

RANDY ROAD TRIP WITH MOM



BY KLRXO

Randy Road Trip with Mom – Part 1

By Klrxo

Janine's eyes flickered guiltily away from her son's lap, her cheeks flushing with shame. What was wrong with her? She gripped the steering wheel tighter, knuckles turning white, and forced herself to focus on the endless stretch of highway ahead. The car's tires hummed against the asphalt.

But like a magnet, the gaze of her pretty eyes were drawn back to the tempting bulge straining against Jason's jeans as he slept. Janine swallowed hard, her throat suddenly dry. She couldn't deny the illicit heat swirling low in her belly or the forbidden thoughts that kept creeping into her mind, no matter how hard she tried to banish them.

It was so wrong. He was her teenage son, her own flesh and blood. She was supposed to protect him, not...not lust after him like some kind of predator. Disgust roiled in her stomach but it wasn't enough to completely douse the flames of her twisted desire.

Gritting her teeth, Janine wrenched her attention back to the road, glaring out the windshield as if she could purge the perverted images from her brain through sheer force of will. This couldn't go on. Something had to change before she did something she'd regret forever. Her fingers dug into the steering wheel as she drove on, the silence broken only by the steady rhythm of Jason's breathing in the seat beside her.

The road trip had been Jason's idea. Her daughter Kimberly was just starting her freshman year at State University, a 10 hour drive from their hometown. Jason, who was in his senior year of high school, had suggested he and Janine deliver some extra things Kimberly needed and help her get settled.

At first, Janine had protested, since she also had a younger daughter. "Your dad is so busy with work, and I don't feel right leaving him alone to manage everything here at home."

But Jason had given her that charming smile he'd inherited from his father and said, "C'mon Mom, it'll be fun. We haven't had quality mother-son bonding time in forever. Kim will be thrilled to see us."

In the end, Janine had relented, figuring it would be a nice chance to spend time with her eldest two before they both flew the nest. If only she'd known then the dark turn her thoughts would take, the depraved direction her maternal feelings would twist.

She could feel the air conditioning blasting from the vents but her skin still felt feverish. Jason shifted in his sleep, his leg brushing against hers, and Janine flinched as if burned, a jolt of electricity seeming to crackle through her body at the innocent contact.

Perspiration dampened her upper lip and she licked it away, the tang of salt on her tongue conjuring obscene images in her mind. Hard, throbbing teenage cock, laced with bulging veins and crowned by a knob perfect for plowing the deepest parts of a woman's core.

Janine shifted uncomfortably in her seat, the thin fabric of her tank top clinging to her damp skin. The flimsy shirt did little to contain her voluptuous figure. Her ridiculously oversized breasts strained against the low neckline, threatening to spill out at any moment. She tugged at the hem of her too-short skirt, trying in vain to cover more of her thick, juicy thighs and plump ass.

Despite her conservative attire at home around her husband and kids, Janine knew the effect her curvaceous body had on men. She worked hard to maintain her hourglass shape with daily jogs and yoga, telling herself it was for her health and confidence. But deep down, she craved the hungry stares and flustered reactions her presence often elicited.

Now, alone in the car with her virile young son, desire simmered in her veins, turning her voluptuous body into a tinderbox of need. Her heavy breasts ached and her nipples puckered into stiff, succulent peaks. Her skin felt too tight, hypersensitive. She squeezed her thighs together, trying to ease the growing ache between them.

Jason mumbled something in his sleep and readjusted, his hand falling dangerously close to the bulge tenting his jeans. Janine's eyes followed the movement, zeroing in on the long, thick outline of his manhood. Her mouth watered and her core clenched as she imagined wrapping her lips around him, tasting him.

She pictured his strong hands gripping her wide hips, his fingers sinking into the abundant flesh of her bubble butt as he drove into her from behind, her fatty cheeks rippling upon the impact of every thrust. Her pussy throbbed, slick and swollen with shameful arousal.

A ragged gasp escaped her and she quickly pressed her thighs together, trying to stifle her body's wanton reaction to the forbidden fantasy. Perspiration trickled down into the canyon between her massive breasts. Her heart pounded, her breathing shallow.

She had to get ahold of herself. This sick fixation would ruin everything if she didn't rein it in. Janine dragged her eyes away from Jason's crotch and stared fixedly out the windshield, her plump lips pressed in a grim line. But her son's proximity in the enclosed space made his masculine scent unavoidable - a maddening mix of soap, clean sweat and something uniquely him. It invaded her nostrils and fogged her brain.

Janine cracked the window, letting the rushing wind cool her overheated face. The roar of the tires and the air buffeting the car mirrored the chaotic whirl of her thoughts. She had to be strong. She was the parent, the one in control. Jason trusted her - he would be horrified and disgusted if he knew the depraved lust she harbored. Or perhaps he wouldn't.

Unbidden, a memory surfaced in Janine's mind - her older sister Missy bragging about sleeping with her own son Lucas on a Mom's Gone Wild cruise last year. At the time, Janine had been shocked and appalled. What kind of mother did that to her child? She'd ended the phone call in disgust, unable to listen to another word of her sister's depraved exploits.

But now, with her own forbidden desire for Jason consuming her every thought, Janine felt a flicker of understanding. Had Missy fought against the same twisted hunger? Had she tried to resist, only to succumb to temptation in the end?

Janine shuddered, bile rising in her throat. No. She wouldn't become like Missy, wouldn't betray her son and destroy their family for the sake of her own selfish, sick lusts. She was stronger than that, better than that. She had to be.

But even as the thought crossed her mind, Janine could feel her resolve crumbling, her body betraying her as it had ever since that fateful phone call. Missy's graphic descriptions, the breathy excitement in her voice as she recounted every depraved detail of fucking Lucas repeatedly on their cruise, it had ignited something dark and hungry in Janine.

Try as she might, she couldn't shake the image of Missy riding her own son's cock, her head thrown back in ecstasy, her massive tits bouncing obscenely. And now, every time Janine looked at Jason, she couldn't help but imagine him in Lucas's place - his strong hands roaming her body, his hard young cock pounding into her aching cunt.

A moan threatened to spill from Janine's lips and she quickly bit down on her plump lower lip, stifling the sound. Her face burned with shame but her pussy clenched, soaking her flimsy panties with illicit arousal.

Jason stirred beside her and panic seized Janine's heart. Could he sense the perverse direction of her thoughts? Could he smell her desperation,

her need? She held herself rigid, hardly daring to breathe until he settled back into sleep, his handsome face slack and peaceful.

Guilt and self-loathing churned in Janine's stomach. What was wrong with her, fantasizing about her own son like this? She loved him, had raised him to be a good man. He deserved so much better than a mother consumed by incestuous lust.

But no matter how hard she tried, Janine couldn't banish the dark, forbidden images that had taken root in her mind. Missy's words echoed in her ears, taunting her, tempting her. Had giving in brought her sister the satisfaction she'd claimed?

Janine signaled and pulled into the next rest area, coasting to a stop in front of the restroom building. She put the car in park and turned off the ignition with shaking hands. Beside her, Jason slept on, oblivious to her inner turmoil.

She had to get away from him, if only for a few minutes. Had to clear her head and regain control before she did something unforgivable. Heart pounding, Janine grabbed her purse and practically lunged out of the car, desperate to put some distance between herself and her son.

She could feel the hot asphalt on her bare feet as she hurried across the parking lot, not bothering with her sandals in her haste. The humid air clung to her flushed skin, the distant buzz of cicadas grating on her frayed nerves. A bead of sweat trickled between her bountiful breasts.

As she entered the dingy bathroom, Janine passed a beautiful redhead her age leading a handsome teenage boy by the hand. The boy had a dazed, satisfied look on his face, like he'd just had his balls drained dry. Janine quickly averted her eyes, shame burning her cheeks at the inappropriate thought.

The door swung shut behind her, muffling the outside world. She moved to the sink and gripped the cracked porcelain, staring at her reflection in

the spotted mirror. Wild eyes in a flushed face gazed back at her, full lips parted and panting. God, she looked like a bitch in heat, desperate for a hard fucking.

Janine squeezed her eyes shut and shook her head, as if she could physically dislodge the depraved images of Jason that kept flickering through her fevered mind. She turned the faucet on with a jerky motion, the harsh squeal of old pipes making her flinch. Cupping her hands beneath the flow, she splashed the tepid water on her face, trying in vain to cool the fire licking under her skin.

A soft whimpering sound made Janine freeze, water dripping from her chin. She held her breath and strained her ears. There it was again - a distinctly feminine moan, coming from the stalls behind her. She straightened up and turned slowly, wiping her wet hands on her denim skirt.

The bathroom had appeared empty when she'd rushed inside, but now she could see designer sandals peeking out from beneath the farthest stall door, two sets of feet tangled together. The wet sounds of kisses and heavy breathing filled the humid air, echoing obscenely off the tiled walls.

Janine's eyes widened and her pussy clenched as realization crashed over her. Someone was fucking in there, rutting like animals, heedless of the public setting. Arousal and envy warred within her as she imagined what the stall's occupants were doing. Were they strangers, swept away by unstoppable lust? Or a forbidden couple, like that redhead and her boy toy, sneaking a quick, illicit tryst?

A loud moan ripped through the air, followed by the rhythmic thumping of flesh meeting flesh. Janine's whole body flushed hot as the primal sounds went straight to her core. The couple grew louder, panting and grunting, lost to their carnal desires. Each slap of skin, each desperate keen, stoked the fire raging in Janine's veins.

Her hand drifted between her thighs, pressing against the damp silk plastered to her aching pussy. She bit her lip hard to keep from whimpering, glancing furtively at the door. She should leave, escape this den of depravity before she lost herself completely. Jason was waiting, probably awake and wondering where she'd gone.

But curiosity got the best of her. Janine crept closer to the stall, her heart pounding in her ears. Through the gap between the door and the frame, she peeked inside, and the lewd sight stole her breath.

A voluptuous woman who could have been Janine's curvy twin was straddling a much younger man who sat on the toilet seat, her round ass jiggling as she rode him. The hard, wet slaps of her juicy pussy pounding his cock echoed obscenely in the bathroom. Her head was thrown back in ecstasy, her massive tits bouncing with every thrust.

Janine's mouth went dry as she watched the wanton display, her clit throbbing in time to their frantic rutting. The boy looked barely older than Jason, his face contorted with pleasure as the thick-assed mother worked herself on his rigid shaft.

She knew she should look away, but Janine was transfixed by the live action porno playing out mere feet from her. Arousal fogged her brain and made her dizzy. Her pussy gushed, soaking through her panties.

The woman's puffy cunt lips were stretched obscenely around the root of the boy's cock, so swollen and pink. Janine's clit poked out from under its hood, begging to be touched. Her fingers twitched with the urge to reach out and rub the sensitive nub. Her other hand crept up to palm her own heavy breast through her shirt.

"Fuck, baby, your cock feels so good," the woman panted, slamming herself down harder on the boy's lap. "Mommy's gonna cum all over you."

Mommy. The word hit Janine like a punch to the gut. This wasn't just some random hook-up - it was an incestuous coupling, mother and son, just like her twisted fantasies of Jason. She couldn't breathe, couldn't think past the pulsing ache between her thighs.

"Jesus, Mom," the boy groaned, his fingers digging into the abundant flesh of his mother's ass. "You're so fucking tight. I'm gonna bust my nut in your sloppy cunt."

The rigid cock stood out straight as an arrow from the boy's groin, throbbing and straining towards his mother's dripping slit. It was like a steel pipe sheathed in silky, pink flesh, the surface rippling with thick veins and taut sinew. Janine couldn't tear her eyes away from the huge, pulsing member as the woman impaled herself on it over and over.

A shiver raced down Janine's spine when the mother let out a high-pitched squeal of ecstasy, her voluptuous body shaking with the force of her orgasm. Glistening fem-cum squirted out around the root of her son's cock, coating his swollen balls and dripping obscenely onto the grimy tile floor. The boy grunted like an animal, ramming upward and burying himself to the hilt in his mother's convulsing cunt.

Janine's hand crept into her own shorts, her fingers grazing the swollen lips of her pussy through the damp fabric of her panties. Her touch sent sparks of pleasure racing through her overheated body, making her clench with need. She rubbed herself slowly, barely suppressing a moan as she imagined Jason's cock stretching her open, filling her, completing her.

The couple in the stall fucked even harder, their bodies slapping together with obscene wet sounds. "Fuck, Mom, I'm gonna cum!" the boy gritted out, his ass clenching as he pumped in and out of his mother's greedy hole.

"Yes, baby, give Mommy that thick load," the woman panted, grinding her hips in desperate circles. "Fill me up!"

Janine shoved her hand into her panties, plunging two fingers knuckle-deep into her aching cunt. Her pussy walls clamped down, so empty and hungry for her son's cock. She friggd herself hard, panting quietly, her heavy tits heaving. Orgasm coiled tight in her belly, her clit pulsing against her slippery fingers.

The boy groaned long and low, his body going rigid as he emptied his balls into his mother's milking cunt. The woman tossed her head back with a silent scream, squirting again on her son's spurting cock. Janine bit her lip bloody to hold back her own cry of release as she came, wave after wave of pleasure crashing through her curvy body. Her pussy quivered wildly, flooding her hand with slick juices.

As the aftershocks ebbed, shame and self-disgust rushed in to fill the void. Janine yanked her soaked fingers from her panties and stumbled back from the stall, her legs trembling. What was she doing? She had to get out of here, had to get away from this sordid scene and the twisted desires it inflamed in her.

Janine stumbled back to the car on shaky legs, her mind reeling. She felt dirty, inside and out. Shame clung to her like a film, mingling with the drying sweat on her skin.

As she approached the sedan, she saw Jason awake and stretching in the passenger seat. Panic seized her. Could he see the guilt on her face? Smell her sin?

She paused by the driver's side door, trying to collect herself. Her hands trembled as she fumbled with the handle.

The door swung open and Janine practically fell into the seat, slamming it shut behind her. Jason turned to her with a sleepy smile that faltered as he took in her disheveled appearance.

"You okay, Mom? You look a little...flushed."

His eyes dipped to her chest and Janine followed his gaze. To her horror, her fat nipples strained against the thin fabric of her top, the peaks clearly visible. Arousal, shame, and damp silk combined to create an unmistakable aroma of pussy in the enclosed space.

Humiliation burned her cheeks and she quickly crossed her arms over her treacherous breasts. "I'm fine, honey," she snapped, staring straight ahead. "It's just hot out."

"I'll say," Jason murmured.

Janine shot him a sharp look, but he was already turning to gaze out the window, a small smirk playing about his lips. Did he know what kind of depraved thoughts she'd been having? Had he guessed the real reason for her flustered state?

She cranked the engine to life. The blast of the AC did little to cool her overheated skin or calm her racing heart. Jason lounged in his seat, looking infuriatingly collected. Like he hadn't just caught his own mother in such a compromising position.

As Janine pulled back onto the highway, Jason cleared his throat. "You know, Mom, if you're really that hot, you could always take your top off. I promise I won't look." His tone was teasing, but there was an undercurrent of something else. Something darker. Hungrier.

"Jason!" Janine snapped, her voice sharp with shock but with a hint of amusement. "I'm not taking my top off!"

Her heart pounded in her throat, blood rushing in her ears. His words hit far too close to home after the depraved thoughts she'd just been indulging about him. Panic seized her, certain he could read the illicit truth in her eyes.

Jason held up his hands, chuckling. "Relax, Mom, I was just joking around." His gaze flickered over her giant heaving chest before he turned to look out the window again.

Tense silence filled the car. Janine gripped the steering wheel, trying to slow her racing pulse. The air felt thick, charged with unspoken tension. She could feel Jason's presence beside her like an electric current across her skin, raising all the fine hairs on her body.

She wet her dry lips, scrambling for something to diffuse the awkwardness. "Hah, well, I'm sure the last thing you'd wanna see is your mother's big old boobs!" She forced a strained laugh. "I'm sure that would scar you for life."

Jason was quiet for a moment. Then, in a low voice, he murmured, "I don't know, Mom. Your tits look pretty damn perfect to me."

Shock rippled through Janine, followed by a bolt of liquid heat straight to her core. Her mouth fell open but no words came out. She darted a glance at her son, certain she must have misheard.

But he was staring at her intensely, his blue eyes dark and hungry, roving over her body like a physical caress. Janine's nipples tightened into aching points, pressing against her thin tank top. Moisture flooded her panties, her pussy clenching with illicit need.

She quickly looked away, fixing her gaze on the road ahead. Her mind reeled. Had her own son really just said that to her? Complimented her breasts? The way he'd looked at her...it was wrong. Obscene.

And yet, lust pulsed through her veins, her body responding shamelessly to his bold appraisal. All the dirty fantasies she'd been fighting crashed over her again in a dizzying wave. She pictured Jason reaching over, cupping her heavy tits, pinching her fat nipples. Sliding his hand up her bare thigh and under her tiny skirt to find her dripping—

"Mom? Did you hear me?"

Jason's voice snapped Janine out of her lustful haze. She blinked rapidly, her face on fire. "What?" She couldn't look at him, couldn't let him see how much his inappropriate comment had affected her.

"I asked if you wanted me to drive for a while. You seem kind of out of it."

"No, no, I'm fine." Janine waved him off, forcing lightness into her tone. "Just a little flustered from the heat, that's all," she said breezily, praying her voice didn't betray the turmoil raging inside her.

Jason's eyes narrowed slightly but he shrugged. "Okay, if you're sure."

To break the charged silence, Jason suggested they play a game of I Spy to pass the time. Janine readily agreed, seeming relieved to have a distraction.

"I spy with my little eye..." Janine scanned the flat, unremarkable landscape. "Something green."

"Hmm, is it that sign we just passed for Granny Smith apples?" Jason guessed.

"Nope, good try though. It's that tree in the field over there."

"Duh, I should have got that," said her son.

They went back and forth a few rounds, the tension in the car easing into a more relaxed, familial vibe as they laughed and ribbed each other playfully. But then it was Jason's turn again.

"I spy...with my little eye," His voice lowered and Janine felt his gaze raking over her body. "Something big and round and juicy."

Her breath caught in her throat and she darted a glance at him. He was staring pointedly at her ballooning tits, a wicked gleam in his blue eyes. Heat flooded Janine's face and she quickly looked away, her heart pounding. Was he really referring to her breasts?

"Jason..." she said warningly, trying to sound stern even as her voice wavered. "I don't think that's appropriate—"

"What?" He feigned innocence but she could hear the smirk in his voice. "I was talking about that huge, round water tower over there. Get your mind out of the gutter, Mom." He chuckled.

Janine's cheeks burned with embarrassment and a confusing twist of disappointment. Of course he didn't mean her tits. She was his mother for God's sake. Clearly this road trip and all her twisted fantasizing was making her paranoid, seeing innuendo where there was none.

She forced a laugh, hating how brittle it sounded. "Right, of course. Okay, my turn." She cast about for something innocuous. "I spy something...long and hard—" The words were out before she could stop them.

Jason made a choking sound. Janine wanted to die. What was wrong with her? Why had her brain jumped straight to long, hard cocks while playing a game with her son?

"The road," she blurted desperately. "I meant the road. It's long and hard. The asphalt." She was babbling like an idiot but she couldn't seem to stop digging herself deeper. Her face felt like it was on fire.

Jason coughed, but it sounded suspiciously like a poorly muffled laugh. "Sure, Mom. The long, hard...road."

Janine squirmed in her seat, all too aware of the long, hard bulge in Jason's jeans. The one she couldn't seem to stop sneaking glances at. God, what if he noticed her looking? Realized she was lusting after him like some kind of pervert?

"You know, on second thought, maybe we should just focus on the drive," the mother suggested, her hands trembled on the steering wheel. She couldn't seem to get enough air. Janine cracked the window further, letting the wind whip her hair across her burning face. Jason shifted beside her and she flinched, her nerves stretched taut as piano wire.

Jason cleared his throat. "Speaking of long, hard things..." He shifted to face Janine, his expression suddenly serious. "I heard a crazy rumor recently, about Aunt Missy."

Janine's stomach clenched. She kept her eyes fixed on the road, trying to keep her voice even. "Oh? What about her?"

"Well, apparently she went on of those MILF cruise things. You know, the ones for horny older ladies to get their freak on with younger guys." He paused, watching her closely. "And word is, she hooked up with Lucas on the ship. Like, they actually fucked."

Janine's knuckles went white on the steering wheel. Hearing her own son talk so crassly about her sister's alleged depravity with her own son Lucas made her want to vomit. And the fact that he knew about it at all filled her with icy dread.

She swallowed hard, scrambling for a response. "Jason, that's ridiculous," she scoffed, forcing a note of disgusted incredulity into her voice. "Who on earth told you such a vulgar lie?"

He shrugged, still eyeing her. "Just heard it around, I guess. So you're saying it's not true then?"

"Of course it's not true!" Janine snapped, a bit too vehemently. Panic clawed at her throat. She had to nip this in the bud before Jason started asking more questions. "Honestly, Jason, use your brain. What kind of mother would...would do something so disgusting with her own son?"

The words tasted like acid on her tongue, scalding her with their hypocrisy. After all, wasn't she the one constantly fantasizing about committing the same unnatural sin with him? Guilt and self-loathing roiled in her gut.

"People make up all sorts of nasty rumors," she continued quickly, desperate to shut this conversation down. "Especially about attractive,

confident women like your aunt. I'm sure whoever told you that little story just has it out for Missy."

Jason was quiet for a moment, considering. Janine held her breath, not daring to look at him. She could feel his gaze boring into the side of her face, searching, assessing.

Finally, he nodded slowly. "Yeah, you're probably right. It did seem a little far-fetched." He relaxed back into his seat, to Janine's overwhelming relief. "Although I gotta admit, the idea of Aunt Missy getting freaky with Lucas on a sex boat is pretty hot. I mean, have you seen her rack?"

"Jason!" Janine gasped, shock and revulsion warring with an illicit thrill at his crude words. "Don't talk about your aunt that way! It's disrespectful."

And it hit far too close to home, given the decidedly non-familial feelings Janine had been harboring for her own son.

After driving a little further in silence, the mother's eyelids grew heavy, exhaustion from the long drive and emotional turmoil finally catching up with her. She glanced over at Jason. Maybe it would be okay to let him take the wheel for a bit while she rested her eyes. Just for a little while.

"Hey Jace, do you mind driving for a bit? I could really use a catnap."

"Sure thing, Mom. Pull over and I'll take over."

Janine steered the car onto the shoulder and put it in park. She and Jason switched seats and she settled in, reclining the passenger side and stretching out her legs. She kicked off her sandals, the breeze from her open window feeling good on her bare feet. Within moments, the hum of the engine and the rocking motion of the car lulled her into a light doze.

Jason tried to keep his eyes on the road, but they kept straying to his mother's sleeping form beside him. Her tank top had ridden up, exposing

a strip of tanned, toned midriff. The short skirt showcased her long, shapely legs. Legs that seemed to go on for miles.

He swallowed hard, his cock twitching to life in his jeans. Fuck, but his mom was hot. He'd always known on some level that she was an attractive woman. But lately, it was all he could think about. The way her giant tits and round ass strained against her clothes. How her hips swayed when she walked. That pouty mouth, so full and fuckable.

Jason shook his head, trying to dispel the taboo thoughts. What the hell was wrong with him? This was his mother, for Christ's sake. He shouldn't be popping a boner over her like some kind of creep.

But he couldn't help it. Especially not after hearing that rumor about Aunt Missy banging his cousin Lucas. The idea of a woman who resembled his own mom and a young son like him going at it like that, all inhibitions abandoned... It turned him on something fierce, as much as he hated to admit it. And it made him wonder if his own mom had a secret freaky side. If maybe she ever thought about him the way he'd been thinking about her.

Jason's cock throbbed, fully erect now. He reached down to adjust himself, desperate for some relief from the denim confines. His knuckles brushed Janine's bare thigh and he froze, barely suppressing a groan. Her skin was so soft and warm. He wanted to run his hand up that silky expanse, push her legs apart and feel the heat of her—

A bump in the road jostled the car and Janine. Jason snatched his hand back like it had been burned, his heart hammering. But his mom just sighed in her sleep and shifted, getting more comfortable. The motion made her huge tits jiggle and strain even more against her tank top.

Janine's eyelids fluttered open, her lashes tickling her cheeks. She stretched languidly, her back arching, a soft moan escaping her plump lips. Through lowered lashes, she noticed Jason's gaze flicking hungrily over her splayed body before he quickly looked back at the road.

A thrill shivered through her. Was her son checking her out? The forbidden thought sent heat rushing to her core. She should sit up, cover herself. Tell him to keep his eyes on the road. But the aching need pulsing between her thighs overwhelmed her better judgment.

Slowly, Janine let her legs fall open, her short skirt riding up her thick thighs. Cool air caressed her damp skin as her flimsy panties were exposed. She could feel the wet spot spreading, knew the sheer fabric was plastered obscenely to the puffy lips of her cunt.

Her breathing quickened. She waited for Jason to notice her blatant display, desire and shame warring inside her. She peeked at him from under her lashes, feigning sleep.

Jason glanced over and did a double take, his eyes widening. He swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing, fingers flexing on the wheel. Janine felt his heavy gaze raking over her, lingering on the junction of her thighs.

The diaphanous fabric of Janine's panties molded to her most intimate parts, leaving little to the imagination. Her plump outer labia pressed against the sheer cloth, the shadowed line of her cuntal cleft clearly visible between the puffy lips. At the apex, her protruding clitoral hood tented the flimsy material, the nub of her fat clit faintly discernible beneath.

The damp panties clung to every fold and contour, outlining her womanhood in obscene detail. Arousal dampened the crotch, turning the delicate fabric translucent. The silk gusset looked nearly fused to her swollen slit, the dark shadow of her denuded cleft and the textured inner petals showing through.

Jason's wide eyes zeroed in on his mother's barely covered mound, his pupils blown with shocked lust. His hands clenched the steering wheel in a white-knuckled grip as he struggled to tear his gaze away from the mesmerizing sight of her pussy on wanton display. Janine's cunt

clenched, gushing fresh moisture into her panties as she watched him ogle her. Dirty, wrong, but so fucking hot.

"Fuck," Jason breathed, the word punched out of him. He sounded absolutely wrecked. Janine glanced over to see him palming his cock through his jeans, rubbing the impressive length. The sight of her son groping himself while he watched her exposed pussy sent a shock of lust straight to her core.

Cheeks burning, Janine quickly yanked her skirt back into place and pressed her thick thighs together, cutting off Jason's view of her barely concealed pussy. Shame and arousal warred within her as she recalled the way his hungry gaze had felt roving over her exposed flesh moments ago.

She darted a glance at her son, but he was staring fixedly out the windshield, his jaw clenched. He looked tense, wound up tight. Janine swallowed hard, trying to slow her racing pulse.

"Guess I was more tired than I realized," she said with forced lightness, straightening in her seat. Her voice came out too breathy, betraying her agitation. "Um, thanks for taking over the driving."

"No problem," Jason replied tightly. He wouldn't meet her eyes, but Janine noticed the sizeable bulge tenting his jeans. A wave of dizziness washed over her at the unmistakable evidence of his arousal. Her clit throbbed in time with her pounding heart.

An awkward silence stretched between them, the air electric with unspoken tension. Janine cast about for something innocuous to say, desperate to defuse the charged atmosphere. Her gaze landed on a road sign advertising food and gas at the next exit.

"Gosh, I'm starving," she blurted too loudly. "Why don't we stop up ahead for a bite? My treat."

Jason just nodded, his focus still trained ahead. His hands flexed on the steering wheel. Janine couldn't stop staring at them, imagining how they would feel gripping her hips, her ass. She quickly looked away, cheeks flushing hotter. What was wrong with her?

They pulled into the bustling diner parking lot and found a spot. Janine's stomach growled as the delicious scents of frying bacon and coffee wafted out to greet them. She smoothed down her tank top self-consciously, hoping her hardened nipples weren't too obvious.

As they slid into a corner booth, Janine couldn't help but notice an attractive middle-aged woman with her strapping teenage son sitting nearby. The boy looked around Jason's age and was the spitting image of the handsome older man across from them, clearly the father.

Janine buried her nose in the laminated menu, but she could feel Jason's eyes on her, his gaze like a physical caress. Her cheeks burned and a fresh gush of moisture flooded her panties. She squirmed in her seat, resisting the urge to press her thighs together.

The waitress came over, a bored expression on her heavily made-up face. "What can I getcha?"

Janine ordered a chef salad and iced tea, while Jason got a burger, fries and Coke. As the waitress walked away, Janine noticed the husband from the other table get up and head toward the restrooms. She idly watched him go, then glanced back at the remaining mother and son.

Her eyes widened and she nearly choked on her own spit. In the short time Janine had looked away, the amply endowed mother had practically welded herself to her son's side. She was draped over him, her massive breasts pillowed against his chest. One hand disappeared beneath the table, clearly fondling his crotch.

As Janine watched in stunned disbelief, the incestuous couple started kissing passionately, right there in the middle of the crowded diner. The

mother's lips mashed against her son's, their jaws working. Janine caught a obscene flash of tangled tongues before they sealed together again, feverishly making out like horny teenagers.

Janine felt like she'd been punched in the gut, all the air leaving her lungs in a whoosh. Arousal and shock warred within her as she gawked at the depraved display happening mere feet away. The mother was practically devouring her son's mouth, kissing him with a hunger that bordered on violence.

And the way her hand moved beneath the table, squeezing and stroking the boy's straining erection...Janine could clearly make out the shape of his rigid cock through his jeans as his mother groped him. He thrust into her pumping fist, making the vinyl seat squeak.

Janine realized her own hand had crept between her legs, pressing against her throbbing pussy through her damp shorts. She snatched it away as if burned, face flaming. What was wrong with her, getting turned on by such a sick spectacle?

Jason's eyes widened and he made a choking sound, drawing Janine's attention. She followed his shocked gaze to the couple across the diner, her stomach dropping as she took in the sordid scene.

The busty mother had her face buried in her son's neck, clearly nibbling and sucking his skin as her hand worked feverishly beneath the table. The boy's eyes were rolled back in bliss, his hips rocking up to meet her stroking fingers. Their incestuous passion was on full display, shameless and brazen.

Revulsion churned in Janine's gut but she couldn't seem to tear her eyes away, her face burning. The flagrant depravity held her in appalled thrall. Beside her, Jason shifted in his seat, clearly as riveted by the taboo spectacle as she was.

He leaned closer, his breath hot on her ear. "Fuck, do you think they're actually..." He trailed off, swallowing audibly. "Mother and son?"

Hearing her own forbidden thoughts given voice sent a bolt of heat spearing through Janine, her pussy clenching. She felt feverish, dizzy with a confusing thrum of disgust and illicit excitement.

"Jason!" She hissed under her breath, finally wrenching her gaze away. "Don't stare, it's rude." She grabbed the menu with trembling hands, trying to block the couple from view. Her eyes skated unseeingly over the laminated pages.

"But if they are," Jason pressed, undeterred by her scandalized admonishment. "That's so cool. I mean, she's obviously old enough to be his mom. You don't think..." He hesitated. "You don't think they're actually screwing, do you?"

Janine's head swam at his crude question, her heart beating a rapid tattoo against her ribs. Unbidden, an image of the statuesque mother riding her young son's big cock flashed through her fevered mind. She clamped her legs together against the answering throb in her aching core.

"I don't know and I don't wanna know," she bit out, fighting to keep her voice steady. "It's none of our business."

She raised the menu higher, blocking her inflamed cheeks. But she could still hear the couple's heavy breathing and muffled moans, the wet sounds of greedy kisses. It made her squirm in her seat, sweat trickling between her breasts.

Suddenly, the busty mother straightened up and slid away from her son just as her husband returned from the restroom. She greeted him with a warm smile and a chaste peck on the cheek, the picture of a devoted wife. Janine watched in disbelief as the couple stood and gathered their things, for all appearances a normal, happy family.

As they headed for the door, the mother glanced over at Janine and Jason's table. Her eyes met Janine's for a brief, charged moment before flicking meaningfully to Jason. A knowing smile curved her lips and she winked at Janine before turning to follow her husband and son out of the diner.

Janine sat frozen, her cheeks blazing and her mind reeling. Had that woman somehow sensed her forbidden attraction to Jason? The thought filled her with queasy dread. She felt exposed, called out on her shameful desires by a complete stranger.

And yet, an illicit thrill shivered through her at the implied camaraderie in the mother's smile. Like they shared a dirty secret, an unnatural hunger for their own sons' virile young bodies. Janine's cunt clenched and fresh sweat dampened her hairline.

Jason let out a low whistle, startling Janine from her whirling thoughts. "Damn, did you see that? I guess she didn't want her husband to catch her doing that to their own kid, huh?" He shook his head. "Damn, can you imagine us doing stuff like that together mom." He shot Janine a look, his blue eyes dark and unreadable.

Janine's heart stuttered and her mouth went dry. Shame scalded her, tightening her throat. If only Jason knew the depraved fantasies that plagued her every waking moment.

She dropped her gaze, fingers trembling around the menu. "I don't want to talk about it anymore," she managed, hating the breathless quaver in her voice. "Let's just forget we saw anything and enjoy our food, okay?"

"Whatever you say, Mom." Jason shrugged and picked up his own menu, but Janine could feel the weight of his stare, heavy with unspoken questions.

The waitress returned with their drinks, breaking the charged silence. Janine took a long sip of her iced tea, welcoming the cold shock against

her overheated flesh. She tried to focus on the laminated pages, but the words blurred before her unfocused eyes. All she could think about was that mother shamelessly groping her own son, kissing him with an incestuous passion Janine recognized all too well.

Jason stared out the window as Janine drove the last few miles to State University, his mind still reeling from what they'd witnessed in the diner. He couldn't get the image of that stacked mom going to town on her own son out of his head. It was so fucked up...and yet it turned him on like crazy.

His cock throbbed insistently in his jeans as his traitorous brain kept imagining him and his mom in the couple's place. Janine's plush lips wrapped around his dick under the table, her huge tits pressing against his thigh as she sucked him off right there in public. He shifted uncomfortably, trying to adjust himself without drawing his mother's attention.

God, what was wrong with him? Janine was his mom for Christ's sake. He shouldn't be popping wood over her like some incestuous freak. But he couldn't deny how hot she looked in her skimpy tank top and short skirt, her voluptuous body on display. The way her clothes clung to her ripe curves, the sexy bounce of her ginormous tits and meaty ass with every movement.

Jason swallowed hard, his mouth dry. He darted a glance at his mom, taking in her tense jaw and white-knuckled grip on the steering wheel. She seemed just as rattled by the whole thing as he was. Maybe even...turned on too? The thought sent a dark thrill through him.

Before he could pursue that dangerous line of thinking, Janine pulled into the campus parking lot. "We're here," she announced with forced brightness, cutting the engine. "Let's go surprise your sister!"

Jason followed his mom into the freshman dorm, his gaze glued to the enticing sway of her plump ass. Every mouthwatering jiggle had his aching cock jerking in his pants. He was so fucking horny, he could barely think straight. The familiar scent of Janine's floral perfume swirled around him in the close confines of the stairwell, going straight to his dick.

By the time they reached Kimberly's floor, Jason was lightheaded and dizzy with need. Janine knocked on the door, bouncing a little on the balls of her feet. No answer. She tried the knob and it turned easily in her hand.

"Kim? Surprise, we're - oh!" Janine's cheerful greeting cut off with a shocked gasp as she stepped into the dorm room, Jason on her heels. He peered over her shoulder and his eyes widened at the sight that greeted them.

Kimberly was naked on her bed, a skinny guy, maybe even younger than her, balls deep inside her. The dude jackhammered into her, grunting with every thrust. Kim's huge tits bounced wildly as she met his strokes, her head thrown back in ecstasy.

"Fuck yeah, pound my pussy!" she cried, oblivious to their presence.

Jason gaped at the sight before him, shock mingling with a sudden, overwhelming surge of lust. His eyes locked onto the other guy's raging teenage cock as it pounded in and out of his big sister's stretched pussy. The wet, obscene sound of their fucking filled the small dorm room. Frothy juices ran down Kim's jiggling ass cheeks, staining the bedspread beneath her.

Beside him, Janine made a strangled noise, her face flushed and eyes wide as she too stared at the lewd display. Her hand clamped down on Jason's arm, fingers digging into his bicep almost painfully. But he barely registered the sting, his attention completely consumed by the live porn playing out mere feet away.

Kimberly tossed her head back, letting out a loud keening of ecstasy as her boy-toy pounded into her. Her huge tits rolled wildly along her ribcage with every jarring impact of his narrow hips against her thick thighs. The headboard slammed against the wall in a frantic rhythm that matched Jason's racing heart.

A bead of sweat trickled down his temple as the dank smell of raw sex invaded his nostrils. His cock strained painfully against his zipper, so hard it hurt. He'd never been this turned on in his life. Watching his hot sister get the shit fucked out of her, seeing that dick ramming into her hungry snatch, those fat titties jiggling... It was the most shockingly arousing thing he'd ever witnessed. And having his mom right there next to him, seeing it too, only amped the forbidden thrill to unbearable heights.

"Oh my God," Janine breathed, sounding as wrecked as Jason felt. Her voice quavered and her grip on his arm tightened convulsively. He risked a glance at her and heat punched him in the gut at the stunned arousal on her face. Her plump bottom lip was caught between her teeth, her chest heaving and nipples visibly pebbled beneath her thin tank top. She looked like she was about to cream her panties.

Jason's cock jerked in his pants, a surge of pre-cum dampening his boxers. Jesus fuck. Was his mom getting off on this too? The possibility made him so dizzy with lust, he thought he might pass out. He couldn't tear his eyes away from her huge tits as they strained against the flimsy fabric of her top with each panting breath.

Janine suddenly seemed to snap out of her daze. She yanked hard on Jason's arm, practically hauling him out of the doorway. He stumbled after her, his head spinning and cock aching, as she dragged him back into the hall.

Janine's mind raced as she dragged Jason back down the hallway and gently closed the door, her face flaming and heart pounding. She couldn't believe what they'd just walked in on - her own daughter getting

the daylights fucked out of her by some scrawny boy! The obscene sight was seared into Janine's brain, making her dizzy with a confusing mix of maternal outrage and illicit arousal.

She felt flushed all over, her skin too tight and clothes too constricting. Sweat trickled down her spine and between her heaving breasts. She needed to get ahold of herself, but it was impossible with Jason's hard muscles flexing beneath her fingers, his masculine scent filling her nose. Her pussy clenched and thighs trembled as she recalled the way his eyes had darkened with unmistakable hunger while he watched Kimberly get pounded.

Oh God, had her own son been turned on by seeing his sister in the throes of passion? The sick thought should have repulsed her, but instead it only stoked the fire raging in her veins, making her ache with forbidden need. What was wrong with her? She had to get away from him, had to put some distance between their overheated bodies before she did something she'd regret forever.

"Um, why don't we go check into the hotel while Kimberly is...occupied," Janine suggested, her voice unsteady. She avoided Jason's eyes, terrified he would see the depraved lust burning in her own. "We can come back later to surprise her."

"Yeah, good idea," Jason agreed, sounding just as rattled.

They hurried out to the car, the charged silence heavy with unspoken tension. Janine's hands shook as she fumbled with the keys. She could feel Jason's gaze on her, scorching her skin like a brand.

Janine wrenched her mind away from the obscene fantasy and practically peeled out of the parking lot. She white-knuckled the steering wheel the whole way to the hotel, Jason a seething distraction in the passenger seat. By the time they pulled up to the front entrance, Janine's panties were soaked through and her clit throbbed incessantly. She took

a few deep breaths, trying to compose herself before facing the check-in desk.

The perky clerk greeted them with a bright smile. "Welcome! How can I help you today?"

"We need a room, please," Janine said, hoping her voice didn't betray her inner turmoil. "Two beds."

The clerk clicked away at her keyboard, frowning slightly. "Oh, I'm so sorry, we're all booked up on double rooms."

The clerk gave them an apologetic smile. "Unfortunately, all we have left are single king rooms. Will that work for you?"

Janine's stomach flipped at the thought of sharing a bed with Jason, especially after the charged moment they'd just had. Heat crawled up her neck. "Um, I guess we don't have a choice," she said, trying to keep her voice even. "That's fine."

As the clerk processed their room key, she glanced between Janine and Jason with a conspiratorial wink. "You know, we get a lot of mothers and sons traveling together, and they always seem to prefer the single king bed. Easier to share, if you know what I mean." She giggled suggestively.

Mortification blazed through Janine, her face flaming at the clerk's scandalous implication. She snatched the key card and mumbled a terse thank you, desperate to escape the knowing gleam in the other woman's eyes.

Jason said nothing as they made their way to the room, an unreadable expression on his face. Janine's heart hammered the entire elevator ride up, her mind reeling. Did the clerk really think she and Jason were...involved? Like those other mothers and sons she'd mentioned? The idea made Janine feel faint, but beneath the shock and revulsion, an illicit tingle shivered through her.

The elevator dinged and the doors slid open. Janine followed her son down the hall in a daze, her legs trembling. He paused before their room, glancing back at her. Something dark and heated flashed in his blue eyes before he quickly looked away again.

With a hard swallow, Janine stepped forward and fumbled with the key card. It took her a few tries to get the light to turn green, her hands were shaking so badly. Finally, the lock clicked and she pushed inside the room, holding the door for Jason.

The door swung shut behind them with a soft thud, sealing them in together. Alone.

Janine's eyes immediately landed on the single king-sized bed dominating the room. The cream duvet looked plush and inviting, and for a wild moment, she imagined throwing Jason down on it and climbing astride him. Straddling his lean hips, grinding her aching pussy against the rigid bulge straining his jeans.

A muffled groan snapped Janine back to reality. Face burning, she whirled around to find Jason staring at the bed as well, his hands clenched into fists at his sides. He looked coiled tight, like a spring about to snap.

"I can sleep on the floor," he bit out through a clenched jaw. "Or see if they have a cot or something."

"No, don't be ridiculous," Janine said, her voice coming out breathier than she intended. Her nipples pebbled almost painfully against her thin tank top. "The bed is plenty big for both of us."

Jason grabbed his duffel bag and muttered something about taking a shower. Janine nodded absently, sinking down onto the bed as she pulled out her phone to call her husband.

She could barely focus on William's voice as Jason began undressing mere feet away. Her eyes kept straying to her son's lean, muscled back

as he peeled off his t-shirt. "Yeah, Kim was, um... busy, so we checked into our hotel room," she uttered to her husband.

When Jason bent to push his jeans down, Janine's mouth went dry at the mouth-watering sight of his tight ass and ripped thighs.

"Uh huh," she murmured into the phone, only half-listening to William prattle on about his day. Her gaze was glued to the sizeable bulge stretching the front of Jason's black boxer briefs.

Her pussy clenched as he turned slightly, giving her a better view of the thick slab of meat between his legs. Jesus, her little boy wasn't so little anymore. Janine's face burned even as arousal pulsed deep in her core.

Jason hooked his thumbs in the waistband of his underwear and Janine's heart leapt into her throat. She held her breath, transfixed, as he started inching them down. Just a little further and she'd see—

"Shit, sorry Mom," Jason blurted, quickly yanking his briefs back up as he remembered she was present. His cheeks were red as he grabbed his toiletry bag and practically sprinted for the bathroom, slamming the door behind him.

Janine exhaled shakily, her pulse pounding in her ears. "What? No, everything's fine," she said distractedly into the phone, realizing William had asked her a question. "Just a long drive, that's all."

She made an effort to pay attention as her husband droned on, but her mind kept drifting back to the tantalizing glimpse of Jason's nearly nude body. The way his muscles flexed and bunched, that tempting treasure trail disappearing into his underwear, leading to what was clearly an extremely impressive package.

Janine squeezed her thighs together, trying to ease the ache building between them. Sweat gathered along her hairline and under her heavy breasts. She felt feverish, restless. The small room seemed to close in around her, Jason's clean scent still lingering.

The shower cut on in the bathroom and Janine's fevered mind immediately conjured an image of her son naked under the spray. Water sluicing over his chiseled chest and abs, cascading down his back and over the firm globes of his ass. Rivulets coursing through the valleys between his muscles, following that happy trail down to his—

William's voice jarred Janine from her illicit fantasy, her husband's mundane chatter a stark contrast to the perverted images consuming her thoughts. She made a few distracted "Mm-hmm" sounds, barely registering his words. It was painfully obvious her mind was elsewhere.

"Janine? Are you even listening?" William asked, a hint of annoyance creeping into his tone.

"What? Yes, of course," she replied quickly, scrambling to recall anything he'd just said. "You were talking about, um...the Johnson account?"

"I finished telling you about that a couple minutes ago. Seriously, where is your head today? I feel like I'm talking to myself here."

Shame heated Janine's cheeks. If only William knew the real reason she was so scatterbrained - that she'd been fantasizing about their own son's beautiful naked body, his cock specifically. God, what was wrong with her?

"I'm sorry, honey," she said, her voice unsteady. "You're right, I'm just...tired from the long drive. It's been a lot today."

That was the understatement of the century. Between the disturbing incident at the diner, accidentally walking in on Kimberly's raunchy sex session, and now being tormented by her own sick lust for Jason... Janine felt like she was losing her grip on sanity.

"Look, let me call you back later, okay? I think I just need to rest for a bit."

William sighed but agreed. "Alright. I love you."

"Love you too," Janine murmured automatically before hanging up.

The phone slipped from her sweaty fingers onto the bed. She pressed her thighs together, trying to ignore the persistent throb between them. But closing her eyes only made it worse, the forbidden images of Jason burned on the insides of her eyelids.

She pictured him soaping up his young, virile body under the steamy spray. His big hands sliding over his chiseled muscles, washing away the sweat from the long car ride. Bubbles trailing over his ripped abs and down to his erect cock.

Janine imagined Jason's package in vivid, exquisite detail as the shower ran in the next room. In her mind's eye, it was the most beautiful penis she had ever seen - the embodiment of virile perfection. Long and thick, at least eight inches and so hard. The flared head was plump and bulbous, a mouthwatering helmet crowning the impressive length.

The shaft curved up slightly, standing at a proud, rigid angle from his groin. Thick veins like cables rippled along the sides, pulsing with the potent flow of hot, youthful blood. She pictured them throbbing under his silky skin as he soaped up, engorged with the vigor of his prime. Little did she know she was spot on.

Janine squeezed her thighs together as she envisioned the heavy sack swaying beneath that magnificent cock. Jason's balls would be big and full, churning with a seemingly endless supply of creamy spunk. The thought made her clit throb and her pussy clench on emptiness, aching to be pumped full of his hot seed.

A moan caught in her throat as she imagined Jason taking that perfect cock in hand, stroking it under the cascading water. Working the thick shaft root to tip. She could almost see the pearly beads of pre-cum oozing from the slit to be washed away by the spray.

Janine's hand crept between her legs, pressing against the damp crotch of her shorts. Her sex throbbed, the plump lips swelling and slicking with fresh arousal. She rubbed herself slowly through the clinging material, trying to ease the persistent ache.

Behind her closed lids, the fantasy played out in illicit detail. Jason fisting his huge erection faster, his sculpted abs clenching and flexing. Soft grunts spilling from his parted lips. His flushed cock-head flaring, balls drawing up tight. So close, ready to explode.

Janine bit her lip hard, stifling a whimper as she imagined him climaxing. Pictured that long, thick cock pulsing as it shot stream after stream of hot, milky cum. Splattering obscenely against the shower wall, swirling down the drain. She could almost smell the pungent musk of his spend permeating the steamy air.

A sudden knock at the door jolted Janine from her trance. She snatched her hand away from her crotch and sat up, heart hammering. Disoriented, she glanced around the empty room. The shower still drummed steadily against the tiles.

Another impatient knock sounded and Janine stumbled to her feet. Shaking off the residual daze of her masturbatory fantasy, she crossed to the door and pulled it open.

The clerk from the front desk stood there, a stack of fresh towels in her arms. The young woman smiled at Janine, but there was a mischievous gleam in her eyes that made Janine's stomach flip uneasily. "I figured you and your handsome son could use some extra towels," the clerk said, her voice dripping with innuendo. "Most of our mother-son guests end up needing them, if you know what I mean." She winked salaciously.

Janine's face flamed and her mouth fell open in shock. She couldn't believe the lurid implication behind the clerk's words. Did she really think Janine and Jason were engaging in...in incestuous activities? The very

idea made her dizzy with a confusing swirl of revulsion and illicit excitement.

The clerk leaned in, lowering her voice to a conspiratorial whisper. "Between you and me, your boy is a real looker. I bet he's a stud in the sack, huh?" Her gaze raked over Janine, taking in her voluptuous figure. "And something tells me you know your way around a young cock too."

Mortification blazed through Janine, rendering her momentarily speechless. Her mind reeled as she struggled to formulate a response to the clerk's shockingly crude remarks. She opened and closed her mouth a few times, but no words came out.

The clerk took Janine's stunned silence as tacit agreement and grinned knowingly. "I'm sure you're showing him all sorts of new tricks. Lucky guy." She handed over the stack of towels and gave Janine an exaggerated wink. "You two have fun now. And don't worry, your naughty secret is safe with me."

With that, she turned on her heel and sauntered back down the hallway, leaving Janine gaping after her. It took a moment for Janine to collect herself enough to step back into the room and shut the door. Her hands shook as she leaned against it, her heart galloping in her chest.

She couldn't wrap her mind around the clerk's brazen implications. The woman had all but accused Janine of molesting her own son. And yet, even as hot shame filled her, Janine couldn't deny the dark thrill that shivered through her at the suggestion.

The forbidden fantasy of Jason touching her, taking her, rose up to choke her. Her breasts ached and her pussy clenched as she imagined him pinning her to the door, ripping her clothes off and plunging that huge cock deep inside her.

The bathroom door suddenly opened in a billow of steam and Janine nearly jumped out of her skin. She whirled around to see Jason

emerging, a towel slung low around his lean hips. Rivulets of water traced over his lean, chiseled muscles and her mouth went dry at the sight.

He raked a hand through his damp hair, his bicep flexing. "Who was at the door?"

Janine's cheeks blazed, her tongue tangling around a half-formed excuse. "Oh, um, just the maid. Dropping off more towels. In case we need...I mean, not for...uh..."

The mother took a deep breath before continuing. "She said they like to keep guests well-stocked."

She cringed at her own flustered babbling. The knowing smirk on the clerk's face flashed through her mind, her crude insinuations echoing in Janine's ears.

A wave of dizziness washed over Janine and she gripped the towels tighter, her giant breasts heaving against the thin fabric of her tank top. She couldn't meet Jason's eyes, terrified he would read the depraved truth in her own. The urge to flee, to escape his probing gaze and the temptation of his half-naked body, seized her.

"I...I should probably hop in the shower too," she blurted, edging toward the bathroom. The thought of getting naked where Jason just had, surrounded by the lingering heat and scent of him, made her light-headed. Her nipples pebbled into aching points and she prayed he wouldn't notice. "Long drive and all. I feel kinda...grimy."

Jason plopped down on the bed, the mattress springs creaking under his weight. He grabbed a brochure for local attractions off the nightstand and waved it at Janine. "Go ahead and get undressed out here, Mom. The bathroom's pretty cramped." A smirk played about his lips. "I promise I won't peek. Scout's honor."

Janine's heart stuttered in her chest. Undress? Here? With her son mere feet away, clad only in a towel? She opened her mouth to refuse, but all that came out was a breathless squeak. Her eyes darted helplessly to the bathroom door, but the small, steamy space suddenly seemed even more daunting than stripping down in front of Jason.

She swallowed hard, her cheeks burning. The air felt too thick, charged with a palpable tension that raised goosebumps on her skin despite the stuffiness. "Um, okay," she managed, her voice small and strained. "Just...keep your eyes on that brochure, mister."

Jason chuckled and made a show of holding the glossy pamphlet up to his face, obscuring his view. "You got it. I'll just be over here learning all about the wonders of the State University campus."

Janine's hands trembled as she reached for the hem of her tank top. She felt feverish, almost delirious. This was crazy. She should march into that bathroom and lock the door. But her body betrayed her, moving as if controlled by some outside force.

Slowly, she peeled the thin cotton up, baring her midriff inch by excruciating inch. Cool air kissed her overheated skin and she shivered, her tummy clenching. Her heart pounded so loudly she was certain Jason could hear it.

She risked a glance at him and her stomach flipped at the sight of his white-knuckled grip on the brochure, the paper crinkling audibly. He was staring at the text but his eyes weren't moving, and she could see the rapid rise and fall of his chest over the top of the pamphlet.

Moisture flooded Janine's panties as she realized he was just as affected as she was. Her pussy clenched and her nipples tightened into aching points, straining against her bra. With a deep breath for courage, she quickly tugged the tank top over her head before she lost her nerve.

The cool air caressed her bare torso and Janine fought the urge to cover herself. She stood there in just her tit-stuffed bra and skirt, her skin prickling with goosebumps. Or maybe it was the weight of Jason's gaze, so heavy she could almost feel it like a physical touch, despite the brochure shielding his eyes.

Janine reached behind her back and fumbled with the clasp of her bra, her fingers clumsy and shaking. She could feel Jason's gaze burning into her, even though he still hid behind the brochure. With a soft snap, the hooks came free and Janine let out a shuddery exhale as the tight band released its stranglehold on her ribs.

"Whew, that's better," she said, her voice trembling slightly. "This old thing was really digging in. I'm busting out of my bras these days."

She slowly slid the straps down her arms, the cool air kissing her bare skin and pebbling it with goosebumps. Her heavy juggernauts swayed with the motion, fighting to burst free of the flimsy satin cups. Janine glanced furtively at Jason, her cheeks heating.

"I've had to go up yet another cup size, can you believe it?" She forced a strained laugh, hardly believing that she was sharing details about her tit-size with her own son. "I'm nearly a 40 triple-G now. At this rate, they'll be down to my knees before I'm fifty!"

Jason made a choked sound behind the brochure but didn't say anything. Janine's heart pounded as she slowly peeled the bra away from her chest, the cups clinging to her sweaty flesh before releasing their precious cargo with a soft pop. Her massive, heavy breasts tumbled free, jutting proudly from her body like two ripe, succulent watermelons.

Cool air caressed the sweat-dampened undersides and Janine bit back a moan at how good it felt to release her aching tits from their satin prison. Her dark nipples puckered into stiff peaks, the broad tips flushing a dusky rose at the center of wide areola. She palmed the heavy globes, lifting them slightly and relishing the relief of letting them breathe.

Her gaze darted to the growing tent in Jason's towel and her pussy clenched, soaking her panties anew. Oh God, was her son getting hard just from sneaking peeks at her topless? The thought sent a bolt of illicit heat spearing straight to her core.

Janine let her tits drop, the abundant flesh quivering and bouncing obscenely. She tossed the bra aside and hesitated, her hands drifting to the waistband of her denim skirt. She hooked her thumbs under the waistband and slowly shimmied the item of clothing down over her generous hips and thighs. The motion made her ginormous bare breasts jiggle and sway hypnotically. She could feel the heavy globes pulling her forward, their warm weight resting heavily against her ribs. Cool air caressed the newly exposed skin of her lower belly and thighs, raising goosebumps.

She stepped out of the crumpled skirt and kicked it aside, leaving her clad in only a pair of sheer white panties. The dainty fabric was stretched taut over her plump mound and the succulent globes of her bodacious ass. Janine could feel the sodden crotch clinging to her swollen, aching pussy lips, molding to every fold and crease. Her face burned at how wantonly wet she was.

Unable to resist, she darted a glance at her son. A thrill shot through her when she saw his knuckles whitening around the brochure, the pages crinkling audibly in his grip. His towel tented obscenely over his crotch, barely containing what was clearly a massive erection. Janine's clit throbbed at the knowledge that her little striptease was affecting him so powerfully.

Emboldened, she turned slightly to the side, giving him a better view of her voluptuous body as she slowly peeled her panties down. The whisper-thin material clung briefly to her juicy slit before releasing with an obscene wet sound. Janine shivered as the cool air kissed her fever-hot sex, her plump lips glistening with arousal. A few drops of her juices pattered onto the carpet.

Janine stepped out of the panties and left them puddled on the floor, in full view of her son. She could practically feel his hungry gaze raking over her as she padded naked to the bathroom, her huge tits and ass bouncing shamelessly with every step. Wetness trickled down her inner thighs.

Janine paused in the bathroom doorway, her heart hammering. "I'll just leave this cracked," she said, her voice unsteady. "So it doesn't get too steamy."

The words sounded flimsy even to her own ears. She silently cursed herself, knowing full well the real reason she was providing a tantalizing gap - a window for her son's hungry eyes to feast on her nakedness if he so chose. Shame burned her cheeks but the ache between her thighs only intensified at the forbidden thrill.

Pulse racing, Janine stepped into the shower and turned the water on, not waiting for it to warm up. The cool spray shocked her overheated skin, beading on her heavy breasts and coursing over her curves. She tilted her head back, eyes fluttering closed as she tried to calm her rioting thoughts.

But in the darkness behind her lids, obscene fantasies played out in lurid detail - Jason barging in and pinning her against the slick tiles, his hands everywhere, that huge cock driving into her eager body. Janine muffled a moan into her palm, the sound barely audible over the pattering water. Her pussy clenched, empty and aching. Moisture that had nothing to do with the shower slicked her swollen lips.

In the room, Jason stared fixedly at the bathroom door, the brochure forgotten in his lap. The thin crack Janine had left seemed to taunt him, a siren call to the forbidden delights just out of sight. He imagined he could see slivers of his mother's glistening skin through the gap, hear the hitch in her breathing as she soaped up her spectacular body.

The thought made him throb painfully beneath his towel. Desperate for some relief, Jason fisted his cock through the damp terry cloth, barely suppressing a groan. But it wasn't enough. He needed more.

His gaze fell on the dainty white panties crumpled on the floor, carelessly discarded. They seemed to gleam in the late afternoon light spilling through the curtains, beckoning him. Jason swallowed hard, his mouth suddenly dry.

It was wrong. He knew it was wrong. But he was moving before he could second guess himself, drawn to the forbidden scrap of fabric like a moth to a flame. The carpet was rough against his bare feet as he crossed the small space and stooped to retrieve his mother's underwear.

The crotch was still warm from her body heat. Jason's cock jerked as he raised the panties to his face and inhaled deeply. Janine's intoxicating musk filled his nostrils - a dizzying combination of sweet, tangy cream and spicy feminine arousal. It smelled like pure sex. Jason's head swam as he drank in the scent, his hips rocking into his fist of their own accord.

Janine's pulse raced as she lathered up her voluptuous body under the steamy spray. Her hands slid over her slick skin, soaping her massive breasts, making them bobble back and forth until they gleamed. She couldn't stop picturing Jason's hungry gaze on her as she'd stripped, the way his towel had tented obscenely over his straining erection. The forbidden images made her pussy clench and cream, even as shame heated her cheeks.

Through the fogged up glass of the shower door, Janine's gaze was drawn to the thin crack she'd left in the bathroom entry. It was just wide enough to provide a tantalizing sliver of the hotel room beyond, the barest glimpse of the bed where Jason sat, clad in only that precariously knotted towel. She imagined him rising from the mattress, drawn to the door by the sound of the rushing water sluicing over her naked body.

Janine's breathing quickened as she pictured him peering through the crack, unable to resist the siren call of her wet, soapy curves. In her mind's eye, she could see his blue eyes darkening with lust, his hand straying to the straining tent of his towel. Her heart hammered and her pussy ached, giving a needy throb. She squeezed her thighs together, swollen lips slipping and sliding.

Desire made her bold, reckless. Feeling wanton and wild, Janine turned to face the door head-on. She arched her back, thrusting out her huge tits as she slowly ran her hands over the quivering globes. Rivulets coursed over the oversized melons and beaded on her stiff nipples. She reached between her legs, ostensibly to soap her aching mound, but let her fingers linger and stroke the engorged flesh. The glass door framed her lewd display like a portrait.

Janine's grape-sized clit pulsed under her sudsy fingers as she imagined her son stroking his big teenage cock in time to her caresses, transfixed by the show she was putting on. Her pussy gushed, arousal and shower water streaming down her thick thighs. But as much as she tried to drag out her performance, she couldn't linger in the rapidly cooling spray forever.

Impatient to feel Jason's eyes on her again, Janine called out over the water, "Honey, could you bring me my shampoo? I forgot to grab it from my bag."

There was a beat of charged silence, then she heard Jason's muffled reply through the door. "Sure Mom, one sec."

Her pulse jumped at the roughness in his voice, the unmistakable hitch of arousal. She kept her back to the door, trembling with anticipation as she listened to him rustling around in her duffel. Her fat nipples drew up into aching points and her clit throbbed in time to her racing heart.

Jason dropped the panties like they'd burned him, his heart slamming against his ribs. Fuck, what was he doing? Sniffing his own mother's

underwear like some kind of pervert... He shook his head, disgusted with himself.

Guilt and shame curdled in his gut as he rifled through Janine's duffel bag with shaking hands, locating her shampoo bottle. He clutched it like a talisman, a flimsy shield against the depraved urges pulsing through him.

He hesitated outside the cracked bathroom door, sweat prickling his brow despite his state of undress. Steam wafted out, carrying the tantalizing scent of his mom's freshly washed skin. Jason swallowed hard, desire warring with revulsion. It would be so easy to "accidentally" catch a glimpse of his mother's naked, soapy body...

No. He couldn't let his mind go there. Steeling himself, Jason pushed the door open and averted his gaze, focusing intently on the generic floral print shower curtain. "Here you go," he said gruffly, thrusting the shampoo bottle in Janine's general direction.

"Thanks, honey," Janine replied, her voice unsteady. Jason could hear her shifting under the spray, water splashing and echoing obscenely in the small space. "I really appreciate it."

He grunted in acknowledgment, already backing towards the door, desperate to escape the suffocating steam and his mother's disconcerting proximity. But Janine's voice stopped him.

"Did you see anything interesting in that brochure?" she asked, her tone just a little too bright. "I was thinking maybe we could check out some of the local sights tomorrow, if Kimberly's not too busy with classes... or boys."

Jason blinked, thrown by the forced normalcy of her question. Was she really trying to make casual conversation while naked and wet mere feet away? He shifted uncomfortably, all too aware of his persistent arousal.

"Uh, yeah, maybe," he mumbled, staring fixedly at the wall. His hands clenched and unclenched at his sides. "There's some parks and museums and stuff."

"That sounds nice," Janine said. There was a tremor in her voice that made Jason's cock twitch against his thigh. "Maybe we could pack a picnic lunch, make a day of it. I worry Kim's gonna get homesick, being away from us for the first time."

She kept up the inane chatter, seemingly oblivious to the effect her naked nearness was having on him. Or maybe that was the point. Maybe she wanted him to picture her in lurid detail, to imagine lathering up her huge tits and juicy ass.

"If you can just hand me the shampoo, I'll lather up now," Janine called out over the rushing water. "I'm gonna have to close my eyes while I wash my hair, so don't go anywhere, okay? We can keep chatting."

Jason's pulse pounded in his ears as he processed his mother's words. Was she...was she giving him permission to look at her naked body? While she was vulnerable and blind to his gaze? He knew it was so very wrong, but he couldn't resist the temptation. His cock throbbed insistently, aching for relief.

Slowly, hardly daring to breathe, Jason turned his head to peer through the fogged up glass. At first, he could only make out the blurred curves of Janine's voluptuous figure. But as his hungry eyes adjusted, the details came into stark focus, stealing his breath.

Rivulets of water sluiced over his mother's spectacular body, coursing along her abundant curves. Her massive breasts jiggled and swayed as she worked the shampoo into her hair, the heavy globes glistening and quivering. Suds slid down her chest, catching on her stiff nipples before trailing over her soft, rounded tummy.

Jason's mouth went bone dry as his gaze dipped lower, following the bubbles' descent. They slipped over the gentle swell of Janine's full hips and the apex of her thighs. Her mound looked plump and ripe, like a juicy peach just begging to be devoured.

As if sensing his scorching gaze, Janine arched her back, jutting out her giant tits and meaty ass. The lewd pose offered up her body for Jason's viewing pleasure, every succulent inch glistening and on display. She pulled her hands through her thick hair, working up a lather while her monstrous jugs bounced and wobbled, nipples straining.

"So what do you think, honey?" Janine asked, her voice slightly breathless. "About the picnic idea? We could find a nice secluded spot, spread out a blanket."

Jason made a strangled sound, barely hearing her words over the rush of blood in his ears. He couldn't tear his eyes away from the riveting sight of his mother's body undulating sensually under the spray. Each flex and shimmy seemed designed to entice, to tease, to tempt him beyond all endurance.

"Jason? Are you still there?" Janine's voice held a note of coy amusement, jolting him. She tilted her head back to rinse the shampoo, exposing the long column of her throat. Water cascaded over her upturned face and down her heaving chest.

"Yeah, uh, sounds good Mom," Jason answered.

Janine's eyes snapped open, locking onto Jason's stunned face through the fogged glass. A jolt of panic shot through him at being caught so blatantly ogling his naked mother. He jerked back from the shower door, his heart slamming against his ribs.

In his haste, the precariously knotted towel around his waist came unfastened. Time seemed to slow as the damp terrycloth fell away from

his body. But instead of pooling at his feet, the towel snagged on his jutting erection, draping over the rigid length like an obscene tent.

For one mortifying moment, Jason stood frozen, his strong, rigid cock holding the towel like a long fleshy wall hook mere inches from his mother's shocked face. Her wide eyes flicked down to his groin and her plump lips parted on a soft gasp. Scalding humiliation flooded Jason's veins.

Frantically, he snatched at the towel, wrapping it back around his waist with fumbling hands. "Shit, sorry Mom!" he blurted, his voice cracking like a teenager's. "I didn't mean to - fuck, I'm so sorry!"

Cheeks blazing, Jason stumbled back from the bathroom, nearly tripping over his own feet in his desperate haste to escape. He couldn't bear to see the disgust and disappointment that surely colored his mother's face. Not after the shameful way he'd violated her privacy, drinking in her naked body like a man possessed.

Cursing himself viciously, Jason closed the bathroom door shut and staggered over to the bed. He collapsed onto the mattress, his head spinning and stomach churning with self-loathing. What the fuck was wrong with him? Perving on his own mom like some sick freak.

He dragged his hands over his face, taking shuddering breaths to try to calm his racing pulse. But he couldn't shake the searing image of Janine's voluptuous figure glistening wet and soapy, curves on full display. The way her huge mom-tits bounced as she washed, rivulets streaming over the ripe globes. That hairless triangle between her thick thighs, just begging for his tongue.

Janine's heart pounded against her ribs as she stood frozen under the cooling spray, the tantalizing image of Jason's impressive cock seared into her brain. Oh God, the sheer size of him... Even at a fleeting glance, there was no mistaking the thick length and girth jutting proudly from his

groin, so stiff and swollen with need. The memory made her clit throb and her empty pussy ache, even as scalding shame washed over her.

She'd been shamelessly flaunting her body, putting on a lewd show for her own son like some kind of depraved slut. And the way he'd looked at her, his blue eyes blazing with illicit hunger as he devoured her wet, soapy curves...it thrilled and sickened her in equal measure. She'd taken advantage of Jason's youthful curiosity, tempting and teasing him past the breaking point. This was all her fault.

Janine shut off the water with a shaking hand, goosebumps rippling over her flesh in the sudden chill. Her breathing sounded harsh and uneven in the confines of the shower as she struggled to collect herself. She needed to go out there and apologize, to reassure Jason that he'd done nothing wrong. That his perverted mother was entirely to blame for the sordid incident. Shame curdled her stomach but she forced it down. She had to be the responsible adult here, no matter how hypocritical it made her feel.

With a fortifying breath, Janine stepped out of the stall and quickly towed off, not letting her gaze linger on her overstimulated body in the foggy mirror. She wrapped the damp terry cloth tightly around her torso, the thin material straining to contain her overflowing bust and barely skimming the tops of her plump thighs. Her face burned at how indecent she must look, but her clothes were still out in the room with Jason. She'd just have to brazen through it.

Steeling herself, Janine cracked open the bathroom door, letting the escaping steam announce her presence. She could just make out Jason's huddled form on the bed through the parting mist, hunched in on himself like he was trying to disappear. Her heart squeezed at how small and ashamed he looked, broad shoulders curved inward and head hanging low. Guilt knifed through her, sharp and hot. She'd done this - made her son feel like some kind of deviant for perfectly natural urges she'd shamelessly provoked.

Padding into the room on bare feet, Janine hesitantly approached the bed. Jason stiffened but didn't look up, his hands clenched on his towel-draped thighs. She perched gingerly on the very edge of the mattress.

Janine cleared her throat, unable to meet Jason's eyes. "Listen, honey, about what just happened..." She trailed off, her cheeks heating. How could she even begin to address the forbidden scene that had played out between them? The taboo excitement that had crackled in the steamy air, the shock of seeing her son's virile manhood straining towards her? Shame strangled her voice.

"Even though we're mom and son, we're only human," she softly stated. "So we can't help how our body parts react in certain... situations."

"That's true I guess," her son agreed.

Janine swallowed hard before continuing. "It's...it's getting late. Maybe we should just get some sleep and text your sister in the morning rather than try to surprise her again tonight." The words sounded hollow and inadequate to her own ears, a pitiful attempt to gloss over the sordid incident.

Jason shifted uncomfortably beside her, the mattress dipping under his weight. Janine could feel the heat radiating off his damp skin, smell the clean scent of him beneath the tang of embarrassment. It made her dizzy, her stomach fluttering.

"Yeah, sure Mom, whatever you think is best," he mumbled, picking at a loose thread on his towel. He sounded defeated, resigned. It broke Janine's heart.

She risked a glance at him, taking in the slump of his broad shoulders, the furrow between his brows. He looked so lost and uncertain, a far cry from the confident man he'd grown into. Janine ached to pull him into her arms and soothe away his self-recrimination. But how could she offer

motherly comfort after the way she'd shamelessly tempted him, flaunted her body like a wanton harlot?

Disgust roiled in her gut but she forced it down. She had to be strong, had to guide them past this fleeting insanity and back to solid ground. For both their sakes.

"It's been a long, strange day," Janine said, trying to inject a note of rueful humor into her voice. It came out brittle and strained. "I think we'll both feel better after a good night's sleep. Things will seem clearer in the morning light."

Even as the words left her mouth, Janine knew it was a lie. How could the dawn possibly dispel the forbidden knowledge that pulsed between them now, the awareness of how badly they both hungered for the unthinkable? She could scrub her skin raw but it would never erase the scorching memory of her son's gaze devouring her naked flesh, or the way his magnificent cock had jutted so stiffly towards her dripping body.

She stood abruptly, needing to put some distance between them before the seductive heat of Jason's nearness melted her resolve. Her towel gaped as she moved, threatening to spill open. Janine clutched it with white-knuckled hands, all too aware of her son's eyes tracking the motion. Her nipples pebbled against the rough terrycloth, betraying her shameful arousal.

Janine snagged a silky nightshirt from her open suitcase and retreated back into the bathroom, desperate to put a barrier between her naked body and Jason's too-keen eyes. She let the damp towel drop in a heap and hurriedly pulled the delicate garment over her head with shaking hands.

The fabric whispered over her sensitive skin like a lover's caress, the sensation making her shiver. It clung to her generous curves, the neckline dipping low to showcase the deep valley between her heaving

breasts. Her stiff nipples poked against the thin material, the peaks clearly visible.

Janine bit her lip, shame heating her cheeks even as illicit excitement fluttered low in her belly. She knew she should change into something less revealing, but a wicked part of her relished the idea of Jason seeing her like this - flushed and scantily clad, practically offering herself up to him.

She took a few deep breaths, trying to calm her racing heart. It was just for sleeping. They were both adults. Surely they could share a bed platonically without letting this sordid... whatever it was between them spiral out of control. She repeated the weak reassurances to herself as she reluctantly emerged from the bathroom once more.

Jason sat rigidly on the edge of the bed, now clad in just a pair of snug black boxer briefs. Janine's gaze snagged on his muscular thighs, his impressive package clearly outlined against the stretch cotton. Her mouth went dry and she quickly averted her eyes, hating the way her body responded to the sight of him.

She could feel the weight of Jason's stare as she crossed to the opposite side of the bed, the silk nightie whispering around her bare thighs. It took all her willpower not to tug at the hem, all too aware of how high it rode up when she moved.

Jason let out a low, tortured groan as his gaze locked onto his mother's spectacular tits. The thin silk of her nightshirt clung to the heavy globes, molding to their succulent ballooning curves. Her nipples poked against the delicate fabric, the fat tips clearly defined. Her milkers jiggled and swayed with her every movement, bouncing in a mesmerizing dance that made his mouth water.

He swallowed hard, trying to drag his eyes away but it was impossible. Janine's massive jugs dominated his vision, drew his stare like a lodestone. They looked so gigantic and ripe without the supports of a

bra, each one much bigger than his head, the kind of tits a man could get lost in. Jason's fingers twitched with the urge to cup and squeeze that abundant flesh, to test the immense weight of them in his palms.

His cock throbbed in the snug confines of his boxer briefs, so stiff it ached. Jason had never been so painfully hard in his life. The thin cotton seemed to strain over his pulsing erection, barely containing the rigid length. A damp spot darkened the fabric where pre-cum leaked steadily from his slit. He wanted to palm himself, craved the friction, but feared spooking his mother.

"Do you, um, have a side preference?" Janine asked, her voice emerging husky. She cringed inwardly, hating the inadvertent sultriness.

Jason swallowed audibly, his Adam's apple bobbing. "No, uh, either is fine," he mumbled, studiously avoiding looking directly at her.

Janine crawled gracefully into bed, the mattress dipping under her weight. She reached over and clicked off the bedside lamp, plunging the room into darkness. Only the faint glow of the parking lot lights seeped through the curtains, casting everything in shadow.

She could just make out the shape of Jason beside her, the pale expanse of his bare chest rising and falling with each shallow breath. Her pulse thrummed in her ears as she sensed his nearness, the heat radiating off his skin. She swallowed hard, her mouth dry.

"Well, goodnight honey," Janine murmured, her voice emerging huskier than she intended. Slowly, hesitantly, she opened her arms in clear invitation. "How about a quick hug before we drift off?"

Even as she made the offer, some distant part of Janine's mind screamed that this was a terrible idea. That she was flirting with disaster, courting the forbidden. But the aching need throbbing through her body, the wicked temptation, overrode all reason. She held her breath, waiting.

For a moment, Jason remained motionless and Janine feared he would refuse, pull away in disgust. But then the mattress shifted as he rolled towards her, closing the charged distance between their bodies.

Janine's heart seized as Jason's lean, hard form pressed against her soft curves. His face settled into the deep valley of her cleavage, hot breath gusting over the sensitive mounds. She bit back a moan as his muscular chest flattened her huge, heavy breasts, the thin silk of her nightie the only flimsy barrier between them.

Jason's arms came around her, strong hands splaying over her back. Janine shuddered as his touch seemed to brand her through the delicate fabric. He pulled her closer, sinking deeper into her pillowy tits. She could feel the hot, steely length of his erection prodding insistently against her silk-covered mound.

Janine's hips shifted restlessly, instinctively seeking more delicious friction. Her swollen clit pulsed and her core flooded with moisture as Jason's rock-hard cock nudged right against the damp, clinging strip of her panties. She clenched reflexively, empty walls fluttering.

Jason made a low, strangled sound, fingers flexing convulsively on her back. Janine's pulse hammered, her body thrumming with illicit need. This was so wrong, so dangerous... but it felt incredible, electric. Like every nerve ending had come alive, starving for his touch.

Janine held herself carefully still even as arousal pounded through her veins. She didn't dare move, terrified of shattering the fragile moment. Of tipping them over the precarious edge they balanced on into unforgivable sin.

Janine's clit throbbed under its fleshy sheath like a second heartbeat as Jason's erection prodded against her drenched folds through the thin barrier of their underwear. The heat of him seared her even through the layers, making her swollen lips swell and pulse. She could feel herself

growing plumper, juicier, as her body prepared itself for the invasion of his thick cock.

Slick arousal flooded her channel and soaked her silken panties. The cream slicked Jason's bulging length, making the front of his boxer briefs damp and slippery against her mound. Her engorged clit strained from beneath its hood, aching for more direct stimulation.

Jason's heavy balls churned with hot seed, growing tight and full. They throbbed against the slick lips of Janine's sex, radiating heat. His cock jerked and flexed, the broad head flaring and pulsing. He leaked steadily, pre-cum oozing from the tip to soak through the stretch cotton and mingle with his mother's juices.

Janine's womb clenched, empty and aching. Ripples traveled through her vaginal muscles as they flexed greedily, desperate to clasp and milk Jason's pumping hardness. More slickness gushed from her core to coat her trembling inner thighs. Her body's readiness for breeding was unmistakable.

They panted shallowly as their most intimate parts swelled and pulsed together, growing more sensitized with each passing second of forbidden contact. Every subtle shift sent sparks of illicit pleasure zinging through their nerve endings.

The urge to grind and rub, to work themselves to orgasmic completion, became nearly overwhelming. It took every ounce of willpower to remain still, to keep their hips from rocking together in the instinctive rhythm of mating.

The hug stretched on, neither willing to be the first to pull away despite the torment of denied release. Janine's head spun at the heady musk of her son's arousal mixing with her own in the charged air between them. Her heart pounded frantically against Jason's chest, breasts heaving.

She felt feverish, dizzy with lust and the wrongness of it all. Jason's muscles trembled against her curves from the strain of keeping himself in check. They both teetered on the knife's edge of surrendering to the dark, forbidden temptation that sang in their blood.

Janine squeezed her eyes shut, lips moving in a silent prayer for strength. She knew if they stayed like this a moment longer, she wouldn't be able to stop herself from committing the ultimate sin. From taking her own son deep inside her needy body and damning them both.

With a ragged gasp, she wrenched herself away from Jason's embrace, collapsing back against the pillows. The separation of their lower bodies was almost painful, the cool sheets a shock on her fevered skin. She lay panting, chest heaving as she stared blindly up at the shadowed ceiling. The shameful ache between her legs pulsed in time with her frantic heartbeat.

Janine's mind raced as she struggled to calm her rioting body. The urge to roll over and press herself against Jason again was nearly overwhelming, but she resisted, knowing it would be her undoing. She had to put some kind of barrier between them before she surrendered to the unthinkable.

"I, um, I can be a bit of a restless sleeper sometimes," she said, her voice emerging breathless and unsteady. She kept her gaze fixed on the ceiling, not daring to look at Jason. "Tossing and turning, you know. I'd hate to disturb you..."

Janine sat up and reached for the extra pillows piled beside the bed with trembling hands. She couldn't admit the real reason she needed a buffer zone - that she didn't trust herself not to gravitate back into her son's arms, to grind her aching body against his if given half a chance. Heat flooded her face at the thought.

Carefully, she lined the pillows up between them, creating a soft wall from headboard to footboard. It looked flimsy even to her own eyes, but

it was better than nothing. She couldn't quite suppress a shiver as the cool cotton pressed against her fevered skin through the thin silk nightie.

Jason said nothing as she worked, but she could feel the weight of his stare, sense his confusion and frustration. Or was that just her own illicit disappointment reflecting back at her? Janine swallowed hard and laid back down, as far from the pillow barrier as the narrow mattress allowed.

"There," she said with false brightness. "Now we can both sleep without me accidentally whacking you."

She tried for a smile but it felt brittle on her face. Jason just grunted in response, the bed frame creaking as he shifted. Away from her or the pillows, Janine couldn't tell. She didn't let herself wonder.

Despite the throbbing ache between her legs and the fever running under her skin, exhaustion soon pulled Janine under. The last thing she registered before sleep claimed her was the steady rhythm of Jason's breathing on the other side of the pillow wall and the lingering scent of his arousal hanging heavily in the air.

As Janine drifted off, fragmented memories and lurid fantasies chased themselves through her mind - the scalding press of Jason's erection prodding her mound, the way his strong body had felt crushing her soft breasts, the forbidden temptation that had crackled between them in the charged darkness. Desire and shame warred within her, making her restless.

She tossed and turned, her silk nightie rucking up around her waist and tangling in her legs. The pillows shifted with her movements, the barrier gradually degrading. Lost to fitful dreams, Janine instinctively sought Jason's warmth, unconsciously gravitating towards him.

The next morning, Kim joined her mom and brother in the local diner for breakfast, her colossal tits jiggling wildly beneath her far too snug tank top. Janine's eyes widened as she took in her daughter's voluptuous figure, so much like her own. Those breasts were absolutely massive, the deep cleavage and straining nipples unmistakable.

"I can't believe you guys came to visit me," Kim stated as the waitress delivered their breakfast.

"We, um, we wanted to surprise you yesterday actually," Janine said, struggling to keep her voice even. Memories of what she'd witnessed in Kim's dorm room flashed unbidden through her mind - her baby girl wantonly riding some boy's cock, huge tits bouncing shamelessly. "But you were...occupied."

Kim had the grace to blush, her cheeks pinkening prettily. "Oh God, you didn't...I mean, you weren't..." She trailed off, clearly mortified at the thought of her mother and brother walking in on her mid-fuck.

"No, no, of course not!" Janine rushed to reassure her, even as illicit heat prickled her skin at the lie. "We knocked but you must not have heard us over the, uh, music."

"Right, music," Kim muttered, dropping her gaze. Her lush cleavage heaved with her quick breaths, drawing Janine's eyes like a magnet. Beside her, Jason shifted and Janine noticed his hungry gaze also locked on his sister's straining tits.

An awkward silence descended, rife with unspoken tension. Janine cleared her throat and forced a bright smile. "Well, no matter! We're just happy we got to see you now. I know how busy you must be, with classes and...boys."

The last was said with a meaningful glance at Kim's disheveled hair and kiss-swollen lips. Janine's stomach clenched as she pictured all the cocks that had surely passed between those plump lips, fucked that pouty

mouth. Just like the one she'd seen pile-driving into her daughter's greedy cunt.

Kim giggled and waved off Janine's concern. "Oh don't worry, Mom, he isn't my boyfriend or anything. He just needed a warm hole, if you know what I mean." She winked salaciously.

Janine nearly choked on her tongue at Kim's casual admission. Her daughter was letting boys use her body like some kind of receptacle, a convenient set of holes to dump their loads in?

Kim leaned forward conspiratorially, her huge tits threatening to spill out of her low-cut tank top. Jason couldn't seem to tear her eyes away from the mesmerizing sway and bounce.

"Apparently his mom used to let him fuck her in the ass instead of jerking off. He called it 'assturbation.'" Kim giggled, seemingly oblivious to her mother and brother's scandalized expressions. "But now that he's here, he hasn't been getting any action. So I offered to help the poor guy out, you know?"

Janine's head swam, her face flaming. She darted a glance at Jason and saw his eyes glued to Kim's jiggling cleavage, his lips parted and pupils blown. A bead of sweat rolled down his temple. Janine's nipples pebbled into aching points as she imagined her son picturing Kim on her hands and knees, that boy's cock pounding into her upturned ass...

"Kimberly Rose!" Janine finally managed to splutter. "I raised you better than to...to degrade yourself like some kind of harlot!"

Even as the admonishment left her lips, scalding shame washed through Janine. What right did she have to scold her daughter about sexual propriety when she'd been engaging in her own depraved behavior with Jason? When she couldn't stop imagining him plowing into Kim's ripe body, defiling her the way that boy had.

Kim rolled her eyes, huffing. "Oh please, Mom. It's not like you and Aunt Missy are perfect angels." She smirked knowingly. "I heard all about her cruise ship fuck-fest with Lucas. Apparently incest is the new black in our family tree."

Janine thought she might pass out. The blood roared in her ears and the diner seemed to tilt around her. How did Kim know about Missy and Lucas? Had her sister been bragging to everyone about seducing her own son? Revulsion churned in Janine's gut but beneath it, that same dark, forbidden thrill shivered through her.

She couldn't bring herself to meet Jason's eyes, terrified of what she might see. Disgust? Condemnation? Or worse...curiosity? Hunger? She swallowed convulsively, her throat clicking.

"That's...that's probably just a nasty rumor," Janine croaked out, her voice barely above a whisper. "I highly doubt your aunt and cousin would do anything sexual together."

Kim snorted, waving a dismissive hand and smirked at Janine's flustered denial. "Sure Mom, whatever you say." She turned her mischievous gaze on Jason, her blue eyes sparkling. "So little bro, you getting any pussy yet? I bet the older girls are all over you with that hot bod."

Jason nearly choked on his coffee, his face flaming. He glanced at Janine, clearly uncomfortable discussing his sex life in front of their mother. "Uh, not really. Just casual stuff, you know," he mumbled.

"Well, word of advice: you can't go wrong with the jockey position," Kim said sagely, spearing a sausage with her fork. She held it up, eyeing it appraisingly. "See, you get her legs up over your shoulders, grip her thighs, and just pound away. Drives 'em wild every fucking time."

She popped the sausage in her mouth and sucked it suggestively. Jason gaped at her, his eyes wide. Janine felt light-headed, her pulse pounding

in her ears. Hearing her daughter discuss sex positions so casually, so crudely, made her stomach churn with conflicting emotions.

"Kimberly, please," Janine bit out through clenched teeth. "This is hardly appropriate breakfast conversation."

Kim rolled her eyes. "Oh lighten up, Mom. I'm just trying to give Jace some pointers." She nudged Jason playfully with her foot. "Trust me, bro, that position is guaranteed to get you a repeat customer, if you know what I mean."

Janine's head swam as unwanted images flooded her fevered mind - Jason looming over some faceless girl, her legs thrown over his broad shoulders as he pounded his oversized cock into her, grunting with every powerful thrust. Her pussy clenched and thighs trembled.

"Actually," the mother found herself saying, the words emerging unbidden, "in my opinion the coital alignment technique is much more effective."

Kim and Jason both froze, forks halfway to their mouths, and stared at Janine in shock. She felt her cheeks heat but forged ahead recklessly, unable to stop herself.

"The angle allows for more clitoral stimulation. So instead of just thrusting away willy-nilly, you do more of a rocking motion with your hips. Grind against her pubic bone with every stroke. It takes some practice, but when done correctly, it can lead to very intense orgasms for the woman."

Kim rolled her eyes, surprised by her mom's input but willing to play along. "Okay, but the corona and ridge of his cockhead snagging on your G-spot is what really gets you off, mom. And you can only get that direct pressure with the jockey."

"Kimberly, that is completely untrue. Grinding is the key," Janine said firmly, her face slightly flushed. "You wanna stimulate that clitoral root

from the inside while massaging her pubic bone. It's a very specific motion."

She demonstrated with her hips, rocking them in small, precise circles. Jason's mouth went bone dry as he watched his mother's voluptuous body undulate sensually, her skirt riding up to reveal more of her succulent thighs. He could practically feel that lush ass grinding on his lap, working herself on his aching cock. Sweat prickled his brow.

"Okay, but like, a big dick can hit the G-spot way better from behind," Kimberly countered, shifting in her seat. Her huge tits jiggled with the movement. "And if he's got a nice fat knob, mmm, it catches on your cervix just right."

"Yeah, well... your not wrong there. Slamming the cervix provides a whole different kind of pleasure," Janine agreed, slurping obscenely on her straw. "But you gotta get the angle just right so you're pounding that button with every stroke. So it feels incredible, like a lightning rod to the core."

Kim glanced at Jason and winked. "Just make sure your hands are free to maul her tits while you rail her. Chicks dig that caveman shit."

As if to demonstrate, Kim hefted her own massive jugs and jiggled them. "Slap these babies around, get her nipples all tight and pointy, then suck 'em while you fuck her. Sends her right over the edge, I guarantee it."

"I don't disagree with that," Janine giggled, "My whole point is technique matters, and some positions allow for much more finesse than doggy style."

"Speak for yourself, mom," Kimberly snorted. "Sometimes a girl just needs to get her shit wrecked, you know? Bent over and fucked stupid."

Jason squirmed in his seat, his erection straining almost painfully against his zipper. He'd never been so hard in his life. The crude, graphic way the

women were talking, the wanton knowledge dripping from their words, had him aching and throbbing with illicit need.

He couldn't help but picture them in the positions they described - his mom splayed out beneath him as he ground against her swollen clit, his sister on her hands and knees taking his cock like a bitch in heat. Shame and desire warred within him, making his head swim.

Kimberly turned to Jason with a wicked gleam in her eyes, jolting him from his lurid thoughts. "What do you think, little bro? You prefer slamming into a tight pussy from behind and watching a big ass beat against your midsection or playing find the button with mom's special technique?" She smirked suggestively.

Jason looked over into his mother's pretty eyes as she eagerly awaited his answer. His cheeks flushed and he shifted in his seat, trying to adjust himself discreetly under the table. Having his mom and sister both staring at him intently, after that graphic discussion of sex positions, was almost too much to handle.

"Um, I guess both ways sound fun," he mumbled, dropping his gaze to his plate. His cock throbbed insistently, the ache becoming unbearable. He needed relief and soon.

Kimberly burst out laughing, her massive tits jiggling with the force of it. "Oh Jace, you're such a guy. You don't care about technique, as long as you're buried in some big squishy titties and getting your meat milked."

To Jason's shock, even his mother started giggling at that, her pretty face flushing pink. "She's got you there, honey," Janine said, smiling indulgently at him. "Men are all the same when it comes down to it."

Jason squirmed as the two women chuckled at his expense, his face burning. But more than embarrassment, arousal sizzled through his veins. Hearing his prim and proper mother talk so casually, so knowingly, about fucking was doing crazy things to him.

He couldn't stop picturing her riding his cock, grinding her clit against him just like she'd demonstrated. Those ginormous boobs bouncing around like fleshy wrecking balls. Or Kimberly on her knees, her huge tits pressed against his thighs as she sucked him off. Jesus Christ, he was going to bust a nut right there at the table if they didn't change the subject.

As if sensing his predicament, Janine cleared her throat and sat up straighter, smoothing her skirt primly. "Well, I think I need more coffee."

The conversation moved on to more innocuous topics as they ate, but the charged undercurrent remained. Jason could barely taste his food, too consumed with the obscene images cycling through his fevered mind.

Every time his mother or sister shifted, their spectacular breasts swayed and bounced, drawing his gaze like a lodestone. He kept having to adjust himself under the table, desperate to relieve the persistent ache of his hardon.

By the time they finished eating, Jason's balls felt swollen and heavy, churning with backed-up cum. He needed to blow his load in the worst way. As they walked out to the parking lot, he deliberately hung back, letting the women get ahead of him.

His hungry gaze zeroed in on their perfect heart-shaped asses, the way their cheeks jiggled and flexed with each step. He could just imagine coming up behind them, bending them over the car hood, flipping up their skirts and—

"Oof!" Jason collided hard with Kimberly, not realizing she had stopped. He reached out instinctively to steady them, his fingers sinking into the supple meat of her tits.

Kimberly laughed and playfully slapped Jason's hands away from her jiggling tits. "Whoa there, little bro! At least buy a girl dinner first before

you start groping. We're in public, you know." She winked at him salaciously.

Jason's face flamed as he quickly snatched his hands back, shame and arousal warring within him. "Shit, sorry! I didn't mean to...I wasn't watching where I was going and—"

"Alright you two!" Janine's scandalized voice cut through the charged air. "Let's keep moving!"

Kim rolled her eyes. "Oh lighten up, Mom. We were just goofing around. No need to get your granny panties in a twist." She smirked at Jason. "I bet Jay here is just dying to cop a feel of those big ol' titties of yours and see how they compare to mine."

"Kimberly Rose!" Janine looked like she might faint, her face going white then splotchy red. Jason squirmed, his cock throbbing mercilessly in his jeans as he pictured himself testing out his sister's crude suggestion, filling his hands with both women's ripe, heavy breasts. Judging their weight and softness, rolling and tugging their fat nipples.

Kim laughed and waved off Janine's outrage. "C'mon Mom, live a little! Let Jason cop a quick feel, just for fun. I bet he's dying to know if yours are as big and soft as mine." She winked at her brother salaciously.

Janine's face flamed even hotter and she glanced around the empty lot nervously. "Absolutely not! I can't believe you'd even suggest such a thing."

But even as the words left her mouth, a secret thrill shivered through her at the thought of her son's hands on her body, testing and comparing. Her nipples pebbled into aching points against her bra.

Kim rolled her eyes. "What about on our picnic then, where it's nice and private? We can have a little family grope-fest and Jace can decide once and for all who's got the best tits."

She playfully nudged her slack-jawed brother. Jason blinked rapidly, his eyes glazing over as if picturing that very scenario. Janine's heart raced at the heated look he slanted her before quickly glancing away again.

"I don't know..." the mother hedged, even as illicit anticipation unfurled in her core. "That seems rather inappropriate, don't you think?"

"Oh come on, Mom," Kim wheedled. "It'll be fun! Just a quick honka-honka to satisfy Jason's curiosity. No harm done." She smirked. "Unless of course you're worried mine will feel better than your saggy old udders."

Janine bristled at that, her competitive streak flaring. She knew she had damn fine breasts, even after nursing three children. Certainly nicer than her daughter's oversized, slutty jugs.

"Alright fine," she snapped, her cheeks burning. "One quick feel, just to shut you up. But not here!" She glanced around the lot again anxiously.

Kim clapped her hands and bounced on her heels gleefully, her huge tits jiggling. Jason made a strangled sound, his eyes riveted to his sister's straining cleavage. Janine's pussy clenched as she imagined her son watching her breasts bounce like that, his big hands eager to test their weight and softness, to feel her up.

The car ride out to the secluded picnic spot was a special kind of torture for Jason. He couldn't stop sneaking glances at his sister's spectacular tits jiggling with every bump in the road, or the way his mother's skirt rode up her creamy thighs as she drove. The knowledge of what was to come, that he'd soon have his hands on their ripe, heavy breasts, made him throb mercilessly in his jeans.

He clenched his fingers around his knees, palms sweating, as he struggled to control his breathing. His balls ached, churning with pent-up cum. Jason had never been so hard in his life. The confined space of the

car felt thick with tension, charged with the forbidden electricity crackling between the three of them.

Kimberly kept up a steady stream of innocuous chatter from the backseat, but the wicked gleam in her eyes belied her casual tone. She knew exactly what she was doing to him, how crazy she was making him. Every time she shifted, her huge jugs swayed and bounced, the flimsy tank top straining to contain them. Jason's mouth went bone dry as he pictured that thin fabric ripping away, her fleshy tits spilling out into his eager hands.

Up front, Janine gripped the steering wheel tightly, her knuckles white. She stared fixedly out the windshield, but Jason could see the rapid rise and fall of her chest, the way her taut nipples poked against her blouse. Was she as turned on as he was? The thought made him dizzy. His prim and proper mother, secretly getting hot and bothered at the idea of her own son groping her.

After what felt like an eternity, but was probably only twenty minutes, Janine pulled off the main road onto a secluded dirt path. Jason's heart rate kicked up as they bounced along the overgrown trail, the car finally rolling to a stop in a picturesque clearing.

An idyllic meadow stretched out before them, waving grasses dotted with wildflowers. In the distance, a sparkling lake reflected the cloudless sky. It was like something out of a postcard - or a porno. The perfect place for an illicit picnic tryst.

Jason's hands shook slightly as he helped his mom and sister unload the blankets and snacks from the trunk. He kept sneaking glances at their asses as they bent over, their skirts riding up to reveal tantalizing glimpses of bare thigh. His cock throbbed with every sway of their generous hips.

They spread out a large quilt in a particularly lush patch of grass, the vibrant colors vivid against the green. As the women began unpacking

the picnic basket, Jason couldn't tear his eyes away from their humongous tits, the way they jiggled and swayed with every movement. God, they were magnificent.

Kim smirked and put her hands on her hips, thrusting out her ample chest. "Alright little bro, moment of truth. Who's got the better tits - me or Mom?"

She reached for the hem of her tank top but Janine grabbed her wrist, scandalized. "Kimberly, you didn't say anything about us taking our tops off."

Kim rolled her eyes. "Oh come on, Mom. It's just us out here. And I know you're dying to prove yours are better than mine."

Janine flushed, a competitive gleam sparking in her eyes. She glanced around the empty meadow, considering. The thought of her son's hands on her bare breasts, comparing their weight and feel to Kimberly's, sent a dark thrill coursing through her. Her nipples tightened and a forbidden ache pulsed between her thighs.

Slowly, Janine reached for the buttons of her blouse, fingers trembling slightly. "Fine. But just a quick look and feel and then we forget this ever happened, understood?"

Kim grinned triumphantly and whipped her tank top over her head without preamble. Then, she quickly unclasped her tit-stuffed bra. Her huge, heavy boobs sprang free, jiggling obscenely in the sunlight. Jason made a choked sound, his eyes bulging as he took in the fleshy globes topped with wide areolas and rosy nipples.

Janine swallowed hard and finished unbuttoning her blouse with shaking hands. She shrugged it off and reached behind to unhook her own black bra. The lacy cups fell away and her massive, mature breasts tumbled out, even bigger and fuller than Kimberly's.

Jason forgot how to breathe as he stared at his mother and sister's bare chests, displayed side by side for his appraisal. Four of the most spectacular tits he'd ever seen in his life, begging to be touched. His cock strained painfully against his zipper, pulsing with need.

"Well, go on then," Kim urged impatiently. She thrust her chest out further. "Cop a feel and tell us which set gets your cock harder."

"Kimberly!" Janine giggled.

Jason approached the women in a daze, his heart hammering wildly. He reached out with trembling hands and cupped his sister's huge, ballooning tits. An awed breath shuddered out of him at the incredible weight and softness. He squeezed gently, feeling her nipples stiffen against his palms.

"Mmm, that's it," Kim purred, arching into his touch. "Get a good handful, little bro."

Emboldened, Jason fondled and weighed his sister's tits more firmly, marveling at their sheer size and shape. He imagined his face wedged between those rippling jugs as she bounced on his prick, just like she had with the lucky guy in her dorm room.

Jason turned to his mother, whose face was flushed and eyes bright with illicit excitement.

His breath caught in his throat as he took in the magnificent sight of his mother's exposed breasts. They were absolutely colossal, even larger than Kimberly's impressive rack. The silky skin stretched taut over the tremendous globes, flawless expanses of creamy flesh capped by saucer-sized areolas.

Janine's nipples jutted out nearly half-an-inch from her puckered areolas, thick and rubbery. They were a dark rosy brown, begging to be sucked. Jason's mouth watered as he imagined wrapping his lips around one of those fat teats, flicking the engorged tip with his tongue.

With a shaking hand, he cupped one enormous, heavy breast, savoring the plush give of it. The abundant flesh overflowed his palm and fingers, spilling between them. He needed both hands to fully capture the immense globe.

Jason squeezed gently and Janine's eyelids fluttered, a breathy sigh escaping her parted lips. The fat nipple stiffened under his touch, poking insistently against his hand. He rolled the engorged nub between his fingers, pinching lightly, and watched in awe as it puckered up even harder, flushing a deeper hue.

He hefted the massive tit, testing its weight. It was incredibly dense yet yielding, the skin satin-soft over its heavy bounce. His hand sank into the pliant surface, fingers disappearing into the overflowing abundance of breast-flesh. A flex of his fingers made the huge mammary wobble and jiggle obscenely.

Switching to the other tit, Jason repeated his thorough explorations. He was utterly transfixed by the sheer size and weight of his mother's breasts, the feel of them overflowing his hands. The smooth, warm skin, the rubbery texture of her nipples, the way they swelled and stiffened under his touch.

Janine shivered, panting shallowly as her son fondled and squeezed her huge jugs. Each touch sent sparks of pleasure shooting straight to her core, making her pussy clench and soak her panties. Her face burned at how wantonly her body responded to Jason's hands, how her nipples perked up so eagerly for him.

Needing to compare, Jason turned back to Kimberly and groped her big tits again. They were definitely impressive - high and firm, capped with pink nipples that poked out stiffly. But they lacked the incredible softness and weight of his mother's more mature breasts. Janine's were just so much fuller, rounder, heavier. The perfect handfuls.

"Well?" Kim prompted breathlessly, her eyes heavy-lidded as she watched Jason maul their aching tits. "Whose are better?"

"Sorry, sis, but mom's are way better," he answered hoarsely, his gaze riveted on his mother's magnificent chest. No contest, hers were far superior - the biggest, softest, most mouthwatering tits imaginable. He swallowed thickly, his hands still filled with Janine's warm, plush flesh.

Kimberly smirked at Jason's verdict, a mischievous gleam in her eye. "That's only because you haven't had a chance to properly worship my tits yet, little bro. I bet if you sucked on them for a bit, you'd change your tune real quick."

She cupped her huge breasts, offering them up enticingly. Jason's eyes widened and his Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed hard, clearly tempted. Janine's stomach clenched with an uneasy mix of arousal and maternal outrage.

"Wait! Absolutely not!" she snapped, reaching to pull her blouse back on with trembling hands. "This has gone far enough already. I never should have agreed to any of this inappropriate...touching and comparing. We are mother and son and sister for God's sake!"

But Kimberly just laughed, unconcerned by her mother's scandalized protests. Quick as a snake, she grabbed Jason's hand and yanked, toppling him off balance. He fell onto her, his face smashing into her abundant cleavage with an "oomph!"

"C'mon, Jay, show these big titties some love," Kim cooed, cradling his head to her ample bosom. She thrust her chest out further, smooshing his face into her soft, warm flesh. "Suck Sissy's fat nips. I wanna feel that tongue!"

Jason made a choked sound, his eyes rolling back in his head as his sister shamelessly smothered him with her huge breasts. He couldn't seem to

help himself, nuzzling deeper into her pillowy embrace. His hands came up to cup and squeeze the heavy globes, sinking into the pliant surface.

"Mmmm yeah, just like that," Kimberly purred, writhing sinuously beneath him. She threaded her fingers through his hair, holding him in place as she undulated, rubbing her tits all over his face. "Worship those big juicy titties, little bro. Bury yourself in them."

Janine watched in stunned paralysis as her son motorboated his sister with sloppy enthusiasm, groaning and snuffling as he rooted between her jiggling breasts. The obscene wet sounds of his licking and suckling filled the meadow, punctuated by Kimberly's wanton moans.

"Ooooh fuck yeah, suck that nip!" Kim gasped as Jason latched onto one straining peak, drawing it into his hot mouth. "Mmmm, bite it, Jay! Use your teeth, ohhhh just like that! Fuck, your mouth feels so good..."

Her hands fisted in his hair, holding him to her chest as he feasted noisily on her ripe, swollen nipples.

Janine wanted to scold them, to put an end to this completely inappropriate display. But a dark, secret part of her was jealous - insanely, irrationally envious that her son was lavishing such ardent attention on Kimberly's body and not her own.

Her huge, heavy breasts ached, the fat nipples straining into tight, tingling points. Her pussy throbbed, absolutely soaked and swollen, pulsing with neglected need. Watching Jason suck and bite at his sister's tits, hearing the obscene wet sounds of his feasting, made Janine dizzy with a twisted mix of maternal outrage and incestuous lust.

Almost against her will, she drifted closer to the writhing forms of her children. She licked her lips, transfixed by the way Jason's mouth worked Kimberly's straining nipple, his strong hands kneading the pliant flesh of her huge jugs. Janine's own breasts felt hot and heavy, empty, begging to be touched.

Before she quite knew what she was doing, Janine had dropped to her knees beside Jason. Her hands moved of their own volition, fisting in his hair and pulling his face from Kimberly's tits with a wet pop. He blinked up at her, dazed, lips shiny with saliva. Janine's cunt clenched at the wrecked, glassy look in his eyes.

"Mom, what—" he started, but she cut him off by yanking his mouth to her own aching breast.

"Shhh, baby, it's okay," she cooed, even as shame burned her cheeks at her wanton behavior. "Mommy just needs you to suck her a little too - remind you of how much better mine are than your sister's?"

Jason whimpered against her sensitive flesh, but opened wide and sucked her fat, throbbing nipple into his hot mouth without hesitation. Pleasure zinged through Janine and she gasped, arching to push more of her heavy tit against his face. He suckled greedily, tongue swirling, teeth scraping just hard enough to make her toes curl.

"Oh God, yes, just like that," Janine panted, head thrown back. One hand held his face to her breast while the other slid down to cup and squeeze its heavy weight, offering it up to her son's hungry mouth. "Suck Mommy's big titty, baby. Mmmm, your mouth feels so good!"

She ground against him mindlessly, pussy absolutely gushing, smearing her juices on his thigh through her thin panties. Nothing had ever felt this good, this right. Having her son worship her breasts, suckle her nipples just like he had as an infant... it was wrong, so wrong, but Janine couldn't stop. Didn't want to stop.

Kimberly smirked mischievously, her eyes glinting with wicked intent. "Wow, looks like little bro is smuggling a cucumber in his shorts! What do you say we help him out with that not-so-little problem, Mom?"

Janine's eyes widened as she followed her daughter's pointed gaze to the sizeable bulge tenting the front of Jason's cargo shorts. Even

through the sturdy fabric, she could make out the thick ridge of his swollen cock straining against the confines. Her mouth went dry and her pussy clenched at the mouth-watering sight.

"Kimberly!" Janine gasped, scandalized. "We can't...I mean, that's completely...he's my son for God's sake!"

But even as the words of protest left her lips, Janine couldn't tear her eyes away from the obscene outline of Jason's erection. Arousal pulsed through her, making her dizzy. The damp spot on his shorts seemed to grow before her eyes, pre-cum soaking through the khaki material. Her fingers twitched with the forbidden urge to trace that damp patch, to feel the scorching heat and hardness of him...

"Oh come on, Mom," Kimberly cajoled, rolling her eyes. "The poor guy is dying for some relief. Are you really gonna let your baby boy suffer with a case of blue balls?"

She reached out and boldly cupped Jason's bulge, giving it a firm squeeze. He let out a strangled groan, his hips bucking up into his sister's groping hand.

"Mmm, you're so hard, little bro," Kim purred, rubbing him through his shorts. "I bet you'd love it if Mom wrapped her hot little hand around this big cock with me, wouldn't you?"

Jason whimpered, nodding jerkily. His face was flushed, eyes glazed with desperate need as he thrust shallowly into Kimberly's massaging fingers.

Watching them, Janine felt like she might spontaneously combust. Her whole body throbbed with illicit hunger, pussy gushing and nipples straining. The sight of her daughter groping her son's rigid erection, in broad daylight no less, made her head swim with shameful lust.

"I don't know..." Janine hedged breathlessly, even as she inched closer. "It's so wrong..."

Kimberly grabbed her mother's hand and guided it to Jason's groin, pressing her palm against the throbbing heat of his cock. "Does this feel wrong, Mom? Huh? I bet it feels really, really good..."

Janine trembled violently as she cupped her son's erection through his shorts, feeling it twitch and strain against her hand. He was so hard, pulsing with virile heat.

Jason groaned, his hips jerking erratically as Janine and Kimberly's hands massaged his aching cock through his shorts. His mother's fingers traced the throbbing ridge of his shaft, from swollen root to leaking tip, making him shudder and pant. The pad of her thumb circled his engorged cock head, rubbing the damp fabric into his weeping slit.

Kimberly cupped his heavy balls, rolling and tugging on the fat orbs through the thin khaki material. She pressed the heel of her hand against his pulsing taint, grinding into the sensitive spot behind his sack. Jason saw stars, grunting as shockwaves of pleasure radiated out from his groin.

Even as the two women groped him, he continued feasting on their huge, soft breasts, switching back and forth between the two mouthwatering pairs. He sucked Janine's fat nipple between his lips, lashing the rubbery tip with his tongue before grazing it with his teeth. She cried out, arching to feed more of her pillowy tit into his eager mouth.

"Mmmm yes baby, bite Mommy's nip, just like that," Janine panted, her hand fisting in his hair. Her hips rolled shamelessly against his thigh, smearing her juices on his bare skin. "Suck it hard, make it ache."

Releasing his mother's nipple with a wet pop, Jason turned his attention to Kimberly's jiggling rack. He buried his face between the plush mounds, groaning at the feel of her silky skin against his cheeks. Opening wide, he tried to stuff as much tit-flesh into his mouth as possible, sucking and slurping noisily.

"Fuck yeah, motorboat those jugs!" Kimberly cried, thrusting her chest out. "Drown in your Sissy's big titties!"

The filthy words made Jason's cock jerk in his shorts. He ground his face into her abundant cleavage, relishing the feel of her stiff nipples poking his cheeks. His tongue laved her sensitive skin, tasting her tangy sweat.

Below, Janine's fingers dipped into his fly, grazing his swollen cock head. The direct contact made him gasp around a mouthful of his sister's tit. "Please," he mumbled, the word garbled against Kimberly's flesh. "Touch it, I need it..."

"Shh, I know, honey," Janine soothed, even as her face flamed at what she was about to do. Slowly, carefully, she worked the zipper of his shorts down, parting the flaps to expose his straining erection tenting his boxers.

The wet spot at the tip had spread, dampening the grey cotton.

Janine's fingers trembled as she slowly peeled Jason's straining boxers down, exposing his enormous cock inch by throbbing inch. Kimberly gasped beside her and Janine's own breath caught in her throat as his manhood sprang free, slapping obscenely against his stomach.

"Holy shit, Jay! That thing is a fucking monster!" Kimberly exclaimed, eyes wide. She reached out to wrap her small hand around the thick root, fingers not even coming close to meeting. "I've never seen one this big in person before."

Janine swallowed hard, mouth gone bone dry as she took in the breathtaking sight of her son's cock in all its glory. It was absolutely magnificent - long and girthy, easily ten inches, with a bulbous purple head already shiny with pre-cum. Thick veins corded the shaft, pulsing with virile power. His heavy balls hung below, swollen and churning with potent seed.

"It's so hard," Janine whispered, awed. She couldn't resist running a finger along the throbbing length, shuddering at the scorching heat, the silky steel over rigid flesh. It flexed under her touch, making her clit throb in response. "And these veins...God, I can feel your pulse, baby."

As if in a trance, Janine wrapped her hand around Jason's cock, marveling at the weight and size of him. Her fingers barely made it halfway around his girth. Slowly, she stroked him root to tip, savoring the slide of his blood-hot skin against her palm, the way his cock jumped and leaked pearly fluid.

"Fuck," Jason choked out above her, hips twitching into her grip. The feel of his mother's soft hand on his aching dick was almost too much to bear.

Kimberly joined in, running teasing fingers over his cock head, swirling the slickness around. "Mmm, look at this big fat knob. That would feel so amazing splitting us open, huh, mom?"

"No, honey," Janine uttered, barely shaking her head. "We couldn't..."

Kim dipped a finger into his weeping slit, making him groan and pulse out another bead of pre-cum. "Oooh, but he's so wet for us, Mom. Fucking leaking like a faucet."

Janine moaned low in her throat, squeezing Jason's thick shaft as she pumped him faster. Arousal made her dizzy, clouding her mind with shameful lust. All she could focus on was the rigid heat throbbing in her fist, the musky scent of her son's excitement, his choked gasps and grunts as she worked him over.

"God, his dick and balls smell amazing," Kim sighed, breathing in her brother's teenage pheromones.

"Yes," Janine whispered, her body shuddering from her boy's virile aroma.

"That's it, stroke that big dick, mom," Kimberly encouraged, fondling his heavy sack. She rolled his balls in her palm, tugging gently, feeling how swollen and full they were. "Drain these fat nuts. I bet he's got so much hot cum in them."

Janine and Kimberly's hands worked in tandem, stroking and squeezing Jason's throbbing cock as he writhed between them, his face buried in their huge, pillowy breasts. Janine pumped his thick shaft with one fist while Kimberly fondled his aching balls, tugging on the swollen orbs.

Jason groaned around a mouthful of tit-flesh, the vibrations making Janine's nipples tingle and stiffen even more. She watched in lustful fascination as her son's hips bucked up into their grip, his engorged cock head weeping a steady stream of pre-goo. The slick fluid coated their busy fingers, easing the glide of their hands on his pulsing length.

"Mmmm, look at him twitch, Mom," Kimberly purred, rubbing the pad of her thumb over Jason's leaking slit. "He's getting close already, I can feel it."

Janine squeezed her thighs together, her pussy clenching and flooding with fresh arousal at her daughter's filthy words. She could feel it too - the way Jason's cock flexed and throbbed in her pumping fist, the ridge of his bulbous head flaring against her palm on every upstroke. His heavy sack drew up tight in Kimberly's massaging fingers, his balls churning with hot seed desperate for release.

Jason grunted and panted harshly into their abundant cleavage, switching back and forth between one huge tit to the next. His tongue laved their sensitive skin, tasting their tangy sweat. He captured one fat, straining nipple between his lips and suckled hard, making Janine cry out sharply.

She cradled his head to her chest, undulating to rub more of her pillowy flesh against his face. Her pussy was absolutely drenched, her swollen lips slicking against each other with every shift of her hips. She'd never

been this turned on in her life, consumed by a mindless, feverish need. Having her children touch her, worship her body like this, was so deliciously wrong. It made her ache in depraved places she didn't know she had.

"C'mon, baby, give Mommy that big load," Janine heard herself urging, the words spilling from her lips unbidden. She pumped Jason's cock faster, twisting her wrist skillfully on every upstroke. "I wanna feel this fat dick pulse in my hand. Shoot it all over Mommy's dirty pillows."

"Fuck yes, paint our big titties, Jay!" Kimberly cried, rolling his swollen balls. "Hose us down like the dirty sluts we are!"

Jason's whole body tensed, quivering on the knife's edge of climax.

Jason's cock flexed hard in his mother's stroking hand, swelling to an impossible size. His heavy balls drew up tight to his body, the skin stretched taut over the cum-bloated orbs. Janine could feel them pulsing against her wrist as she pumped his thick shaft, ready to explode.

"Oh God, oh fuck, I'm gonna...unnngh!" Jason grunted against Kimberly's heaving tits, his whole body going rigid.

Janine aimed his jerking cockhead at their jiggling breasts just as the first powerful spurt erupted from his slit. A thick, creamy rope of jizz arced through the air and splattered against Kimberly's left tit, painting the plump curve in a warm streak of white.

"Yes, baby, that's it!" Janine cried, pumping his shaft faster. "Give us that hot load!"

Jason groaned long and low as his cock bucked and throbbed in his mother's grip, pulsing out shot after shot of heavy cum. Each ejaculation was accompanied by an intense full body shudder that Janine could feel in her bones. His balls clenched rhythmically, visibly chugging up more thick spunk to expel.

Janine angled his erupting tip from breast to heaving breast, hosing down their wobbling flesh in his abundant seed. Milky ropes crisscrossed their shiny slopes, dripping down into their cavernous cleavage and pooling in the tight crevice between their mashed together tits.

"Holy shit, so much cum!" Kimberly gasped, watching in awe as Jason's cock continued to spit fat splatters across their chests. The bulbous head flared and pulsed, a creamy web of jizz connecting it to their painted skin.

Janine moaned deep in her throat as she felt each powerful throb of her son's ejaculating cock against her palm. She could feel his release in the jerking shaft, his most intimate contractions, the gushing wetness coating her stroking hand.

Gradually, Jason's spurts weakened to dribs and drabs, pearly beads leaking sluggishly from his slit to dribble over his mother's fingers. He slumped between them, spent, his chest heaving for breath.

Janine and Kimberly's tits glistened obscenely in the sun, webbed and streaked with Jason's copious load. Janine's nipples pulsed beneath the warm coating, aching for more direct stimulation. Her pussy quivered, empty and desperate to be filled by the hard cock still twitching in her grip.

Kimberly swiped a finger through the creamy jizz coating her huge tits and brought it to her lips, sucking it clean with a wanton moan. "Mmmm, you taste so good, little bro. Mom, you've gotta try this."

Janine's stomach flipped at her daughter's lewd display, scalding arousal warring with maternal disgust. She watched, transfixed, as Kim gathered another pearly dollop and held it out, a challenge in her eyes.

"C'mon, Mom. Don't you wanna know what your son's cum tastes like?"

Janine's tongue darted out to wet her lips, the forbidden temptation pulling at her. Jason's thick essence glistened obscenely on Kimberly's

finger, beckoning her. She leaned in without thought, drawn to sample her son's intimate flavor.

But then a glint of sunlight reflecting off her wedding band caught Janine's eye, stopping her cold. Guilt slammed into her like a freight train, souring her stomach. What was she doing? She was a married woman, a mother. And here she was, defiling herself with her own children.

Jerking back, Janine shook her head vehemently. "No. No, I can't...this was a mistake." Her voice shook as she fumbled to right her clothes, the silk sticking to her sweaty skin and Jason's drying seed. "A horrible, filthy mistake that will never happen again, do you two understand?"

Kimberly rolled her eyes and licked her cum-coated finger with relish. "Whatever, Mom. You're such a prude."

Janine fumbled to cover herself, cheeks blazing. "This was only supposed to be a quick tit-grope through our clothes! Not a tit-sucking, jerk-off session."

She snatched up a napkin and scrubbed furiously at the streaks of cum webbing her heaving breasts. Her motions made the heavy globes jiggle and sway, and Jason couldn't tear his eyes away from the mesmerizing bounce, even as scalding shame heated his face.

Janine wrestled her bra back on, stuffing her enormous jugs into the straining cups. The undersides bulged obscenely and threatened to spill out. As she reached back to fasten the clasp, her biceps flexed, making her barely-contained tits wobble on her ribcage. Jason's spent cock twitched valiantly at the sight.

"I mean it," Janine said sternly as she shrugged back into her blouse. Her fingers shook as she fumbled with the buttons. "This was a mistake and it won't happen again. Not a word about what just happened to anyone!" She fixed both her children with a severe look.

Kimberly snorted and rolled her eyes but nodded. Jason could only gape at his mother, mind reeling. The lingering musk of sex and sweat hung heavily in the air between them, damning evidence of what they'd done.

Janine stood on unsteady legs, brushing grass from her skirt. She refused to meet either of their eyes as she busied herself repacking the picnic things, movements jerky. "Let's just...head back. I think we've all had enough fun in the sun for one day."

Jason watched his mother's spectacular ass sway as she marched stiffly to the car, her huge tits jouncing with every step. His cock throbbed in his shorts, stirring with renewed interest. Beside him, Kimberly smirked knowingly.

"Don't worry, little bro," she whispered, giving his softening dick a parting squeeze. "This is far from over. Mom can deny it all she wants, but her body doesn't lie." She nipped his earlobe, drawing a shudder. "She's hooked now, just like I am. Only a matter of time before she gives in completely."

With that, Kimberly sauntered after Janine, leaving Jason to tuck himself away and trail behind on trembling legs. As he watched the two women climb into the car, their still cum-streaked tits jiggling, he knew with bone-deep certainty that his sister was right.

They'd opened Pandora's box, and there was no going back now. This forbidden dance was just beginning. He shivered with dark anticipation, knowing this randy road trip had only just begun.

TO BE CONTINUED: