

Just After Midnight

by dirtymindedmother

Clouds blanketed the moon and the stars shone somewhere completely out of sight that night. I was laying sleepless in pure darkness next to a man I no longer loved, the vows I made on our wedding day long ago broken.

It was just after midnight when I glanced at the clock on his nightstand. His deep intake and exhale of breath told me he was sound asleep. I looked at him a moment, feeling a sadness, but no guilt.

Trying my best to not disturb him, I slipped from the bed. I exited the room and quietly clicked the door shut. Down the hall I went, smoothing the wrinkles out of my long white nightdress. Stopping outside the room at the far end of the hall, I lifted up the hem of my gown, hooked my thumbs into my white cotton panties and pushed them down my legs. I stepped out of them and picked them up, not wanting to forget them in the hall. I tucked them into my hand, feeling the dampness of my anticipation on them.

With my panties balled in my fist I took a deep breath, my heart beating quickly, and I turned the doorknob. I quickly stepped into the dark of the room and closed the door behind me. I set my discarded panties on the desk by the door and headed for the bed, navigating the darkness by memory.

My hearing was elevated as I blindly moved across the room. I could hear soft breathing and an even softer sound of bed springs creaking.

As I gently bumped into the edge of the bed I was aware of a scent in the air that resembled the aroma of bleach.

I pulled up my nightdress again and slid up onto the bed on my knees, causing a creak. I reached down with my hand and came in contact with a slender stomach. My anticipated yet unexpected touch cause him to take in a sharp gasp of air and let it out in a slow sigh.

"Sorry." I said, a smile in my voice. I brought a leg up and over him, straddling his knees. Slowly I slid my hand down his belly, my fingers sifting through his thick pubic mass which was matted down with sweat and pre-cum. I continued on until I found his hand, slowly stroking his engorged dick.

"You can stop now, I'm here. I'm here to help." I said, pulling his hand away gently, hearing him sigh again. I stood up on my knees and slid forward so that I hovered over his dick. Holding my gown out of the way with one hand, I reached down and grasped his dick. It was covered in a glaze of pre-jizz and he grunted and twitched as I touched it.

"Sorry." I said again as I aimed him towards my fur-lined cunt.

"Mom?" He said, reaching up and grabbing my hips firmly, holding me in place over him. I paused, his cock still clutched firmly in my hand.

"Yes, baby?" I said, my chest rising and falling rapidly under my thin gown.

"Can you... go... can you go down on me first?" He asked, a slight quiver of nervousness in his voice.

I didn't answer for a moment as I thought about it, needing to be filled as much as he apparently needed to release.

"Sure" I said, the smile back in my voice. I let out a sigh and let go of his sticky cock, wiping my messy hand on his comforter. I swung my leg back over him so I was kneeling beside him on the bed. I bent over him, grasping the hot wet shaft at the base. A large amount of precum had pooled around his balls. I figured he must have been masturbating for at least an hour or more, edging his orgasm.

I opened my mouth just slightly and pressed my kiss against the head of his cock. He gave off a soft whimper which sent a tingle down my spine. I pressed my lips down around his dick until the head was in my mouth. My lips plowed away and collected much of the pre-spunk. Letting my tongue slip out I slowly licked the side of his spongy head, making him squirm and gasp.

He shifted on the bed slightly and I was suddenly blinded by a bright light. I let his dick fall from my lips and turned my head away from the light. Squinting, I saw his bare feet in front of me. I turned my head back up to look at him, squinting and holding my hand up to shield away the light. I kept his cock firmly held in my other hand.

"What the hell are you doing? Shut that off!" I said in an agitated whisper.

He squinted back down at me and reached over to caress my fleshy ass through the nightgown. "But I want to see you... I want to see you... suck. I never get to see you do it."

My eyes watered from the unexpected light. I blinked them clear as I started to slowly stroke him. Sighing I shook my head and then focused back on his dick. In the light I could see the mess he had worked up while waiting for me. His dick was covered in white streaks of cum that he had stroked into a lather. And around the base of his dick was his matted pubic hair. It was covered in so much of his seed that I wondered if he had actually brought himself off to completion and was working on a second erection, or possibly even third. The drool of semen running down over his balls and splattered onto the sheets between his leg strengthened that theory.

Lowering my lips back down over his dick in the same manner that I started, I brought out another low groan from my son's lungs. I started to take more of his dick into my mouth when I looked up at his face. He was staring at me with a glazed look of lust and amazement. It startled me a bit. I had always preferred sex in the dark, enjoying the freedom of it, being able to act out my passion without fear of being watched. My husband and I had only had sex during daylight a handful of times, and he would comment afterwards that I seemed distracted. The truth was I couldn't take his eyes burning into me as he rammed his dick in and out of my fully exposed cunt, as my heavy breasts jiggled and bounced.

As my son's eyes devoured me with the same hungry look, my face wet red with embarrassment. I let his dick fall from my mouth again, feeling a thick string of his cum connect his member to my lips. I squinted my eyes shut again. "The light... it's getting in my eyes. Can you just turn it off?" I said, licking his mess from my lips. "It's fine, just don't look at it. I really want to see." he said, his voice on the edge of a whine.

With a sigh I went back to work on his dick. This time I shut my eyes and tried to put it out of my mind. I slid my mouth down over his dick until the spongy head hit the back of my throat, causing me to gag slightly. His

hand gave my ass a hard squeeze as I choked on his cock. I pulled back off until just the head was in my mouth and I held it there. I swirled my head around slowly, letting my tongue lick his sensitive knob. I started moving his dick slowly in and out of my mouth, firmly gripping the shaft at the root. His hand roamed over my body as I knelt next to him, but it frustratingly never went near my attention-starved pussy. He slid his hand up along my body, over my leg, my ass, up along my side and shoulder. Finally he rested his hand on my the back of my head, pushing it down onto his oozing cock. He wanted to go deeper and deeper into my cocksucking mouth. As he pushed hard I gagged again, a horrible, lewd sound erupting from my throat. I pushed his hand away from my head and pulled off for a moment, my hand whipping up and down the spit and sperm covered shaft. "Don't. Let me." I told him.

He gave me a quick nod, the expression on his face showing his need for me to continue. I went back to work, my head bobbing quickly up and down. A few moments later he gripped my head again. I had no time to protest this time as he moaned and hunched his hips up at my mouth.

"Suck it. Fuck... suck my cock... oh fuck.." He said just before I felt him tense up. My head still moving up and down his length, my lips sticky and slick with his mess. He let out a painful sounding yelp as the first shot of cum erupted from the tip of his dick, smacking the back of my throat. I held off my gag reflex and pulled my head up so just the head remained in my wet motherly mouth. Shot after shot rocketed against my tongue as I held him firmly.

Now it was time for me to watch. With his dick spewing his thick load into my mouth I turned my eyes back up to his face. His expression was contorted in a grimace of pleasure, his mouth open, letting out soft grunts with every other spurt from his heaving cock.

His warm sticky seed pooled in my mouth as he continued to cum, I kept my lips sealed around the base of the thick tip. Breathing through my nose I waited until his twitching dick stopped emptying his balls into me, finally stopping after a few last trickles. I then slipped my lips up and off his dick, and closed my mouth, his pungent-flavored load filling my mouth.

I motioned towards his nightstand and let out a closed-mouth whimper. He reached over and pulled a couple of tissues from the box. I took them and quickly spat his muck into them. His wad of semen landed in the tissues and what remained in my mouth oozed out slowly. I spit again and more of his seed joined the wasted mess in my hands. I carefully folded the cum into the tissue and motioned for some more. He gave me another and I wiped my messy lips with it. I handed all of the soiled tissues to him and he disposed of them in his small garbage pail next to the bed.

I let out a sigh, the flavor of his potent cum still thick in my mouth. I looked down at his softening cock as it lay against his messy bush.

Often I would leave his room and return to my own bed after he spent his seed, however, my need was far too strong tonight. I needed to arouse him again, yet I was very limited in my skills of seduction. After a moment of thought I arrived on a course of action. It would take some courage from me but the pulsating need between my legs spurred me on.

With a large intake of breath I sat up on my knees, reached down and tugged my flimsy nightgown off over my head, exposing my curvy nude body to my son, my lover, for the first time.

His eyes devoured me, opening wide. He sat up on his elbows to get a closer look. I felt my body flush red with embarrassment as his eyes roamed my body. I arched my back to try to minimize the small rolls in my belly. I tried to limit my breathing to keep my heavy breasts from jiggling. And I kept my side to him so that my hairy mothercunt would not be seen. I averted my eyes from his, feeling an embarrassed tingle in my stomach. The fire between my legs flared up as I glanced down at his dick, now almost full erect again, the remains of his last ejaculation hanging from the tip, drooling onto his belly.

A giggle accidentally slipped from my lips as I looked back up into his face, seeing a dumbstruck look.

"Mom... God." Was all he could manage to say as my giggle brought his eyes up to mine momentarily. His eyes resumed their patrol over my body.

I started to move to straddle him but paused, still seated on my knees. "Look away. Just for a moment, please. Look away." I said. He looked up at me, bewildered. But he gave me a quick nod and turned his head to the side. I then quickly threw a leg back over him, straddling his dick. I reached down and positioned his cock at my entrance, watching him to make sure he didn't peek. He felt the dewy hair of my cunt graze his dickhead and he looked down at it.

"No, don't. Not yet. Turn away." I protested, but he ignored me. He stared at the area between my legs. A thick tangle of dark black hair covered my lower abdomen and ran down along my lips, ending just before my puckered asshole. The hair around the hole was matted with my excitement, the scent of it slowly wafting into the air. I fumbled with his dick, sliding it along the lips of my cunt until I found it's way to my opening.

I pressed my hips firmly down, taking him inside in one motion with little resistance. We both groaned our pleasure out, his eyes still planted on my snatch. I sat on him, fully seated on his dick for a moment, just moving my hips back and forth. The soft squishing sound of our bodies moving together filled the room.

The movement of my hips against his made my pendulous breasts jiggle and sway, their motion pulled his eyes away from my tangled love nest. He had seen and felt my tits move only masked by whatever nightgown or shirt I had worn to bed that evening, and only in the dim light from the moon. Always self-conscious I could never bare my body to my son before this night. But the look of wonder on his face settled my nerves enough to keep me from attempting to cover my heavy tits.

I remained planted on his hips, his cock rooted deep inside my excited portal. He placed his hands on my bare thighs and slowly worked them up my body, feeling my full nakedness for the first time. They moved up along my thighs until they joined at my crotch, then he slid them outward to grip my hips gently. They continued on along my sides and moved inward again, running along my belly. I gasped at his touch, feeling his fingers run up along the slight outward curve of my belly. I arched my back again, wishing that the sit-ups and crunches would pay off.

His hands continued upward until they slid under my full, motherly tits. The sweat beneath them mixed with the jism still plastered to his hands. He lifted my breasts slightly and let them fall as he slid his hands up to cup them, his palms on my hardened nipples. All the while I sat motionless on him, staring at his hungry face.

His eyes rose and met mine. His were glazed over with lust and eager curiosity, mine fought between my shyness and a new found thrill of exposing my curvaceous nude body. I flashed him a quick smile which he returned and then I slowly rose up until just his hard tip was left in me, his hands still gripping my tits. We both joined in a moaning duet as my hips fell back down to meet his, his length sliding into my well-greased tunnel. I rode slowly up and down, my tits bouncing in his hands. His gaze moved up and down between my jiggling breasts and my cunt as it gripped his dick. Letting out a groan I relaxed the arch of my back and sat forward some, no longer overly concerned with how my naked body looked. I felt no criticizing glances from my son and as of yet had received no complaints. He adjusted his grip on my jiggling breasts, supporting me by them as we fucked.

I leaned forward further and put my hands down on either side of his head to better support myself as I rode his slick pole. My pace had increased, the lewd slurping sounds of my cunt slipping up and down him filled the room, mixed in with the small slap of our bodies colliding. The scent of my cream filled the air around us. I couldn't see from my perspective, but I could tell that his shaft was covered in a bubbly froth of my lubrication. I could feel it had ran down over his wrinkled balls because every time I lowered myself, my sweating asshole gave them a quick kiss.

With my breasts now hanging in his face I bounced quickly on him. He pulled a tit to his mouth and started to cover it in kisses before placing his lips around the hard bud of a nipple. He sucked hard, too hard, causing me to hiss in pain. But I did not stop him and he soon switched back to kissing and licking. He went wild as he sucked, switching from one tit to the other and then back again.

Then he released my heavy chest and gripped my sides, pulling me down on top of him. He craned his neck up and opened his mouth inviting me to a kiss. Still well aware of the heavy taste of his seed in my mouth I turned my head. „No. Don't." I said softly as I continued to fuck up and down on his cock, my tits mashed between us. „It's ok." he said, gently pulling my head back towards his mouth. I pushed his hand away and sat back up slightly.

„Please don't." I said again, looking him in the eye with a serious expression. He nodded and turned his attention back to my breasts as they jumped in his face. He gripped them in his hands and ran his fingers over the nipples, both now slathered in his spit. I squirmed and groaned and yelped as he tweaked and pinched them.

My hips flew up and down on him, our bodies crashing together with loud smacks. My eyes were clamped shut and my mouth was slightly agape as I rode my son's magnificent cock.

Every other night that we fucked I felt that I maintained control. I always kept much of my clothing on, and when I climaxed it would be subtle and pleasant, perhaps letting out a soft moan and a sigh. However, that night it seemed as if everything had slipped from my control. And what came out in my voice would have shocked me had I been able to fully hear it.

It started as a very low, animalistic groan. It quickly raised into a much higher pitched yell of pleasure. My son took this audible cue, gripped my hips firmly, raised his knees, and started thrusting up into me wildly. He jack-hammered up into my cunt as I continued to bounce down onto his cock. He sent me over the edge and my mind exploded in an overload of pleasure.

He had to tell me later, as I was no longer fully aware of my body, only of my pleasure, that I started shrieking loudly as my orgasm tore through me. He was shocked by my outburst and quickly reached up to try and quiet me, placing his hand against my mouth.

I fell onto him, my entire body riddled with spasms, the orgasm clenching nearly every muscle in my body. He continued to buck up against me as I collapsed. He had one hand still on my hip, his dirty fingers dug deep into my flesh. The other hand now held the back of my head to his shoulder, my lips pressed against him, muffling my screams of delight.

My body was rocked by his eager thrusts, which kept my tremors going even after the first eruption started to settle. Clutched against him, letting him fuck up into my drenched hole. I shifted on him slightly, the sweat on my breasts mixing with the sheen on his chest. „Cum. Cum for me." I said softly, my lips brushing against his ear.

His response was a series of grunts. His hands slipped over my hips and firmly grabbed my ass, pulling me down onto him as he jammed his dick up at me. He slammed his hips against mine with such speed and force as he groaned into my ear. My breath was forced out of me as he pulled me violently down onto him one last time. He held me still, his cock deeply rooted in my messy hole. I felt his dick surge inside of me as it emptied a small load into my pussy. Pained whimpers slipped from his lips as he shot his seed into me, pulling me down on top of him still, trying fruitlessly to get even deeper.

Still recovering from my orgasm, I panted on top of him as he started to gasp in quick sharp breaths. I reached up and wiped my cheeks, the intensity of my orgasm having brought tears from my eyes. My son, still in shock from his powerful cum, just held me to him tightly, his dick deep in me but starting to soften.

I lay on him, staring into his face until he finally looked into my eyes. I saw a wonderful expression of love and amazement in them that I'm sure was reflected in mine. He tried to pull my head in for a kiss again, but I pulled away and shook my head, feeling still very unclear. I pulled my hips away from him, and his spent meat fell out of me with a lewd slurp. Both of us hissed in our after-fuck sensitivity as our genitals broke contact, the mess smeared all over and around them cooling in the night air.

I slid off and stood next to the bed. I grabbed some tissues and, turning my back to him, I mopped up the spunk as it started to run out from between my swollen lips. I went back and grabbed a second handful of tissues, as the sticky mess was plastered in the hair that surrounded my labia.

When I turned back I could see my son was still admiring my naked body. Having had my release, I regained control of my normal senses and unfortunately fell back into self-awareness. I leaned over him to grab my gown, the musky smell of our fuck hitting me hard. He grasped my tit as I did this. „Don't go, mom." He said with a grin.

I slapped his hand away playfully and slid the nightdress back over my head and let it fall down my body. He let out a moan of disappointment.

„I have to. It's late. And what if he wakes up?" I asked.

„I don't give a fuck.“ he said smirking.

I slapped him playfully again and gave him a scolding look. „Enough with that word. Don't be so rude.“ I said, glancing down at his soft cock, our mess covering it. „Don't move, I'll be right back.“ I said before leaning in and giving him a quick peck on the forehead. He groped my breast through the gown before I could pull away and smiled up at me. I pushed his hand away, clicked off his bedside lamp and headed for the door.

I opened his door slowly and peered out into the darkness for any sign of movement or light. Sensing none I started to step out into the hallway, pausing to retrieve my soiled panties from his desk. I balled them back into my fist and headed for the bathroom. Once there I lifted my gown and sat on the toilet, peeing and pushing out some of our fuck juices. Gobs of our mixed cream fell into the toilet. I wiped the mess the best I could and flushed it away. I then grabbed a washcloth, dampened it with warm water and bathed my battered sex. I cleaned away most what was left in my pubic hair and swiped the cloth around my hole. I rinsed the cloth in the sink and set it aside. I slipped my panties back on under my gown and quickly swished some mouthwash to finally remove the strong taste of cum from my mouth. I grabbed the warm cloth and went back to my sons room, first glancing at my own bedroom door to make sure it was still safe.

As I started to close my son's door behind me he clicked the light back on. I walked up to the bed and cleaned up what we had done. I gently bathed his crotch, starting with the flaccid shaft, then scooping up what I could of the pool around it in the hair. As I washed him he reached up once again and started to fondle my motherly tits. „Enough of that.“ I said sternly as I pushed his hand away in frustration. He let his hand fall to the bed as I slipped the warm damp cloth down around his wrinkled scrotum, cleaning up much of our muck. I finished by turning the cloth over to the clean side and running it over his soft dick again, getting the last remnants off. Satisfied with my cleaning work I leaned over and gave him a big deep kiss on the lips, letting his tongue invade my mouth as he had been trying to do early. I placed my hand on his bare, sweat covered chest and stood back up.

„Good night, love.“ I said, smiling down at him.

„Night.“ he said with a contented sigh. I headed for the door and he added: „That was great. You have an amazing body.“

A lump was caught in my throat from his words. I paused a moment to compose myself and turned back.

„Thank you.“ I said quickly and left his room. I got a few steps down the hall before the first tears started running down my face. I wiped them away but they were replaced by more. I returned to my bedroom and was thankful to hear the soft sound of my husband's snore. I made my way to the through the darkness by memory and slid back under the covers.

I laid against the pillow and my tears ran rivers down my cheeks. My son's words had touched something inside of me and triggered an eruption of my emotions. I tried to fall asleep, but his voice just echoed in my head, causing me to silently sob, shaking every so often. Never had someone, not even my own husband, said something so wonderful with such sincerity in their voice. Never had I ever felt so beautiful.