

Mom and I in our old age – with her friend
(Mom's lady friend comes to dinner and sexy dessert)

Continuation from "Mom and I in our old age 01"

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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After moms and my absolutely wonderful afternoon, and evening...and morning after, had my visits to her become a little more frequent, but not too often. We wanted things to be good between us and if we longed a little, things just got even better when we met each other.

I'd been out on the road for a week on work-stuff. And of course we had longed for each other in the meantime. And of course we had sent some silly messages saying that we lacked to touch, kiss, taste the other...etc. I'd even sent her some daring pictures. Had a few drinks when I ate one night, felt extra daring...and sent. And regretted. But now it was done. And Mom said she liked them, but she wanted me with her for real. That's what mattered.

I was home again, and was coming to my mom that night, we'd agreed. Sleep over, of course, and shop beforehand. But now I had rescheduled and shopped earlier, so I was on my way by to carry up the grocery bags...before I fixed the last things, and came back.

As I walked through the door, I saw a couple of extra shoes in the hallway, and heard some talk and laughter in the kitchen. And they both got spooked when I said hello. It was my mother's friend who lived next door, and now sitting in the kitchen talking to my mom. Bothered me a bit, because I was going to sneak something inappropriate in before I went on my way...and now it didn't happen.

I was just about to say that, I'll see you later, and leave, when I saw Mom holding her phone, and they were both looking at something there. I don't know why, but I took a step forward...and saw...myself...

They were looking at the nudes I sent.

I got dark red in the face, and wanted to vanish entirely.

Then it quickly turned into irritation, and anger. Why did she sit and show the pictures like that?

So, I said, "Yes, here's the food. And why don't you two eat it? You and I can talk some other day, Mom. If you don't have anyone else here then, showing my pictures too. See ya, bye."

I thought I was going to get a call or message before I got to the car, but half an hour passed before she called.

“Stephen, I understand you were upset about what you saw. And you weren't supposed to come right then, when we were gossiping about our little secrets. And about you. But you should feel proud. She thinks like me, you're a beautiful and sexy man and she's jealous of you and me.”

“What! You told here about us, what we did?”

“Well, not everything, of course. But roughly speaking...so...yes. But she won't tell anyone. It's her and me hanging out, at least that way. And then I also did it out of compassion. She's so lonely, and it's been so long since she's experienced anything. Kind of like me...before it became you and I. And you got credit; she wished she had a son or husband who wanted to do those things to her.”

“Hmm, did she say that? Mmm, that is actually nice to hear. And a little arousing at the same time. Maybe I should come over as planned anyway? I'm thirsty for wine and hungry. And it's not just food and wine I long for...”

"It sounds very good, you are most welcome. Big kiss to you, dear son.”

“Hey Mom, I'm here again.”, I cried cheerfully excited in the hallway while I hung my jacket.

I got a glass of wine in my hand and a big kiss on the mouth. It was kind of a short kiss, but it felt a little electric anyway...and immediately started moving in the pants. I think it was a combination of yearning and her mouth tasting wine. And that I was excited and full of expectations.

“Sit down baby, the food will be ready in a minute or two. And sure, I have a surprise for dessert. There will be double desserts. Partly your favorite...my apple pie and custard, and partly a new one that you haven't tasted. But I think you're going to like really well.

Barely had she finished the sentence, before the handle on the front door opened, and her friend came in.

“Hello, is it okay to come in?”

"Yes, for me it's not a problem, but it's my son who gets to decide. Is that fine with you?

I didn't think about what mom said before about her lady friend, but mostly how we quickly could get rid of the extra guest, so I said, “I guess it'd be fine if we ate together.” “Not too long.”, I added.

“He's so cute, the son of mine. Cute polite, too.

I know you don't want Irene to eat with us...of course you want us to be alone, you and me.

But I thought maybe you could make it as good for her tonight as you did for me.

Nothing we raised in advance or I've asked...so it comes a little abruptly. But that's not entirely wrong, is it? She looks nice, and that's every man's dream, to have sex with two women at the same time, right? Even though we have come of age.”

“So, how do you feel...are you okay with double desserts? Can you handle two older ladies tonight?”

Embarrassed, I nodded so it was barely noticeable.

“Perfect. Let's drink to that. Come, stand next to us...let's be close when we toast.”

“...did you bring?”, almost whispered Mom to Irene. Who nodded. Shy, but clear.

Irene took her purse...fished a little...and up she took. She was holding a pair of panties in her hand.

"I thought you could get a smell and taste of my friend here, before dinner. So she brought some used panties. Maybe you don't have to sit down and jerk off at the table...more get used to and arouse yourself to her scents.”

When my mother said the last thing, she slowly, but firmly, brought the panties up to my nose and mouth.

Wow, what a smell. It was similar to my mother's...but stronger. Smelled like pee and sweat, and a lot of pussy. Very much...and not dried up either. Both smell and mucus felt fresh.

They whispered something short, and mom laughed.

"Ah, Irene had forgotten about the panties, so she had taken them off in the elevator, on her way up. And rubbed a little extra before you got them. So that's almost her, your face is wearing now. So fresh is what you smell and taste. Not bad, huh?
Look, he's having the panty with the cuntstains and all in his mouth, thinks he likes the way you taste.”

I saw my mother thinking.

“I'm going to be a little jealous. But there's still time left on the food, and Irene has been without much, for so long. So I thought you could sit on the couch and kiss each other while Irene gets her breasts nicely caressed.
I'll check on the food, drink wine, and look at you. How does that sound?”

I'd gotten so horny off her panties; my shirt came off in a flash. And after Irene got her blouse off, we sat down on the kitchen sofa and kissed. I caressed her breasts and she stroked my chest...and I was getting pretty excited. I opened my mouth and wanted to see if we could get some tongue kissing...and at the same time I unbuttoned my pants, so I got my aching boner out.

Irene looked down at my erection. And I took the hand she had on my chest and brought it down...directly on. And said a little quiet, “...jerk off a little.”

“No, what do I hear...have you come so far already. That was supposed to be dessert. Well, I might as well turn down the stove then, and we'll start with the desserts. Fortunately the food stays.”

“Stephen, why don't you get down on your knees and take a good look under Irene's dress? She's a little behind us. So why don't you start by licking her? Maybe she can ride you later while you lick your mom. That's what we do.
Get down now. Get on the floor and munch on my friends cunt dear.”

I automatically slid to the floor, and now I was sitting there between Irene's legs, looking straight up her crotch.

It was pretty dark in the kitchen and she had so much hair, clearly more than mom, so it was hard to see exactly where to lick. But I mildly pulled her legs apart and dove straight in. Put my mouth straight to what I thought was right. And Irene called out upstairs. So I think that was the right spot.

Like mom, it was both hairy and a little gooey. And smelled like pee. But all that just made me crazier in licking. Deeper and into every nook I found that tasted and smelled something. I really enjoyed it down there on the floor.

“Hey down there, now you've been licking her for a long time. No matter what you both feel, I want to be licked now. Stephen, go into the bedroom and lie down on the bed...then Irene sits down on you and puts your cock inside her. Get in now, both of you. There are many of us who wants to enjoy.”

I got up, went into the bedroom and lay down on the bed. Irene sat right on me and started jerking me off a few yanks. Then she moved up a little bit and put me inside her welcoming pussy. She sat still on me and squeezed my dick; it was unexpected...and very nice.

I didn't have time to think anymore, because now my mother came up to bed and straddled my chest. Before she moved further up, she said, "I just went to the bathroom and peed. We'll have to take it one thing at a time, now that we have guests. But I'm going to give you a little extra...so I didn't dry myself, of course. And I took the last pee in my hand and smeared it all over. My son needs to get a really pissy mommy cunt to taste, now that it's been so long..."

And with those words, she pressed herself hard on my mouth. Oh, it smelled pissy to say the least. Almost stench. And gooey hairs in the mouth wow...it was almost too much at once. I gagged, and was going to push her away...but just then Irene moved and squeezed so nice down there, and I got a smell from mom, who felt like I was coming right away. So I took my hands...and instead of pushing away...I put my hands on her pussy, and spread her labia, so I saw mom's nice open pussy really well. A mother and a pussy, I so badly wanted exactly where they were right now.

And just like Irene's pussy, and several times before with Mom now...I started licking, tasting, swallowing, everything I could access. And smelled...inhaled extra deeply...was sooo horny now. And same with Irene, who was bobbing down there, moaning, and I heard of the sound that she touched and rubbed herself here and there.

So did Mom, I saw. She massaged one of her breasts and rubbed the clit eagerly, while pushing her sticky pissy pussy down on my face. Lifted up a little...looked smiling at me...and hard down again.

It felt like a longer moment, but it wasn't. We were all so excited, it was quick for us. My mother, I felt like she was getting some kind of ejaculation, and I hope that rubbing and bouncing Irene down there also got a nice orgasm and squirting done.

I hadn't come in a week, and was so over-excited by these two ladies...I filled Irene...I pumped so much sperm in her I felt sorry for her. Sooooo good I disappeared a little bit. Wooooow, that was something else. It felt so good. What a feeling...what a feeling...

“Well, let's say cheers again then. Now that we've come back from our squirts, orgasms and I don't know what...and managed to sit down at the table and eat the food. “

Irene toasted and then said, "I'm not home yet, but I have to say right now that this was probably the best dinner of my life. Thank you both so very much."

"Yes, my son is a good boy, helping us old ladies.
And if I know him right, it's not the last dinner we have together.
Cheers on you again!"