

Jack And The Much Needed Mom/Son Time

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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 hear 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 image 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 realize 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 buttcheeks 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.