

Mommy file #28 - Break time...with Mom

“I'm here, honey! 😊” Henry's mom texted. This brought a big smile to the boy's face. He was in the middle of his shift at the cell phone store and was ready for his fifteen minute break.

His mom was parked in her usual spot at the side of the building. Every day that he worked, she came to visit him during one of his breaks.

“Hey, mom!” he said in greeting as he got inside her car and sat down.

“Hi, sweetheart!” the curvy, brunette-haired mother replied with a smile. Autumn wore a light summer dress that left her smooth, sexy legs exposed. “How's your shift going?”

“Other than dealing with demanding ‘asshole’ customers, it's going ok,” he answered, admiring the V-cut neckline of her dress and how it showed off so much of her tremendous cleavage.

“Oh, sweetie, I'm sorry,” the mother consoled, reaching over and rubbing his shoulder tenderly. “Do you need some stress release?”

“Do you mind?” he asked, glancing over like he didn't wanna inconvenience her.

“Of course I don't mind,” she replied. “I like to help you cope with workplace stress. Why do you think I come visit you during your shift?”

“Well, I know dad works all day, so you don't get much time with him.”

“Ha!” Autumn blurted, making her exposed boobie-meat jiggle. “That fact certainly doesn't stop HIM from playing golf with his buddies every Saturday, does it?”

“Yeah, that's true.”

“So just because he's home doesn't mean I can't come visit my ‘favorite man’ during his work-break.”

“Well, you know I appreciate it, mom.”

Autumn glanced at the backseat of her car. “Let's get in the back.”

Once they were in Autumn's backseat the both of them hastily stripped naked, like it was just part of a routine that they had followed regularly. By the time his mom unclasped her bra, releasing her fat triple d-cup tits, the boy was fully hard. Now as naked as a porn-star, Autumn gazed over at the teen with her alluring green eyes and smiled. "Top or bottom this time?" she softly asked.

"Bottom," he replied.

"Lay back," she whispered, gently nudging him back on the seat.

Watching his huge-titted mom mount his midsection on her backseat was easily the most exciting part of Henry's day. Her vagina was always dripping wet, lubricating the journey of his thick, blood-engorged cock.

"Mm, yes...right inside mommy's rocket-dock," she cooed. Since he was little, Autumn had always referred to her boy's dick as his rocket. So when they began having sex, after he turned 18, her pussy became known as her son's 'rocket-dock.'

With her son's erection buried up her hot cooter, the mother brought her heavy breasts down onto his face. She knew her boy was the most turned-on while his head was wedged between her giant milkers.

Henry reached back and grasped the fatty globes of his mom's ass with both hands. He began thrusting his own butt from the car seat. This made the slab of his long meaty prick pump steadily through the snug grip of her pussy-tube.

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"Ohhh...such a long, fat rocket! Mommy loves it!" Autumn panted, feeling her boy's jutting hardness slip along her pleated vaginal walls.

When Henry was home and his father was at work they could take their time, engaging in two to three hour sessions of passionate intercourse. The boy's work breaks, however, were only fifteen minutes, so fucking and cumming quickly during his mom's visit was always of the utmost importance, so he didn't lose his job.

Autumn knew this also, so the beautiful brunette was always diligent when it came to putting her sexual skills to work for her son. She pumped her wide,

child-bearing hips...slamming her pink pussy-hole down around her boy's penis, making her shaved vulva SLAP rhythmically against his cock-root.

“Ahhh, yes, mom!” the boy squirmed, feeling her clasp her pelvic floor muscles around the rigid meat of his cock. Like a good, hypersexual mom, Autumn did hundreds of Kegel exercises a day. This consisted of tightening and releasing her cuntal muscles over and over, to keep a well-conditioned pussy, so that she could give her teen exquisite sexual pleasure.

“You like it, sweetie?” the mother asked, bobbing her rounded ass up and down. “Is mommy about to make your rocket blast right off your balls?”

“Yess! It feels so good!” Henry gasped, his voice muffled by pounds of jiggling tit-meat. Whenever his mom rode him, he loved to have his face buried deep in the canyon of her tit-cleavage, with his face turned slightly, so he could completely mask it in the squishy flesh of one of her boobs.

“Ready for countdown, my sexy rocketman?” his mom asked breathlessly.

“Uh-huh!”

“Ten, nine, eight, seven...” the mother counted down, while increasing her fuck-tempo.

Henry eyes rolled back as he listened to his mom count him down while fucking him. Their genitals beat together heatedly. Autumn's hot cuntal secretions sizzled like rocket-fuel on her son's glans. This, while her muscled pleasure-tube chewed at the tender meat of his plunging boner.

The mother's voice shouted with urgency. “Four, three, two, one...blastoff!!”

“UGHHH!!” the teen grunted, as a big fat geyser of spunk blasted from his meatus. As more sperm pumped from his body into his mother's, he felt like all of the work stress was being transferred along with it.

“There you go, honey. Let mommy have it all,” Autumn mewled, knowing what a calming effect having such a climax would provide her son. “Let my hot pussy squeeze all those work-stressors out of your body through your hard penis.”

For several minutes, the boy moaned against the soft, spongy flesh of his mom's breast, while his rigid peter was milked by his mom's skilled vagina.

They put their clothes back on as quickly as they had removed them, then got out of the car. Autumn hugged her boy, mashing her jutting sweater-meat against his young chest. "Did you enjoy your break, sweetie?" she softly asked.

"I always do!" Henry confessed. "My boss asked me if I could pick up a few extra hours tomorrow, so it'll be a long day."

"Well then..." the mother whispered, gazing into her teen's eyes, "...mommy will have to share two break times with you tomorrow, won't she?"

"I certainly won't mind," the boy admitted, smiling from ear to ear.

"Better keep that big rocket-ship fueled up and ready to roar then," the mother giggled.

"I certainly will."

"See you at home," Autumn whispered, giving him a tender kiss on the lips and sending him on his way.