

# THE BUG THAT GOT ME MOM CH. 01

***bob03567***

*A bug bite makes a son want to bed his own mother.*

Incest/Taboo

4.52

7.3k words

*First I would like to thank everyone for taking an interest in my work. I very much appreciate it.*

I was working on the Second chapters to all of my previous stories, but I'm finding it very hard to writing anything sexy and enjoyable at the moment. I ask that you please bare with me for a little while as I take some time to grieve.

I had to make the unbearable decision to have my beloved Golden Retriever (Ginger) put to sleep. She suffered from kidney failure and I was forced to watch the life drain out of her. By Saturday she couldn't even stand on her own. I wish this hardship on no one.

So I had this story just finished being reviewed by Chasp and would like to thank him for taking the time to edit it. I'll be sure to complete the Second chapters as soon I find myself feeling up to it.

All characters are fictional and 18 years or older.

-----  
Greg Wilson walked to the bottom of the staircase and yelled for his son, Billy.

"Billy, could you come here for a minute?"

There was no reply, so again he yelled, this time a little louder.

"Billy!" Still silence.

*What the hell was that boy doing?* Greg wondered and made his way up the staircase in search of his son.

Billy wasn't able to hear his dad yell, for he was preoccupied listening to music with his headphones on, while he jerked off to a magazine.

Sprawled out on his bed with his hands down his pants, Billy noticed how much the centerfold of the magazine looked like his mother.

*Damn! Would my mom look that hot without her clothes on?* Billy wondered, as his bedroom door opened and his dad walked in.

Billy tried to conceal what he was doing and tucked the magazine under his pillow. He removed his ear buds and with a red face looked at his dad.

"Yeah, dad, what's up?" Billy said.

Greg just smirked at his son.

"You know, son, if you're gonna do that, you should lock your door. If your mother had caught you, she would've fainted."

"Umm, sorry, dad. I'll make sure I do that in the future."

Greg just chuckled.

"Oh, I almost forgot what I came up here for. I talked to your mother last night and we've decided to go on another camping trip this year. So I need you to help pack the gear up for when we leave tonight."

"Is sis going also?" Billy asked, hoping she wasn't, since like typical siblings they fought all the time and figured the trip would be more enjoyable without her.

"Well, what kind of a question is that? Of course she's going. You two have to learn to get along."

Billy's sister Steff was 18, and just out of high school. She and their mother Dawn, were two very attractive females. They could pass for twins in appearance, if it weren't for the 20 year age difference. They both had long black hair and blue eyes and each had a wonderful set of bubbly tits. Not too big and not too small. They were about the same height, 5 foot 6 inch, with very slim waistlines.

Billy was a typical 19 year old with a buff build from all the athletic sports he played.

Greg Wilson was 10 years older than his wife Dawn, and showing his 49 years. He was partially balding in the back with a touch of grey everywhere else. He spent so much time just sitting around doing paperwork at the bank that his body was sagging everywhere.

"Well, I'm off to try and get your sister on the phone and tell her the news. I'll try and give you a hand at packing later." Greg turned and shook his head. "Youth."

Billy sprang from the bed and headed out to the garage to pack their gear into the van. As he struggled with his parents' large canvas tent, he paused for a moment and remembered back to when they all would sleep in there together. He tossed the tent into the van, and then proceeded to get the rest of the equipment out.

Dawn had been in the kitchen and just finished up her chores. She wondered if her son might need help packing, so she headed over to garage to see. As she trotted over to the garage, she saw he was just about finished with the packing.

As she approached her son, her eyes wandered over his sweat stained tee shirt and noticed how it clung to his muscular chest. Dawn felt her body tingle and it took her by surprise. Clearing her head she continued to walk over to him and lightly tapped him on his shoulder.

"Hey, you want me to get you a cold glass of lemonade?"

Bill was startled by his mother's touch, and as he turned around to face her. He couldn't help but ogle her attire.

Dawn wore a red and white striped short sleeved shirt. It was tied in the middle and exposed her tight abs and navel, and her cleavage was popping out of the top and showing off her succulent breast areolas through the fabric. Her shorts were made out of a cut-up pair of old jeans and the cut was pretty high, exposing her silky thighs and the underside of her panties.

Billy's mind went back to the magazine he had stroked off to just a few hours ago. The other woman's figure became intertwined with his mother's and he could picture her posing seductively for the mag instead of the model.

"Billy!" his mother exclaimed.

"Huh?" Billy said, snapping out of his trance.

"Umm, sorry, mom. I was trying to think if I got everything we need."

With a puzzled expression on her face, Dawn asked him again if he wanted something cold to drink.

"No thanks, mom, I want to finish this up so I can at least get a quick game in before we go."

"Ok honey. Just don't get hurt before we leave. I wouldn't want to hear your father complain if we couldn't make this trip on time."

"I won't, mom." Billy yelled, as his mother made her way back to the house.

Billy cautiously shifted his eyes as his mother walked away. He couldn't help but admire the way her ass wiggled from side to side with each step. Billy could feel his dick swell in size, as he eyed his sexy mother leaving.

*You're a sick shit*, he thought to himself. As he turned to the van he shook his head and tried to clear the images that kept popping in there. He put his mind back on packing, and finished the job at hand.

Dawn, almost to the house, recollected the way her son had looked at her.

*Was my own son checking me out?* She wondered, as she continued on her way.

After a pizza dinner, Dawn, Steff and Billy grabbed the last of their things, and headed to the van. Greg did a once over to make sure all appliances were turned off and the doors were locked. He got in the driver seat and looked back at his two wonderful kids.

"Everyone ready?" he asked, with a big smile on his face.

They all nodded in agreement. Greg put the car in drive and made his way toward the interstate.

After an hour or so of some small bickering with his sister in the back seat of the car, Billy turned and admired the last sight of the sun before it set behind the mountains. As Billy enjoyed the view, he felt a need to piss coming on.

*Maybe I shouldn't have had all that water after the game with the guys*, Billy thought to himself.

Billy felt the pressure build in his abdomen as the van bumped down the highway. He knew he wasn't going to be able to hold it much longer, so he hesitantly spoke up.

"Hey, dad. How far to the next rest stop?"

"I think another 70 miles or so. Why?"

"Dad, I hate to say this, but I think I'm going to need you to pull over. I don't think I can hold out that long."

Greg was a little annoyed with his son's request, but he slowed down and pulled the van off to the side of the road.

"Make it quick," Greg exclaimed in a sharp tone.

Billy wasted no time. He opened the vehicle door and ran over to the end of pavement, glancing back just realizing just how dark it had gotten. He needed to get off the road more so that as cars passed they couldn't pick him up in their headlights. Billy made his way through the high grass, and finding a good spot unzipped his pants. Pulling out his dick he quickly began to piss. With his urine discharging out of his body he said

"God, this feels good."

Glancing around, he noticed strange flying insects. They lit up the sky, but they didn't appear to be fireflies. They had a similar look and the same ability to light up their bodies, yet he had never seen this insect before. He couldn't help but enjoy how wonderful they looked as they flashed their lights in the night sky like twinkling stars.

As he's watched the bugs, he heard the horn beep from the van. Quickly putting his penis back into his pants, he zipped up and rushed to get back to the vehicle. Jumping in, he apologized to his father for taking so long.

Greg rolled his eyes at his son and sped away down the highway, trying to make up for lost time.

Of course Steff realized the trouble her brother had gotten himself into and had to put her two cents in.

"So, Billy, did you have a hard time finding it in the dark?"

"Shut up! Dog breath!" Billy yelled.

"No more name calling," Dawn warned.

"It's going to be a long week if you two don't get along."

Billy looked at his mother and smiled.

"Ok, mom, I'll stop."

Billy turned towards his sister.

"I'm sorry, sis."

Steff looked surprised by what her brother said, but still stuck her tongue out at him.

They both started to laugh at one another.

Right at that moment, Billy felt something crawling around in his pants. He started to fumble with his jeans trying to see if he could get to it without drawing too much attention to himself.

But it crawled up the shaft of his dick; Billy could feel tiny legs as it moved up his cock. All of a sudden, a searing pain shot through his entire body.

"Ahh!" Billy screamed. He quickly unbuttoned his pants and slid them down, along with his underwear. Again, he felt another sharp pain, this time more painful than the first.

Billy looked down and spied one of those strange looking bugs that glowed.

The bug sprang from Billy's cock and flew out the window.

Billy looked up and saw both his mother and sister staring at him with looks of total shock on their faces.

"Mom, that bug bit me." Billy whimpered, as he pulled his pants back up.

But the pain was still throbbing through his body.

Greg looked back in the review mirror and saw how distraught his son seemed.

"Are you ok, son?"

Billy, felt embarrassed and was in severe pain, so he replied, "I don't know, dad. It hurts pretty bad."

"Where did he get you?" Greg asked.

But before Billy could reply, his mother spoke up.

"Greg, you'd better pull over and let me take a look at Billy."

"Mom, that's ok, I think the pain is subsiding."

The pain mixed with the location of the bite was doing something strange to Billy. He felt that his dick had gotten stiff. But for some reason, there was something different about it now. It wasn't just hard -- it had grown in length and girth, also. He felt his dick pulsate to his own heart beat.

Billy began to sweat heavily. As he covered his wounded crotch with both his hands, he couldn't believe what was happening to him.

Billy heard a voice and realized his mother was still talking to him.

"What was that, mom? What did you say?"

"I said I think I'd better have a look at you. If your bite has swollen, I could get some ice from the cooler. That would bring the swelling down."

"Mom! No! I'll be okay. Just let me close my eyes and rest for a bit." Billy knew he couldn't have his mother see the condition he was really in. The truth of the matter was that the pain had eased up or his dick had become numb. Either way it wasn't hurting as bad.

"Well, ok for now, but I'm going to have your father stop at the next rest area so I can make sure anyway."

"Just let him be, honey. If he says it's ok then we have to believe him."

Greg wanted the fuss to stop because check in time at the camp was 9.00am and he didn't want to be slowed down. Not that he wanted his wife to think that he didn't care about their son, but honestly, time was moving on and he wanted to just keep going.

But Dawn knew her husband all too well.

"Greg! Your son's health comes before making sure we arrive at the campground on time."

Greg sighed. "You're right, honey. I'm sorry."

Billy relished that he was feeling no more pain, but his dick still seemed to be doing its own thing. He also felt very drowsy, so he rested his head on the side of the van and slipped off to sleep.

As Billy slumbered, a strange dream started playing in his mind. He found himself in a dark unfamiliar room with his back on a bed. He was naked and there were no sheets on the bed. But he also wasn't alone. He felt something wet sliding up and down his hardened penis.

Billy looked down and took a gander at a girl that was sucking feverishly on his stiff dick. Her head was down so he couldn't see who this strange girl was. Billy closed his eyes and relished at how experienced this girl was at giving him head. It was a blowjob like no other.

As Billy moved his hands to the top of the mystery girl's head forcing her mouth to go deeper onto his raging cock, he felt the back of her throat with his dick and let out a soft moan.

*God, whoever she is, she's fantastic.*

Looking down at his anonymous lover, the girl tipped her head up at Billy. A ripple of shock raced through Billy's body.

*Oh my God! It's my mother!*

Then he cried out aloud, "Mom!". "Hey! Wake up, dipshit," his sister said. Billy opened his eyes and tried to get his wits about him.

"You have a bad dream, honey?" his mother asked.

"Umm, yeah, mom."

The car was now stopped in a rest area.

"Well, come on, let's have a look at that bite."

"No, mom, we should keep going, it's fine now."

Billy was aware that not only was his cock still rock hard but that it felt larger than before. He didn't want his mother to see him like this, but also found himself thinking back to the dream and toying with the thought of what might happen if she actually did see his cock.

*Where are these thoughts coming from? he wondered. Am I sick?*

"Well, since I'm still your mother it's my job to make sure you're okay. I'm not taking NO for an answer."

Billy felt his dick jump in his pants from hearing his mother's comment. He realized he had no choice but to agree. Billy and Dawn got out of the car and walked to the restrooms.

"Mom? How are we going to do this? I can't go into the women's room, and you can't go into the men's room."

"You go into the men's room and see if anybody's in there. If there isn't, we'll go into a stall and I'll take a look at it in there."

As Billy walked into the restroom and looked around, he saw that there was one person in there but he looked like he was getting ready to leave. Billy paced himself by walking up to the lavatory sink and washing his hands, slowly, giving the gentleman time to leave. Billy followed him out of the restroom and approached his mom.

"Okay, mom, he was the only person in there."

Dawn and her son quickly walked into the men's restroom and entered a stall. Billy turned to face his mother as she told him to drop his pants. Hearing his mother say those words, Billy's dick jumped again and, as if it was even possible, it got even harder. Hesitantly, Billy dropped his pants and underwear down to his ankles, and saw that he was right-- his cock had actually grown quite larger.

Dawn was overwhelmed by what she saw.

"My God! Billy, where did you get that thing? And why are you hard?"

"I don't know, mom. It got that way after I was bitten."

"It got hard after you were bitten?"

"Yeah. But also its size, mom. It.. err, it wasn't that large yesterday."

"I see," Dawn replied. But she couldn't help herself from staring at it. Like it was hypnotizing her.

Dawn tried to pull herself together, she said, "Okay. Show me where you were bitten."

Slowly Billy reached down and pulled his hard dick to the left side.

"There, mom, right there."

Billy's mom got down on her knees so she could get a better look at the bite. But with Billy's massive hard-on only inches from her face it was difficult for her to concentrate on what she was supposed to be doing.

Billy looked down at the sight before him. Seeing his mother on her knees gawking at his enormous cock brought back the dream that he had only minutes before. A rush of blood shot through Billy's body, and, as if someone else was controlling him, his hands reached out to his mom's head and grasped her hair. Slowly he pulled her closer to his throbbing cock, physically aching to feel her warm moist lips wrap around his awaiting dick.

Dawn leaped to her feet.

"Billy! What do you think you're doing?"

Billy thought quickly and said, "I was trying to stop myself from falling, mom. I felt dizzy."

"Well, pull your pants up and let's get going. Maybe your body is trying to fight off whatever was in that bug bite. When we get back to the car, I'll get you some ice to put on it. Maybe that will take the swelling down."

"But, mom, I couldn't place ice on my crotch in the back seat with Steff there."

Dawn thought about that for a moment. "Well, I'll switch seats with her and say I have to watch over you. to make sure you'll be okay."

They returned to the van and Dawn explained the new seating arrangement to her husband and daughter. Grabbing some ice from the cooler and wrapping it in a towel, she entered the back of the van and handed it to Billy.

"Okay. Here you go. Now get in on your side of the van and lay your head down. See if you can get some sleep for the rest of the trip."

Greg wasn't happy about how long they took to sort out the problem, but at least the bite wasn't serious enough to cancel the trip, so back on the road they went.

While Billy rested in the back seat, his mind wandered back to the sight he had seen of his mother on her knees, just inches from his throbbing penis, Billy fumbled with ideas of how he could get her into another situation like that, but again felt himself slipping away and he dozed off.

Dawn looked over at her son, and also reminisced about the restroom experience.

*My God, what a huge dick my son has.* The thought frightened her and she wondered why she was having such thoughts about her own son. As Dawn watched her son sleep, she wondered whether he would notice if she touched him. Slowly she inched her fingers over to her son's groin and lightly placed her hand over his hard bulge.

Billy was awakened by the presence of his mother's touch on his penis which was still quite stiff. He could feel her light touch on the shaft of his hard cock and expelled a very soft groan. Billy carefully reached out and took his mother's hand, pushing it down harder on his dick.

Dawn tried to pull her hand away, but Billy forcefully kept her hand there. Forcing her hand up and down his shaft through his pants, Billy thrust his hips up to meet her hand every time it slid up his shaft.

Billy sensed the load building deep in his balls as it traveled up his dick.

Dawn was shocked by what was happening, but also felt herself becoming moist.

*I have to stop this,* Dawn thought to herself, as she looked over at her husband sitting innocently in front of her.

*He'd kill us if he caught on to what we're doing.*

Just then Steff spoke up and asked if Billy was okay. Quickly Billy stopped what he was doing and his mother whipped her hand away from Billy's groin.

"I'm feeling better, sis. Thanks for asking anyway."

To himself, he said, *I would be feeling real good right about now if you hadn't butted in.*

Bill now felt very frustrated. He needed to feel some relief, but that wasn't the only feeling he had. He had always thought his mom was a great looker, and he had at times fantasized about seeing her nude, but this was more than that - now he felt pure lust for her. Something deep down inside him was stirring, making him think and do things he would never have thought of doing before.



All he could think of now was having his mother. Every way he could. It was as if nothing else was more important.

He imagined what it would be like to feel her sweet lips savoring his stiff dick, as it slid all the way down her silky throat. His thoughts jumped to another vision, and he saw himself licking her sweet pussy, tasting the juices off her drenched snatch, flicking her hard clit with his tongue until she exploded in his mouth.

Billy's blood roared through his body. He had brought himself to the point where just a light touch would have made him cum in his pants.

Billy thought long and hard to try and connive a way of getting into his mother's pants.

"He wondered if she wanted him also. After all, she hadn't stopped him when he had forced her to masturbate him. He hadn't really taken a good look at her, before. He hadn't paid attention before to what she was wearing, but now he could see that although it was just a buttoned up white sun dress with yellow flowers on it, it looked really sexy.

Billy floated his eyes down to his mother's breasts. He couldn't miss them - the dress's buttons weren't done up all the way and while she was breathing, her chest pushed her tits upward and outward as if saying "Please come feel me. I need to be held. I need to have my nipples nursed upon, like you did when you were an infant."

He focused harder on them. The van was dark but the lights from passing cars shed enough light for Billy to notice that her nipples were hard.

*Was my mother getting excited?* He wondered. *Or was she just chilly? I don't feel chilly.*

Then he realized his mother wasn't wearing a bra. The material of the dress was thin enough for him to know she couldn't be wearing one.

He continued to gaze at his mother's body; his eyes dropped down to her waist and then to her thighs. *Oh, her thighs!* Billy could see the skin of his mother's thighs. The dress had floated above her knees and was resting on her lower thighs.

Dawn gave a little shiver. She crossed her arms and rubbed them as if she was trying to warm herself.

"Mom, do you feel chilly?"

Dawn turned her head towards Billy and then to her husband.

"Greg, it feels chilly in here. Do you have the air on?"

"Yeah, I do. I want it cold to help me stay awake while I drive."

"It's ok, Mom, we could just open one of the sleeping bags and use it as a blanket. They're packed right behind us. I could just reach back and grab one." Billy spoke quickly and eagerly. He waited for her reply.

Steff spoke up.

"Hey, grab me one, too. I'm cold as well."

Billy patiently waited for an answer from his mom.

"Well, okay," she said. "But I don't think they are long enough for the both of us to share. You might have to get me a separate one."

"You could slide over and rest your head on my shoulder, mom."

Billy held his breath as he hoped she would do just that, knowing full well that this position would ensure that his father's view of his wife through the rear view mirror would be obscured.

Dawn replied to her son with a stern look on her face.

"No, you still have that ice and I don't want it touching me. Or anything else, for that matter."

Greg clued in on his wife's last comment.

"What are you talking about? What's the 'or anything else'?"

Dawn tried to cover up her comment. Not wanting to see her son get slapped around, she looked at her husband with a smile on her face.

"Oh, I just meant if Billy picked up one bug, there maybe more, and I don't want them crawling on me. That's all."

"Oh. Well didn't you check that before at the rest area when you were checking on his bite?"

"Yes, but it was kind of quick because I knew we had to hurry, so..."

Billy quickly spoke up.

"Mom, I think it's okay. I would have felt them crawling on me by now, and the ice has melted, anyway. I could put the towel on the floor."

"No. Give it to me. I don't want the floor wet."

Billy handed the towel to his mother. Dawn pulled a plastic bag from a rear compartment and placed the towel inside.

"So, two or three sleeping bags, Mom?"

Dawn looked at her son, as if weighing things up.

"Just get the two. I'll move closer if it's too small."

Billy was ecstatic. His plan had worked so far. He reached back for the sleeping bags. He knew that the smallest one was his sister's so he grabbed his bag first and handed it to Steff.

"Here you go, sis."

"Thanks," she replied and opened the bag up.

Billy turned around to get his sister's bag, the smaller one. He turned around in the seat and started to untie the bag and roll it out over himself and his mom.

"I guess you were right, Mom, it only halfway covers us both."

"I figured as much," Dawn replied drily, as she slid over on the seat towards Billy. She pulled her legs up and bent them at the knee, resting them on the seat behind her. She leaned forward and put her head on her son's shoulder.

Dawn glanced at her husband to see if he was watching. She leaned in to her son and whispered softly in his ear, "No funny stuff, mister. We're just keeping warm. Right?"

Billy nodded his head in agreement with her, placing his right hand on her lower thigh at the point where the dress had exposed her skin. He eased back in the seat and rested his head on the back so that it appeared he was just making himself comfortable.

Dawn placed her left hand over her son's and rested it on his knee. She snuggled in against him, her left cheek on his shoulder, and closed her eyes.

With the sleeping bag over them, Billy knew that even if his sister turned around, she wouldn't be able to see anything.

Billy eagerly waited for a sign that his mom had become secure with their closeness. He figured only then would he start to put his mischievous plan into action.

Billy figured it must have been an hour that he'd waited, and felt secure enough to put his plan into action. He could detect that his mother's breathe was heavy on his shoulder.

*She had to be asleep.* He thought to himself.

Lightly he squeezed his right hand on his mother's thigh a couple of times, just to see if she reacted at all to his presence. Billy felt no movement from her, so he moved his right hand up her thigh a little and then back down in a rubbing motion. Dawn continued to breathe heavily. Billy moved his hand slowly up her thigh higher, dragging the sun dress with him as he went. Still seeing no change from his mom, Billy felt more confident, as he continued moving higher and higher up his mother's thigh until he had reached her mid thigh now. But Billy encountered his first problem. He could feel his elbow hitting the seat. Without completely moving his body, he realized this was as far as he was going to be able to go. Disappointed momentarily, he lightly dragged his fingers back down his mother's thigh, back to her knee, and then back up her thigh again but this time he moved his finger to the inside of her thigh.

Although Dawn was in her deep slumber, her legs involuntarily parted a little, making room for the fingers that were softly stroking the inside of her thigh. Billy's ears keyed in on his mom's breathing, noting that it had become quicker.

Billy felt his own excitement building, as moving his hand to the middle of Dawn's inner thigh, he could feel her legs parting more to his probing touch. He heard the softest of moans coming from his mother. He rubbed his hand up as far as it would go on her left inner thigh, and then brushed his hand down her right inner thigh.

Suddenly he felt his mother stir! Billy froze. He kept his hand still and prayed his mother wouldn't open her eyes. Luck was on his side. Dawn's eyes remain closed, but she snapped her legs closed and shifted more onto her left side. Billy removed his right hand from his mother and turned his body very slowly toward her. His mother's head slowly slipped off his shoulder and rested now on the car's seat. Billy was now facing her with his right shoulder on the car's seat, his mother's hand still on his right leg, but now he had it trapped with his left leg. He placed his left hand on the top of his mother's left leg.

Billy listened to his mother's breathing. *Had it changed? Was it still heavy? Or has it lightened?* He tested her again by squeezing her lower thigh gently. He received no response so he slowly glided his fingertips up to the top of her thigh to where the hem of her dress rested. He trickled his fingers lightly back down her leg. He repeated this several times, always checking for a change of expression or of a sound from his mother. Like a falling feather he laid his hand flat on his mother's leg and moved it up to the top of her thigh. He pushed the palm of his hand down on her flesh, and scrunched the dress up as he moved his hand slowly, ever so slowly, back up her leg. Now he could feel the leg rim of his mother's panties. Billy paused there and he admired how far he had been able to go. After a minute or so, Billy twitched his fingers and grazed his mother's panties, and gave her thigh another squeeze of his hand.

Billy caught a change in his mother. Her closed mouth has parted a little. He gave her leg another light squeeze and her lips opened a little more. He was sure her breathing was lighter and faster now, too. He felt his excitement rise more as he realized that his mother must be feeling something.

This newfound excitement caused Billy to push the limit more, so he returned to lightly running his left fingertips over the top of his mother's thigh, but with his free hand he very slowly, very carefully, unbuttoned his pants and eased them down until he was able to free his massive cock.

That strange feeling he had experienced earlier had now taken over. He felt like a slave to it and yet he knew there was no way back. Wherever this feeling came from, he was going to enjoy his mother, whether she wanted him to or not.

Billy again stroked his mother's thighs, knee to panty line, both legs. Whether she was aware of what her son was doing or not, Dawn's legs parted as they had earlier. The more he stroked her, the further her legs parted, and the more her breathing quickened. Billy laid his open hand on her inner thigh and whispered it gently up her leg until his thumb brushed his mother's crotch. He could feel the heat of her pussy through the soft feel of her cotton panties. He wanted desperately to slide his thumb under the elastic but decided it was too early. Instead, he continued his game of running his fingers up one leg and down the next, so that his mom would subconsciously get used to the feeling. If he did this right, she wouldn't know what was going on until it was too late for her to stop him. He wanted her to enjoy this as much as he knew he was going to.

Billy slowly lifted his right hand and reached for his mother's hand that was trapped between his legs. He raised his left leg to free her hand and slowly moved it closer to his waiting, throbbing cock. Billy placed her hand on the shaft of his dick, and closed her fingers around it. He then began to move her hand slowly up and down his thick shaft. Using his left hand he pressed more firmly on her flesh and moved his hand up to her panties. This time he hooked his thumb under the elastic and brushed her pussy lips. He could feel the heat pouring out of her and a moistness that he hadn't noticed earlier.. His mother gave another soft moan. Billy was ecstatic. He thought to himself,

*Yes, that's it. You like this, don't you, Mom. You need to cum. I know you do. I want to make you cum, Mom. You're going to cum for me before this trip was over .*

As Bill rubbed his mother's hand up and down his dick he got a surprise - she had started doing it on her own now; his mother, in her sleep, was slowly jacking him off!

Billy made another bold move. He removed his right hand from his mother's wrist and let it creep to her chest. With his palm open, he started to rub in little circles around her succulent left breast. His mother indeed was braless. He could feel her nipple harden through the light material of the dress.

He heard another moan leave his mother's lips and she gripped his stiff shaft a little harder.

*I've almost got her*, he thought to himself.

Billy slid his hand to the center of her chest and tried to undo another button on her dress. After some fiddling, it became undone and he preceded downward, undoing the next button, then the next, until they were all unfastened. He now had complete access to his mother's breasts. Billy opened the dress more and slid his hand to manipulate her left circular breast, and lightly kneaded both her globes, one after the other. He then slowly worked his left hand under his mother's panties and rested it right on top of her wet pussy.

Billy started to rub up and down on his mother's mound while at the same time he kneaded her luscious breasts, switching from one tit to the other. Billy felt the increased speed of his mother's hand as she rubbed his cock up and down. He could hear her breath louder and quicker. His cum was building in his balls.

Billy leaned forward and put his lips to his mother's ear and whispered, "That's it, Mom. Make your son cum."

He heard his mother in her sleeping state mumble something but he couldn't make out what it was.

"You feel so hot, Mom. I bet you need to get off too, don't you, Mom. You need to cum also, don't you, Mom? I'm going to make you cum. I want you to cum for me. I want us to cum together, Mom."

She let out a moan at these words and Billy now worked his left hand until it parted his mother's moist pussy lips.

"You're so wet, Mom," He whispered in her ear as he rubbed two fingers up and down her swollen lips.

Dawn's hips started to twitch, slightly lifting up and back down to the rhythm of Billy's fingers. Billy felt her grip his dick harder and she moveed her hand to the same speed and pace he was moving against her pussy.

"That's it, Mom. Your hand feels fantastic."

"Oh, Billy", his mother said softly.

She said his name. *My God! My mother said my name. Did she know? Had she been pretending to be asleep or was she dreaming about me?* Billy was now so excited, he couldn't believe his mother was aware of what had taking place and had given her permission to him. He slid his hand up Dawn's hot mound to her protruding clit. With his fingers, he started lightly flicking it. His mother bucked harder against his intruding hand, and she was beating him off at a faster pace as she gripped his cock like it was a baseball bat. Light moans were coming more often from her now. Billy wanted to cover her mouth as he was afraid his father and sister would hear his mother's moans of delight. But he couldn't do this without waking his mother and he preferred to take his chances.

Billy increased the pressure on his mother's clit. He pushed his fingers inside her so that he could fuck her with them. With his thumb he rubbed her hard little clit. He wished his fingers were his cock. He wanted to fuck her hard with his shaft. He wanted her to want him like he wanted her. Her wetness had turned him on so much he didn't think he would last much longer.

His mother's legs started to quiver. Billy grasped her tits harder now, and he began to grunt in his mother's ear, keeping it soft, just between the two of them.

"Yes, Mom. That's it, cum for me. Let's cum together. Uhh Uhh. I'm so close, Mom."

Just then Dawn woke. She tried to grasp what was happening. She felt the tingling of her own ecstasy, her hips bucking to the probing fingers attacking her excited clit, and then she felt what her own hand was doing.

But it wasn't her husband that had worked her up to this point. It was her own son; he had stimulated her to total bliss, and she was jerking him off. She felt herself building to her needful climax, but somehow she felt she should stop this. It's so wrong, surely. How could this have happened? Her mind was telling her one thing, yet her body betrayed her. Her hand continued to jerk her son off and her hips still thrust up towards her son's skillful fingers fucking her, fucking her, fucking her. Her excitement was intense. *God, this was so wrong!*

"Billy," she whispered to him. "We can't do this. Please stop. It's so wrong."

"I can't, Mom. I need this and I think you need this, too. I want to make you cum, Mom. Please cum for me."

"Noo..." she moaned quietly.

"Yes, Mom. Cum for me." And Billy rubbed faster on her clit.

"We can't, Billy."

"We already are, Mom. I can feel we're both close, Mom."

Billy thrust himself harder against his mother's beating hand, as he felt his mother's body tighten up as her body quivered all over.

Drawn tried to conceal her orgasm by biting her lip as muffled whimpers started to escape from her mouth. Her free hand moved to her son's wrist grabbing it, pushing his hand harder into her hot pussy as her orgasm exploded, her drenched pussy tightened around her son's fingers as they kept feverishly fucking her excited cunt.

Billy felt and heard his mother reach her climax. His blood rushed to his head as his cum readied itself to explode out of his throbbing cock. Quickly he locked his lips on his mother's mouth, keeping her moans locked inside her. As he pumped his dick harder in her hand, he felt his cum explode out of his shivering body, spurting cum all over his mother's hand and the sleeping bag. It felt as if his heart was pumping the cum out of his being. He thrust his hips up and down in his mother's hand as the electric tingle pulsed through his entire body like nothing he'd ever felt before. Billy tried his best to silence his own grunting, pressing his mouth down harder on his mother's lips which were willingly kissing him back now.

After coming down from their sexual high. Billy removed his hand from his mother's quivering pussy. Billy looked at his mother in her blissful state and whispered,

"Thanks mom. I needed that. I love you mom."

Dawn's body jerked as she came down from her own satisfying climax, opened her eyes and whispered back, "I love you too, Billy."

She looked over to the front seats and noticed that no one had looked back. Steff's head was not in sight so she must have it resting on the door, and Greg was busily driving.

Billy eased himself over and started to pull up his cum covered pants. His sperm was everywhere. He needed to find something to clean himself up. Dawn also sat up and tried to find something to wipe her hand off with. She reached for the wet towel Billy used as an icepack used it. She then handed it to Billy and he tried to clean up a bit. They both jumped when Greg spoke to Dawn..

"Umm, honey, you awake?"

"Yes, dear."

"Umm, there's a rest stop 2 miles ahead and I need to relieve myself. I think that's a good place for someone to take over driving for a bit. I'm starting to get tired."

"I'll drive for awhile, honey. You could crash in the back seat with Billy."

Steff spoke up now. "Hey what about me. I'm cramped up here I want to get some sleep too."

"Okay, Billy and I will switch with you both at the rest stop."

"That's fine with me, mom." Billy said

Steff turned to her mother,

"That's great, mom. Thank you."