

## Jack And The Much Needed Dad/Son Time

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*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.*

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 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 white brief underwear and all down to his ankles. His pale cock, as hard as 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 every 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 where 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.