

THE GRADUATION ROAD TRIP

Ahabscribe

On a cross-country trip, Mom plans her son's seduction.

Incest/Taboo

4.68

10.6k words

As usual, this story is fiction and any resemblance to any person living or dead is purely coincidental. All characters in this story live solely within the confines of my imagination. Enjoy!

Stan and I married right out of high school and I was already six months pregnant with our oldest, Chelsea. I had our son Joe when I was 21 years old. Things were okay between Stan and I for a few years years, but the truth is that the last five years, we've been all but divorced. We share the house and stayed married for the sake of the kids, but Stan and I maintain separate bedrooms and Stan has been keeping company with his latest secretary/whore for a couple of years now. We've already drawn up an amicable divorce settlement that will begin when Joe begins college.

About a year ago, I overheard my husband at cocktail party telling someone that "When Joe (our son), goes off to college, I expect Cathy to be living right there in the dorm with him." Now Stanley is a smartass, but he was a lot closer to the truth than he ever realized. For the last few years, I have been approaching the edge of panic as the prospect of "an empty nest" approached. But even more...the last several months, I've been more than unhappy at my youngest leaving the nest...I have fallen in love with my son! Well, maybe love...maybe lust...maybe something in between.

Still, I want my son, of that I have no doubt. It's amazing the transformation that he has undergone in the last couple of years. At sixteen, Joe was a scrawny beanpole, more likely to trip over his oversize feet than anything else. At eighteen, Joe has matured into a handsome hunk of a man! And he's sweet as can be...the kindest-hearted son any mom could ever ask for. And I find myself insanely jealous of any girl that gets his attention these days. I can't stand the thought of Joe going off to college and banging those college girls in his dorm room when I want to be the one spread-eagled on his bed getting fed his nine inches of hard cock meat (hell yes, I've peeked at him!), until I screaming my head off as I orgasm again and again.

I've been in panic mode since December when Joe announced he was going to attend a university in Arizona (we live in the frigid climes of Northern Michigan!). I knew immediately that there is no way I can survive with my son living clear across the continent. I decided that I would have to seduce him and wherever he wound up, it would be with his Mom's arms and legs wrapped tightly around him and his cock buried to the hilt in the only pussy he would ever need!

When Joe graduated from High School, he told us he wanted to take a road trip to Arizona...see the country and get settled in before the fall semester got underway. I told him that it was a great idea and that I just knew he and I would have lots of fun.

Joe was appalled at first when I told him I would be accompanying him on his road trip, but I played the guilt card about it being the last time we would get to spend time together and that it would be fun for us to have a grown up vacation rather than the ones when he was a kid. Of course, Joe had no clue how "adult" this trip was going to be!

I told my soon to be ex-husband that I would use the trip to break the news to Joe about our divorce and to give him the opportunity to move his stuff out (our settlement included me getting a healthy cash settlement and the house in exchange for me not showing the judge the pictures of him and his previous secretary doing more than balancing a client's books!). I neglected to tell Stan that I was going to use this road trip to lure our only son into my bed and between my thighs!

And I admit, I felt pretty confident about being able to do it. Now, I'm not some skinny, no-assed model, or even Kim Basinger, but I'm not bad for thirty-nine years old either. I stand five foot, six inches in my stocking feet and weigh about 150 pounds. I'm a little on the zaftig side. My measurements are 36DD-27-38. I think my tits have held up pretty well over the years...they're broad, heavy gourd shaped breasts that don't sag a great deal and I'm proud to say I've had my share of Joe's school buddies ogling my cleavage when I've teased them with the low cut blouses (I even catch Joe sneaking a peek now and again)m that I favor wearing. I'm a little stocky, but I'm not flabby...my legs are a little thicker than I want them to be, but they're still pretty shapely and I love to show them off with a skirt and high heels. My butt is a little wider than I'd like, but it is firm and I've gotten my share of wolf whistles for the way it wiggles when I walk. My eyes are brown and I've got light brown hair that remains slightly curly no matter what I do!

The first week of June was our starting date for our road trip. Joe and I both were busy with preparations...me focusing on landing him in bed and my son...well, I guess he was planning on just surviving a boring trip with his boring mom...HAH! In truth, he took care of getting our transport ready for travel. I'd given him my five year old Jeep Cherokee to drive and we decided to take it. Joe stayed busy getting the oil changed, new tires put on the Jeep and getting it tuned up. I gave him a credit card and told him to buy some clothes for the trip, food, a cooler and drinks for the road.

The big day couldn't get there soon enough for me...the days dragged by slowly, but finally came the big morning. We'd loaded the Jeep up the night before. I fixed the two of us breakfast, got dressed and woke his father up to say goodbye. Stan was sort of gruffly affectionate to his son, slipped him some extra cash and told him to take good care of me. Stan and I said our last goodbyes, kissing each other without any real passion. Neither of us was fooling ourselves. Our love life had been dead for yeas. When Joe was out of earshot, I told Stan that I wished him and his whore of a secretary all the best. Stan had no real reply to that, so he told me to have a safe trip and he'd leave his set of the house-keys with my best friend, Eileen.

Finally, with the morning sun shining on us, my son and I pointed the Jeep south and rolled out of Northern Michigan! Despite being bleary-eyed from our early morning start, Joe asked to drive first and woke up quickly as we buzzed down the road, the radio blaring out Classic Rock tunes (a taste in music that both my son and I shared).

I fidgeted around in my seat, trying to get comfortable with my seat belt and finally said, "Damn it...whoever designed these things sure didn't have big tits!" I let the belt slip off and grinned over at my son. I scooted around so I was comfortable, my back against the door and one leg tucked up beneath me. I was pleased as Joe's eyes grew wide at my outfit. I had on a very short blue denim skirt and a very low cut T-shirt. My bra pushed my big titties up and made them look even bigger with loads of cleavage and tit flesh visible. With every bump in the road, I knew my tits were jiggling big time and my son was sneaking glances every chance he could.

We passed the time with small talk and looking at the road map. We both agreed that it would be a lot more fun if we stayed off the Interstate and went by secondary roads and just took our sweet time. I showed off my legs as well as my tits by easing my seat back as far as it would go and sometimes propping my feet up on the dashboard. Joe gave my legs many admiring looks, being

sure to see how far my dress was slipping back and I rewarded him several times with some good glimpses of my panties. I had on some lacy French cut bikini briefs...white and sheer almost to the point of transparent. I'm sure he was able to see that his Momma had a thick, hairy muff and as turned on as I was, I was pretty sure he was going to see them stained with my juices before the day was out.

When we traded places and I took the wheel, I deliberately let my denim skirt ride up, exposing my thighs and my crotch. I was excited and flattered that Joe didn't mention it once, but eyeballed my crotch as we drove along. Joe and I chatted about his plans for college. As he told me about his plans to go into journalism school, I watched as his khaki shorts filled out with a beautiful erection caused in part by him staring at the growing wet stains in my panties.

When it was his turn behind the wheel again, I again sat with my back to the door and let my skirt flop upwards, spreading my legs wide enough for him to get a real good view of his mother's wet panties. In retrospect, it's a wonder we didn't drive right into oncoming traffic. I think my exhibitionism got to him. At a rest stop south of Toledo, Ohio, he spent the longest time in the Men's room and by the way he blushed when I asked him if he was alright, I think he was jacking off in a restroom stall. The possibility that my son was yanking his meat because of me thrilled me to no end and my pussy was tingling for hours afterward...keeping me wet and aroused. I'm sure if we hadn't had the windows down, the car would have been thick with my scent.

We decided to stop for the night in a little town in Ohio called Greenville. After we checked into a room at a motel (two beds alas), we went out and had dinner. On our way back to the motel, I spied one of your typical country and western bars/dance halls and suggested we go in. The place was about half full (it was a weeknight), but they had a decent little band playing and several people out on the dance floor. Much to Joe's chagrin, he couldn't order a beer because he was underage. "Guess you're the designated driver tonight!" I teased him as I ordered a beer for myself and a coke for him.

With some cajoling, I managed to get Joe out on the dance floor and was impressed with his ability to cut a rug. After a fast two-step, the band started up with a rendition of "Are You Lonesome, Tonight," and before Joe could beat a retreat, I had my arms around his neck and was pressing myself up against him. "You aren't embarrassed to slow dance with your old Mom, are you, Joe?" I asked him, looking up into his brown eyes, so much like my own.

Joe blushed and looked down at me and at the deep cleavage formed as I pressed my breasts against his chest. "Um...no...Mom." I grinned happily and reaching up on tip toe, planted a kiss on the corner of his mouth, allowing my heavy boobs to rub up and down against my son's body.

As the night passed, I drank several beers...enough to get a buzz, but not really drunk, although I acted like I was a lot drunker than I really was. We danced all evening...fast two steps and slow, sensuous dances. Several times, some good old boy would approach our table and ask me to dance, but I'd just lean into my son and giggle that I was already spoken for, winking at Joe as I did so.

We had a good time and then my sober Joe, pole hard in his pants, drove us back to the motel. With his arm around his "drunk" mother, Joe guided me up to our room. I pretended to be off balance and acting all affectionate and was continuously rubbing my self up against my son, insuring that his dick stayed hard.

"That was so much fun, Joe!" I laughed as we weaved into the motel room. "I love to dance. No one's taken me dancing in ages!" I threw myself at Joe, again flinging my arms around him. "Thanks, sweetheart for taking your mom dancing. I hope you weren't too bored?"

By now, a little used to me being in his arms, Joe wrapped his arms around my back and held me close...and as he had done all night, stared down at my tits. "Hell, no...uh, Mom! I really had a good time!" He hugged me a little tighter. "I'll take you dancing whenever you want!"

"Mmmm...I'd like that." I grinned up at my son and decided a little naughtiness was in order. "Damn, Joe. You are such a good looking man. If you weren't my son, I think I'd have to rip your clothes off and rape you."

My son's eyes almost popped out of his head. "Mom! Jeez...you must be drunk!"

I giggled as I reached down and slowly, deliberately palmed the bulge in his pants...I could feel his monster dick pulse! "I don't know, honey. If I was really drunk, I think I'd be fishing this big ol' thing out and sucking it, even if I am your mother!" I gave his covered hard-on a gentle squeeze.

Before Joe could respond, I stood on tiptoe and kissed him firmly on the lips...no tongue, but a firm, passionate kiss all the same. Then I whispered, "Good night, sweetheart. Mommy loves you." I turned around and flopped face down on one of the beds and pretended to pass out. Part of me hoped Joe would just grab me and ravish me on the spot, but I wasn't surprised when he didn't. I was aware of him just standing there, and I realized he was looking at me ass cheeks as my skirt had flopped up and my bikini briefs were leaving most of my butt naked. I sighed and spread my legs slightly so he could see how wet I was.

Joe groaned and fled into the bathroom, closing the door. Before long, I could hear him grunting and puffing and then a muffled few words I'd swear were, "Love you, Mom!" and then a long groan. I felt a great wave of contentment wash over me as I did fall asleep then. My seduction of my son was underway!

The next day we slept late and I awoke with a mild hangover. We knocked around that little Ohio town, visiting a museum with stuff about Annie Oakley (apparently Greenville, Ohio's most famous native), before getting back on the road around 1:00 P.M. Joe had been pretty quiet...subdued might be the word. I'm sure part of it was because of my actions last night, but part was due to the outfit I was now wearing.

I had on another short skirt...this one was red dyed denim and a matching cotton halter top that tied around my neck and exposed a whole lot more of my breasts than my previous day's blouse. I had abandoned my bra as well. Joe was getting a real good idea of the shape of my nipples as well as the heft and curve of my unfettered breasts. The halter top material clung to me like a second skin and my nipples, round as a nickel and half an inch long, were pushing against the material as if trying to escape. I was well aware that I looked a lot like a streetwalker on vacation, but I didn't care. I was just pleased to see my son burdened with a hard on more or less all day.

Back on the road, I worked to get Joe to talking. "You're awfully quiet, son. Everything all right?"

Joe was silent for a long time. Finally he spoke up. "I uh...I had fun last night, Mom, but it's just...I've never seen you act that way before."

"How do you mean...what way?" I asked, enjoying putting him on the spot."

Joe squirmed in his seat. "Jeez, Mom...I don't know...all sexy and stuff and it was like you were coming on to me or something."

I glanced over at him from behind the steering wheel. I winked at him and said, "And would that be so bad?"

Joe's face turned bright red. "That's what I'm talking about! Like you've gone wild or sex crazy or something!"

I laughed and blushed a little myself. "I'm sorry, son. I didn't know letting my hair down would scare you so much! I really thought since you were eighteen and all, that I could act more adult around you and treat you like an adult. You know, sex isn't that big a deal. I'm pretty sure you've done it, right?"

Joe turned redder. "Mom...God! But...I mean what you were saying about me...I'm your son."

I winked again and stuck out my tongue. "Vice is nice, but incest is best!"

I thought he might cum in his pants right then and there and his face was the color of a fire engine. "Mom! I can't believe you're talking like this!"

I reached out and patted his thigh. "Just teasing you, son! We've always been able to talk to each other about anything...can't we talk about sex, too?" I winked a third time. "I'm sure you're not a virgin...I'd love to hear how you lost your cherry."

"MOM!"

"I'll tell you about my first time if you'll tell me your's."

Joe was silent for a while. The whole time he was eyeing me and my partially clad body. My nipples were swollen and sticking out against the material. My skirt was pulled up around my waist, showing off my wet panties to my son again. In keeping with the day's outfit, these were lacy red bikini panties. Without looking down, I knew there was a darker spot that was probably getting bigger.

He pursed his lips. "Tonya Key."

"Hmmm." I responded. Tonya was my best friend, Eileen's daughter, a slender, tomboyish beauty a year older than my son. "Tell me more!"

Face beet red, my son began talking. He told me how he and Eileen had done it in our tool shed, almost getting caught when her father came over to borrow a chainsaw from Stan. Fortunately, Stan had talked him into coming into the house to watch the Detroit Tigers and drink a few beers. It was a funny story, but I felt a little sorry for Joe and Tonya, as it sounded like it hadn't been much fun, especially for her. I pulled details out of him like a dentist pulling teeth.

He talked about her slim body and how pretty she was, "But, I wish she'd had bigger breasts...like, uh," Joe glanced over at my heaving chest. "I mean I wish she had big breasts like you, Mom!"

Joe looked at my face to see if his words would make me mad, but I smiled at the compliment and said, "Ahhhh, my son is a tit man, huh? I'll have to remember that." I learned from my son that Tonya also shaved her pussy, keeping it smooth all over. I cast a speculative eye at my son. "I've

never shaved my bush off before. If you've sneaked any peeks at your old Mom, sweetie, you know I'm pretty hairy."

Joe blurted out, "I like women with hairy pussies, Mom." His eyes widened and he actually turned pale.

I reached out and patted his thigh again. "That's good to know, Joe." For some reason, the conversation dried out and we rode on silently for quite a while. I finally pulled us over into a rest stop and Joe was out of the Jeep like a shot for the rest room. I took care of my business, imagining my son in a Men's Room stall masturbating to an image of my wet, hairy pussy. And believe me, my pussy was wet right now! My panties were actually dripping with pussy cream!

Joe took over the driving afterwards and after a short silence, he said, "Your turn, Mom."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Um...how'd you lose your cherry, Mom? Was it Dad?"

I felt a fresh spurt of juice explode in my pussy at my son's question. "Oh! Well, no, it wasn't your father. Um, you know Uncle Chuck?" Uncle Chuck was actually my Mom's brother.

"You fucked Uncle Chuck, Mom!" Joe glanced over at me in disbelief. He actually swerved a little, drawing a honk from an indignant Kentucky truck driver.

I shrugged my shoulders. "Well, like I said...vice is nice, but incest is best!"

My son shook his head. "Uncle Chuck taught me to fish!"

"Well, son of mine, he taught your Mom a whole lot more!" I replied. "I was a teenager and the whole family was at a place up on Lake Huron for the summer and well, we snuck out one night and rowed a boat over to a little island and Uncle Chuck taught your Momma what a pussy and a cock are supposed to do!"

I thought Joe was going to explode in his pants as I explained how my uncle had licked my pussy until I had cum several times and then fucked me...that I was so wet and horny that losing my cherry hardly hurt at all, "And he had such a big cock...he made me cum and cum and cum." I sighed and acting if I wasn't even thinking about what I was doing, I fondled my breast, rubbing one very hard nipple as I continued, "Uncle Chuck had me so worn out he had to carry me back into the cabin."

"Wow!" Joe said. My son looked like he'd been pole-axed.

I glanced at Joe. "Sorry...you must think I've lost my mind, huh? Guess you never thought you'd be hearing your Mom talking in detail about her sex life?"

Joe bit his lip as he seemed to be debating with himself about what to say next. "No, but then I know you've not had much of a sex life lately and now that you and Dad are getting divorced, you're planning to get caught up, huh?"

It was my turn to be shocked. I hadn't mentioned the impending divorce yet. "You know your Dad and I are splitting up?"

Joe smirked. "Well, duh! You guys haven't shared a bed in years. Hell, Mom, Chelsea and I know you've only been staying with him because of us." He reached over and patted me on the knee. "We both know about Dad's cheating on you too. You shouldn't have waited for us to grow up to boot his ass out. You're too good a person to be treated the way he's treated you."

I almost cried at that. "I never thought you guys had a clue," I said.

Joe laughed. "Well, we did. So, Mom, let your hair down and have a good time. You deserve to find a fella that will take good care of you and love you."

Oh I wanted to scream, "Oh, son, I have! I want you," but the moment wasn't right yet. Joe looked over at me. "So, any prospects yet?"

I grinned and wiggled in my seat. "Oh...I've got my eye on someone."

We talked a little more...mostly about the impending divorce and the settlement and then as evening approached, we quieted down. At dusk, we arrived just outside a town called Corbin, Kentucky. We stayed at a motel near Cumberland Falls...a place I had heard about and always wanted to visit. We had a full moon and supposedly it would produce a moonbow at the falls. We found a place to eat and then drove up to the state park to see the falls.

Joe and I held hands as we walked slowly along the footpaths that led to the waterfalls. There were many people at the falls waiting for the Moonbow, but we appeared to be just another couple out for a romantic evening. Joe put a protective arm around me, his fingers brushing the upper portion of my right breast as we watched the huge falls in the moonlight. Like everyone else, we oohed and ahhed when finally, the full moon rose high in the night sky and a shimmering, ghostly white bow of light materialized. It was beautiful, made more so by the fact that the man I loved most in the world was holding me.

I turned and looked up at my son. "Thank you, Joe for bringing me here. I always wanted to see this, but your father thought it sounded boring."

Joe turned me towards him and hugged me tight, my breasts flattening against his firm chest...my erect nipples pressing against his t-shirt.

"I'm glad I could do this for you, Mom. I...I love you." His eyes glistened with emotion.

"I love you too, son!" I whispered back. I went on tiptoe and kissed my son, again firmly and was gratified to feel him kiss me back. Again, we didn't soul kiss, but kiss we did for a long minute. I could feel his heart pounding against my chest and felt my nipples trying to poke holes through my halter and his shirt. Joe's penis was rock hard and I could feel its long length throb against my thigh. As the kiss ended, I did get just a little naughty and brushed my tongue lightly against his lips. I put my head against his chest and we watched the moonbow for the longest time.

Near midnight, we walked quietly back up the footpaths and drove back to our motel. As we went up to our room, I notice that the swimming pool was completely deserted. A sign was posted that read, ADULTS ONLY. "What do you say to a midnight swim, honey?" I asked my son.

Joe thought that was a great idea. While I changed in the bathroom, Joe slipped on his swim trunks. I'm sure he could feel my eyes roaming over his handsome form when I emerged from the bathroom. Joe had been a soccer player in high school. He had a lean, muscular form on his five foot, ten inch body. His chest was lightly dusted with black hair as were his legs. He wore baggy

swim trunks, but even they couldn't hide the assets hanging between his legs. As Joe took in my outfit, his assets were growing quickly and I was flattered yet again as a tent pole emerged in his trunks.

It was with my son's seduction in mind that I had bought my swimsuits. I was wearing a zebra print bikini that I will confess was probably two sizes too small, especially the bikini top. My heavy, full breasts overflowed the cups, barely concealing my aureoles, the swimsuit material molded over my aroused nipples, revealing their precise shape and size. My bikini briefs were a French cut thong, a narrow strip of fabric covering my mound, but revealing large tufts of my pubic hair. I pirouetted for my son. "Well, Joe, what do you of your Mom's outfit?"

Joe google-eyed, replied. "Damn, Mom...that's one sexy outfit. You want to attract a guy, that suit should do it!"

I picked up a beach towel from the bed and walked saucily by him. "That's the idea, son," I giggled, running my fingers across his chest. Joe followed me downstairs, watching my almost naked ass cheeks wiggle as I walked.

We had the pool to ourselves. It was heated and in the warm June night, we were both delightfully wet and sticky. We swam around for a while...floated, talking about the day and our driving plans for tomorrow. Almost inevitably, one of us began splashing the other with water (okay, I admit it, I started it), and before long we were both splashing each other and then getting more physical...Joe dunking my head underwater and then me retaliating. We hollered and laughed and continued to horseplay.

Joe dunked my head underwater and I swam away. Underwater, I turned and saw him standing in about four feet of water. I decided to escalate the horseplay and swam up and yanked his swim trunks down, freeing his glorious, half-erect cock. I pushed him off balance and as he fell backwards in the water, completed my attack by pulling his trunks off all the way and swimming away with them!

Joe sputtered water and began swimming after me as I crested the surface and waved my trophy in the air. "Mom! Jeez...what if someone sees me! I'm buck naked!"

"Ooooh...really...this I gotta see!" I dove underwater and away from his reaching hands and took a real good look at my son's penis...now very hard and erect. Joe's cock is magnificent...nine inches long and very thick...it pointed upwards and I'd have loved to see Joe floating on the surface, his cock waving in the air!

I broke the surface again, giggling and waving my son's trunks around. "Somebody likes being naked judging from the size of things," I said. I stuck my tongue out at my son as he approached. He had me in the deep end of the pool and in a corner. I tried to duck under and escape, but his hands reached out and ripped my zebra striped top off!

I screamed with delight as my big tits bounced free. I know they're my best feature...big and round and with very little sag, considering I'm thirty-nine years old. My nipples hardened and swelled more as Joe stared hungrily at them. He lunged at me again...maybe to grab his trunks, maybe not, but instead his hands landed on my tits and he instinctively squeezed them.

I pulled myself towards him, wrapping my arms around his neck and said teasingly, "You always did like my tits...you cried for six months after I weaned you, trying to suck on my boobs." I wrapped my

legs around him to help keep me afloat and almost orgasmed as I felt his hard fuck pole slid between my thighs...only a thin piece of fabric separating my cunt and his cock.

Suddenly things got very quiet and I could feel both our hearts pounding. Joe's hands rested on my breasts, his palms subtly rubbing my hard nipples. I tightened my grip around his waist and began to hunch against his cock. Our eyes were locked and then...damn, damn, damn...a car pulled into the motel parking lot, the lights monetarily flashing on us.

We broke apart and swam towards the darkest area of the pool. Car doors opened and we heard feet and a man and a woman talking...laughing about the late hour. A door opened and closed and we were alone again. "I guess we better go inside, son," I said, laughing nervously. Still, I wasn't through being naughty.

I levered myself out of the pool, my breasts bouncing in the dim lights. I waved Joe's swim trunks at him. "You want them, honey...come and get them!"

Joe grinned back and waved my bikini top. "Yeah? Well, don't forget I got something of your's too!"

I shrugged my shoulders, well aware of how my movement made my meaty tits bounce. "I'm not worried about getting back to the room." I picked up the towels we'd brought down...but if you don't come up and get your trunks, you're walking back to the room naked."

Joe flushed. "You wouldn't dare."

I smiled sweetly down at my naked son. "Have you ever known your mother to bluff?" I knew from his expression that he knew he was beaten. Blushing from head to toe, Joe lifted himself out of the pool, giving me my first unfettered opportunity to stare at my son's cock in many years. He was still stiffly erect and under my open stare, he hardened even more, his lovely penis slapping up against his belly.

Of course, he was also taking the opportunity to take a long look at my breasts as well...I felt jolts of erotic electricity pulse through my body as my son looked at me lustfully.

"You're beautiful, Mom," Joe breathed. I can't understand how Dad could ever let you go."

I thought my heart might burst with love. "Thank you, son." I stepped up to him, my nipples just barely brushing his chest. I watched as the head of his cock swelled even more. I was dying to touch it. "The woman that wins your heart is going to be sooo lucky." I took a towel and wrapped it around his waist...allowing my fingers to brush over his fuck pole...so soft yet like steel.

Without saying another word, we quickly went back up to our room. I told Joe I was going to get dressed for bed and disappeared into the bathroom alcove. I showered the chlorine water off me and dried my hair. I pulled a T-shirt nightie out of the luggage and couldn't help but grin at myself in the mirror. The nightshirt had a big heart on it and the words, "Number 1 MILF!" emblazoned within the heart. The nightie came only to my upper thighs and it wouldn't take too much effort for some wandering hands to discover that someone's mother was without panties tonight!

I stepped back into the bedroom and smiled at Joe, sitting on the edge of one of the beds in a pair of gym shorts. He looked up at me and grinned nervously as he read the front of the nightshirt. The air was electric with tension and I felt that at any moment we would be rushing into each other's arms and that my son would be my lover before this night was over.

"This has been...uh, such a special day, son. Thank you so much, Joe! You don't know how long I've looked forward to us relating to each other as adults. I love you, son."

"I love you too, Mom," Joe replied, standing up. Oh God...the bulge in his shorts was so huge! We began to move towards each other and that's when it started. We both turned as the noise of lusty fucking erupted in the next room over.

A woman's shrill, desire filled voice suddenly screamed, "YESYESYES! FUCK ME BABYYY! GIVE ME THAT BIGGG DICKKK FUCKME, FUCKME, FUCKME HARD!" Apparently, someone obliged her because their headboard was suddenly slamming against the wall. The woman began moaning loudly, then crying out, "I'M CUMMING DALE...CUMMING...CUM WITH ME DALE FUCK ME LOVER!"

Joe looked at me and raised his eyebrows and we both busted out laughing. We laughed and laughed and then with eyes streaming with tears, laughed some more. The tension in the room suddenly bled away. I still wanted Joe badly, but I knew as did he that this moment had passed. We climbed into one of the beds together and cuddled up. We talked quietly and then began laughing again as the couple next door began again. They kept us giggling late into the night before we fell asleep in each other's arms.

I woke up the next morning and stretched. Joe stepped out of the bathroom, hair wet and a towel wrapped around his waist. He towed his hair dry with another towel and said, "Good morning, sleepy head." His eyes were focused intently on me and I realized that my nightshirt had bunched up around my waist and that my son was getting a healthy look at my hairy pussy.

I stretched again, feeling like a big sexy cat and idly ran a hand over my brown haired muff. "Morning, son! What are you staring at?"

Joe grinned and replied, "Just the gorgeous woman I woke up in bed with!" I saw that he was enjoying the view as his cock snaked through the opening in his towel. We smiled at each other, admiring each other's nakedness for several minutes before I finally got up.

As I slipped past my son on my way to the bathroom, I reached out and gently stroked his erection. "Looks like someone else is glad to see Momma too!" I murmured, kissing him on the cheek. Inside as I got cleaned up and dressed, I looked in the mirror and saw a very happy woman. I knew I was close to achieving my dreams.

Joe was dressed out in khaki shorts and a muscle shirt today, looking every inch the man of my dreams. Today, I dazzled him again with another denim mini dress...light green in color and a light green tube top that looked more like someone had simply painted a green line around my upper body. The upper portions of my aureoles were clearly visible and I was relying on my hard nipples to keep the tube top from slipping off.

As we got back out on the highway, Joe driving and having a hard time keeping his eyes off my sluttish outfit, I made myself comfortable, leaning up against the door and spread my legs. Joe's expression when he finally glanced down, expecting to see my panties, was worth it. Oh, I was wearing panties, alright...light green to match my outfit and totally crotchless.. My thick haired bush was clearly on display...my labia lips parted to reveal the constant state of arousal I was now in.

"Nice day for sightseeing, huh, son?" I teased, idly brushing my inner things with a fingernail, resisting the urge to thrust several fingers into my pussy. I could feel little rivulets of pussy juice damping my thighs, running down the length of my cunt and trickling on down to my ass.

Joe was pretty much speechless and I had to remind him to keep his eyes on the road...at least most of the time. Needless to say, we didn't make good time. Joe drove pretty slow that day...I can't blame him, after all, he didn't want to miss the sights around him!

After we stopped for lunch somewhere in Northern Tennessee, I took over driving, allowing Joe to stare at the hairiness of my muff to his content. "Honey," I said, "I was wondering...did you and Tonya ever get to do it again?"

Joe blushed a little. "Um...yeah. Remember the time her parents went to Colorado for a week?"

"Yeah, sure." Eileen and her husband had family out there.

"Well, you know Tonya had the house to herself and sure anxious for us to try again. And we did." Joe grinned wolfishly. "We tried a lot!" Joe proceeded to tell me how he and Tonya fucked all week long. How they'd even skipped school a couple of days. I found out that Tonya was a doggie style fan...that she liked getting it from behind. I shivered thinking of my son feeding his long, thick meat to that lucky girl while she was on all fours. A little orgasm washed over me and I almost had to pull off the road. I couldn't wait until I felt Joe's cock in my cunt...giving it to me doggie style and filling me up with his jism like I was a true bitch in heat!

"Mmmmm. Then I guess you've had some experience and know how to fuck a woman right?"

Joe grinned even as he turned a brighter shade of red. "I'm sure I can please any woman."

I sighed at the thought of that. "Be careful about bragging, son. You never know when you might be put to the test."

A little while later Joe spoke up. "Mom, can I ask you a question?"

"Sure, son. You can always ask me anything!"

"You said Uncle Chuck had a big dick. I was wondering just how big?"

I laughed. "Well, I measured it once with Mom's sewing measure tape. Uncle Chuck was seven and one-quarter inches long...and God did he know how to use it! I wiggled in my seat at the memory of my Uncle fucking me with his cock. Joe smiled at the news. I swear, boys always making comparisons.

"Was it...is it bigger than Dad's?" Joe asked.

I giggled. "Oh hell, yes!" I replied. I glanced over at my son who was grinning. "I shouldn't tell you this, but your Dad's pretty small. Just five inches and kinda thin." I rolled my eyes. "Not that size EVER has anything to do with it!" I said mockingly.

Joe digested this information. "So, uh...have you ever had anyone bigger than Uncle Chuck, Mom?"

I shook my head and replied, "No...the biggest cock I've ever had in my pussy is your Uncle Chuck's...but," and I winked at him. "I have high hopes of something a lot bigger really soon!"

Joe laughed and said, "You know what they say, Mom. Be careful what you wish for, Mom...you might just get it!" He looked at me with such desire and love then, that I almost pulled over and fucked him there. We were so close and we both knew it!

Evening found us in Memphis, Tennessee. We stayed at another motel on the edge of the city. Our room door was maybe ten feet from the motel pool and when I pointed it out to Joe, he just grinned. "Maybe we can take another midnight swim, son," I said teasingly.

Joe nodded and replied, "Maybe we should plan on skinny dipping tonight. Then you wouldn't have to go to all the trouble of yanking my trunks off, Mom!"

"Oooh, I can't wait, son!" I said. If Joe thought he was teasing me, I hoped he remembered that I never bluff!

Joe and I spent the evening crawling down Beale Street...visiting some really great jazz and blues bars. We sampled some great food and enjoyed even better music. It seemed every time I turned around, Joe was taking me in his arms and we were slow dancing or dirty dancing to some sweet, sexy tunes. Joe wasn't being shy about holding me close anymore...as we danced, our bodies rubbed deliciously against each other. I'd kept my naughty little outfit on and Joe had changed to a dress shirt and khaki slacks.

I discovered one downside to crotchless panties was that as we dirty danced, Joe's khaki covered thigh would come away with pussy creams stains from rubbing his upper leg between my thighs. I was on fire...I could smell my wet cunt and I imagine anyone else within five feet of me could smell me too.

As the clubs were closing down, we danced one last slow dance...a sad, slow blues number and it was then that my son and I first kissed like lovers. Our warm sweaty bodies were clinging to each other and it was almost as if we were just one person. I looked up into my son's eyes as we slowly swayed to the music and I went on tip toe as Joe leaned over and my lips met my son's lips. I felt his tongue and opened my mouth to accept it and to offer him my own. I could hear our hearts pounding in unison as our tongues danced and dueled. His sweet tasting tongue rolling over and around mine...trying to encircle my tongue even as I tried to capture his.

As the music ended, we continued to kiss and move to our own music...our own special dance. Only when one of the band came up and tapped Joe on the shoulder, saying, "Y'all needs to go find a room somewheres before y'all explode!" did we come back to Earth.

"C'mon, Mom," Joe whispered. "Let's go find a room!" He took me by the hand and we went and found the Jeep. We drove silently back to our motel, holding hands the whole time. We parked our Jeep and walked towards our room.

As Joe unlocked the door to our room, I turned and looked at the motel pool. It was very late and the motel was only half full, judging from the cars in the lot and the pool was completely deserted. "Hey," I said, tapping Joe on the shoulder. "Somebody promised me we'd go skinny dipping!"

Joe raised his eyebrows. "Well, I was mostly kidding...weren't you?"

I stepped away from my son and grabbing the tube top in my hands ripped it violently over my head. "Nope," I murmured as I stood there with my tits bared to my son. I walked the few feet to the edge of the pool and kicked off my high heels. I pulled my mini skirt down and let it pool at my feet. "Don't you want to go skinny dipping with Mommy, son?" I held out my hands and was happy to see my son, staring intently at my body as he unbuttoned his shirt and stripped it off.

"My God, Mom...you are so beautiful! Joe sighed as he undid his pants. His jockey shorts tried in vain to contain his lovely cock, but it was in full bloom, the head of his erect penis, jutting out above the waistband. I could feel my pussy quivering in delight and arousal...my juices flowing freely down my thighs.

As he skinned off his shorts, I pulled down my crotchless panties and we both stood gloriously naked in front of each other. Joe's cock slapped against his belly as he approached and I crooked a finger at him, whispering, "Come to Momma, Joe."

Joe embraced me, pulling me tight against him...his cock throbbing against my belly as my hard nipples rubbed deliciously against his chest. My son bent down and crushed his lips against mine, his tongue thrusting aggressively into my hungry mouth, searching and finding my tongue and beginning a long soul kiss that left me weak in the knees. As our kiss broke, I looked into my son's eyes, astounded and a little intimidated to see the passion that burned there. I knew we were literally at the moment of truth and now...all my teasing, all my sluttish and seductive ways were about to culminate in what I'd dreamed about for so long.

So what did I do? I prolonged the chase. "Catch me if you can!" I said and dived into the pool. I swam around, praying that Joe was following. I surfaced in the deep end of the pool, coughing and wiping water and my hair out of my face. Joe surfaced behind me and I felt his strong arms wrap around me, even as his thick, long penis wedged in between my butt cheeks. My son's strong hands cupped and squeezed my aching breasts...his palms teasing my engorged nipples.

Joe began kissing me on the back of my neck...sending sweet shivers of delight coursing through my entire body. "I've caught you, Mom. What's my prize?"

I pushed my body back against his...relishing the sensation of my son's naked body against mine. "Anything you want, son," I breathed huskily.

Joe turned me around and kissed me again, even as his huge dick now rested lengthways between my flowered pussy lips. "I love you, Mom. I need you. I want you...want to make love to you, Mom!"

My heart exploded with love and lust. All my dreams were coming true! "Oh yes! Please son, fuck me...make love to your Mommy!" I spread my legs in anticipation of accepting his mighty cock. "Please, Joe...fuck me now!"

Joe grinned. "All in good time, Mom!" He put his hands on my waist and lifted me out of the water, setting me on the edge of the pool. "Your son's been dreaming of this all day!" And my dear, sweet boy plunged his face between my thighs and clamped his mouth over my cunt!

Before I could even utter a word of protest and demand his cock be buried in my pussy, Joe's tongue rolled over my slit and sent me into a convulsion of orgasmic pleasure. My son slithered his knowing tongue up and down my pussy lips...plunging deep into my wet, steamy cunt and I knew that he was tasting me, savoring me. With consummate skill, my son closed his lips around my swollen clitoris, gently sucking on my little member even as his tongue swirled around and around. I drew my legs up and threw them over Joe's shoulders, thrusting my cunt forward, trying to get my son's face even deeper within my vagina. My son's strong hands gripped my hips and pulled me even more firmly against his hungry, exploring mouth!

"Ooooooohhh, Joe...honey," I mewled as his tongue explored me, plunging deep within the folds of my pussy one moment and rolling along my labia the next. "Oh, son! You're gonna make me cummmmm!" I was gushing pussy cream now. Joe's face glistened with my wetness and he glanced

up at me, grinned, smacked his lips and dived back into my muff again. The heat between my legs became a furnace and I felt myself racing towards orgasm.

My son again attacked my clitoris, his tongue teasing, rolling, licking, lifting...doing things I'd never had done to it before and I came in an orgasmic explosion. My entire body became rigid as bolts of electrical pleasure washed over me. My nipples swelled till I thought they'd burst...I sobbed wordlessly as my first son induced orgasm reduced me to helpless jelly. I came and came and came again and still Joe continued to tongue my pussy...the vibrations of his pleased chuckle just adding to my pleasure.

"Oh, son! Joe...I love you...that was... That was incredible!" I gasped with tears in my eyes.

"Mom...you ain't seen nothing yet!" my son growled. Without another word, he pulled me down back into the pool, still standing between my legs. As I descended, my son pushed himself upwards and in one incredibly erotic thrust, I felt my son's massive cock drive into my pussy. As aroused and wet as I was, my son's cock was still so thick that by the time he had half in me, I felt so full. Still, Joe thrust up and with agonizingly slow progress, continued to feed me his cock.

"OH MY GOD!" I cried as my son's cock pressed into virgin territory...his thick meat going deeper in my pussy than anyone had ever gone before, scraping the walls of my cunt like a velvet steel rod. I exploded in another mind-shattering orgasm. Lights exploded in my head even as my entire body seemed to turn to orgasmic fire, burning me up with unbelievable pleasure. The powerful, fiery sweetness that seemed to consume me overwhelmed me and I think I actually blacked out...wrapped in the dark in a blanket of incredible pleasure.

When I came to...I found myself wrapped around my son's hard body...his cock buried in me to the balls. Nine inches (actually Nine and almost one-half inches when we got around to measuring it!), of gloriously thick cock meat was stuffed inside my pussy. Joe was nursing on my right tit...sucking and biting the swollen nipple...his teeth sending little orgasms through me with each playful nip. "I love you, son!" I sobbed, tears of happiness flowing down my face.

"I love you, Mom!" Joe replied in a voice tinged with awe. "I can't believe I'm finally fucking my Mom!" he gasped even as he thrust himself against me. My legs were wrapped around his hips and I tightened my grip, pulling his cock a tad bit deeper into my womb.

For long minutes, we could scarcely move...the intensity of the pleasure was so great. I orgasmed again simply from the pleasure my son gave me in packing my pussy so full of incestuous cock! Joe grabbed me by my ass cheeks and began to slowly piston me up and down on his cock. With aching delight, he pumped me up and down on about five inches of thick dick. With every outward movement of my son's cock, my body instinctively thrust towards his cock, seeking to again reclaim all of his wonderful tool.

"Fuck me, Joe...give Momma that big, fine cock," I moaned between orgasmic jolts of ecstasy. I showered his face and neck with kisses even as my heels dug into his buttocks, urging his cock to plow deeper into my pussy and my fingernails scratched involuntarily against his back.

Joe groaned and whispered his love for me when he wasn't nibbling my nipples or finding and kissing the sensitive spots around my neck. "I love your hot pussy, Mom!" he sighed, emphasizing the point with a sudden jab with his pelvis, again burying all of his stiff meat inside my cunt. His balls rested against my ass as he ground himself against my twat, seeking to plumb my depths even deeper.

On and on we fucked...becoming totally unaware of our public surroundings. We could have been on display in the middle of a stadium in front of thousands of cheering people, but it wouldn't have mattered. As my wonderful son plunged his cock in and out of his mother's steamy cunt, our world shrunk to just the two of us. We were a world of our own, wrapped up in our incestuous dance, allowing the moment to build and build, allowing the pleasure to grow and grow until finally Joe thrust himself as deep as he could and growled, "Gonna cum, Mom! I'm gonna cum in your sweet pussy!"

I screamed as my son's cock somehow swelled even more inside of me and then erupted in incredible bursts of his white hot, creamy semen bathing my womb. The orgasm of orgasms detonated between my legs, galvanizing my well fucked body with immense waves of erotic, incestuous sensations beyond anything I had ever experienced before. I tried to scream out words of love for my son and his lovely cock, but words failed me and all I could manage was a long wail of happiness.

My orgasm peaked and then faded and then peaked again as my cunt muscles clamped down around Joe's huge dick, seeking to milk him dry of every drop of his baby-making juices. My world swirled around me...everything focusing on my son before me...inside of me. The world turned white....the color of perfect pleasure and then faded as again I lost consciousness.

When I regained myself, I found myself still impaled on Joe's still erect cock, being carried by my son...his hands cupping my ass cheeks and my legs dangling helplessly. Joe was walking up the pool's steps in the kiddie zone and then out of the pool. Each step was an exercise in erotic torture as his cock drove fractionally deeper into my throbbing pussy. Joe kicked our clothes across the pavement to land in front of our door where he had left our room key. Using one hand to hold my ass, he used the other one to open the door. My son kicked our clothes inside and then he stepped inside, his cock still buried deep inside me. He kicked the door closed and proceeded to ease us down onto one of the beds, his cock still throbbing inside my cunt my son proceeded to give me another incestuous, monster fuck!

With my legs spread wide, Joe began to pound his long, hard tool in and out of his mom's pussy. I was so wet and sloppy with pussy cream and my son's massive load of sperm that he was able to move more quickly now. My lip curled into a sneer as the sheer delight of my son's cock drowned me in erotic pleasure. "YESSSSSSS! FUCK MEEE, SONNNN! GIVE MOMMMMMMAAAA THAT BIG COCKKKK! FUCK MOMMMMMMYYY TILL SHE CUMS AND CUMS AND CUMS!"

My screams and urges died out to a voiceless sobbing as my son did exactly that! Having emptied a massive load in my pussy just minutes before, Joe was now ready for a long, hard fuck of his mother, intent on making me cum my brains out! Like a bronco rider, my son rode his mother's convulsing, orgasming body for everything he was worth. In and out, slow and fast, twisting his hips as he thrust in and out of my cunt with his long cock, fucking his mother and releasing all the built up tensions of the last couple of days.

I experienced electric orgasm after electric orgasm...gasping for breath and crying from the sheer joy of all the cock induced pleasure my son was giving me. Joe paused only to lick the sweat off my heaving breasts, to suck and bite my hard, throbbing nipples and to whisper sweet nothings in my ear. Then he would kiss me as again he began again the marvelous pistoning of his cock in and out of my cunt.

Our joined crotches became sticky and sloppy as copious amounts of my cunt cream mixed with my son's semen were forced out of my pussy by my son's never ceasing pumping his cock. The very

air of the room was thick with the scent of my pussy and our fuck sweat...our bodies made loud, erotic slapping noises as Joe fucked me and fucked me.

Joe moaned that he was cumming and he unleashed another flood of his semen inside me, bathing and coating my womb with his fiery seed. Again, I exploded in an orgasm so intense, it felt like my entire body would explode, unable to contain such joyous pleasure. My world became enveloped in the light of heaven and in that blanket of incestuous pleasure, again I literally passed out...my last thoughts filled with the love I had for my son and lover.

I awoke in the dim light, a lamp offered in the room. Joe and I were in bed, the bedspread covering our naked bodies. I felt tired, but wonderful. It was the weariness of a well fucked woman. My son had rolled us over and I was lying on top of his strong body. As I came to my senses, I realized that I still had his cock in my pussy...now deflated, but still a considerable amount of cockflesh. I grinned to myself in the dark. I had done it! I had seduced and fucked my own son...or rather he had given me the greatest fuck I had ever experienced in thirty-nine years. And I wanted more!

As much as I wanted to keep his cock in my pussy...I wanted to taste my son's cock. I slowly eased off him...the sensation of his penis slipping from between my grasping labia giving me orgasmic tremors. I slithered downwards and took my son's cock in my mouth. It was wet and sticky with my pussy juices and Joe's semen, still warm from my cunt.

I proceeded to lick my son clean, savoring the flavor of our mixed juices. I confess that I often lick my fingers clean when I masturbate and had always found my own taste pleasing. With my son's sperm mixed in, the taste was ambrosia! As I ran my tongue up and down the length of Joe's cock, swirling my tongue over the crown of his penis, he began to harden. I sucked him furiously, feeling the heat build between my legs, demanding my son's fine dick be returned to its proper place.

Joe began to stir as his cock reached its full size...so long and so wonderfully thick. "Mom? Oh yeah...Mom...suck me!" I obeyed my son and lover and continued to suck and lick his huge penis. But finally, my pussy's demands could not be denied!

"I need you, son. You fucked Momma so wonderfully...now it's my turn!" I straddled my son and lowered my well fucked cunt to his erect cock. After his cockhead slipped between my labia, I let gravity take over and slowly slid down his long pole. "Oh, Joe!" I sobbed as his thick meat filled my pussy! "Son, I love your big cock!"

I was in full orgasm by the time my pussy grinded against his pubic hair. I had all of my son's sweet cock inside me and I was momentarily unable to do anything but shiver and convulse as I came...my juices flowing heavily, bathing my son's penis. I finally leaned over and kissed my son, Joe's tongue searching out mine. We kissed passionately until my orgasm crested and faded, although in truth, it never really ended.

Finally I sat up and stretched like a cat...almost meowing as my movement forced another fraction of an inch of cock deeper into my womb. Joe's hands roamed over my meaty tits, squeezing and caressing...fingers pinching, pulling and teasing my hard, elongated nipples. "I love you, Mom. Please promise me this will never end!" Joe whispered.

I grinned lustily as I slowly began to ride my son...up and down, rocking back and forth. "Mmmmm...Momma's pussy is your's as long as you want it, Joe!" As big as my son was, it seemed like we were a perfect fit. Making love had never felt as right as it did now...fucking my only son. Joe's a wonderful lover, patient or ravenous as necessary. As I slid up and down his huge dick, I

began to orgasm again, arching my back as my body stiffened in ecstatic pleasure...my lip curling in a lusty sneer as my cunt spasmed and flowed and burned with such incredible sensations.

"Jeez, Mom...you're beautiful when you cum!" my son gasped as my pussy squeezed his wonderful penis...hungry to savor his semen again.

"Then make me beautiful, son...make me cum and cum and cum!" And he did. For the third time in just a few hours, my wonderful son gave his mother a massive load of thick, hot semen. Somehow, even though I was orgasming my brains out, I kept riding him...my pussy milking him for every sweet drop of his lovely motherfucking seed.

I fell asleep just as I had woke up...in the throes of an incestuous orgasm, my cunt stuffed with my son's cock. With my son's arms wrapped around me, as we drifted off to sleep, we talked quietly of things to come.

"Mmmm, lover son...I hope you don't mind your Mom living with you while you're off to college," I said. I gently massaged his still mostly hard cock with my pussy muscles. "There's just no way I can live without you and your big, motherloving dick."

Joe chuckled in response. "I've dreamed of making you mine for years, Mom. I'm not letting you go now. You're mine, Mom. You're my lover now and forever! I love you, Mom!"

I cannot describe how my son's pledge of love thrilled me. All my greatest dreams have come true. Our new life together is, like our road trip, just beginning. I do not know where the road will take us, but I know I am going to love the trip!

The End?

(Author's note: Most of my stories are self contained and although I appreciate the requests for sequels, they're not usually gonna happen. However, this story does pique my imagination in many ways and if the response is very strong, I do expect to bring Kathy and Joe back for further chapters...no promises as to when, but I do believe they will return!)