



Sharing Mom Ch. 01

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I was excited when my mother, Beth, told me she was going to come out West to visit me in the small town I was working in. I hadn't seen her in nearly a year, and I knew that her visit meant that my roommates and I were due for some good old-fashioned homemade cooking for a few days, something we were in desperate need of. The big four-bedroom ranch house we were renting may have had a large and modern kitchen, but none of us really knew how to use it!!

I drove into the city to pick her up at the airport just a couple weeks after she called to announce her visit. We had about a two hour drive back to my town, so there was plenty of time for me to catch her up on what I had been doing since we last saw each other. I was a little surprised that she was staying for ten days though, that's a hell of a long visit, but I kept my mild annoyance to myself. This was a big deal for her, to fly out West to see her boy, so I didn't want her to feel anything but welcome.

Matt and Jason, my roommates, were both out when we got back to the house, so I got mom settled in to the third bedroom, upstairs, where she would be staying. My room was right next door, and Matt, who owned the house, was right across the hall from me in the sprawling master bedroom. Jason, the lucky rat, had the basement to himself, with a large bedroom just adjacent to the family room and its fireplace.

Mom had a quick shower then slipped into a change of clothes before coming back out to sit down with me. She looked lovely, wearing a short and surprisingly tight, brown and white-striped sleeveless top. Camel-colored lycra pants hugged her womanly form nice and snugly, I was surprised to see. She never wore tight pants like that.

My Beth was getting on in years now. She had turned 53 last summer, and her shoulder-length brown hair now had a couple long grey streaks in it. They were subtle though, just a few hairs, but I knew she was self-conscious about the aging process creeping up on her. She needn't have been, as she was still an absolutely beautiful creature, in my eyes anyhow. But this probably explained why she was dressing a little younger than usual; she was trying to hang on to her youth for as long as she could, and if that meant showing off her curves while they lasted, so be it.

She was about 5'6, and weighed in at a respectable 130 pounds. Her once hourglass figure was of course a bit wider than when she was a younger mom, but the softness with which her middle-aged frame had spread still held my eyes. Small pads of fat on her hips and across her pretty bum gave her, well, a motherly look, as one would expect. Her short legs were nicely proportioned, even if her thighs had spread just a little bit, and if a small handful of tiny blue veins had burst on her. Thankfully, her calves were still shapely and lovely, so a man's eyes were drawn downwards. Her little b-cup boobs were still as appealing as ever, if a little on the smallish side of the b-cup range, and I had no doubt that they would have hung low and droopy if it weren't for her bra and the tight blouse squeezing them together. I was a little startled to find myself staring at the tiny freckles in her cleavage, almost losing myself as I sat transfixed at the idea of burying my face in the dark, inviting crevasse between her mounds, licking and kissing my way down between her breasts to the soft folds of her tummy then onward to...snap out of it!! That's my mother! She may look good, but come on.

Anyhow, the visit settled into a nice routine pretty quickly, with mom getting up a good hour before us guys did, and we were treated to large and filling hot breakfasts, a welcome change to the usual cereal or coffees that we would slam together for ourselves before taking off for work. Matt and Jason didn't seem to mind having my old mom around at all, which was a relief to me. I took a few days off work to show her around town and the local area, but there wasn't really much to see, so before long, she was simply lounging around the house all day, reading and watching her soaps, and cooking supper for "her boys". It was a long visit to be sure, but like I say, things were going smoothly enough. In fact, the guys teased me a couple times, saying that Beth was welcome to stay as long as she wanted, so long as she kept wearing that short cream-colored robe she was so fond of, or those blue polyester shorts that were probably about two sizes too tight, which made them great for camel-toe display! Hey, that's my mom's camel toe they're talking about!! Fuckers. But I knew they were just teasing.

Or were they? They both seemed to be enthralled with my mom as we all sat around in the evenings, chit chatting about whatever. And I was sure it wasn't the conversations they were enthralled with. No, it was my mother's pretty face and her delicate and inviting body, which she was revealing to us more and more all the time, that they were enthralled with. As was I. Beth had taken to dressing quite sportingly around the house, wearing shoulder-

less crop tops that revealed a sliver of creamy white tummy to us, the swell of her middle-aged belly and her of her tiny love handles peeking through the bottom of the shirt. At her age, for crying out loud, crop tops. Or loose fitting gym shorts that let her supple, fleshy thighs flop freely about, and which offered the occasional glimpse along the upper edges of her inner leg, where her carnal delights were barely hidden in the darkness just beyond our vision. Or ridiculously short tennis skirts which showed off the backs of her flat, pasty thighs as she stood at the stove, cooking us supper. She was putting on quite a show for her boys, and we were sure as heck taking notice!!

But Beth was bored by now, deathly bored, I could tell. She had visited her son, seen the local sights, and was now regretting having booked so long a visit. So I wasn't too surprised when she accepted Matt's offer to take her out for dinner Saturday night. As he put it, it was just a friendly way for him to thank her for all she was doing around the house the past week, mostly the meals she was cooking for us. It seemed like a sincere and harmless enough gesture, but I have to admit I was more than a little bit turned on by the idea of my sweet, soft, 53-year old married mother, going on a date with my handsome and muscular young housemate Saturday night. My stomach swirled with mixed emotions, even though this wasn't supposed to be a date at all, just a very public and above-board dinner. Still, my cock raged at the idea of my mom and Matt together, it was so invasive and obscene.

Saturday came around, and Matt and Beth got ready for their evening together. Jason had taken off for the weekend, so it was just the three of us at home, and tonight, I was the odd man out, the third wheel being left behind while his buff buddy got the girl. Thing is, the girl he was getting was my mother! I was a bit confused, and a bit of a wreck, to be honest.

My Beth looked pretty good that night, but very classy as well, thank goodness. She had chosen a respectable white blouse that really complemented her dark hair and dark eyes, while still showing off her small breasts, and a very ladylike grey skirt that accentuated the compelling swell of her hips, her slightly wide bum, and those thick but attractive legs, without being too short to be considered slutty. It was very appropriate, I thought, for an older married woman who was going to accompany one of her son's friends out for dinner. Clearly, I had over-reacted to

this whole "date" thing, and my mother had no intention of doing anything other than having dinner with Matt. So, I wasn't too stressed out when I wished them a pleasant evening and watched them leave the house together.

I had a fairly quiet evening, going for a run, then showering off and watching a movie at home, and nursing a couple beers before going to bed pretty early. I heard Matt and my mom get home just a little after midnight, and although I wondered what they could have been doing out together for so long after dinner, I heard my mother's bedroom door closing shortly after they got home, so I knew that there was nothing to worry about. Matt was in his room and Beth was in hers. Off to sleep I went.

But my slumber didn't last too long. Sometime in the middle of the night, while I was half dreaming about who knows what, I was gently roused from my sleep by the sounds of softly creaking bedsprings coming from down the hall, accompanied by muffled sounds of a woman, gentle whimpering. I wasn't sure what was going on, but my cock was instinctively hard at the sounds of sex I was hearing, half asleep. But I figured I must be dreaming. Mom, of course, was tucked away safe and sound in the room next to me, and there were no other women in the house, so I drifted back to sleep.

In the early light of the morning, though, the creaking sounds came back, and this time it was enough to wake me for good. Someone was putting a morning woody to good use. Did Matt go back out after he brought my mother home, pick up some slut, and bring her back to the house? Something was up, and I was curious enough that I wanted to know what it was.

Ever so quietly, I crept out of bed, barefoot so as to not make any noise on the floor, and I softly opened my door, stepping out into the carpeted hallway. The carnal noises were clearer out there, the snorting, moaning, and desperate gasping of two bodies intertwined in the act of copulation. Matt was giving some lucky girl a good sound fucking. At the other end of the hall, my mom's door was still closed tightly, but I had to confirm things for myself. So I crept closer to Matt's room, grateful that his door was wedged open a touch. As I put my eye against the crack of the door, my fears came to fruition, for of course, it was my dear sweet mother who was sweating and

grunting beneath Matt's muscular frame. It was my darling Beth who had her creamy white legs wrapped around my housemate, and whose aged pussy was being repeatedly stabbed by his thick purple cock. Fuck, what a sight.

I wasn't sure how it had happened – I heard her door close right after she got home, so I knew she had gone to bed alone. Maybe she did go to bed alone, then, her inhibitions loosened by the wine they surely had with dinner, and maybe by a couple more drinks at a club afterwards, she had had a change of heart and crept into Matt's room in the dark of night, to offer herself to her young date.

Or maybe she went to bed alone, but her and Matt had both gotten out of bed at the same time to use the bathroom or get a drink of water, and had innocently run across each other in the darkness. I could picture the scene in the kitchen, my mother half-naked in her sheer cream nightie, her soft, yielding legs and delicate shoulders glowing white in the pale light, slightly drunk, and lonely, bumping into hard-bodied Matt, wearing nothing but his boxers, his bare chest glistening with sweat from the summer humidity. Intrigued by his muscular torso, she puts a hand on his chest, or on his stomach, simply to see how this buff young man would feel. He responds by putting an arm around her soft midriff, pulling her 50-some year old frame close against his hard young chest. Blood rushed to their loins as their bodies electrified and their lips touched. He would have carried her back to his room to plunder her mercilessly through the night.

Or, most likely of all, they simply got home from a night of drinking, dancing, necking, and petting, and went straight into Matt's bedroom to screw away the sexual tension that had been building between them all night. Beth has just pulled her bedroom door closed as they walked past it on the way to paradise in Matt's room. Hell, let's face it, the sexual tension had been building all week. More than likely, they had gone somewhere after dinner, maybe a dance club, maybe a secluded parking lot, and groped each other desperately as soon as they could, Matt fondling my mother's breasts beneath her blouse, as she rubbed his stiff shaft through his jeans. She probably even dropped to her knees somewhere, unzipped his pants, took his happily surprised cock into her mouth and licked, stroked, and sucked him until he dumped a load of his young cum down her throat. Things were building up to it all week; I just couldn't believe that my mother was going through with it.

Regardless of how they wound up in bed together, the fact is that in the early light of that Sunday morning, Matt's shaft was being repeatedly interred and disinterred in my mother's pussy. The pussy that brought me into the world some thirty years earlier was getting fucked.

And how. Maybe last night they had had tender and mutually enjoyable sex, but this was rough. Actually violent. Matt was simply using my mother to grind away what must have been a painful piss hard-on, because he was just drilling the shit out of the small married woman beneath him. She was flat on her back, her legs splayed out star-shaped, her right calf actually draped across the small of Matt's back while he was pounding away on top of her, his large hands squeezing the flesh of her soft ass as he pulled her pelvis roughly against his own, again and again, causing her ass cheeks to redden where he held her.

They weren't even face to face, really. Matt had his face buried into the bedsheet above and to the side of my mother's head, his wide shoulders smothering her beneath him, his bodybuilder's frame completely covering and crushing my small, soft mother's body, as her tiny hands lay across his back. Her face was buried in the crook of his shoulder and his neck; I could just make out the top of her head popping out from behind his massive shoulders.

But she seemed to be getting some air into her lungs somehow, because her whimpering, gasping, and moaning were incessant. The sounds of my very own mother getting desperately fucked caused my cock to swell painfully. And the sight of her creamy white legs spreading, bouncing, and flopping as they slapped against Matt's hips drove me even further over the edge. The backs of her thighs were mostly smooth, but there was a bit of cellulite to be seen on them, especially when Matt lunged forward and her upper legs were compressed by the force of his body mashing against her groin. Her tiny feet dangled in the air as her whole body was rocked by the brutal fucking being delivered to her. And she was loving it. Unreal.

Matt must have had a kink or something, because he suddenly repositioned himself over top of her. He let go of her ass and placed his hands, push-up fashion, on either side of her head, and raised himself up a little bit higher off of her stomach. But he didn't stop driving into her. There was simply less contact between their stomachs and chests, with their unholy connection now only consisting of the small, greasy hole where his penis and her vagina became one.

Beth sucked air deeply as he raised himself off of her, allowing the air to circulate more freely around her head. It gave me a much better view of my mother's body as well. I was mesmerized by the point of entry. In the pale light of the morning, I could see my mother's sexual juices coating Matt's meat as he kept entering her and pulling out. Her small breasts, trying hard to obey the laws of gravity by drooping outwards and downwards towards the mattress, were flopping madly under the force of Matt's pounding. I swear I saw beads of sweat fly off her tits as they rocked back and forth and round and round.

Her stomach wasn't as hard as I thought it would be, now that I saw fully exposed. Although she didn't have a gut or anything like that, she had a slight tummy bulge, as would be expected of a woman her age, and a couple small rolls of loose skin on the front of her stomach. These too were slapping wildly as Matt kept working on top of her, emphasizing for me that this wasn't some tight-bodied college girl getting worked over; it was my 53-year old mother.

And she was loving it. I can't imagine that her pussy had received this much attention in years, and since my mother's cunt must have been a loose, sloppy pussy by now, there wasn't much friction to drive Matt over the edge, so he just kept pumping and pumping and pumping his morning wood into my dear mother's innards. She wailed loudly, causing Matt to cover her mouth with his, to muffle the sounds of her pleasure. They kissed furiously and violently, my mother's fingers wrapping around the back of Matt's head to pull his face tighter into hers. Her head twisted furiously as they kissed, swirling around and around his face in unison with the thrusting of his groin into hers.

Soon, Matt broke the kiss and put his hands back on her ass. He buried his face into the bed again, and I could hear a muffled roar as he arched his back deeply. He raised himself up on his toes as he reached his climax, his piss hard-on blasting a load of cum deep into the now motionless woman pinned beneath him. My knees trembled as I realized that I was watching my mother's womb being flooded with semen, that I was watching another man release his sex into her sacred hole. I was witnessing the unholy invasion of my mother's body by a spray of sticky white goo, being deposited between the very thighs from which I entered this world. Fuck was that hot.

He held on to her ass for quite a while, riding the crest of his orgasm for as long as he could. Eventually, he sort of deflated, and lay his full weight down on top of my mother, wrapping his arms around her shoulders. They pulled each other tightly against one another. Matt's groin slowly and gently circled inside Beth's, teasing her and pleasing her as he slowly caught his breath and worked towards ending the session. He looked down at her pretty face, her hair wet and matted, beads of sweat dripping down her cheeks. She had been well-used, and the exertion had worn her out.

They both smiled, and kissed each other gently, their libidos fully sated. I didn't really want to watch my mother and my roommate share a tender, post-coital moment, so I quietly tip-toed back into my bedroom and went back to bed. I could hear their whispers and giggles though, as I drifted back to sleep, and I was painfully jealous. I really wanted it to be me on top of her right now, and I had to find a way to make that happen. As I lay there in the morning light, I started devising the plan that would see me being the one spraying his seed deep into my mother's womb.