

## Mom's Unseen Watcher

By Klrxo

Jon's bedroom was next to his parent's bathroom, and he always felt a rush of excitement when he heard the shower running in the evenings. He knew it was his mother who typically took a shower at that time because his dad worked the overnight shift.

With an eager smile, he exclaimed to himself, "It's show time!" and quickly slid out of bed. He crept down the hallway, making sure his siblings didn't catch him sneaking into their parents' bedroom.

As Jon tiptoed down the hallway, he couldn't help but feel a sense of adventure. The thought of entering his parents' room was both thrilling and forbidden. He had always been curious about what secrets lay hidden behind their closed door.

He reached the doorway, his heart pounding in anticipation. Carefully, he pushed it open, just wide enough for him to squeeze through unnoticed. The warm glow of his mother's bedside lamp illuminated the room, casting long shadows across the walls.

Jon's gaze fell upon the neatly made bed. It seemed odd to him that his parents shared such a large bed when they didn't seem to spend much time in it together, since his father worked the overnight shift. But his thoughts were interrupted by the sound of running water from the adjoining bathroom.

With newfound determination, he tiptoed toward the en-suite. The door was slightly ajar, steam escaping through the crack like a mysterious mist. He peeked inside, happy to discover that his mom was still getting undressed.

Jon's blonde-haired mother, Kendra, undressed for her shower until she was left in only her bra and panties. Jon's eyes widened as he took in the sight of his mother's generous curves, her large breasts spilling out of her bra, the delicate lace barely able to contain them. He couldn't help but stare as she unhooked the bra, her humongous tits bobbling free and settling against her rib cage.

"Damn, mom has big tits," the teen muttered beneath his breath. He marveled at the wide, dusky pink caps crossing the peaks of her tits and the fat, delicious-looking nipples protruding from their centers.

Jon's cock was long and thick, standing at attention in his hand as he pulled it from his shorts. Its plump, pink head glistened in the warm light, a drop of precum already forming at the tip.

Jon saw the delicate lace of his mother's panties, clinging to her hips before she slowly peeled them down, revealing the smooth skin of her shaved vulva. He couldn't help but stare in fascination as her most intimate area was exposed to him.

Kendra's body was a masterpiece, curves and dips in all the right places. Her back was strong and toned, leading to the plump globes of her meaty buttocks, each cheek perfectly round and supple. The steam from the shower enveloped her, making her skin glisten and shine, the water cascading down her huge ballooning tits like a waterfall.

The sight of his mother in the shower, soaping up her body, filled Jon with a sense of awe and desire. He knew it was wrong to be watching her, but he couldn't help himself. Every night, he found himself drawn to the sound of the running water, the call of the forbidden.

As he continued to stroke his jutting cock, he couldn't help but fantasize about his mother. He imagined pumping his teenage rod through her tight pussy, while her boobs swung and bounced all over

his young body. His hand was a blur as he pumped his cock, using his pre-cum as lubrication as the passion built up inside of him.

Strangely, Kendra always felt like there were a set of eyes on her when she showered in the evening, but the only one's home were her kids. She couldn't shake off the eerie sensation that engulfed her every time she stepped beneath the cascading water. It was as if an invisible presence lurked behind the translucent shower door, its gaze piercing through her vulnerable state.

That particular evening, curiosity got the better of Kendra. She discreetly turned off the faucet and listened intently to the silence that enveloped the bathroom. There it was again—a faint rustle, almost imperceptible, but enough to send shivers down her spine. Her heart raced, and with a mix of trepidation and determination, she quickly opened the shower door.

To her surprise, there stood Jon, his wide eyes reflecting both guilt and curiosity. The realization struck Kendra like a blow to the chest — her own son had been watching her all this time. She gasped, clutching the towel tightly around her heavy breasted body, feeling a mix of anger, betrayal, and confusion wash over her. Words failed to form on her lips as she stared at Jon, waiting for an explanation that would make sense of this disturbing discovery.

Jon's face flushed with embarrassment and shame. He stammered, attempting to find the right words to explain himself. "Mom, I... I'm sorry. It's not what you think," he finally managed to say, his voice trembling.

Kendra stood in front of Jon, her face flushed with anger and hurt. Her blonde hair was damp and tangled from the shower, and droplets of water still clung to her smooth skin. Her blue eyes were filled with a mix of emotions, making them even more striking. She was clad in nothing but a towel, revealing her toned arms and legs,

and the sensational curves of her body. It was her enormous breasts that her teenage son was fascinated with the most.

As the boy stood up, he neglected to hide his cock. His mother reacted with a shocked gasp as she stared at her boy's appendage. Jon's boner looked like a sturdy oak tree stretching nearly ten inches from its trunk. Streaks of fat blue veins ran along its thick stalk and the size of his perfectly shaped knob made the mother's heart skip a beat.

"Explain yourself, Jon," Kendra demanded, her voice quivering with a mix of anger and curiosity.

Jon took a deep breath, his eyes filled with regret, but also lust. He decided that rather than make excuses, he'd just be honest with her. "Mom, I... I've been staring at you in the shower because I'm fascinated with your breasts. I know it's wrong, but I can't help it," he finally admitted, his voice barely a whisper.

Kendra's eyes widened in disbelief, her heart racing as she took in the confession. She had never felt so exposed and vulnerable before. Her mind raced with a mixture of emotions—disgust, anger, and vulnerability. But there was also a strange, unexplainable excitement that bubbled within her. She was turned on by the idea that her teenage son was attracted to her body. The sight of his sturdy fuck-muscles only added to her forbidden arousal.

She felt a strange urge to take control of the situation, to use her sexual power over Jon. "Was it really me who made your penis that hard?" she whispered, her eyes transfixed on her boy's cock-knob, watching a gooey string of pre-cum lower obscenely to the floor.

"Yes," the boy confessed.

Kendra stepped forward, letting the towel slide off her body and revealing her naked form. Her body language was one of confidence and dominance, even though inside she felt more conflicted.

Jon's eyes widened as he took in the sight of his mother's naked body, her heavy breasts swaying slightly as she moved closer. He couldn't believe the courage it took for her to reveal herself like that, but there was also a sense of admiration for her boldness.

Kendra continued to advance towards him, much to his confusion and nervousness. Her hand slowly reached out to touch his cheek, a gentle caress that sent shivers down his spine. "It's okay, Jon," she whispered softly, her voice filled with both emotion and lust. "I didn't expect this from you, but it seems I've awakened something in both of us."

Jon couldn't believe what was happening, but there was a part of him that was rising to the occasion as more blood pumped inside his sex organ, making it flex at a perfect upward angle. His body was responding to his mother in ways he had never imagined, and it was both exciting and terrifying all at once. "What do you mean?" he asked, more so regarding how she was feeling rather than him.

"Ever since your father started working the overnights, I've missed being looked at the way you're looking at me now." Kendra explained, her voice husky with desire. "I've been feeling neglected and unwanted lately. Your eyes have given me a sense of desirability and importance that I haven't felt in a long time."

Jon's gaze fixated on Kendra's bare breasts, the soft curves and slight sway as she moved closer to him. He couldn't help but stare, amazed at the courage it took for her to reveal herself like that.

Kendra noticed the flexing of her son's erectile flesh and a devilish smile spread across her lips. "I can tell you're enjoying this, too," she

said seductively. "How long have you been spying on me in the shower, honey?"

Jon's face flushed with embarrassment, the truth too much to bear. "A few months now," he murmured, his eyes still fixated on his mother's naked form.

Kendra continued to advance towards him, until her spongy tit-melons bumped his chest. Her fingers trailed down his cheeks, tracing the outline of his Adam's apple. "Were you stroking on yourself while watching me?" she asked, her voice smoldering with desire.

He nodded, his cheeks burning even brighter. "Yes," he admitted, ashamed but unable to hide his feelings.

In one swift motion, Kendra cupped his face in her hands and pulled him close, their lips meeting in a passionate kiss. Jon felt overwhelmed, his entire body shaking, but he knew that this wasn't something he could resist any longer. As they broke apart, Kendra reached down and squeezed his erect penis in her hand. She could feel the skin of his boner pulled tight, the thick slab pulsing in her hand. "I want you to jerk off in front of me," she said in a serious tone.

"Jerk off...in front of you?" he repeated nervously.

"Yes, unless you'd like me to call your father at work and tell him what you've been up to," she warned.

Jon swallowed hard, knowing that he couldn't possibly back out now and risk his father finding out. He reluctantly agreed, feeling a newfound shame and excitement coursing through his veins.

"Okay," he managed to say, his voice barely above a whisper.

Kendra stepped back, giving her son some space. When Jon's trembling hand pulled on his erect penis, Kendra's breath caught in her throat. It was the most beautiful thing she'd ever seen, easily 3 inches longer than her husband's cock.

"Go ahead," she commanded, her voice husky with desire. "Beat the length of your dick in front of me."

Jon took a deep breath, his eyes locked on his mother's face, and he began to stroke his fully erect penis. He watched in disbelief as his own mom stared at his cock.

"How does it feel to be watched?" Kendra asked biting her lip slowly, her excitement growing with each stroke her son made. The sight of her son jerking off and the creamy sound his hand made as it slipped along the length of all that cock-meat was turning her on more than she ever thought possible, and she could feel the wetness between her legs becoming more intense. She wanted her boy to see just how much he turned her on.

Kendra began to sway her lush hips, her jutting tit-melons wobbling with each movement. She ran her hands over her body, cupping her heavy tits, and then trailing her fingers down her stomach, towards her sex. Jon watched in awe as his mother touched her shaved pussy, his own strokes becoming faster and more aggressive.

"Are you enjoying this, Jon?" Kendra asked, her voice breathy and sex-filled.

"Yes, Mom," he said, his voice hoarse. "I can't believe this is happening."

"Do you want me to touch my pussy honey?" she asked, her eyes never breaking from his.

"Yes," he replied, his voice shaking with desire.

Kendra reached down between her legs, her fingers brushing across her wet slit. She smiled at the sight of her son's reaction, his strokes becoming even more furious. She rubbed her clit, moaning softly, feeling the tension building within her. The sight of her boy's rock-hard fucker, slipping through his hand like it was a tight pussy made her pink, wet tongue slither across her lips.

"Cum for me, Jon," Kendra whispered, her voice filled with lust. "Show me what a big fucking load you can pull out of those beautiful balls of yours."

Jon felt as if he were on the edge, the pleasure coursing through him like an electrical current. He gripped his cock harder, his eyes never leaving his mother's. He let out a strangled groan as he released his load, his cum shooting out of his cock and splattering against his mother's tits and tummy. Kendra watched in amazement, her own arousal reaching its peak as she felt her own son's hot spunk splash against her skin.

"That's it, honey," she moaned, rubbing her clit furiously. "Show Mommy how much you love playing with yourself in front of her," she urged, her pulse quickening, her heart pounding.

Jon's pace slowed, his eyes never leaving his mother, and he grunted as his strokes became more powerful, shafting the air with his penis, his balls contracting with every jerking moment.

Kendra couldn't take it any longer. Her orgasm was upon her, her pussy pulsating, ready to release her own sweet nectar. She kept her clitoris into contact with her index finger, moaning and bucking her hips, feeling an immense surge of pleasure wash over her.

Jon was amazed by the noises that spewed from his mother's mouth. Over the years he'd heard her laugh and cry, but never in a million years did he think he'd ever listen to her gasp and squeal in pleasure like she was doing now.

Finally, after a few moments, Kendra stopped, her breathing ragged, her body shaking with post-orgasmic delight. She looked at her son, who was still standing there, his balls empty, his cock still as hard as an iron crowbar.

"Good boy, Jon," she whispered, her voice laced with pride and lust. "I knew you had a huge, sticky load of cum in those nuts that you wanted to impress me with."

Adrenaline and excitement surged through Jon's veins, his eyes darting between his mother's face body and the mess he had made on her body. He couldn't believe that what had started as a simple confession had escalated into this. But he couldn't deny the newfound connection between them, the passion that now burned deep within him.

Kendra stepped forward, her hand reaching out to cup his face. She leaned in close, mashing her oversized tits on his chest, her lips brushing against his. It was a tender, loving kiss, one that spoke of the depth of the emotions they had just shared.

"I need to finish my shower. Why don't you join me," she suggested, her eyes glinting with mischief. She turned and sashayed back across the bathroom, her delicious-looking bubble butt wagging with each step.

Jon moaned in arousal, unable to speak, his mind reeling with the shocking turn of events. But he knew that he would follow his mother anywhere, especially into the shower.

Kendra turned the shower back on and stepped under the spray, letting the warm water wash away the remnants of their intense encounter.

Jon quickly stripped off his clothes, his eyes never leaving his mother, as she started to soap herself up, her curves glistening in the

soft light. She beckoned him to join her, and he hesitated for a moment before stepping into the shower.

Kendra's face wore a smug grin as her son tentatively stepped into the steamy shower stall with her. She could see the mixture of both shame and excitement in his eyes. She grabbed more body wash and lathered it onto her ballooning tits, making them wobble as she rubbed them in a circular motion, watching her son's eyes follow her every move.

"Join me, Jon," she said seductively, reaching her arm out towards him. "That is what you dream of doing when you watch me, isn't it?"

He took a deep breath and came closer, nodding in response. "Yes," he uttered, hesitating for a moment more, but then leaning in to kiss her softly on the lips. She gasped slightly at his boldness and then returned the intimate kiss. The mother reveled in the feeling of his lips on hers, his body pressed against her tender mammary meat.

"What else do you dream of doing while you watch me?" she whispered.

As Jon hesitated, Kendra took matters into her own hands, literally and figuratively. She reached down and wrapped her soapy hands around his erect cock, gently stroking it as she gazed up into his eyes.

"Do you think about tasting me, honey?" she whispered, her voice thick with lust. "Do you dream of licking my thighs and taking my pussy in your mouth and tasting it?"

Jon's eyes widened at the bold question, but the truth of it hit him like a ton of bricks. He nodded slowly, a mix of shame and excitement coursing through him.

"What else do you dream of doing while you watch me?" she whispered, squeezing his dick-meat.

"Lots of things," the teen confessed.

"Do you dream about sliding your cock into my pussy, feeling my tight flesh around it?" she cooed. "Do you imagine the sensation of my warm pussy pressing against the head of your cock, taking you in as you thrust deeper and deeper inside of me?"

Jon's eyes widened again, and he hesitated for a moment before finally answering, "Yes, Mom. I do dream about that."

Kendra smiled at him, her soapy hand still stroking his thick, erect cock. She leaned in closer, her spongy breasts pressed flat against his chest. "Do you fantasize about sucking on my enormous tits?" she purred.

"Uh-huh."

"Sucking and chewing on my fat nipples?" she continued, her words sending a wave of lust surging through Jon's body.

"Yes," he breathed, his eyes locked onto his mother's blue eyes. The way her sudsy hand pulled on his tender prick felt divine. Her thumb slipped back and forth across his frenulum, stimulating his most sensitive area.

"Do you imagine our bodies intertwined, fucking in the shower, my breasts bouncing in your face, your cock sliding in and out of my wet pussy?" she asked, her voice becoming more breathless by the moment.

Jon bit his lip, struggling to hold back the truth, but finally, he nodded. "Yes, Mom."

Kendra's smile grew wider, her dark pupils glinting with desire. "Then tell me what you want, Jon."

His eyes flickered between hers, presenting the answer he'd been holding back on. "I want to taste you and feel you too, Mom."

"How do you imagine doing that?" Kendra asked, a hint of challenge in her voice, although her eyes still shone with lust.

Jon took a deep breath, trying to calm himself down as he answered, "I... I want to... to put your nipple in my mouth and suck on it until it's..."

"Until it's what?" Kendra interrupted, her excitement almost palpable.

The teen hesitated for a moment, but he knew he had to be honest. "Until it's so hard and erect like my cock is, and I can't get enough of sucking it," he finally admitted.

Kendra stared at him, her eyes widening with a mixture of shock and desire. She could hardly believe what she was hearing, but she couldn't deny the rush of adrenaline that surged through her at the thought of her son sucking on her turgid nipples.

"Tell me more," she whispered, her voice low and seductive. "Tell me what else you wanna do to me."

"I want to rub you all over with soap, just like you're rubbing me. And then I want to lick and kiss your skin, from your neck down to your pussy." Jon's voice was shaky, his eyes never leaving his mother's.

Kendra could feel her own excitement building, her heart pounding with desire. She couldn't believe how much she wanted this, how much she craved her son's touch. She stepped closer to him, her body pressed against his, her breasts soft and heavy against his chest. "Do you imagine me sucking your cock, honey?" she asked. "My hot mouth and throat working the meat of your pisser, like the tube of a pussy would?"

Jon's eyes widened at his mother's words, but his cock throbbed in response to the thought. "Yes, Mom," he whispered, his voice barely audible. "I dream of that too."

A devious grin spread across Kendra's face, her eyes gleaming with lust. "Well, perhaps we should make that happen, then," she whispered, her voice lower than before.

She reached out and cupped Jon's balls with her soapy hand, gently squeezing his egg-shaped nuts before running her fingers up his shaft and back down. "Imagine how it would feel to have my wet, warm mouth wrapped around the head of your cock," she murmured, tracing circles around his lips the tip with her tongue. "Sucking and stroking until you're ready to explode."

Jon groaned, his hips unconsciously bucking against his mother's hand. "I can't even begin to describe how much I want that."

His mother's hand continued to work him, her gaze never leaving his. "And when I'm finished, your cum will be splashing down my throat, just like it sprayed onto my tits earlier," she whispered.

A shiver ran down Jon's spine at the thought of his mother swallowing his cum. "Oh fuck, Mom," he groaned, his cock throbbing in her hand.

"That's right," Kendra purred, "my throat will be coated with your boy-seed, and I'll swallow every last drop." She released his cock, bent down and used one hand to brace herself on the shower floor, while other hand spread her pussy lips, exposing her moist, pink flesh. "And then, honey," she whispered, her voice low and sultry, "I wanna feel you inside me."

Jon's breath hitched as he stared at his mother's most intimate area in the juncture between her widely splayed thighs. Her cuntal aroma was overpowering, intoxicating, and he knew he had to taste it, to

feel it around his face. He took a deep breath, his cock throbbing harder than ever.

"Do it!" Kendra whispered, her eyes never leaving his. "Taste me, Jon."

He hesitated for a moment longer, but then got down on his knees and placed his mouth against her pussy, breathing in the musky smell that made him shudder with desire. He ran his tongue over her smooth flanges, tasting her sweetness and savoring the feeling of her twat against his lips. He licked her clit, the sensitive grape-sized nubbin swelling under his touch, and then he plunged his tongue deeper into her depths, sucking and licking at her wet flesh.

Kendra moaned, her eyes fluttering shut as she intertwined her fingers in his hair, holding his head in place. "Oh, baby, that's so fucking good," she breathed, her hips bucking against his mouth. "Fuck, I need to feel you inside me."

Kendra reached out and grabbed Jon's cock, guiding it towards her mouth. He watched as she slowly lowered her lips over the head, her wet heat enveloping his most sensitive appendage. She sucked gently at first, her tongue caressing the underside, then began to bob her head faster, taking him deeper with every thrust.

Jon moaned, his hands gripping the edge of the shower as he watched his mother sucking his cock. Her eyes were locked onto his, her gaze filled with desire and lust. She took him all the way, her throat stretching to accommodate his thick, meaty shaft, while her lips curled out obscenely along his hairless hilt.

"Oh, Mom," he groaned, his hips bucking against her face. "Your mouth feels so good!"

Kendra pulled back, her lips glistening with saliva and pre-cum. She stood up and spun around, pointing her thick, meaty mommy-ass his direction.

"Baby, I want you to fuck me," she said, her voice husky with need. "I want to feel you inside me, your cock sliding in and out of my wet pussy."

Jon gazed at her beautiful, naked body, her breast glistening with soap and water as they dangled heavily from her rib cage. He wanted to bury himself inside her, to feel her hot, wet walls clenching around him in ecstasy. He positioned himself behind her, at the entrance of her fuck-hole and slowly pushed forward, filling her baby-chute with his thick, erect member.

Kendra moaned, her eyes fluttering shut as he slid into her. "Oh, yes," she whispered, her voice dripping with lust. "Fuck me now, baby. Fuck me like I've been begging for."

Jon complied eagerly, his thrusts becoming deeper and stronger, his powerfully erect cock sliding in and out of his mother's wet folds. Their bodies slapped together lewdly, their breaths mingling in the steamy shower as Kendra cried out in pleasure, her hands clutching onto the shower walls for support.

"That's it, fuck me harder, baby!" she exclaimed, her voice rising in pitch with each thrust. "I need your cock so deep inside me that I feel it in my fucking throat!"

As their primal desires consumed them, Jon found himself craving to be even closer to his mother. He pulled out of her and turned her around, lifting her up to sit on the shower bench. Holding her legs opened wide, the boy positioned himself against her and buried his boner to its root.

Kendra moaned, her eyes wide with pleasure as her son's thick length slid all the way inside her, her pleated cunt-tunnel stretching and gripping him tightly. She wrapped her legs around his waist, her feet crossed above his pumping ass, her hands tangled in his hair, pulling him closer to her. "Oh, baby, that's it," she gasped, her voice hoarse with desire. "Fuck me harder, Jon. Fuck me like I've always wanted to be fucked."

Jon complied, his hips bucking and slamming into his mother's pussy, his cock plunging into her depths of her tight, slippery sheath over and over again. The water cascaded down over them, the splashing sound mingling with their grunts and moans.

Kendra writhed beneath her son, her wet, heavy tits sloshing wildly between them as her body arching up to meet his every thrust. "Yes...yes, just like that!" she cried, her voice trembling with passion. "Make me cum, baby! Make me cum while your hot teenage cock is inside me!"

Jon responded by increasing his pace, his sweaty body glistening in the shower steam as he pounded his mother's dripping cunt. Her pussy felt so tight and warm, her walls clenching exquisitely around his cock like a velvet vice, each pulse of her pre-climax milking his dick for every last drop of his seed.

Kendra let out a loud, guttural wail, her body trembling violently as she orgasmed. Her pussy muscles contracted around his cock, chewing on his erectile meat as she came, her cunt juices coating his shaft in a warm, slick sheen.

"Oh, fuck," she squealed, her breaths coming in short gasps as her orgasmic spasms continued to ripple through her. "Your cock feels so amazing inside me. I can feel every inch, every ridge, every twitch!"

Jon continued to savagely fuck his mother, her orgasm pushing him over the edge. He thrust faster and harder, the head of his cock scraping against the sensitive walls of her cunt. "I'm gonna cum!" he groaned, the words torn from his throat by his lust.

Kendra grinned, her eyes glazed with pleasure. "Cum for me, baby!" she muttered, her voice barely more than a breath. "Cum inside your own mother's baby cannon!"

With that, Jon's body shuddered violently as he released his load of scalding semen, filling her sloppy cunt hole with his teenage seed. His cock throbbed and pulsed, pumping spurt after spurt of his hot, pearly-white juice deep inside her.

Kendra cried out in joy, feeling the warmth of her son's semen fill up her insides. Her cunt muscles quivered with delight, milking his cock, making sure every last drop of his fertile load found its rightful place inside her.

As Jon's orgasm subsided, he slumped forward, his hands resting on the heaving, squishiness of Kendra's chest, his breaths coming in ragged gasps. "Mom," he whispered, the word laden with emotion. "That was everything I dreamed it would be."

Kendra smiled, her face glistening with sweat and cum. "I love it too, baby," she whispered back, her voice thick with emotion. "If your dad could fuck me like that I'd have the best marriage in the world."

"Lucky for me, he can't," added Jon.

Kendra couldn't help but giggle at her son's joke. She ran her hand up and down his back, her fingers finding their way to his ass, gently massaging it. "Well, I guess we'll have to keep this our little secret, huh?"

Jon nodded, a mischievous grin spreading across his face. "Our little secret. And I have to say, Mom, I think I'm going to love keeping it."

Kendra gave him a smirk. "I knew you'd feel that way." She pulled him closer, their bodies still joined, her fatty tits smothering his chest. She whispered seductively, "See, getting caught spying on your mom isn't such a bad thing."

"That's sure true."

"And just think..." Kendra said with a mischievous grin, "we're only just getting started."

"Just getting started?" her son asked curiously.

"Yep. Your dad will be gone all night," she answered in a sultry tone. "So let's finish rinsing off and go crawl into bed together."

Jon was so thrilled by her words he could hardly stand it. Fucking his busty mom over and over again, all night long, was certainly nothing he expected to be doing. But he knew with two powerfully orgasms out of his system he'd be able to fuck the shit out of her and give a night of pleasure that she so desperately needed and deserved.