

Mommy File – Late Night Surprises

By Klrxo

“Mom, you're naked!” Simon exclaimed, his eyes widening in shock as he came downstairs just after midnight. Sharon's back was towards him as she leaned over, searching for something in the fridge. Her smooth, bare skin glowed under the dim light of the kitchen, and her thick, naked ass was pointed right at him, slightly spread apart to expose the pink ring of her butthole. The sight alone was enough to make Simon's heart race, but then he noticed the hairless labial flanges puffing out from between her legs and his pecker instantly turned as hard as stone.

Sharon straightened up quickly, the motion causing her oversized boobs to wobble in unison. The blonde-hair beauty spun around with a look of evident embarrassment on her face, but made no effort to cover her nudity.

“Oh, I'm sorry, sweetheart,” she stated. “I came down to get a drink of water and didn't expect anyone to be up at this hour.”

“So that's why you're, um...naked?” Sharon's lusty-eyed son asked.

The mother glanced down at the tremendous rack ballooning from her chest, then back at Simon blushing. “I suppose I should have slipped on a robe or something.” The warm flush of embarrassment spread across her cheeks as she realized how exposed she was in front of her own son.

Simon felt his stomach flutter nervously, unsure of how to react to the sight before him. Sharon was his mother, after all, and yet there was something undeniably erotic about the way she stood there,

unabashedly naked in the kitchen at midnight. He couldn't help but notice the way her thick pink nipples protruded out from the huge soft mounds of her breasts.

"Uh, it's okay, Mom," he stammered, trying to keep his voice from cracking. "I mean, I've seen you like this before."

Sharon's eyes widened in surprise. "You have?"

Simon looked away, his cheeks burning with embarrassment. "Well, not...not like this...but you were changing clothes in your bedroom. It's just...different seeing you like...like this."

"Well, you're not a little boy any more," Sharon pointed out. "You should be able to handle seeing a female naked, even your own mother."

"So, it's not wrong if I get, um, you know...hard?" he asked, glancing down at his rising crotch.

Sharon's eyes widened in surprise as she looked down at his bulging briefs. She bit her bottom lip and stared at him for a moment before finally shaking her head.

"I suppose not," she whispered, her voice barely audible. "But it's probably not something we should be discussing in the kitchen. Why don't we finish this conversation in your bedroom."

With a slow nod, Simon's eyes followed Sharon as she ascended the stairs. Her hips swayed seductively, each step causing her round, meaty buttocks to jiggle deliciously. He couldn't help but feel a surge of arousal, his gaze fixed on her bare form as she moved with confidence through the quiet house, unbothered by the sleeping figures in the rooms they passed.. Her skin glowed in the moonlight that filtered through the windows, casting her in an ethereal light.

She was like a blonde-haired goddess, completely uninhibited and irresistible. As they reached his bedroom, Simon could barely contain himself as he closed the door behind them, his mind racing with anticipation for what was to come.

"Curl up in bed, and I'll tuck you in just like I used to," Sharon suggested, her voice soft and soothing.

Simon eagerly complied, sliding under the covers and watching as his mom leaned over him, her massive breasts dangling and swaying enticingly in front of his eyes. They hung heavily, seemingly defying gravity, with deep cleavage that resembled a gorge of creamy flesh. His eyes fixated on the wide areolas and turgid nipples crowning her melons, and his tongue unconsciously gliding across his lips in desire.

"Looks like you're getting quite an eyeful tonight," Sharon winked as she tucked the blankets in around him.

"Your body is just so..."

"So what, sweetheart?" the pretty mother asked, eager to hear his assessment of her naked form.

"Curvy and beautiful."

Sharon chuckled at his visible arousal. "A woman's body is meant to be admired," she said with a knowing smile. "Just because I'm your mother doesn't mean you have to suppress your natural instincts to appreciate it."

Simon's curiosity got the best of him as his gaze returned to her pendulous udders "Why do moms boobs seem so much bigger than the ones on girls my age?"

Sharon chuckled softly. "Well, sweetheart, as women age, their bodies change. Hormones and genetics play a significant role in how our bodies develop over time. My breasts are much larger now than when I was your age, and that's perfectly normal."

Simon's eyes widened with curiosity. "But, why do they get so much bigger?"

Sharon ran her hands gently over her own jutting slopes, her fingers brushing over her rubbery teats. "As women age, their bodies produce more estrogen, which affects the size and shape of our breasts. It's just part of the natural process of growing older."

Simon stared at his mother's chest, mesmerized by the sight of her huge breasts and how close they were to him. "Can I... touch them?"

"Oh..." Sharon uttered, taken aback by his bold question. Her mind raced as she tried to come up with a response. "I'm not so sure that's an appropriate thing for you to do, sweetie."

"But you told me not to suppress my natural instincts," Simon responded, reminding her of their previous conversation. "And what if my instinct is to touch your boobs?"

Sharon hesitated, unsure of how to respond. "Yes, I did say that," she admitted, "but we also have to consider societal boundaries. You know, like what's appropriate or not appropriate for a mother and son, in terms of touch."

Simon's expression fell slightly, disappointment clouding his features. "But why? They're just boobs. If you wanted to touch my penis, I would totally let you."

A spark of interest ignited in Sharon's eyes at Simon's words. "You would let me touch your...penis?" she asked, her voice tinged with curiosity. "Really?"

"Of course," Simon replied confidently. "You could touch it all you want, and if you wanted to put it in your mouth, I wouldn't tell a soul."

Sharon couldn't help but giggle at Simon's brazen offer, causing her dangling breasts to sway playfully. "Put it in my mouth, huh?"

"Yeah, you know, like a blowjob—"

"I know what a blowjob is, sweetie," she giggled mischievously. "Is that something you've fantasized about?"

"Are you sure you want my honest answer?" her son asked, his voice tinged with hesitation and a hint of excitement.

Sharon reached out to gently rub her son's cheek, the softness of his skin soothing her nerves. "Of course, I want you to be completely honest with me, sweetheart. We've always had a relationship built on openness and trust, haven't we?" Her words were gentle and reassuring.

"Well, yes...but it might be kind of embarrassing to tell you all of the things I've imagined doing with you," Simon blushed, his cheeks turning a deep shade of red.

A small smile tugged at the corners of Sharon's lips as she looked at her son's bashful expression. "Well, how do you know that I haven't thought of doing some of the same things with you?" She whispered, raising an eyebrow playfully, her full lips curling into a mischievous smile.

Simon's eyes widened in surprise and disbelief. He couldn't believe his mother was suggesting that she might have similar fantasies about him.

"Like what?" he whispered, unable to contain his curiosity. "What types of fantasies do you have?"

Sharon leaned closer to him, her voice dropping to a whisper as well. "If I share one thing, one time that I had a naughty thought about you, do you promise that you'll share something with me too?" Her eyes gleamed with mischief and anticipation.

Feeling a mix of excitement and nervousness, Simon nodded eagerly. "Yes, I swear I will."

"I'm feeling a bit cold," Sharon shivered dramatically, causing her tit-melons to jiggle enticingly. "Do you mind if I crawl under the blankets with you first?" She gave him a sly wink.

A grin spread across Simon's face as he peeled back the blankets invitingly. "No way, I don't mind at all." He could feel his heart racing with anticipation as his mother crawled into bed beside him.

Sharon could feel the heat of his body next to hers, and she could see the outline of his arousal through his boxer shorts as she threw the blanket back over them. Her heart raced with excitement and a tinge of guilt as she thought about what she was going to say next.

"Remember last month when your father was working those long hours to finish up his business deal?" Sharon asked, her voice low and seductive.

"Yeah, I remember," Simon replied, his eyes flickering with curiosity. "We hardly saw him at all that week."

"That was the same week that I went to your away baseball game, the one that I drove you home from afterwards," Sharon continued, her hand running lightly over Simon's chest.

"Yeah, I remember that too," Simon acknowledged, feeling a sense of anticipation building in his gut.

"Well, I'll admit, since your father didn't have enough energy for sex, I was really horny and sexually frustrated that week," Sharon confessed, her cheeks turning a light shade of pink.

Simon's eyes widened in surprise at her bold admission. His mind raced with possibilities as he waited for her to continue.

"On our way home, I had a sexual fantasy... that you and I pulled over to a rest area, climbed into the back seat of the car and had hot, nasty sex together for several hours," Sharon whispered, her words sending shivers down Simon's spine.

"Wow, you really fantasized about that?" the boy asked, his jaw lowered in disbelief.

"Yes," she whispered. "See, moms think about naughty, sexual things just like boys do."

"I would have totally been down with that!" Simon confessed, his heart racing at just the thought of sharing such an experience with her. "You know, having sex with you at a rest area."

"Sweetie, they're called fantasies," Sharon giggled. "They exist in our minds only and they're not meant to be a reality," Sharon explained, her voice soft and soothing.

"Wait, that can't be right," Simon stated incredulously, his eyes wide with surprise. "I've dreamt of seeing you naked for a long time and tonight MY fantasy finally came true."

“Yes, I suppose it did, didn't it?” Sharon responded coyly, a hint of amusement in her voice. “But it was all by accident. I had no idea you'd be coming downstairs at this hour.”

“Yet...when I did, you didn't seem to mind being exposed,” Simon pointed out with a mischievous grin.

Caught off guard by the undeniable truth in his words, Sharon shrugged her shoulders sheepishly. “Well, I guess I unknowingly fulfilled one of your naughty fantasies then, didn't I?”

“You certainly did,” he replied, his gaze lingering on her alluring figure. “And now it's only fair that I return the favor.”

“Return the favor?” Sharon echoed playfully, arching an eyebrow in question.

“Yes, you made one of my fantasies a reality, so it's only fitting that I make one of yours come true as well,” Simon clarified with a mischievous glint in his eye.

“No, sweetheart, you don't have to—”

“Come on, mom... I won't tell anyone that you crawled into bed with me naked, and I'll keep whatever fantasy of yours you want me to make come true a secret,” Simon offered.

Sharon shook her head even though it was clear that she was seriously considering the offer.

“I don't know, Simon,” she sighed, her eyes drifting to the ceiling as she weighed her options. “I'm not sure if this is such a good idea.”

Simon shifted closer to her, draping an arm over her shoulder in a comforting gesture. “How can it not be a good idea if only you and I

know about it?" he whispered softly. "And if you trust me with this, it'll make the fantasy that much sweeter, I promise."

Sharon looked down at him, studying his face and the sincerity in his eyes. She knew that he'd keep his promise, but she wasn't sure if she could take such a risk. "Alright," she finally agreed, the words barely escaping her lips, "but just this once and after we're done we have to act like it never happened."

"Deal," her son nodded eagerly, his eyes full of mischief. "Now what naughty fantasy of yours can I make come true?"

Sharon hesitated for a moment, feeling a mix of excitement and nervousness at the prospect of confessing her deepest desires to her own flesh and blood. But she couldn't resist the opportunity to finally experience pleasure in a way she had always yearned for.

"Alright," she sighed, steeling herself to share something she never expected she would. "First of all, not to sound mean, but...your father...isn't very gifted down there," she whispered, eyeing Simon's crotch with a hint of disappointment. "I mean, he's not small by any means, but he's just not long enough to completely fill me either."

Simon's face flushed with embarrassment and a sense of hopefulness. He couldn't believe his mother was confiding in him about such an intimate matter. But as he thought about it, he couldn't help but feel a surge of determination to fulfill her desires.

"Oh, um...sorry," Simon uttered, trying to suppress a grin at the thought of being able to satisfy his mother in ways that his father had not been able to. "That must be really frustrating for you."

"It is. My favorite position has always been doggy style, but he just can't seem to reach far enough to really hit the spot I need hit,"

Sharon continued in a soft tone, her cheeks turning pink with arousal.

Simon couldn't deny the rush of pride he felt at hearing this admission from his own mother. And as he thought back on his recent sexual experiences, he realized that he might just have the perfect solution to her problem.

"Okay then," Simon murmured slyly, "so your fantasy is for me to, um...do you that way?"

"I've been watching you try to conceal your erections from me since you were thirteen," Sharon confessed, a mischievous glint in her eye. "And judging by what I've seen over the years, I think you have just the right length to, um...hit my bullseye."

Though Simon blushed at his mother's boldness, he couldn't deny the thrill that shot through him at her words. Just a month ago, he and a friend had indulged in some wild sexual escapades with a group of cheerleaders after school, experimenting with various positions and techniques. And among them was doggy style, which he had quickly become adept at.

"I can make that fantasy come true, no problem," he said with an anxious grin. "I'll show you what this "perfect" length can really do."

"Perfect length, huh?" she teasingly asked.

"That's what I've been told."

"Well, sweetie...sometimes a girl can just tell a guy what he wants to hear."

“Were you telling me what I wanted to hear a minute ago?” he asked. “When you said that you thought I could hit your bullseye?”

Sharon chuckled, her eyes sparkling with mischief. “Oh no, I wasn’t just guessing,” she said coyly. “We women have a keen eye for sizing up a man, especially one we’ve lived under the same roof with for years.”

Simon’s eyebrows shot up in surprise. “So you’re saying you know the length of my penis, even though you’ve never actually seen it since I was little?”

A wicked grin spread across Sharon’s face as she leaned in closer to him. “I’m pretty confident I could accurately guess your size within an inch.”

“Okay then, go ahead and try,” Simon challenged.

Sharon pretended to ponder for a moment before giving her answer with a smirk. “I would say...fully erect, your penis is about 9 ½ inches. Does that sound about right?”

Simon’s jaw dropped in shock. “Wow, that’s impressive. It’s actually just over 9 ½ inches, but not by much. You are amazing.”

Sharon winked mischievously at him, her lips hovering dangerously close to his. “You may be surprised at what us moms are capable of,” she teased. “If you think my cooking is good...wait until you see me fuck.” Her voice was low and seductive, sending shivers down Simon’s spine.

“Do you wanna see my cock now?” he candidly asked.

“Well, I suppose I should see my assessment was wrong and if you truly were over exaggerating your cock size,” she replied with an anxious wink.

Simon quickly pulled back the covers and shed his boxers, exposing a thick, veiny erection. His mother gasped, her eyes widening in a mixture of arousal and disbelief.

“That's quite the... instrument, sweetheart,” she managed to say, her voice husky with desire. “Not only long...but wonderfully thick.”

“I've bottomed out inside every girl I've been with,” Simon bragged, his gaze full of confidence and desire. “So I have no doubt that you'll be just as satisfied as they were.”

Sharon's eyes were still drawn to his cock, her own desire mounting with each word he spoke. “Well, that's certainly something to be proud of,” she praised, unable to tear her eyes away from his throbbing hardness. “Would you mind if I...um, felt just how hard you are?”

Simon's attention shifted to her heaving tits, his own desire intensifying at the sight of them. “As long as I get to feel how soft your boobs are,” he answered eagerly.

With a playful giggle, Sharon moved closer beneath the blanket. “Go ahead. I know you've been wanting to touch them since you caught me in the kitchen earlier.”

“I've wanted to touch them for far longer than that, mom,” Simon confessed, his voice filled with longing and excitement.

Both of them sighed in unison as their hands met their desired destination.

Simon ran his fingers over the slopes of her tit-melons, feeling their supple texture against his fingertips. His mom, in turn, wrapped her hand around his shaft, marveling at the thickness and length of it.

As she ran her fingers over his blood swollen veins, Sharon felt a tingle of arousal course through her body. She imagined what it would feel like to have those veins sliding along her slick inner lining, and her desire only grew stronger.

“It feels so powerful,” she cooed, tracing the outline of his veins with her fingertips. “I can see why the girls all crave it.”

“I always make sure to give them a good, long fucking,” Simon stated proudly. “I want to make sure they’re completely satisfied.”

Sharon’s fingers moved towards his bell tip, feeling the warmth radiating from it. “Your knob is so plump and full,” she whispered, marveling at its size. “I can only imagine how incredible it must feel inside a wet, tight pussy.”

He groaned at the sensation as Sharon began to slowly stroke him, while he cupped her breasts, gently kneading and caressing their fatty meat. Their eyes locked, conveying a mix of lust and longing.

“I used to wash this penis when you were little,” she snickered reflectingly. “I never dreamed that it would get this big and I'd have it shoved inside my pussy one day.”

“I'll let you wash it again,” said Simon, “but with your cum this time.”

“Is that a promise?” she asked, staring into his eyes seductively while gently yanking his pre-cum slickened shaft. “Are you gonna make me soak your cock with my nectar?”

Simon nodded, his eyes alight with determination. “I'll have you cumming so hard you'll be screaming my name, mom.”

Sharon shuddered with excitement, her thick teats hardening against her son's hands. “Well, don't make me scream your name too loud,

sweetie. The last thing we wanna do is wake every one up," she stated.

Simon let out a wry chuckle. "Yeah, if dad walked in on us, that would certainly put a swift end to your naughty fantasy," he acknowledged.

"Along with my entire marriage," Sharon chimed in dryly.

Simon's eyebrows shot up mischievously. "Well, WE could always get married and then we could have doggy style sex every night."

Sharon couldn't help but laugh at his suggestion. "Oh really? Is that another fantasy you'd like to see come true?"

"I'll admit," Simon confessed, his tone turning serious, "I've imagined making love to you in every place and position imaginable."

A sly smile spread across Sharon's lips as she leaned in closer to him. "Well, maybe we can discuss those places and positions another time," she winked playfully. "For now, the only place I want to be is here on your bed with you pounding me from behind."

Simon wasted no time in taking her lead. "I'm ready whenever you are."

Sharon shifted her naked body onto her hands and knees, her heavy tits flopping back and forth as she thrust her lovely, naked ass back, presenting her soaking wet pussy to him. Her heart pounded with anticipation as she glanced over her shoulder at Simon.

"Come on, sweetheart," she whispered, wagging her ass-globes hornily. "Come hit that bullseye."

His excitement matched her own as Simon crawled up behind her, his raging, teenage erection bobbing with every motion. She could tell how much he wanted this, just as much as she did, and it only fueled her desire even more.

Simon lined up the head of his cock with Sharon's entrance, feeling the warmth and wetness of her waiting pussy. More pre-cum formed at the tip of his cock, glistening in the dim light.

"Ready or not, here I come," he said, wedging his spongy knob between her slick labial lips.

"Oh, I'm definitely ready," Sharon replied, her voice shaky with desire.

He slowly began to thrust, sinking deeper and deeper into her, feeling the full length of his cock slip inside her hot, wet pussy. Sharon gasped at the sensation, her hips moving in rhythm with his.

"Oh, god, Simon, you're so big!" she moaned, her voice strained with pleasure.

"I'll go easy, mom," he reassured her, his cock sliding in and out of her at a gentle pace. The ribbed lining of her vagina stretched to accommodate the thick meat of his slab, coating it in a slippery layer of secretions.

But Sharon wanted more. She wanted to feel him plunge into her harder, to be filled completely by her son's thick erection. "Don't you dare go easy," she panted, then reached back and grabbed his hips, pulling him deeper into her.

Simon groaned at the sudden change in pace, his cock sliding in and out of her faster now, his hips slapping against her rippling ass with every thrust. Sharon cried out with each impact, her pussy clenching

around his cock in a welcoming embrace, stimulating his sexual nerve endings.

“Oh, God, you're gonna make me cum already!” Sharon whimpered, feeling his knob strike the ring of muscle at the entrance of her womb.

“That's the goal, mom,” Simon groaned, his lust-crazed eyes locked on her. “I'm gonna make you cum so hard you'll forget your own name.”

With that, he surged forward, his cock penetrating her pussy like a battering ram. Sharon let out a loud, guttural moan, her hands clawing at the sheets beneath her. She knew she wouldn't last much longer; her body was already reacting to the intense stimulation.

Simon continued to pump away, his cock sliding in and out of her with a wet, sloppy sound. He felt his blood swollen knob hit the “bullseye” ring at the back of her baby-chute, smearing pre-cum at the entrance to the womb that once held him. Each thrust brought a new wave of pleasure, causing their minds to cloud with passion.

“Fuck, Simon, you feel incredible,” Sharon gasped, her voice hoarse with emotion. “I can't believe how good you feel inside me.”

Simon could only grunt in response, his eyes glued to her bouncing, rippling ass as he plunged into her from behind. The sight of her naked body, her gigantic tits swinging wildly with every thrust, was almost too much to bear.

“I'm cumming, Simon,” Sharon's pretty voice announced.

She panted, her skin flushing with heat, her pussy pulsating around his cock as wave after wave of pleasure washed over her. “Oh, fuck, yes! Oh, god, Simon!” she cried out.

The teenager's heart raced as he pumped harder, faster, his cock throbbing with each powerful thrust. The orgasm hit him like a freight train, coursing through his body, making his legs tremble.

"I'm cumming, mom," he gasped, his voice hoarse. "I'm cumming inside you."

Sharon let out a guttural moan, her orgasm peaking as she felt his hot, sticky cum filling her pussy, coating her cervical head. Her walls clenched around him, milk him of every drop.

They continued to fuck, their bodies moving in harmony, sweat pouring down their flesh, their groans and moans echoing through the room, despite the danger of being overheard by others in the house.

As the last throbbing pulse of his orgasm subsided, Simon pulled out of his mother, watching as his cum dripped from her soaked pussy lips. Sharon collapsed onto her elbows, her heavy tits bouncing and jiggling as she caught her breath.

"Oh, sweetheart," she panted, "I've never felt anything quite like that before."

Simon just smiled, proud of himself for giving his mom such an intense orgasm. He couldn't help but gaze at her still naked form, her body slick with sweat, her breasts heaving as she recovered. He hoped during the next "fantasy come true" that he'd get to suck on her swollen nipples.

"That was amazing," he agreed.

"You were incredible, Simon," she continued, her voice still breathy. "I can't believe how good it felt to have you inside me."

Simon leaned down, his lips brushing against her earlobe as he whispered inside of it. "I'm glad you enjoyed it, mom. I'm glad we could each make a naughty fantasy of ours come true tonight."

She looked into his eyes mischievously. "We did, sweetheart. We definitely did."