

## ***The Adventures of Jack Mehoff – Collected Stories***

By [essdubyaeff@hotmail.com](mailto:essdubyaeff@hotmail.com)

*Disclaimer: The following story is entirely fictional and the characters are not related to anyone or any situation living or dead. It is a product of the author's imagination only. This story involves graphic sexual situations. If it is illegal in your area to read such stories or if you are of not the proper age, please STOP reading right now and leave.*

### ***Jack's First Visit To The Glory Hole***

Jack was an awkward fifteen year-old. He was a chubby and pale red head. He didn't know how to be a social person. He'd never dated, never even asked a girl out. He was sure that he'd get a resounding "no" followed by laughter and jeers. And he was probably right about that too.

But he was a normal hormone crazy teenager. He would get erections at the drop of a hat and learned quickly how good masturbation felt. So, he did it often, usually about twice a day, even though his cock wanted it more often. But he could only find the time and privacy to jerk off when he first got up for school and then when he first got home in the afternoon before his parents came home from work.

After a while, however, Jack became bored with jerking it to the women's lingerie and swimsuit sections of the Sears catalog. He had discovered National Geographic Magazines that his Dad kept that had topless African women that took things up a notch but even that didn't last very long before he got bored with it.

It was time for some porn, he had decided some days ago. He needed to see naked ladies. He needed to see videos of two people in sexual action. And he knew where to go to get it.

This was before computers, before the internet, before the pornography that is so easily accessible online. The only porn a guy could get back in the 1970s/1980s was at the local adult bookstore.

So, on a warm sunny afternoon, he walked down the streets of his town with a purpose. He was nervous but excited. He could hardly hide his stiff pole in his shorts, so he tried to pull his black t-shirt over the bulge. The t-shirt was too tight for him so it didn't help much. He just kept walking, his belly bouncing with every step. Soon, he would be there.

Jack stood in front of the small building, looking at awe at what was the holy grail for a teenage boy. The building was little more than a shack with neon lights in one window advertising "lingerie, toys, videos, peep shows." He didn't know what a peep show was but he was planning on finding out.

He shivered a little. What he was about to do was illegal. The sign on the front door clearly said, "NO ONE UNDER 18 YEARS OLD ADMITTED!" But he had travelled this far and he was anxious for something new.

There were four cars parked out front, two on either side of the door. So, there were people already in there. Jack wasn't sure how he felt about that. On the one hand, it meant he wouldn't be alone but on the other he sort of felt embarrassed to be there and being alone might take off some of the

embarrassment. He envisioned every other boy in school getting laid on a regular basis and he was the only one who jerked off. He didn't realize that everyone does it, including his parents but especially young sexually charged boys.

He took a deep breath and walked toward the door.

When he opened the door, the door hit some bells hanging from the ceiling. Jack jumped at the sound. The first thing he saw when he walked in was a rack that had a flimsy red corset hanging off of it. He looked around the store as the door closed behind him. The store was in the shape of "L" with short end being the door and the lingerie area. In front of him was the cash register area. Behind the counter, was a small woman with dark black hair and black shirt with the sleeves cut off showing tattoos up and down both arms.

She looked up from a book she was reading and nodded at Jack. Jack nodded back and walked into the rest of the store. The counter lady went back to her book, apparently not even caring to check for Jack's ID. Fortunately, Jack looked older than he was. He walked past the counter into the long part of "L" shape to see rows and rows of magazines and books all showing graphic sex acts. One magazine had a tiny shaved girl taking a large black cock into her pussy, her mouth in the shape of an "O" and her eyes at a slit as if she was in ecstasy.

Jack's boner jerked to attention in his pants almost immediately.

To his right was a wall rack with realistic penis dildos and vibrators hanging from it. In front of him, as he looked down the center aisle, there was wall with vagina and penis pumps on display.

To his left, he saw through a door another room filled with VHS porn tapes.

Jack was in heaven. He'd discovered the mother load. He browsed the aisles for a bit, taking in everything he could with wide, saucer shaped eyes and tent pole in his shorts.

In one corner, there was a doorway that was covered by a curtain. A sign above read: "Video Booths In Back Room. One Person Per Booth Please."

Curious, Jack passed through the curtain into a dark world. It was a hallway that went from his left to his right. There were about 10 doors all along both sides of the hallway, each one had a light above them, some doors were closed and the light was on indicating someone was in the booth. But most were wide open with light out.

Jack's heart pounded and his legs shook. He wasn't sure what to make of these things.

He took a few steps down the hall to his right, noticed a person standing at the end in the darkness, almost jumped and ran out right then. Instead, he stepped into one of the booths and closed the door behind him. The door had a small latch like those on a bathroom stall to lock it.

He stood there in the darkness of the small room for a minute, getting his bearings and letting his eyes adjust. He could make out a chair seated in the middle of the room. And a television set sitting up high in the wall in the back. The room wasn't much bigger than his small bathroom at home.

He saw there was an automatic dollar bill machine next to the television. He fished out some of the money he brought and feed it to the machine. Then he sat down as the tiny room was filled with light.

On screen, almost immediately, was a white man getting his dick sucked by an older lady. She slurped and sucked. Jack almost creamed into his underwear. He'd never seen anything like it. He watched the action on the screen for a bit then looked around himself. He was in a private little room. He wondered...

Jack unbuckled his belt and let his shorts drop to the floor. He wore blue briefs for underwear with a tented bulge in the front. He took a deep breath and pulled his briefs down his legs and let them fall to his ankles. His long cock flipped free and bounced into his chubby tummy, making his stomach flesh ripple and dance from the impact.

He sat in the chair and gripped his steel rod, slowly stroking it.

He noticed a button on the side of the television that allowed him to change channels and he pushed it a few times until he got back to the older lady and the younger dude. They were really fucking on the bed now, he was on top and her long slender legs flailed in the air. She was moaning and crying out while he grunted with every push.

The television went out and Jack put more money into the machine, his erection bouncing as he struggled to find the money in the dark. As he stood back up with the cash in hand, he noticed a light coming from the wall to his right. He put the money in and the couple came back up still fucking.

Jack looked at the source of the light and found a hole. He was actually surprised he hadn't seen it before. It was big, about double the circumference of a toilet paper tube. The only reason he didn't see it before was because the booth next to his had been dark.

Now, he heard the door close in the booth next door and lock. Shortly after, he saw the light of the television come on and heard the sound sex coming from the speakers.

He sat in the chair and looked intently into the hole, trying desperately not to seem too obvious about it, all the while slowly stroking his cock.

Inside, he saw movement but it blocked the hole. There was denim in the way of the view, obviously someone's pants. He heard a belt buckle unbuckle with a metal clang and then a zipper unzipping. Jack's heart pounded. He was going to see, in the flesh, a naked person. He knew it.

He watched the pants drop and saw dark skinned butt cheek in the hole. The person bent over as he pushed the pants down and then stepping out of them. He sat down and Jack saw, for the first time, a

black cock sticking straight up from dark curly hairs. It was huge. It had to be about a foot long and about three inches in diameter.

Jack gasped, his own cock throbbing in his now still hand as he voyeuristically watched the activity in the booth next door.

The black man gripped his cock in his fist and began stroking it up and down as he flipped through the channels to find a good porn movie to watch. From the sound of it, he seemed to have settled on two guys fucking, there were low grunts instead of the high pitched female groans and screams.

Jack gripped his cock and began to jerk it to the same rhythm the man next door was jerking it. His whole body shivered at the exciting new thing he'd discovered.

Then he saw his jerk off partner next door, stand up and face the other wall, showing only his dark buttocks. He shuffled close to the opposite wall. His ass muscles tightened and Jack realized there was another hole on the other side and he had put his cock into the whole.

Why would he do that, Jack thought. Someone on the other side would see it.

The black man groaned. "Oh, yea. Bitch. Suck that black cock."

Oh my god, thought Jack. There was a woman in the next booth sucking the man's cock. He almost shot his load all over the floor at that very thought. But he managed to hold on.

He gazed, wide eyed into the hole, watching the smooth brown buttocks contract and loosen as the man pumped himself into the whole. The black man's breath became heavy and fast, moaning over and over.

"Yea. Like that, Bitch," the man said, unusually loud to Jack's ears. Shouldn't he be whispering? Won't he get in trouble?

He started to stroke his dick again as he watched through the hole. After a short time, when no one came to stop the man, he realized that the store was apparently okay with guys doing this in the booths. This astounded him. Sex was always forbidden, secret action. Now it was happening in relative public where others, including himself, could watch whenever they wanted. He was overjoyed.

Jack's television turned off suddenly, his dollar now up. For a minute, he didn't realize it was off as he watched the booth next door. Then he realized he was jerking off in darkness and fumbled for more money. A couple seconds later he had the dollar out and ready to insert into the machine. Then he heard it.

"Hey, Baby."

It was a whisper but close to him, almost inside the room. Jack stopped and looks around.

"Down here."

He looked down the wall and saw another hole in the wall next to him opposite from the hole he was spying the black man getting his cock sucked through. He finished putting the money into the machine so the video clicked back on. This time the couple he had been watching on the television were in doggy style, the man plowing into the older woman with a serious gusto. Her tits flopped back and forth with each impact of his pelvis as they hung down. She was screaming out now and he was grunting loudly, getting close to cumming.

Jack turned toward the new hole in the wall, vaguely hearing the black man groan out his cumshot in the room behind him. He looked into the hole and was shocked to see a black, curly bush. There was a woman in the other room and her pussy was at the hole. He licked his lips.

“Uh...Hello?”

The pussy moved and a face came into view.

“Hey, Baby. Wanna suck?” With that, she opened her mouth and stuck her tongue through the hole, inviting Jack to put his dick in it.

He shivered and moved toward the hole, aiming his rock hard cock at the opening. There was no need for Jack to answer. He didn’t have to be asked twice. He acted. He thrust forward and the sensitive head of his dick entered the woman’s mouth. The warm moist feeling felt incredible and Jack couldn’t help but moan out loud. Again, it thought he was going to get in trouble but no one came to the door to stop them from this delicious act.

The woman in the other booth closed her lips over his purple head and licked her tongue along the bottom of his cock, massaging the vein the length of his hard on. Jack’s breath caught in his throat, his eyes shut tight as he concentrated on the feeling this wonderful woman was giving him. He pressed his stomach against the wall, feeding more of his length into her mouth.

She added a light suction to her endeavors, sending a tingling down his shaft and making his balls jump and twitch.

“Oh god, “ Jack whispered.

Jack turned his head toward the screen and watched the two fucking actors there. The woman on the screen was now on top, riding her lover. That was a hot scene to him and he thought he felt his cock grow harder, if that was even possible. The live woman at the hole moaned on to his erection, making her mouth vibrate and adding another element of pleasure for the young man.

She began bobbing her head up and down his now wet steel pole. It drove him crazy and he knew he wasn’t going to last long. Sensing his closeness, the woman increased her speed and sucking in earnest. She moaned in anticipation of the forthcoming ejaculation.

Jack humped the wall, his fleshy pole sliding in and out of the mouth that was placed there. His naked buttocks clenched and unclenched. Jack felt the stirring in his balls and an electric tingle went up his spine.

"Here it cums," he warned her. She instantly moaned on his cock.

Then his dick started to pulsate and jump in her mouth. She stopped bobbing her head but continued to move her tongue around the cockhead, tasting the young boy's semen as it shot ropes across her tongue. She moaned on his cock like she was eating a delicious meal. Jack grunted with each spurt, breathing heavy, his whole body trembling.

The woman clamped her lips tight around his shaft to keep the cum from spilling. She wanted all of his sperm in her stomach. Jack could feel her throat muscles working as she swallowed, desperately trying to get it all. This was, by far, the best orgasm he'd ever had by himself. He shot line after line of cream into her lovely sucking mouth, for almost a minute.

Finally, his cock stopped throbbing and his cum dribbled out onto her tongue. Jack pulled his cock from the hole in the wall, creating a wet smacking sound from lips. He stood for a moment on shaky legs and then collapsed in the chair in the middle of the room. He heard the woman's gulping sounds as she swallowed his semen down. He let out a long breath of air.

"That was incredible."

'You like that, Baby?" she asked through the hole.

"Oh yea. That was awesome!"

The monitor switched off again. This time, Jack didn't replace the dollar. He put his clothes back on in the darkness. He had gotten off like he wanted to and now he needed to leave. As he went to open the door, the woman whispered through the hole again.

"Come back again, Honey. You tasted really good."

"Thank you," he whispered back and then stepped out of the booth.

Jack walked home, still on weak legs but with a feeling of euphoria that engulf his being like a heavenly halo. Yep, he decided, he'd being going back there again.

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### *Jack Visits The Lick-Her Store*

Jack stopped his bike with a screech of rubber tires on the pavement. There is was. His friend Bill told him about this place but Jack didn't believe him. But his 14 year old self became more and more curious about it. He dreamt about the idea of it and would wake up with his six inch erection in the morning. After a couple of weeks, he decided he needed to check this place out, see whether it was real or not.

So, after school, he told his parents he would be over at Bill's house and rode his bike down into the city looking for the building. After a couple of mistakes, including riding the wrong way down a busy street and almost getting hit, he arrived in front of the building.

As he got off his bike and leaned it against the side of the brick building, he looked at the front and saw no signs indicating what it was. The windows were blacked out and the door in front was painted red but had no indication that anyone was even there. But it matched Bill's description perfectly and was located exactly where Bill had indicated it would be that Jack was sure this was the place. "There's no place around this place that looks like this place so this must be the place," as his dad always said.

He walked up to the door and with quite a bit of nervousness, he turned the knob and walked in. At first, the lighting was darker than the outside sunshine and he had to stop and wait for his eyes to adjust to the interior. He took a few steps forward and the inside came into his view and he saw a small room. It was a long thin room about 10 feet wide which along the front of the building. Along the left side wall was a computer cash register inside a windowed ticket booth office. The right of that was another door, this was merely a hole in the wall with hanging beads as door.

Sounds came from behind those rows of beads that made Jack's cock jump in his pants. There were moans, groans, and even a few pleasure screams of women. Something was going on behind that curtain. Something which would drive a young horny teenager insane with lust.

Inside the windowed office was a man sitting on a bar stool, reading a porno magazine. The man looked up to see the next customer. He didn't seem to bat an eye that a young kid, barely in high school, was standing in front of him. He acted as if it happened all the time.

"\$50.00," he said, putting down his magazine. The man stroked his heavy brown beard and waiting for Jack to respond.

Jack reached into his pocket and pulled out the \$50.00. He had stopped at the ATM over. Bill told him how much he'd need and again Bill was right.

The man motioned his arm toward the beaded entranceway. Jack noticed a lot of tattoos on his arms. They were covered from shoulder to wrist in elaborate artwork.

"Have fun, Kid."

Jack stepped into the next room, pushing the hanging beaded strings to the aside.

The first thing Jack realized was the noises he'd heard in the entrance way were quite louder. Then he saw the room with his own eyes. The room was a long hallway, about twenty yards long. On either side of the hallway were drilled out holes, large enough that a woman's naked torso below the waist could stick out of them. And there were naked legs, spread open, protruding through each of these holes, laying on a table attached to the wall. The legs were all female but each one different; pale white, tan brown, light African, dark African, yellow Asian, and on and on they went. There were about 25 women up and down the both sides of the hallway. Each pair of legs were just as a man's face level.

Jack saw there were two other men already trying out the merchandise. Down by the end of the hallways was a man, his head between the thighs of a pale white woman's. Her legs squeezed his head and a moan came from behind the wall. The man was naked and his hips were thrusting in and out.

That's when Jack realized there was another set of holes under the ones at face level. These too had women's legs sticking out of them, these however were standing flatfooted on the floor with their asses sticking out. This made it so someone could lick the cunt above while fucking the ass or pussy of the one below at the same time.

This was so hot that Jack almost blew his load in his pants right there and then.

Halfway up the aisle, Jack saw a dark black man lapping at the pussy between brown legs that looked Asian. The legs trembled and groans came from behind the wall. He too was naked, his large black cock dangling from between his legs, lightly skimming across the smooth buttocks of the glory holed woman below him.

Jack watched the two guys going at it for a two seconds before he quickly took off all of his clothes, folding them nicely and putting them next to the piles of the other clothes next to the door. Standing naked with a his hard on at first made him feel self-conscious but his lust took over and he followed his pointing erection down the aisle. He looked left to right then left again, looking for the right pussy to lick first.

The musky smell of moist pussy filled the air, becoming stronger and stronger the farther he walked into the room.

Jack stopped about halfway down the aisle and turned to his right. In the slot above was a pair of pale white legs with thighs large around, a thick soft patch of red hair lay in her pubic area, wet and matted with sweat, or orgasmic juices. The below her was a round soft bottom of a dark brown black woman, her legs trembling as if the aftermath of an orgasm. Jack saw some cum cream on her buttocks. Obviously, she had recently been fucked while the ginger above her had been eaten out.

Jack looked off to the left and saw a similar scene but this time with a tanned white woman on top, cleanly shaved and another white woman on the bottom, her ass sticking up and small buttocks gapping open showing a wet asshole and black haired lined vagina opening.

He liked what he saw on the left side and stepped forward, inhaling his odor of pussy. His tongue, hesitantly flicked out and touched the lips of the pussy at his face. A quiet moan immediately came from behind the plywood wall. He felt his hard-on bounce against the butt-cheeks of the woman below him.

Down the hall, he heard one of the woman being licked cry out in pleasure. She screamed, "Yes yes yes" over and over again. He heard her but it was far away. His heart pounded, his breathing was heavy with lust. He grabbed his cock and positioned himself to insert his long flesh pole into the woman below him.

He took a deep breath and thrust his hips. The head of his cock slid between the girl's lips which was well lubricated with her own juices and possibly juices from someone else. Her pussy enveloped him



nicely and in no time he had bottomed out in her, his pubic region lightly touching her pillowy buttocks. From behind the wall, he heard her moan. He leaned forward and began licking with earnest between the thighs of the woman above him. She too began to moan with each touch of his tongue.

Having two woman moaning with pleasure because of his actions, Jack felt empowered and began to slide his cock in and out of the woman below him. His cock was rock hard and covered with juices. His lapping of the cunt in front of his face sped up as his excitement grew. The thighs on either side of his face trembled and shivered. The moans and groans of both women got louder and more frequent.

After being on the edge for so long even before entering the lick-her store, Jack could feel his orgasm building quickly and suddenly stopped pumping his erection inside the woman below him, burying his bone to the hilt inside her in a desperate attempt to hold off his ejaculation. At the same time, the woman he was fucking came, and hard. The folds of her cunt pulsed around his cock and she cried out, "OH GOD!" Her bent over butt shook left and right, back and forth as her body lost control.

Jack grunted, willing himself to hold off. He stepped back from the pair, his wet shaft popping from the tight cunt. He stood there, watching both sets of legs tremble and shiver. A clear liquid streamed down the bottom woman's legs and flowed from the top vagina into the crack of her ass. He stood there, trying to catch his breath as the pending orgasm within his balls faded. A drop of precum oozed out of his cockhead and dripped down onto the flow between his legs.

He looked around. Time to find some of other pussies to attack. He walked, almost staggering, down the hall looking on either side of him. He saw pussy of every kind; white, black, Asian, Indian, all kinds. As he walked, he passed by one of the other men fucking away at a woman, his buttocks humping in and out, the slapping of bodies and crying out of passion filled in the room. The man was close to cumming. Jack watched for a bit as the man's buttocks suddenly stopped, clenched tight with his cock buried in the woman. He cried out, "Oh shit! I'm cumming!"

Jack stopped just after he walked by the cumming man and saw his next conquest.

He stepped up to a woman to his right. She was white with dark brown bush. She looked older than many of the other woman in the store. Maybe as old as his mother and that turned Jack on more than anything. Below her, standing on her tiptoes with her buttocks in the air was another white woman with some red marks on her buttcheeks. She was a large woman too, with meaty thighs and ass.

He moved into position. This time there was no slow push in, no gentle fucking. He plunged into her with all of his force. She let out a grunt from behind the wall as he first penetrated her with great force, slamming his pelvis against her fat butt, rippling the fat flesh. He buried his head into the crotch of the woman in front of him. He found the clit and began attacking it with his tongue. Her hips jerked and she cried out at the sudden invasion.

Then he went to town. Flicking his tongue out in quick bursts, jiggling her nub, driving her crazy with passion. At the same time, his hips were a blur of motion, slamming his cock deep into the woman

below him. Both women made a lot of noise, groans and moans over and over again. The one he was fucking kept repeating "Oh god, oh god, oh god," during every inward thrust.

"Slow down, kid," a voice came from beside him. It was a deep voice of man. Jack stopped fucking, his cock buried deep into big woman's vagina. He lifted his face off the pussy in front of him just as she cried out and shot a stream of clear cream across his chest.

To the right of him was a middle aged man around fifty years old. He was naked and slowly, leisurely sliding his large penis in and out of another pussy. Jack, now out of his pleasure revelry, noticed that a few more people had entered the room, including one white woman who was currently going to town on a black pussy close to the door.

Out of breath from his activities, Jack could only answer, "What?"

"You keep fucking that bitch like a piston like that and you will blow your load too soon. Take it slow, Buddy."

With that the man slowly backed his ass out, his wet cock slid out. When he reached the end with just the head of his cock inside the woman's pussy lips. Then, just as slowly, he pushed forward and slid back into her.

Jack watched, panting, as the man took several in and out plunges. He matched the man's rhythm and began a slow in and out of his own. He found this helped calm down the urgency of his impending orgasm.

"Thanks," he said.

By now the middle aged man was eating away at the woman in front of him and didn't answer.

Jack did the same and engulfed the woman's clit in front of him with his lips, applying some suction to the nub. He continued the slow, patient in and out stroking of his hips as he did this. Both women on the other side of the paneling groaned.

He managed to bring the women off several times, crying out and shaking all over. He felt his cock get squeezed and pumped from orgasming pussy. His face and smooth chest were covered in female cum. He was sweating profusely and could tell he was close. This time, he didn't care if he held on. His desperate need for release was nearing the point of no return.

His hips increased speed, slamming his pelvis against the big woman's buttocks which jiggled and shook in waves from each impact. He felt his cock get even harder than before which he didn't think was possible. He felt the tingle starting in the base of his cock, his balls jumped.

From behind the wall, the big woman cried, "Oh god! He's gonna cum inside me!"

He then he was. His cock pulsed and throbbed inside the pussy, shooting his baby making cream into her womb, splashing on her internal pussy walls. He let out a loud grunt.

“That a boy, Kid! Shoot your load into her!” said the middle age man, still plowing the woman next to Jack.

Jack’s pole bucked over and over inside of her, each a hard shot of cum. He was cumming far more than he ever did just jerking off. A white foam began to form around the seal between his cock and the woman’s pussy lips. Her vagina could not contain all the semen Jack was pumping into her and was flowing out and dripping on the floor.

Jack lifted his face from the clit in front of him and groaned as his release emptied into the woman below him.

Suddenly, his legs got weak and wobbly. He backed off, his cock slipping out of the pussy. He staggered to stay up as his cock sprayed three more shots of cum onto the pale buttocks in front of him. Then his cock began to dribble the rest of his cum over his cockhead and onto the floor. He put his hands on his knees and crotched for a second, catching his breath. His pores pouring with sweat and his dick, softening now, dripping with creamy white semen.

Breath caught, Jack straightened and staggered toward the door. He glanced at the middle aged man still fucking a steady rhythm. The man winked at him and went back to eating out the woman he’d chosen. Jack then reached his clothes and put them on.

As he walked out the front to his bike, he vowed he would come to the lick-her store again and again and again.

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### *Jack And The Much Needed Dad/Son Time*

The car rode along on the highway, winding through the mountain roads. Jack Mehoff, a fifteen year old boy, sat in the passenger seat playing his Nintendo DS while his father drove along listening to the radio. It was July and was warm out but no stifling, kind of cool for a July in their area of the country. This summer, it had been decided that Jack’s father would take Jack to the cabin his parents owned in the mountain forests. He had never been. Usually, his father would take this trip on his own every year. He found early in the marriage that he needed some alone time away from the family from time to time in order to recharge. He and his wife agreed to buy the cabin five hours away from their home and he would plan a trip for himself there every year. His father always came back with a better attitude on his family after those trips which his wife and son appreciated.

This was the first time they had agreed that Jack should go on the trip with his father. He was excited. He imagined a lot of fishing and hunting, sitting around the campfire telling stories, eating smores and just having a generally fun time. He was looking forward to it.

Now, as they turned off the highway onto a dirt road that snaked its way through the wooded area and up a large hill, Jack put down his DS and watched the scenery pass by. He glanced at his father, his gray hair and pointed jaw showed a sophisticated, fifty year old man who could have easily passed for thirty.

His father looked away from the his driving to flash a quick smile at his son. Glancing down as he turned to look out of the window, Jack noticed something in his father's lap. He thought he knew what it was. He glanced back again and saw his father's khaki shorts were pointed up like a tent.

His father had an erection. Jack's eyes widened with shock and turned back to the window. As the trees past by they blurred in his vision and all he saw was his father's tented fabric between his legs in his mind's eye. He looked again to see if it was still there and found that it was. Looked up at his father's face and saw he was watching him.

Jack was caught.

"There a problem, Sport?"

Jack quickly looked out the front windshield. "No."

"It's okay, Kiddo. Every man gets one."

Jack blushed at that thought but said nothing.

"You know, Jack," his father said, the wheel of the car jiggling back and forth on the rough gravel road, "Your mom and I can hear what you do in your bedroom at night."

"What?" Jack was shocked and embarrassed.

"Sure. It's not like you are quiet about it, you know. All that grunting and moaning. Sound does travel you know?"

His father flashed a smile Jack's way. Jack slumped down in his seat and covered his head with his hands, they smelt like hamburger from the McDonald's they stopped at two hours back. He remembered the last time he had jerked off, laying naked on his bed with his right hand moving up and down his shaft while he looked at the pictures in a Penthouse magazine he kept hidden in his room and then he thought about his parents at his closed bedroom door listening in and get hornier and hornier. His father reached over and pulled one of Jack's hands away.

"Jack, it's all right. All boys do that. Even the ones that say they don't. Especially the ones that say they don't, I think. That's part of the reason your mom and I decided it was time to bring you up here this week."

Jack didn't say anything for the remainder of the forty five minutes it took to ride the bumpy dirt road to the cabin, but he did find himself checking to see if his father's hard on was still there. At one point, it seemed to go away but then a couple minutes later when he looked, it was back again. He surmised, correctly, that the jiggling and jostling of the road kept bringing the erection back. It may also have been the anticipation of what was to come. For some reason, Jack's own penis jerked and rose to attention in his pants. He turned on his DS again and held it front of his crotch pretending to play but really hiding his tented cotton shorts.

When they got to the cabin, the dirt road just stopped right at the front door. The cabin wasn't a large mansion or anything. It was a one room log building. The one room had a small kitchen area with a fridge and stove, even a microwave, and living room area with a small fireplace with two wooden chairs and a couch. Behind the couch was a queen sized bed which had not yet been made for the season. The bed posts were glazed logs like those of which the cabin was made. Off to the side, was a small bathroom with a toilet, sink, and a small shower but not much else. In the back of the room, was one door which went out into a wooded area behind the cabin with a fire pit and a couple of outdoor chairs to sit around the fire pit.

As soon as they checked the place out, they started to unload the car, putting the food in the fridge and the cabinets in the kitchen. They made the bed and cleaned the bathroom. Jack's father started a fire in the fireplace. It wasn't because it was cold, though at night it could get very chilly, but because a flickering fire helps set a mood and is a good start to any vacation at the cabin. It was always one of the first things he did when he got there every year.

Once all the work was done, they both plopped down on the chairs in front of the fire and watched the flames flicker. The sun was going down and the flames bounced off walls creating shadows that looked like Indians dancing around a bonfire.

"Well, Jack," his father said after a while of silence, "There's something you need to know about me up here."

"What's that, Dad?"

"Well, I guess the best way to tell you is to show you."

He stood up and removed his shirt, a button down the front number, which he threw aside. He reached in the waist of his shorts and pushed them down, underwear and all. Stepping out of them, he stood before his son nude as the day he was born. Jack was shocked, his eyes wide in wonder. His father, at first felt awkward in front of his son like that but decided it was done and there was no embarrassment in it.

"Up here we are so far away from civilization, the closest neighbor is over an hour away and no one comes to this part of the woods. I've gotten used to going naked for the week that I'm here by myself every year. So, if you are okay with that, I will go naked this time too. Are you comfortable with that, Jack?"

Jack had only been half listening to what his father was saying. He had been studying his father's naked body as he stood there talking. He was well fit for a fifty year old. He worked out every day. He didn't have a six pack abs or anything like that, there was still some fat on his belly, but he looked good for his age. Jack gazed at his father's package in particular. It was covered in long pubic hairs, unlike his head these hairs were brown and created a fur on the pubic mound that was inviting. His father's penis was long and cut, showing a large purple mushroom. It was partially erect he could tell but not fully hard. At least not yet. His ball sack hung low and swayed hypnotically to and fro as he spoke.

Jack was mesmerized. He never thought that another man's body would turn him on like this, especially not his own father's. But here he was getting turned on by his father's nakedness. His own cock rose to rock hardness just because of the situation. He tried to hide it but his father saw it in his tented shorts anyway.

"So, Son? Is it okay?"

Jack stammered, "Um...Yea...Sure."

"Okay. Good." His father sat back down in his chair and went back to watching the fire dazzle in front of them. He absentmindedly played with his cock and balls as he daydreamed into the fire. Jack went back to watching the fire too but this time the hardness between his legs distracted him.

He was trying to both hide it with his hands and push it to go away but instead found himself stimulating it further instead. The head rubbing against the soft fabric simply made things get harder.

"You know, Son," His father broke the silence, perhaps realizing his son's predicament, "You are welcome to take your clothes off too, if you want. Only if you feel comfortable with being naked with your dad, that is."

"No. I'm okay." Jack fiddled with his groin, pushing the shaft down to his stomach, and then feeling it bounce back up. He let out a quick groan, more of pleasure than frustration. He thought he had kept it quite enough but his father heard it and smiled to himself.

"Jack, it's okay. Like I said, it happens to every man. Letting it go is freeing. Besides, it feels great in the open air. This is half the reason I come up here."

Jack noticed his father's naked penis slowly jerking and rising up in his lap as he spoke. In no time, he had a flesh pole jutting from his hair forest of his groin.

"See, " he continued, "Even I get hard ons. In fact, I get them quite often."

Jack couldn't believe what was going on, couldn't believe what his father was saying.

"Jack, your mom and I can hear you every night jerking off in your room. It's okay. It's perfectly natural. Boys and girls do it all the time. That's why we decided that it was time for you come up here so I can teach you some things about sex. It appears it is time for 'the talk'."

Jack stood up from his chair then, "Okay. Here it goes."

He pulled his t-shirt over his head and threw it into the pile of clothes his father had created off to the side. Then he pushed his short, tightie whtie brief underwear and all down to his ankles. His pale cock, as hard a steel by that point, sprang free, slapping him against his hairless belly. He let out a grunt at that and found himself standing in front of his father naked from head to toe with a six inch circumcised penis sticking out from a fuzz covered pubic mound.

His father looked over him for a bit, admiring his son's body, probably too much for a father for his own son but he couldn't help it. Jack began to feel a bit awkward as his father looked him over like a piece of meat. His father stood up and faced his son, their bodies only a couple inches away from each other.

"You know, Son," his father seemed to stammer over his words, not really sure how to say what he wanted to say, "Another reason I come up here ever year is so I can jerk off. Do you believe that?"

"Yea, actually. I would do it up here for sure."

Jack was starting to talk freely now about things, which is what his father wanted. He wanted him to be free to discuss sex, any aspect of it.

Jack's father gripped his cock and began stroking it. In front of his own son, he jerked his cock. The warmth from the fireplace made the pleasure feel even better. Jack did the same then. He wrapped his fist around his hard cock, immediately that alone felt great, but then he tightened his grip and began stroking up and down the shaft.

They watched the other, in silence except for pleasure filled moans and groans, and slapping of their fists against their pubic mounds and testicles. The sounds echoed off the cabin walls. Outside, a coyote howled in the distance but they didn't hear it.

"So," Jack said between heavy breaths, "You and mom listen to me every night."

"Most every night, yea. It turns us on something fierce. We usually have incredible sex after hearing you shoot your cum and fall asleep."

It only took a couple minutes before their rhythm began to match each other. By that point, their hands were a blur of motion at their groins. Their balls slapped and swayed violently between their thighs (one pair covered in brown hair, the other pair hairless and smooth) with each stroke. They were breathing heavy, that also in unison.

Jack closed his eyes, his body rocking side to side as his fist pounded his crotch. He imagined his parents on their king size bed with the brass fixtures for head and foot boards, his father between her spread thighs, his buttocks rising and falling, his mother's moans and screams of delight.

The image of his parents having sex drove Jack crazy with lust. He began bucking his hips forward into his hand, imagining his hard cock thrusting into his own mother.

"Stop, Son."

Jack opened his eyes broken from his fantasies by his father's voice. He stopped stroking himself but help his fingers wrapped around the base of his iron hard shaft. His father took his hand off his own cock and turned toward the bathroom. Jack sat down, his breathing fast and heavy, his heart racing.

"Why did we stop? I was almost there." He said it with frustration, his orgasm interrupted at just the right (or wrong) time.

His father, his own breathing quick, opened a cabinet above the sink and returned with a small bottle of baby oil.

“The reason we are up here, Jack, is so you can learn. Controlling your orgasm is the most important thing when it comes to sex. You disappoint your partner if you cum too soon or before she does. You need to control when you cum and that comes from practice.”

He stepped in front of Jack and dripped a few drops of oil onto the pink head of Jack’s cock. The clear liquid streamed down his shaft and matted into the base of his pubic hair. His father then sat down and dripped some oil drops of his own onto his shaft and began to stroke it again. Jack followed suit. This time they stroked their fists in a leisurely motion, slow and steady up and down movements. Movement really only designed to keep the hardness in their erections there and not to bring themselves off too soon.

They watched the fire as they jerked themselves and talked. They talked about sex. His father went into amazing detail, explaining every position he and Jack’s mother do it in, what brings them off the best, the night they conceived Jack (doggy style on the living room couch while The Godfather played on television). They talked about what Jack liked about sex. Not just that it felt good but the type of woman he liked, the girls (and teachers) at school he lusted after.

Jack told his father about the time after gym class when he jerked off in the locker room bathroom after he saw Christine Church’s shorts ride up into the crack of her ass. His father told Jack about the time in college when he was at a frat party that became an orgy and how he fucked every member of the Delta Psi sorority. He made it clear to tell him he wore a condom for each one.

When he thought as they were traveling up there about the stories they would tell around the campfire, they were about ghosts and creatures of the night, stories to scare you. He never imagined that the stories would be about sexual adventures of his and his own father.

All the while, they stroked their cocks. Gradually, the more they talked about their experiences, the faster their jerking went. At first their fists moved in unison but then they both began a frantic rhythm and they stopped talking and concentrated on just getting themselves off which made it so each was going at different pace again.

This time there was no stopping. They were going to shoot off no matter what. They watched other, breaths fast and heavy, sweating dripping off their bodies. The squishing sounds of their oiled hands and cocks, the slapping sounds of their fists against their flopping ball sacks filled the room, bouncing off the wooded walls.

They were grunting now with each thrust. They were so close and just waiting to see if the other would shoot off first. Jack put his legs over the arm rests of the chair he was sitting in, exposing his entire groin to his father’s gaze. And gaze he did. He stared at his son’s package as he abused himself.

“Oh god,” Jack said suddenly, “I’m SO close!”



Jack's father nodded his head, "So am I! Shoot it, Son!"

Jack felt the feeling rush up his cock and his balls twitched. He let out a loud groaning sound. His father watched closely as the head of his son's erection flared up, the piss hole on the top opening. And then white semen shot out. Jack grunted as it happened, bucked his hips off the seat, his buttocks tightening underneath him, his head tilted back with his eyes tight in a grimace of ecstasy. The shot flew high, higher than his father even thought possible though he likely shot loads just as high when he was Jack's age. It landed with a splat on Jack's smooth chest and then another went flying with Jack grunting once again.

Jack's father couldn't hold back anymore either. He announced he was about to cum and Jack instantly looked at his father's cock in the chair next to him. Even as he continued to cover his chest and groin with his own emissions, he so desperately wanted to see his father shoot off. Part of him thought of his father as a non-sexual being and by no means would he ever jerk off actual cum. He really wanted to see this mythical being in action.

His father grunted, much like Jack had done a moment ago (like father like son), and said, "Oh yeah!" Then gobs of his white cream was flying through the air. As Jack's cum was ending, the last of his semen oozing out like a volcano and dribbling down his veined dick shaft, his father's was kicking into high gear. He was firing off shot after shot into the air, not as high as Jack's but there seemed to be more of it.

Where Jack's cum shots were individual shots with a second or two interval in between for recovering and reload, his father's was like a machine gun firing off short bursts of the creamy liquid and then having a brief second to recover. He was shooting three quick rounds, squirt, squirt, squirt and then take a breath, let out a grunt and the three quick rounds again.

His father's cum was hitting his chest, catching in his chest hair and hovering there just above his skin. It was splattering rounds all over his groin, matting his pubic hair into a sticky mess.

Finally, it was over and his father settled back down into the chair. He had risen his butt off the cushion while he was releasing and now didn't have the strength to stay that way. They both were huffing and puffing, trying to catch their breaths, their hearts pounding in their chests.

"Jesus!" Jack said as he stared at the ceiling, trying to get his body to calm down.

His father chuckled, "Yea. Feels great, doesn't it?"

After a bit, they cleaned themselves up and exhausted from traveling for hours and having great orgasms, they laid down to sleep. They shared the queen sized bed.

Jack slept through the night, having sex dreams about his parents. He didn't awake until just before dawn the next morning, and that was just because he had to pee. He slipped out of bed, his father still snoring, and used the bathroom. After he was done, he decided he wasn't sleepy anymore and stepped out the back door to see if he could catch some of the stars that might be out for sunrise.

When he stepped outside, he remembered he was naked. He couldn't believe he'd almost forgotten but the cold air not only woke him up but was invigorating. He stood at the door and looked into the sky. The sky was clear and covered in stars. He could see a hundred times more stars in this empty country than he ever could see in the city. He stared at the sky, following the Milky Way across the sky. He found the Big Dipper and Orion's belt.

As he stood there, starting to feel the cold in his core now, a sound to his right took his attention away from the stars. It was breathy grunting sound then a sound like two bamboo sticks clanking together. He looked but around but didn't see where it was coming from.

There was a stomping sound following by the grunting sound. Whatever it was, Jack was pretty sure it wasn't human. He walked along the back of the house to the side and looked around the corner. Off the side of the house was a small grass field of about fifty feet that went up to the woods that surrounded the cabin. In that field, he saw two deer, a buck and a doe. The buck had a large antler rack and was up on the doe's backside, humping his own back quarters into her.

It was the buck that was letting out the grunting sound as he rutted against the doe. The doe just stood there, her eyes wide and her mouth open, tongue hanging out. Steam emitted from both animal's mouths as they worked on their mating. The buck had saliva dripping from his mouth. Both the animals' eyes seemed to look at Jack and realize he was there but it was too late to stop. The buck kept pounding into his doe, his huge bright red deer cock plowing into her.

Jack stood there watching, no longer cold. He felt his cock begin to grow watching these two animals fuck in the wilderness.

The buck suddenly grunted out a loud noise and pointed his nose to the sky. His hindquarters became quit bursts of shaking, its white tail flipping and flashing. The doe let out a honk and then bowed her head. The buck slid off the doe's butt and the two stood there, side by side, watching Jack to see what he would do. Jack wasn't going to do anything. He stayed still, his full hard on pointing straight at the stars he was just looking at.

He thought he saw some liquid drip out of the doe and hit the grassy ground and thought it was the buck's semen draining from his conquest's vagina. The two deer flipped their tails and bounded into the woods, disappearing into the brush.

Left alone, Jack stood there for a moment in awe. Then he turned and walked back inside. He thought he might tell his dad about what he saw that morning but decided instead it would be a personal moment for himself.

He got back underneath the covers of the bed, now feeling the cold and his hard on shrinking quickly, he wanted some warmth. He quickly fell back to sleep.

When Jack awoke again a couple of hours later, the sun was up and the birds were chirping. He realized he was up against his father's back in a spoons position, his right arm over his father's side, his hand

playing in his father's chest hairs. His father was breathing lightly, even snoring a bit, and Jack knew he was still sleeping.

Then he felt his morning hardness between his legs. Jack's cock, hard as rock now, was wedged between his father's furry buttocks. He was shocked when he realized where it was but it felt good, comforting, so he didn't move. He laid there in the morning air for a moment as he became fully awake. Then he rolled away from his father and stretched his arms above his head against the headboard.

"Hey. Where'd you go?" his father said without turned over.

His voice made Jack jump, "I didn't know you were awake."

His father rolled over and stretched himself, like father like son. The bed covers were tented now like a circus tent, two poles keeping the canopy up.

"Oh, what a night, huh?" his father said.

"Yea," Jack said, thinking about the mating deer he saw just a couple of hours ago.

Absently, Jack's hand, almost with a mind of its own and before he even knew he was doing it, gripped his hard on and began to leisurely pet it. He father saw this and reached for his own erection. Jack saw this and realized what he was doing. He turned away, embarrassed.

"You okay, son?"

"Dad..." he trailed off.

"What? You can tell me anything, you know that right?"

Jack nodded. He turned back to his father, who was still slowly, lightly stroking his cock.

"Dad, I'm not..."

"What?"

"I'm not gay."

His father laughed. "Neither am I, Sport. But it's still fun to jerk off along with someone else, even a man. Right? You had fun last night, didn't you?"

Jack smiled. "Oh yea. It was incredible."

"Then there's nothing wrong with it. Besides, men need sexual release than women do. That's why we have the need to jerk off more often."

His father kicked off the rest of the covers so both he and his son lay naked on the bed. Jack rolled onto his back again and found himself stroking his cock once again. He watched his father's groin. He was

growing fascinated with his father's penis. It was larger yes but it also produced the sperm that made Jack himself, provided the genes that made up half of his DNA, half of who he was.

"Want to touch it?" Jack jerked out of his revelry.

Jack reached his left hand (his right hand being busy on his own crotch) and lightly touched his father's cock. He traced the vein down from the mushroom head to the balls with the tip of his index finger. His father trembled at his touch, letting out a breath of air. Jack stopped stroking his own cock as he paid especially close to his father's member. He wrapped his fingers around his father's cock and began to slowly stroke it.

His father reached over to his son's cock and wrapped his fingers around the base. Suddenly, before his father could even begin to stroke his son, Jack let out a loud groan and arched his back, humping his pelvis into the air.

"Oh shit!" Jack cried out.

His father felt his son's cock pulsate in his hands and spurt after spurt of cream shot two feet into the air, splatting on his smooth chest and stomach. Jack's eyes shut tight, his face a grimace of intense pleasure. His father watched it all happen in a shocked, lustful daze.

When it was all over, Jack's entire torso glistened all over. His father rubbed his hand over his son's stomach and chest, massaging the semen into his skin like a baby oil. He felt his son's smooth belly trembling after his cum. Jack breathed heavy, eyes now closed but calm.

"Jesus!" Jack said, "You barely touched me and I couldn't help it. Before I knew it, I was shooting off."

His father chuckled, "You certainly came a lot. I think that was more than even last night."

As his son caught his breath, his father rolled onto his back and began to jerk his own cock again. He used the hand he had been playing in Jack's ejaculate as lubricant. He stroked up and down his shaft with a swift, lustful earnest. Just watching Jack shoot off had sent his father on to the edge and he was going to cum soon, perhaps the best morning masturbation he'd ever had.

With the eye of his son intently on the blur of hand and cock, his father was so close. He moaned, putting his feet flat on the bed and pushing his butt off the sheets.

"Oh, " he moaned, "SO, close."

His fist seemed to speed up. The room became filled with the chlorine scent of semen and the rhythmic squishing sound of a man jerking off.

Jack's father groaned and his cock shot off blast after blast of white cum. After each shot, his cock would seem to recoil before firing again, shooting globs of semen which landed with a wet splatting sound on his chest and stomach, matting his pubic hair, glistening his jerking hand. And then the power shots calmed down and oozed out of his piss hole in a lava river down his shaft and fist.

His father let out a breathy sigh and settle back onto the bed, trying to catch his breath.

“Holy shit! That was a good one.”

“Wow,” Jack said, “What a morning.”

His father laughed, “We have five more days up here, Dude. We’re gonna have a lot of fun.”

And fun they had. They hiked the trails all through the forest, sometimes nude except for tennis shoes, sometimes in shorts and t-shirt. They would walk down to the nearby lake and swim in the cool water. One night they even skinny dipped together in the water under the moonlight. Jack enjoyed seeing all the stars. There were many more than could be seen from their house in the suburbs.

The weather remained nice all weekend, sunny during the day, cool and crisp at night. One day there was a rain storm that kept them inside for a time. They played with each other all day that day. They jerked off together often that week. Usually first time in the morning when they awoke with their morning woods. Then again in the evening by firelight. And a couple times when the feeling came to them. Once while they were skinny dipping they jerked each off under the water. They called it “feeding the fishes” and laughed.

The week was a good one for Jack and his dad.

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#### *Jack And The Much Needed Mom/Son Time*

Fifteen year old, Jack Mehoff and his mother stood at the end of the driveway watching the yellow taxi drive off. Inside the cab was Jack’s father on the way to the airport for a five day business trip. When the cab turned the corner and disappeared from view. Jack and his mom turned to walk back to their house.

“How about we order a pizza and watch a movie?” his mother asked.

His mother was a pretty woman, a little flabby around the waist but a youthful face. Jack had always likes his mother’s figure. Many men would say she wasn’t exactly a model but to his dad and him, she was a beauty.

“Sure,” Jack answered with a smile on his face. In thirty minutes or less, the two found themselves sitting on the sofa in their family room watching an action flick on their DVD player and eating peperoni pizza. Jack’s mother sat on one end dressed in her nightie wrapped in a white bathrobe. Her son sat on the other end, his feet up on the couch, dressed in sweat shorts and a tank top, his usual bed clothes. Their father’s flight was the red eye which means he had to leave just as the sun was going down. So, it was night by the time the pizza showed up and they started their movie.

About forty five minutes into the movie, there was a scene where the hero and his girl began to have sex. It made Jack a bit uncomfortable watching it with his mom. He had picked the movie and had forgotten there a couple of scenes like this in it.

“Sorry, Mom. I forgot this was in the movie.”

His mother sat knitting a blanket. “It’s okay, Honey. Not like I haven’t seen it before.”

Jack found himself getting aroused watching the scene. It seemed to be a long sex scene, longer than he remembered it the first time he watched it. His penis grew in his pants and in no time the front of his shorts was tented up. He covered it with his hands but his mother noticed anyway.

“Are you okay there, Jack?”

Jack nodded. “Yea. I’m good.”

“The scene getting to you? Should we fast forward it?”

Jack shifted in his seat. “No. It’ll go down on it’s own.”

“Okay,” she said as she went back to her knitting.

The scene ended and the action started. Jack really did think his erection would subside once the sex scene ended but it didn’t seem to. In fact, he thought it got harder. He thought it might have been being alone with his mother that had done it more than a passionate scene in a Hollywood movie. The fact that she acknowledged that he had one, her own son or that she acknowledged she had seen one. But, of course, she had. How else could she have gotten pregnant with him.

After awhile, Jack’s mother noticed it hadn’t gone down. She put down her knitting and turned to her son on the couch, putting her left up on the sofa. Her robe fell off her thigh and exposed the creamy soft skin there. Jack couldn’t help but notice and his hard on jumped.

“Jack,” she said with a serious tone, “Why don’t you go take care of that?”

“What? MOM!” His face turned beet red.

“It’s okay. I understand what boys your age need. Right now, I think you need to take care of that thing in your pants so we can get back to this movie and have a quiet evening. The tension in this room is so palatable. You can cut it with a knife. So, go!” She pointed up the stairs toward his room, “Get up there and do what all teenage boys are masters at.”

Jack nodded and practically ran up the stairs to his room. His mother stayed for a moment in the living room, the movie still playing, the half eaten pizza on the coffee table. She heard him close his door, her heart beating fast, the moisture between her legs. It took a lot for her to even suggest to her own son to go jerk off but she felt it was necessary. She waited for half a minute and stood up to go upstairs.

She hadn’t planned it. The opportunity just arose and now she felt she needed to take advantage of it.

As she mounted the stairs toward her son’s room, she heard the rhythmic squeaking sounds of his jerking. She softly tiptoed to his door and found it cracked open a bit. Peeking around the corner, she looked in, her heart pounding, clear liquid dripping down her inner thighs, her breath heavy.

Jack's headboard was against the wall with the door making it a perfect view for his mother along his hairless torso and crotch. Jack's feet were flat on the bed with his knees bent as his hand flew up and down his shaft. He read a nudie magazine as he did it and his mother made a mental note to look for Jack's hiding place for his porn. The room was filled with slick squishing sound of his fist rubbing up and down his cock at an urgent speed and the light knocking of the headboard against the wall.

His mother's pussy quivered in her panties at the sight, a tingling began in the pit of her stomach. Her son began to let out a grunt with each stroke of his cock and his mother realized that he was getting close. She found her right hand travelling down her stomach, over the fatty bump around her belly button and into her pink panties to comb her fingers through her pubic hair and rub the mound between her legs. She found it moist, wetter than she had expected it to be. She realized she was more aroused than she thought she would be.

"Oh," Jack let out a groan and humped his pelvis into the air. His hand around his hard on seemed to speed up if that was possible. His breathing became fast and short as he could feel his orgasm building. His mom's eyes switched between watching her son's smooth bellybutton rise and fall in frantic breathes and the blurred motion between his thighs, the purple head disappearing and reappearing between his thumb and forefinger in a quick piston motions.

His mother began to stroke her clitoris with her middle finger almost in as frantic a motion as her son was stroking his member.

Then, Jack's cock seemed to swell up and he grunted a loud guttural groan.

"Oh, MOM!"

His mother heard this shock as she saw the white globs of cum shoot from the head of his cock. The first wad shot about two feet in the air and splattered on his smooth chest. Her pussy gushed moisture at the first sight of her son's orgasm. Or was it what he said when he first let go? She wasn't quite sure but didn't really care at that particular moment.

His cock kept letting semen fly, each time with a grunt and pump of his hips into the air. He shot a wad just as his jerking hand was right at the right moment so it shot like a bullet into his face, against his right cheek. He dropped his magazine to the floor as his orgasm kept coming, semen now oozing down his cock shaft.

His mother, realizing the show was about over, took her hand away from her crotch and quickly tiptoed down the stairs back to the family room. By the time Jack had cleaned up and got dressed again, she sat at the couch knitting her blanket though not paying much attention to it. Her mind was on the things she had just seen and what Jack said right at the moment his release happened.

Jack came bounding down the stairs. His mother noticed his face was pink in orgasmic afterglow. She smiled at the thought.

"Good now?"

"Yep," Jack said. And sat back in his spot on the sofa. The movie they had been watching needed to be rewound so they could catch what they missed.

Jack seemed to be sated as they watched the movie, maybe even a little drowsy, the distraction now gone. His mother, on the other hand, was not able to keep her attention on the movie or her knitting. She kept thinking about her son jerking off, wondering what it would feel like to have all of his cum covering her ample breasts, maybe even what it would feel like to have his hard cock inside her pussy driving her to orgasm after orgasm.

Her vagina pulsed and oozed as she had these thoughts. She squeezed her keegle muscles, trying to get things to calm down between her legs before she could get to her room for a good masturbation. If only this movie would just end. The squeezing, however, didn't have the effect she was expecting. Instead, it brought her on edge quickly and before she knew it, her pussy went into a small pulsating orgasm.

She stiffened, trying to stay quiet so her son wouldn't know his mother was cumming next to him. A quiet moan escaped her lips and she glanced at her son to see if he had heard. He was watching the television screen and chewing on a slice of pizza. She closed her eyes tight, her panties becoming soaked. She held her breath for a second, waiting until her orgasm was done.

Finally, it was over and she let out a breathy sigh. She opened her eyes and made eye contact with her son, who was now watching her. Her heart skipped a bit. Did he know?

"Are you okay, Mom?" He looked genuinely concerned.

She took a deep breath, "Yes, Honey. I think I'm just getting tired. Maybe I will go to bed early tonight."

She stretched her arms above her head and set her knitting aside. All the yarn she had been using had covered her lap during her orgasm which helped Jack from noticing. When she set it aside, it revealed her bathrobe had opened in her lap and her pink panties were visible to her son. And he noticed. He also noticed that the crotch in between looked darker like it was soaked with wetness.

She covered herself quickly and stood up.

"Good night, Honey," she said, giving him a light kiss on his forehead. She wanted to kiss his lips like a lover would but she held back. The need between her legs had only begun to be sated. She needed desperately to get to her bedroom for some more diddling time.

"Good night, Mom." Jack answered, "I'm just going to finish watching this movie and then go to be myself."

His mom walked up the stairs to her room, Jack watching her butt move under her bathrobe as she went. Then he went back to his movie. It ended up that the movie only had a couple of minutes left to go and five minutes later the credits started rolling. He got up and turned off the television to head for bed.



As Jack past his mother's room, he heard a groan come from inside and he froze in his spot at the top of the stairs. He listened intently and heard his mother breathing heavy. His heart skipped a beat as he imagined what she was doing. He softly stepped to her bedroom door and put his ear close to the wood. He heard his mother moan, causing his cock to jerk awake.

Jack put his ear against the door to try to hear her more clearly. He pushed on the door and it slid open a crack. He instantly pulled away into the hallway, frightened that his mother heard him there. He held his breath, expecting his mom to call out his name at any moment.

Instead, he heard the wet squishing sound of his mother's fingers in her quim. She moaned, rather loudly. Jack realized she didn't realize he was there. He stepped back to the door and looked through the crack that was left there.

The bed was positioned against the far wall from the door. His mother lay on her back on the bed, her legs spread and both of her hands were between her legs. Her breasts, about the size of cantelopes, lay on either side of her chest, the nipples hard and pointed. Her eyes were closed, sexual fantasies dancing in her head and she built up to her much needed orgasm.

Jack's hand went almost immediately to his crotch and rubbed his growing penis through his sweat shorts. He had never seen his mother like this, naked and horny. And it aroused him something fierce. He watched his mother's right pointer and middle fingers rubbing her clit which glistened moist with her juices and her left middle and ring fingers plunging in and out of her vagina. The dark fur of her pubic mound was matted with her pussy emissions.

"Oh shit," she said with a moan. Her open thighs trembled and she pushed her pelvis into the air.

Jack watched her breasts, which he found especially arousing, as they jiggled and rolled on her chest while she worked on her pussy. His mother's breathing caught in her throat and she began panting. Jack thought she was close to cumming.

Suddenly, the telephone rang. It scared both Jack and his mother.

"God damn it," she said under her breath as she stopped masturbating, rolled onto her side (showing a beautifully round and smooth ass to her son) and picked up the telephone on the bed table next to the bed.

"Hello,"

Jack stayed in the hall and listened to the conversation. He was getting confident that the darkness of the hallway hid him well enough as long as he didn't make any sound.

"Oh, hi, Babe. You got there okay? That's good."

She rolled onto her back, "Oh nothing. Just missing you already. I'm not sure how I will survive without you this week."

Jack watched her as she began to casually play with her wet pussy with one hand while she talked on the phone with the other. He quickly realized she was talking with his father. He had apparently landed safe and sound.

"He's downstairs. He's watching a movie. Why am I breathing hard? Well, like I said, I'm missing you."

She began diddling her clit faster, listening to her husband on the phone.

"Mmmm. Yes, as the day I was born. Are you too? Mmmm. I can imagine."

Jack watched his mother having phone sex with his father. He imagined his father in a hotel room on the other end, probably naked himself, jerking his cock while imagining his wife masturbating on the other end of the line.

"Yes, Baby. It feels incredible. I was so close when you called. It's going to happen anytime now."

She opened her legs further and dipped two fingers into her love tunnel. She sighed as she began pumping her fingers in and out while her thumb rubbed circles around her clit.

"Oh yea," she said into the telephone, "How is your little guy now? As a rock, huh? Did I do that? That a fact? Jerk it for me, Big Boy."

Then Jack had an idea, a naughty, ballsy idea. He smiled at the thought at the same time he trembled at the imagine. He didn't know where his boldness came from. Maybe it was just his horniest short circuiting his rationality. Whatever caused it, his next decision would change his relationship with mother forever.

He stripped down, his cock pouncing against his smooth hairless belly as he did. He left his clothes in a pile on the floor in the hallway. And stepped through the door into his mom's room.

"Jesus!" she let out a loud exclamation.

Jack stood there before his mother, her hand still between her legs diddling frantically, telephone to her ear listening to her husband jerking himself off. Her eyes were wide with shock but in her current state she was also even more aroused.

"Oh no, Baby. It just...It just feels so much. I know I'm going to cum at any moment." She said into the telephone, her eyes on her son's hard cock. *What are you doing?* She mouthed to him.

Jack got onto the bed and moved her hand away from between her thighs. She didn't fight him. He gazed at her pussy, her mated pubic hair, the juices dripping down between her buttocks. She breathed heavy. His stare seemed to probe deep into her and take control of her.

Jack leaned down and licked his mother's pussy lips up and down. She smelled musty but sweet. She tasted a lot like honey. His mother gasped.

"Everything is great, Baby. Just getting close."

Jack began flicking her clit left to right with his tongue. He used his hands to open her vaginal lips to expose the pinkness inside. He kissed the hole and began to lick it up and down. She moaned, humping her hips against his face. She laid her hand on her son's head, twirling her fingers in his hair.

From the telephone receiver, Jack heard his father moan loudly.

"That's it, Baby," his mother said, "Shoot that cum. I'm there too."

She closed her thighs around her son's head. She pushed her pelvis into her face. He kept sucking and licking her moist folds between her legs. Her buttocks and belly trembled, her breasts rolled on her chest. She let out a groan that started low in her chest and grew to a long scream.

"OH GOD, BABY! Jesus Christ! I'm cumming, Baby!" She was saying this into the telephone but Jack was sure she was directing it at him, making him feel especially proud of himself. He felt her vagina pulsating around his tongue. Her juices flooded his mouth. He drank it up with pleasure.

His mother's eyes shut tight, her face contorted into a strained grimace. Her hand balled up her son's hair.

"Oh, Fuck!" she cried out as another orgasm came on the heels of the first, something that rarely happened to her. She rolled onto her side, taking her son with her and dropping the telephone receiver out of her hand. She gritted her teeth, screaming between them. "Oh, GOD!"

Jack's father could be heard moaning himself. His own orgasm apparently was going on at the same time. Jack could imagine his father's cock spurting globs and globs of cum all over his chest and pubic hair. Jack's own cock almost went off at the imagine in his head.

His mother cried out again, another orgasm hit her. All of the muscles in her body was spasming and twitching. "Oh Fuck!" she screamed and more slick juices filled Jack's mouth and down his throat. He lapped at her clit which pulsed between his lips.

His mother began to come down from her orgasm and her legs opened up, freeing her son's head. Jack gasped a breath of air. He didn't realized that he wasn't able to breathe with his mom's fleshy thighs around his face.

His mother was panting, trying to catch her breath, her large tits rising and falling. Both of their bodies were covered in sweat. She picked up the telephone receiver, still breathing hard.

"Hey, Babe," she said, "Sorry about that. I dropped the phone. I came hard, the best in a long time. You too, huh? Yea. I'm tired too. I think I'm just going to roll over and fall asleep. Good night, Baby. Thank you. I'll talk with you tomorrow. Bye."

She hung up the telephone and looked down at her son who still was between her legs petting her pubic fur.

“What the fuck do you think you’re doing, Jack?” She tried to sound like she was angry with him but was completely unsuccessful. Instead it came out with a sense of love and lust for her son. Jack looked up from between her legs, smiling, clear juices caking dry on his cheeks and around his lips.

“Jesus Christ! And while you father was on the phone too!”

Jack shimmied up her body, pawing at her breasts as he went and she enveloped him in her arms, smashing her large breasts against his smooth chest. Their lips met in the most non-motherly mom-son kiss ever. Their tongues dueled in each other’s mouths and then parted. Their foreheads touched as they continued to breath heavily. They breathed in not only air but their own passions and love for each other.

“While your father was jerking off himself as the same time in his hotel room.” She said it with awe and arousal. “It made it even better, Honey. That was the best orgasm I have had in a long time. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome, Mom.”

His mother’s hands roamed around on his back, lightly touching her fingertips all over his slim spine and ribcage. She touched his butt cheeks, smooth, hairless, mounds of flesh. The feeling thrilled them both.

His mother felt his hardness against her thigh, noticed it’s length and soft skin, felt his balls resting on her skin. She rolled over taking Jack with her so Jack was on his back. She kissed him again.

“I think we need to take care of this troublesome thing again. This time, let me help.”

As she spoke softly, almost a whisper, in his ear, her hand travelled down his belly through his pubic fuzz to his package. She wrapped her hand around the shaft and began to jack it slowly. Her touch made Jack gasp and his hard on throbbed in her hand.

Jack laid there, enjoying his mother’s hand on his cock. Then his mother bent down and engulfed the purple cock head into her mouth. Jack arched his back, willing his penis not to shoot off yet. He groaned.

“Ooooh, Mom!”

She began bobbing her head up and down on his stalk, taking the entirety of her son’s cock down her throat, giving a gentle suction, her cheeks sucked in as she moved up and puffed out as she moved down. Her son’s cock was about the same size as his father’s. She loved to give her husband head but was finding giving her son a blow job to be even better. She thought it was because of the young, fresh meat, it tasted clean and good. Her son’s erection was rock hard, far solid than her husband’s older cock could get.

Jack watched is mother’s hanging breasts sway and jiggle as she sucked his dick. That image was as arousing as anything he’d seen or done before. He bucked his pelvis up into his mother’s mouth.

His mother realized her son was close, too close. She lifted off his shaft and it popped out of her mouth with a wet suction sound. His cock flapped against his stomach when she released him and bounced back to full erection pointing at the ceiling.

Jack let out a sigh, partly due to frustration and partly due to relief.

“No, Jack. Not yet,” his mother said, a bit of an evil smile on her face.

She flung her leg over his body and straddled her son’s midsection. She leaned forward, her tits hanging low into Jack’s face. He instinctively engulf one nipple into his mouth and lightly sucked on it. She reached between her legs and aimed his hard on her opening. She settled down on him, his cock entering full deep into her in one stroke. She was already soaking wet so lubrication was not an issue.

They both moaned with pleasure as they joined for the first time as lovers. She couldn’t believe she was doing this. She couldn’t believe that she would fuck her own son. But most of all she couldn’t believe she hadn’t done this earlier. Having a young stud in her bed, even her own son, maybe even especially her son, was the most incredible feeling she’d had in a long time.

She began to move up and down on his shaft, moving so the head of his erection was just inside her and then drop down so his loose balls slap against her buttocks. They began a slow, steady rhythm. She would rise up and drop down, making the bedsprings squeak. She moaned with each thrust. He held her breasts in his hands, squeezing them between his fingers.

“Oh yes. Nice cock. Make mommy cum.”

She rode her son hard and fast, the rhythm now almost frantic. His balls slapping against her butt, both grunting with excursion, the sounds of their moans echoing off the bedroom walls.

His mother then stopped riding and sat up, his cock buried deep inside her, touching parts her husband had yet to hit. Her breath was a heavy panting. She looked him in the eyes.

“Not yet.”

She lifted off him and his cock dropped onto his belly, glistening in her moistness. She dismounted him and turned around on her hands and knees with her shapely butt facing her sweaty, horny teenage son. He could see beneath her buttocks her pussy lips, outlined by her dark pubic hair, clear juices dripping down her thighs.

“Come on, Honey,” she said as she looked over her shoulder, “Time for some doggie style.”

Jack got up on his knees and moved in behind his mother. His rock hard cock brushed by her smooth buttocks and pointed his cock at her pussy. He pushed his pelvis forward and his cock spread open her pussy folds and disappeared inside the warm, moist sheath.

Again, they both let out moans at the initial penetration. Jack began to move his hips back and forth, humping her ass. His cock cleaved into her and she cried out. She always liked doggie style. The impact of his ballsack against her clit always brought her off quickly.

In no time, she was shuddering and calling out in pleasure.

“Yes. Yes. Yes.” She kept repeating. Jack felt her pussy clamp down hard on his cock, preventing him from sliding in and out of her. Every inch of her body quivered and shook as yet another orgasm took over her whole being. Jack reached around and held her jiggling tits.

“Oh Jesus! Oh shit! Oh, god damn, Honey! I’m cumming! Holy shit!”

She panted and her head dropped to the bed, sticking her butt even further into the air. He pussy seemed to loosen up and Jack began to pump her pussy once again. He was close again. His mom had done a wonderful job of staving off his orgasm until now but he realized she wouldn’t be able to do that again. He was approaching the edge and he was likely going to go hurdling over it.

“Uh, Mom.” He said as he thrust forward into her again.

“I know, Honey. I can tell. Pull out now.” She said it calmly through panted breaths. She said it almost with a regret. She wanted him to cum inside her. She wanted to feel his semen warming up her insides. She wanted to get pregnant from her son but decided that could wait. After all, they had five days to do whatever they wanted why her husband was on his trip.

Instead, she wanted to see him spurt again but this time she was wanted to also feel his hot sperm on her sweaty skin.

Reluctantly, Jack backed off and slid his cock out of her vagina. He sat back on his feet, catching his breath, his shiny wet cock sticking straight out of his groin. His mother turned around and laid on her back so her breasts were just under his cock.

“Okay, Son. Jerk off. I want you to shoot all over my tits. Cover them with your cum.”

Jack sat up and gripped his cock in his fist and began stroking it up and down. He jerked his hard on fast and furious, intent on gaining orgasm as quick as possible.

“Yes, Honey. That looks so beautiful. Your cock is so beautiful. Shoot it for me. Cum all over me. Shower me with your cum.” His mother encouraged him, telling him what she wanted.

“Almost there, Mom. Oh fuck.”

She reached up and played with his hanging balls as his fist flew up and down his erection. His ballsack jiggled in her hand.

Suddenly, he arched his back, pushing his cock farther forward, and let out a loud groan to the ceiling. His body froze stiff with tension in that position except for his hand which kept up a blurred speed on his groin. Then his cum went flying from his cock.

The first splash of slick semen hit his mom's left breast right on the nipple. The hot liquid burned her skin nicely.

"Oh YES!" she screamed. The feeling of his cum on her skin set off another orgasm in her. She arched her back and moaned as splat after splat white sperm rained down on her tits, neck, and even on the cheeks of her face.

Jack grunted as each blast fired out of his fleshy gun.

"Agh! Holy shit! Agh!"

"Keep cumming, Jack! Keep it cumming! More! More! More!" His mother cried out, her own orgasm going strong, her pussy pulsed and oozed even more moisture.

Finally, Jack's cum started to lose its power, instead of flying into the air the semen began to ooze out of the pee hole of his cockhead and flowing like a river of lava down his shaft, matting into his pubic fuzz. Jack collapsed on his side, his hand still on his cock covered in white goo. He tried to catch his breath. His mother's butt relaxed on to the bed as she too tried to catch her panting breath.

Both of their bodies shined with a sweaty sheen. His mother's large melon breasts glistened with a coating of semen.

"Holy Shit," she said, "That was incredible, Jack."

"Yea. It was. The best ever."

They chuckled together.

Jack's mother moved up to lay next to her son, globs of cum dripping off of her tits, one strand dangled from her left nipple in a long rope. She laid down on her side and Jack instinctively rolled to spoon her. His hand wrapping around her and began playing with her globes, rubbing the slick semen all over her breasts like baby oil. His cock sat snug between her ass-cheeks, more cum oozing in the crack of her ass.

She sighed, "And here I was thinking it was going to be hard having your father away for a whole week. You see, my son, your mother is a whore for a man's cock. I knew masturbating wasn't going to be enough. But then you came along. Thank you, Jack."

They fell fast asleep quickly, exhausted but happy.

The next morning, Jack awoke to the smell of bacon filling the house. He stretched and sat up, rubbing his eyes with his fists. He stepped out of his mother's bed and went to get his clothes in the hallway to put them on. Then he decided there was no need and walked to the kitchen in the nude.

When he walked through the entrance, she found his mother standing at the kitchen counter with her back to him. She seemed to be mixing eggs in a bowl. Bacon sizzled in a pan on the stove. She too was naked as she worked. Jack looked over his beautiful mother, his new mature lover. He admired her round ass as her buttocks jiggled with the motion of her hands.

Once again, as happens often with teenage boys, his cock grew to rock hardness. He walked up behind his mother and wrapped his arms around her, holding her hanging breasts in the palms of his hands, and pressed his hard cock into the crack of her ass like a hot dog in a bun.

"Well, good morning, Sweetheart," his mom said. She looked over her shoulder and their lips met in a deep passionate kiss, tongues probing each other's mouths. She noticed her son's hard on and realized what he wanted.

She turned around in his arms and they lip-locked again, her hands roamed up and down his back until they rested on his buttocks. They broke the kiss. His mother looked down to her son's groin between them.

"And good morning to you, Little Jack. Whatever should we do with you?"

She hopped onto the counter, pushing the bowl of eggs to the side, opening her legs for him. Jack stared at her pussy almost as if he had never seen it before. He stepped up between her legs and his mother guided his cock to her entrance. She pumped forward and found her pussy already wet in anticipation. He pushed forward and slid easily inside her.

They both moaned. The moment of first insertion was the most pleasurable for both of them.

"Yea, Baby. That's good. Now hump your hips. Fuck me, Jack. Fuck a baby into me. I want to feel your cum filling me up."

Jack fucked his cock in and out of his mother in a slow, steady piston motion. He pawed her tits as he fucked her. She moaned, closing her eyes and tilting her head back.

"Oh, that's it, Baby. Keep that up."

He began to increase his speed. He didn't really want to. He wanted to fuck his mother forever, for it to never end the feeling was so good but his lust got the better of him and he began to quicken the pace of his hips. His balls slapped against his mother's buttocks, which hung over the kitchen counter. As bacon sizzled in a pan nearby, mother and son were sizzling together on the counter.

"Yes, Honey. Like that. Yes. Yes." His mother chanted "yes" over and over and over again. He could tell she was going to cum already. That spurred him on and he began banging his mother's pussy with his cock in hard, frantic strokes. He buried his head in his mother's chest, taking a nipple into his mouth and suckling on it like he did when he was a new born.

Then she was coming. She cried out, locking her legs around his back to keep him from pulling out but he had no intention of doing that, by no means. Her pussy clamped down on his rock hard pole.

That set Jack off. He cried out too, grunting as he shot load after load of his early morning cum into her womb, the place he came out of fifteen years before.

"Yes!" she screamed, "Yes, Baby! Fill me up! Give me a baby!"



Jack stopped fucking, buried deep into her vagina. His cock pulsated and throbbed inside her and she felt every twitch and jerk. He shut his eyes and tilted his head to the ceiling.

“OOOOHHH SHIT, MOM!”

They would spend the next five days learning each other’s bodies like lovers. His mother found her son’s teenage ability to recover to be a marvel and he made sure to keep her in orgasm as often as they could. They hardly wore clothes around the house for the whole week.

They had sex in every room of the house. They showered together. Jack would bend her over the kitchen counter and plow into her from behind. He would eat out her pussy on the dining room table. She would blow him while he played his Playstation game.

He came a number of times inside his mother. Both hoping his sperm would take and they would have a baby together. They planned that once his father came back from his work trip, his mother would almost immediately have sex with him. They planned that Jack would secretly watch his father fuck his mother. If they managed to get pregnant, then they would make Jack’s father believe it was his.

They definitely had some much needed mom-son time.

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### *Jack’s Surprise For Mom*

Jack Mehoff’s mother awoke from a sex dream to the delicious feeling between her legs. She lay on her left side on her marriage bed and she could feel the beautiful cock slowly sliding in and out of her moist hole. This wasn’t her husband’s cock though. Her husband was on another business trip to somewhere she didn’t care. It was her son’s cock giving her that special treatment. She stretched her arms above her head and yawned, lifting her thigh up so Jack had better access to her pussy. Jack shifted a little and humped further in a slow, steady in and out motion. He grasped her ankle to hold her leg up.

“Ah,” she said, “What a way to wake up in the morning.”

“Isn’t it?,” Jack said, almost under his breath.

“Nothing like the feeling of teenage morning wood slicing into my pussy.”

Jack pushed his mother’s hair aside and began kissing her neck. His other hand wrapped around her torso to hold one of her breasts in his palm. Her other breast, dangled toward the bed and swayed easily with her son’s steady, soft thrusting.

Sometime ago, Jack’s father had taken a business trip away from the home. He did this often as his job required it. Jack and his mother had taken up fucking that very night. Now, whenever her husband was out of town again, she and her first born offspring would fuck each other’s brains out. They were insatiable. They would fuck everywhere, in the living room on the couch or soft carpeting on the floor, in the swimming pool with her back against concrete wall and her legs splayed out in the water behind

Jack's humping hips, in the kitchen against the counter with him plowing into her from behind and her ample breasts smashed to the cool tile countertop.

They would have sex now anywhere and everywhere the house whenever the feeling came over, which was constantly. When Jack's father was away, they tended to forego clothes while in the house. Made it for an easier access to each other.

They had come to sleeping nude with each other, usually after a good night of mutual orgasms and exhaustion hitting them so suddenly, they fall straight asleep. That's how they came to wake up fucking each other this fine summer morning.

Jack pushed into his mother as she moaned. Her pussy was drenched. She didn't know if it was the sex dream she was having, now long forgotten, or her son's expert manipulation of her body. He was learning so quickly.

"Oh, god, Baby. You're going to make some lucky woman a wonderful husband some day."

Jack groaned at his mother's comment and kept his slow in and out pumping, his buttocks and hips tightening as he push forward and then loosening as he pulled back again. His mother pushed back on him as he moved forward and then would pull her creamy buttocks back as he withdrew. This made it so his long cock would be almost out of her body before he was slowly slide it back in.

They breathed hard but not out of breath like some of their sessions make them. Jack kneaded the breast he held in his hand, flesh pouring out from between his fingers.

"Yea, Baby," his mother said, "Keep that up. Just in and out. Slowly. We have plenty of time and you'll make mommy cum like this."

And he kept it up, just like she asked. He didn't go faster or slower, didn't pump her harder or even softer, just a simple, wet, piston motion in and out of her; constant and regular.

But, at fourteen years old, even Jack couldn't stand the pressure for long. After about a fifteen minutes, he bottomed out in his mother, his pelvis tight against her ass-cheeks, and grunted. His mother cried out when she felt his cock jump and pulsate inside her. The warm feeling of his cum coated the inside of her cunt and then was cumming too. Her muscles pulsated around his cock, milking him. She moaned, her body tensing up and her toes curling.

Sweat had appeared on both their nude bodies and they breathed heavily, now trying to catch their breathes.

Once he pulled his softening cock from her vagina, dripping cum onto the sheets (she reminded herself to change the sheets before her husband came home as there were a number of drying cum spots on the sheets she didn't want to have to explain) and rolled onto his back, she rolled onto her other side and put her arm over his strong, teenage chest.

"That was very nice, Baby."

He took a deep breath and let out a long sigh, "Yea." He said. "It was."

After snuggling with each other a bit, both almost falling back asleep, the bedside wake up alarm, not as fun as the wake up in her bed, began to blare. His mother got up and turned off the alarm.

"Time to get ready for work, Honey." She stretched and stood up, her son watching her every move, his heart jumping at the beautiful sight of her backside. She walked (or sauntered, Jack wasn't sure which) into the bathroom and he heard her shower start.

He was tempted to go in and shower with her but they had established that on days when she had to go to work, she couldn't have any distractions in the morning. So, Jack got up and went to his own bathroom to shower.

Jack's mother came out of her bedroom dressed in a beige skirt with a matching sports jacket. She had her hair up and stockings on. She was an executive assistant to the CEO of a small company. She looked professional and, to Jack, kind of hot. But he would have thought she was kind of hot in anything.

Jack, though clean and shaven, still wore nothing. His cock was soft now though still pretty big and pointed to the floor. He had some hair growing but it was not a full mane of pubic hair yet. He debated with himself about shaving it bald. Perhaps later.

"I don't want you to go," he complained.

"I have to, Baby. I can't miss any more work. You've made me miss too much already."

She hugged him, the coarse fabric of her skirt sliding across the mushroom head of his cock. She kissed him, putting her tongue into his mouth for him to suck on for a bit. She broke the kiss and stepped away, picking up her purse close to the front door.

"I'll be back in no time," she said.

"You better," he gave her his best puppy dog eyes.

She almost broke then. She was hardly ever able to stave off those wanting eyes. But she got her composure and reached at his groin. She held package in her hands, feeling the scrotum flesh pouring from between her fingers.

"You just keep this together for when I get back."

She smiled, kissed him quickly on the cheek, and was out the door. He stood there listening as the car drove out of the garage and onto the street.

Jack went into the kitchen and ate a bowl of cereal for breakfast. He watched some television but couldn't find anything on. Then he tried to play a video game but found he just wasn't in the mood. His cock was half-hard, as it almost always was (he's a fourteen teenager after all), and he really wanted to jerk off but held himself at bay. He wanted to be able to perform well for his mother when she came home.

He decided that a swim might be in order. Maybe if he cooled down, he wouldn't be so horny. Jack and his parents lived in a development but the houses were purposely spread apart to allow for privacy. So they had a fair sized swimming pool in the backyard with a wooden twelve foot privacy fence surrounding it. He and his mom and dad had skinny dipped together in the pool often, day or night. They didn't fear that anyone would see.

So, he dove in the pool with his penis and testicles out and waving to the world. He swam for about five laps back and forth across the pool and then got out. He stretched out on the pool chair and closed his eyes, letting the sun dry his wet naked form.

He felt he had staved off the horny feelings but he knew they would come back.

He dozed a little and when he awoke he had a hard on sticking from his groin the size of the Empire State Building. It was actually kind of painful but felt strong and manly. He liked the feeling. He thought he would grip it in his fist right there out in the open and jerk it off but again he had to stop himself.

He decided he needed some other distraction. And he had a good idea what he could do.

Meanwhile, his mother sat at her desk at her office. She was thinking about the wonderful fuck her son had given her that morning and her black panties were already wet from thinking about it. She crossed her legs and tried to type the letter her boss wanted her to type but she found she couldn't concentrate with the throbbing between her legs.

She stood up on shakey legs and walked to the bathroom. Inside one of the stalls, she lifted her skirt and dropped her panties. She saw the yellow stain on the white cotton in the crotch of the panties and let out a low moan. Listening for anyone else, she heard no one in any of the other three stalls so, desperate, she put her hand between her thighs and began to diddle her clit with a frenzy. Maybe, if she could have a quick orgasm she could go back to concentrating on her job. She rubbed her index and middle fingers back and forth across her engorged clit, sending shivers up her spine.

It wasn't long before she was panting and she knew she would be cumming quickly. She dipped her fingers into her cunt and rubbed her g-spot a bit before coming out going on a blurred attack on her clit. Just as she was cumming, she let out a loud moan. At the exact same moment, the door to the restroom opened and another person came in. She breathed heavy, biting her tongue so she wouldn't make a sound. The person walked to her stall and stopped. The new visitor wore high heels and what seemed to Jack's mother as a similar dress to what she was wearing.

"Are you okay in there?" the visitor asked, knocking on the stall door. She had obviously heard Jack's mother as she entered.

Breathing hard, her cunt still pulsating in orgasm, she tried to speak confidently but it only came out as a soft whisper.

"Yes. I'm," she tensed, a wave of bliss washing over, then finished, "okay."

“Are you sure?” she didn’t sound convinced.

“Yes,” Jack’s mother was coming down from her high now, “Just some pretty bad cramps this month.”

The visitor seemed to understand and walk to the next stall and went in to do her business. Jack’s mother sat there for a little longer, letting her breath come back. She brought her finger, glistening with her vaginal secretions, to her nose so she could smell herself. After she got a grip on her body again, she stood up, fixed her clothes back in place, flushed the toilet and returned to her desk to work.

It seemed to have worked. She had much better concentration on her job after jilling one off.

Jack, now dressed in sweat pants (with no underwear) and a tank top, stopped his bike at the porno shop he frequented. After school sometimes, he would stop there to go to the peep shows in the back and get his cock sucked off through one of the glory holes. Sometimes, he would reciprocate and suck off someone’s cuck through one of the holes.

He was severely tempted to go in and get his relief on in one of the booths but again had the willpower to hold off. He had a plan here. After looking through the store’s inventory for a about fifteen minutes, he found what he wanted. The surprise for his mom.

He quickly bought it, enjoying the sexy goth girl behind the counter who couldn’t be much older than Jack but had tits bigger than his mother, and rushed home.

That evening, when Jack’s mother entered the house through the front door, her son sat on the stairs in to the second level, naked. She instantly saw the hard on between his legs pointing at the ceiling and throbbing and bouncing around in his lap. She knew what he wanted and knew that she wouldn’t be able to hold him off, nor did she want him to. On her drive home, that feeling between her legs had gotten more and more insistent. Her mid-afternoon masturbation only held her off for a little bit.

Jack’s mother closed the door and locked it. She put her purse next to the door and turned back to her son.

“Oh, okay,” she acted as if she was resigning to something though they had yet to exchange a word.

Like a tiger, he attacked, taking her by surprise. She yelped as he practically jumped on her. He yanked her around, tearing the sleeve of her office suit, and threw her onto the stairs, her hands caught her, and thrust her butt into the air. She didn’t resist. She knew better than to put up a struggle when he was in this state of animal lust.

He yanked her skirt up over her hips, revealing the black panties on her ass. He saw the stockings attached to the black garter belt at her upper hips.

“Oh yea!” He growled.

He reached between her legs and tore the crotch (still soaked from her earlier activity) and exposed her dripping pussy. She groaned as the panties fabric tore. She'd never really seen him like this, animalistic and uncontrollable. It thrilled and scared her at the same time.

She let out an "oof!" sound as his cock thrust into her with a violent force. Her face grimaced in pain at the sudden intrusion.

"Oh yea! That's it! Been waiting all day for this, Bitch!"

He was pounding into her, his long cock bottoming out at her cervix, her buttocks, with the torn flimsy pantie fabric covering them, shuddered with each impact of his pelvis. She held onto the stair bannister rails for dear life as her teenage son thrust in and out of her.

"Oh Jesus!" she cried out.

Jack gripped her hips and pulled her back on his cock in a frenzied fury. He slapped one of her smooth butt cheeks with a loud smack of his hand as his violent assault continued. She cried out at the stinging pain, a red welt appearing on the jiggling mound. He did it again to the other cheek and she cried out again.

"Oh shit!" she screamed.

If anyone had come to the front door at that moment, such as a mailman with a package to sign, an evangelical with the word of "god," or even a Girl Scout selling cookies, they would hear the ruckus on the other side of the door and know what was happening. They may not have known it was mother and son going at it but they would know. It sounded like a porno was being made.

"Yea!" he said, "Take it, Bitch! Keep me blue balled all day! Enough of that bullshit!"

He plowed into her even harder on each word of "enough of that bullshit" as if to punctuate his point, his dangling ball-sack slapping hard against her clit.

And then he pulled out of her. At first, she was relieved but then she felt the emptiness inside her twat and she long for him to return. She was about to ask him to keep fucking when he thrust hard back into her.

"OH SHIT!" she screamed.

He wasn't in her pussy, where he belonged. His cock, well oiled by his mother's own juices, slid in one stroke into her pink asshole. It was a tight fit but he bottomed out in her quickly.

"Oh, god! Jack, you're in the wrong hole! Get out of there! It hurts!"

Jack pulled his butt back and at first she thought he was listening to her. Until today, he had been an attentive lover, always wanting to make his mother happy. He had been very good at it. But today, or at least at this moment, he didn't care about how his mother felt. He only wanted to get off any way possible. But then he thrust home hard, his pubic bone slapping hard against her buttocks, make them

jiggle and waves. The force was great and she almost lost her balance but caught herself. Then she knew he meant business.

“God damn! That’s tight,” he said.

He fucked her ass even faster than he had been fucking her pussy. After a while, once her sphincter muscle was able to loosen up and accept the intrusion, his mother even started to feel the familiar tingling between her legs. She moaned.

“Oh, god! Baby!”

“You’re digging that now, aren’t you, Mom?”

She groaned an affirmative. Then, unexpected even to her, she started to cum. The muscles all over her body tensed up and she cried out.

“YES!”

Her pussy pulsed and clenched, her fluids dripping in long strings to the stairway carpet.

“OOOH, GOD!” She screamed and Jack began laughing.

“There you go, Mom! I can feel that!”

His cock continued its violent in and out stroking but in her orgasm her ass muscles clamped down on it and that set him off.

He let out a couple of deep grunts as his cock, red and sore from all the friction, jumped and bucked inside her ass. Warm fluid filled her asshole and began to froth around the edges of the tight seal of her sphincter.

“Oh YEEESSSSSS!” she was still crying out, pushing back at her son.

Jack felt his balls jump as more semen rushed up the shaft and ejected into the intestines of his mother.

After awhile, they both came down from their orgasms. Jack slipped his wet noodle out of his mother’s ass, gazing with satisfaction at the gapping hole of her sore asshole. He helped his mother to a standing position, both beads of sweat on their foreheads. She groaned from the sore muscles in her back from being in that position. She sat down on the stairs and Jack sat down next to her, putting his arms around her shoulders and kissing her cheek.

“God damn, Honey,” she said, “That was good. What got into you?”

“You did, Mom. Always.” He kissed her cheek again.

They sat there next to each, catching their breaths, holding each other close. Jack’s cock dripped excess cum onto the carpet and his mother could feel her son’s man seed dripping from her bunghole, likely onto the carpeted stair as well. More to clean up before his father came home.

"I have surprise for you, Mom."

"What is it, Baby?"

He sat up and looked her in the eyes, "Not tonight, Mom. Tomorrow, when you go to work, I'll give it to you."

His mother kissed him passionately on the lips, tongues dueling, both moaning between them.

"If it's anything like the surprise I got from you when I got home tonight, I'm sure I will be pleasantly surprised."

The rest of the evening went as normal. They ordered pizza for dinner and Jack's mother answered the door for the delivery man in her birthday suit. He was stunned and she felt a sense of empowerment seeing the growing bulge in the front of his pants while she fumbled for the money in her wallet. She purposely acted as if she was having hard time finding to keep him at the door watching her naked body. She and Jack laughed once the door was closed and the driver drove off.

They watched a movie together, curled up on the couch fondling each other and necking. Then Jack's father called and as was their tradition, his mother proceeded to have telephone sex with her husband. She masturbated her pussy while talking dirty into the telephone receiver. Somewhere on the other end was Jack's father jerking his hard on in some hotel room listening to his wife say the sexist things to him. All the while, Jack watched his mother, stroking his cock at the same time.

Once wife and husband had gotten off together over the landline and hung, Jack would jump in. Usually, they would start with Jack between his mother's legs licking and sucking her cunt lips and clitoris, driving her crazy until she popped. Then she would get down on her knees and take her son's penis into her mouth and suck him. Sometimes, most times actually, she would bob her head in his lap, providing a little suction with her mouth. She would really get the rod wet with saliva until he would shoot his teenage incestuous semen into her mouth. She would swallow every drop down her throat before ever letting his cock free.

Sometimes though, she would take him just to the edge and then let go and let him calm down. Then they would fuck, usually starting in missionary position and then moving until she was on top riding him like a bucking bronco. He loved to watch her breasts bounce on her chest when she did that. Then they would end with him cumming in her pussy in doggie style.

By then, they would be sated and exhausted and collapse into each other's arms, falling asleep almost instantly. The next morning they would awake and fuck again before she had to go to work.

This was their routine while Jack's father was away. And the routine they did that night as well. But the next morning wasn't anything like what they routinely did.

Jack's mother awoke to being spread eagle on the bed. She never slept like that so immediately she knew something was up. She found her wrists and ankles tied to the bed posts with scarves. Sitting over



here, was Jack with his big beautiful blue eyes wide eyed and watching his sleeping mother's naked body.

"Good morning," he said.

"Good morning," she answered, "What's going on?"

"My surprise." He smiled and that put her at ease.

He knelt down between her legs and flicked a tongue out onto her clit. She trembled at the touch.

"Mmmm," she moaned, "That feels good. The scarves are a naughty touch."

"I thought so."

He went back to work on her slit, sucking at the cunt lips and trilling his lips over her clit, making it vibrate and sing.

"This is a wonderful surprise, Jack." She practically purred the words.

"Oh, no. This isn't the surprise. This is the warm up. I went to my favorite story yesterday while you were at work."

He dipped down and licked a few more times. She moaned again, her juices really flowing now. He sat up then and produced a brown paper bag. He reached in and produced a small white egg made of smooth plastic. He pushed a button and it beeped.

Jack's mother watched him intently.

"What's that?"

He rolled the egg in his hand, showing it to her.

"Well, I was thinking. You go to work every day and I know you have to, but I miss you when you are gone. I get so horny for you, Mom. I can't help it. Then I thought about this little guy."

She frowned a little. It looked like a simple vibrator. What was he up to? Then he inserted the egg into her pussy. She moaned at the feeling but then it was gone. His hand left her sex.

Jack got up and pick up his smart phone next to the bed. He opened the app and hit a button. A delicious vibration came from inside his mother's vagina.

"Oh..." she moaned, lifting her butt off of the bed, "That's good."

Jack hit another button and it vibrated again. His mother let out a hissing sound and her hips undulated on the bed.

"Good," he said, "It seems to work."

He began to untie her and she sat up, the egg still inside her.

"What's going on, Jack?"

"It's time for you to go to work. You'll be late. But there's one thing. You keep that egg inside your pussy all day. You don't remove it. You keep in there and go about your day. You just won't know when it will go off. I'll control that part of things with my phone."

Jack had a shit eating grin on his face and a twinkle in his eyes. She couldn't resist that twinkle and she found herself especially proud of her son. She was becoming an inventive little pervert. She nodded her head.

"Okay. Sounds like fun."

She got up and went to the shower. Of course, Jack couldn't resist and buzzed her while she was in there. She let out a yelp as the pleasure went through her. The sound echoed off the walls. He chuckled from the bed.

She left for work dressed in a navy blue suit similar to the beige one Jack ruined the night before. As she drove he buzzed her two times, once while she was merging into traffic and once while she was ordering some breakfast at the McDonald's drive thru. The cashier thought she was crazy when she jumped and shuddered as she reached for her bag of food.

When she got to work, she sat down at her desk and began to work. At one point in the morning, she was called into the CEO's office to transcribe a letter for him and as she sat there listening to him recite what he wanted said, her entire vagina vibrated. She jumped slightly in her chair and tried to show a professional demeanor. The CEO was too wrapped up in his own voice to realize his executive assistance was getting flush and trembling.

Shortly, after that, she had to go into a status meeting. While she sat in the conference room, the egg buzzed again and she felt moisture dampen her panties. She crossed her legs and found that just amplified the pleasure and then uncrossed them, tightening her thighs together in a vain attempt to keep the pleasure at bay.

Then he hit her again and she squirmed in the chair and tried to stifle a whimper. Her face scrunched up and her brow broke out in a fine perspiration.

"Are you okay?"

She almost didn't hear the voice. The damn thing sitting next to her g-spot went off again and shook like she had received a chill up her spine, not a heat between her legs.

"Are you okay?" the voice said again. It was the CEO who was sitting across from her.

"Oh," she said, weakly, "I'm okay. Just not feeling very well. I wonder if I can go home early. Female issues, you know."

The “female issues” excuses had always gotten her out of trouble before. No one ever wanted to talk about “female issues.”

The CEO let her go and she rushed home, the egg buzzing several times during the trip. By the time she walked through the front door, she was hot to trot.

She found Jack in the living room sitting on the recliner watching a television show. She didn’t know what it was and didn’t care. She saw he was naked which was not only to be expected but also with a raging hard on, which was also to be expected.

“Mom, you’re home early.” There was that shit eating grin again.

“That’s right, you little pervert!” she said as she tore off her work clothes right there in middle of the living room, Jack watching her the entire time. He even managed to buzz her twice while she got naked, the little shit!

She reached between her legs and pulled out the egg, covered in her vaginal juices and threw it aside. Then she jumped onto the recliner with him, straddling his hips and lowering her body down onto him. She grabbed his cock, as hard as granite now, and aimed it at her pussy entrance.

“Little fucker!” she said and dropped her whole body onto his lap, her breasts bouncing on her chest.

His cock cleaved into her wet opening and snaked itself up until his balls slapped against her buttocks. They both groaned.

Jack’s mother began to rise up and fall back down on his cock, riding him like a horse. Jack just sat on the couch and enjoyed the view of his insatiable mother on top of him. He took her bouncing breasts in each hand and put a nipple into his mouth and began sucking on it. Jack’s mother dipped her head back and moaned to the ceiling.

She bounced on his lap for quite a long time. When she got tired, they laid on the carpeted floor and Jack would fuck her in missionary, both staring into each other’s eyes as they rode the waves of pleasure. He would pound her hard in that position, his strong smooth buttocks clenching and unclenching. Before long, he was ready to cum. He didn’t want to but everything was so hot that he just couldn’t help it. He’d crossed over the moment of no return.

“Mom!” he moaned and then his cock began throbbing inside of her. She moaned and cried out.

“Yes! I’m cumming too!”

She felt the warm semen fill her insides and the comforting heat set off another orgasm, one of many by then. Clear fluid squirted from around his cock and sprayed his groin and thighs.

“Oh god! Oh yes!” She screamed out.

Then they collapsed together, their skin glistening with sweat, their bodies heaving trying catch breath that had left them. They lay there on the floor, listening to each other’s rapid heartbeats as they calmed



He tiptoed to the entrance to the living room and listened for a minute. Then he simply stepped into the room, pointing the gun at the father, a dark haired bearded man of about forty five. The family jumped at the sight of the intruder, switching off the television as he did.

"What are you doing in here?" the father said, standing up.

"Sit the fuck back down old man," Buck said, "Or I'll blow your brains out."

He sat down, staring at the gun pointed at him.

"That's good." Buck sat down on the coffee table in front of them.

"Okay. Listen. I need to hideout here until the fuzz calms down. Sorry for the intrusion but that's the luck of the Irish, eh?"

They all listened. The teenager was a boy of about fourteen with dark hair like his father. His mother, who held her son in her hands while Buck talked, was a nice looking blonde woman of about forty years old.

"What's your name, Boy?" Buck asked the teenager.

"Jack,"

"Nice to meet you, Jack. What's your name, Bitch?"

Jack's mother balked at the curse at her and shook her head. Buck responded by pointing the gun at her son.

"Name?"

"Caroline," she quietly said, barely able to speak.

"Good. So, Dad? What's your name?"

"Frank."

"Nice to meet all of you. Really. I'm Buck and as you've probably guessed, I've escaped from the prison down the road. Is there anyone else in the house?"

Frank answered, "No."

"Expecting anyone anytime soon?"

"No."

"Good. Now listen. I'm going to be here for a while. We can make the best of this. But in order to do that, I need you to obey my every command the moment I utter it. Do you understand?"

No one moved.

“Do. You. Understand?”

They all three nodded their heads in affirmative.

“Good.”

Buck stood up. The three couldn't help but notice the huge bulge in their abductor's boxer briefs. It stood in the center of their view as he stood there. Caroline was sure she had never seen a cock that could fill a man's underwear so fully. She imagined an anaconda between his legs and her panties suddenly became moist. She blushed at the thought she could be aroused by their abductor. She quickly put it out of her mind.

He ordered them to stand up. At first, they didn't move. Then he sighed and pointed the gun at Frank's forehead. They instantly began to stand up. He took them into the kitchen and while they stood and watched Buck searched the kitchen drawers. He found a long knife which he took. In the last drawer he looked next to the stove he found what he was looking for, a roll of duct tape.

“Excellent,” he said. For some reason, every home had a roll of duct tape in the kitchen.

He had Jack and Frank carry two kitchen chairs into the living room.

“Sit,” he told Caroline, pointing at the couch. She did as she was told and sat down.

He turned to Jack and his father.

“Strip down, Boys.”

“What?” Jack exclaimed, “No.”

Buck put the gun down on the coffee table and sat down next to Jack's mother. He put the knife against her throat.

“Do it.”

Jack and Frank looked at each other and Frank nodded his head, weakly, resigned to his fate. They began to remove their clothes until they were in their underwear, Jack in his white briefs, his father in light blue boxers. They stood an awkward moment, bare chested and exposed.

Buck stood up. “Underwear, too. I want you totally nude.”

Reluctantly, they dropped their last piece of clothing, Caroline in tears and exposed their penises to the black man invading their home. Jack's was an average size, about six inches and thin. At its base was growing tufts of hair but the rest of his body was smooth and bare. His father, on the other hand, was covered in dark hair with a slightly larger penis than his son's.

Buck sat them down in the chairs from the kitchen and used the duct tape to secure them to the chairs. Before they knew it, their legs, arms and torso was secured to the chairs so they couldn't move. They trembled in fear, breathing heavy.

"What are you going to do?" Caroline asked.

"Oh not much," Buck answered as he put tape over Jack's mouth to keep him from talking. He did the same to Frank. He then took Caroline to the bedroom and began looking through their dresser drawers while she stood in the middle of the room shivering with fear, her arms crossed across her breasts.

"Ah. That's what I'm talking about," Buck said, turning from the dresser holding a silk red number that Frank brought her for Valentine's Day. "Put this one on. It's sexy."

"No,"

Buck stepped close to her, so close she could smell his breath on her turned cheek.

"Do it," he whispered, passing the knife blade along her buttocks, "Or I'll cut off your son's balls."

She knew he was serious and began to walk to the adjoining bathroom to change. As she reached the door, she said, "I'll change in private. You won't get a thrill out of watching me change."

As she was changing, Buck looked through the other dresser, Frank's apparently. He came away with a pair of tight blue brief underwear Frank would wear sometimes for his wife. He put it on and it didn't contain any of his monster cock. His balls spilled out of the corners of the leg holes, his dark hairy pubes stuck out of the top. He chuckled as he looked at himself in the mirror.

Frank and Jack were strapped to their chairs, worry filled their heads. What was this black intruder doing to their wife and mother in that bedroom? Their minds came up with horrible scenerios.

When Caroline and Buck came out, they sat down on the couch. Caroline looked scared but unharmed. Buck put his arm around her shoulders like they were on a date, turning the television on with the remote in his other hand.

They sat there for some time in silence watching television. Buck had been in prison for going on three years and this was the first time he'd been able to watch a high definition television in a long time. So, they watched a movie as it ran on cable.

About half way through the movie, Buck leaned over and kissed Caroline. She resisted at first but then let him kiss her, for fear of what this black man would do to her family, she convinced herself but deep down, she had wanted to kiss him since she first saw the size of the bulge in his prison issue underwear.

After they spent several minutes necking and kissing like teenagers on the sofa, her husband and son watching with wide eyes as they were strapped naked to their kitchen chairs, Buck separated from her. Caroline was breathing heavy with arousal. He turned off the television and stood up, grabbing the knife off the coffee table.

“Up,” he said. Caroline did as she was told, mesmerized by Buck now. She stood up. He reached forward with his knife and slashed twice at her shoulders. She jumped at that but the straps on her red silk lingerie cut off and the whole ensemble collapsed on the floor around her feet. Her first instinct was to cover her breasts with her arms but as soon as she moved, Buck made a sound that made her drop her arms back to her sides.

Buck looked over her body, enjoying the view. She wasn't a classic supermodel beauty. She was a bit overweight to many, fleshy fat around the midsection, hips, buttocks, and breasts. Her pale skin soft and smooth. Buck dropped the briefs he was wearing, revealing his massive cock. It was hardening from the view of her naked body, the first woman he had seen in three years.

Caroline gasped as the dark shaft appeared. It was by far the largest she'd ever seen. It was at least a foot long and as big as her wrist around. Large and veiny, it grew hard, bouncing up and down and throbbing until it pointed straight at her. The balls underneath the cock itself had to be as big as tennis balls, hanging low in a brown hairy sack.

“What a beauty,” Buck said, “Frank, you are a lucky man to have such a beautiful creature to fuck every night.”

Frank was weeping, tears going down his face. He struggled against his restraints but to no avail. His cock too was rising in jerky fits to hardness. Jack's cock was already rock hard, pointing at the ceiling. He stared at his mother and black stranger with wide fascinated eyes.

“Lay down on the floor.”

Caroline did as she was told, perhaps too eagerly. She shook with fear, or was it excitement. It was always a bit of a fantasy for her to be raped by a stranger. Of course, nothing brutal but something always sexy and hot. It would turn her on almost every time she had the fantasy. Now, part of her was frightened about what was to come. She knew the reality would be vastly different from her fantasies. Another part of her was horny at the thought she might actually realize her secret fantasy.

She laid down on her back, her knees up but closed, her legs facing her tied husband and child. Her ample breasts, very easily double Ds, rolled onto her sides. She turned her head to her left side, trying not to look at Buck.

Buck approached her feet, coming between her and her tied up family. His cock jutting out in front of him, swaying back and forth, a dousing rod looking for the water of her pussy.

“Spread ‘em,” he said.

She shook her head, “No. I'm going to let you rape me. Not in front of my husband and son. That thing would kill me. It's so large. It's a monster.”

Buck laughed at the comment then moved next to Jack. He put the knife to his groin.

“I said, open your legs, Cunt! Or I'll cut off little Jack's cock!”



Tears burst from her eyes as she opened her legs to reveal a dark haired pussy mound and a pair of fleshy lips. Buck looked down her body, appreciating her cunt, the hills and valleys of her belly, her melon breasts. God, he almost shot off right then. He hadn't seen a naked women in a long time, especially a white one.

He went down on his knees and crawled in between her legs. She shivered, rolling her head to left on the carpet, closing her eyes tight waiting for the initial penetration. Instead, she felt a light, soft, moist feeling on her pussy lips. The feeling wasn't what she was expecting. She thought it was going to be the painful thrusting of a monster cock, a cock only found on elephants and black men. But instead, this feeling was a good one, a pleasurable one. He was licking her pussy, tasting her juices.

She let out a moan, her mouth opening wide to take in breath that caught in her throat.

The sound of his sucking and licking filled the room and entered the ears of her husband and son, both with hard-ons the size of skyscrapers in their laps. The scent of Caroline's sex wafted into the air and filled their nostrils. Her moans got louder. Her hips humping up into Buck's working mouth.

For someone who had been in prison so long, he certainly knew cunnilingus. It was like riding a bike for him. Once he got into a rhythm he could work any woman into a frenzy. And he was certainly doing that to his white suburban housewife.

She began panting, her thighs squeezing Buck's head. She was trembling but this time it was certainly passion and not fear. Sweat appeared on her skin and glistened in the light. Then she cried out, bucking her hips up violently.

"Oh god!" she screamed, "NO! NO!"

She flailed about, trying to push Buck off of her. She could feel her orgasm building and as much as she wanted the big cum she didn't want to do it during a rape by a virtual stranger, especially with her restrained husband and son watching. She pushed her hips up, her tits rolling around on her chest. She grimaced, her eyes shut tight, gritting her teeth. Buck rode the ride with her and held on. No matter what she did she couldn't get him off of her.

"OH SHIT!" she cried out, "I don't want to CUUUUMMMM!"

As soon as she said the word "cum" a long, guttural moan came from her throat and the word droned out in a long sound. Her face turned deep red, a reaction Frank knew meant she was cumming hard. Buck chuckled into her crotch, still licking and sucking at her clit. He could feel her vagina pulsating juices into his mouth.

Frank cried out into his duct tape gag, thrashing in the chair but still unable to get free. Jack began to cry, tears flowing down his face, his chest convulsing.

Caroline's orgasm, the best she had in quite a long time, began to subside. Her hips collapsed onto the shag carpeting, her thighs relaxing. She was breathing heavy, trying to catch some air and get her heart to settle down. Her chest raised up and down, making her breasts roll and heave.

Buck sat up on his knees and pointed his log of a cock at her cunt opening.

"I think you're ready now," he said and then plunged forward.

Caroline's eyes shot open and she let out a scream at the invasion. His cock slid into the tight opening, inch by inch in a slow, determined push. The pain of such a huge organ stretching her insides and opening her vagina was great. She felt like a virgin again, taking a cock for the first time in the back seat of her father's car.

Frank screamed into his duct tape gag. It was muffled but it was clearly a loud "NO!" at the penetration of his wife.

She gasped, struggling for air. She cried out again, unintelligible words.

"OH SHIT! It's too big! Take it out! TAKE IT OUT!!"

But Buck didn't take it out of her. He was enjoying her tight moistness too much now. He plunged with more urgency now. Then he hit bottom, his balls bouncing off her buttocks. He stopped any motion, not just get her used to him but to get his cock used to a pussy after a couple of years of getting used to convict ass.

They lay there on the floor for a moment, breathing heavy, getting a feel for each other. Caroline was certain that the mushroom head of the black man's cock was smack dab in the middle of her uterus.

Then Buck began to slowly begin the in and out motion of a good fuck, sliding the full length of his cock out until just the head was just inside her pussy lips. Then he would push forward, slowly, steadily back into the soft, warm confines of her cunt.

Frank and Jack watched the black man's muscular butt rise and fall as he raped her. They could see his balls slapping against her upturned buttocks.

Her legs came up and circled Buck's waist, locking at the ankles. Buck began to speed up his thrusts and Caroline groaned. Buck felt her pussy clamp hard on his tool and groaned himself at the feeling.

"Oh, yea, Baby," he said, "You're diggin' it now, ain't ya?"

She moaned again, as another orgasm, the third so far, flowed through her. She could only nod her head in affirmative. Buck chuckled and continued to plow into her pussy which flowed with clear, slippery juices.

Then Jack let out a loud moan into his gag. It was muffled but loud enough that everyone else could hear it and turned to look. Even Buck stopped pumping her pussy to see why he was moaning. His mom looked over the big black man's shoulder to her son, concerned.

Jack tipped his head back, his eyes shut tight and gritted his teeth. His cock jumped in his lap and white semen shot into the air. Watching the action on the floor set off him off. Globes of cum splattered on his chest. His young cock recoiling after each shot.

In no time, his chest, stomach, pubic mound glistened like lotion on his smooth skin. His mother watched in fascination as her son came all over himself without even having to touch himself. Buck laughed.

“Good job, Boy! I told you we’d have some fun! We’re just getting started.”

He pulled out of Caroline and sat up, his brown shaft shined from her juices. Caroline moaned with disappointment.

Buck laid onto his back between the two chairs with Frank and Jack still taped to them. Caroline knew what he wanted. She mounted him and inserted his long cock back into her pussy. Where it belonged, she thought. Now it wasn’t rape they were doing. This was fucking. She wanted it as much as Buck did.

She sunk down on him, letting out a long moan. Then she began riding him like a horse, bouncing up and down on his foot long, her eyes closed in concentration. Buck reached his large hands up to her jiggling breasts and kneaded them, pinching her nipples and pulling them out from her breast, letting them snap back like rubber bands onto her tits.

Caroline reached up, in the heat of the moment, and grabbed Frank’s hard cock. He jumped at the touch but then settled in when she started stroking his cock in rhythm to her bouncing on the convict’s dick. She moaned out another loud guttural moan.

“OH GOD!”

“That’s it, Baby. Ride that cock.”

Caroline reached her other hand up and wrapped her fingers around her son’s cock, now slimey from his cum but still hard, like only a teenager’s cock can be after a good ejaculation. He let out a gasp into his gag and then a groan deep in his throat when she started jerking it at the same rhythm as she was jerking his father’s.

Sweet appeared on all of their bodies now, droplets dripped off of her tits onto Buck’s chest. Their speed increased to a frantic blur. The sound of slapping bodies, the moist squishing sound of wet orifices and fleshy poles, the moans and groans of pleasure from everyone now. Tears were gone, fears were gone. Just the pleasure remained.

Buck slapped Caroline’s buttocks making them ripple in waves. She let out a yelp from the stinging. Pink welts appeared on her ass cheeks.

Then she was cumming again. She stopped rising and falling on Buck’s cock and settled to sit on his groin. She bowed her head and arched her back. Her grip on her husband and son tightened as she cried out. Buck felt her pussy gush and a clear juice shot out from her pussy in splashes onto his pubic mound.

“Oh Fuck!” She cried out.

He entire body trembled as she went through her sixth orgasm of the night.

“Oh yea,” Buck said, “You ARE really diggin’ it now! You got your black cock fever on, dontcha?”

Caroline dropped down and engulfed his lips in a passionate kiss, their tongues dueling, tasting each other. Then they parted.

“You aren’t leaving here anytime soon, Honey,” she whispered to him.

Then she lifted back up and went back to her regular up and down rhythm on top of him. She gripped her son and husband’s cocks again and started to stroke them again, this time with urgency. She wanted, no needed, all of her men to come off.

She could tell just by the feel of him that Frank was about to shoot off. She looked into his eyes as she bounced. She knew that look in his eyes. He was aroused something fierce.

They locked eye contact and she felt his shaft jerk and pulsate in her fist. White cum shot into the air about a foot and fell back down on his chest. Frank groaned and humped his hips up into her jerking hand. More shots flew into the air, covering his stomach and pubic hair. His pubic mound became a matted mess.

She smiled as she rubbed her hand in the pool of semen on his stomach like it was a lotion to help ease chaffing. Then she turned to her son and stroked up and down his sticky shaft in a blur of motion.

“Come on, Jack,” she said, “Come for Mommy.”

As she bounced on Buck’s cock, taking it fully now, she worked hard to get her son to ejaculate again in her hand. He was sure he would do it. He moaned a muffled moan.

And then he too was cumming. His semen was thicker this time, whiter than the first time he came. It shot one shot into the air a few inches which landed like a rope across his stomach but the rest just oozed from his piss hole and drained down his shaft and over her fingers.

“That’s it, Baby. Good job, Jack.”

Coraline put her hands, now that they were free onto Buck’s chest, smearing semen on his breasts, to leverage her humping actions. Her hips moved at a fast pace now, smooth pale butt-cheeks jiggling with the frantic motion.

“You’re turn, Big Boy,” she said, “Time for that big cock of yours to shoot its load. You’ve waited for years to shoot into a woman. This has to be better than all the man asses you must have fucked in prison. Right?”

Buck spanked her jiggling ass cheeks hard. Coralina let out a yelp of pain and surprise. A red welt appeared on the soft white cheeks. He grabbed her by the hips to stop her motion. She looked at him with a questioning look.

“Bitch, you thinking of your puny white boys who fuck you. You’re fucking a black man now. We don’t shoot off in a couple of minutes. We last hours before we give up our seed.”

He sat up, wrapping his arms around her torso, both breathing heavy. He could feel her breasts smooshed into his chest, her nipples hard as rocks. He put his feet flat on the floor and in a deft move jumped to his feet, taking her with him, still impaled on his black shaft. He stood there for a second, getting his balance while she wrapped her legs around him, locking her ankles on his muscular buttocks, and locked her fingers together behind his neck.

As Jack and Frank, spent from their own orgasms but eyes large with lustful passionate, watched, Buck walked the two of them to the center of the room. Each bump of his hips made her bounce on his cock. Her head was buried in his shoulder and she moaned as they moved.

Buck grabbed both of her smooth round butt cheeks in his large dark brown hands and rose her up. His cock pulled out of her stretched pussy and then let go, dropping her back onto it. She let out a cry.

“Oh shit!”

Then they were back into a rhythm again. Her whole body slid up and down against him while she held on for dear life. The tree branch of his cock cleaved up her vagina and into her womb. He turned profile to the her son and husband so he could see him fucking her while standing, something he was sure they were too weak to do.

“See that boys? I’m given her the best ride of her life. Something neither of you would be able to give her. She’s going to be craving black cock from now on, guys. Ain’t that right, Bitch?”

Coraline was cumming hard then, she had lost count how many times it had happened since Buck first entered her, but she managed to nod her head against his chest.

“What was that, Cunt? I didn’t hear you.”

“Oh my god, yes! I love your black cock! I’m never going to fuck anything else!”

Franks cried out into his gag and tears fell down his face.

Jack watched in amazement his mother and this black convict fuck while standing. She held onto this tree of a man like a monkey. She bounced up and down against him. Jack never thought this type of position was even possible.

The two were slapping against each other now, pelvis hitting pelvis. The smacking sound filled the room along with the squishing of Coraline’s cunt as his rock hard penis invaded her over and over.

“Oh FUCK! I’m cumming again! I can’t stop cumming! Keep fucking me!”

Her body jerked and trembled once again as she clung to her new lover. She grunted and Buck felt her spray his groin again. He laughed. He loved it when he brought a woman off and he hadn't been able to do it in so long.

"Yea, Bitch! Take it!"

As Caroline calmed down from her orgasm even as her body was getting ready to ramp up for another one, her ankles came apart and she couldn't hold onto him anymore. Buck slowly lowered himself back to the floor and laid her down on her back, never pulling out of her during the whole action. He fucked her on the floor then, pounding her with a quick jabbing moves. He laid down on top of her, and their lips met. Their tongues flicked against each other, their mouths opening and closing as they kissed. His butt rose and fell, flexed and unflexed, with each thrust deep into her body. Her fleshy hips jiggled in waves. Her breasts smooshed tight against his muscle chest.

Buck broke the kiss momentarily and looked behind him, never breaking his fuck rhythm. He felt Coraline's pussy squeeze his cock and knew she was cumming again. He looked at Jack and Frank sitting there strapped into their chairs watching the two on the floor. Miraculously, for white boys, they were both sporting hard ons again. He was sure they were rather painful now.

He turned back to his milf lover and whispered into her ear.

"How about we let your husband and son free? Do you think they would cause me any problems now?"

She could only shake her head.

Buck slid out of her and immediately she regretted saying no to his question. She felt suddenly empty and alone. Tears welled up in her eyes as Buck got up and grabbed the knife from the coffee table where it had sat all this time. He walked over to the two in the chairs.

"Is that right, Frank? Will you cause any problems if I let you go?"

He shook his head.

"And young Jack, how about you? You a trouble maker?"

He shook his head too.

Using the knife, Buck cut all the duct tape off the chairs and before they knew it, Frank and his son were free. They both stood up, stretched, their small cocks sticking out in front of them. Buck ripped the tape off their mouths and threw them in balls in the corner of the room. They both breathed a sigh of relief in unison. Caroline thought it was cut how closely they imitated one another.

They stood there for a minute in silence, as if to ask Buck, what was next.

"Well, well. Looks like we have a couple of good ole fashion hard-ons. Stand right here, Boys. I've got an idea I think you'll like."

He called Caroline over to them. She turned over and shimmied to them on her hands and knees. Her breasts hung low and swayed back and forth with her motion. This alone got Jack even more aroused. He was coming to be a breast man and he was finding his mother had the best, of the few he'd seen.

"That's it, Honey. Come over here like the dog you are."

When she got to the three, she looked up at her new master with eyes like puppy dogs asking what he wanted her to do.

"Suck off you son, Bitch! He deserves it after what they've been through. Don't you think so?"

She hesitated, then said, "Yes."

She leaned forward and engulfed the head of her son's cock with her mouth. Jack moaned at the warm, moist feeling on his dick. She rose off his cock and licked it up the vein on the underside to the head, flicking her tongue on the head. The hard member bounced to her flicks.

"Oh shit," her son moan.

She began bobbing her head up and down his shaft, adding a little suction as she moved her mouth up to the head. Frank watched his wife suck off his son and knew the incredible feelings he was experiencing. Frank loved his wife's cock-sucking expertise. She was a natural, he thought but if he ever knew how she came about that skill, by giving fellatio to hundreds of guys, practically every guy she met, during her college days, he might not be as thrilled. Still, he could imagine very well his son's feelings at that moment.

Then he felt the same feelings on himself. He groaned and looked down to find Buck's mouth on his cock much like Caroline's was on Jack's. He licked and sucked as well as Caroline. Frank moaned, tilting his head back to enjoy the feelings the convict was giving him.

The room became filled with the moans of the two white boys and the squishing sound of wet lips smacking against smooth flesh.

"God that feels good," Frank said.

Buck sucked off the top of Frank's cockhead and said, "Yea. The guys in Cellblock C say I'm the best suck they've ever had."

Then he went back to work bobbing his head up and down his cock. The small size of the cock, compared to the ones he was used to in the cellblock, made it easy for him to deep throat him, burying his nose in Frank's pubic hair and then pulling back up with just a little suction, then diving back down.

Jack on the edge already, even after cumming twice already. The whole night's events were beyond anything he ever imagined while jerking himself off in his room every night. The third erection of the night was a painful one, straining for release. He began humping his hips at his mom's mouth. Caroline

realized he was close, felt the hardness of his cock become even harder, and held her head still. She closed her eyes tight, letting Jack fuck her mouth at his own rhythm.

Then he was cumming. His body bolted against her face and his cock began jerking and bucking in her throat. Warm cum shot like a shotgun down her throat and she gagged a little but quickly got her composure again. He shot load after load, round after round, into her mouth and down her throat. She swallowed as much as she could but the semen overflowed her mouth. He was just producing too much of it to handle. Long drops of the gooey stuff roped down from the corners of her mouth in long strands.

“Oh FUCK!” cried Jack, “Oh Jesus!”

Meanwhile, as soon as Frank saw his son buck and tremble, he knew he was cumming in his wife’s mouth. Already on the edge of the cliff before he was even cut free from the chairs, Frank shuddered and his cock pulsated in Buck’s mouth. Buck moaned as the cum flowed in, blasting against the inside of his cheeks, making them balloon out like Dizzy Gelpsie.

“Holy Christ! Me too!” he cried out.

After father and son had finished emptying their loads together, Caroline and Buck pulled back, still swallowing the sticky cum.

“Mmm. Delicious,” Buck said, “Ain’t that right, Bitch?”

Caroline nodded, her mouth still filled with semen, cum strands hanging from her chin and down between her breasts. Both Jack and Frank stood on obviously wobbly legs. They looked about to collapse. Buck had them lay on the floor (he still needed to keep an eye on them) to sleep and he took Caroline to the sofa.

He laid her on her back and plunged his monster cock back into her. She moaned and sighed at the same time. This was what she wanted. Buck began to fuck in and out of her at a quick rate.

For the next three hours, they fucked everywhere they could while her husband and son slept soundly on the floor on the living room. Caroline lost track of all the times he made her cum. In many ways, she was constantly orgasming all night and never had an unaroused moment.

He fucked her from behind against the kitchen counter. She rode him as he laid on his back on the coffee table. He pounded her from the side on the floor and then against in spooning position back on the couch. She rode him as he sat in one of the kitchen chairs to which Franks and Jack had been duct taped. She sprayed more of her clear fluids on him on that one. They took showers together and fucked then too with her palms on the cool tile and him plowing against her from behind. The water hitting their overheated bodies made the experience feel much better.

As he promised, hours passed before he was ready to shoot his load. They were in Caroline and Frank’s marriage bed, a place where two days before Frank had fucked Caroline in such a wonderful way that she never thought it could get better. And then Buck came into their lives. Caroline was on her back, her



legs once again around Buck's waist, ankles interlocked. They were kissing as his hips pistoned into and out of her body.

She moaned. That's all her speech was anymore, one long moan. He grunted and she could tell he was about to cum. Finally, he was about to cum. The sweat covered their bodies making them glisten in the candle light that Caroline had lit before they got back to fucking.

In the open doorway appeared Frank and Jack. They had awakened to hear the two making love in the bedroom and came up to watch.

Buck's fucking became frantic, a blur of motion. He got up on his toes and straightened his legs to get a good angle on her soaking pussy entrance. He used his whole body to rise his whole cock out of her vagina until just the bulbous head was left just inside her pussy lips. Then he would crash down on her pelvis, thrusting every inch of his massive member fully into her. She grunted at every thrust.

"Oh my god!" She cried out, "You're going to make me your WHORE!"

She could feel his cock get even harder, getting ready to eject his pent up cum. She could feel her pussy begin to convulse around his tightly held dick. He pounded and pounded. Grunting with every thrust just as Caroline was.

Jack and Frank stepped into the room, jerking on their hard cocks. They approached the bed on either side. Jack on the left and Frank on the right. They masturbated their dicks while they watched the large black man fuck their wife and mother. Caroline saw them through thinly closed eye lids.

"Oh shit, " this time it was Buck crying out, "Here cums, Bitch!"

"Oh yea! Yea! Give it to me! Fill me up!"

He let out a long, guttural moan and she felt his large cock buck and jerk inside of her. She was filled with a warm feeling in the pit of her stomach. She cried out, wailing really. Her orgasm, the last of the night, hit her. Her whole body trembled and shivered.

Buck's lips came down on Caroline's moaning mouth and they kissed while he shot load after load of black sperm inside of her womb. She could feel the shaft flex in waves starting at the base of his cock and travelling up the shaft to the head and then shooting what felt like a shotgun blast into her. He came and came, never seeming to stop and driving her own orgasm higher and higher with each pulsating ejaculation inside her.

Jack and Frank found themselves cumming quickly as well. Jack stepped one leg onto the bed and pointed his cock at his mother's face. He shot a long ropey strand against her cheek. She turned her head away from him in surprise. The cum on her cheek then began to drip down to her chin. He shot a couple more, his thighs trembling, his hand flying up and down his cock. One splatted against her left breast and then the other hit her neck. The rest of his cum dribbled out of his shaft onto his slowing fist.

Frank stepped up to the bed as well when he shot his load. He was aiming to add semen to Caroline's face but his shot wasn't as strong as a fifteen years old's and he missed her skin all together. He deposited a load as a rope of milky white on their red silk bedsheets. The rest of his cum oozed out of his cockhead and dripped slowly down his shaft into his matted pubic hair.

Jack and Frank had finished their orgasms before Buck had even met the halfway point. He was still shooting shot after shot after shot into Caroline. His eyes closed tight as he felt the warm feeling wash over him. His semen filled Caroline to the brim and began to flow out from between the tight seal around her pussy lips. It was kicked into a froth from Buck's continual pounding. Caroline moaned and moaned.

"Oh God! There's SO much! It's so hot!" she cried out, the cum dripping from her face.

And yet, he was still cumming. Caroline was sure there was so much that her belly must be extended like she was pregnant. Then she hoped that she would be. Buck thrust one last time into her, buried in her to the hilt, their matted pubic hair mixed together like Velcro. His hips jerked a couple times in an attempt to get his cock even further into her. His cock throbbed and jumped inside of her and she could feel it. With a cock this size, it would be hard not to feel every inch, every movement, every vein and bump inside her tight pussy.

Then Buck grunted one last time, straining with his pelvis pressed against hers, and dropped down on top of her. She hugged him tight with both her legs and her arms.

"That's it." She said softly, "That's it."

All four of them were breathing heavy, their hearts pounding. Buck lifted himself up with his arms and kissed Caroline again. Then the four looked at each other and began to laugh.

The next morning, only a couple of hours after they had finished their sexcapade, as expected the police showed up at their door. Buck hid in the basement and the family did their part to convince the authorities he wasn't there. Caroline explained her dishevelment to just having sex with her husband mere minutes before they came to the door. It worked like a charm. They left feeling like Buck wasn't in the house.

After they left, of course, they started another round of fucking and sucking. Two days later, when Buck left. They all felt satisfied and euphoric. Buck left a happy family who were ready to fuck at a moment's notice but left them saddened. There was an emptiness in their souls when he was gone. He left with a backpack full of supplies and some money the family was happy to give him. And then he was never seen again.

Two weeks later, Caroline discovered she was pregnant. She was elated. Nine months later, she gave birth to a beautiful baby boy with milk chocolate brown skin. The nurses all joked that her new black son's penis was bigger than any of the other babies they had ever seen. She simply smiled while the baby latched onto her tit and began to feed. Inside, she couldn't wait until he was a teenager.

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### *Jack Watching The Parents Fuck*

When Jack turned twelve, he learned, with the help of a friend from school, about masturbation. He learned quickly how good it felt and would find time and places to jerk off at least twice a day, sometime up to five times when he was lucky to get the privacy he needed. He learned from his friend about events called circle jerk parties that some guys from school would have on a regular basis. He joined these groups. Every month or so, one of the group's parents would go away for a few days. The others would tell their parents they were going to a sleep over and they would have hours to sit in a circle, naked, jerking themselves off and watching the others jerk themselves until they met their objective, shooting their creamy cum all over each other and all over the place. The first to shoot would be considered the winner and usually would set everyone else off.

Yes, Jack loved to jack off his cock. It gave him a feeling of release and calmness that he was quite addicted to. Others were addicted to alcohol or drugs. Jack was addicted to the orgasm.

One night, shortly after Jack turned fourteen, he awoke around midnight to the need to pee. He sat up in bed, the blanket falling off his torso revealing a hairless pale chest. He was a nice looking kid with his dark hair and blue eyes. He kicked his legs over the side of the bed and stood up. He wore only his red briefs underwear. He wore only this because sometimes in the middle of the night, he would wake up from an especially hot dream and with his eight inch cock standing at attention. It became a simple movement of his underwear to free his cock and he could go right to jerking off. He did anything he could to facilitate his masturbation habit.

He tiptoed out of his room, not wanting to wake up his parents in the next room, and went into the bathroom. He quickly peed, not flushed the toilet so he didn't wake anyone.

When he came out, he heard sounds coming from his parent's room. Muffled laughing and then Jack thought he heard moaning. He instantly froze in the hallway. His parent's room was directly across from the bathroom and he stared at the door for a moment, wondering if he had heard what he thought he heard and if what he thought was happening behind that door was really happening. He stared intently; almost like he was waiting for his x-ray vision to kick in and he could confirm what his mind was telling him.

Then he heard it again, a moan, not loud but audible. Jack stepped forward toward the door and noticed that it was open, just a crack, but enough for him to peek inside and see what was going on. Fortunately, the light was on in his parent's room and the hallway was dark. He could stay hidden in the shadows. Thanks to how quiet he was coming out of his room, it didn't appear they knew he was up.

He stepped to one side, slowly and softly and peered into the room.

He wouldn't have had a better view unless he was on the bed with them. The headboard of the bed, a queen size, was against the back wall from the door. Above the headboard, a mirror hung on the wall giving Jack a perfect reflection of what was going on in his parent's room.

The pale skin made it clear both of his parents were naked. His mom lay on her back, her large breasts flayed to her sides. Her brown hair, peppered with grays, was fanned out on her pillow, making her look like an angel with a dark halo. Her eyes were closed tight as she concentrated on the actions of her husband.

His dad was crouched between his wife's thighs, his face buried in the pubic hair around her pussy. A smacking sound came from his mouth and Jack's mother moaned a little louder, slightly arching her back at the same time.

He was eating her out! Jack watched, his cock growing bigger in his briefs by the second, as his father's head moved between her legs.

"Oh, fuck, Frank," his mother said, almost a whisper, "That feels incredible."

His father lifted his head up only long enough to say, "That's the idea, Babe." Then he got back to work sucking and licking at the gash between her thighs.

Jack's heart pounded, partly out of arousal and fear of getting caught. His prick was at full erection and demanded attention. He so much wanted to take it out and jerk off as he watched his parents make love on the bed before him but he dared not do it in case they would hear him.

His mother's legs stretched upwards, her toes pointing to the ceiling and she let out a long moan. His father let out a muffled moan from between her creamy thighs.

"Ooooooh, God!" she said, this time louder than a whisper, "Just like that! That's good!"

She dropped her legs back down, her heels resting on his lower back just above his wiggling buttocks.

Jack saw his father's head begin to tilt from side to side and the smacking sucking sound got faster. He lifted his lower half until he was on his knees, smooth hairless buttocks in the air, concentrating hard on bringing his wife to an orgasm. In that position, Jack could see his penis and testicles hanging down from his between his legs. His father's cock was only about half hard, by Jack's guess, but it was hung low and seemed long to Jack. But then again, Jack was only fourteen and other cocks he had seen were also teenagers, he wasn't sure if he had a good comparison.

Frank's balls hung low as well, being pulled down by gravity. They looked very full.

As he was observing his father's package for the first time, Jack could hear his mother's passion growing higher and higher. She was repeating "oh, god" over and over. Her body, a creamy pale pink color normally was wiggling all over the bed and turning a darker pink. Sweat beads appeared on her forehead, her eyes shut tight, working desperately with her husband toward a mind-blowing orgasm.

"Come on, Baby! Cum! Let it go!" Frank said quickly before getting back to work on her cunt.

"So close, honey. So close." Jack's mother's face contorted into a grimace that could have easily been mistaken for pain. Jack watched her in the mirror behind the headboard, fascinated with the coming

female orgasm he knew was coming. He'd never seen a woman cum and was hot to see his mother cum now.

She suddenly lifted her hips off the bed, her smooth pillowy buttocks jiggling from the motion, mashing her crotch into her husband's face.

Deep in her throat, a low, long moan began to come forth. His mom's head rolled from side to side as she moaned and cried out. Her whole body shook and rocked on the bed.

"YEEEEESSSS!!" She cried out her orgasm. His father kept licking and sucking, his wife's thighs squeezed tight against his ears, cutting off his hearing but he knew what she sounded like during orgasm. Jack thought he heard a chuckle come from his father.

"OH GOD! YES!"

Jack couldn't help it anymore. His cock was stone hard and pointing out in front of him, tenting his underwear. He had to at least release it. He pushed his underwear down and let the briefs slip down to his ankles. His hard on slapped against his belly as soon as it was set free. He let out a quiet moan at the feeling. Fortunately, his parents were in the heat of the moment and he was quiet enough that they didn't hear anything but their own moans and cries.

He told himself he wouldn't touch his dick at all, lest he explode and really get them to notice him watching.

Her orgasm began to subside and her pelvis dropped down onto the mattress again. His mother's breathing was fast and short. Frank licked a couple more times along her pussy lips and then raised his head from between her thighs.

He was smiling and his face had smears of her juices on it.

"I'm going to guess that was a good one," he said.

"Oh god damn! That was the best!"

Jack watched his father sit up on his haunches and was surprised to see his father's cock stood out like the Empire State Building from his hairy patch in his crotch. It was now at fully erection. He guessed with all the cunnilingus and his sensitive member rubbing against the soft sheets, his father's cock couldn't help but get harder.

His mother, still catching her breath, looked down at her husband's pole. No words were spoken. They intuitively knew what came next. After years of regular sex, the two bodies were so in tuned no discussion was needed. Frank moved over his wife, her legs opening and rising above his buttocks. Their lips met in a passionate kiss, their tongues dueled and played with each other.

Their lips parted and both looked down their bodies at the fleshy shaft.

"Do it," his mother whispered.

Frank lined up his cock with the pussy entrance, the cockhead notched into opening. He thrust his hips and his wife arched her back as the big cock into her.

Jack almost came right then. It was such an arousing moment for the teenager. His hand crept down to his crotch and his encircled the base of his hard cock. He resisted stroking it, however. That was the hardest thing he ever had to do, I thought. But he knew that once he started to jerk it, within three strokes at the most, he would be shooting white milky sperm all over his parent's bedroom door. He didn't want it to end so soon and he was so afraid that he'd alert his parents to his presence if he came.

He watched between his father's legs as his cock sunk into the moist crevice like it was quicksand. Both his parents moaned in unison at the feeling. It kept going, snaking into her. Jesus! It's endlessly long, Jack thought. His mother's pussy lips were dragged inward with her husband's thick flesh-stick.

After what it seemed like forever, Frank's pelvis touched his mother's crotch, the two pubic regions melded together, little curly hairs melding with little curly hairs like Velcro.

The two naked bodies, now combined as one, stayed still for a moment, each parent breathing hard and taking in the feelings against their genitals. Jack's mother's legs crossed around her husband's back, her feet locked together against his lower back.

Jack, trembling now, watched as his parents kissed a passionate, long kiss in this position for some time. Slowly, as they kissed, Frank began to move his hips. Easy and gentle at first, he lifted his ass up, taking his cock out of her cunt little by little until just the mushroom head stayed just inside her. Then, still easy and gentle, he pushed back into her. Before long they were moving together in a pistoning motion, drilling for oil, white creamy oil.

The bedsprings squeaked in rhythm to their motions, his father's breath was heavy and labored, and his mother would moan quietly from time to time but mostly was trying to control her breath, sucking in air through her nose and blowing it out through her mouth with puckered lips like she was trying to whistle but her lips were too dry to make a noise.

He watched in the mirror his mother's breasts rolling and jiggling on her chest as he slid in out of her. The fleshy globes rippled with each thrust, waves of pale flesh in rings outward from her nipples. That image alone seemed to make Jack's cock jerk and bob on its own, getting even harder if that was possible.

"Oh, God!" His mother said, "That's it! Fuck me!"

"You like that, don't you?"

"Oh yea! Definitely!"

"You like my big cock? You like that, Bitch?"

Jack was shocked when his father called his mother a “bitch” but it also seemed to turn his mother into something fierce. As soon as he said this, she began to roll her hips in circles, undulating around the plunging cock. Her husband groaned at the feeling.

“Yea! Do that!” Frank told his wife, “That feels good!”

They were definitively dancing now, two bodies slapping together in unison, two lovers working together to reach ecstasy.

And Jack watched with heated, aroused eyes. His cock, hard as a rock, bobbed up and down, throbbing in front of him. It was starting to get uncomfortable and his groin was aching. He wanted to touch it, grasp the fleshy stick in his fist and jerk it to a release like none other. His hand moved down his chest, gliding over his erect nipples to his pubes.

“Oh shit, Frank!” His mother suddenly cried out, “It’s gonna happen again! I’m gonna cum again!”

His father kept up the pace. He learned early on that he better not stop when his wife was that close. Neither did he speed up or slow down. Just regular in and out pistoning motion, an oil rig moving up and down, his butt rising and falling.

His mother’s heels lifted off her husband’s back and stuck up in the air, toes curled and calves trembling.

“God damn! You’re getting tight, Babe!”

Jack saw his mother’s face contort, her eyes tight, her cheeks turning a beet red. She moaned, starting as a low vibration in her chest and rising to a loud scream. She chanted “oh oh oh” over and over. Frank grunted, almost in pain, as he felt his wife’s vagina clamp down on his cock as she had her orgasm.

Frank leaned down and planted his lips on his wife, muffling her screams, but she still screamed into his mouth. They kissed long and hard. Jack’s mother started to calm down as they kissed, her heels returned to Frank’s back.

Then Frank did something that took his wife by surprise. He rolled to his side and took her with him, still embedded fully into her. They both rolled as one and before Jack knew it, his father lay on his back and his wife lay on top of him straddling him. They continued to kiss while his mother began to move her ass up and down as much as she could. Frank has his arms completely around her waist, holding her in place so she couldn’t move too much but she kept up the motion.

In this position, Jack could see very well his father’s cock, shiny with moisture, as it moved inside his mother. There was a white foam around his father’s cock at the entrance to her cunt. That was her cum, Jack thought. That’s what she produced when she had orgasms. There was quite a bit of it.

Watching this, Jack could wait no longer. He wrapped his hand around his teenage cock. Almost immediately, he felt his orgasm approaching. He squeezed his shaft tight and he closed his eyes tight to stave it off. After a few seconds, it seemed to work. He stood there watching his parents continue to fuck, his cock in his fist but not daring to move just yet.

His mother broke their kiss and pushed herself up until she was sitting on his father's cock. Her smooth butt cheeks faced her son hiding in the darkness of the hallway. She let out a long breath of air and lifted her hips up, dragging his cock out of her sex tunnel and then dropping down to fill her back up again. She began moving up and down, moaning all the time.

"Oh yea, Baby!" his father said.

His father's shaft rubbed along her clit and in her position on top, he was touching places that rarely got touched. His mushroom head was hitting deliciously against her cervix.

"It's gonna happen again!" she said as she huffed and puffed on top of him.

"Already?" her husband responded as he arched his hips up, driving it further into her.

"Oh god! Yea!"

The musky smell of sweet and sex fluids filled the room, spilling into the hallway into Jack's nostrils. They turned him on even further, if that was possible. His mother grunted, working her pussy up and down on his tool, concentrating with all her might to obtain another orgasm.

"Shit! It went away. It was SO close too!"

She sat down onto her husband's groin and then quickly moved her feet from beside his ankles to sit flat on the bed. She rose back up, squatting over the cock, the mushroom head the only part she left in. Then she began to hectically pound up and down, using her knees. This gave their thrusts more power and his cock went as deep as it could go into her.

"Yea!" She screamed, "That's it! That'll do it!"

The slapping of their bodies and their grunts and moans became louder. Her husband's hands were on his wife's hips as she pumped up and down. He slid them up her gyrating torso to her bouncing breasts. He gripped them, massaged them, and played with them.

Jack marveled at his father's stamina. When he jerked off, Jack lasted about fifteen or twenty minutes before he was shooting his cum all over himself. His father had been going at it with his mother for going on forty five minutes now and he didn't seem to show signs of getting close to cumming. And his mother was the hottest piece of ass he'd ever seen. He was certain he wouldn't last that long with her.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!"

His mother was cumming then. She dropped down one last time, forcing her husband's cock deep into her pussy. Then she froze, her face contorted and every muscle taunt and trembling. His father grunted at the feeling of his wife's cunt clamping tight onto his pole.

"Oh GOOOOOODDD! YES!" She screamed out, her head tilted back, her eyes shut tight.

His father grunted, "That's it! God you're tight! Ride that cock, Bitch!"



She leaned down, her legs sliding along his legs back to their original position, and they kissed, tongues entwining and battling between them. Frank held his wife tight as they kissed, both still moaning into each other's mouths. His arms encircled her waist, smashing her ample breasts into his smooth chest. As they kissed, his hands wandered to her ass and he gripped her buttocks. His grip opened her butt-cheeks, exposing her tight brown hole to his son in the hallway. He didn't know it, of course.

Their breathing began to calm down. Jack could see the cock still buried in his mother's pussy directly below the brown eye. The balls hung low, dangling just above the bed-sheets. Jack could see the base of the penis pulsing in time to his father's heart beat.

His mother broke the kiss then and lifted herself up on her arms.

"That was wonderful, Baby. But now it's your turn, don't you think?"

His father readily agreed, "Get on your hands and knees. I'm gonna finish inside you doggy style."

"Yes, Master."

Jack watched his mother lift up off his father, his dick popped out with a slick smacking sound. It slapped into his stomach but bounced back to point to the ceiling again, free from it's wonderful, pleasure filled prison. She dismounted from her husband and moved until she was on her hands and knees. Frank moved behind her, his hands caressing her smooth ass cheeks.

She bent down on to her elbows so her ass was high in the air. Jack could see her gash, moist and swollen clearly in this position just below his father's hanging balls. He so wanted to jump on to that bed and take his own mother but again fear held him at bay.

His father aimed his flesh pole at her pussy. He pushed forward and his slippery cock slid very easily into her lubricated cunt. They both grunted at the invasion. His hands gripped her hips and pulled them closer to him, forcing his cock to invade even further.

Then, they started the pounding, slapping. His father was now in control and it was time for him to work toward his own orgasm. His torso swayed with a violent thrusting, pumping backward and forward. Her buttocks shook and jiggled from the impact of his pelvis. Each power thrust pushed her breath out of her, creating a low grunt in her throat.

"That's right, " he said, "Now it's my turn. I'm gonna fuck you silly now. You're gonna get your fill of my baby making cream."

"Oh, shit, yea! Fuck me! Hard! Fuck me hard!"

Jack watched his father's hand raise up, his buttocks still rocking back and forth, and come down hard on her smooth ass-cheeks. A loud slap echoed through the room and his mother let out a yelp. His father's ass was a blur of motion now. His cock sliding in and out of its tunnel in a distortion of fleshy color.

Jack's hand began to slowly move up his own throbbing shaft. Absentmindedly, he jacked his cock as he started into the room.

"Oh yea, Baby!" his father said, "Oh yea! Oh..." He suddenly stopped fucking his wife, thrust in once and holding himself inside her. She whimpered and pushed back onto her husband.

"Oh, Frank. Why did you stop?"

Jack looked into the mirror than and made eye contact with his father. His heart jumped into his throat. Without realizing it, he had moved little by little into the doorframe until he was no longer in the shadows.

"We have an audience, Babe."

"What?" His mother rose up and looked in the mirror. Seeing her son standing there naked, his hand on his erect cock, she gasped.

"Should we?"

His mother quickly nodded her head, "God yes. I need it so bad right now."

"Jack," his father said, "Come in here."

Jack nearly shit himself at that moment. He was sure he was big trouble. Spying on your own parents as they fucked had to be a major infraction. Still, he stepped into the room. The warm muskiness hit him as he entered.

"Jack, how long have you been there?"

Both his father and mother were still in the doggie position though as still as statues though their breathing was still heavy from their earlier copulation.

"A while," Jack managed to squeak out an answer barely.

"Well, Son, now that you've seen us, I suppose we should teach you what we are doing. You a virgin, Son?"

Jack nodded. His hand had still not left its spot around his pole.

Frank pulled out of his wife then, his long shaft springing up and bouncing against his stomach. He patted his wife's butt.

"Turn over, Baby."

Jack's mother did as she was told and flipped onto her back. She quickly spread open her legs revealing to her son her pussy lips, which were opened a bit showing the pink inside of her vagina. His father jumped off the bed and stood next to his son, jerking his cock at a good pace.

Jack started at his mother at the moment, unbelieving. Was she actually asking what he thought she was asking?

Frank seemed to answer that question for him. He nudged Jack's back with his elbow.

"Go ahead, Son. She's waiting."

Jack needed no further convincing. He moved onto the bed and positioned himself between his mother's fleshy thighs. He pointed his cock at her cunt opening.

"Are you sure, Mom? This is incest."

His mother nodded with enthusiasm. "Yes, Jack. I've wanted this for a long time."

"Go ahead, Jack," his father said, still jerking off his own cock, "Your mother needs a teenage cock from time to time. You'll have her shooting off in no time."

Jack turned to back to his mother, "I've been out there watching you guys for a while now. I'm about ready to pop. I won't last long."

His mother smiled. "Baby, I'm going to cum faster than you I bet. I'm SO close. Now get in there and start pumping."

Jack nodded and pushed into her. They both let out a loud moan at the penetration. His father moved up his wife's head as mother and son began to rock against each other. He jacked his cock as he watched the two have their first sex together.

Jack's ass rose and fell as his cock slid easily in and out of his mother's cunt. The bed springs squeaked with every thrust. He stared closely into his mother's face as he fucked her. His mother's eyes closed tight and she moaned over and over each time her son bottomed out inside her. Her large breasts rolled and jiggled on her chest in rhythm to her son's pelvic thrusting.

"OOOOH! Yea! That's feels incredible! Keep that up, Baby!"

His father cheered him on.

"That's it, Son. You're really giving it to her now. No longer virgin now, huh."

Frank's hand flew up and down his shaft, his balls bouncing against the base of his fist, jiggling and swaying. The three of them breathed hard as they labored away in their sexual activities. Sweat broke out on their bodies immediately.

"So close. So close. So close," his mother kept chanting. As he thought, he felt his orgasm rising quickly. This was going to be over in a quick flurry of animalistic sexual frenzy.

"Mom...I'm gonna...Gonna..."

"I know, Baby. Shoot it! Shoot inside me."

And then it was happening. It happened quick and all at once. Jack was cumming into his mother. He shot once, his cock recoiling like canon. His mother yelped.

“YES! I feel it! My son is shooting inside me!” Her cunt clamped down on her son’s cock as a second shot of semen shot into her.

Meanwhile, his father let out a loud grunt and pointed his cock at his wife’s bouncing breasts. He let out a long groan and shot after shot of his white cream shot all over her chest. The first three ropey shots landed on her right breast and the remaining dribbled onto her left just under his cockhead.

Her son shot another shot into her cunt. She arched her back and moaned, orgasming once again. All of her muscles tightened and trembled.

“OOOOHHHHH! GOOOOOOD!! You guys ROCK!” she said.

Jack kept pounding into his mother, his balls slapping against her upturned ass as his cock discharged wave after wave of creamy white teenage cum into her. He grunted with each shot, his buttocks tightening and pulsating.

Some white foam began to seep around the seal of his mother’s vaginal opening and his erect penis. It was a mixture of his cum and her orgasmic flow.

By the time all the semen had been ejaculated, by the time his mother’s vagina stopped trembling and let her son’s cock go, by the time all the moaning and grunting was done, Jack and his parents were breathing hard and fast from the exertion. His mother’s breasts glistened from her husband’s ejaculate.

Jack collapsed on to his mother and kissed her hard and passionately, not at all how a son should kiss a mother. His father laid down on his back next to the pair, trying to catch his breath. His cock quickly went limp and laid on his stomach, drops of semen oozed out of his cockhead and mixed into his pubic and stomach hair.

After Jack broke the kiss with his mother, she wrapped her arms around him and they hugged tightly. Jack’s head lay on her shoulder, his chest smashed her sticky tits into his chest.

“God damn!” said his father, “That was awesome!”

“Yea,” Jack said, “Awesome.”

They lay like that, calming down, for some time. Soon his father began to snore as he fell asleep. Then his mother spoke up.

“Uh...Jack?”

“Yea, Mom?”

“Are you still hard?”

Jack moved his hips a bit, testing the feeling down there. He was still embedded in her.

“Yea. I guess I am.”

She grinned, “I love teen cock! You better fuck me again, Young Man.”

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### *Jack's National Masturbation Day*

Fourteen-year old Jack Mehoff and his parents walked into the room. It was a small hotel ballroom, part of a larger ballroom which was separated into smaller rooms by thin partitions that folded into the walls. Each room was set up for the same purpose, to celebrate the day. The smaller rooms were intended to create a more intimate atmosphere.

This was Jack's first time at the event. But it wouldn't be his last by far. He and his family would attend the National Masturbation Day events every year, anticipating them almost as much as they did Christmas or the Fourth of the July.

“Come in. Come in,” said a middle aged man dressed in sweat shorts and a tank top. He ushered them and directed them to remove their clothes. Jack was nervous but excited as he removed his t-shirt and jeans. He watched his parents do the same thing. He gazed intently at his mother as each part of her plump body was revealed. His cock jumped and jerked in his tightly-whitey briefs. When his father pushed his boxers to the floor to reveal his hairy bottom and large penis, soft and pointed at the floor, Jack felt comfortable enough to push down his underwear and reveal his cock to the room.

Once they were all naked, they folded their clothes and set them in cubby holes set up against one of the walls. They each took towels from a stack sitting on a table near the door and bottle of water sitting on a table on the opposite of the door. Then they sat down together in a circle of large pillows set up on the floor. They propped themselves up on the soft pillows and watched as others came in.

They hadn't been the first to arrive. Three other people were already there and sat nude in difference parts around the room, waiting for the festivities to begin. There were two young girls, one blonde with a bald pussy mound and the other brunette with dark curly hairs between here legs, both probably not much older than Jack. They sat snuggled against each other and Jack was sure they were lesbians.

An older fat man sat across from the Mehoffs. His cock could barely be seen beneath the overhanging fat belly. He was busy staring at the two girls and breathing hard. Jack found it kind of creepy.

More people entered and the middle aged man directed them as he did the Mehoffs. Two were an ancient couple, probably in their eighties. They removed their clothes as Jack watched them, his hands trembling with nervousness. Their skin was dark and wrinkly. The man's penis was flaccid and his balls hanging almost down to his knees. His wife had tits that sagged down against her stomach and a thick patch of white gray hair on her pubic mound to match the hair on her head.

Once they were naked, they grabbed their towels and sat down next to Jack's father. They nodded hello to each other.

Jack's mother leaned over to her father and said, “I wish when we are their age, we'll still be here to celebrating the day.” His father nodded agreement.

Behind them, a golden skinned black woman walked in dressed in a grey pant suit. She immediately took off her suit and Jack marveled at the shine of her skin and the furry jungle between her legs.

The middle aged man, the coordinator for the room, walked around the circle of those who had already arrived with two candy dishes. One was filled with blue pills and the other pink pills. The blue helped the men get their erections better. The pink did the same for women. He offered them to each in turn. The two girls waved him off, they didn't need any pills. The fat man took

three pills. Jack's father took one pill and his mother took two. Jack decided not to take a pill. He didn't need any at his age. The old couple next to them took three pills each.

Other people came in. They came from all walks of life. They all got naked and Jack watched them all. That was becoming part of the fun, watching all the people take off their clothes and seeing the different body types out there. There was a one woman with large breasts, as big as beach balls. There was a man, probably in his twenties, who was clean shaven all over except on his head. And more. There was a Middle Eastern man and his wife who came in together. The woman wore a scarf over her head and proceeded to remove all of her clothes except for the scarf, which she kept covering her head. By the time the coordinator closed the door, the circle was filled with about twenty naked people ready to get their rocks off.

Once the door was closed, the coordinator removed his clothes and sat next to the empty seat next to the fat man. He looked at the clock. It was 11:59am.

"Alright, everyone," he addressed the circle. Quiet conversations some had been having stopped to listen. No one touched their private parts yet. They knew better.

"We have one minute until we begin. Remember, this isn't a race. The point of National Masturbation Day is to enjoy the feeling and get in touch with your bodies. So, take your time and have fun." He smiled and everyone nodded in agreement.

"Hell yea!" Said someone and the rest of the group laughed.

Jack sat poised for action. His cock was hard as a rock. He glanced off to the side and saw that his father's cock was the same, pointing at the ceiling from a wild patch of long curly black hair. It seemed the whole circle was buzzing with excitement.

The clock turned 12:00noon and the coordinator said, "Begin."

Hands jumped to groins and there was a sudden sigh that filled the room. Jack gripped his pole and began to sliding his hand up and down. He went slow, taking the coordinator's advice and watched those around him. His mother had both her hands between her legs, one was diddling her clit while the other was rubbing up and down here slit. Jack's father's hand was jerking up and down his shaft in a slow piston motion.

Across from them, Jack saw the fat man holding his gut out of the way of his groin with his arm while his other hand flew up and down his small cock in a frantic speed. The two lesbians were diddling each other's clits while kissing. Jack thought that should be against the rules. Masturbation was supposed to be a solitary activity, bringing yourself off not someone else. But the fact of the matter is, there were no rules. That would have defeated the idea behind Nationals Masturbation Day.

The old couple next to them were leaning back, their faces to the sky, as they jerked. The old man's balls flapped against his hand with a hard-slapping sound. The old woman was rubbing her pussy with closed legs.

Even the coordinator was jerking away at what looked to Jack like an impressive cock.

Jack's eyes darted around the room at everything as he stroked his groin. He took it all in and burned it to his memory. The clean shaven man was on his knees with his fist moving up and down on his flesh flute and his other hand reached behind him playing with his butt. The big breasted woman had her eyes shut tight, imagining some sex fantasy for sure, as her globes bounced on her chest in rhythm to her pumping hand between her legs.

There were moans coming from the group now as everyone got into the action and began to feel the feelings. Even Jack let out one as his cock seemed to jerk and get even harder. He didn't think that was possible at that moment but it did.

Suddenly, the fat man across from them let out a loud moan. The rest turned to look. They saw him hump his hips up into his hand and then begin grunting. White semen oozed from the head of his cock. The fat man became quickly out of breath. A single line of creamy cum dribbled down his fist and into his balls. He grunted one last time and then collapsed onto the pillows again. He struggled for a bit to catch his breath. Jack was afraid he was going to have a heart attack right there with white frosting caught in his pubic hair.

"He came fast," he whispered so only his parents could hear.

"I know," his father said, "He must have really needed it."

As the fat man began to clean himself up with the towel, Jack listened intently to the moist sounds that were filling the room. The women were starting to get wet cunts from their stimulation and the men were starting to leak pre-cum to lubricate their hard-ons.

One man stood up as he was about to cum and shot ropes of baby batter into the center of the circle. He grunted, thrusting his butt forward as he did so, crying out, "Oh GOOOOOD!" as he did so. Jack watched with a hot interested as the man who he guessed was in his forties, he looked like an executive at some Fortune 500 company. When he was done and sat back down, the carpet in front of him looked like a Jackson Pollock painting.

Before he even realized it, Jack's fist sped up its up and down stroking. His pinky finger slapped against his pubic mound. He let out a moan at the feeling.

"That's it, Son," his Dad said, breathing heavy himself now.

One of the lesbians, the blonde, let out a loud yelp and everyone watched as she went into convulsions and screamed out a long orgasm. Her girlfriend's fingers were deep into her twat and her legs were wide open. Jack could see the pulsating of her pussy muscles as they went into contractions. Her whole body shuddered and shook. Her lesbian friend laughed as her hand worked her lover into a frenzy.

Then it was the brunette's turn. The blonde, coming down now from her intense orgasm, sat up and really began to work her hand in and out of her friend's cunt. The brunette stopped smiling and her face contorted into a grimace.

"Oh, God! YES!" she screamed as her own orgasm hit her.

At the same time, Jack glanced at the coordinator and caught him shoot his cum into the air in five shots that covered his stomach and chest. He was out of breath too but Jack felt he was healthy enough that a heart attack wasn't imminent.

Jack heard a moan coming from the old couple and turned his head and saw the old woman humping the air and moaning. At the same time, the old man was meeting his destiny at the same time. His cock bubbled cum and ran in rivers down his hands, covering his fingers in milky semen. He grunted. Compared to the two lesbians, or even the fat man, their orgasms were quiet, soft, from years of intimacy and understanding of each other. Jack's heart welled up.

The Middle Eastern woman then bucked her hips up, two fingers sliding in out of her wet cunt, and trembled. She grunted several times. The man she walked in with, whom Jack thought was her husband but neither had rings on their fingers, groaned and shot one rope of cum into the air, falling onto his wife's smooth brown stomach.

Jack began panting, his heart racing as he watched the beautifully thin black woman cry out, her middle finger moving in swift circles around her clit.

Before too long, everyone had their orgasms except the Mehoffs. The rest lounged on their pillows and towels, watching with smiles on their faces, content now to cheer on the family to their own orgasms. After all, that was what National Masturbation Day was all about.

"Come on, you two," his mother said, breathless. Her hands were rubbing back and forth along her pussy slit while her other hand had about four fingers inside her wet tunnel where she would tickle her g-spot. She was covered in sweat now and her face was a grimace of concentration, flushed pink.

Jack looked over to his father then. His father nodded his head in agreement.

"Yea," he said, "Let's cum together."

Jack's father sat up on one arm and pumped his cock with so much speed and force that each downstroke shook his torso. He too was covered in sweat, a drop of which dripped off his right temple into his jungle of pubic hair.

Jack, himself covered with sweat, began to jerking in earnest. He slid his legs out in front of him and opened the up so his testicles bounced with each stroke easier and the rest to the group could watch.

"It's beautiful," someone said.

Jack realized then that not only was he able to watch others, others were watching him. This added an element of voyeuristic pleasure to what he was doing. He had surprised himself. When he jerked off on his own, it usually only lasted a couple of minutes, but here they had been at it for about a half an hour and he hadn't felt the urge to come yet. He had learned to vary the speed and power of his strokes. That had allowed him to last longer than normal.

But that was swiftly coming to an end. He could feel the familiar tingling in his balls and knew that soon he'd be shooting. He had to hold off until his parents were ready. They needed to come together. Mother, father, and son all felt the same way.

Then, he heard his mother moan. She humped her hips into the air. Her soft hip touched his at that moment and then was cumming too. At the same time, as planned and hoped for, his father let out a loud moan and grunted as his cock exploded like a volcano.

Everyone watched in awe and their own renewed arousal, as the family came together. Jack shot globs and globs of cock-milk into the air, landing with splats all over his chest and stomach. His first shot, by far the most powerful, landed in his hair.

"Oh shit!" he cried out.

"Oh fuck! Me too!" His father groaned.

His father's cock fired a couple of strong blobs of cream high into the air and they arched back to land on his pubic mound, matting his pubic hair.

Jack's mother twisted her hips this way and that, moaning and crying.

"Oh GOD! It feels incredible!" she screamed.

Then from between her legs, a stream of white, watery fluid shot across the room, almost hitting the fat man's foot. Everyone watching let out an awed groan. Jack's mother arched her back, humping into the air. More spray shot out from between her legs and she cried out again.

"OH SHIT!"

Her whole body quivered and quaked. Her breasts rolled from side to side on her chest. Her face turned beet red with her eyes shut tight. She called out one more time, humping her hips into her hand again, and then settled back down to the floor.

The Mehoff family breathed heavy, trying to catch their breaths. There was a silent awe from the group. In their minds, what they experienced was nothing less than a miracle. Then the coordinator began to clap. The rest followed and before the Mehoffs knew it, everyone was applauding them.

The Mehoffs stood up then, on shaky legs, and bowed to their audience. Jack and his father's cocks still dripping semen and Jack's mother's fluids dripped down her thighs and her breasts hung low as she too her bow. They were all smiling and laughing.

It was a good National Masturbation Day celebration.

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### *Mom's Special Bath*

Fifteen year old Jack Mehoff and his Mom were doing it again. They were insatiable. They lay on Jack's bed, Jack naked and on his back with his equally naked mother on top of him with his long hard on in her mouth. Jack, meanwhile, twirled his tongue around her clit and lapped up the juices her slit produced. This was getting dangerous. Their father was expected in the door any minute from his business trip. The company limo usually dropped him at the door around five o'clock in the evening after a trip. It was



now four thirty and both of them were anxious, frightened to get caught, but also super excited at the prospect.

His mother bobbed her head up and down in his groin, her nose burying itself into his ball sack. She loved his musky smell down there. She trembled, a shiver going down her spine caused by her son's ministrations between her legs. She moaned, sending a vibration down his shaft. He humped his hips up and moaned himself.

Jack's hands roamed all over his mother's buttocks. He marveled at the softness and thrilled at the feeling of her hard nipples brushing against his smooth belly. He lifted his head and opened her buttocks to reveal the puckered pink hole. He inserted his moist tongue into her crevice and began lapping at the entrance. He loved the scent of her body, every part of her, every nook and cranny. Even in this place that knew would seem gross to other guys his age.

"Oh shit!" His mother cried out, jumping at the intrusion but loving the feeling. Then she went back to work on her son's cock, deep throating him like a pro. She was proud of herself for doing it. She loved to control a man with her throat. His cock shined with her saliva which drooled in long drips down his pole into his pubic hair and balls.

It wasn't long. They knew the urgency and didn't delay in any way. They were on a quest for one last orgasm together before his father came home. That is, the last until his father had yet another business trip to go on.

His mother moaned and then cried out but with his cock gagging her, it only came out as a loud vibrating sound. She humped her back, her tits trembling, her hips jiggling as her pussy came into Jack's face. He lapped up her slit and then attacked her clit with his lips, sucking on them as hard as she was sucking on his cock.

Then he was cumming too. He pumped his hips up into her face and grunted into her wet pussy. His grunt vibrated her pussy lips and clit. She cried out as his cock pulsated and cream flowed down her throat. She staved off the gag reflex, wanting to accept all her beautiful son's cock had to give her.

He pumped his hips up once, twice, and on the third time, he held it there, balls deep in his mother's mouth, tears streaming down her face as she strained to hold it all in and swallow every last drop.

Then he was done. His butt dropped onto the bed. His cock slid with a wet pop out of his mother's mouth and she drew in a heavy breath of air. She rolled off of him, swallowed one more time as she felt a glob of incestuous cum in her throat like a frog, and collapsed on the bed next to him. She almost fell off the bed it was so small, build for a young teenager and not the king size her husband fucked her in.

Their chests rose and fell as they struggled to catch their breaths. His mom felt Jack's hand reach between her legs and lightly stroke her inner thigh.

"You have the softest skin, Mom."

“Why thank you, Honey.”

She got up and began to put her clothes back on, her tan dress suit she wore to work. Jack just laid on the bed, his cock going flaccid now and dribbling out a few more drops of teenage cum onto his thigh. He watched his mom getting dressed.

“How do you do it?” he asked.

“Do what, Baby?”

He sat up on his elbows, “Keep your skin so soft. Other mother’s skin isn’t silky soft like yours is.”

She cocked her head to him. She was now almost fully dressed except for her skirt. Standing there in just her panties with the top half of her work clothes on turned Jack on again and his cock jerked in his lap. She saw it happen and smiled.

“Now how would you know what other mother’s skin feels like?” She joked, half-heartly.

Jack sat up completely then, concern on his face, afraid she might think he was sleeping with other mothers.

“I’m doing anything with anyone else. My friend’s mother’s hands and arms and their faces always seem more wrinkly and dry. Yours isn’t that way at all.”

His mother shimmied into her skirt.

“Get dress, Jack,” she said, “Your father will be home soon.”

He stood up and began to put on his red boxer-briefs. He found his mother liked that underwear to any of the others he had so he would wear boxer-briefs constantly.

“So?”

His mother sat down on the end of the bed to watch her son put his clothes back on. It was true, she did love his boxer-briefs on him, it accentuated his round butt and cock magnificently.

“So what?”

“So, how do you keep your skin so soft?” Jack struggled to get his t-shirt over his head as he spoke.

His mother stood up just as the sound of a car could be heard pulling into the driveway.

“Ancient Chinese secret, my love.” Then she kissed him on the lips and left the room to meet her husband at the door.

When Jack’s father came into the house carrying two bags from his week-long trip to find his wife standing in the living room to give him a kiss, he knew that his wife had been up to something. She smelled of sex. A musky and sweaty scent filled his nostrils when he embraced her. He didn’t say

anything. He knew they had an open relationship and didn't want to rock the boat. After all, his week-long trips weren't always about business and he suspected she knew that too. He didn't want to open the door that might close himself to the fun times he had in other cities.

When his son came down from his room to say hello, he realized what his wife had been up to. His son was flush with drying beads of sweat on his forehead and a pronounced wet circle stain on the front of his sweat shorts.

Now, in most cases, a father finding out his wife was fucking her own son, you would expect that he would be livid, grossed out, and immediately leave the marriage. For Jack's father, he didn't feel any of that. In fact, he felt aroused and his cock jumped in his pants. There was a certain amount of pride in his son for having sex and pleasing a woman, especially at his age and at the experience level of his mother.

It turns out, incest fantasy had been a big thing for him ever since he was ten years old and saw his mother being gang banged during a party his parents had one night long ago. He even had the a few prostitutes pretend to be his mother during a number of his business trips. Now that it was a reality, he couldn't wait to get in with them. But he needed to be tactful about it.

That evening they ate dinner as a family though there was a clear tension in the room. Jack wasn't sure if it was sexual (certainly it was between he and his mother) or anger between his mother and father. Little did they all know, it was sexual all around.

Later, they watched a movie on television but none of them were particularly paying attention to it. Jack nursed a hard on that wouldn't go down and tried desperately to keep it hidden from his father. His mother noticed her son's hard on tenting his pants and couldn't help but be distracted from the itch between her legs. His father had an erection all his own just thinking about his wife and son having sex. He wondered if they had fucked on the very couch he now sat on.

After the movie, Jack stood up and yawned. He said he was tired and went off to bed. He hoped to jerk off his cock in order to relieve the pressure so he could sleep. When he got to his room, he closed the door and stripped naked. He opened his iPad and went online looking for some porn to help him shoot off but before he could even start he heard his parents come up the stairs, giggling like school girls as they went. He stood up and listened at the door as they passed his room and entered their own. He heard their door close.

*They're going to do it*, he thought, not without a little bit of jealousy. After all, his father had been away for a while. The two only had telephone sex each night during that time. His father was probably pretty randy for his wife. Lord knew, Jack was certainly randy for her.

He waited a little bit to let them get started and stepped quietly into the hallway, hoping he heard more clearly what was going on in his parent's room. He stopped their door and put his ear to the wood. A moan he was very familiar with emanated through the door. It was his mother's. Then a grunt of his father. The bedsprings squeaked in a regular rhythm. Jack realized they were fucking. There didn't seem to have been much foreplay.

Jack gripped his cock and listened intently, his body shivering in the hallway from excitement.

"Oh god, Baby," he heard his mother say, "Fuck me good. I've waited a week for this."

"I bet you have. No one else to fuck around here, is there?"

Jack could hear the slapping of their bodies as he thrust into her. His mother moaned again. He imagined them in missionary position with his father hairy ass rising and falling between her open thigh, those creamy soft thighs. In his mental image, his mother's large breasts bounced and rolled on her chest with each impact of her husband's pelvis to hers. He began stroking his cock openly out in the hall outside of their room.

"Oh, Honey," his mother's voice said from behind the door, "Of course not."

"Except maybe Jack," his father said under hoarse tones from the exertion of his fucking.

"What?" His mother breathed, almost inaudible but Jack just caught it. She even managed to sound shocked despite the pounding from her husband she was now getting. Jack could imagine his cock slicing into and out of her gushing vagina.

Then Jack heard his mother cumming, "OH, GOD!"

Based on experience he could imagine her body convulsing, her hips arching up to her lover, trying desperately to get as much his cock inside her pussy. Jack almost came then but squeezed his cock to hold it off. Hearing and watching his mother orgasm was always a high point of his day.

Then things got a quiet in the room except for the steady slapping sound and squeaking bedsprings indicating that his father hadn't finished and was still humping in and out of his wife. Jack could hear his father wheezing from exertion and his mother still moaning.

"Isn't that right, Baby," his father said between thrusts, each word punctuated by a hard plunge into his wife. "Isn't it?"

"Oh Jesus! Isn't what right? Honey, keep fucking me."

"Isn't it right, that you fucked our son while I was away."

Jack froze in mid-stroke, his eyes wide with fear. They'd been discovered.

"That's ridiculous," his mother said. Jack could hear the air being forced out of her lungs with each thrust.

Then the bedspring squeaking stopped, the slapping of bodies stopped. Only the sound of the heavy breathing of both of them filtered through the door to Jack's ears. He imagined them still in missionary position, with his cock buried as deep as it could go inside of her but frozen like statues.

"Is it? Is it that ridiculous?" his father said between heavy breaths.

"Yes, it is. He's our son. That would be incest."

"Then how come I smelled him on you and you on him? You don't have to worry. I'm not mad. In fact, it turned me the fuck on. Roll over."

Jack listened in shock as the bedsprings again bounced but just long enough for them to change positions. He imagined them in doggie style with his father kneeling up behind his mother and sliding his cock into her from behind.

He heard them both moan and then the slapping of bodies again and those trusty bedsprings began squeaking again but this time in a different rhythm as if being attacked from a different angle, in this position the bed sounded like a training clicking away on the railroad tracks.

"Oh god!" his mother screamed, "It's true!"

"What's true?" his father asked.

"I did it."

"Did what?"

"I did it with..." his mother trailed off. Jack imagined her faced in a grimace, her breasts convulsing and shaking as they hung low from her chest.

Jack heard a powerful slap and then there was silence again.

"What did you do, Baby? Tell me. I need to hear."

"Please," his mother begged, "Please, don't stop."

"Tell me."

There was some more bedsprings squeaks and Jack imagined his mother pushing back on her father's cock in an attempt to get him to keep moving but he held her hips tight. If he knew how closely his imagination was to the reality in the room, he'd blow his load right there in the hallway against their door.

"Please, Baby," his mother sounded desperate, "Please. I'll do anything. Please don't stop."

"Tell me," was all he said. His father seemed to have gotten his breath back.

"Yes," Jack's mother said, defeated now, "I did it with Jack."

"What did you do? Say it. I want to hear it."

"I...." she stammered, "I fucked Jack."

Then the movement began again. It was fast slapping sound of body against body. It was jackhammer.

“OH GOOOOD!” his mother cried out. He was really pounding her now.

“There,” said his father, “The truth shall set you free.” Then he was laughing as he pounded her hard. The bedsprings were going crazy now.

“OH JESUS CHRIST! OH GOD! I’m cumming!”

And then, Jack was too. He let out a quiet yelp that he hoped his parents didn’t hear and his white cum exploded onto their door. He breathed heavy, trying hard to not grunt or moan.

“SO AM I, YOU INCESTOUS BITCH!” Jack’s father yelled out and then let out a groan.

Jack shot about five long ropey cumshots onto their door as his parents came together in the next room

“Oh God! OH!” his mother cried out. Jack was sure he heard a splashing sound and was sure that she had her own ejaculation, imagining her clear liquid forcing out between his father’s cock and her cunt wall in hose streams down her thighs while his father’s cock pulsated and throbbed inside of her.

As they were coming down from their high, all three of them actually, Jack snuck back to his room. He hoped he’d have a chance to clean up the cum splatters on their bedroom door before they noticed them. But at that moment, he was far too tired to do anything else and he didn’t want to risk getting caught. So, he just got into his bed, cum still dribbling out from the head of his cock onto his thigh, and feel fast asleep.

When Jack awoke the next morning, he feared what was going to happen. He was afraid what his father might do now that he knew about his incestuous affair with his own mother. He was afraid he would call the police on them. He was afraid his parents would divorce and he’d be stuck with his father. Most of all, he was afraid that the wonderful time with his mother was now over. He stayed in his room for a lot longer than he would have normally, pretending to sleep. Finally, nature made the call for him and he got up to pee. He decided he better face the consequences.

He put on a pair shorts and a t-shirt and went to the bathroom. He noticed his parent’s bedroom door was open. Looking in, Jack saw the bed was a mess, his parents clothes strewn all over the floor, the bedcoverings were in a ball in the middle of the bed, showing the naked mattress. His nostrils filled with the musky, sweet scene he knew all too well to be from sex. His parents, it appears, continued their lovemaking after he left the door the previous night.

Then his eyes shot wide in fright. He noticed that the door was clean of his discharges from the night before. His heart leapt into his throat. That meant his parents knew he was listening in last night.

He tiptoed down the stairs on bare feet. When he stopped at the bottom of the stairs, he heard sounds coming from the living room. He knew those sounds as well. His mother was breathing heavy and his father was grunting. He heard the pale slapping sound of two bodies. Jack took a deep breath and stepped into the living room.

Sure enough, his parents were fucking. What was shocking was this was out in the open now, not behind some closed bedroom door in the hopes their son wouldn't hear them. Now, they wanted their son to wake up and find them. Jack's cock tented his shorts in a nice teepee a Native American would be proud to sleep under.

His father sat on the Laz-e-boy recliner and his mother was on top with her knees on the either side of his lap on the armrests. They were nude and his mother was rising and falling on top of her husband's hard cock. Her head was down with her hair hiding her face. If he could see, Jack would see her face in a contorted grimace, her eyes shut tight in a focused determination.

Jack watched her bubbly ass bounced up and down and gazed intently as his father's long cock, glistening with her pussy juices, drove like a piston in out of her womb.

"Oh shit," she whispered.

His father humped up as his wife dropped down onto him. A guttural groan originating deep in his throat escaping his lips each time his balls bottomed out against, well, her bottom.

"Come on, Jack," his father said, and Jack realized he was looking over her shoulder at him, "Join in."

Jack stammered. He was beginning to realize the fun was not over, he was not about to be in big trouble.

"But...but..."

Jack's father slapped his mother's ass. She cried out but never stopped her steady rhythmic motion on his lap. It left a large hand shaped pink blemish on her left cheek.

"Don't worry, Son," his father reassured him, "I know what you and your mother have been up to and I'm perfectly happy with it. In fact, I've been hoping it would happen."

On the word "happen," he moaned and pushed his ass up between his mother's legs. She cried out as an orgasm took her and her pussy clamped shut on his cock.

"Oh GOD!" he yelled, trying to stave off his cum. At first, he didn't think it would be successful but then his mother's cunt let him go and she dropped down burying him inside her. Their lips engulfed each with a hunger for each other they never felt before. Then, with the motion calmed, the building orgasm inside him retreated.

They broke the kiss and both looked at their son standing dumfounded before them. They looked at the tented sweat at his groin and then looked at each other and laughed.

"Take those off, Son," his father said. He reached with both his hands and gripped his wife's ass cheeks. He then spread them open so his son could see the pink opening inside. His mother moaned.

"Come help me give your mother a real good orgasm."

He didn't need to be told twice. He stripped off his clothes, his erect cock bouncing into view. He practically sprinted forward to position himself behind his mother. He stood there for a moment, admiring the beautiful view of his mother's ass and then knelt onto his knees and applied his tongue to her rosebud. She let out a yelp of surprise and her eyes met her husband's.

Jack stood back up, satisfied now that there was enough spit to well lubricate her entrance. He held his cock in his hand and aimed it at her buttohole. He nudged the purple head of his dick into the hole and pressed forward. The mushroom head broke through her sphincter ring with a wet popping sound.

"Oh fuck!" his mother moaned.

Jack's cock sunk slowly but surely into her colon. He could feel his father's long cock still buried inside her vagina through the thin membrane between the two. His father let out a groan at that feeling. His mother's body quivered in place as her son invaded her intestines. Finally, his balls slapped against his father's shaft.

"Oh god!" she cried out, "He's all the way in. Both my boys are inside me at the same time. Oh shit!"

"Yea, he is," his father said, "I can feel him too."

They stayed still for a moment, each drinking in the feelings, all three of them breathing heavily. Jack reached under his mother and placed his palms on each of her dangling tits, letting them bounce and jiggle lightly in his palm. And then he began to pull his cock out and slide it back into her ass.

His father began to hump up into his wife again. Jack's mother simply stayed still as a statue, letting her two lovers fuck her at their leisure. She held her head low, a constant moan escaping her lips.

At first, the two men were alternating their fucks. When his father fucked up into her dripping cunt, Jack would be pulling out of her loosening asshole. When Jack was thrusting back in, his father was pulling out until just his head was inside his wife. The slapping of bodies and heavy breathing and occasional moan escaping their lips was the only sounds in the room at that moment, each savoring the threesome.

Then the Jack and his father began to speed up their thrusts. They didn't plan it. They both simply had the urge at the same time. At this point, they began to fuck in unison, plunging in and drawing out at the same time. This created in Jack's mother a sudden emptiness as both channels were vacated and then a sudden pleasure of fullness as each tunnel was suddenly invaded by flesh poles again. She could tell this would bring her to orgasm pretty quickly and moaned a low deep guttural moan.

"Oh Shit, Guys!" she cried out, lifting her head back to face the ceiling, "You're going to make me cum! Both my lovers at the same time will have me exploding in no time. Keep fucking me! Both of you!"

This prompted both father and son to pump her with no abandon. His father was close too, Jack could tell. Maybe it was how the hardness he felt through the membrane between pussy and colon seemed to get even harder. Maybe it was the strain on his father's face which looked so much like himself when he



was close, which his father was probably seeing on Jack's face at that moment too. Or maybe it was just because this family had now become so close they could practically read each other's minds.

Jack lunged forward one more time and buried his cock in his mother's ass. He groaned loudly and his cock exploded inside the tight sleeve.

"Oh YES!" his mother yelled at the ceiling, "Cum in me! Fill me up! I'm cumming too!"

His father humped up too and held himself inside his wife's cunt.

"Oh FUUUUCK!" he cried out in a long groan. His cock bucking and pulsating inside his wife's womb.

"YES, Honey! You too! Cum for me! Fill me up with your cum!"

Jack's hands now gripped his mother's soft breasts in a tight hold, smashing her tit flesh between his fingers. His cock continued to throb pumping shot after shot of boy cum into her ass tunnel. He could feel then his father's cock jerking and thudding inside his wife's pussy.

Jack's mother's vagina pulsed around her husband's cock and a white foam ring formed around his cock. She moaned again, staring into the eyes of her husband, this wonderful man who had no problem letting the incestuous fun continue. In fact, thrilled on it.

Jack pulled out of his mom, a string of cum attaching the mushroom head, now a deep red, to her bunghole which looked plugged with a gob of his white semen. He let out a sigh and fell onto his butt on the couch nearby.

"Holy shit, that was awesome!"

His mother lifted off her husband, his cock popping out with moist very audible pop, dripping lines of copious cum onto his softening cock and pubic mound, matting the curly hairs there, and walked to her son sitting on the couch, his own cock deflating as he caught his breath. She leaned down and engulfed his lips in hers and kissed her son with a passion he'd never seen before. Their tongues dueling and playing in each other's mouths. All the while streams and streams of slime poured from between her legs, down her thighs, and covering his left thigh, which was between his mother's knees.

From that day forward, the family almost always fucked at least once a day, most of the time more than that. They dispensed with the formality of wearing clothes around each other while in the house and went naked all the time expect when they needed to leave the house. Jack's bedroom hardly ever got slept in. He would sleep with his parents almost every night or just his mother if his father was on one of his business trips.

Sometimes, his mother's pussy would just get too raw to fuck or she was on her monthly period, Jack and his father would jerk each other off, even sucking each other until they came. They came to enjoy a good father/son sixty-nine during the times when his mother couldn't play. Even if she was on her period though, she wanted to please her men and got a real thrill out of bobbing her head on their laps until she had nice delicious cum to swallow.

One night, a couple of months after the first family fuck in the living room, Jack was sleeping in his parent's bed. He was exhausted after fucking his mother in missionary position for two hours straight and had fallen asleep right after cumming inside her. He was dreaming that his mother was pregnant which made him very hot. His erection had grown in his sleep.

His dream was interrupted by a soft whisper, an arousingly erotic whisper. He awoke to his mom whispering into his ear.

"Wakey wakey, eggs and bacy."

He opened his eyes and looked at his mom. Her face was that of an angel he thought but he always thought that.

"What time is it? You need it again?" He winked at her.

"Well," she said, "Yes. But not right now."

Jack looked around. His father wasn't in the room with them.

"Where's dad?"

Jack's mom sat up in the bed. She was naked and her large breasts shifted position with her, bouncing and jiggling as they went. Jack watched them very closely.

"Oh, he's getting things ready. Honey, remember when you asked how I kept my skin so soft?"

Jack nodded his head. He remembered. Her skin was the softest he'd ever felt and he still believed that.

"Well," she said, almost hesitantly, "I'm ready now to show you what I do to keep my skin so soft for you. Do you want to see it?"

Jack sat up then and kissed his mother. One of his hands came up and pawed at one her breasts. She kissed back for a bit and then, perhaps realizing this could lead to something that would have to wait, especially considering the cock bouncing against her thigh, she pulled away from him.

"Not right now, Jack."

"Okay," Jack resigned himself, "What do you do? Some sort of special lotion you buy online?"

Jack's mom stood up.

"Something like that. It's a special bath I take from time to time. Something your father introduced me to some time ago."

Jack's eyes lit up.

"A bath? How about I join you? I could use a bath myself."

Jack's mom chuckled.

"No. It's not that kind of bath. It's special and you can't be in the tub with me for it. You wait here for about a half an hour and then come down stairs."

"Why can't I come down now?"

Jack's mom walked to the door and stopped there. The light from the hallway created a beautiful silhouette of her naked body that a master painter would have loved to paint.

"Because we aren't ready yet and I want it to be a surprise. A half hour, okay. Be patient."

"Yea yea yea. Patience. How long will that take."

His mother walked away laughing at her son's joke.

Jack lay on the bed playing with his cock and balls trying to resist the urge to jerk off and cum. He watched the clock and watched the television on his parents' dresser to try to pass the time. He had some nature show on the Discovery Channel on but wasn't really watching it.

Finally, the half an hour mark came and he practically jumped out of bed and plugged down the hallway to go downstairs to see what his mother was talking about. As soon as he stepped out of the bedroom he could hear sounds coming from the lower level and a scent wafted up the stairwell. The sounds were clearly moans and groans, the smells, the musky sweaty scent of sex.

He walked down the stairs and before he even got halfway down, he saw a line of naked bodies standing in the hallway into the living room. There were about twenty people in that line. They all looked up and saw the naked boy coming down the stairs with a hard-on putting to the ceiling from a patch of dark hairs between his legs. Jack noticed they were all men, not a woman or girl in the bunch, all nude (he saw the pile of clothes by the front door) and standing, many with erections themselves and their hands working on their cocks.

He all of a sudden felt self-conscious. His hands instinctively went to cover his groin, though it didn't hide much.

Jack reached the bottom of the stairs and walked toward the living room. Whatever was happening, it seemed to be in the living room. He had to excuse himself a couple of times as he passed by and bumped into men. His hard pole slapped against another man's pole like swords. The man must have been in his twenties with long blond hair.

"Sorry," Jack said, though it was his house, why was he apologizing?

"No problem, my man," the blond guy said.

He stepped into the living room and his cock almost exploded at the sight he saw there. In the middle of the room, was a blue plastic baby pool, decorated with gold fishes and underwater scenes. Jack himself

had used the pool in the summer time when he was a toddler. Now, though faded, it was used for something else he couldn't have imagined.

In the baby pool, sat his mother. It was just the right size so she would sit up have her knees up and open. She was running her hands all over her body. Around his naked mother, were about ten of the naked men standing stroking their cocks.

The men were of differing backgrounds. There were black men with their long horse-cocks. There were white men with shorter but still impressive dicks, many of the white men had shaved pubic mounds. Interestingly, Jack thought all the black men had fuzzy tufts of hair between their legs. There were even a couple of kids about Jack's own age. There was one oriental standing at his mother's feet.

All the men had their cocks in their fists and were pounding themselves with abandon. The slapping sound was loud in the living room. There were moans from almost everyone, including his mother, who diddled her hands between her legs.

Jack saw his father sitting on the couch watching the action in the middle of the room. He walked over to him and sat down next to his father.

"Jack!" he said with enthusiasm. "Glad you joined up."

His mother looked over to the couch and caught her son's eyes watching her through the gap caused by a black guy standing at her stomach and a white boy of about thirteen standing at her tits. Jack could see that there was already cum on her cheek and dripping onto her neck and one of her tits was covered in the white goop. She smiled to him and nodded.

"What the hell, Dad? Who are all these men?"

"Craigslist, Son," his father said as he reached down with his free hand, the other one busy stroking his own cock, and gripped Jack's erection. His father began to jerk off his son, rising his fist up to the head and back down again.

"Wha...?" Jack moaned, pushing his butt off the couch into his father's hand.

"Every couple of months or so, your mother decides she needs to take one of her 'special baths' to replenish her skin. She says it helps her skin stay the softest. I tend to agree with her."

"Me too," Jack said.

"So we put an ad in Craigslist asking for all able-bodied men to come over and shoot their loads all over her. At first, we only got a couple men. Over time though and as word got around, more and more guys started showing up."

A white guy with dark brown hair groaned loudly and shot two strings of his cum across Jack's mother's chubby stomach. The two strings formed a v-shape on her abdomen. His mother instantly rubbed the cream into her skin with her hands, spreading around like a lotion. This set off the thirteen year old kid

at her tits and he shot long ropes of cum, his legs shaking as he did, his smooth butt clinching and un-clinching with each explosion from his small pink mushroom head.

When the two were done, they immediately stepped away and two new men stepped into the openings they left behind.

Jack jumped as his father leaned over and took his son's cock into his mouth and began to apply suction to the head. He groaned.

"Oh shit, Dad."

His father's moist mouth slid up and down the shaft. The warm feeling on his cock felt incredible. His father was a great cocksucker. He'd obviously had experience. His head bobbed in his son's lap, his mustache tickling his ball-sack when he bottomed out against his groin.

Jack, almost absentmindedly, reached under his father and pushed his father's hand away so he could grip his father's cock. He jerked his father as his father sucked him.

Three guys; what looked like an American Indian with his dark reddish skin, the black man at his mother's feet, and a pale skinned hairy man of at least fifty years old, all began to shoot off at the same time. They covered her feet and legs. Then they too moved away to their clothes and leave. Three others stepped in to replace them.

His mother had globs of cum in her hair and she began to massage it into her hair and scalp like shampoo. Semen dripped off her ample breasts into her pubic mound. Her entire body was shimmering with the slick glow from the special lotion she was bathing in.

More men would shoot their loads onto his mother and promptly leave. That was part of the Craigslist stipulation, Jack later found out, cum and go, that's all that was needed or wanted.

All the while, Jack's father sucked on his son's cock with relish, breathing hard through his nostrils as he did. Jack in turn, worked on the jacking his father at the same time.

At one point, what appeared to be four brothers from the next county over, standing two on one side of his mother and two on the other, began to cum in unison. They appeared to have planned it this way and they appeared to have waited for a long time to ejaculate as they seemed to have a huge amount to offer. They all pointed their cocks, which were easily seven inches long a piece, into the air instead of directly at the naked woman in the kiddie bath.

The result was their ropes of gooey semen flew into the air at the same time and arched their way to his mother's tits and belly. They were literally giving her a cum shower. Each stream splatted onto her skin as the four brothers groaned with shot. They look like a drill team during a show. In fact, they were muscular twenty something year olds so they may very well have been in the military.

Jack's mother laughed as the goop covered her body. The four men stood at attention and gave his mother a salute (also in unison) and left. That convinced Jack that they definitely were military.

Jack's cock was covered in his father's saliva now. It even dripped down into his pubic hair and around his balls. His father seemed to struggle to breath, huffing and puffing through his nostrils. Still he didn't stop bobbing his head on his son's lap. He was enjoying it too much as Jack could tell from his father steal rod in his hand.

"Oh god, Dad. That's feels great. Don't stop."

Jack caught his mother's eyes again and the look of lust and heat in her cum covered face was intoxicating. She saw her husband sucking off her son and it turned her on even more fiercely than before.

A couple more men groan, one even screaming out an "oh fuck!", then pulled away, got dressed and left.

By now, all the semen began pooling at the bottom of the baby pool, covering her butt-cheeks. She left up a little so she could massage the cream into her buttocks and as much up her back as she could. She rubbed the liquid down the underside of her thighs and the back of her knees. A moan escaped her lips.

More men came and came and came. There seemed to be an endless line of cum faucets for Jack's mother.

Jack's father lifted up from his son's lap, the cock letting out a loud pop as it came free from his lips. Jack sighed, settling his ass back on to the soft couch. His father gasped for air and then laid his head back and gripped his son's cock again and slowly jerked it. Jack, who had been stroking his father's cock in a quick blur, slowed down too. They both gave each other hand jobs as they watched their mother and wife get drenched in man-cream.

"We'll wait until they are all gone before we get up there and give her our cum," his father said, "That's really all she will want, for her two lovers to finish her off."

"When will that be?" Jack asked, "I feel I need to cum, like, right now."

His father squeezed his son's cock to stop his impending cum. Jack groaned, his face in a grimace. Involuntarily, Jack did the same to his father. Then they both stopped stroking. They laid their foreheads against each other, sweat beading on both, and breathed heavily. Then they opened their eyes and watched their mother/wife/lover in the middle of the room.

A kid of about fifteen let out a long moan and thrust his hips forward. His cock erupted in a fan of spraying cum. He covered more territory on the woman in the first three shots than any single man has covered the entire night. Jack's mother let out a guttural groan that Jack and his father knew was her orgasm. The kid kept shooting cum that once in a straight line but came out of the hole in his cock in a wide spray in the shape of hand fan. He groaned one last time.

"That's the best of the night, kid," his mother said through bubbled of cum on her lips.

"Really?" he asked. He seemed like a nerdy high school student, not very sure of himself.

“Oh, Jesus, son! HELL YES!”

He left with a smile on his face, his confidence boosted. Jack imagined that bullies at his school next time might find themselves with a problem on their hands.

And yet, even more men came. There was about an inch or two of semen collected in the baby pool and Jack’s mother was covered from head to toe with slime. Her hair, on her head and between her legs, were slicked back with the stuff, some of it already starting to dry and harden into a crust. Her breasts and stomach shined with the stuff. Her whole body was encased in a greasy glop.

Finally, after a couple of hours of this, the last two strange men stood on either side of her, stroking their cock in a blur of motion at their groin. The first to blow was an older black man with some graying hair. His cock, unlike most black men’s, was about average size. He groaned.

“Oh sweet Jesus! I’m cumming, Honey!”

He stood on his tip toes and then grunted. Sperm shot from his dick in two hard spurts and then the rest dribbled out and off his cock, dripping onto her thigh.

The second to cum was an old white man, he had to be about eighty. He moaned, his balls flapping with his stroking hand. Then the white cum oozed out of the hole on the head of his flimsy cock. There was no shooting cum here. Just an ooze of white cream and then a drip or two onto Jack’s mother’s hip. The man let out a sigh and then pulled away to put his clothes back on and leave.

Sitting alone now in the middle of the room, his mother turned her attention to her two lovers on the couch, both still jerking each other leisurely.

“Okay, Boys,” she said, “Your turn.”

They stepped up, having to remove their hands away from each other’s laps. They began to jerk off over the woman covered in slime. She could have been in the movie *Ghostbusters* saying, “they slimed me.” Which, of course, is what they did. About fifty men, strangers all, had slimed the woman.

It wasn’t long before father and son had to shoot off. The activities of the night were just too much to handle. Jack’s father moaned, “oh shit,” and then began ejaculating his semen in thick ropes over his wife’s face.

“Oh yea! Do it, Honey!” she said.

He let loose about three strands, grunting with each shot, his cock recoiling like a cannon.

Just as his father was finishing, Jack could feel his balls jump and twitch followed quickly by the rush up his shaft. He cried and pushed his pelvis forward. His cum flew in high arches, landing with loud splats on her breasts. She gripped her tits in her hands and pushed them together and create a deep valley between them. Jack grunted and shot a couple of loads in her cleavage. She began to smear all of the cum he produced all around her melon tits.

When it was over, the two men stood over their drenched mother and wife. They wobbled on shaky legs and breathed hard to catch their breaths. Jack looked lovingly into the face of his mother, covered in drying cum.

"That, Jack," she said, "is how I keep my skin so soft."

She stood up then and immediately went to the bathroom for a shower, a water and soap shower. Jack and his father took the baby pool out to the backyard where they sprayed it down from the water hose.

Since it was now in the early morning hours, they were all exhausted and they laid down together once again in bed, naked of course (which was their standard dress now), and fell fast asleep.