

# Sexual Interception of the Mother

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**Surt**

The mom in this story is Judy Reyes. Everybody having, watching or talking about sex is over 18. Feedback is always appreciated, enjoy.

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It was 3:00am; I awoke to a loud banging sound from the bedroom next to mine. I knew I heard that noise before. It took me a second to assess where I heard that sound before. I sat up in my bed, with the shocking realisation that my mom was having sex.

My mom and dad divorced, four years ago. I knew she had dated on-and-off since then, but never did it progress to this. What I heard was her bed being smacked against the wall.

I heard the banging sounds go on, how could I go to sleep after that? I pondered for a while, I was thinking I may get up and check what was going on. That door she had was always a bit crooked; I knew I could get a good look in. I didn't sit and think about the whole creepiness of it all, my mind was made up.

While I was walking to the room, I had already summarised who it was that was banging my mom, it was Dad, had to be. I was happy with that thought, would have been nice to have them back together.

Creeping over to the room, I didn't care about the mortifying sight of seeing them doing it, besides, Mom had a nice butt. All I knew was that I was going to see my mom and dad happy again. That would've been nice.

As I got closer, the sounds got louder, moans became audible. I heard my mom taking in deep breaths that were mixed-in with her sensual moans. I pushed the door gently with my finger; all I needed was an inch to see.

I saw my mom's curly hair bobbing up-and-down; I looked down to see her riding a man. Thank god, I thought, that it was not my dad on top; I didn't need to see that ass. Mom's cute butt cheeks were positioned perfectly on the man's legs as she shifted her body to rock back-and-forth on his cock.

I tilted my head so I could get a quick view of her boobs. Her breasts were surprisingly perky and pert for a 40 year old woman. She continued to ride the guy, I started to jerk off. Come on, it's my parents; at least I thought it was. I was about six years too late to be peeking in, but fuck it, I was peeking; this was a nice moment for them, and I wanted to enjoy it too.

"Harder," said the mystery man I hoped was my dad.

I never heard Dad during sex, so I didn't care that his voice may have been a little off from what I remembered.

"Harder," he repeated. He grabbed her hips and motioned his body up-and-down to shove his cock deeper into my mom. He slapped my mom's fit ass hard and kept on going deep into her.

"Come on, baby," he grunted, "Come harder." I knew then, that this was not my dad. I poked my head slightly in, I wanted a good look at that guy.

What came next shook me to the core; it changed everything I knew about my mom. A car, at the exact same time, had its headlights on and was moving out. The headlights shone at the window. The window was right above the bed. The light shone on them, and I immediately recognized that white face and blond hair. It was Steve, Steve Taylor, who used to go to High School with me...

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To go forward, we have to go back two years, to when I was a sophomore in high school. Let me introduce myself quickly, my name is James Dolorosa. My mom's name is Mary. Two years ago, she was still married to my dad.

Back then, Steve Taylor was a senior getting ready to graduate (he was 18), the same position I am in now. Steve Taylor was the star receiver for the high school football team, he was going to play college ball and the whole school was excited for him. With his good looks, 6'3 stature and weighing in at a ripped 210 pounds, he had the pick of the woman.

At 18, at the time, I do mean it when I say he had the pick of the woman in town. The rumour going around was that the oldest he had was 27. That's big, if you're still in high school.

He was not a bad guy, but he was a jackass. His attitude towards woman pissed some of us off, it may have been jealousy more then contempt. I didn't care for him too much when he was in high school, but I really disliked that jerk after he left high school.

When I hit 18, a few months back, I became the AV Club president, pretty cool right? My predecessor had left behind a series of video tapes. On these tapes, were secret video recordings of various students. None of them took my interest; it was all tapes about who liked who and that kinda garbage. One tape did catch my interest. It was called, "Steve and fellow senior discuss hot moms."

I put that tape in and began to watch it. It was Steve and some other senior standing in a corner. They were discussing what they did the night before.

"So Steve, you bang Christina?" Asked Steve's friend inquisitively.

"No," said Steve sharply, "I was with Jenny's Mom...again."

"What!?" Said Steve's shocked friend, "Oh come on, you're moving on to women in their mid-thirties now? That is so fucked up, dude. Please don't tell me you're bored of the college girls already?"

Just to clarify, the college football recruiters were known to send some of their establishment's finest talent his way.

"Them?" Steve said, "You know they lack what really counts, experience dude. Experience is what it's all about. Those chicks lack the experience needed to please me. Why am I the only one taking up the offers the slutty moms give us?"

"Dude," said Steve's friend with a serious expression on his face, "That's someone's mother."

"You know," pondered Steve with a thoughtful look on his face, "Know that dweeb? James Dolo-something?" I was stunned to hear my name spoken by Steve. I wondered why he would mention me.

"You know, he has a smoking hot mom!"

"Dude, come on!" Replied Steve's friend, "That's some guy's Mom! That's just wrong dude."

"Like I care?" Steve said with a nonchalant expression, "His Latina mom has this sexy petite frame, sexy, sexy, sexy perky tits, and a firm just solidly sexy ass. I wanna bend her over and spank that lil tight bitch's ass! And these lips, just made for my...my," Steve paused, looked around carefully to see if anyone was around, "Cock!" he said outloud.

I was fuming when I heard all this, the nerve of that punk, speaking like that about my mom. I was also at the same time, very intrigued.

His friend and he went on to talk about the next game for the duration of video. The thoughts swirled my mind, I never knew that someone would show so much interest in my mom. I tried to forget about it, and in time, I did. Even knowing about his interest in my mother, I never expected that to happen...

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After cumming in her, she fell on top of him and he peppered her with kisses. The shock of it all made me quietly and quickly retreat back to my room. I couldn't sleep that night.

The next morning, I found him sitting at the kitchen table, sipping his coffee like nothing had happened. Mom was with him, in her short blue robe, I could see a lot of her legs. I quickly wondered if she had anything on underneath. She was holding his hand and they were ready to have the 'talk.'

My mom began the discussion, "James, I know this may be a shock, but I want you to understand that Steve is no longer in high school and he is a fully grown man--"

"A real, fully grown man!" Chimed in an excited Steve.

"Yes, a really fully umm, man," Said my mom with the most obvious smile of satisfaction on her face. They looked at each other like two loved-up teenagers.

Now, what I could have done and what I should have done was tell my mom that she lost her mind. She was having sex with a guy who's just two years older than me! But I didn't. I just nodded and walked off.

I was up all night, thinking of things to say to them, trying all night to think up the words I was going to say to them. But I didn't say any of it. Honestly, I couldn't decide if I was against it or for it, I never seen Mom like that before and a part of me enjoyed it.

After that discussion, I tried to avoid talking to Steve. What could I say to him? Good job on fucking my mom? We exchanged hellos but that was it. I avoided him the best I could. I never asked questions, never even asked how they meet each other.

Over the next few days, I noticed a change in my mom, in the way she dressed and acted. She wore low-cut tight jeans which showed her ass off and v-shaped shirts to show off her pert tits.

She acted like a teen girl around Steve; it was embarrassing. Steve got cut from his college football team, and dropped out; he practically lived in my house.

No attempts were made to hide what was going on between them; they would make-out right in front of me. During sex, they kept the door shut but didn't bother to tone down their moans and screams, the neighbours even complained. Steve felt more and more comfortable at my house and became more daring too.

One time, me and Steve were on the couch, watching some TV. I didn't talk to him, but I could tell he was very pleased with himself. I could notice his smug bravado from a mile off, he was so pleased to be having sex with a mom whose son is only two years younger than him.

Mom came into the room with just a long white t-shirt on. She was smiling a devilishly sexy smile, she instructed Steve to come to bed. He grabbed her by the hand and started making-out with her.

He made her sit on top of him as she kissed him. I tried to look away, but I couldn't help notice my mom's shirt rising further and further up her back. I suddenly noticed Steve's hand pushing up her shirt to briefly reveal her white-thong adorned ass. Just as quickly as I saw her ass, she got up and led Steve to the bedroom.

I had a raging hard-on at this point; I jacked off there and then. My mind went back to what Steve was doing, was he just getting a feel of my mom's ass or was he showing me it? I didn't think about it too much, because what happened the next morning surpassed that night.

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I woke up at 7:00am for school that day, as normal. I tried to forget about the previous night as best as I could. Mom and Steve's moans became a usual thing to me by that point, I could sleep through that. Without thinking, I walked to the bathroom in just my boxers and saw something which excited and horrified me in equal measure.

I saw Steve and Mom, naked in the shower. Steve behind my mom with his cock in her ass, his hands covering her tits with Mom's hands covering her vagina. There were a lot of hands. Both were soaking wet. My eyes immediately went to Steve's firm grip on my Mom's boobs.



"James, get out now!" Screamed my mom to me.

I stood there frozen for a few seconds. I noticed that Steve was smiling to himself. The cocky fucker was smiling. His head was neatly rested on my top of my mom's hair; I noticed the size difference between them at that moment. Steve must have been able to manhandle her around in bed and in the shower. Steve politely tilted his head to the left as a way of telling me to leave. I ran out of there and rushed to school.

I was lucky in that only the neighbours knew what was going on between Steve and Mom, no one in school knew. The whole school day was a blur, as I could not get those images of them in the shower out of my mind. I came home to find Steve sitting down on the couch.

"Your mom is tight," he said to me.

I stood there in shock; I had no idea what to say.

"With her budget, your mom is tight with her budget," he said with a cocky smile.

That comment was far more obvious. I think he was getting-off on this, the whole fucking my mom thing. I went to my room and avoided both for the whole day.

Before I did go, Steve made another ambiguous comment to me, "Hey, tell your mom that her door re-broke." Was this an invitation to watch?

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I waited till the clock hit twelve; I knew what was coming next, it was time for Mom and Steve to have sex. I felt a huge, undeniable urge to watch, I had enough courage that day to go take a peek. I slowly crept into the hallway, just in my boxers again and carefully peeled the door open with my finger.

They had the lights on in the bedroom; Steve was sitting on the side of the bed, naked, as my mom was modelling some lingerie for him. It was a red lacy-bra with a matching thong which had bows on the sides. She was dancing a little as he held her hips. After grinding on his body, she got down on her knees and sucked his cock.

I was surprised how adapt she was at it, it's not everyday you see your mom suck a cock like a pro. He felt up her hair as she bobbed her head on his cock. It was very exciting for me, to see my mother become a bitch-slut for someone around my own age. After being told to stop, she crawled to the bedside table and put a condom on Steve.

She got up; he kissed her stomach as he untied her thong. He grabbed her hips and led her down, on to the bed. He got near her face and kissed her, he muttered to her that he loved her.

He unhooked her bra and inserted his cock inside her. Not that I'm into men or anything, but I will admit that it was huge. He slowly put all his cock into her, as she winced and moaned in pleasure and a bit of pain. He paused for a second and then started to slam his cock in her, really hard.

He was slamming it in so hard; I thought the bed would break. The springs sounded like they were being crushed. A large, thundering sound was made when the bed crashed into the wall repeatedly.

Mom's screams were much louder when watching from the door. He was rag dolling all of her 5'4 frame on the bed, shaking her whole body as he drove his cock in deep.

"Oh God! Oh God" She screamed over and over as he drove his cock into her.

I was very excited by what I was witnessing, without even noticing, I was jerking off. A little bit of me was worried for her safety, but Steve did say he 'loved' her, so I thought she would be ok.

He put in a few more strokes and cummed hard. He removed the condom, positioned her exhausted body on-top of him and instructed her to ride his cock to, "get him back started again."

While she rode him, her two sexy mocha butt-cheeks gently wiggled. He took soft feels of her ass while he got his breath back. He told her to get off his cock, and on to all-fours, it was time for some anal. As my mom was facing the door, I ducked down so they won't see me. While she was on her hands and knees, Steve had an idea.

"I wanna try something new hunny," he muttered.

He gently pushed her back down on to the bed, and laid her body out. He felt up her ass, pried open her ass with his fingers and stuck his cock in.

Mom's reaction was a very loud, "Ohh!!!"

He pummelled her ass as he grabbed the bedposts; she held on to the bed sheets and moaned deeply. With her face occasionally stuffed in the sheets, she made unworldly moans; I was expecting a knock on the door to keep it down.

"Slap my ass," she screamed, "slap it, baby." Steve smacked Mom's ass gently.

"Harder," she moaned, "harder." Steve gave several hard slaps to my mom's ass, which all made the same loud thwack sound. I could feel the floor faintly shake as he pulverized her ass.

I knew then I had to leave. Not because I wasn't enjoying it, I was loving it. No, the reason I had to stop watching was -- and not meaning to gross you out -- because my shorts were about to become soaked. I finished up in my room, but Mom and Steve are still going at it.

So here I am, in my bedroom, as my mom and the jock from high school have wild sex. Looking back, I still don't know how it all came to this. Maybe this advertisement I found in one of my porno mags will give me the answers I need,

"Send in your amateur porn flicks to this address." Hmm, I still got that camera Dad got me for Christmas...

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