

Jack's National Masturbation Day

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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 tighty-whity 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 we 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 Mehoff’s knew it, everyone was applauding them.

The Mehoff’s stood up then, on shakey 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.