



Mom and son secrets 8

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Watching a Japanese porn movie with my son

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When I heard my daughter coming home from running errands, I ran into the bedroom. I swiftly slipped into a loose jogging outfit and combed my hair a bit. I then rushed in the kitchen, opened the bottle of Mr. Clean and poured some onto a wet cleaning cloth. I pretended I was cleaning out the cabinet under the sink; to cover up for my flustered sweaty face.

My heart was still pounding and my brain was still feeling kind of mushy. I could feel my pussy throbbing and the juices leaking out, dampening my jogging pants. *Boy oh boy, what a steamy quickie that turned out to be,* I thought very happily.

When my daughter brought the groceries in, Johnny and I acted as if nothing had happened. She put the bags of groceries onto the kitchen counter.

“Uff, I get so hot when I bend down cleaning, I think I need to slip into some lighter clothes,” I used for an excuse to get out of the kitchen.

Johnny went back outside with Jessica to get the rest of the bags.

I rushed in the bedroom to pick up some fresh clothes, and then went in the bathroom to wash and freshen up. As I took off my jogging pants, I could smell our mingled sex juices. I couldn't resist and had to hold my pants up to my face. I smelled the wet crotch part and inhaled it deeply.

“Hmm, god do I love this musky sexual scent! What a pity, I didn't even get the chance to lick off his cock,” I sadly reminisced.

Shortly after, when I returned to the kitchen, they were both chatting about teenage stuff and movies, while helping me to put the groceries away. Afterwards I put on another pot of coffee and prepared breakfast for everyone. While sitting at the table we enjoyed our time together as a family. We talked about the events which had occurred during the week at school.

It was nice spending some time together, but I couldn't get the images of our wild hall way encounter out of my head. Furthermore, I already fantasized about our upcoming evening together. I am plagued with constant cravings for my son; I have become almost obsessed with him.

After breakfast my daughter returned to her room for studying, while my son helped with the chores

around the house, just as he had promised. We goofed around like silly teenagers. Even cleaning was a fun thing to do with Johnny. I felt so young, vivid and flamboyant, like I was reborn.

In the afternoon we took a walk to the Video store and together we picked out some interesting porn movies. We were both very excited and filled with anticipation for the evening that lay ahead of us.

Upon our return home, he helped me in the kitchen preparing supper, which turned out to be another pleasant thing to do with him. He was so quirky and joyful and it was contagious.

As we were cutting and slicing some vegetables, I took a short cut celery stick, put it in my mouth and held it in between my teeth. I moved closer to his face and he latched on to it, slowly biting his way up to my lips. As soon our lips touched, a wave of Goosebumps washed over my skin. While gazing into each others eyes, he put his hand around my hips and drew me closer. So close, that we could feel each others heart beats pounding in our chests. He rubbed himself vivaciously against me. A wild passion raged through my body. I wanted to rip off my clothes this instant, and get fucked by him right there on the kitchen counter.

I needed all my strength to resist my devious temptation and pushed him away. "Oh fuck baby, what are you doing to me?" I asked him in an emotionally ragged voice.

"Sorry mom, you turn me on so fucking much, it's insane," he murmured. "Come-on lets hurry up, let's get this supper on the table and my sis out of here!"

At last, supper was over and my daughter had left to spend the night at her boyfriend's place. As the saying goes: When the cat is out of the house, the mice can play!

We were both equally excited to get to the good part of our evening together. My son went to take a shower as usual, while I slipped into a sexy outfit. I put on some romantic music, dimmed the lights in the living room and lit some candles and incense. Then I placed some erotic magazines on the coffee table and a mom/son porn movie in the VCR. I felt frisky and my horniness was building up rapidly.

Eventually Johnny came out of the bathroom with his towel wrapped around his waist, and asked, "Mom, what happened? I expected you to come in the shower?"

"Nothing happened. I just have something else in mind for tonight. What would you like to drink, some alcoholic beverage?"

"Wow mom, you are so cool. Can I have a gin and tonic?"

"Sure baby! If you can fuck a woman, I feel you are also mature enough to have some hard liquor!"

I went in the kitchen to prepare his drink and a took a glass of red wine for myself. I returned and sat

on the couch beside him. I lifted my glass and said a toast, "To another memorable evening with my precious grownup baby boy!"

"Hmm, mom, I like to think of myself now as a grownup man; *your* man, mama!"

"Oh baby you sure are *my man*, and a damn good one! In fact the best one I had in ages! No one gets my adrenaline pumping like *you* do baby."

We smiled, moved closer together and started kissing, touching and caressing each other. As the excitement was building up, I reached for the remote control and turned on the VCR.

"Fuck that is so cool! Damn, I wish I could tell my friends about this, they wouldn't believe it. They get scolded by their parents when they get caught watching porn movies. And here we are watching them together. Gosh, I love you Mom! You are so damn cool! "

Our hands were caressing and squeezing each others tight, while we were getting more and more aroused by the images on TV. We were fidgeting, changing our sitting positions, grabbing and fondling each other. We were exchanging hungry glances and wet kisses. I knew that there was no way we could watch the movie from beginning to end.

It was a Japanese movie. We couldn't understand a word, but it didn't matter. We could clearly see on the body language what a strong physical attraction there was, between the mother and her son. How they were torn between lust and common sense. How they came so close giving in, but then found the strength to resist their temptations, day after day. Then one afternoon, she went in his room, folded the comforter back and slid her flat palm over his sheets. She bent down and sniffed it and her face turned into big grin.

I couldn't help but grin as well. It reminded me so much of myself; I used to do that too, before Johnny and I started fucking each others brains out. God, I loved the smell of his dried-up jizz and wanted so badly having a chance to taste his fresh one.

I wiggled on the couch and was getting more and more restless. The dampness between my legs spread to my thighs and my breathing became heavier.

I tried to concentrate on the movie. I got even more turned on when I saw her son coming home from school. He stood there in the doorway and caught his mother lying on his bed. She was completely naked. She was propped up on pillows, her eyes were closed and her right hand was finger-fucking her pussy. He stood there quietly, watching her. With her other hand she was massaging her tit. In close-up I could see how she was tweaking her pink nipple, and how it got harder and longer by the second. He moved closer. He was wearing loose jogging pants and we easily could witness, how his cock was twitching and steadily increasing in size.

I was so turned on and fidgety. I needed a smoke and another drink. I paused the movie, rushed in the kitchen and returned with 2 more drinks, generous on the alcohol.

We continued watching the porn movie and my arousal was building up; I was so fucking horny and wanted to give into my own needs. But in the same token, I wanted to see what would happen next.

Just by looking at my son's boxer shorts, I knew he was as hot as I was. He reached through the side of my sexy little panties and slid his finger between my wet lips.

"Oh my god mom, you are so fucking wet! You are drooling, let me lick you!"

"Oh baby, I know we are both horny like hell, but please, lets try to watch some more."

My hand was stroking his enlarged cock through the smooth fabric of his boxer shorts, while he was rubbing and teasing my pussy. All along we tried to keep our eyes focused on the TV screen.

The boy had moved closer to the bed and picked up his mom's panties. He raised them up to his nose and closed his eyes. He deeply inhaled her scent. As he removed them from his face he let out a wheezing sigh, and then he let them fall back onto the floor. His cock was hard and jutting straight forward in his pants. He slid his hand into the waistband, lowered his pants while the other one reached inside to take his solid cock out. He stood right at the foot of the bed, watching his mother pleasuring her black hairy pussy. His hand moved slowly up and down on his young rod, and the pearls of pre-cum were glistening on the tip of his knob.

A close-up of the mother's face revealed that she opened her eyes for a brief moment, and knew very well that she was being watched by her son. She stopped teasing her tit, took both of her hands to rub her pussy. She had a very little clit and teased the tip of it, rubbing her finger around and around on it. The fingers of her other hand slid up and down between her wet lips. Then she took both hands and separated her lips apart, giving an amazing view of her pink box. Her lips were glistening with wetness and her hips were gyrating up and down. Instantly her son dove down on her, burrowing his face into her warm, fuzzy damp folds. He started slurping and gorging himself on his mother's cunt. He threw her legs up in the air and licked her wildly. His extended tongue sliding from her glistening pussy lips back to her ass, teasing and rimming it.

I was sitting on the couch and squeezing my thighs hard together. I was almost crazy with desire. My pussy was on fire and yearning to be pleased. Johnny sprung up from the couch and knelt in front of me, and willingly I spread my legs wide open. We were both so horned up and eager to have our own fun. He pushed my panties to one side and looked at my soaking wet pussy and said,

"Oh mommy, I love your pussy! A bare pussy looks so much more appealing than a hairy one. You must have the nicest pussy on earth!"

Pleased I replied, "And you have the most gorgeous cock on earth! It's so long and thick and fits so perfect into my pussy; just as if it was custom made for me."

I lifted my bum up, helping him to pull my panties down. I wiggled my legs out of them and spread

them wide apart. He examined my vagina, spread my labia apart and fingered my love channel, spreading my wetness around. He hummed contently and licked his lips, and his eyes flickered with delight. Then his face plunged down onto my starving cunt and he started gorging on my pussy like there was no tomorrow.

All of a sudden he grabbed my thighs and pulled me right to the edge of the couch, pushed my legs up and asked me to hold them just like he had seen in the movie. He started licking my ass and rimming it. Then his tongue moved back to my pussy, devouring my lips. He slowly made his way up to my clit, circled his tongue around and around. Then he applied a hard pressure right on the very tip of my sensitive clit. Seconds after his mouth latched on to it and sucked it greedily. He took it between his teeth and slightly bit it.

"Oh fuck Johnny, you are driving me crazy. You are going to make me cum." I squealed.

He was devouring my pussy like crazy and kept going back and forth, licking and rimming my rose bud. His teasing was driving me wild. Within seconds I was overcome by extreme sensations and my pussy emptied itself all over his face and hair. He quickly got up from the floor, pushed his cock into my wide open, soaking wet pussy and fucked the hell out of me. He was on fire and made me cum time after time.

With the sounds of fucking and moaning in the back ground, we were both so hot and sexually charged. It wasn't long after, when he had to give into his own urges and released his hot sperm deep inside my longing womb, pulsating and filling me up. Then he slowed down and continued moving in slow-motion while he savored his orgasm.

But hearing the mother and son fucking and yelling uncontrollably in the porn movie, and hearing the bed squeak, must have spurred him on so much, that he didn't stop like usually. He just continued moving in and out of my overflowing cunt, making squeegee, slushy sounds and I asked him,

"Hmm, do you like my cream pie?"

Oh yeaahh moomm! I could fuck you all night long!" he replied ecstatically.

And even though he had just ejaculated, his cock stiffened up in just a few minutes. His girth increased and I could feel his cock getting rock hard again. He fucked me and fucked me and made me cum so many times! I felt like a rubber doll, being stretched and used. My arms were thrashing around and my legs were shaking.

He fucked me like I was nothing short of an object, a sexual toy. But I didn't mind, on the contrary, I loved it! It gave me such a feeling of nastiness. I felt I was getting punished for being such a dirty sinner, for letting my son fuck me. Gosh it felt so damn good and I didn't give a hoot, if I had to burn in hell for it.

My son's meat was beating me hard and consistently. My brain felt so mushy and I had cum

countless times. Then he pulled out of me, grabbed me roughly and turned me around.

“Get up on your knees you shameless bitch,” he demanded.

I knelt down on the couch, holding on to the backrest. I turned my head sideways and got some glimpses of what was going on in the movie.

The son was fucking his mother now doggies style as well. It made me feel as if we were having an orgy, right here in my living room with them.

Johnny was holding his cock in his hand, poking and teasing my cunt. Then he spit on my ass and I could feel the wetness running down my crack. He spread my butt cheeks apart with his hands and lowered his head. I was kind of nervous, and yet very excited as well. His wet tongue was flicking around my hole, and I could feel my anal muscles contracting in anticipation. Wild passion raged through my body, and I would have loved so much to give into my urges, to let him sodomize me.

But I wasn't ready to give into this perverse desire, I am not Greek! There are certain things I needed to find out first. My son was momentarily stunned by my refusal, but understood my reasoning. And I promised him, it soon would happen.

Kind of disappointed he continued rimming my pucker hole. He took his prick and ran his knob over my rose bud, rubbing and spreading his spit around, which drove me absolutely crazy. I was twitching and arching my back and moaning uncontrollably.

“Oh fuck,” I yelled out” Fuck my pussy, come-on baby, fuck your mommy!”

He grabbed me, pulled me by my legs over the arm rest of the couch and stood behind me. This way we both could watch the action on TV while fucking. He then grabbed my hips and with one quick jab he drove his rock hard cock deep into my gaping, longing cunt. He fucked me good and hard, just like the mother on TV was getting fucked by her young son. It was wild and blowing my mind watching this horny guy fucking his mother, while I was getting the same treatment.

I could feel a hot wave brewing, slowly spreading from my face over my throat and chest. Like a bush-fire it spread over my tummy down to my pussy. My vaginal walls tightened and my son quickly pulled out of me. Like a hot geyser my love juices spewed all over my sons cock and balls, running down his thighs.

“Wow mom, that's the biggest squirt I've ever seen!” He yelled.

I collapsed onto the armrest and was lying there draped over it, limb like puppet on the string.

The my son sat on the couch, and continued watching the movie. He slowly caressed his swollen red cock. It looked like it had suffered a good beating.

After catching my breath, I got up and knelt between his legs in front of him. I was hungry for his seed. I haven't tasted it for a week. I trailed my fingers along his groin, then kissed my way up his thighs and flicked his balls. He removed his hand from his cock and I took over. With lust glazed eyes he watched as I was starting to pleasure his beaten meat. I was licking very softly his engorged knob, while my hand was stroking up and down his elongated shaft. I inhaled and savored the meshed odor of our sexual juices like an aphrodisiac; I love that smell, it gives me such a buzz.

I could barely hear him, when he murmured, "Oh yeaah moomm, that's sooo nice, oh yeaah, just like that."

I continued stroking his dick very tenderly and licked his knob, swirling my tongue around and around, digging the tip of my tongue into his little slit, extracting his sap. Then I put my wet salivating mouth on him, submerging his cock deeper and deeper. My wet lips were sliding up and down on it, while my hands were toying with his loose sack. I could feel his balls twitching and tightening, which sent ripples of pleasure across my body, knowing I soon would get rewarded for my efforts.

My mouth plunged down on him, taking him almost all the way in. I had to restrain myself from gagging, as his knob hit the back of my throat. As I moved up and down on him I used my teeth, barely scratching his throbbing shaft. His body shuttered and his moans became louder.

I could hear the Japanese guy roaring and his mother screaming and knew very well that they were both cumming. I quickly took my mouth off Johnny's cock. I wanted to see their big finale. My head was spinning and I was totally lost in the moment.

I wanted to see Johnny reach his peak as well.

I put my hands on him and massaged his shaft. I was gradually increasing the speed of my strokes and the pressure of my grip. I loved the sound which came from dragging my fist over his wet, slick knob, which was coated by the mixture of my saliva and his pre-cum.

"Oh mom, I'm gonna cum. Oh fuck yeaah!!" he grunted loudly.

I could feel his hard cock throbbing and his testicles crinkle. His body tensed and his head flew back. Then I saw the first jet of semen flying up in the air. I quickly put my mouth back on his cock. With my mouth wide open I welcomed each and every shot of his delicious cum and greedily swallowed it. I licked my lips and tugged on his cock a few more times until I had milked it completely dry.

As I looked up at him, his face was glowing with happiness and contentment. I got up and kissed him tenderly and told him how much I loved him.

After a few minutes I got up and sat back on the couch beside him. Then I reached for my cigarettes and lit one. I always enjoyed having a smoke after a good fuck. I took a big swig and emptied my glass. Looking over to Johnny, I asked if he would like to have another refill, but I shook his head.

While I had gone in the kitchen to pour another drink for me, the movie was rewinding. Upon my return I flopped down on the couch and made myself comfy beside him. I was overcome with a feeling of tiredness, but I thought it would soon pass. Johnny placed another one of the rented porn movies in the VCR, and after a few seconds of flickering and some ads, it started.

There was a mother and her son making out on the living room couch, kissing and necking and fondling each other. Slowly he unbuttoned his mom's blouse and kissed her cleavage, while she was enjoying what her son was doing to her. She moaned and wiggled, and her hand reached under her skirt. She rubbed her pussy, while her son had opened her blouse completely. He started licking and sucking her well rounded breasts. His tongue flicked at her perky nipples and his eyes tried to catch a glimpse of her face, which had enjoyment written all over it. Her moaning became louder and a girl came walking slowly down the stairs. She stood there watching them. At first she had a rather disgusted expression on her face, which after a few seconds turned into a more curious one. She pressed her lower body against the railing; obviously she was turned on from seeing her brother groping their mother.

I enjoyed the movie and was getting quite turned on again. But somehow I was also overcome with such tiredness; I hardly could keep my eyes open. My eyelids were so heavy and kept closing. I wanted to stay awake, I wanted to see the movie and I wanted to have another fuck with Johnny. I pulled myself together and stared at the TV.

By now the boy had his face buried in his mother's folds. He was mauling her pussy, while her body squirmed and she whimpered in pleasure. The sister on the stairs was finger-fucking her horny little cunt.

My head was resting in my son's lap and felt so comfy. My eyes closed again and my whole body was overcome with a heavy feeling. Slowly my mind drifted off, and there was nothing but darkness. The sounds were muffled and slowly dissipated in the distance.....