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## My Drunk Slut Mother by [fuzzybunnylove](#)

Diary, Drug, Incest, Non-consensual sex, Teen Male / Female

### Author's infos

Gender: N/A    Age: N/A    Location: My burrow

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## Introduction:

A son takes advantage of his mothers ways with alcohol and men

This is a work of fantasy. None of it is true. Don't use it for inspiration. Don't hurt people you love.

For as long as I can remember, my mother, Janice, has been bringing men home. When I was younger I just got used to strange men being at the breakfast table, and then never seeing them again. They were her "friends." They called me every variation of buddy, guy, pal, sport, champ, etc. Everything but my name. My babysitter always had me asleep by 9PM, so I never heard them come in or what happened after. As I got older I started hearing and seeing things that completely changed how I thought about my mother.

Now that I'm in high school I have a clear understanding of the situation. My mom is a bit of a slut. Well, actually she's just a slut. Every couple weeks I hear knocks, squeaks, and moans as another guy fucks her in the living room or the room across from mine.

I started sneaking out and watching them. My mom would take off the guy's pants and kneel in front of him as he sat on the couch, his legs spread wide. There wasn't a single cock she couldn't deepthroat, and she loved licking the guy's balls as he rubbed the shaft on her face. I've watched my mom swallow a lot of cum. I couldn't fathom why she didn't go to his place, or basically anywhere except the house that she shared with her son. At times, I felt like she was doing it on purpose, knowing it could only make me feel bad that she was a slut.

I would sneak back to my room and jerk off listening to them fuck. I tried to time my orgasm with theirs. My mom's loud moans became a trigger for me. Hearing her moan, even over a piece of cake, would get me hard instantly.

My mom is super sexy. As I kid I just thought of her body as soft. Now I know what all that cushion is for. She's of Hispanic and Italian decent, 5'6, 135 lbs. Her skin is light olive with long, wavy dark brown hair. She loves short wearing cocktail dresses with deep scoops that show off her D-cup breasts and wide hips. She likes tall stilettos that accentuate her full, toned, and absolutely smooth legs.

I'm certainly no Adonis. I'm an average skinny teen, but I've been drinking more milk and lifting every day at the school gym. I look and feel a lot stronger than I did a year ago. As more girls have shown interest in me, I've paid more attention to them. And my mom in particular.

My mom is a drinker. Not so much around the house, but socially. She once took me to an end-of-year party at her office where she got completely shitfaced. We took a taxi there and back. I had to help her into the house and into bed. My hand was wrapped around her torso to keep her upright, and I almost couldn't help but get a handful of her large breast. As we stumbled down the hall my hands slipped further around her and massaged it. Her dress rode up over her ass, exposing her cheeks and the black thong between them. I got a handful of it as I lowered her to the bed. I took off her high heels, making sure to get a good long look at her panty covered pussy. My cock was incredibly hard as she laid there with her ass hanging out. After she was tucked in I went back to my room and jerked off. I came hard thinking going back in there, spreading her legs and fucking her like the whore she'd chosen to be. That was the night I decided I was going to do it for real.

My mom has a distinct laugh when she's hammered. It's like a yelp followed by a long, restricted exhale. I started staying up late when she went on dates, then listened as she and her mate stumbled into the house. I could hear them bump into the walls and giggle. Then the moaning would start. One night I heard that distinctive laugh and knew what was going to happen. It was hard to not jerk off as they fucked next door.

My mom moaned and squealed for 45 minutes as they went at it. The knocking got really loud and then I heard both of them moan. The front door shut behind him 15 minutes later. My cock was raging thinking about her laying there passed out.

I crept into the darkened hallway and peeked into her room. She was laying on her back diagonally across the bed, half covered by the sheet. I could make out her tits in the reflected moonlight. She was snoring lightly. I tip toed my next to the bed. Her mouth was open. My heart of pounding.

I called "Mom" a few times and lightly tapped her shoulder. No change.

My hands were trembling as I slipped my hard cock through the gusset of my underwear and stroked it over her face, then reached with the other hand and cupper her breast. I could've cum right then, and it still would have been an unforgettable experience. But I wanted more.

I moved to the other side of the bed and slowly pulled the sheet down. My mother's awesome body came into view. She took good care of herself. Her belly was flat and dipped down before raising to her pubic mound. There wasn't a trace of hair on her glistening pussy. But I could see pearly goo leaking down into the crack of her ass. The guy had cum in her without a condom. If it was good enough for him, it was good enough for me. And she wouldn't know the difference between one load or two.

I slipped my underwear down my legs and stroked myself as I looked at her. Finally, it was my turn.

I crawled between her legs, which were both flat on the bed. I pushed one wider and my mom obliged by not only spreading her legs, but pulling one of her feet in. Her gash opened even wider to me.

I slid up her body, smelling her pussy, then the skin on her belly, and then her breasts. Her perfume had always tingled my brain. As my face got close to hers I could smell the alcohol. Before tonight it made me angry. Now it made me want to absolutely ravage her unconscious body.

I gently kissed her breasts then lightly sucked on her nipple. My mom smiled and moaned, then exhaled and settled. I could hear my heart beating in my eardrums.

I moved to the other and sucked harder. I lowered by pelvis and my cock touched her for the first time. As I put a bit of weight on her she raised her other leg, instinctively positioning herself. I was beyond excited.

I let go of her nipple and held my cock, then pushed forward and ran it along her gash. She moaned again and rocked her pelvis, seeking my touch. I couldn't wait any longer.

I slid the head down and pushed forward. My mouth opened as her hot wetness engulfed me. I pumped my hips slowly, savoring the slick velvety feel of her pussy. I had just lost my virginity to my drunk mother. I instantly regretted that I hadn't done it years ago.

As I pumped my hips a long moan came from her throat. Her body was responding to me. Her chest raised and lowered and her hips thrust against me. She slipped her hands up above her head, opening herself completely. I leaned down and took her nipple into my mouth again, which elicited louder moans and more body movement. All of it was driving me wild.

I started thrusting my hips faster, sliding almost completely out of her before pushing back in. Hearing our bodies softly clap together reminded me of porno films I'd watched. The sound was completely erotic. The idea that I was making that sound with my mother made me want to fuck her harder. So I did.

As I pushed into her body her breasts started swirling hypnotically. I had seen them so many times, but in that moment they were perfect. I knew I wasn't going to last much longer.

The longer I fucked her the more active she became. Her mouth opened and her breathing got shallow, interrupted by long moans. They were getting higher pitch and more frequent. I wanted to fuck her purely for my own enjoyment, but the idea that I could make her cum too thrilled me.

I started pounding her body with mine. I watched as she furrowed her brow in concentration. My balls started to tingle. I raised myself on extended arms and fucked her hard. I was ready to cum in this slut. After a dozen strokes she rotated her pelvis and her legs wrapped around me. I loved the feel of my cock sliding deep into her body on each stroke.

Her pussy started feeling tighter. Either I was getting bigger or she was getting smaller. Or both. I was on the edge now. My body changed to long, hard strokes. The feeling was unreal. Her hands reached further above her and grabbed the bars of the headrest, her moan almost pained and begging for release. My cock started pulsing. My mouth opened but I couldn't breathe. The most intense feeling overtook me. I slammed my body into her once more. She nearly shrieked and her legs squeezed my body into hers. I could feel the biggest load of my life blasting out of my cock. I imagined rope after rope of cum erupting from my cock and splattering against the walls of her pussy. I squeezed over and over inside her. I wanted to leave behind every drop of my seed.

My breathing returned, and her body relaxed. Both of us were breathing hard. As her legs slumped back to the bed I slowly pulled myself from her. Our pelvises glistened with cum. I sat on my haunches and looked at my slut mother as more pearly goo leaked out of her. I was pretty sure I could fuck her again if I waited a few minutes. But this had been a deeply satisfying experience, and I knew there would be more opportunities.

I backed off the bed and took a deep breath. Fucking her had been even better than imagined. Her sexy body was now a toy for me to use when the conditions were right. I thought about all the things I wanted to do to her. The fact that it was now more than fantasy brought a devious smile to my face.

I walked over and pulled the sheet over her, leaving her tits uncovered. I moved to the other side and studied her face. She looked relaxed, and she wasn't snoring anymore. She seemed peaceful.

I leaned and kissed her forehead. A smile crossed her lips as I pulled away.

I picked up my underwear and tip toed to the door. Then I stopped dead as she started talking.

"Mmm, you don't have wait 'till date night, baby."

I couldn't move. Did she know it was me?

"You're my special man. You can have me whenever you want, okay?"

I could hear my heartbeat in my ears again as I turned around. Her eyes were reflecting the ambient light, and her hand was moving between her legs under the sheet. She knew it was her son that had just fucked her.

"Re...really?" I asked, astonished.

"Mmm hmmm. I've been wondering when you would come visit me. When I know you're watching I make sure to give you a special show. I've just been biding my time with those men waiting for you. You're the man of the house, and it's my job to take care of your needs."

I watched as her legs pushed the sheet down exposing her body once more. She sat up and then moved to all fours, her pussy pointed at me.

"Do you have any needs right now?" She asked.

I just nodded, dumbfounded. I dropped my underwear and walked toward the bed. She slowly waved her ass from side to side.

"Come fuck me, baby."

And I did. That night. And every night after for a while. She stopped going on dates. And both of us were a lot happier.

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I agree; don't hurt someone you love, but this young guy wasn't hurting anyone - quite the opposite. Excellent story.

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What a great story! You naughty boy. Every mother should have a son who would fuck her slut brains out like you did.....XO

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So naughty! Loved the ending.

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