

## Mom's Special Bath

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Fifteen year old Jack Mehoff and his Mom were doing it again. They were insatiable. They lay on Jack's bed, Jack naked and on his back with his equally naked mother on top of him with his long hard on in her mouth. Jack, meanwhile, twirled his tongue around her clit and lapped up the juices her slit produced. This was getting dangerous. Their father was expected in the door any minute from his business trip. The company limo usually dropped him at the door around five o'clock in the evening after a trip. It was now four thirty and both of them were anxious, frightened to get caught, but also super excited at the prospect.

His mother bobbed her head up and down in his groin, her nose burying itself into his ball sack. She loved his musky smell down there. She trembled, a shiver going down her spine caused by her son's ministrations between her legs. She moaned, sending a vibration down his shaft. He humped his hips up and moaned himself.

Jack's hands roamed all over his mother's buttocks. He marveled at the softness and thrilled at the feeling of her hard nipples brushing against his smooth belly. He lifted his head and opened her buttocks to reveal the puckered pink hole. He inserted his moist tongue into her crevice and began lapping at the entrance. He loved the scent of her body, every part of her, every nook and cranny. Even in this place that knew would seem gross to other guys his age.

"Oh shit!" His mother cried out, jumping at the intrusion but loving the feeling. Then she went back to work on her son's cock, deep throating him like a pro. She was proud of herself for doing it. She loved to control a man with her throat. His cock shined with her saliva which drooled in long drips down his pole into his pubic hair and balls.

It wasn't long. They knew the urgency and didn't delay in any way. They were on a quest for one last orgasm together before his father came home. That is, the last until his father had yet another business trip to go on.

His mother moaned and then cried out but with his cock gagging her, it only came out as a loud vibrating sound. She humped her back, her tits trembling, her hips jiggling as her pussy came into Jack's face. He lapped up her slit and then attacked her clit with his lips, sucking on them as hard as she was sucking on his cock.

Then he was cumming too. He pumped his hips up into her face and grunted into her wet pussy. His grunt vibrated her pussy lips and clit. She cried out as his cock pulsated and cream flowed down her throat. She staved off the gag reflex, wanting to accept all her beautiful son's cock had to give her.

He pumped his hips up once, twice, and on the third time, he held it there, balls deep in his mother's mouth, tears streaming down her face as she strained to hold it all in and swallow every last drop.

Then he was done. His butt dropped onto the bed. His cock slid with a wet pop out of his mother's mouth and she drew in a heavy breath of air. She rolled off of him, swallowed one more time as she felt a glob of incestuous cum in her throat like a frog, and collapsed on the bed next to him. She almost fell off the bed it was so small, build for a young teenager and not the king size her husband fucked her in.

Their chests rose and fell as they struggled to catch their breaths. His mom felt Jack's hand reach between her legs and lightly stroke her inner thigh.

"You have the softest skin, Mom."

"Why thank you, Honey."

She got up and began to put her clothes back on, her tan dress suit she wore to work. Jack just laid on the bed, his cock going flaccid now and dribbling out a few more drops of teenage cum onto his thigh. He watched his mom getting dressed.

"How do you do it?" he asked.

"Do what, Baby?"

He sat up on his elbows, "Keep your skin so soft. Other mother's skin isn't silky soft like yours is."

She cocked her head to him. She was now almost fully dressed except for her skirt. Standing there in just her panties with the top half of her work clothes on turned Jack on again and his cock jerked in his lap. She saw it happen and smiled.

"Now how would you know what other mother's skin feels like?" She joked, half-heartily.

Jack sat up completely then, concern on his face, afraid she might think he was sleeping with other mothers.

"I'm doing anything with anyone else. My friend's mother's hands and arms and their faces always seem more wrinkly and dry. Yours isn't that way at all."

His mother shimmied into her skirt.

"Get dress, Jack," she said, "Your father will be home soon."

He stood up and began to put on his red boxer-briefs. He found his mother liked that underwear to any of the others he had so he would wear boxer-briefs constantly.

"So?"

His mother sat down on the end of the bed to watch her son put his clothes back on. It was true, she did love his boxer-briefs on him, it accentuated his round butt and cock magnificently.

"So what?"

"So, how do you keep your skin so soft?" Jack struggled to get his t-shirt over his head as he spoke.

His mother stood up just as the sound of a car could be heard pulling into the driveway.

“Ancient Chinese secret, my love.” Then she kissed him on the lips and left the room to meet her husband at the door.

When Jack’s father came into the house carrying two bags from his week-long trip to find his wife standing in the living room to give him a kiss, he knew that his wife had been up to something. She smelled of sex. A musky and sweaty scent filled his nostrils when he embraced her. He didn’t say anything. He knew they had an open relationship and didn’t want to rock the boat. After all, his week-long trips weren’t always about business and he suspected she knew that too. He didn’t want to open the door that might close himself to the fun times he had in other cities.

When his son came down from his room to say hello, he realized what his wife had been up to. His son was flush with drying beads of sweat on his forehead and a pronounced wet circle stain on the front of his sweat shorts.

Now, in most cases, a father finding out his wife was fucking her own son, you would expect that he would be livid, grossed out, and immediately leave the marriage. For Jack’s father, he didn’t feel any of that. In fact, he felt aroused and his cock jumped in his pants. There was a certain amount of pride in his son for having sex and pleasing a woman, especially at his age and at the experience level of his mother.

It turns out, incest fantasy had been a big thing for him ever since he was ten years old and saw his mother being gang banged during a party his parents had one night long ago. He even had the a few prostitutes pretend to be his mother during a number of his business trips. Now that it was a reality, he couldn’t wait to get in with them. But he needed to be tactful about it.

That evening they ate dinner as a family though there was a clear tension in the room. Jack wasn’t sure if it was sexual (certainly it was between he and his mother) or anger between his mother and father. Little did they all know, it was sexual all around.

Later, they watched a movie on television but none of them were particularly paying attention to it. Jack nursed a hard on that wouldn’t go down and tried desperately to keep it hidden from his father. His mother noticed her son’s hard on tenting his pants and couldn’t help but be distracted from the itch between her legs. His father had an erection all his own just thinking about his wife and son having sex. He wondered if they had fucked on the very couch he now sat on.

After the movie, Jack stood up and yawned. He said he was tired and went off to bed. He hoped to jerk off his cock in order to relieve the pressure so he could sleep. When he got to his room, he closed the door and stripped naked. He opened his iPad and went online looking for some porn to help him shoot off but before he could even start he heard his parents come up the stairs, giggling like school girls as they went. He stood up and listened at the door as they passed his room and entered their own. He heard their door close.

*They’re going to do it*, he thought, not without a little bit of jealousy. After all, his father had been away for a while. The two only had telephone sex each night during that time. His father was probably pretty randy for his wife. Lord knew, Jack was certainly randy for her.

He waited a little bit to let them get started and stepped quietly into the hallway, hoping the heard more clearly what was going on in his parent’s room. He stopped their door and put his ear to the wood. A moan he was very familiar with emanated through the door. It was his mother’s. Then a grunt of his

father. The bedsprings squeaked in a regular rhythm. Jack realized they were fucking. There didn't seem to have been much foreplay.

Jack gripped his cock and listened intently, his body shivering in the hallway from excitement.

"Oh god, Baby," he heard his mother say, "Fuck me good. I've waited a week for this."

"I bet you have. No one else to fuck around here, is there?"

Jack could hear the slapping of their bodies as he thrust into her. His mother moaned again. He imagined them in missionary position with his father hairy ass rising and falling between her open thigh, those creamy soft thighs. In his mental image, his mother's large breasts bounced and rolled on her chest with each impact of her husband's pelvis to hers. He began stroking his cock openly out in the hall outside of their room.

"Oh, Honey," his mother's voice said from behind the door, "Of course not."

"Except maybe Jack," his father said under hoarse tones from the exertion of his fucking.

"What?" His mother breathed, almost inaudible but Jack just caught it. She even managed to sound shocked despite the pounding from her husband she was now getting. Jack could imagine his cock slicing into and out of her gushing vagina.

Then Jack heard his mother cumming, "OH, GOD!"

Based on experience he could imagine her body convulsing, her hips arching up to her lover, trying desperately to get as much his cock inside her pussy. Jack almost came then but squeezed his cock to hold it off. Hearing and watching his mother orgasm was always a high point of his day.

Then things got a quiet in the room except for the steady slapping sound and squeaking bedsprings indicating that his father hadn't finished and was still humping in and out of his wife. Jack could here is father wheezing from exertion and his mother still moaning.

"Isn't that right, Baby," his father said between thrusts, each word punctuated by a hard plunge into his wife. "Isn't it?"

"Oh Jesus! Isn't what right? Honey, keep fucking me."

"Isn't it right, that you fucked our son while I was away."

Jack froze in mid-stroke, his eyes wide with fear. They'd been discovered.

"That's ridiculous," his mother said. Jack could hear the air being forced out of her lungs with each thrust.

Then the bedspring squeaking stopped, the slapping of bodies stopped. Only the sound of the heavy breathing of both of them filtered through the door to Jack's ears. He imagined them still in missionary position, with his cock buried as deep as it could go inside of her but frozen like statues.

"Is it? Is it that ridiculous?" his father said between heavy breaths.

"Yes, it is. He's our son. That would be incest."

“Then how come I smelled him on you and you on him? You don’t have to worry. I’m not mad. In fact, it turned me the fuck on. Roll over.”

Jack listened in shock as the bedsprings again bounced but just long enough for them to change positions. He imagined them in doggie style with his father kneeling up behind his mother and sliding his cock into her from behind.

He heard them both moan and then the slapping of bodies again and those trusty bedsprings began squeaking again but this time in a different rhythm as if being attacked from a different angle, in this position the bed sounded like a training clicking away on the railroad tracks.

“Oh god!” his mother screamed, “It’s true!”

“What’s true?” his father asked.

“I did it.”

“Did what?”

“I did it with...” his mother trailed off. Jack imagined her faced in a grimace, her breasts convulsing and shaking as they hung low from her chest.

Jack heard a powerful slap and then there was silence again.

“What did you do, Baby? Tell me. I need to hear.”

“Please,” his mother begged, “Please, don’t stop.”

“Tell me.”

There was some more bedsprings squeaks and Jack imagined his mother pushing back on her father’s cock in an attempt to get him to keep moving but he held her hips tight. If he knew how closely his imagination was to the reality in the room, he’d blow his load right there in the hallway against their door.

“Please, Baby,” his mother sounded desperate, “Please. I’ll do anything. Please don’t stop.”

“Tell me,” was all he said. His father seemed to have gotten his breath back.

“Yes,” Jack’s mother said, defeated now, “I did it with Jack.”

“What did you do? Say it. I want to hear it.”

“I...” she stammered, “I fucked Jack.”

Then the movement began again. It was fast slapping sound of body against body. It was jackhammer.

“OH GOOOD!” his mother cried out. He was really pounding her now.

“There,” said his father, “The truth shall set you free.” Then he was laughing as he pounded her hard. The bedsprings were going crazy now.

“OH JESUS CHRIST! OH GOD! I’m cumming!”

And then, Jack was too. He let out a quiet yelp that he hoped his parents didn't hear and his white cum exploded onto their door. He breathed heavy, trying hard to not grunt or moan.

"SO AM I, YOU INCESTOUS BITCH!" Jack's father yelled out and then let out a groan.

Jack shot about five long ropey cumshots onto their door as his parents came together in the next room

"Oh God! OH!" his mother cried out. Jack was sure he heard a splashing sound and was sure that she had her own ejaculation, imagining her clear liquid forcing out between his father's cock and her cunt wall in hose streams down her thighs while his father's cock pulsated and throbbed inside of her.

As they were coming down from their high, all three of them actually, Jack snuck back to his room. He hoped he'd have a chance to clean up the cum splatters on their bedroom door before they noticed them. But at that moment, he was far too tired to do anything else and he didn't want to risk getting caught. So, he just got into his bed, cum still dribbling out from the head of his cock onto his thigh, and feel fast asleep.

When Jack awoke the next morning, he feared what was going to happen. He was afraid what his father might do now that he knew about his incestuous affair with his own mother. He was afraid he would call the police on them. He was afraid his parents would divorce and he'd be stuck with his father. Most of all, he was afraid that the wonderful time with his mother was now over. He stayed in his room for a lot longer than he would have normally, pretending to sleep. Finally, nature made the call for him and he got up to pee. He decided he better face the consequences.

He put on a pair shorts and a t-shirt and went to the bathroom. He noticed his parent's bedroom door was open. Looking in, Jack saw the bed was a mess, his parents clothes strewn all over the floor, the bedcoverings were in a ball in the middle of the bed, showing the naked mattress. His nostrils filled with the musky, sweet scene he knew all too well to be from sex. His parents, it appears, continued their lovemaking after he left the door the previous night.

Then his eyes shot wide in fright. He noticed that the door was clean of his discharges from the night before. His heart leapt into his throat. That meant his parents knew he was listening in last night.

He tiptoed down the stairs on bare feet. When he stopped at the bottom of the stairs, he heard sounds coming from the living room. He knew those sounds as well. His mother was breathing heavy and his father was grunting. He heard the pale slapping sound of two bodies. Jack took a deep breath and stepped into the living room.

Sure enough, his parents were fucking. What was shocking was this was out in the open now, not behind some closed bedroom door in the hopes their son wouldn't hear them. Now, they wanted their son to wake up and find them. Jack's cock tented his shorts in a nice teepee a Native American would be proud to sleep under.

His father sat on the Laz-e-boy recliner and his mother was on top with her knees on the either side of his lap on the armrests. They were nude and his mother was rising and falling on top of her husband's hard cock. Her head was down with her hair hiding her face. If he could see, Jack would see her face in a contorted grimace, her eyes shut tight in a focused determination.

Jack watched her bubbly ass bounced up and down and gazed intently as his father's long cock, glistening with her pussy juices, drove like a piston in out of her womb.

"Oh shit," she whispered.

His father humped up as his wife dropped down onto him. A guttural groan originating deep in his throat escaping his lips each time his balls bottomed out against, well, her bottom.

"Come on, Jack," his father said, and Jack realized he was looking over her shoulder at him, "Join in."

Jack stammered. He was beginning to realize the fun was not over, he was not about to be in big trouble.

"But...but..."

Jack's father slapped his mother's ass. She cried out but never stopped her steady rhythmic motion on his lap. It left a large hand shaped pink blemish on her left cheek.

"Don't worry, Son," his father reassured him, "I know what you and your mother have been up to and I'm perfectly happy with it. In fact, I've been hoping it would happen."

On the word "happen," he moaned and pushed his ass up between his mother's legs. She cried out as an orgasm took her and her pussy clamped shut on his cock.

"Oh GOD!" he yelled, trying to stave off his cum. At first, he didn't think it would be successful but then his mother's cunt let him go and she dropped down burying him inside her. Their lips engulfed each with a hunger for each other they never felt before. Then, with the motion calmed, the building orgasm inside him retreated.

They broke the kiss and both looked at their son standing dumfounded before them. They looked at the tented sweat at his groin and then looked at each other and laughed.

"Take those off, Son," his father said. He reached with both his hands and gripped his wife's ass cheeks. He then spread them open so his son could see the pink opening inside. His mother moaned.

"Come help me give your mother a real good orgasm."

He didn't need to be told twice. He stripped off his clothes, his erect cock bouncing into view. He practically sprinted forward to position himself behind his mother. He stood there for a moment, admiring the beautiful view of his mother's ass and then knelt onto his knees and applied his tongue to her rosebud. She let out a yelp of surprise and her eyes met her husband's.

Jack stood back up, satisfied now that there was enough spit to well lubricate her entrance. He held his cock in his hand and aimed it at her asshole. He nudged the purple head of his dick into the hole and pressed forward. The mushroom head broke through her sphincter ring with a wet popping sound.

"Oh fuck!" his mother moaned.

Jack's cock sunk slowly but surely into her colon. He could feel his father's long cock still buried inside her vagina through the thin membrane between the two. His father let out a groan at that feeling. His

mother's body quivered in place as her son invaded her intestines. Finally, his balls slapped against his father's shaft.

"Oh god!" she cried out, "He's all the way in. Both my boys are inside me at the same time. Oh shit!"

"Yea, he is," his father said, "I can feel him too."

They stayed still for a moment, each drinking in the feelings, all three of them breathing heavily. Jack reached under his mother and placed his palms on each of her dangling tits, letting them bounce and jiggle lightly in his palm. And then he began to pull his cock out and slide it back into her ass.

His father began to hump up into his wife again. Jack's mother simply stayed still as a statue, letting her two lovers fuck her at their leisure. She held her head low, a constant moan escaping her lips.

At first, the two men were alternating their fucks. When his father fucked up into her dripping cunt, Jack would be pulling out of her loosening asshole. When Jack was thrusting back in, his father was pulling out until just his head was inside his wife. The slapping of bodies and heavy breathing and occasional moan escaping their lips was the only sounds in the room at that moment, each savoring the threesome.

Then the Jack and his father began to speed up their thrusts. They didn't plan it. They both simply had the urge at the same time. At this point, they began to fuck in unison, plunging in and drawing out at the same time. This created in Jack's mother a sudden emptiness as both channels were vacated and then a sudden pleasure of fullness as each tunnel was suddenly invaded by flesh poles again. She could tell this would bring her to orgasm pretty quickly and moaned a low deep guttural moan.

"Oh Shit, Guys!" she cried out, lifting her head back to face the ceiling, "You're going to make me cum! Both my lovers at the same time will have me exploding in no time. Keep fucking me! Both of you!"

This prompted both father and son to pump her with no abandon. His father was close too, Jack could tell. Maybe it was how the hardness he felt through the membrane between pussy and colon seemed to get even harder. Maybe it was the strain on his father's face which looked so much like himself when he was close, which his father was probably seeing on Jack's face at that moment too. Or maybe it was just because this family had now become so close they could practically read each other's minds.

Jack lunged forward one more time and buried his cock in his mother's ass. He groaned loudly and his cock exploded inside the tight sleeve.

"Oh YES!" his mother yelled at the ceiling, "Cum in me! Fill me up! I'm cumming too!"

His father humped up too and held himself inside his wife's cunt.

"Oh FUUUCK!" he cried out in a long groan. His cock bucking and pulsating inside his wife's womb.

"YES, Honey! You too! Cum for me! Fill me up with your cum!"

Jack's hands now gripped his mother's soft breasts in a tight hold, smashing her tit flesh between his fingers. His cock continued to throb pumping shot after shot of boy cum into her ass tunnel. He could feel then his father's cock jerking and thudding inside his wife's pussy.



Jack's mother's vagina pulsed around her husband's cock and a white foam ring formed around his cock. She moaned again, staring into the eyes of her husband, this wonderful man who had no problem letting the incestuous fun continue. In fact, thrilled on it.

Jack pulled out of his mom, a string of cum attaching the mushroom head, now a deep red, to her bunghole which looked plugged with a gob of his white semen. He let out a sigh and fell onto his butt on the couch nearby.

"Holy shit, that was awesome!"

His mother lifted off her husband, his cock popping out with moist very audible pop, dripping lines of copious cum onto his softening cock and pubic mound, matting the curly hairs there, and walked to her son sitting on the couch, his own cock deflating as he caught his breath. She leaned down and engulfed his lips in hers and kissed her son with a passion he'd never seen before. Their tongues dueling and playing in each other's mouths. All the while streams and streams of slime poured from between her legs, down her thighs, and covering his left thigh, which was between his mother's knees.

From that day forward, the family almost always fucked at least once a day, most of the time more than that. They dispensed with the formality of wearing clothes around each other while in the house and went naked all the time expect when they needed to leave the house. Jack's bedroom hardly ever got slept in. He would sleep with his parents almost every night or just his mother if his father was on one of his business trips.

Sometimes, his mother's pussy would just get too raw to fuck or she was on her monthly period, Jack and his father would jerk each other off, even sucking each other until they came. They came to enjoy a good father/son sixty-nine during the times when his mother couldn't play. Even if she was on her period though, she wanted to please her men and got a real thrill out of bobbing her head on their laps until she had nice delicious cum to swallow.

One night, a couple of months after the first family fuck in the living room, Jack was sleeping in his parent's bed. He was exhausted after fucking his mother in missionary position for two hours straight and had fallen asleep right after cumming inside her. He was dreaming that his mother was pregnant which made him very hot. His erection had grown in his sleep.

His dream was interrupted by a soft whisper, an arousingly erotic whisper. He awoke to his mom whispering into his ear.

"Wakey wakey, eggs and bacy."

He opened his eyes and looked at his mom. Her face was that of an angel he thought but he always thought that.

"What time is it? You need it again?" He winked at her.

"Well," she said, "Yes. But not right now."

Jack looked around. His father wasn't in the room with them.

"Where's dad?"

Jack's mom sat up in the bed. She was naked and her large breasts shifted position with her, bouncing and jiggling as they went. Jack watched them very closely.

"Oh, he's getting things ready. Honey, remember when you asked how I kept my skin so soft?"

Jack nodded his head. He remembered. Her skin was the softest he'd ever felt and he still believed that.

"Well," she said, almost hesitantly, "I'm ready now to show you what I do to keep my skin so soft for you. Do you want to see it?"

Jack sat up them and kissed his mother. One of his hands came up and pawed at one her breasts. She kissed back for a bit and then, perhaps realizing this could lead to something that would have to wait, especially considering the cock bouncing against her thigh, she pulled away from him.

"Not right now, Jack."

"Okay," Jack resigned himself, "What do you do? Some sort of special lotion you buy online?"

Jack's mom stood up.

"Something like that. It's a special bath I take from time to time. Something your father introduced me to some time ago."

Jack's eyes lit up.

"A bath? How about I join you? I could use a bath myself."

Jack's mom chuckled.

"No. It's not that kind of bath. It's special and you can't be in the tub with me for it. You wait here for about a half an hour and then come down stairs."

"Why can't I come down now?"

Jack's mom walked to the door and stopped there. The light from the hallway created a beautiful silhouette of her naked body that a master painter would have loved to paint.

"Because we aren't ready yet and I want it to be a surprise. A half hour, okay. Be patient."

"Yea yea yea. Patience. How long will that take."

His mother walked away laughing at her son's joke.

Jack lay on the bed playing with his cock and balls trying to resist the urge to jerk off and cum. He watched the clock and watched the television on his parents' dresser to try to pass the time. He had some nature show on the Discovery Channel on but wasn't really watching it.

Finally, the half an hour mark came and he practically jumped out of bed and plugged down the hallway to go downstairs to see what his mother was talking about. As soon as he stepped out of the bedroom he could hear sounds coming from the lower level and a scent wafted up the stairwell. The sounds were clearly moans and groans, the smells, the musky sweaty scent of sex.

He walked down the stairs and before he even got halfway down, he saw a line of naked bodies standing in the hallway into the living room. There were about twenty people in that line. They all looked up and saw the naked boy coming down the stairs with a hard-on putting to the ceiling from a patch of dark hairs between his legs. Jack noticed they were all men, not a woman or girl in the bunch, all nude (he saw the pile of clothes by the front door) and standing, many with erections themselves and their hands working on their cocks.

He all of a sudden felt self-conscious. His hands instinctively went to cover his groin, though it didn't hide much.

Jack reached the bottom of the stairs and walked toward the living room. Whatever was happening, it seemed to be in the living room. He had to excuse himself a couple of times as he passed by and bumped into men. His hard pole slapped against another man's pole like swords. The man must have been in his twenties with long blond hair.

"Sorry," Jack said, though it was his house, why was he apologizing?

"No problem, my man," the blond guy said.

He stepped into the living room and his cock almost exploded at the sight he saw there. In the middle of the room, was a blue plastic baby pool, decorated with gold fishes and underwater scenes. Jack himself had used the pool in the summer time when he was a toddler. Now, though faded, it was used for something else he couldn't have imagined.

In the baby pool, sat his mother. It was just the right size so she would sit up have her knees up and open. She was running her hands all over her body. Around his naked mother, were about ten of the naked men standing stroking their cocks.

The men were of differing backgrounds. There were black men with their long horse-cocks. There were white men with shorter but still impressive dicks, many of the white men had shaved pubic mounds. Interestingly, Jack thought all the black men had fuzzy tufts of hair between their legs. There were even a couple of kids about Jack's own age. There was one oriental standing at his mother's feet.

All the men had their cocks in their fists and were pounding themselves with abandon. The slapping sound was loud in the living room. There were moans from almost everyone, including his mother, who diddled her hands between her legs.

Jack saw his father sitting on the couch watching the action in the middle of the room. He walked over to him and sat down next to his father.

"Jack!" he said with enthusiasm. "Glad you joined up."

His mother looked over to the couch and caught her son's eyes watching her through the gap caused by a black guy standing at her stomach and a white boy of about thirteen standing at her tits. Jack could see that there was already cum on her cheek and dripping onto her neck and one of her tits was covered in the white goop. She smiled to him and nodded.

"What the hell, Dad? Who are all these men?"

“Craigslist, Son,” his father said as he reached down with his free hand, the other one busy stroking his own cock, and gripped Jack’s erection. His father began to jerk off his son, rising his fist up to the head and back down again.

“Wha...?” Jack moaned, pushing his butt off the couch into his father’s hand.

“Every couple of months or so, your mother decides she needs to take one of her ‘special baths’ to replenish her skin. She says it helps her skin stay the softest. I tend to agree with her.”

“Me too,” Jack said.

“So we put an ad in Craigslist asking for all able-bodied men to come over and shoot their loads all over her. At first, we only got a couple men. Over time though and as word got around, more and more guys started showing up.”

A white guy with dark brown hair groaned loudly and shot two strings of his cum across Jack’s mother’s chubby stomach. The two strings formed a v-shape on her abdomen. His mother instantly rubbed the cream into her skin with her hands, spreading around like a lotion. This set off the thirteen year old kid at her tits and he shot long ropes of cum, his legs shaking as he did, his smooth butt clenching and unclenching with each explosion from his small pink mushroom head.

When the two were done, they immediately stepped away and two new men stepped into the openings they left behind.

Jack jumped as his father leaned over and took his son’s cock into his mouth and began to apply suction to the head. He groaned.

“Oh shit, Dad.”

His father’s moist mouth slid up and down the shaft. The warm feeling on his cock felt incredible. His father was a great cocksucker. He’d obviously had experience. His head bobbed in his son’s lap, his mustache ticking the his ball-sack when he bottomed out against his groin.

Jack, almost absentmindedly, reached under his father and pushed his father’s hand away so he could grip his father’s cock. He jerked his father as his father sucked him.

Three guys; what looked like an American Indian with his dark reddish skin, the black man at his mother’s feet, and a pale skinned hairy man of at least fifty years old, all began to shoot off at the same time. They covered her feet and legs. Then they too moved away to their clothes and leave. Three others stepped in to replace them.

His mother had globs of cum in her hair and she began to massage it into her hair and scalp like shampoo. Semen dripped off her ample breasts into her pubic mound. Her entire body was shimmering with the slick glow from the special lotion she was bathing in.

More men would shoot their loads onto his mother and promptly leave. That was part of the Craigslist stipulation, Jack later found out, cum and go, that’s all that was needed or wanted.

All the while, Jack’s father sucked on his son’s cock with relish, breathing hard through his nostrils as he did. Jack in turn, worked on the jacking his father at the same time.

At one point, what appeared to be four brothers from the next county over, standing two on one side of his mother and two on the other, began to cum in unison. They appeared to have planned it this way and they appeared to have waited for a long time to ejaculate as they seemed to have a huge amount to offer. They all pointed their cocks, which were easily seven inches long a piece, into the air instead of directly at the naked woman in the kiddie bath.

The result was their ropes of gooey semen flew into the air at the same time and arched their way to his mother's tits and belly. They were literally giving her a cum shower. Each stream splatted onto her skin as the four brothers groaned with shot. They look like a drill team during a show. In fact, they were muscular twenty something year olds so they may very well have been in the military.

Jack's mother laughed as the goop covered her body. The four men stood at attention and gave his mother a salute (also in unison) and left. That convinced Jack that they definitely were military.

Jack's cock was covered in his father's saliva now. It even dripped down into his pubic hair and around his balls. His father seemed to struggle to breath, huffing and puffing through his nostrils. Still he didn't stop bobbing his head on his son's lap. He was enjoying it too much as Jack could tell from his father steal rod in his hand.

"Oh god, Dad. That's feels great. Don't stop."

Jack caught his mother's eyes again and the look of lust and heat in her cum covered face was intoxicating. She saw her husband sucking off her son and it turned her on even more fiercely than before.

A couple more men groan, one even screaming out an "oh fuck!", then pulled away, got dressed and left.

By now, all the semen began pooling at the bottom of the baby pool, covering her butt-cheeks. She left up a little so she could massage the cream into her buttocks and as much up her back as she could. She rubbed the liquid down the underside of her thighs and the back of her knees. A moan escaped her lips.

More men came and came and came. There seemed to be an endless line of cum faucets for Jack's mother.

Jack's father lifted up from his son's lap, the cock letting out a loud pop as it came free from his lips. Jack sighed, settling his ass back on to the soft couch. His father gasped for air and then laid his head back and gripped his son's cock again and slowly jerked it. Jack, who had been stroking his father's cock in a quick blur, slowed down too. They both gave each other hand jobs as they watched their mother and wife get drenched in man-cream.

"We'll wait until they are all gone before we get up there and give her our cum," his father said, "That's really all she will want, for her two lovers to finish her off."

"When will that be?" Jack asked, "I feel I need to cum, like, right now."

His father squeezed his son's cock to stop his impending cum. Jack groaned, his face in a grimace. Involuntarily, Jack did the same to his father. Then they both stopped stroking. They laid their foreheads against each other, sweat beading on both, and breathed heavily. Then they opened their eyes and watched their mother/wife/lover in the middle of the room.

A kid of about fifteen let out a long moan and thrust his hips forward. His cock erupted in a fan of spraying cum. He covered more territory on the woman in the first three shots than any single man has covered the entire night. Jack's mother let out a guttural groan that Jack and his father knew was her orgasm. The kid kept shooting cum that once in a straight line but came out of the hole in his cock in a wide spray in the shape of hand fan. He groaned one last time.

"That's the best of the night, kid," his mother said through bubbled of cum on her lips.

"Really?" he asked. He seemed like a nerdy high school student, not very sure of himself.

"Oh, Jesus, son! HELL YES!"

He left with a smile on his face, his confidence boosted. Jack imagined that bullies at his school next time might find themselves with a problem on their hands.

And yet, even more men came. There was about an inch or two of semen collected in the baby pool and Jack's mother was covered from head to toe with slime. Her hair, on her head and between her legs, were slicked back with the stuff, some of it already starting to dry and harden into a crust. Her breasts and stomach shined with the stuff. Her whole body was encased in a greasy glop.

Finally, after a couple of hours of this, the last two strange men stood on either side of her, stroking their cock in a blur of motion at their groin. The first to blow was an older black man with some graying hair. His cock, unlike most black men's, was about average size. He groaned.

"Oh sweet Jesus! I'm cumming, Honey!"

He stood on his tip toes and then grunted. Sperm shot from his dick in two hard spurts and then the rest dribbled out and off his cock, dripping onto her thigh.

The second to cum was an old white man, he had to be about eighty. He moaned, his balls flapping with his stroking hand. Then the white cum oozed out of the hole on the head of his flimsy cock. There was no shooting cum here. Just an ooze of white cream and then a drip or two onto Jack's mother's hip. The man let out a sigh and then pulled away to put his clothes back on and leave.

Sitting alone now in the middle of the room, his mother turned her attention to her two lovers on the couch, both still jerking each other leisurely.

"Okay, Boys," she said, "Your turn."

They stepped up, having to remove their hands away from each other's laps. They began to jerk off over the woman covered in slime. She could have been in the movie *Ghostbusters* saying, "they slimed me." Which, of course, is what they did. About fifty men, strangers all, had slimed the woman.

It wasn't long before father and son had to shoot off. The activities of the night were just too much to handle. Jack's father moaned, "oh shit," and then began ejaculating his semen in thick ropes over his wife's face.

"Oh yea! Do it, Honey!" she said.

He let loose about three strands, grunting with each shot, his cock recoiling like a cannon.

Just as his father was finishing, Jack could feel his balls jump and twitch followed quickly by the rush up his shaft. He cried and pushed his pelvis forward. His cum flew in high arches, landing with loud splats on her breasts. She gripped her tits in her hands and pushed them together and create a deep valley between them. Jack grunted and shot a couple of loads in her cleavage. She began to smear all of the cum he produced all around her melon tits.

When it was over, the two men stood over their drenched mother and wife. They wobbled on shaky legs and breathed hard to catch their breaths. Jack looked lovingly into the face of his mother, covered in drying cum.

“That, Jack,” she said, “is how I keep my skin so soft.”

She stood up then and immediately went to the bathroom for a shower, a water and soap shower. Jack and his father took the baby pool out to the backyard where they sprayed it down from the water hose.

Since it was now in the early morning hours, they were all exhausted and they laid down together once again in bed, naked of course (which was their standard dress now), and fell fast asleep.