

Jack's Surprise For Mom

By 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 which the author does not condone in anyway. 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 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 YEESSSSSS!" 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 down. Jack's mother stroked the hair on the back of his head and traced her fingers down his spine to his butt-crack.

"Holy shit, Baby!" she said.

"Yea," was all Jack could say.

"We're keeping your surprise, right?"

Jack sighed and his mother felt his cock, shrinking and sore now, slip from her soaked pussy.

“Of course.”