

Drunk and Disorderly

(F/m-teen, inc, 1st, alcohol)

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I was jerked out of a sound sleep by an almighty thump coming from downstairs. It was almost noon and I was sleeping late because of my night job. Apparently my mother was back with the latest of a long line of men friends. Nervously I crept out of bed, tiptoed across to the bedroom door and opened it a crack, I saw light shining up the stairwell and heard the mutter of voices. To say I was one scared 16 year old would have been an understatement, but, like a fool, I went to see what was going on.

And that's where I made my first mistake, I went to investigate.

Creeping down the stairs I peered through the banisters until I could at last see the source of the noise, or at least a part of it. My mother was standing swaying as though dancing in the middle of the living room, a few feet from her I could see a pair of feet sticking out past the end of the couch. Breathing a sigh of relief I straightened up and finished descending the stairs in a more normal manner. As I entered the living room I saw more of the body that was attached to the pair of feet lying on the floor, it was Gary, my mother's date for that night. Grinning I looked at him lying there dead to the world with his trousers and underpants round his ankles.

"Uh... Mum?" I said to the still swaying figure of my mother.

"Come on Gary," she said in a voice slurred with drink, "fuck me for God's sake, my cunt is burning for a cock."

Right there was mistake number two, what I should have done was retreat to my room, instead I walked over and put a hand on my mother's shoulder.

At my touch she turned quickly nearly falling over and I instinctively grabbed her waist to steady her. She smiled at me then put her hands on my bare chest, I gulped as her hands started to stroke over my chest and worked their way downwards.

"M... m... mum!" I squeaked as one of her hands slid onto the front of my pyjama bottoms.

And mistake number three was coming downstairs in only pyjama bottoms!

Three little mistakes, but they were set to change my life for good!

"Oh Gary, you have no idea how much I need that nice big cock of yours," my mother hummed drunkenly.

Before I could even open my mouth to respond my mother's hand was in through the slit of my pyjamas and closing around my dick!

Now a cock is stupid, it sees or feels something it likes it goes for it and sod the consequences, my cock liked what it was feeling and shot to erection in record time. For a moment I just stood there too stunned by my mother's actions to react.

"Hmmm," my mother crooned as she shrugged her dress off with her free hand, "Gary, you feel bigger than ever."

Half in shock and half in growing lust I looked down at my mother's suddenly naked body, I suppose I should have wondered where her undergarments were, but that sort of logical thought process was beyond me at that point. I'd never seen my mother naked before, seeing her mere inches away, her tits bouncing to her excited breathing, her nipples pointing like little bullets suddenly made me want her!

"Oh shit!" I groaned as her hand started to squeeze at my cock.



I went to take a step away from her and paused as my feet got caught up in something, looking down in surprise I saw my pyjama bottoms down around my ankles. Then my attention was fully focussed on my mother as she leapt against me, leant up and kissed me full on the lips. In the space of a moment I forgot who this naked person was and just gave in to the rising lust within me.

Relaxing I savoured the feel of my mother's warm skin against mine, the hardness of her nipples digging into my chest which contrasted with the softness of her tits as they flattened against me.

My mother's free hand seemed to be everywhere, on my chest, my back, my buttocks, everywhere and all the while her other hand was pumping away on my cock. Beyond thinking I let my hands return her caress, moving them all over her body, stroking her warm skin as I worked them downwards. As I grasped her buttocks my mother moaned into my mouth, encouraged by this I slid a hand around to her pussy. My fingers worked their way through the forest of her pubic hair until they came to the outer lips of her pussy. Then my fingers were past those lips and rubbing at the warm inner recess of her slit, her juices wetting my fingers as they passed over the oozing hole of her pussy.

Next thing I knew my mother was falling backwards, her hands pulling me down with her, I landed on my knees before her wide-spread legs. Reaching up she began to pull at me, her hands demanding as she tugged me over her then reached between us to grab my prick and placed it at her pussy.

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me." She was chanting over and over.

I had never seen my mother like this before, nor had I ever felt so excited before, between bewilderment and lust I was lost. With a groan of sheer delight I pushed my cock down, feeling it sink a little way into this hot, wet hole that was my mother's sex. Her hand moved from my cock and her legs wrapped around me, pulling me deeper into her pussy as her body thrust up to engulf my cock completely.

"Oh shit, YES!" my mother cried as our groins ground together.

That one cry of ecstasy drove out any last hesitation I may have had lurking in the recesses of my mind, with a groan I started to fuck my own mother and not gently. With hard, pounding thrusts I fucked her remorselessly and she revelled in it, her body thrusting up to meet mine as I lunged down into her tight, wet, eager pussy. My mother cried out, her legs pulling me tighter as they locked around my back, her arms sliding under my armpits to curl round so that her hands were pressing on my shoulder blades; pulling me to her until our lips met in a kiss so hot that flames should have been engulfing us. In a way we were engulfed in flames, the flames of lust and burning desire.

I no longer cared that my mother thought it was Gary fucking her senseless, I no longer gave a damn about the wrongness of what we were doing. All that consumed me was the touch of her lips on mine, the dance that our tongues did in each others' mouths and the wondrous, glorious feel of my mother's cunt squeezing and rippling on my cock as it plunged into her depths, withdrew and plunged again.



"Oooh Gary," my mother gasped and groaned at the same time, it was a strange sound and one that sent shivers of excitement shooting along my spine "God Gary, you've never been this good, I love it!"

Our fucking motions became even faster and even harder, her pussy being crushed beneath my pounding groin each time I thrust into her. Wanting to savour the sensation to the full I tried to hold back, to think of something, anything else other than the sheer joy of my mother's pussy clenching round my cock.

"EEEEEEeh!" my mother wailed out as her body humped up to mine.

Her legs, her arms even her pussy tightened around and on me, holding me immobile with my cock buried as deep as it would go into her pussy. Then it was my turn to sound out my pleasure as the inner walls of her pussy started this rippling, milking movement on my already overexcited prick. Under that sort of treatment I couldn't hold back any longer, straining against my mother's quivering body I felt the spunk jetting into my mother's very womb as I had my own climax.

It was as though my cumming was a signal to my mother to hit top orgasmic gear, her

body began bucking under me as her head thrashed from side to side. She made a strange mewling sound that I found so erotic, groaning I started to fuck her like a man possessed, this sent my mother into weaker cries, more violent bucks and more head thrashing. I was not only surprised I was ecstatic when glorious minutes later I filled her depths with my juices for the second time.



This time my orgasm was so intense I felt as though reality was slipping away from me, with a final thrust and a weak gasp I collapsed on top of my mother's quivering body. At that moment Gary gave a groan of his own; it was like a dash of cold water, my lust sated it was time for my conscience to rise to the surface to prick me about what I had let happen.

"Oh Gary," my mother sighed as I leant up "why have you never been this good before?"

Her eyes were open, but seemed unable to focus on my face, for which I was supremely grateful. I had no desire to see the shock on her face as she recognised the owner of the prick still buried in her pussy, nor to hear the shrieks of disgust that I was certain would follow that recognition. She leant up, her lips locking to mine as I put an arm around her shoulders to support her, then our lips parted and her head dropped limply back.

"Mum?" I breathed in amazement to discover that she had passed out.

With more than a little reluctance I eased my cock from her pussy, it glistening with a mixture of her juices and my sperm that had my conscience pricking me again. Feeling drained, yet still excited I got to my feet and looked down at my mother's prone body, at her naked prone body, I gulped at the sight of my sperm starting to dribble from her pussy.

"Oh fuck!" I sighed at the thought of having had sex with my own mother.

Looking across at the now snoring Gary I decided to leave him right where he was and carry my mother up to her bed. As I lifted my mother's limp body from the floor she muttered something then slid back into her dream world. I was a little puffed by the time I got my mother up the stairs and into her bed, her clothes still lay in the living room, but I had no energy left to go fetch them or to dig out a nightie for her. Taking one long last look as her luscious body I pulled the covers up over her naked body, kissed her on the forehead, turned out the light and headed for my own room.

As I lay on top of my bed my mind was ablaze with how it had felt to have sex with my mother, I couldn't get it out of my head. The rising sun of a new day found me still awake and sporting an erection that literally throbbed. It seemed pointless lying there so I climbed out of bed, dressed in shirt and jeans then went downstairs to the kitchen. I was so intent on getting some juice from the fridge that I didn't hear Gary come into the kitchen, his voice suddenly sounding made me jump.

"Man, what a head." He groaned sinking gently into a chair at the table.

It was hard not to laugh at him as he sat with his elbows on the table and his head buried in his hands. Out of sheer pity I made him a strong coffee which he accepted as though it were the crown jewels, as I moved away from the table my mother appeared in the doorway.

"Oh Gary," she enthused quietly, wincing at the sound of her own voice "you were fantastic last night, absolutely fantastic."

Gary squinted at her, a pained expression came over his face while he tried to make sense of her words, it seemed that task was beyond him.

"What the fuck are you talking about?" he almost whispered.

As my mother sat at the table with Gary I decided it was time that I made myself scarce, but I only got as far as the kitchen door when my mother expanded on her comment.

"Darling," she smiled weakly "I'm talking about the way you fucked me last night, you've never been so good before."

"Helen," he said a little more firmly despite his hangover "you must have been dreaming things, I never touched you last night. Last I remember was passing out on the floor with my trousers round my ankles."

"But...!" my mother gasped.

"There's no 'buts'," Gary cut her questioning words off "there's no way I could have fucked you last night, no way at all!"

"Well someone sure did." My mother breathed.

I decided that it would be a good idea to not be around when my mother figured out the only other likely candidate in the house was little old me. Retreating to my bedroom I sat on the edge of my bed and let my guilty thoughts float to the surface of my mind. From downstairs I heard the sounds of voices raised in argument, not something recommended with a hangover, but Gary seemed too pissed off to care.

"You are bloody mad or hallucinating!" I heard Gary yell "Shit, don't you think I'd remember fucking a prime slut like you."

"Get out!" my mother shouted after what had sounded like a hand slapping a face "Get the fuck out of my house you bastard!"

From downstairs there came the sound of the front door slamming so hard it made the whole house vibrate, I cringed at the sound.

'Oh shit.' I thought to myself 'She's really pissed off. God I'm for it now.'

I sat on the edge of my bed feeling morose, scared and aroused in equal measure, all I could think about was what I had done with my mother and how pissed she was sounding. Of course thinking about the events of only a few hours previous had the effect of exciting me even more. I just could not put out of my mind how good it had felt to fuck my mother and I knew that if the opportunity to do it again ever presented itself I'd grasp it with both hands.

At the same time I was dreading the moment when she worked out that if it hadn't been Gary that fucked her it had to be me. My mother was a right tartar when she was angry and anyone with sense ran for cover until she had cooled off. For one brief moment I had the optimistic thought that she might actually believe what Gary had said before she chucked him out, that she'd been dreaming. But I wasn't fooling anyone with that idea, not even myself.

Then my heart almost stopped as I remembered that when I had taken my mother up to her bed I had not gone back downstairs to retrieve my pyjama bottoms!

"Oh fuck!" I whispered to the empty room.

So far my mother hadn't been in the living room, but I knew it wouldn't be long before she did go in there. I had to get those pyjama bottoms before she found them! Just as I went to stand up my bedroom door flew open, caught mid-rise I looked at the doorway and gulped. There stood my mother looking deathly pale, in her hand were my pyjama bottoms, gulping again I sank back onto the bed.

"M..." I opened my mouth to speak.

"Kevin," my mother cut off my opening word, "I'm so sorry darling."

"Huh?" I responded brightly.

"About what I did," she expanded "about forcing you... you... oh Jesus!"

"Uh, mum..." I tried to speak.

"No," she said regaining her composure a little "don't say anything. I can never say sorry enough to you for what I did."

"But..." I tried again.

"Damn!" she burst out "I have no idea what came over me. Can you forgive me Kevin? I can't believe how satisfied you left me."

"Mu..." I tried to speak yet again.

"What am I saying!" she sighed "Oh God, what a sick bitch you must think me."

"No, I..."

"Kevin," she just went on right across my attempts to speak "Maybe you should go stay with your father for a while. I don't know how you can bear the sight of me after last night."

"Oh I dunno," I blurted "I liked what I saw last night."

It had finally sunk in to my dim little brain that my mother wasn't pissed at me, she was blaming herself for what had happened, and I guess to a degree she was right. Yet after I had got over my first surprise there had been opportunities for me to stop what was happening and I had ignored them all to savour the joys of her body.

"I'll get myself some help," she went on as though not having heard me "maybe in a few months you ... What did you say?"

Her last words had come out as a gasp and I started gulping all over again. I figured that I

had nothing to lose now so looking my mother in the eyes I gave a tentative smile.

"I said I liked what I saw last night." I repeated my words "I liked what we did too."

As she stood there staring at me open mouthed the thought 'I'm fucked' drifted across my mind. Kicking myself mentally for not keeping my big mouth shut I waited for my mother to explode. Only she didn't explode, instead she blushed and gave a shy smile, I was stunned to say the least, 'shy' was something no-one could ever have associated with my mother.

"Did you really like what you saw?" she whispered.

It took a moment for my brain to get over this new twist, could it be that my mother had actually enjoyed me fucking her? Licking my lips nervously I decided to speak the truth and go with the flow, while at the same time preparing to duck damned fast. As I opened my mouth to speak a vision of my mother's naked body sprang to mind and my cock, which had gone into hiding when the door had opened, now started to stand up to be counted.

"I really did like what I saw mum," I responded then added daringly "you have a lovely body."

"Oh." She breathed and blushed even more "But I all but raped you."

"I know," I sighed at the memory of her grabbing my cock "but after I got over the surprise I was enjoying fu... uh... what we were doing to much to stop it." "What we were doing was fucking." She grinned "Jesus, we shouldn't be having this conversation and if you knew what I was thinking ..."

I grinned at her then decided to go for broke.

"I hope you're thinking the same as me," I said standing up and moving to stand in front of her "that it would be nice to do it again, only this time with less rush and more foreplay."

She looked at me wide eyed as I reached out, put my hands on her waist and drew her to me. Kissing her full on the lips I savoured the moment to the full while expecting her to push me away at any second. It was a very pleasant surprise when instead of pushing at me she put her arms around me and pulled me to her, her lips responding to my kiss passionately.

"Kevin," she sighed a few minutes later when we came up for air "we shouldn't be doing this."

"I know." I grinned at her.

"You really want to have sex with me again?" she asked quietly looking into my eyes.

What I saw in her eyes was almost a plea for me to say 'yes', she needn't have worried, there was no way I was going to say no to her.

"Mum," I said softly taking her hand and putting it on my hard prick, "does that answer your question?"

"Oh my!" she grinned giving my erection a squeeze through my clothes "I guess that means yes."

"There's only one question that needs to be answered." I grinned.

"What's that?" she frowned.

"Do we fuck in here or in your room?" I chuckled.

The way she grabbed my hand and almost dragged me down onto the couch again, that was all the answer I needed.

THE END



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[Back](#)