

Mom Goes Clubbing

Bayisle66

Editor's note this story contains scenes of non-consensual or reluctant sex.

Scene I – Family Reunion

My mother and I attended an out of town family reunion last month. Dad couldn't get away from work, so she and I traveled together. There were several hundred family members getting together, so our relatives' houses were crammed to the walls with people, and we had to stay at a hotel downtown. Mom and I got adjoining rooms, with a little door connecting my room to hers. This was her first time away from dad in years and years, and so she was a little bit nervous about being alone and wanted the comfort of knowing that her son was right next door to her.

The reunion itself was about what you'd expect. Aunt Sheryl had rented two large circus tents and had them set up at a local campground. There were games like horseshoes, cards and all that, lots of bar-b-ques going, people swimming, playing softball, all that family-camping weekend nonsense, but it was fun to see everyone again and to catch up on lost cousins. Plus, a lot of the women in my family are hot, and I mean damn-sexy-gosh-I'd-love-to-fuck-her-hot, and the setting of a campground right next to a beach was a great opportunity to see lots of skin.

To be honest, too, my 48-year old mother was one of the tightest packages out there. A 120-pound brunette, mom had really kept her figure. Her skin was still tight and shiny, her medium-sized boobs still pert, fleshy and delicious, her belly flat, and her broad hips and wide thighs were soooooo inviting. Sure, she didn't have the pornstar good looks of a 20-year old any more, but her skin had aged and sagged just the right amount to give her the kind of figure that makes a man want to climb aboard and slide into, plunging into the heated glory that lay between her soft, fleshy thighs. She triggers the need to breed, I always joked to myself.

Mom was wearing a white tank-top and tight red shorts, the shirt giving me all kinds of opportunity to see flashes of her pasty boobs from the side and from the top of her cleavage. Her ever so slight tummy bulge was nicely accented by the tight shirt, and the shorts squeezed the top of her fleshy thighs just right. I sported a hard on all day long watching her drink and joke and chit chat.

Mom had been spending most of her day with one of my cousins, Angie, a girl who was quite a bit older than me, but still a fair bit younger than my mom. Angie was freshly divorced and so she was alone at the reunion, and since my mom had been kind of like a big sister to her back when I was little, they were getting along grand. And drinking along grand, too, I should add. I guess mom was using dad's absence to make up for some lost time, since I'd never seen her drink that that before.

Eventually, after supper, things started to break off, as some people had to put their young kids to bed, or were too old to stay out very late. A few of the younger family members were going to a big dance club downtown, and Angie had invited my mother to go with them. I doubted that she would be into that kind of scene, but I guess I was proved wrong, as mom came over and told me to find some way to a good time tonight, because her and Angie were going out clubbing. And that was that. Girls night out.

Little did my mother realize that my idea of a good time was going to be watching her shake her hot frame and jiggle her boobs on the dance floor!! I had every intention of going to that club as well, but I kept my mouth shut. It would be a lot more fun to watch mom if she thought that her "baby" was somewhere else. She'd loosen up more. At the time, though, I had no idea how much "looser" mom was going to get.

I went back to the hotel to change, and so did mom. I had a quick nap, showered up, and knocked on the door joining our two rooms to see how mom was getting along. She opened up the door and I was staggered at how hot she looked. My mother was standing before me looking like a thousand dollar an hour whore. Classy and hot all at the same time. She was braless, wearing a short, tight tank top, a camisole, really, that showed to full effect

her creamy white cleavage, and you could clearly see her nipples trying to burst through the thin fabric. You wanted to just bury your face between her fleshy mounds and suffocate in those breasts.

The best part, though, were those two pencil-thin shoulder straps, the only things holding the top in place; they hinted at promises of delight just under the thin fabric. The shirt left a slim line of skin exposed just below her navel, then met a tight black skirt that hugged her hips and dropped to just above her knees, revealing her pretty knees and taught calves, and showed the swell of her hips and ass. A quick, discrete peep into the mirror that stood behind her revealed that there was no panty line showing either!! Dammit I had a massive hard on right then and there. What a fox. Even her bare arms made me hard.

“So what are you up to tonight, kiddo” She asked me.

“I’m heading over to The Ranch with Uncle Dave and cousin Mark”, I replied. “We might even go see some strippers later!”

“Well, don’t get into any trouble”, she said. “And don’t make too much noise when you come in tonight. I’m sure I’ll be able to hear everything through the walls”.

What a misplaced statement that was. As time would tell, it would be me who would hear “everything” through the walls.

I told her to have a good time and said goodnight, giving her a little peck on the cheek. Then I sat down and waited until I heard her pack up and leave the room. About an hour after she left, I walked downstairs and headed towards the dance club to see what was going on.

Scene II – At the Club

This place was huge. It had a massive sunken dance floor with a big four-sided bar in the middle. The outer part of the club was raised about 3-feet higher, and had tables along the outer wall, and a waist-high railing along the inner rim, separating it from the dance floor. For me, this was great news, as it meant I could set myself up at a vantage point on the second level, and watch the action on the dance floor. I looked around for my mother, but couldn't see her; the place was jam packed and it was rocking. Not at all the type of place that I would ever have expected my dear sweet housewife mom to hang out.

Eventually I saw my cousin Angie, sitting down at a table with some guy I didn't recognize. They were talking and drinking and generally having a good time, along with a few other distant family members I had seen at the reunion. No idea where mom was though, so I kept moving around, scanning the dance floor.

Eventually I saw her standing at the big bar in the middle of the club – sipping on some kind of cocktail and chatting with some guy. Seemed harmless enough. Damn, though, she still looked so hot. And since the club was mostly filled with twenty-something girls, my mother was far and away the most experienced looking piece of ass in the club that night.

While she was talking to this guy, I watched as a large black man walked up to her and tapped her on the elbow. It looked like she knew him, or was expecting him, because she picked up her drink, said goodbye to the other guy that had been putting a move on her, and she walked upstairs, the black man's hand resting on the small of her back, kind of guiding her through the crowd. Maybe I was off base, but to me it looked like this black man was clearly marking my mother as his territory, signaling to any other men in the club that this middle-aged white wife was under his protection and they should keep away. I got rock hard thinking that this guy was invading my dad's turf, and claiming mom as his own. Maybe I was just reading too much into it though. Anyhow, they sat down at Angie's table and started talking with the other people that were there.

I moved around to the other side of the dance floor and took a seat along the far railing, where I wouldn't be noticed, but had a really clear view of my mom. She was having an animated discussion about something with Angie and the guy she was with, and the black man was taking part too. My cock stirred as I watched his large black hand move onto my mother's soft white shoulder, gently squeezing her closer to him, then he'd let his arm drop back to the table. This happened again and again. A couple times, he must have said something funny, because my mom laughed and nestled her head into his shoulder, sort of rocking her head against the side of his body while he rubbed her bare white shoulder with his hand.

My eyes fixated on the thin white strap from her camisole, which now hung freely down off her right shoulder; she made no effort to put it back into place. They looked so natural and comfortable together, the black guy and my mom, like they'd been dating for years, although of course that wasn't the case. Still, it was weird to see how a few drinks could make my mother so affectionate and frisky.

Angie and her man cleared off, I couldn't see where they went, and shortly after that, mom and her black friend got up to dance. At first, they were dancing fairly normally, clumsily shuffling their feet, bumping hips every once in a while, but then the music slowed down and they settled into each others arms. It was so weird to see her in another man's arms, him holding her tenderly and gently, but still like he owned her. Her, so obviously drunk, acting like a schoolgirl in love, so excited to be dancing with a good-looking, cool guy. His hands were all over her back and shoulders, sensuously massaging her, loosening up her inhibitions, while she, for her part, couldn't take her hands off his muscular black shoulders. He kept making her laugh, and she would nestle her pretty face into his large chest, her eyes closed as they held each other tight.

Although I couldn't see all that clearly, since the dance floor was so crowded, I'm sure I saw their lips touch each other a few times, gently, softly, cheatingly. This guy was smooth, and he was easing my mother into things. I was rock hard looking at the two of them, but in the pit of my stomach I knew it was so wrong for my sweet, demure, happily married white mother to be in the arms of this young black stud. I needed a drink.

I went to the bar and bought myself a rum and coke, to take the edge off my nerves, but when I went back to watch my mother, I couldn't find her! Oh god, I thought, what could be happening My mother stolen out from under my watch, drunk and doing god knows what with a black guy half her age. I rushed around the bar frantically, trying to find them. I checked the men's bathroom to see if the black guy was in there, I checked all the nooks and crannies of the bar, but they weren't anywhere. I tried to find Angie and the other family members, but they had all cleared off too. Where was my mother

I had just about given up, when I remembered the large self-serve cloakroom near the door. Sure enough, there they were, their lips locked in a madly passionate, tongue-swirling kiss as their hands groped each others' bodies. What a sight, not just for me, but for anyone, to see a drop dead gorgeous 48-year old white woman, gold wedding band so obvious on her left hand, sucking face with a young black buck. And since that woman was my mother, it was especially sensuous for me.

I kept out of their sight as they walked out of the bar, arm in arm, and then from a distance I followed them out to the parking lot. I hid behind a mini-van as I watched the guy put my mother up against the hood of a pickup truck, violently kissing her and groping her wide ass, roughly mauling her beautiful tits through the shirt. They were right into it, and I was looking forward to watching him lift up her top, so I could get a look at her glorious tits, no doubt glistening with the sweat of her dancing and makeout-session. I was desperate to see her engorged nipples being tweaked by his large black mouth, to hear her moan, as her pussy moistened and blood rushed to her loins, as her body did what it was programmed to do, and prepared itself for penetration by the large black meat missile this guy was surely packing.

They had other ideas though, and my stomach dropped as they broke off their kiss, got into the pickup truck and drove away. I was devastated! And to boot, I was worried that my drunk mother was going to spend the night with some stranger, and probably wake up in his bed, with her body wrapped around his, her smell mingled with his. Anything could happen to her, and her marriage (and my life) could crumble around us if she got hurt or if someone found out. Dammit. There was nothing I could do though, and so after standing there, aghast, confused, for a few minutes, I turned and walked back to the hotel, scared and horny and all wound up.

Scene III – Action!

Back in my room, I was still all wound up. I gobbled a handful of Roloids to ease the nervous acid in my stomach, then took a long, hot shower. I was still rock hard, and couldn't get rid of the image of my mother in that black guy's arms, their mouths locked together, her bare white shoulders glistening with his saliva as he ran his long tongue over them. Jerking myself quickly, I locked in on an image of her pretty face scrunched up in orgasmic ecstasy as my sperm hit the bathtub and trickled down the drain.

Itoweled off and turned on the TV for a few minutes before hitting the sack. I wondered where the guy could have taken her, where he had my mom right now, and what he was doing to her. Was she on her back On her knees Was he sharing her with his black friends, passing her around against her will I just hoped that she would turn up safe in the morning, in any event. I turned off the TV and climbed into bed for the night.

Then it happened. It always happens in hotels. You hear the rhythmic knocking of wood on wood, of headboard against wall, of squeaking bedsprings, and you know that some slut is getting her ass nailed to the hotel bed. Well I heard that knocking, I heard that squeaking, but I couldn't believe it, because that knocking headboard was coming from the room right next to mine, from my mom's room!

Then I heard a woman's moan, a moan of passion, of unchained desire, of lust, and that moan was my mother's. The guy had brought her back to her hotel room, and he was screwing my dear sweet mother on a bed right next to mine, separated by only a thin hotel wall. I was instantly rock hard again, thinking of her sweaty, lithe white body interlocked with his slick, muscular black frame. His giant torso overwhelming my tiny mom, as his huge black cock split her in half, penetrating deep into her sacred womb, and making her moan and scream like a whore, while her fleshy legs wrapped themselves around his back, urging him even deeper into her belly.

I just had to see them.

I gently crawled out of bed, careful not to make any noise, and tiptoed over to the door connecting our rooms. I ever so quietly unlocked my side, then turned the handle to hers, hoping it wasn't locked. It wasn't!! I eased her door open just a crack, just enough to peek in, and my cock sprung to attention as I caught a glimpse of a muscular black ass pointing up into the air, partly obscured by a creamy white leg that was wrapped around the guy's back, a tiny white foot hanging loosely in the air (my mother's foot!!) rocking back and forth in time with the rhythmic slapping of skin on skin that filled the room. The slapping sound of my mother's flat white belly getting smacked by the black belly that was pressing down on her, the slapping sound of a pair of huge black balls smacking against my mom's ass as they fucked her raw. The moans of a horny woman were the only other noise I could hear.

I ascertained that neither one of them was aware that the door was opened, and I stealthily entered the room, quickly closing the door and taking up a position behind the other bed in my mom's room. I was on the floor, in a corner by an artificial plant, with just my head peaking over the mattress of the second bed, watching the action.

Her thighs flattened and squeezed against his muscular frame as he pounded it into her, mercilessly ripping her tiny white pussy apart, reaming her with all his strength as she grit her teeth and screamed in delight, like some cheap slut. He locked his mouth over hers to muffle her moans, and their tongues danced together as their pelvises ground violently against one another, their dark pubic hair intertwining as his slick, purple shaft pulled her labia out then stuffed them back into her clit with each pump. My mom's head fell to the side, towards where I was hiding, but I could tell from the glaze in her eyes that she was too drunk and too well-fucked to notice anything. She may as well have been blind; she was really just a drunk sex machine, alcohol in her blood stream and woman-come everywhere else inside her.

I was in heaven watching this unholy coupling. Her tits rocked back and forth each time the guy bottomed out on her, her tiny hands pulling his ass hard into her crotch each time he raised up into her. I could just imagine the

muscles on her womb straining to grasp this massive black cock, excited to have a rock hard visitor bringing so much pleasure. Her juices coated his pistoning shaft as he sawed my mother in half, ruthlessly drilling her married pussy into oblivion.

This went on for about 20 minutes, her moans drifting through the room and sending shivers down my spine, as she bucked and bucked, screaming for mercy then begging him to pound her even harder, to pump her cunt full of his potent sperm, to flood her womb with his baby-making seed, until it sloshed out from her red pussy lips and dripped down her thighs. The image of my white mother's glistening skin contrasting against the black beast on top of her was too much for me to take.

Soon, the guy was up on his hands, his back deeply arched as he came, his semen spitting deep into her belly, driving home towards her sacred inner sanctum. He roared as he dumped load after load of white hot come into my delicate mother, her hips desperately humping and squeezing, trying to drain every last drop of his precious seed into her womb. What a sight.

Soon his orgasm was over, and he sort of rocked back and forth inside of her for a couple minutes, enjoying the last vestiges of his hard on. Her face was still scrunched up in pain and delight as the black guy lowered his mouth to hers, mashing his tongue deep into her throat, sucking on her lips as she violently kissed him back.

But soon, she was non-responsive. The combination of alcohol and sex had taken its toll, and she passed out. The black guy's cock plopped out of my mother's pussy, then he stood up and stared at the white starfish lying on the bed, soaking wet with sweat and cum, drunk and unconscious, and definitely well-used. He smiled knowing that he had fucked this white woman raw, and the fact that she was a married, middle-aged white woman made him smile even more. He watched her lying there for a few minutes while he caught his breath, then started getting dressed. No need to be here when she wakes up.

He went into the bathroom to wash up, and I stood up to take a closer look at my mother. Her skin glowed in the soft light that crept in through the window, especially between her creamy white thighs, where her red, raw pussy glistened with her own cum and with dribbles of the black guy's sperm that were seeping out from her loose cunt, lost in the ragged black tumble of her pubic hair. The hair on her head was a mess too, disheveled and ragged. She was lovely.

I turned around and looked at the black guy as he walked out of the bathroom, the man who had just had my mother, who had seduced her and ravaged her.

"Where the hell did you come from?" he asked?

"Next door," I mumbled.

He looked at the door and it clicked for him that we had adjoining rooms. Still, he had no idea that I knew this woman. So far as he knew, I was just some pervert from the hotel room next door, drawn by the sounds of their frenzied fucking.

"Well, this bitch is right out of it." He said. "She was drunk when I picked her up a couple hours ago, and she was drunk while I rode her pussy a couple minutes ago. If you want to climb aboard, kid, you might as well, 'cause she'll never know what's going on. Do it, kid, she's a hot bitch, and I got her cunt all loosened up and wet for you."

With that, he grabbed his jacked off the other bed and walked out the door, leaving me and mom to ourselves. I looked down at her splayed, limp form, unconscious, sticky, sweaty, white, and inviting. I had no choice.

I dropped my shorts and ripped off my shirt, my still-hard cock growing stiffer as I climbed onto the bed and raised myself up on my knees, towering over my drunk mom. I picked up her ankles and spread them even further

apart, forcing open those creamy white thighs, with just enough fat on the insides to invite a guy's attention. I didn't want to stop looking her over, but I couldn't wait. I raised myself up along her torso, supporting my weight with my right hand. I used my left hand to guide my cock into her slippery cunt. Oh, the moment of penetration was heaven. I could feel the black guy's still-warm sperm squishing out from my mother's womb as I pushed my shaft into her. God what a thrill to push my steel-hard cock into the moist belly of my own mother.

I put my left hand up by my mom's head and drove my cock all the way home. Slowly, I started to rock back and forth, pulling my cock almost all the way out, then ramming it back deep into her womb. I looked down to where we were joined in a delicious unholy coupling, and then it struck me hard – I was fucking my own mother. My manhood was penetrating that sacred place where my life began; I was going back where I came from, and where another man had just been, too. I was about to spill my life-giving seed into the womb that gave me life. My cock grew even thicker, and I was so grateful that I had jerked off in the shower, so this fuck would last longer.

As I slowly picked up speed, I could feel my mom's pussy muscles start to come back to life. They grew moister, and gently started to squeeze the turgid shaft that was pummeling them. But the black guy had really stretched her out, so she couldn't squeeze me as tightly as she'd have liked to. I started to really plow into her, mercilessly sawing her in half. Images of her pretty face, stuffed with a big black cock, floated through my mind, images of a black penis spitting sperm all over her face, sticky come dripping down her chin. I pictured her on her hands and knees, a big black body builder ramming her from behind, just using her cunt for his own pleasure as he towered over her tiny frame. I pictured her at my university, flat on her back on a dirty mattress on the floor of the dorm, the sperm of a dozen guys dribbling out from between her thighs as yet another guy took his place on top of her. I pictured her at home, her belly swollen with my baby growing inside it. But at the final moment, I just blanked out and looked at her face, her unconscious, unknowing, mom face, and I roared as my back arched and shivers and tingles rippled up and down my spine. What a feeling, to release a flood of sperm into the womb of my own mother. I pushed and pushed and pushed my pelvis hard against hers as my cock jerked and spurted inside her searing hot cunt, my come joining the sea of sperm already inside her. I wondered if she was still old enough to get pregnant, and if so, would my brother be a black bastard or would he be my own son!!

Eventually, I withdrew my still-hard cock and stood up, mom still passed out and unmoving. I looked around the room, then pulled the covers over top of my mother's sleeping form. I gathered up my clothes and went next door, being sure to lock the door behind me, so that nothing would be suspected. I'd let mom sleep in, wake up on her own and try to figure out why her cunt was so sore. She was so drunk, she probably won't remember a thing about getting picked up and fucked by a black guy, and I know she won't remember her own son making use of her, either. But I'll remember!! As I drifted off to sleep, I heard the rhythmic knocking of a headboard against a wall coming from one of the rooms above me, and I smiled.