

# Mom and Rita

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This is a re-submission of this story, minus a few minor editing errors that slipped through the first time, but which have now been corrected.

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There had been rumours, years ago when she was younger, that my mother's best friend Rita had had affairs with a couple of her students. There had been much quieter rumours, years ago, that my mother Beth had bedded one or two of Rita's students herself. I was insulated from most of these stories, but they were nonetheless "out there" in the realm of the various urban legends that floated around this town, and I wasn't so naïve that I didn't know about Rita's reputation as a cougar. Since I was going to college in a different city now, all that was long behind me.

That was years ago too, mind you, when a student would actually have wanted to fuck Rita or my mother. Now that they're 54 and 55 years old respectively, it's doubtful either one of them could bed a young stud. I, of course, would be happy to lay down with either one of the lovely ladies. My mother especially.

Physically, they weren't really similar. Rita had a small face and an even smaller frame. She was quite pretty, with a square face that was highlighted with short dirty blonde hair. Tiny pert breasts topped off her narrow, flat tummy, which rose from her non-existent hips, which in turn led to a pair of small, almost bony legs. Her pasty inner thighs were just a little bit floppy now, and her tanned skin wasn't nearly as taught as it once had been, sagging now in all the right places. I'd love to nail the old party girl though.

Beth was much softer in looks, and much prettier. She was very much the Jaclyn Smith type, if you can remember that far back. A pretty, motherly face with huge brown eyes that sometimes hid under the brown bangs of her wavy, shoulder length hair. Her boobs were fatter than Rita's but not by much, providing a much fuller and more inviting cleavage. Her tummy, once flat as a board, now had the faintest pot on it, not a big one but a little more

meat than your typical twenty year old. She wasn't fat by any means but she had widened somewhat over the years, if you know what I mean.

Their bums were delightful. Mom's was wide and flat while Rita's looked small and bony in comparison. Both were soft and round enough though, and they worked well for them. Their legs were nice and smooth, with shapely calves on both of the ladies. Beth had a couple burst veins on her legs now and she too was a little sloppy on the inside thigh, but her gams were flattening in the back in the nicest of ways.

I was fascinated by the rumours about Rita, and of course by the complementary rumours about my mother, but I had never seen any indication that these women were anything but two normal, suburban, middle class, respectable ladies. Surely they had a completely innocent friendship and any rumours about their extra-marital sex lives were just stories out of school intended to take a shot at a hard-nosed teacher. I always wondered how my mother's name got involved in the plot, though, since she never worked after her kids had been born, and so she really wasn't known around town. In any event, stories about both of the ladies had once provided my endless wanking fantasies to spur on my horny young mind.

Fast forward about fifteen years and you arrive at the present day, when Rita has retired and she and my mother spend their days shopping and eating lunch. Good work if you can get it! I was visiting home for a few weeks last summer, catching up with old friends and re-visiting the hang outs of my youth, but had become horribly bored after the second week and really didn't know what to do with myself. On one particular day, Rita was having some work done on her house's foundation, and my mom was over there to keep her company while the repair work was being done. With nothing else on the go, I decided to walk over to Rita's place to have an afternoon drink with my mother and her old friend.

There was a work truck in the driveway of course, some masonry outfit. I walked along the side of the house to the back gate, figuring that's where the girls were hanging out. Rita has a huge grassy back yard, with a cozy patio up near the back entrance to her kitchen, and a tall hedge lining the outside of the entire property. As I walked

around the corner into the yard, the girls were at the other end of the house, outside, watching the workers digging up Rita's foundation, and chatting amicably. I leaned one shoulder against the back of the house and soaked up the view of these lovely, aging, fifty-something women.

My mother was wearing blue lycra shorts, far too short for a woman her age, but they displayed her shapely legs perfectly. Long but with what can only really be called baby fat, they weren't model-quality legs, but they certainly belonged on display. I loved the way they were widening just a bit in the back, and the way they flattened out and spread when she sat on the picnic table's bench. She was gently rocking her left leg side to side, obviously enjoying the view of the two workmen that she was soaking up, and this caused the slight pads of fat on the back of her thighs to flatten and spread over and over. I could imagine my mother's legs rocking in a similar fashion as she lay on her back, with me on top of her, slapping my pelvis against hers. Sitting there, she kind of reminded me of a schoolgirl sitting on a bench at lunch, watching the cute boy as she ate her sandwich. Except this girl was 40 years older than that imaginary schoolgirl!

Rita's legs, surprisingly, were very similar to Beth's, but even thinner. Hers didn't have the fullness of mother's but they too were softening as she got older, discolouring, and just starting to sag with age. Since Rita was wearing sophe shorts, I could make out the creamy white flab on her inner thighs as she sat chatting with my mother. My cock started to twitch.

The workers were an interesting pair in their own right. The guy in charge was about 35, a somewhat handsome black guy with a bit of beer belly, but not too much. His assistant was maybe twenty, a white guy with a harder body than his boss. It was an interesting mix, these two old ladies with these two younger fellows. Not having been seen by any of the players in the back yard, I decided to spy for a bit.

There was a high hedge that lined the perimeter of Rita's property, buttressed against her 8-foot wooden fence. Having played there as a kid, I knew that there was just barely enough room between the fence and the hedge for a person to walk between, and be hidden from both sides. So I went back to the gate to the backyard, and slipped

behind the hedge. I walked up along the side of the fence until I had a good view of the ladies, gently pushed apart a couple branches, and peeked through to watch the show.

Rita had stood up to pour my mother another glass of wine. As she leaned over, I was treated to a view of the sides of her breasts as they hung forward. She had small tits, but they were tasty looking indeed. Very white, pasty sacks of meat hanging from her rib cage. Beth took her glass of wine and stood up, allowing me a view of her womanly silhouette, narrow up top, a little wider at the hips, and somewhat narrower again down below. She certainly made one want to breed her. She walked over to the workers, who were digging in a trench along the foundation of the house, and leaned over at the waist to talk to them. I had a full frontal view as she bent over. Her b-cups hung low like Rita's, but filled out her sleeveless top so much more nicely, as she had so much more boob to display. I was treated to a wonderful show of my mother's tempting cleavage, and it was clear that the workers were enjoying the view as well. I wondered what was going on, as mother must surely have known that she was putting her goods on display, and that wasn't like her at all.

The men, for their part, were eating the women with their eyes. They likely didn't spend much time flirting with women in their 50's but since they were the only show available right now, why not? The girls kept looking at each other and giggling while they flirted; it was a weird setup.

Rita and Beth went inside the house briefly, bringing a half-dozen beer with them on their return. I heard Rita suggest the guys take a break and join them at the picnic table. My mom Beth and the black guy sat beside each other while Rita and younger guy were side by side as well, across the table from my mother and her new friend. Neither guy had a shirt on, so it was a curious sight, these two older women drinking a beer with two younger, sweaty, shirtless workers. Again, my cock stirred at the sight and at the thought of infidelity. What would happen if my dear sweet mother followed this scenario through to its potential conclusion?

Rita either didn't share my concerns, or she did share them but wanted to indulge herself in some fun, because she reached over and rubbed the young guy's chest, commenting on how hard his muscles were. Taking the cue,

he got up and started posing like a body builder, joking and smiling the whole time. Rita stood up and felt his muscles as he posed, rubbing his arms and chest, and laughing along with the kid as Beth and the black guy sat watching and laughing too. I heard Rita ask the young guy to come inside as she wanted to snap some photos for keepsakes, and the two of them walked into the house through the back door, arm in arm, leaving my mother alone with her "date".

Beth and black guy chatted for a while, I heard him mention how open and playful Rita seemed, and he asked if she was always like that. My mother laughed and leaned into the guy to answer, her hand falling on his leg as she whispered in his ear. I couldn't make out what she said, but I sure as heck noticed his arm rise up and come to rest on my mother's shoulder, him pulling her a little closer to him as they exchanged whispers and giggles. I was more than a little weirded out by the setting. My mother does not usually talk to strange men, let alone joke with them or whisper in their ears. She seemed so different than she does at home, more open, more playful, yes even more sexual, with her legs, shoulders and breasts on display, sitting intimately with a strange black man in a private setting while her best friend had disappeared inside with another younger fellow. As you might imagine, I was both disturbed and turned on by the site of my 55 year old mother sitting next to shirtless black man, and I was struck by the contrast of her white top and her alabaster skin next to the stark blackness of this guy's naked torso. It was surreal.

Rita had been inside for about 15 minutes by now, and Beth looked over her shoulder, and said she was going inside to see what's up. She left the black guy alone outside, although his eyes were glued to her wide ass as she walked into the house. Beth stole a glance over her shoulder just as she walked in the door, catching the guy staring at her bum, and they exchanged a knowing smile. Once she was inside, the guy rubbed his dick a few times, took a swig of beer, stood up, walked around the table for a bit, rubbed his dick some more, then went inside the house as well, leaving me alone in the hedge, with thoughts of my Beth's beautiful motherly body, of the possibility of her infidelity and its consequences, and with a rock hard boner poking against my shorts. I must have stood there hidden behind the bushes for 20 minutes, waiting for them to come out of the house so I could be assured that nothing was wrong, that this was a simply workday interaction between some contractors and their client. But they didn't come out, and enticing thoughts of my mother and sex raced through my mind.

As horrible as what was going on had the potential to be, it was so erotic for me to be thinking of my mother as a sexual creature, desired and pursued by other men. And the thought of her being willingly caught by one of those men, and the thought that she might soon be engaged in an illicit act of sweaty, sticky, desperate, savage, carnal sex, pushed my libido over the edge. I had to know what was going on.

I quietly stepped through the hedge and walked directly to the back door of Rita's house, then stopped and listened. If I was caught, it was no problem, as I would say that I was simply popping over for a visit – no harm in that. It was very quiet though, and when I put my face to the glass on the back door, no one could be seen inside. I gently opened the door, thanking the heavens that it didn't squeak, and stepped inside the house.

The back door led directly into the kitchen, which was empty, so I walked through to the other side, where a doorway led to the living room. There was no one in that room either, but there were certainly signs of life. A digital camera lay on the coffee table, undoubtedly the one Rita had used to take pictures of the younger worker. I picked it up to review the photos in its memory, which were all of the young guy posing with his shirt off. The last photo showed him unbuckling his belt while pushing his hips forward. Obviously, Rita had had a good show from the kid!!

Putting the camera down, I looked around the living room to see what else I could find. More beer bottles, and a nearly-empty bottle of red wine on the coffee table. The girls had been drinking all afternoon, so they were primed when they came inside, but to go through a whole bottle of wine in about half an hour meant some real power drinking.

Then, bang, I saw something that took the wind out of me, a bra lying beside the couch! Jackpot – here was my proof that one of the lovely ladies was much less innocent than she let one. But which one? Probably Rita, I guessed. The young worker would have put on a little strip tease for her, grinding his crotch up against her while she bumped back at him, and they would then have grabbed one another, groped each other's bumps, kissed, and soon enough Rita would have either stripped herself, or been stripped by the young guy, who would then paw her

pasty white naked breasts, suck her hardening nipples, and sweep her into his arms, their lips locked together as he carried her upstairs to ravage her worn out old body. So she was a slut after all!! The rumours were confirmed. But my stomach dropped when I looked in the corner of the room and saw, to my horror and to my delight, another bra lying on the floor. One of those bras obviously belonged to my sweet, caring, demure, married mother!!

I walked over and picked up this second bra, which was a small b-cup, bigger than Rita's and pretty much the size my mother would wear. And as I bent over to pick it up, I saw her tank top lying behind the couch, seemingly having been casually tossed there as the black worker peeled the clothing off my mother in preparation for the sinful act which was surely to follow. Fuck I was turned on. I could picture the worker and my mother holding each other in Rita's living room, slowly dancing to imaginary music, their bodies pressed against one another as their hands explored each other's warmer bits, his large black hands gently squeezing her wide bum as he pulled her mound against his hardening cock, teasing her and making her moisten and whimper. Soon enough, her lips, so pouty and wet, the lips that had kissed me innocently for so many years, would have pressed against his large mouth, blood rushing to their loins as their lips met and they exchanged fluids for the first time.

He would have pulled her harder against him as their tongues darted into each others' mouths, hesitantly at first then violently and urgently, his cock hardening even more as her aged body continued to pump more fluids to her pussy, her body knowing instinctively that it was about to be violated, penetrated by a massive intruder which would need extra lubrication to reach the depths leading to my mother's sacred womb. I wondered whether he picked her up to carry her to the bedroom, or if they held hands as they raced each other to the back of the house to lay down together and make a zebra-coloured, swirling, grunting beast on one of Rita's beds.

I dropped the bra and headed towards the back of the house, still not seeing or hearing anyone else. There was a pair of blue polyester shorts lying on the landing at the top of the stairs. Beth's shorts. So they must have run upstairs together, my mother peeling off her clothing as she jogged to the back rooms, eager to get right down to business when they reached the bedroom.



I walked up the stairs towards the back bedrooms, careful not to make the stairs squeak. It was oh so quiet. There were five doors along the upstairs hallway that I was looking down. The two doors on the right were bedrooms, I knew that from having been in the house before. The first door on the left was a large closet, the second door on the left was the upstairs bath, and the master bedroom was the last door on the left; it overlooked the back yard.

The door to the first bedroom was wide open and it was empty, no action there, so I crept further down the hall. The door to the second bedroom was half closed, so I pressed my back against the hallway wall, my heart beating like a drum and in my head it sounded so loud I was sure it could be heard on the street. Was I about to see my mother getting fucked? I slowly peered around the doorway, the bed coming into view little by little, my pulse racing faster and faster. But this room was empty as well. No action going on in it.

That left door number three, the master bedroom. She had to be there, since the bathroom was empty, and it was definitely her shorts lying at the top of the stairs. I looked back at those shorts, casually strewn on the landing as if my mother stripped off her shorts for strange men every day, as if peeling her pants off prior to casual sex with a stranger was a normal occurrence that didn't warrant any special attention. But where were Rita and her lover, then? Probably in the basement bedroom or in the family room downstairs, on that big comfy couch they had down there. It was perfect for raw animal sex. I turned my head back towards the door to the master bedroom, which was open just a crack. Darkness poured through the crack in that door, and I had to see what lay beyond it.

When I slowly and quietly pulled the bedroom door open, I could not have been more richly rewarded. There in perfect profile was my lovely mother, naked, lying on her back crossways on the bed, her head hanging over the side of the bed, her eyes squeezed shut and her soft, pretty face twisted in pleasure, with a naked black man's head buried in her hairy pussy, ravaging her womanhood with his mouth. The adulterous scene was exquisite. My stomach was in knots, mind you, knowing that this was my freaking mother getting eaten out in front of me, but it was a beautiful sight.

My mother's left leg, the one further away from the doorway where I stood, was bent upwards at the knee, rhythmically rocking back and forth as her left hand playfully rubbed the top of the worker's hair, occasionally moving down to her pussy to stimulate herself and help the worker bring her pussy closer to flooding. Her right leg was straight out beneath her, the workers' black hand gently rubbing the side of her thigh as his tongue worked her frothy pussy. Beth's right arm was flung beside her head, her right hand gripping the edge of the mattress as her body fluttered at the attention it was receiving down below. That image will be forever engrained in my mind, the first image I ever had of my darling mother enthralled in the throes of passion. I had never thought of her as a sexual creature before, but here she was, enjoying a robust tongue lashing, proving me wrong.

Her stuttered breathing soon gave way to shorter, more frequent breaths, and she put both her hands on top of the guy's head. Her head jerked upwards, her eyes opened wide, and an initial, sharp moan escaped her lips. It sent tingling tremors down my spine. Soon it was followed by another, more urgent moan of passion as the guy's rhythmic licking brought my mother closer to orgasm. She started softly wailing, the musical whine of her groans resounding off the walls of the bedroom. Her singing became more and more uniform and she scrunched her legs up tightly around the black guys' head, her tiny feet dangling in the air as her thighs flattened and widened. The small rolls of baby fat on her white tummy squished against each other as she looked down at the top of the workers' head, now swirling feverishly as he brought her closer. The smell must have been overwhelming for him, his face buried between this drunk 55 year old white woman's crotch as her creamy thighs squeezed his skull, drawing his face deeper into her womanhood.

Her hips were pumping furiously now, her breathing short and fast as she approached the edge of climax. I turned away at the last second, as she shot her legs straight up into the air, as her neck whipped back and as she roared, literally roared, as a painful, fiery, explosive orgasm rocked my mother's pasty flesh, sending shockwaves of pleasure from her toes, up her legs, through her pussy and the small of her back, all through her spine until the intensity of her pleasure screamed out her throat and echoed through the bedroom. I was as drained as she must have been, my knees trembling in the hallway as I thought of my sweet mother coming at the end of a black stranger's tongue. Hot stuff, that!!

The bedroom went quiet fairly quickly. Her orgasm must have been short but intense. She had evidently stopped cumming as now I could hear her panting loudly, trying to regain her composure after the earthquake that had just

passed through her body. I could hear the worker giggle a bit, and muffled words were exchanged between the two of them. They were surely talking about how great a cunnilinguist this guy was. Sheesh. I heard the bed creak a bit so I quickly peeked back into the doorway in case they were getting up. I didn't want to get caught peeping in on all this.

But I needn't have worried. Things were evidently far from over. The black guy had simply moved his large dark frame over top of my tiny mother's prone body, bracing himself on his elbows as he started to kiss her softly. I was struck by the contrast in their skin, his ebony stomach melting into her own pasty white belly as her lips rose to meet his mouth. I could hear the smack of their spit as they kissed each other harder now, her hands pulling his face down onto hers, then her right hand reaching down to stroke his cock, softer now than it had been but about to come back to life at my mother's touch. She worked him furiously, pumping his shaft up and down in an overhand fashion as they kissed and pecked each other's faces. She had a handful, she knew, but after the oral workout he'd just given her, her pussy was more than wet enough to accommodate his veiny black stick.

The worker raised his face from my mother's and smiled down at her; he knew it was his turn now.

Beth spread her thighs a little wider and looked down to where their bellies met, black on white. She guided the tip of his fat long cock to the slick opening of her clit, and pushed the head of his rod into her hairy trap before returning her arms around his neck and letting him finish the entry. He too looked down to where their groins met, and spreading his own legs a little wider to brace himself for the pounding he was about to deliver, he moved his hips up a bit and entered her halfway. She kissed him hard and squeezed her wide white legs against his sides as he pulled back a little bit then entered her in one smooth motion, burying his black cock inside my mother's cunt, all the way to the hilt.

He kissed the side of her neck then put his mouth on her freckly shoulder, seeming to either suck on it or bite it as he reached down and grabbed her soft flesh ass and pulled her mound harder against his hips. Their pelvises

pressed hard against each other and their pubic hairs meshed in a sweaty tangle as he pulled his hips back then started to fuck her.

He used her ass as a gripping point as he rammed his groin hard against her sloppy pussy again and again. He wasn't going to make love to her or even fuck her, really. He was simply going to use her aged married white pussy as a masturbation aid, pleasuring himself with the slick, velvety walls of my mother's vaginal tract before dumping his load deep into her moist inner sanctum. If she wasn't willingly lying there beneath his black hulk, her hands on his ass pulling him harder and deeper into herself with every thrust, it would have been more like a rape than consensual sex. But it wasn't rape, it was adultery, my mother's casual, urgent, sweaty, noisy, violent, interracial adultery, and I was standing there watching the whole thing.

He savaged her. I couldn't believe this was pleasurable for my mother, and she looked like she was in pain. Her face was scrunched and tears seemed to stream from her eyes. She moved her hands off his neck and put them between her own stomach and the black abdomen that was slamming her hard against the bed. I could hear and see their stomachs, shiny with the sweat of sexual exertion, slapping against one another again and again as he kept bouncing my mother off the mattress before slamming her back down onto it, fucking her ruthlessly.

He must have been penetrating too deep, because she tried hard to push him off her, but her tiny hands were ineffectual as they strained against the body that was crushing her while it simultaneously split her in half. But I knew she wasn't really trying to buck him off her. She was merely trying to lessen the pain of the deep and violent penetration of her womanhood, trying to control things a little bit. Her legs were still wrapped around his back and even while her hands tried to push him off her, her thighs pulled him back in. Clearly, my mother liked rough sex. It hurt her, yes, but she wanted to be hurt, she wanted to be used, she wanted to be a flailing, crying, hopeless, anonymous fuck toy, rent in half by the massive steed that was riding her sagging, washed up old body. My mother was nothing more than a cunt, to be spread open and enjoyed by whoever had the urge.

I watched the show for a little longer but it started to get to me, seeing my mother worked over like that. She wasn't going to come again; this was all about him. Thankfully, he reached his limit, and my gut was rotten with grief as I watched the black guy squeeze her ass hard, pull her slick pussy tightly against his crotch, arch his back, and grunt as he released his semen into my mother's depths.

I was watching my mother willingly take a stranger's come into her body. Even though she was too old to get pregnant, I imagined his sperm racing deeper into her body, seeking her fertile ovaries and penetrating one of her eggs. I imagined my 55 year old white married mother being bred by the black man on top of her, her belly stretching as his child grew inside her, my father not knowing that it was another man's seed growing inside his wife, inside my mother, and that it was a black baby that was going to slide out of her vagina.

Standing there in the hallway, the only thing that could have turned me on more was if it had been my baby growing inside her, stretching her stomach, making her fat, and squealing as it slid out from between her thighs. I would love to own my mother's body like that, to take her from my father and breed her until she couldn't drop any more kids. Too bad it was some other guy on top of her right now, and too bad she was past her due date and couldn't have my child, even if I could find a way to get inside her.

The sex was over now, and the worker slipped his cock out of my mother and lay down beside her, rubbing her back and kissing her in the warmth of their post-coital moment. The dampness of the bedroom slipped past me through the crack in the door through which I had been watching this unholy coupling, the sweat of their combined exertions raising the moisture content in the bedroom to a sticky, heavy level.

Suddenly, the hairs on the back of my neck stood up and I felt a hand on my lower back. I yelped, not knowing what was going on, and my mother and her new lover both jerked their heads towards me, standing in the doorway and intruding on their intimacy. It was one of those moments when time stands still, the three of us looking at each other and unable to speak. It was Rita's voice that broke the silence.

"She looks good, doesn't she", I heard Rita say. She was standing beside me, completely naked, her hair frazzled, her freckled shoulders drooped just a little bit forwards, her small tits hanging down and outwards, her tummy slightly bulged, not fat but not fit either. I looked down at her small body and then looked back at my mother's own curvier frame, still entwined with the black man who had just enjoyed her, and I compared the two old women once again, and once again I preferred my mother's more womanly figure. This all went through my mind in about a tenth of a second. And I had no idea what to say or do.

But Rita did. "Beth is always so passionate in bed. She must sweat off 10 pounds of water when she's with a lover, she gets into it so much. Can't you smell the scent of her sex just hanging in the air? That's the scent of your mother, you know, the scent of your mother's sex. Wonderful, isn't it? And she likes the big ones. She's a real size queen, and I'll bet this guy's hung like a fucking bear, which is why there's a lot of sweat in the air right now. Breathe deeply."

I was in a daze, and still unsure what to do, this was so messed up. I inhaled deeply like Rita said, and yes I could smell the sex hanging in the air. The sex and the smell of beer and wine being sweated out of my mother's pores. Beth hadn't said anything either, even though we were staring at each other, our eyes locked the whole time Rita was talking. And who knew what was going through the worker's head? He had come out to a simple foundation job, wound up getting laid by a 55 year old woman, and was now lying on top of her while the homeowner stood naked in the doorway beside some younger guy.

But Rita wasn't shy. She pulled me closer to her and kissed my neck, swirling her tongue against my skin before nibbling on my ear lobe.

"I want to fuck you" Rita whispered to me. "I have a real problem" she said. "One cock is never enough for me and I need to fuck you to help me get through this. I really need you inside me right now."

She stepped in front of me and put her arms around my neck, kissing me full on the mouth. I kissed back, instinctively, but I was still kind of fucked up by all this.

Regardless, I stroked her sides and her back, surprised at how soft a 54-year old woman's skin could be. It was smooth and delightful. I let my hands wander down to her even softer, naked bum, and gently rubbed her meaty cheeks before squeezing and kneading her fleshy ass. We broke our kiss long enough for me to go lower my face to her breasts, and I sucked one then the other nipple into my mouth, flicking them with my tongue as I continued to stroke her back. She gasped and forced her tits hard against my face, obviously happy at the attention. I was hard through this entire ordeal.

Our mouths found each other again and I pulled her belly against my iron-hard shaft, letting her know that I too was enjoying our contact. Her hand immediately flew to my shaft and rubbed it roughly, through my shorts, stroking me while we kissed. It seemed to me that she was laughing with giddiness, her pleasure stifled by the fact that my tongue was wrapped around her tonsils.

Without warning, Rita broke our kiss and ran into the bedroom, flinging the door wide open as she entered the room. I had totally forgotten my mother was still lying on the bed, watching all this. One track mind, easily distracted!

Rita threw herself onto the bed, landing on her back beside Beth, and gave me a wicked "come hither" look. She just wanted my cock inside her, and fast. I was paralyzed by the sight of my still naked mother, and really confused, but damn I was horny. So I slowly and (I think) gracefully strutted into the room, tearing my shirt off on the way to the bed, and I flung myself on top of Rita, kissing her hard as her hands started working my belt buckle.

In the background to all this, I heard my mother sing delightedly "oh my god", but in an excited voice, as though she couldn't believe this was happening and was amused and pleasingly entertained by the idea of her son

coupling with her best friend right in front of her. I can't even guess what the black guy was thinking, but he must have been too weirded out by all this, because the bed rocked as he hopped off it and headed out the door. Rita and I ignored him but my mother blurted out "oh fuck" as she stood up beside the bed and watched him leave.

"Well you finally got him didn't you?" I heard my mother say. Rita broke our kiss and looked at Beth over my shoulder.

"I waited long enough, and he's of age" Rita said. "I just got laid, Beth, and I need a second round. It's either you or him, my dear, and since he's the one on top of me right now, I'll take cock this time. You can join in if you want but his first load goes up me; I need it more and you fucking well know it".

This was so bizarre to me. My mother and Rita bargaining over some guy's cock, like it was a normal event in their lives, like they were bargaining over who got to sit in the front seat during a car ride. And that guy with the cock was me, for crying out loud! This was surreal.

But I really wanted to fuck Rita, so I didn't care. I just wanted to get laid. Damn though, my mother looked good, standing there, naked, still slick with sweat, looking down at us. I really don't think I could grasp that my own mother was standing naked beside me on a bed, freshly fucked, with the come of some black guy still squishing around in her pussy. Surreal.

But I couldn't tear my eyes off her. Her dark hair, flattened and messy from being ground against the mattress, her pretty face, the skin on her neck just starting to turn leathery, the faint liver spots on her shoulders and the freckles on her chest. Her small but full tits, pasty white, hanging freely over her slight tummy bulge. Her pussy, big, red, moist, framed with a matted tangle of black and grey hair. Her creamy white legs, soft and fleshy, that sloppy seam where her inner thighs broke away from the rest of her leg, and starting now to be criss-crossed with the tiny exploded veins that come with age. She was lovely, and she was right there, and she had just been laid.



Rita stood up and finished ripping my pants off me, tossing them into a corner the same way she must have tossed her bra onto the floor downstairs. I now knew, too, that my mother had tossed her clothes off with the same casual disregard of a middle-aged woman anticipating sex. I also knew I was just a sex toy in all this, so I simply lay there and let Rita bend over me to remove my underwear as well. She flung them over her shoulder and looked up at me, smiling a wicked smile before grasping my cock and focusing that same wicked smile at it. She kissed the head of my cock and ran her tongue down the length of my shaft, bending my cock out of her way and sucking my swollen balls into her mouth.

"No no no no no" I heard my mother say.

I looked up at her as Rita stood up and faced, her, toe to toe, leaving my cock bobbing wildly as she turned.

"You can't have him, it's not right" my mom said. "He's mine and I can't let you use him like this. If anyone fucks him today it going to be me. And only me!"

She stepped around Rita and grabbed my wrist, pulling me up off the bed. Well, she tried to pull me off the bed, but she was too small, so I simply shuffled forward and stood up as well. The three of us, naked, my cock at the full salute, stood looking at each other. The women were burning daggers into each other's eyes. I really wanted to fuck Rita but I can't begin to describe the force of nature that pulled me towards my mother. I took a step towards her, and she looked at me.

I put my hand on the crook of her hip and asked her if she was ok, softly rubbing her side as we looked at each other. The contact of my hand and my mother's soft, delicate skin was electrifying and my cock jerked spasmodically, uncontrollably. Rita must have known it was over for her right then, when the bond of family rose to the surface and my mother and I stood together across from her. She surely figured out that she had no chance

once mother and son had started down the road together. That horrible, immoral, painful, irresistible, ecstasy-paved road that led to the unspeakable destination. Incest.

Beth broke our stare and turned to Rita, half slurring her words as she told her "Go fuck the black guy if you're that horny. This one is mine and mine alone. You can't have him."

She turned back to me, and stepped in front of me, taking my hands into hers, her head looking down to the floor.

Beth closed her eyes and said "oh god, this is so wrong", then she stepped towards me, letting go of my hands and putting her own small hands on her son's waist.

I pulled her into me and we embraced, she nestled her head into my chest as we rubbed each others' backs. I had held her so many times like this, but fully dressed. Some of those times, I had had evil thoughts, but usually it was wholly innocent. This time though, the throbbing erection that poked out at my mother's thighs painted a much different picture and left no doubt as to the nature of this embrace. I was so in love that I didn't even notice Rita leave the room.

I lifted my mom's chin and looked into her eyes. Her somewhat glazed eyes. But she was "there" enough to know what was happening. Our foreheads touched and we rubbed noses, Eskimo style, before our mouths lined up suitably for our first real kiss. A kiss not as mother and son, but as lovers. It was electrifying, when our lips met. I was overwhelmed by the combination of the smell of her post coital sweat, the warmth of her soft body pressing against me, the feel of her spine as I rubbed my hands up and down her back, the moistness of her mouth as our lips mashed together and out tongues sparred with each other, the taste of alcohol on her breath, the picky feeling of her pubic hair as I rubbed my left thigh between her legs, and of course the overwhelming emotional connection I was feeling with her at that moment.

But neither one of us was in the mood for long foreplay. She had just been eaten then fucked and was still primed for more cock. I had watched the whole thing and was eager for my turn. So, our mouths still locked together, I danced her to the bed and lay her on her back.

Breaking our kiss, I explored her face and neck with my mouth, and with my tongue, tasting the salt of her sweat she pushed her head back and frantically rocked it from side to side, exposing as many of her nerves to her son's ministrations as she could. Her body was still highly-tuned from her last orgasm and her nerves fired spark after spark after spark as it prepared itself once again for that ultimate carnal act. I reached down and felt her soaking wet, puffy snatch, greasy with her pussy juices, ready and indeed eager to be raped once again.

I moved further down her body, sucking on her soft floppy tits, twirling my tongue around her nipples as my fingers teased her clit, first circling her pussy then tapping her button then rubbing that sensitive nib around and around and around, raising her blood flow and heightening her sensitivities. I poked my tongue into her belly button, causing her to quickly draw in her breath, and I kissed her supple tummy, the fragrance of her snatch filling my nostrils as I drew closer to her very essence.

I shuffled down the bed a little further then rammed my nose deep into her pussy, inhaling the scents and odours of her wet cunt, and I was turned on and nauseated by her smells at the same time. I knew her pussy had been well used already today, so I didn't waste any time licking her, even though I truly wanted to taste my mother's juices. Instead, I licked my way around her hole, teasing her, and nibbled on her inner thighs, pulling the smoothness of her yielding legs against the sides of my face as I buried myself in my mother's groin.

I kissed my way down her legs, tickled the insides of her knees with my tongue and rubbed her silken calves against my face before spreading her legs and climbing up her body until we were once again face to face. I was now in the same position over top my mother as I had watched the black guy in, before he invaded her body. I was going to invade her body too.

I lowered my mouth to my mom's and we kissed tenderly as I moved my hips forward and guided my aching cock into the hole from which I had emerged so many years ago. She was sopping wet, and loose, and I slid into her crease with no resistance. Soon, I was up her all the way, our pelvises pressing hard against one another. I couldn't believe this was happening.

We broke our kiss and she pulled my head into her shoulder. I locked my mouth onto her skin and started to pump myself into and out of my mother. Our slick bellies slid across one another with an odd slurping sound as I violated my Beth's womanhood, jamming hard against her every time I bottomed out on her. I knew she liked it hard so I didn't hold back, and I wrapped my arms around her and pulled her close to me, her tits mashing against my chest as I fucked my mother. I was overwhelmed by the sensations and by the imagery of what we were doing, and it was heaven.

Soon, it was time. I was too horny to last long, so I reached down and grabbed her wide ass, squeezing her cheeks hard as I rammed myself into her again and again. I moaned loudly as I emptied myself deep inside her pussy, my cum joining the worker's semen in her well-used slot. I again imagined my sperm racing towards her waiting egg, and I pictured my mother fat with my baby inside her. It was the most intense orgasm I had ever had. I swear I was scared the force of my shot would send my cum flying out her nose!

I looked down at my pretty mother beneath me, her eyes squeezed shut as she bit her bottom lip and enjoyed her own tremors. I wondered if she was thinking about how wrong this was, or if to her it was just more sex. Hard to imagine that three hours ago I had never really thought of her as having a sexual element to her personality, but now I had seen her in explosive action, then joined my body to hers in an unholy coupling.

I had finished coming and was slowing down, figuring it was over, but Beth knew better. Not giving me time to go fully soft, she wriggled out from under me and flipped me onto my back. Imagine my joy as I looked up and saw my mother straddling my still-hard cock, reaching down to line it up with her dripping pussy. Her tits flopped low, her stomach creased and sagged over top of me, and her sloppy thighs jigged as she mounted me from up top.

She sat down firmly on me, her eyes closed, her pretty face scrunched up, her thighs and ass flattening as she transferred her weight to her hips. She put her hands on my shoulders pinning me to the bed and simply started to ride me, using me as a fuck tool.

Beth leaned forward and put her hands on the bed beside my head, sliding her greasy cunt up and down the length of my shaft. She was sure as hell concentrating on pleasuring herself with me. She picked up the pace and soon her sweat was dripping from her wildly flopping tits and from her face onto my forehead. She ground herself and ground herself against me over and over and over. I looked down at where we were joined, at her sweaty belly, at her shiny pussy, and I lifted my head to suck her tits. She moaned at the attention and slammed herself down harder, and I realized that my mother was coming on top of me. That drove me over the edge again, and I came inside her for the second time in less than half an hour, my juices squishing out from the edges of her pussy as my cock churned and churned inside her.

She slowed down, eventually, and we changed again to missionary, staying connected through the position change. I grabbed onto her soft wide ass and started fucking her again, trying to keep the hardon alive just a little longer, hoping to brutalize her a little more before we finished. But I wasn't going to come again so soon, and even with the passion I still had, her pussy was too loose to keep me hard.

Exhausted, hot, sticky, sweaty, stinky, weirded out, my cum swimming inside my mother, mixed with her previous lover's cum, we held each other as I lay quietly on top of her, both of us recovering from the day's passion. I slept lightly on top of her, her steady breathing taking me to slumberland. I don't know how long I lay on top of her warm body like that, but I could have stayed there forever.

Eventually, she stirred beneath me, I awoke. She held me tight as I crushed her, my soft cock still clasped by her lips.

"Get off me, this is over, just get off," she said, out of nowhere.

I was jolted back to reality as she pushed my chest away from her. She wasn't even looking at me. I got up, looked down at her on the bed, her head turned away from me, her wiry black hair in tangles, her pussy hair matted and wet, her pasty skin bruised red in many places, her chest heaving up and down as she continued to catch her breath, and a slight look of anger on her face.

I bent down to kiss her, intending a soft loving finale to our coupling, but she grabbed the back of my head and pulled my face hard against hers, our lips mashing together brutally as we swapped spit. This was a tender moment only for me. For her, I was a cock, a young virile hard sex tool. It was convenient that we lived in the same house, so I was sure that there would be future encounters, but I had no misconceptions that this was some kind of grand love story. I was simply my mother's sex toy. One of many, probably.

She finished kissing me, and rolled over on her side to go back to sleep. In fairness, she was still pretty drunk, so who could blame her? I simply left the room, bent down to pick up my clothes on the way out. I glanced at her sleepy frame one more time before heading into the bathroom to freshen up and get dressed.

I left the house without looking for Rita and I had no idea where her or her black friend were, the guy who had fucked my mother before me. Probably downstairs, still fucking. The young guy was not around either, but their truck was still in driveway. For all I knew, maybe Rita had both guys in bed with her downstairs. I'm sure her and Beth were no strangers to threesomes, or maybe even more. Who knew?

Beth came home about 3 hours later, freshly showered and all cleaned up, and simply started cooking dinner. She looked angry, probably at herself for losing control and bringing me in on her secret life.

" That never happened, by the way," she scolded me. "Never. Don't you dare say a fucking word to anyone. It's Rita's fault for stripping you down; she's wanted to fuck you for years. I shouldn't have let you get near her, or me either for crying out loud. Fuck."

But I knew she'd get over it, and that soon enough she'd be coming into my room at night, after Father had gone to sleep, and riding my willing young cock in the dark, desperately trying to keep her orgasmic whimpers to a minimum so no one would hear our incestuous coupling.

She left me wondering about her life outside the house though, and what else she had done, who with and how many times. There was a Beth out there that I did not know, and it turned me on to no end, imagining the games she was getting up to. You never really know a woman.