

**I Met My Mom  
at a Masked  
Orgy**

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<b>Category:</b>	Incest/Taboo
<b>Published:</b>	2023-04-07
<b>Updated:</b>	2023-04-07
<b>Packaged:</b>	2024-04-09 17:38:23
<b>Chapters:</b>	1
<b>Words:</b>	4,067
<b>Publisher:</b>	literotica.com
<b>Summary:</b>	Frank finds out his mom attends masked orgies.
<b>Erotica Tags:</b>	Creampie, Group, Group Sex, Mom, Son
<b>Average Rating:</b>	4.34

## I Met My Mom at a Masked Orgy

First of all, have no idea how or where orgies are held.

Soa, I don't care, it's just fiction.

Toa, have a nice read.

It's a one time story but I prefer writing more complex and interesting ones with two-three chapters. Hope you'll check them too.

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I still vividly remember those strange days, especially the very one. My friend, Josh, texted me a picture on my phone of my mother coming out of a club where people settle for orgies.

There was no mistaking her - my mother, Joan, aged 42 and still breathtakingly beautiful, emerged from the dimly lit club like a vision of sin. The photo captured her in all her glory - her curvaceous figure, ample bosom, and long, flowing brown hair - as though daring me to look away.

Dying of embarrassment, I convinced Josh it was just someone who looked like her. Josh had never been the sharpest tool in the shed, so of course, he believed it was just someone who looked like her.

I could feel my cheeks burning with shame as I tried to brush off the photo and pretend that everything was okay. But deep down, I knew that my world had changed forever. The realization that my mother went to such clubs or even had something to do with them stayed with me and weighted my soul for weeks. How could she do such a thing? Did she really participate there? The thought of my mother in such a place, surrounded by strangers and engaging in unspeakable acts, was almost too much to bear. I was 18, I had had sex a few times and my fantasy was running wild.

That afternoon was like any other. I was lounging on my bed, scrolling through my phone when my mother, entered the room. Her shorts showed off her toned legs, while her brown shoulder-length hair framed her face perfectly. Mom's green eyes sparkled as she moved towards me, applying a coat of lipstick to her plump lips. Josh, my best friend, always commented on how fit my mother looked like a MILF, but I never paid much attention to his remarks.

"I wanted to tell you something important, Frank. Your dad isn't here, so I'll just come out and say it.. My biology clock is ticking and I want another baby. We're planning to have one."

"Yes, cool, Mom. When are you thinking of having the baby?" I asked, forcing myself to sound enthusiastic.

"Well, we're still figuring out the details, but it's something we're definitely considering. We just wanted you to be the first to know."

"Thanks for telling me". I said unemotionally. I already knew that they want to have another baby. Their constant efforts over the past six months had been difficult to ignore, especially when I heard the muffled sounds emanating from their bedroom. But seems like dad's sperm is not as potent as it was.

"By the way, I'm off to see my friends," she said, glancing at me as she finished applying her lipstick. "Your father will be out late again tonight, so you'll be home alone. Don't bring anyone into the house, okay, Frank?"

"Sure, Mom," I replied absentmindedly, my gaze briefly dropping down to take in her bare legs. I quickly looked away, feeling a flush of embarrassment creep up my cheeks.

"Okay, bye," she said, giving me a quick kiss on the cheek before making her way to the door.

As she left the room, I couldn't help but follow her with my eyes, watching as her hips swayed with every step. I began to wonder if she was really going to see her friends, or if it was just a cheap excuse to cover up her true intentions. Maybe it wasn't her in that compromising picture after all. I knew I had to find out for myself.

When she left the house, I immediately followed her, dressed in inconspicuous clothing so that I would be harder to recognize.

As she walked, I noticed groups of guys leering at her attractive figure as they passed by, but I was used to this by now. After about twenty minutes, I recognized the location from the photo: the same street, but the club building still wasn't in sight.

"Could it just be a coincidence?" I wondered to myself.

But my doubts were soon erased as I caught sight of the building itself, and watched as my mother disappeared inside, a guard scanning her ID badge for entry.

So was it all true, what Josh had said? Had my mother really been keeping secrets?

Forgetting myself in my thoughts, I approached the guard without even realizing it. His gruff voice jolted me back to reality.

"Your pass," he barked.

My heart racing with fear and tension, I fumbled for an excuse. "Uh... I... I forgot it," I mumbled.

The guard's skeptical gaze bore into me. "Forgot it? Or don't have it?"

I knew I should confess, but the words caught in my throat. "I don't have it," I finally admitted.

"Got it. We're free for newbies today, fly in buddy." The guard smirked and kicked me roughly in the shoulder, sending me tumbling inside.

The unfamiliar smell hit me first as I stumbled into the lobby, which was eerily empty save for a lone girl at a makeshift reception desk. She eyed me with an odd smile.

"You're new, aren't you?" she asked. "I don't remember seeing you before."

I mumbled something unintelligible, eager to leave this strange place as soon as possible. But the girl wasn't done with me yet.

"The locker room is on the second floor, next to the stairs," she informed me. "And don't forget your mask."

She produced a strange mask covered in sequins and cheap jewelry, and handed it to me. My fingers closed around the mask's cheap jewelry and strange, glittering nonsense.

"Why do I need it?" I asked.

"To protect our clients' privacy," the girl replied. "It's better if nobody recognizes your face while you're here."

I hesitated for a moment. "Okay. And the locker room is on the second floor?"

The girl nodded, and I made my way up the stairs. As I climbed, I realized that the mask would allow me to observe everything without being noticed. The thought of my mother getting fucked without her even knowing I was seeing it gave me goose bumps for some reason, but I didn't give it much thought.

As I stepped into the locker room, a sudden, jarring shout startled me.

"Don't look at my face, man," a completely naked man barked from his locker near the entrance. "That's quite an outfit you got there. You homeless or something? Hit the shower before you come in, huh?"

He spoke with his back to me before disappearing behind another door. I sat down on an uncomfortable bench, my eyes fixed on the slits of my mask. It all happened so fast that I struggled to process what had just occurred.

I tried to consider my options. I could leave and avoid the strange and unsettling atmosphere of the locker room. But the thought of my mother participating in whatever was happening in this place made me shudder with anticipation and dread. My boner

suddenly went up and I remembered that I hadn't cum in almost two weeks in preparation for a date with one of my girl friends.

"Since I'm here, I have to go all the way," I resolved, determined to uncover the truth. I undressed quickly and stepped into the shower. As I emerged, I pulled on my mask, steeling myself for whatever lay ahead. I had made my decision, and there was no turning back now.

I stood at the door, completely naked, with a protruding boner, shifting from foot to foot. My mind raced as I tried to make sense of what was happening. "Don't think, act," I remembered my father's motto, which seemed completely inappropriate at this moment.

Taking a deep breath, I opened the door and stepped inside. The room was dimly lit, and the sound of moaning filled my ears, growing louder as I walked further in. It was a big room with pillows and heart-shaped beds scattered around. The dim red glow added an eerie ambiance to the scene before me - a mass orgy.

Naked men and women writhed and tangled together, all wearing masks that added an unsettling layer of anonymity to the proceedings. I stood frozen in place, taking in the sight before me. It was both fascinating and terrifying.

As my eyes adjusted to the dim light, I noticed that there were twice as many men as women, which struck me as odd. I stood there for a while, trying to process the scene and get used to the strangeness of it all. A slight chill ran through me as I realized that I was now a part of this, whether I liked it or not.

Several guys with flaccid dicks, tired and exhausted, came past me, apparently completely emptied of their balls. I finally pulled myself together and took a step forward, walking down the hall.

I'd forgotten all about how I got here in the first place. I tried to remember that I should look for my mom when I ended up near the group with the least number of guys. Three men, some in their 40s, some in their 20s, were fucking a girl. The sight gave me a little bit of a shiver. One was fucking her mouth, the other her pussy, and to the third one she was doing handjob. Apparently I was too close when I felt girl's other hand on my cock.

I got goosebumps of pleasure running down my back again, but she was wanking too hard and I had to stop her because I couldn't let myself cumming this early. I knew, for some reason, that I needed to save my cum for something else... Or someone else. I stepped away from that group, and continued to explore the room.

The dim lighting and the masks made it nearly impossible to distinguish one girl from another. My heart raced with anxiety as I scanned the faces, desperately searching for any sign of my mother.

Finally, I suddenly heard someone shouting behind me.

"You are so good, bitch. The best milf." Shouted the guy.

I turned around, six men were all around one woman, one guy was fucking her in the mouth, one in the ass, and one in the cunt. Two more were standing next to each other, jerking off, apparently waiting for their turn.

I stood next to them, trying to get a good look at the woman, and the guy who was waiting his turn suddenly talked to me.

"Wait your turn, buddy. I'm next."

I just nodded, not wanting to make a sound, and continued watching. In the frantic rhythm of sex it was hard to see her body or face, but suddenly a strange feeling, like an intuition, told me. It was her.

"Oooooo..... I'm cumming." Shouted the guy that was fucking her mouth. His whole body shuddered with pleasure, spurting his load right onto my mother's face. The guy backed off, making room for a new spot.

"No, not in my mouth - that's it for today." She said, breathing heavily, and I immediately recognized her voice.

"That's... her," I thought.

She turned her body toward me and I saw mom's big breasts with pink areolas drenched in someone else's cum, her hair hanging luxuriously to her shoulders.

"Let's go, boys. You two are the last ones for me tonight. My hands are still free...ohhhh..." She was still being fucked in the ass and pussy by two guys. She stretched out her hands to take hold of the dicks of the two guys that were in line.

"Damn...I'm not going to make it," I thought, shocked at my own thoughts.

But luckily, one of the guys overdid the jerking and cum early himself.

"What a shame," mom said as he cum on her leg.

I noticed the guy blush with anger and headed somewhere else. So I came up instead.

"Oohhhh...yeah, I'm close." Said the one fucking her cunt.

"Not inside. Remember," she said, wrapping her other hand around my cock.

I shuddered with pleasure at her touch.

"Oh-h-h-h-h," I mumbled softly, trying to keep my voice down. Soon she began to jerk me off with her gentle hand, and I was shaking with pleasure. Pinpricks of electricity tingled

across my skin, sending shivers down my spine. I could hardly believe that this was real, and the feeling that I was doing something forbidden only increased my pleasure. I knew that what I was doing was wrong, that it could have consequences. But in that moment, none of it mattered. The pleasure was too great, too all-consuming to ignore.

I hoped more than anything that she didn't recognize me. Luckily, she turned to the other guy and took his cock in her mouth, helping him with her hand. At the same time, she continued to masturbate my cock, her head movements making her hair touch the tip of my cock. I was afraid I was going to cum too soon, so I tried to pause the movements of her hand slightly.

I closed my eyes and surrendered myself to the moment, letting the sensations wash over me like a wave. For a brief, blissful moment, nothing else in the world existed except for this forbidden pleasure.

"Oh-h-h-h-h, mom...What am I doing... My own mother is jerking me off..." flashed through my head, and I bit my lip painfully, closing my eyes. "I don't care... It feels too good."

It was worth a great effort to restrain myself. I suddenly heard a squelching sound and something warm around my cock.

"Now it's your turn," I heard her voice, and at that moment her warm mouth embraced my cock. She took it in and began sucking on.

"Oh... yes..." I bit my lip even harder, probably to the point of bleeding, shuddering with pleasure. She was incredibly skilled at giving blowjobs.

"Cumming..." shouted one of the men who had been fucking her in the vagina. He tilted his head back, but she managed to pull his cock out and all the contents of the guy's balls were immediately on her stomach. "Mmm...Good boy..." She said. One hole had opened up, but I realized it too late. The other guy who got jerked off immediately took it.

"Oooh... you're the last one tonight," she said, fixing her hair and grabbing my cock with her mouth again.

I mentally cursed myself with anger. But the pleasure was still pounding in my head from her warm mouth.

"I'm...already...close." Said the guy that was fucking her ass, and I only then noticed that it was some strange man with a big beer belly. I turned away in disgust and happened to meet mom's eyes.

"Fool, fool. She shouldn't recognize you." I was suddenly filled with a sense of shame about what I was doing. For a split second I wanted to snatch my cock from her mouth and run away, but she held me too tight with her tongue. I was on the verge of releasing my balls and had already reached out to wrap my arms around her head to come deep in mom's

throat. But at that moment the guy who had been fucking her asshole screamed and apparently cummed.

We were the last ones with a guy who was fucking her cunt, rattling his balls against her bare skin.

"I want anal," he suddenly said.

She let go of my cock and I mentally thanked all the gods. She turned her back to the guy and he immediately thrust his cock right into her ass. My mom shuddered out of pleasure and moaned.

"I'm sorry, honey. But that's all for tonight." She said and I understood that those words were addressed to me.

"Was that really it? That's all?" I thought.

There I was, standing there with my dick wet from mom's mouth, watching the guy fuck my mom in her ass.

I wasn't ready to give up that easily. So I decided to wait. About a minute passed when the guy finally yelled.

"Oooh yeahh...I'm close."

"Come on...cum in my ass." she said.

The guy's body twitched, and I could tell by the look on his face that he was cumming. The next second he collapsed on mom's body.

"Yes, I can feel your cum throbbing in my ass." She cried out.

But he guy wasn't listening anymore, breathing heavily, plopping down on top. Without waiting, I came up behind him and gently threw the guy off my mother, standing in his place.

"I think that's it," she said before I guided my cock precisely into her vagina. I trembled with pleasure, my mind racing with excitement at the forbidden act I was committing, not believing what I was doing.

"Ooh...oh...you again?", she turned and looked at me. "Well no, I told you I was done for today." But I wasn't listening. I started moving deeper and deeper and at some point I knew by her moan that I had reached the deep spot inside her.

"Oh-h-h-h...wow", the only thing she could moan. "You are even bigger than my husband."

The mention of my father sent my pleasure skyrocketing to new heights. I began to move my hips back, gradually working my way through her vagina, she cried out again, and the sensation of pleasure hit my mind like a bus. Then I sharply pushed my cock back in, again and again. My movements were rhythmic and smooth, and I fucked my own mother with confidence and pleasure.

The whole world seemed to disappear, and I knew that I wanted to inseminate her. I did so again and again, thrust after thrust, entering and leaving her vagina. My hips moved back and forth in a wild rhythm.

As the sensation of ecstasy washed over me, I could hardly believe this was really happening. The intensity of the experience overwhelmed my senses. It was both strange and thrilling to be inside my own mother balls deep.

"Oh yes..fuck me. Fuck me", she cried out. I lay down on top of her completely, wrapping my arms around her big breasts and squeezing them hard. She squeaked again in pleasure.

Our bodies melded together in a passionate embrace, lost in the rapturous pleasure of the moment.

Despite the intensity of the moment, I couldn't help but feel a twinge of sadness at the thought that this might not last forever. But for now, I was content to simply savor the moment, lost in the sweet ecstasy. I grabbed her hair with my other hand and started fucking her like a bitch.

"Fuck me harder, fuck me", she kept moaning, squeezing my hand on her breast. I continued to fuck mom with incredible intensity, like an animal. A primal urge stirred within me, awakening a desire that I had never felt before. It was a raw and instinctual need to mate, an animalistic drive that I couldn't ignore. The thrill of the illicit act only intensified my pleasure, like a secret flame burning within me. I knew that I should stop, that I should turn back and resist the temptation, but the pleasure was too great to ignore.

"Oh-h-h-h... cumming" She suddenly cried out and the insides of her vagina clamped down on my cock with incredible force, the fluid filled her cunt and my each thrust was followed by slurping sounds.

"I hardly remember cumming that hard...oh-h-h-h-h. Just... don't cum inside," she whispered, trying to contain her pleasure. But I wasn't listening. My mind was consumed with desire, and I couldn't resist any longer.

Finally, my thrusts became jerky. It became hard to breathe, and with each thrust I felt as if the life was being sucked out of me, that some part of my body was leaving me inside my mom.

I suddenly remembered how she was talking about having a baby that day and it was enough to finally cross the line. Take my sperm instead of dad's. I felt my balls tighten with the tension and my cock shuddered almost in pain.

"Oh-h-h-h-h...cumming, Mom", I whispered as I silently as I could, squeezing her boobs with my all might.

The sensation of pure pleasure enveloped me, filling every fiber of my being with a warmth and contentment that I had never before experienced

My breath caught in my chest as the feeling intensified, radiating out from my core and spreading through my limbs until I was nearly weightless with delight.

I closed my eyes and surrendered to the overwhelming sensation, allowing it to wash over me in wave after wave of unbridled joy. For that one perfect moment, nothing else mattered as my mind focused solely on the blissful sensation enveloping me, and I started to cum inside her. It's a feeling of complete and utter contentment, a moment of pure joy that I never want to end.

"No, I said not inside", I could barely hear her voice, as I started to cum into my own mother. I could feel the torrents of hot sperm that had been waiting for two weeks leaving my balls and cock and flooding my own mother's womb. Explosion after explosion, flow and flow, inseminating her, filling her womb with my hot young full of life syrup. It felt like a part of me was coming out with it.

I cum for about thirty seconds; it was the best orgasm I ever had and probably the most intense, both in terms of the feeling and the amount of cum that left my body. I had never cum so much in my life.

"You just came inside me..." she said, breathing heavily.

I wasn't quite sure what I was doing, because the pleasure was still clouding my eyes. But it was as if a voice inside me told me that it was time to run. I quickly pulled my cock out of the pool of cum that was her vagina, and disappeared into the locker room. I had never changed so quickly before. I immediately ran up to the girl at the front desk and left the building.

It wasn't until I turned the corner that the reality of what I had just done hit me...I just come inside my own mother.

As soon as I got home, I practically ran to the shower. I stood there for what felt like hours, trying to wash away the guilt and shame that had taken root inside me. When I finally emerged, I felt a glimmer of hope that maybe, just maybe, I could still make things right.

Hours later, my mother returned home, but I couldn't detect any change in her behavior. Perhaps she hadn't noticed that it was me who had filled her with cum. Nevertheless, I couldn't help but feel guilt every time I looked at her, knowing what I had done.

For weeks, I tried to act as if nothing had happened. I watched my mother's every move, waiting for any sign that she knew. But there was no change in her behavior, no hint of suspicion in her eyes. Maybe, just maybe, I had gotten away with it.

Then, one day, my mother came to me with a beaming smile on her face. "I'm pregnant," she announced, her voice filled with joy.

My heart sank as I realized what that meant. I had participated in something unspeakable. I was responsible for bringing another life into this world.

I tried to push the thought away, to convince myself that it wasn't my fault. But deep down, I knew the truth. And as my mother's belly grew with each passing day, so too did my guilt and shame.