, taste and drink everything that comes from you. And I just need to swallow all your wonderful pee mom. I have to swallow it now! Please let me drink you..."

Now she didn't ask again. Only put her damp, slightly gooey old pussy straight to my mouth. I couldn't believe it! It was mom's hairy pussy I stuck my tongue in and drew deep smells out of...

I'd barely had time to think about it, and get even harder. I'd unbuttoned my pants...before Mom started peeing. A few drops came from the start, so it was easy to swallow while I licked and enjoyed her mixing smells from the pussy. One minute it smelled musty and a little gagging, and the next minute it was the exact opposite...I never wanted to stop licking and tasting all of her juices.

And now she let go completely, and filled my mouth right away. It was better to lick the juices that came from her pussy, and the dried pee in her panties. But it was my mother's pee I had my mouth

full of, and I didn't want to miss a drop of it. So I just swallowed, licked, and whisked around with my tongue...

And soon after she filled my mouth a couple of times, she got off me and sat on the bed.

It happened so fast after she peed, and I naturally followed around and kept licking her...

She lay back in bed, pushing me on the head.

"Oh, my darling, I can't take anymore right now. Come up to me on the bed. Come up and hold me. Take off your pants and socks, so we lie skin to skin and feel each other's warmth."

I lay down next to her, twisted her, so I ended up behind. Didn't want to show my super hard boner.

We lay like that and just cuddled. I held her from behind, around her breasts, and with my hard on between her buttocks. Which had resulted in no slack in the slightest...if anything, then a little more throbbing hard.

After a while, mom turned around, grabbed the cock and started gently pulling up and down. While she was doing it, she looked me in the eyes...and moved her face closer to me. Now her breasts touched my chest...and her lips lay softly against mine.

Before I could move, or open my mouth, she said, "My dear beloved boy. If you knew how good you did for me with everything you did. It was so nice, so nice. And it feels so good now that I don't want us to move, ever. I want you to stay the night, if you want to, of course. But before we do anything else, I want you to have a good time, too. And the stiffy I hold and see down there seems to agree with that."

When she said the last thing, she rubbed my cock up and down outside her damp pussy, and pressed her mouth against mine. She opened her lips so our tongues could find one other.

I felt like I won't be able to last very long, regardless of my previous jerk-off-session. This was just too good. So playing with our tongues, I said "I probably won't..."

I didn't have time to say more until my mother brought me fully into her.

I was at the bottom with my cock in her warm wrapping pussy, and I came, just pumped out sperm inside her...pumped and sucked on her lip so hard.

After I returned from the effort to make sure my mother was filled to the brim with seed from her son...we just lay and looked at each other for quite a while.

Then she turned around and said, "We'll eat later tonight, but I want to sleep with you a while before. Come really close to me, hold me from behind...put your arms around my breasts. It's so nice, and I want to go to sleep like that now. With you beloved son...my son, and my perfect wonderful lover."