

# ROAD TRIP WITH MOM CH. 01

*rmdexter*

*Busty mom and well-hung son go on a cross country road trip.*

Incest/Taboo

4.66

19.3k words

*I started off with the intention that this be a one-off story with just a single chapter. Alas, as my loyal readers know by now, my characters sometimes take me on longer journeys than I originally intend. This is one such story. I have decided to break it into two chapters, with this offering being the first. Chapter 2 should follow shortly.*

As I mention in my profile, if you are looking for stories with characters of average physical endowment, please stop reading now—you won't find any of that in this story. This story describes the adventures of a busty mom and her well-hung son, both of them blessed with incredible sexual endurance. If that's not your cup of tea, please look elsewhere—I wouldn't want to disappoint you.

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"Are you sure you guys are going to be okay?" Hal Preston asked his wife and son.

"Hal, relax. We'll be fine," Erica replied. She turned and looked at her young son, who was pushing one final box into the back of their SUV. "Besides, I'm in good hands. Right, Josh?"

Josh looked over at his mother, the mischievous gleam in her beautiful blue eyes sending an electric jolt right to his sizable prick. She'd had that look in her eye a lot lately, and he had no idea what to make of it, but it got to him every time. Shrugging it off as something he'd have to try and figure out later, he closed the back door on the vehicle and stepped towards his parents. "Don't worry, Dad, I'll take good care of her."

"Okay. Well, good luck," Hal said, handing Josh the keys.

For their cross-country trip, Josh had drawn first shift at the wheel. The 18-year old had managed to get a scholarship to Stanford, and he was about to leave home to start his new life as a university student. The problem was that Stanford, although a great school, was clear across the country from their home in the northeast.

His father, Hal, was a successful financial consultant, and was in the midst of a big corporate transaction that had him working day and night lately, as he had been for most of Josh's adolescence. With Josh needing to get a lot of his personal stuff to California, and with Hal being needed at work, Erica had come up with the idea of she and her son taking a leisurely two-week road trip across the country. They'd take their time, visit a few national parks along the way, and "get to know each other all over again", she'd said, that curious twinkle in her eye when she'd said that too.

"I think that's a great idea," Hal had said, happy that the duties of getting their son settled in at university had been taken off his shoulders. He could concentrate totally on business, just as he liked.

So here they were, the car loaded up with as much of Josh's stuff as they could fit in, with mother and son ready to hit the open road.

"Thanks, Dad," Josh said, taking the keys from his father and shaking his hand. His mother gave his father a quick peck on the cheek, which Josh found somewhat surprising, but which seemed to be typical of the lack of intimacy he'd seen in his parents for the last couple of years. His mother quickly circled the car and jumped into the passenger seat while Josh got behind the wheel and started the car.

"Okay, I'll text you or call you when I can," Erica said to Hal through the open window. She gave her son a nod, letting him know it was time to go. Josh put the car into gear and started to pull away.

"Bye, Dad," he said, nodding to his old man as the car moved forward.

"Take care of each other," Hal shouted after them as the car pulled away, Josh watching him wave through the rear-view mirror.

"Well, we're on our way. I'm so excited," Erica said, her face just beaming with happiness. "Aren't you, sweetie?"

"Yeah, it should be great," Josh replied, smiling once again at the pet name his mother called him all the time. He friends often kidded him when they'd been over and his mother would call him 'sweetie', or sometimes 'baby', but he actually liked it—especially since his friends were always telling him what a hot MILF his mother was. They ribbed him about it, but he knew they would have quickly traded spots with him to be so close to such a hot looking woman.

Josh's mind still a swirl of emotions about what the next two weeks would bring. He wasn't worried about university at all—it was this time that he was going to be spending in close proximity to his mother that he was nervous about. As mother and son, they got along fantastically, but that had always been in the context of home, where they had their own space if they wanted. But these next two weeks, he was going to be around her 24/7, and he had no idea what to expect. For one thing, what was he going to do about jacking off? That was something he did numerous times a day, usually in the comfort of his own room in front of his computer. But on the road, in one strange motel room after another, he had no idea how he'd relieve the internal pressure he knew he'd be feeling before too long. And as had been the case for the past number of years, his mother was the usual cause of that.

Erica Gibson was 42-years old, and had aged extremely well, if you could say that for someone who was still in their early 40's. She'd had a nice life and was able to have the time to take good care of herself. She was always careful about what she ate, and got plenty of exercise, either in their home gym, or at the tennis club where she played regularly. She was tall, about 5'-9", with a full curvy body that looked spectacular on her tall form. Her honey-blond hair framed her pretty face, and her soft blue eyes had the ability to make any man melt when he looked deep into them. And right now, she was looking right at Josh, her only child.

"It's going to be warming up pretty soon," she said as Josh pulled out of the driveway onto the street. "I think I'll take this off now before I put my seatbelt on." She crossed her hands and lifted the loose sweatshirt she was wearing over her head, shaking out her long blonde hair once it came loose from the sweater. She tossed the sweatshirt into the backseat and reached beside her for the seatbelt, pulling it across her body and securing it with an audible "CLICK".

Josh gulped as he looked over at his mother. When they'd come out this morning after breakfast, he was happy to see her in a little denim mini, the soft worn fabric forming nicely to her lush behind and full thighs, the hem ending enticingly at mid-thigh, deliciously putting her long tanned legs on display. She'd chosen a simple pair of white flat sandals, the little shoes looking perfect with her casual outfit. Josh was a little disappointed to see she'd chosen to wear a big loose sweatshirt—he'd hoped to have a better view of those mouth-watering tits of hers. They were spectacular, and from the number of times he'd raided her underwear drawer and laundry basket, he knew exactly what size they were: 38E. He'd made use of her bras and panties many times during his jerkoff sessions, his mother's massive tits one of the main subjects of the lurid fantasies he had about her.

But now she'd taken off the sweatshirt already, almost before they'd even left the driveway. He looked over as she tossed it behind her, his eyes zeroing in on her full round tits, provocatively displayed by a tight white tank top. He could clearly see the outline of the heavily structured bra she was wearing beneath the tank top, intricate lace at the edges of the bra visible through the soft white fabric. He almost groaned out loud when she secured her seat belt, the shoulder strap cutting right across her body and separating her massive breasts into two large mounds.

"There, that's better." Erica reached up with her hands and fluffed out her hair, letting the lustrous blonde waves slip through her fingers. Josh gulped as his eyes kept flicking over to her lush curvy body. With her hands raised up as she ran her fingers through her hair, her heavy round tits lifted up as well, the buxom globes thrusting forward even more. He could see her huge nipples causing enticing shadows to fall on the front of the tight tank top already. They were barely underway and he already felt his sizable member start to lurch beneath his jeans.

"Jesus Christ, get ahold of yourself," he chastised himself internally, forcing his eyes back on the road. "She's your own mother, for Christ's sake."

He kept looking to the side as his mother rummaged around in her purse, his eyes immediately going to her voluptuous tits, the taut seat belt causing them to strain teasingly against the white fabric of her top. "Ah, there it is," she said, pulling a tube of lipstick out of her purse. She flipped down the sun visor and slid open the cover to the little mirror on the back of it. Josh watched, totally enthralled, as she slowly applied the lipstick, running the waxy tube in a teasing circle all around her perfect lips. She pursed her lips at the mirror in a kissing motion, and then turned to him, puckering up for him as well. "I meant to put this on before we left. I want you to think I look nice for this trip. Do you like it, Josh?" Again, she kind of pursed her lips, tilting her head coquettishly as she looked at him. When he turned to look at her, she ran the tip of her tongue out, running it wetly over her red lips until they glistened.

"It looks great," Josh replied, his cock giving a little surge as he looked at the brilliant red gash that was now his mother's mouth. God, it looked sexy. He could almost picture how great it would be to have those perfect red lips of hers sliding up and down his hard cock, her lips locked tightly on his thrusting erection as she bobbed up and down, leaving a nasty red trail of lipstick on his rigid shaft.

"Oh, I meant to ask—what do you think of my new nail polish? I just did it last night so it would be nice and new for our trip." Erica extended one hand towards her son, waving her slender fingers provocatively before his eyes. "I got a color to match this lipstick. Don't you think it looks sexy?"

Josh glanced over, his eyes immediately drawn to the bright red color of his mother's nail polish, her long colored nails looking sinfully erotic on her delicate fingers. "Y...yeah," he muttered, his eyes flicking back and forth between his mother's waving fingers and the road, "they look really nice."

From his swimming days, Josh had kept his body shaved as much as possible, including his groin. At the end of swim season in the spring, he'd let the hair on his legs grow back, but kept the rest of his body well-groomed. As he looked at his mother's sexy fingers waving teasingly before him, he immediately thought of how fantastic it would feel to have his mother's fingers curled around his hard cock, one hand stroking slowly up and down while her other hand toyed with the taut skin at the base, those long red nails scratching teasingly over the smooth skin of his shaven groin. He loved the brilliant cherry-red tone she'd chosen for both the nail polish and the lipstick. That vivid color was definitely cock-hardening stuff, as far as he was concerned. He loved that look on the mature women he looked at on the internet, especially when they used it to accompany sexy business attire, or revealing lingerie. Of course, sexy high heels had to be part of the look too. A nice picture of an alluring MILF in sexy lingerie perched on sky-high heels, with bright red nails and lipstick—that never failed to make Josh take out his swelling cock and stroke off a batch. He felt a rush of excitement go through him again as he looked back over at his mother's lips and then down to her long red nails, now lying teasingly on the smooth skin of her supple thighs just below the hem of her short skirt, which he noticed had ridden up as she'd shifted about on the seat while applying her lipstick. His eyes flicked back to the road and then back again, immediately taking in the view she was giving him of her soft inner thighs, her legs slightly parted.

Erica looked over at her son, seeing the flushed color on his face. She'd seen him watching her intently as she'd fastened her seat belt and fluffed out her hair, knowing his eyes were focused on her breasts. And then when she'd shown him her fingernails, with the vivid cherry-red color she'd chosen just for him, she'd seen him gulp uncomfortably, his eyes widening as she'd waved her slender fingers erotically in front of his face. She'd been noticing the way he'd been watching her more and more lately, and she found herself loving it. When she'd first noticed it quite some time ago, she thought it was just the natural curiosity of an adolescent boy, but as Josh had gotten older, he seemed to be surreptitiously observing her even more, and she was sure he was doing it for reasons most mothers wouldn't have approved of.

He'd always been a shy boy, as he was even now, tender and caring. When he started to pay more and more attention to her, she'd revelled in it, especially as Josh had grown and filled out to become a handsome young man. She'd taken to wearing more alluring outfits that she hoped he liked—tight sweaters and short skirts instead of her usual blouses and pants. She'd also noticed his fondness for high heels, and added a number of pairs to her shoe collection. From the way he'd watch her intently as she moved around the house in revealing clothing, or tight tops that showed off her massive tits, and then suddenly disappear into his room for an extended length of time—she was sure her son was jerking off thinking about her. He'd appear flushed and agitated, and then excuse himself, only to come back later looking totally calm. On weekends, this seemed to happen numerous times a day, which always made her smile. She figured most moms would have been upset or angry if they knew their own son was masturbating thinking about them. But for Erica, it made her pussy cream just thinking about it.

Her life with her husband was fine—Hal was a good provider. But his ability as a lover had declined over the years. She was sure he found more pleasure in swinging a big deal at work than being with her. But she had a good life. Hal did well enough that she didn't have to work, but she chose to. She was a real estate agent, specializing in high-end residential properties. It suited her perfectly. She could pretty much make her own hours, and work as much or as little as she wanted. She also liked getting dressed up when she had meetings with clients or had showings, especially now that Josh was taking such an interest in her clothing.

She had generally worn pant suits over the years, but about a year back, she'd noticed the approving look on Josh's face when she'd bought a new black business skirt, the tight pencil skirt looking very flattering on her tall curvy figure, the trim hem ending a few inches above her dimpled knees. When her son had commented on how nice she looked, his eyes roaming up and down her long tanned legs, she'd decided it was time to make more of a change in her wardrobe. She'd gotten more of the skirts that he liked so much, and numerous pairs of new shoes, slingbacks and pumps with mostly 4" heels, higher than she was used to wearing. But the shoes looked incredibly sexy and flattering with her new clothes, and Josh told her he liked them too.

She'd also tried some new tops, switching from some loose-fitting blouses to more form-fitting ones, as well as some new sweaters, like sleeveless turtlenecks. She loved the feel of the soft material of the sweaters fitting snugly over her sizable breasts, the vertical ribs of the turtlenecks swelling in and out sensually as they molded themselves to her heavy orbs. The first time she wore one in front of her son, she thought his eyes were going to bug right out of his head. She'd chosen a sky-blue one and combined it with a jet-black pencil skirt. She knew her huge breasts beneath the tight sky-blue top caused enticing shadows to fall on her midsection, the imposing shelf of her tits looking provocatively round and full. She'd left her legs bare, but applied a cream she had that made them glisten sensually. She finished off the look with a pair of black slingbacks with a wickedly pointy toe and a sleek 4" heel. When she walked into the kitchen and did a pirouette in front of her husband and son, she thought Josh was going to fall right out of his chair. Hal had barely looked up from his paper, saying only "That looks nice," before dropping his eyes back to the stock market listings.

Josh couldn't stop staring at her, his face turning pink as he looked her up and down, his mouth gaping open. She saw him pull himself closer to the table, hiding his midsection beneath the edge. She was sure her new outfit had caused the desired effect, assuming her teenage son was hiding his erection from her. He'd excused himself and hurried to his room, only to return just few minutes later, a thin film of perspiration on his flushed but now relaxed face. When he came back, he offered to help her in the kitchen. As he stood near her, she could definitely detect the scent of baby powder, and knew it was from the big jar of Baby-Fresh Vaseline that her son kept in the drawer of his bedside table. She'd smiled to herself, happy that her son had just jerked off thinking about her. As he helped in the kitchen, she made it a point to show off her body teasingly as she moved about near him, stretching and bending to show off her curvy body in the tight outfit. Within fifteen minutes, he made an excuse about homework needing to be done and hurried back to his room, but not before Erica had noticed the sizable bulge in his jeans.

As Josh pulled onto the freeway for the first leg of their journey, Erica took a look over at her son from beneath her sunglasses, surreptitiously watching him. He was a handsome one alright—he'd definitely become a great husband to some lucky girl one day. Smart as a whip, and with a wonderful build. Her husband was a relatively small man, comparatively speaking, but Josh seemed to have taken after her side of the family, except for his coloring. With his dark wavy hair and features, he was more like his dad, but his build was definitely more like hers. He was 6'-1" tall and weighed in at a solid 185 lbs. He'd been on the swim team all through school and had the nicely defined muscles that most competitive swimmers have. His smooth chest was well-defined, his V-shaped torso and flat abs drawing admiring glances from many girls at his school and at swim meets, including numerous older women. A few of Erica's close friends had even commented admiringly on what a handsome young man her son was. But for all that Josh had going for him, he was still painfully shy. He was confident when it came to academics, but when it came to the ways of the world, he was incredibly naïve. Erica smiled bewitchingly as she looked at him, knowing that was something she definitely planned on helping him with during this trip.

And now they were on the open road, alone together for two weeks. When Josh had gotten the scholarship from Stanford, the family had been overjoyed. He'd worked hard all his life in school, and he deserved it. She'd come up with this idea of the two of them making this trip. The more she'd thought about it, the more it had appealed to her. Her mind had been swirling with various scenarios she had in mind. Finally, getting the wording for her proposal as convincing as possible in advance, she'd finally put the idea across to Hal. She figured with the way things were going at work for him that it wouldn't be too hard to convince him. As she'd expected, he'd jumped at her suggestion that she'd take on the responsibility of getting their son relocated on the other side of the country. When Hal had quickly agreed, she'd felt her heart flutter with excitement, anxious to have those two weeks alone with her Josh. As she watched her son through her sunglasses, Erica smiled to herself, knowing the hidden agenda she had in mind, and praying that everything would work out just as she hoped.

"Well, I guess this room doesn't look too bad," Josh said as he put their suitcases down. They'd taken turns driving until the early evening before finally seeking out a motel, both of them feeling cramped and sore from being in the car for so long. Erica wanted to stop, before they got tired and cranky. They'd found a place shortly after they'd stopped for dinner. This was all part of their somewhat spontaneous approach to this whole trip—booking nothing in advance and just finding places to stay along the way. Erica had told Josh it would be more exciting that way, and he'd agreed. This first place they were going to call home for the night was called 'The Dew Drop Inn', and it had made them both smile when they saw the sign. He'd waited by the car while his mother went into the office.

"Can I help you?" the older woman asked Erica as she approached the counter.

"Yes, I'd like a room for the night?"

"Okay, what would you like? One bed, two beds? We're not too busy and you can have pretty much whatever you like."

"Do you have any rooms with a single king-size bed?"

"Yep."

"Uh, do you happen to have any rooms like that with an extra-large shower?"

"Yeah, number 23 and number 24 have been renovated lately and they've both got a king and a bigger shower. They're a little extra though."

"That's fine. I'll take it."

"We've got a room," Erica said, coming out of the motel office and waving a key at Josh. "There's just one little problem."

"What's that?"

"Well, I was hoping we could get a room with two queens, but they didn't have any left. All they had were rooms with single king-sized beds. And I don't want to drive any further, so I took it. I hope that's okay?"

"Uh, yeah. That should be fine," a flummoxed Josh responded, wondering how that was going to work out.

"Great. It's room 23," Erica said, smiling to herself.

"Yeah, the room does look pretty nice," Erica said. "The woman in the office told me it had been renovated lately. It's better than I expected for our first night alone." Josh looked at his mother anxiously, his mind going a million miles an hour as he listened to her words: "our first night alone".

"Look, it's been a pretty long day," she continued. "We're both not used to being in the car that long. Why don't you go and take your shower first, and then I'll go after. Just make sure you don't take all the hot water—who knows what the water supply is like in a place like this."

"Uh, okay." Josh opened his duffel bag, pulling out his shaving kit and his usual sleeping gear—an old pair of loose boxers and a well-worn t-shirt. His mother had her suitcase open on the bed and was rummaging through it when he closed the bathroom door behind him. He peeled off his clothes and took a leak, limbering up his hefty member with a couple of leisurely strokes. As soon as the torrents of piss pounded into the toilet bowl, he realized with alarm that his mother could probably hear him, something he'd never had to worry about at home where his bathroom was situated far away from anywhere else. He quickly directed his powerful stream to the side, where it hit against the smooth porcelain, just above the water line. With the sound deadened, he relaxed and finished, continuing to leisurely fondle his prick. Man, it felt good to have his hand on his cock. By this time most days, he'd usually gotten a number of loads off, usually with thoughts of blowing them all over his mother's spectacular body. As he pictured milking out long ropey strands of cum all over her upturned face, he felt his prick start to stiffen in his hand.

"Stop...stop it. She's your mother and she's right in the next room," he said to himself, releasing his beefy dick from his stroking hand and turning on the shower. "Get a grip, buddy. Just relax and everything will be fine. You'll each have your own side of the bed. Mom will be dressed in her usual loose nightgowns, nothing to worry about. It's been a long day, you're both tired, you'll both fall asleep, that will be it."

As much as he talked to himself, he still felt himself fretting, wondering how he'd handle this unfamiliar situation. Josh didn't consider himself a virgin, so to speak, but he was by no means a practicing 'swordsmen' either. He'd been with four girls, but he could count the total number of times he'd had sex on the fingers of one hand, if you could really call it sex. Those encounters had been the clumsy fumbblings of youth, both he and the girls he'd been with unsure of themselves and anxious about the whole situation. Each of them had ended disastrously, with Josh unable to make any progress as far as successfully penetrating any of their tight young bodies, his condom-covered cock ending up rubbing along the greasy slots of their young cunts until he amply filled the reservoir tip, leaving both of them unsatisfied.

The one thing that had been consistent each time though was that each of the girls had complained, not about his ability or tenderness, but about the size of his cock. Each one of them said they had never encountered anyone as large as him, and they had been tentative and afraid of being torn by him, thus their reluctance to let him inside them. Each episode had ended awkwardly, with Josh mumbling apologies as the girls had quickly checked themselves for tears or bruises. None of the four girls, fearing for their own safety, had stuck around for more than a couple of dates.

Even with his lack of sexual experience, Josh found that he needed regular relief, which, like all young guys, he found through masturbation. Unknown to Josh, he was a little more prolific in that regard than most. It wasn't uncommon for him to jack off six or seven times a day, thoughts of his stacked mother usually fuelling his ardor as his Vaseline-covered hand slid rhythmically back and

forth over his rigid cock. If he had a dollar for every load he'd pumped out thinking about her, he could probably have bought himself a Ferrari.

Josh got the shower going and stepped into it, loving the feel of the hot pelting spray washing away the tension and weariness of having been on the road so long. He was tempted to soap up his cock and whip off a quick one, but he remembered his mother's words about making sure he didn't use up all the hot water. He figured once they kind of figured out some kind of routine, he'd find a chance to jack off in peace—maybe when he took a shower in the morning. He quickly washed, enjoying feeling fresh and alive again after being somewhat cramped up in the car. He dried off, ran a comb through his brown wavy hair, brushed his teeth, and dressed for bed. Wearing his old boxers and favorite t-shirt, he exited the bathroom, his clothes from the day in his hand.

"It's all yours, Mom," he said, tossing his dirty clothes on top of his duffel bag.

"Thanks, sweetie. It will be so nice to feel clean again," Erica said, moving towards the bathroom with some items clutched in her hand. "Uh, what side of the bed do you want?"

"Uh gee, I don't know. I'm used to sleeping alone. What side do you want?"

"I'll take this one, I guess," she replied, pointing to the right-hand side. "You can watch some TV, if you want."

"No, that's okay. I think I'll just read for awhile." Erica wasn't surprised—her son watched little TV and usually had his head buried in some kind of book.

"Okay. I'll be back soon," she said, giving him a wry smile as she started to close the bathroom door. "Don't start without me."

As the door closed, Josh felt his heart start to race. "What the heck did that mean?" he asked himself. "It probably doesn't mean anything. Relax, buddy...relax." He pulled down the covers, stacked his pillows against the headboard and lay back against them. It was fairly warm in the room, so he just pulled the sheet back up over him. Stanford had sent him a list of some reading material they expected him to be familiar with, and he'd bought a couple of the books from the list before leaving home. He picked up one of the books and started to read, finding he had to keep reading the same thing over and over, his racing mind unable to comprehend the words he was looking at as he thought about his stacked mother getting ready to take a shower less than ten feet away.

Erica undressed, enjoying the freedom of unhooking her heavily-structured bra and freeing her girls, her hands lifting the heavy globes up and away from her body as she looked at herself in the mirror, her index fingers rubbing gently over her stiffening nipples. She smiled, remembering the sound of her son going to the bathroom a short time ago. She'd been unpacking some things from her bag when she'd heard the thunderous sound of his urine pounding noisily into the toilet bowl. As soon as the roaring crescendo reached her ears, she wondered what size her son's cock must be to create such a powerful sound. It only went on for a few seconds and then stopped. She knew he must have been embarrassed, and then continued by pissing noiselessly against the side of the bowl. She wished he hadn't, her ears feasting on the sound as her mind pictured a long majestic cock spewing a powerful torrent of piss from the wet red eye at the tip.

"From the sound of that, it has to be big," she said to herself as she got into the shower. She was happy she'd asked about the shower, this one was definitely big enough for two, with dual shower heads. She figured if things went as she hoped, that space for two might come in handy. She washed thoroughly, running her soapy hands over her round heavy tits and around every flowing



curve and inviting crevice of her lush body. Her hair was okay, so she didn't wash that—she'd do that in the morning. Finishing up, she took her time getting ready, applying her makeup just the way she wanted, and then getting dressed for bed in one of the new things she'd bought especially for this trip—something she was sure her teenaged son would like. A smile came to her pretty face as she looked at herself in the mirror. Satisfied, she gathered up her clothes and re-joined her son.

"How's your book, sweetie?" Erica asked as she put her clothes into a laundry bag she'd brought with her. She turned and stood next to the bed facing her son, feet about shoulder width apart, hands on her hips.

"It's fine, M..." Josh started to say, but the words stuck in his throat as he looked at his mother standing beside the bed facing him. "Holy fuck!" he said to himself, his eyes just about bugging out of his head. He'd never seen his mother wear anything like she was wearing right now. She usually wore loose-fitting nightgowns, or in the summer, oversized t-shirts that came well past mid-thigh. But this, this was incredible! She was wearing a gorgeous baby doll set, in vivid royal blue satin with white lace trim. He could see the two triangular pieces at the bodice were made of wired blue satin, the substantial cups fitting perfectly over her large heavy breasts. He could see the straps running over her shoulders were drawn taut, the thin straps straining to support the hefty weight they were carrying. He loved the way the shiny satin fabric of the bra cups seemed to sensually caress her mature curvy figure. Jesus, she had amazing tits. Beneath the impressive shelf of her large tits, wispy blue fabric flowed down sensually over her shapely hourglass figure, flaring out over her wide matronly hips before the lace-trimmed hem ended just a couple of inches below her pussy. He could barely make out the silhouette of a pair of matching blue panties beneath, the tiny panties cut wickedly high on her hips. He looked down past the lacy hem of the flowing top at her full toned thighs, glistening with a fine sheen of some kind of cream or oil. He felt a surge in his groin, and was glad he'd pulled the sheet over himself.

"So, what do you think of my new nightgown?" Erica reached up with both hands and fluffed her hair out, tilting her head provocatively from side to side, her honey-blond locks falling sensually about her shoulders. Lifting her hands up like this caused her massive breasts to thrust upwards, the round heavy globes swelling against the structured satin cups of her outfit.

"Ohhnnn," Josh groaned instinctively, his eyes riveted on her sumptuous tits.

"Are you okay, sweetie?"

"Uh, yeah. I'm fine. Just something got caught in my throat," Josh replied, feeling himself turning red in embarrassment. He couldn't believe how sexy his mother looked. He'd noticed with delight how her wardrobe had changed recently, but he never expected anything like this, especially when she knew they were going to be sharing motel rooms together. The outfit was amazing, and cock-hardeningly sexy. The molded satin triangles cupping her large 38Es were nothing more than a glorified bra, with the rest of the tantalizingly wispy baby doll attached beneath. The vivid blue color accentuated her brilliant blue eyes, something Josh was sure she'd thought of when she'd purchased it.

Erica did a little pirouette, so her son could see her from all angles. When she turned around, Josh's eyes instinctively went to the lush round curves of her ass, her plump full cheeks barely covered by the shimmering material. She continued turning until she remained at about a 45-degree angle with her front away from him, and then looked over her shoulder back at him, her hair thrown back teasingly. "So, what do you think?"

Josh's eyes were as big as saucers, taking in the spectacular view of his mother. He could still see her large breasts partially in profile, the huge mounds thrusting forward temptingly against the heavily-wired bra cups. And her ass, her ass and legs, with that glistening cream on her long tanned legs. Man oh man, she looked amazing!

"Mom, you...you...," he stammered, barely able to speak in his excitement. "I've never seen you wear anything like that before. Where did you get it?"

"Oh, I just bought a few new things for the trip." Erica put a dismayed look on her face, pretending that her son's question was indicating he wasn't happy with what she was wearing. But she'd seen the look on his face, and knew he loved it. "I was actually hoping you would like it. I'm sorry. I think I brought one of my old nightgowns with me. I can put that on, if you want." She started to reach towards her suitcase.

"NO!" Josh blurted out, his hand automatically reaching out in a STOP gesture. He knew he'd spoken hurriedly, and tried to cover up his social gaffe. "Uh, no. I mean, you look incredible, Mom. There's no need to change."

"Are you sure you like it?" She turned back around and, grasping the frilly bottom edge of the baby doll top, she shifted from side to side slightly, as if modelling it for him, that playfully mischievous look in her eyes again. "I bought it especially for you."

"She bought it especially for me? Oh my God," Josh said to himself, his eyes focussing on her huge tits, now wobbling beneath the confines of the straining bra cups, the upper swells jiggling gently as she moved from side to side. He finally tore his eyes away from her chest and looked at her pretty face, willing himself to speak, "Actually, I love it, Mom. I've never seen you look so beautiful. You should have been wearing things like that long ago."

"Thanks, sweetie," Erica replied, sitting down on top of the sheets next to him. She faced him as she leaned slightly sideways, supporting herself on one straightened arm. She watched as his eyes instinctively went to her buxom chest, where her sitting position had forced her two breasts together, creating an immense line of cleavage. As she shifted her curled up legs together, his eyes dropped to the bottom of the baby doll top, peering intently at the juncture of her tanned glistening thighs, the hem just barely hiding the crotch of her matching blue panties. She was glad she'd put more of that cream on her legs, knowing that Josh loved the look sexy look when they shone like this. She surreptitiously glanced over to his midsection, noticing the obvious protrusion. She saw it pulse, the sheet tenting up just a fraction more as he looked at her. She felt her heart flutter. The bulge beneath the sheets looked big already, and she could tell that he was nowhere near being done. As if reading her mind, Josh lowered his book slowly over his groin, shamefully hiding his growing erection from her. "I'm glad you like it," Erica continued. "I've got a number of new things I think you'll like."

Josh's mind was racing, wondering what they were. "Things like that?" he asked curiously, nodding towards the baby doll outfit.

"Yes, some more things like this, and some new clothes to wear outside too. I've got a couple of new mini dresses if we happen to go to any fancy restaurants along the way."

"Mini dresses?"

"Yes, I'm getting tired of those slacks and blouses I used to wear all the time. I figured a handsome young man like you would like to be seen with a woman in a nice dress. I think a couple of the ones

I got are called 'bandage dresses'. They're fairly form-fitting, but I think they looked pretty good on me. I hope you'll like them."

Josh knew exactly what bandage dresses were, the images in his mind almost spiralling out of control as he pictured his mother in the short tight dresses. He'd searched fashion sites on the internet and downloaded a ton of images, always picturing how spectacular his mother would look in the tight sexy dresses. "I'm sure they look great on you. I can't wait to see them," he finally gasped out, feeling himself start to sweat as he thought how amazing she'd look in a tiny little dress like that.

"That's great. Maybe we'll find a nice place to go for dinner tomorrow and I can wear one. Plus, I got some new shoes to go with them."

"NEW SHOES?" In his excitement, Josh spoke too loud and too quickly again, his face turning red as soon as he'd spoken. Fortunately, his mother appeared not to notice.

Erica had definitely noticed, and smiled to herself at her son's keen interest in her attire. "Yes, I got a few pairs of new shoes." She paused for a couple of seconds, as if pondering something. But she knew all along what she was going to do. "Actually, I bought one pair that is supposed to go with one of those dresses that's almost the same color as this outfit. I know it's probably not right to show those shoes with a nightgown like this, but would you like to see them?"

Josh's heart almost burst out of his chest when his mother said that, her pretty face looking at him questioningly with big doe-like eyes. "Get a grip, buddy," he chided himself, trying to suppress the flow of blood to his swelling groin. "She just wants to show off some of the new things she bought. There's probably nothing more to it than that." He was trying to convince himself, but it didn't change the fact that he wanted to see her in those new shoes right now more than anything. He tried to play it cool. "Well, sure, Mom. I'd love to give you my opinion. If you want to, that is."

"Yes. It'll be nice to get the opinion of a handsome young man." Erica gave her son a sly teasing look as she got up and stepped over to her suitcase.

Josh felt his heart flutter excitedly, the thought of his own mother referring to him as handsome making him swell with pride. She reached into her suitcase and pulled out a cloth bag, then sat on the edge of the bed, reaching down out of his sight to put on the shoes.

"There, what do you think?" she asked, getting up and coming around to his side of the bed so he could see better.

"Oh my God," Josh thought to himself. As soon as she stepped around the corner of the bed and he saw the shoes, another surge of boiling blood rushed to his groin. He was glad he'd positioned his book over his midsection. The shoes were so fucking sexy, he was afraid he might just come right there on the spot. They were blue strappy sandals, with just a couple of thin leather straps crossing her foot just above her toes. They had a slim wicked-looking 4" heel, and above that, a triangular piece of blue leather that cupped her delicate heel, and then another slim strap that circled her slender ankle with a tiny buckle at the side. Her long shiny legs looked incredible in the sexy shoes, her full calves and thighs looking deliciously inviting, her long legs nipping in teasingly at her dimpled knees and trim ankles. She walked back and forth a few times, like a model on a runway, giving Josh a teasing little show that had his cock swelling even more beneath the sheet.

"So, do you like them?" Erica asked again, knowing that her son had become almost mesmerized by the vision of her in the alluring baby doll and sexy shoes.

"Uh...ye...yes," Josh stammered, almost having to force himself to speak as he reluctantly pulled his eyes away from her shapely legs and back to her pretty face. "They look fantastic. I'm so glad you bought them."

"Thanks," Erica said as she sat down on the bed right beside him, her face beaming with happiness. "I'm glad you like them." She then whispered conspiratorially, "I bought them for you too, you know."

"For me?" he asked, totally flummoxed by what she'd just said.

"Yes. I've decided in the last year or so to kind of bring my wardrobe a little more up-to-date. I appreciate your opinion on these things. Your dad is kind of useless when it comes to things like that, and with you being such a handsome young man, it makes me feel good when I can wear things that you approve of."

"I...I'm glad you feel that way," Josh replied, happy to hear what his mother had said, but wondering about something else as well. "Is...is everything okay with you and dad?"

"Yes, of course. Well...pretty much." Erica paused, and then looked at her young son intently. "Josh, while we're on this trip, I think it's important that we be totally honest with each other—about everything. If I'm totally honest with you, do you think you can be totally honest with me?"

Josh had always tried to live by the rule that 'honesty was the best policy', and he'd found that when he'd openly admitted any mistakes he'd made to his parents or teachers, the end result was never as bad as he'd imagined. He figured there was no point in changing that outlook now. "Sure, Mom, I can do that."

"That's good. Now, I'll be as honest with you as I can." She paused for a second and looked at him, and Josh nodded, letting her know he was ready to hear whatever she had to say. "Things with your father haven't been quite the same over the last few years. He's been so involved with the business, that sometimes I feel that our life together is being left behind."

Alarm bells went off in Josh's head. "Are you guys going to get a divorce?"

His mother laughed out loud, and he could see it was a happy laugh, not a nervous one. It relieved his anxiety right away. "No, of course not," Erica continued once she'd gotten herself back under control. "It's nothing like that, sweetie, don't worry. Your father is a good man, and I do love him dearly. But as people grow older, things change for both of them. It's hard to keep things the way they were when you first got married. Things have been a little more difficult for your father and I when it comes to...shall we say...intimacy?"

"Oh, uh, okay. I think I get it. If you don't want to say anything more, I understand, Mom."

"That's okay, baby. It actually feels good for me to talk about it, rather than keep it bundled up inside."

"Alright."

"Your father has been having increasing difficulty with intimacy over the last few years, and it's likely caused by stress, with maybe some physical factors influencing things as well. And you know, women my age are kind of reaching a different situation when it comes to their needs and desires at this point in their lives."

"I...uh...yeah, I've read something about that." Josh knew what she was referring to—men reaching their sexual peak in their late teens while with women it was usually in their early 40's—the age his mother was right now. He didn't know if he should say what he was thinking, but since she'd brought up the fact that they should be totally honest with each other, he decided to ask, "Have you and Dad tried any of the new drugs that are out there?"

"Yes, your dad has tried a couple of them, and none of them have worked very well. It's just made him more angry and frustrated, and he's withdrawn even more. We've talked about it, and for right now, we've decided to move on without putting pressure on him. He's hoping that with time, things might change, but I have my doubts. And since we've talked about not putting any pressure on him, at least he's happier in his day to day life. It makes me feel better to see him that way, too."

Josh felt bad for his father, wondering what he would feel like if he was in the same position. But he also felt bad for his mother, a beautiful vibrant woman, who had basically admitted that she was coming into her sexual prime. And as he looked at her in that gorgeous outfit and those 'come-fuck-me' shoes, he knew this was a woman who was built for one thing—sex. How often had he dreamed about pounding her into the mattress all night long? "But what about you, Mom? I understand you being happy that Dad is doing okay, but what about the things you want? You haven't, you know, had an affair or anything, have you?"

"No, of course not. I just don't think I have it in me to get intimate with someone I don't know like that. I don't think I could live with myself if I just went out and did it with someone I didn't love." She paused and Josh nodded, happy to hear what she'd just said. "Don't worry about me, sweetie. I'll think of something. But what about you?"

"Uh, what about me?"

"Well, you're going off to university in California. I'm sure there's going to be a lot of pretty coeds there."

Josh shrugged, somewhat embarrassed by his lack of sexual experience. "I guess."

Erica sensed her son's unease. Although her son was incredibly attractive, she knew he had always been somewhat shy and unsure of himself around girls. There'd been a few girls he'd dated over the last couple of years, but nothing seemed to last more than a date or two. She had no idea why, and had chocked it up to the vagaries of youth and her son's shyness. One girl, Jenny, had seemed quite nice. She'd never asked Josh what had happened with any of these girls, but now, knowing what she had in mind for the rest of the night, she was curious. "Josh, you're not a virgin, are you?"

"No," he replied quickly with a dismissive wave of his hand, as if the idea of such a thing was absurd. Nonetheless, Erica still sensed some kind of anxiety there.

"Honey, it's okay if you are, really."

"Mom, honestly, I'm not a virgin."

"But you're not very experienced, are you, sweetie?" Erica paused, waiting for Josh to answer. He looked down, his eyes not meeting hers. She reached out and touched his hand tenderly. "Josh, we promised we'd be honest with each other, right? I'm your mother, you can tell me anything and I'll always love you. I only want you to be happy."

Josh felt his heart swell with happiness, his mother's words and stroking hand easing his discomfort. He had to clear his throat before he could answer. "Uh, yes. I'm not very experienced."

"I know you've dated a few girls, but none of them seemed to last very long. What happened with that Jenny girl? I thought she was nice."

Josh shrugged his shoulders uncomfortably. "She was nice. It just didn't work out with her, or the others."

"With Jenny or with any of the others, did you have a chance to...you know?"

"Yes, a few times. But it didn't work out too well with any of them." Josh paused for a second, unsure of what to say next. "It was basically the same reason with each one after a time or two."

"What reason was that, sweetie?"

"Are you sure you want to talk about this, Mom?"

"I'm worried about you, Josh. You're basically a man now, and it's hard for me as a mother to let go. With you going off to school so far away, I just want to make sure you're okay, and that you can enjoy everything that college life has to offer." Erica paused and gave him a big smile and a naughty little wink. "And that should include girls."

They both laughed at that, her little quip helping to ease the tension that Josh seemed to be feeling. With a heavy sigh, he finally responded, "Those girls I was with, after a time or two of being together that way, they didn't want to do it anymore." He paused and Erica noticed he looked sad. "They were worried that I'd hurt them."

Erica looked at her son, shock on her face. "You didn't hit them, or tie them up or anything, did you?"

"No...no, it was nothing like that," Josh replied quickly, waving his hand dismissively once more.

"Then what were they afraid of? I've always known you to be a polite and caring young man."

Josh shrugged and looked down, embarrassed to meet his mother's eyes as he spoke. "According to those girls, I guess I'm bigger down there than most guys. Things didn't go too easily with any of them, and after trying once or twice, they were all kind of afraid to try anymore. They didn't want to touch it or anything. Jenny even said she was afraid I'd tear her in two."

"Oh fuck," Erica thought, her heart racing in her chest. This was even better than she had hoped. She felt herself start to perspire with excitement, the thought of getting her hands and mouth on such a huge cock making her start to salivate. She felt a tingling itch in her pussy, and knew she was creaming her panties like crazy. She had to keep it together though, if just for a little bit longer. "Oh dear. I'm sorry to hear that, sweetie. But sometimes, that can be a problem for young girls. They're just not experienced enough to know how to handle something like that. Perhaps things might have been different if you had a chance to be with someone older, more experienced." She paused as Josh nodded, but he still was unable to look at her. She needed to say something to lighten the mood again. "But I guess, like me, you learned to take care of things yourself, right?" She patted his hand and nodded towards his crotch, to make sure there was no mistaking what she was saying.

"I guess," her son slowly replied, finally looking up at her. "Mom, you mean you..."

"Oh Josh," Erica said, patting his hand once more and smiling at him. "Everybody does, including me." She was happy to see a smile come over his handsome face. "Which brings me to something else I want to talk to you about."

"What's that?"

"Well, with this trip, we're going to be around each other nearly all the time. Now, I know young men like you have needs that must be satisfied, and things are going to be a little more difficult with us being around each other twenty-four hours a day." Josh nodded, happy that his mother had been thinking about one of the same concerns that he'd been having. His mother continued, "So tell me, Josh, how many times a day do you take it upon yourself to satisfy those needs?"

Josh's mouth gaped open, and he sat there stammering, unsure of what to say to such a blatant question.

"Josh, just relax. I want to make sure you're happy on this trip. Now, there's no point in beating around the bush. We both know what we're talking about here. How many times a day do you usually masturbate? Remember, we said we'd be totally honest with each other."

Josh paused for a few seconds and gathered his courage, afraid of what his mother might think of him if he told the truth. But he went back to his long-standing policy, and knew that he had to tell her. "Usually five or six times a day."

"Oh my God," Erica thought to herself and almost groaned out loud, her pussy-lips quivering with desire as her son's words registered in her brain. She could feel the wetness between her legs, images of her son's huge cock shooting off that many times a day causing shivers of desire to trip down her spine. In a daze, she stared at her son with his bowed head, rendered speechless herself by what she'd just heard.

"I'm sorry, Mom," Josh said, his mother's lack of a response making him start to blush with shame. "You must think I'm a freak or something, but I just have to do it. If I don't, I feel like I'm just going to burst."

"I'd love to have you burst like that all over me," Erica thought to herself, her mind racing as she thought about all the things she could do with a teenage boy capable of getting off that many times a day. She could see that Josh was getting more and more anxious, and she had to put his mind at ease, quickly. "No, sweetie, I don't think that at all." She reached out and took his hand, holding onto it gently as she tenderly stroked it with her other hand. "Actually, I'm very proud of you."

"You are?" her son asked, finally raising his head to look at her.

"I think it's a wonderful thing that you're capable of climaxing that many times a day. A lot of men are what I call 'one-and-done' guys. They have one orgasm, and they're done for the night." She could see that Josh had a calmer look on his face as he listened to her, happy that she didn't think of him as some sort of whacked-out perv or something. "And since we're being honest with each other, I can tell you that mature experienced women love men like that. Unfortunately, that admirable trait seems to only be for a select few. You should feel lucky to be one of those few."

"Really? And you don't think I'm weird or anything?"

"No, Josh. Honestly, and not just as your mother, I think you're quite something." She gave him a teasing little wink again, and Josh blushed, but not from shame this time.

"Thanks, Mom. I think you're quite something, too." Erica noticed her son's eyes flick down to her massive tits when he said that, and she glanced down, spying her large nipples protruding provocatively through the tight-fitting satin cups of her baby doll top. She'd been getting more and more aroused as she'd been thinking about her son's big cock, and his prolific ability to jerk off. She wanted to see that impressive sexual stamina for herself. Now that she had his attention focused back in her, it was time to step up her game.

"Thanks, sweetie. It's so nice of you to say that. But that brings me back to what I started talking about a few minutes ago." She shifted slightly as she sat on the bed beside him, knowing it would make her tits wobble invitingly beneath her tight top.

"Wh...what's that?" he mumbled, and sure enough, his eyes flicked back down to the swells of her voluptuous breasts, the mounds of tit-flesh moving sensually as she shifted her lush backside on the bed.

"Well, I mentioned that I know that young men have desires that they need to take care of, and I was going to suggest that maybe we need to set up some kind of bathroom schedule—but if you need to come that many times a day, I think it would be pretty pointless to do that."

When his mother used the word 'come', Josh felt another little tingle go through him. Knowing how many times a day he usually jerked off, he'd been at his wits end trying to think what would happen about that during this trip. He couldn't believe his mother had brought up the whole thing, but he was glad she had. She definitely had his attention now, and he had no idea where she intended on going with this. "I...uh...what do you think we should do?"

"Well, I have a suggestion, especially since it would look pretty awkward if you were running off to the bathroom constantly."

"What's that?"

"Since you've been having those problems with those young girls you dated, and you said they didn't even want to touch it, what do you think of me giving you a hand?"

Josh's eyes almost bugged out of his head, and his heart was racing a mile a minute. Did his mother just say what he thought she'd said? "G...give me a hand?" he stuttered.

"Like I said, I think things might have been better for you if you'd had an experienced woman to help guide you, to treat you the way a young man like you deserves to be treated, and to teach you how to please a woman." His mother paused and looked at him, a hot sultry look in her eyes. "I could show you what an experienced woman can do with her hands, and I'd be quite willing to do that as many times a day as you want me to. Like I said, I want you to be happy on this trip."

Dumbstruck, Josh stared at her with his mouth open, unable to even speak. Was he hearing things? Was he dreaming? Had his beautiful mother, the gorgeous stacked MILF that he'd been fantasizing about for years—had she really just said she'd jerk him off as much as he wanted? He sat there, totally awestruck, his heart racing in his chest.

Erica reached over and took his book that had been on his lap and picked it up, silently closing it and putting it on the night table beside them. She reached for the edge of the sheet lying across



his stomach and started to draw it down. "I want you to be glad we took this trip together, Josh, and I'll do whatever I can to make you happy." With the blood once more rushing to his groin, Josh could only watch helplessly as his mother shifted slightly to the side, drawing the sheet down past his groin.

"Hmmm, it seems like part of you likes the idea," Erica said, her eyes focusing on the swelling growth starting to rise from beneath his boxers. She reached over with one hand and ran her fingers over her son's strong young thigh, her brilliant red fingertips tracing teasingly over his flesh. They both watched as if mesmerized, while his cock continued to grow, the sizable member stiffening and extending as it obscenely tented up the front of his underwear.

"Oh fuck, is it ever going to stop growing?" Erica said to herself as she watched the lusciously illicit display of her son's covered cock stiffening towards full erection. She could see the outline of the massive mushroom head now, the broad flared head pushing the soft fabric of his worn boxers higher and higher away from his abdomen. "Why don't you take your t-shirt off, Josh? I think you'll be more comfortable that way."

Josh quickly whipped off his t-shirt and tossed it aside, then leaned back against the stack of pillows he'd piled against the headboard, wondering what his mother was going to do next. He almost thought she was going to laugh and step away from him—saying the whole thing had just been a joke. But she wouldn't be that mean...would she?

Saying the whole thing was a joke was the furthest thing from Erica's mind. Her eyes feasted on her son's young toned body. She almost licked her lips as she looked at his broad shoulders and swimmer's V-shaped torso, her gaze lingering on the defined muscles of his six-pack abs. "Jesus. My son is fucking gorgeous," she said to herself. "And I can teach him to be the perfect lover—just what I need." She looked down to see his surging prick straining at the fabric of his underwear, a damp spot starting to spread across the fabric, evidence of the precum that had started to ooze from the tip of his cock. She felt her cunt creaming as she looked at the lewd display with fascination, her mouth watering at the thought of getting a taste of his manly cock-sap.

"I think these are just getting in the way now," Erica said as she reached for the taut waistband of her son's boxers and started to pull down. Josh instinctively lifted his hips as she started to draw them down. They got hung up for a split-second as the waistband caught on the swollen knob, and then she lifted them up and over, quickly pulling them right down and off. She tossed them aside, her eyes quickly returning to her son's midsection.

Released from the restrictive confines of his underwear, Josh's immense cock seemed to unfurl from upon itself once it hit the open air. Like a disturbed cobra rising in defiance, it lifted hypnotically from his groin, the broad flared crown seeming to blossom as it extended higher and higher over his taut abs. His mother watched in awe as his stallion-like cock stiffened right before her eyes, the engorged crown getting even darker, the swirling blood in his midsection pulsing hotly into the swelling tube of his aching prick.

"Oh my God, it's beautiful," Erica said to herself, her tongue sliding out instinctively and running around her full pouty lips, her salivary glands working overtime as she watched her son's spectacular cock reach full erection, the thick gnarly shaft and huge enflamed knob standing up at full salute. It was straight as an arrow, the bluish veins pulsing and standing out in bold relief as they fed his boiling blood back and forth along the incredible length to the broad crimson crown, his rope-like corona looking like a deep scarlet ridge that she knew would feel wonderful tearing deep into her mature pussy.

"Jesus, no wonder those girls were afraid," Erica thought, a shudder of blissful excitement tripping down her spine. "That's the biggest cock I've ever seen. Jenny was right, he would have torn her right in two—and now I can't wait to get it inside me," she concluded.

"Well, it definitely seems like I better take care of those needs of yours right now," Erica said, her hand reaching forward as she circled her son's throbbing dick with her slender fingers. She gasped as she felt the tremendous heat of it, her hand closing around the incredible warmth, her fingertips coming nowhere close to touching the heel of her hand. "Oh my God, how big around is that?" she thought to herself. "I can't wait to feel that stretching my insides."

Josh was beside himself with excitement. He couldn't believe it when his mother had said those things, and now she'd take off his underwear and had her hand on his rock-hard cock—her soft beautiful hand, her long fingers wrapped snugly around it, her vivid red fingernails looking wickedly sinful against the skin of his pulsing shaft. Could this really be happening? He'd dreamed about something like this forever, but had never expected in all his life for this to ever happen. He blinked to make sure he wasn't dreaming. When he opened his eyes, he saw he wasn't. His mother's eyes had that sultry mischievous look in them again. He looked at her, those massive tits provocatively on display, her hard nipples readily apparent as they thrust stiffly against the satin bra cups of her baby doll top. She slid her gripping hand slowly up his throbbing boner, and he was afraid he was going to go off right there on the spot.

"Oh my," Erica said breathlessly. As her clutching hand slid upwards, her eyes focused on the glistening wad of precum oozing from the wet red eye at the tip of her son's enormous prick. She reached forward with her other hand and cradled his egg-sized nuts, rolling them gently in the palm of her hand. "Oh Jesus, they're big," she said to herself. "Nice and full, just for me. And I'm gonna drain every last drop out of them before we're done tonight." She pumped her hand up and down, marveling at the feel of her son's immense cock in her hand. It was so big, and lusciously hard. It felt like an iron bar covered in liquid velvet. She moved closer, and could feel the heat emanating from the engorged head as her hand slowly, teasingly, pumped up and down, glistening precum continuously pulsing to the tip and drizzling sluggishly down the inverted V on the underside of his shaft.

"Well, this thing is hot as a branding iron," Erica said, her eyes twinkling seductively. "I think we better do something to cool you off."

Josh watched, totally spellbound, as his mother leaned forward, her head poised about right over the tip of his cock. Her lips pursed forward, and then a long slithering strand of saliva oozed forth from between them, slowly distending downwards. The tip of the glistening strand connected with the pebbly tissues of his glans, and started to spread out over the flared head, sensually flowing down over the sensitive flesh of his cock-head. Some of the saliva slipped beneath her stroking fingers, lubricating the way for her jacking hand. She pursed her lips forward and a second glistening ribbon drooled from her mouth, bathing his cock-head in a lusciously sinful bath. When that second decadent wad of her hot spit started to flow down over his thrusting erection, there was no stopping the intense contractions that started in his midsection.

"OH GOD, MOM. I'M GONNA COME!" Josh warned as he felt the delicious twinge of boiling semen speeding up the shaft of his cock. His mother's hand kept pumping up and down as she held her position. They both looked down as a milky gob oozed up to fill the gaping eye for a split second.

"OH FUCKKKKKKKK," Josh groaned loudly, just as a long white rope of cum jettisoned forth. At the exact moment that happened, his mother pulled his throbbing erection slightly forwards, pointing

the engorged knob at her chest. The first long strand of semen plastered itself forcefully right in the middle of her voluptuous tits. She pumped and a second silvery rope shot forth to paste itself right beside the first one. She pumped her hand vigorously again, moving the spewing tip over to one side as the first milky gob started to run down into her deep cleavage. She directed two more heavy shots onto the upper swells of one breast before moving it over to the other, her talented mature hand jerking rhythmically along the full length of her son's twitching shaft.

"That's it, baby, give Mommy all of that beautiful cum of yours," Erica said breathlessly, her eyes looking down as she milked out wad after wad of hot creamy jizz onto her tits. She was amazed at how brilliantly white her son's cum was. It made her mouth water to think that it must be absolutely chock full of sperm. She kept stroking as her other hand gently massaged his nuts, coaxing as much of his potent semen out of him as she could.

Josh was in heaven. His eyes were glazed over as he lay there twitching, his midsection flexing again and again as he came and came. His mother's beautiful stroking hand pulled gob after gob or hot silky cum out of him, the streaking white ribbons continuing to pound into her chest one after the other. He was used to cumming a lot, but he'd never felt anything like this before. It was incredible. He felt her one hand rolling his balls warmly in the palm of her hand, squeezing and massaging oh so gently as her other hand jacked away at his bucking erection. There was cum flying everywhere and her big tits were almost totally covered now, but he still kept shooting, pearly wads and silvery strands spitting forth to land obscenely on his mother's beautiful tits. Finally, a tingling shudder ran through him and the delicious orgasmic sensations started to wane. As his mother's pumping hand started to slow, Josh lay back against the pillows behind him, blissfully spent.

"Oh my, we've made quite the mess here, haven't we?" his mother said, her hands sliding beneath the bra cups of her baby doll top and hefting her ample breasts towards Josh. He could only stare at the obscene sight of his mother's beautiful huge tits covered in his cum, something he had only dreamed of. Up until just moments ago, he never thought that something he had fantasized about so many times would ever come true. He had thoroughly painted her massive orbs with a shimmering coating of brilliant white semen, the milky streamers and pearly wads almost hiding her big tits, stray gobs spackling the front of her bra cups. The shiny fluid was everywhere, from one side of her broad chest to the other, swirling silvery strands crisscrossing the upper swells of her breasts lewdly, while thick milky clots clung nastily to the curvy mounds, some sliding sluggishly into her dark cleavage. He felt his cock twitch again as he looked at his mother, her eyes staring hungrily at her cum-covered tits. He watched in fascination as she took her index finger and slid it right into the deep valley of her cleavage, and then withdrew it, the slender digit covered with semen. She pursed her lips into an inviting "O" as she brought her finger out, and Josh groaned deep in his throat as he watched her lips close around her cummy finger.

"Mmmmmm," Erica purred, her eyes closing in rapture. Her son's cum tasted even better than she'd hoped—rich, creamy, and incredibly thick. She was sure it was absolutely loaded with his sperm, and she swallowed lustily, loving the feel of his potent swimmers sliding luxuriously down her throat. She looked up at her son with hooded eyes, and gave him a smolderingly seductive look as she reached down to her breasts and scooped up another milky wad. "It tastes so good. It seems like such a shame to waste it by just wiping it up, especially since I'm feeling a little hungry." She brought her glistening finger to her mouth and drew the gooey tip along her pursed red lips, leaving a scintillating slimy trail. "You don't mind, do you?"

"Ohhhnnnn," Josh moaned, his eyes never leaving his mother's teasing finger as she drew the cum-covered digit back and forth over her lips. He was barely able to speak, but did manage to mumble

out a reply, "N...No, not at all." He watched excitedly as she slipped her finger back between her lips and sucked at it lewdly, her eyes never leaving his. "Oh fuck," Josh thought, "that is so fucking hot."

"Josh, honey, why don't you help me with this?" Erica asked, her eyes flicking down to her gooey chest and then back to his.

"Wh...what do you want me to do?" Josh stammered.

"I think it might be more fun for both of us if you used your fingers to feed it to me, instead of me doing it myself."

"Oh, fuck me," Josh said to himself, his teenage libido soaring with excitement.

"But I want you to kiss me first," Erica said, crooking her finger at him and beckoning to him bewitchingly to come closer.

As if hypnotized, Josh sat forward, his eyes staring at his mother's beautiful face, her eyes full of desire as she looked into his. His mother reached forward and pulled his tall muscular form towards hers, her lips parting slightly as she turned her head slightly to the side. He lowered his mouth and pressed it to hers, finding her lips open and inviting. Her lips were deliciously soft and she moaned softly as her tongue slithered forward into his mouth, insistent and full of longing. He rolled his tongue against hers, loving the urgency he could feel within her. He moaned as well, and she sucked his tongue back into the hot recesses of her mouth, as if imploring him to kiss her harder. He did, their tongues rolling against each other as he explored the hot sweetness of her mouth. They kissed passionately for a couple of minutes before pulling back slightly from each other, their mouths open and gasping. He looked into her eyes, seeing the same passion that he was feeling for her reflected back at him. Josh's cock had barely lost a fraction of its hardness after he'd come, and he could feel it coming back to full erection already.

"Oh baby, that was so nice. Why don't you feed me now?" Erica said, taking his hand in hers and lifting it to her chest.

With his cock once more rock-hard, Josh reached forward and slid one finger across the upper swell of one breast, and then lifted his hand, thick rich semen dangling from his long finger. She smiled coyly and then formed her lips into an inviting 'O' again, her eyes locked on her son's as she slipped them right down over his cum-covered finger. She closed her lips tightly against the invading digit and sucked wantonly.

"Ohhnnn," Josh groaned, a tingling sensation shooting from his finger right down to his groin. He could feel more blood pulsing in his veins and surging to his loins as he watched his mother's mouth move up and down salaciously on his long index finger, purring like a little kitten as she lapped up his cum. He slowly pulled his finger back out, feeling her suck at it luridly, before reluctantly letting him pull it all the way out. He reached down and scooped up another milky gob of his cock-cream, and then slipped his finger back between her waiting lips. He loved watching her mouth work on his fingers, wondering what it would feel like to have those perfect lips on his cock. He did this a number of times, sliding his finger over the upper swells of her breasts as he continued to feed his cum to her.

"Don't forget that some has slipped between them," his mother said, nodding towards her deep dark cleavage. Taking this for the blatant invitation that it was, Josh slipped his fingers right down inside that slick dark crevice, his fingers sliding over the soft warm swells of her incredible tits.

"Oh fuck, that feels amazing," Josh thought, his fingers exploring the delicious warmth of the tantalizingly smooth skin of her breasts. His fingertips found a few gobs of his jizz pooled between them and he scooped it out, slipping his fingers back into her mouth as he fed her. When she was done, he reached back inside between her bra cups and gathered up the rest, sliding his cummy finger back and forth lewdly between her sucking red lips. Finally, all that was left on her sumptuous chest was a thin layer of drying residue, the final evidence of the massive load that he'd painted her with.

"Thanks, baby, you taste so good," Erica said, sitting back slightly and looking down between them. Josh's cock was standing up stiffly, the veins in the rigid shaft pulsing, the broad flared head obscenely engorged, precum oozing from the wet red eye. "Well, well, it looks like somebody is ready to go again already. Did it stay hard all this time?"

Josh felt slightly embarrassed, but knew he needed to be totally honest with his mother. Maybe she might even jack him off again. "Yes, it stayed hard."

"Well, since you're used to getting off five or six times a day, I guess we've got some catching up to do." Erica put the flat of her hand on her son's chest and pushed him back until he was leaning against the headboard, his muscular body supported by the stack of pillows behind him. She smiled kittenishly as she reached forward and slipped her hand back around his blood-engorged phallus, her mature hand starting to fist it once more.

Josh lay back and watched her, not believing what he was seeing. He loved the feel of her warm mature hand working on his dick, knowing that if she kept this up, he'd certainly be good for more than five or six loads tonight. "When it comes to you, Mom, I think I can stay hard all night long."

"Oh, baby, that's the sweetest thing a son could say to his mother." Erica felt her steaming trench spasm with need after listening to what her son had just said, more of her warm nectar oozing from between her itchy pussy-lips. She was so excited she thought she might come right there on the spot. But as she looked at his gorgeous cock, painfully engorged and pulsing with need, she knew exactly where she wanted it. "I don't know, sweetie. It looks really sore and painful. Are you sure you're okay? Maybe I should stop." She shifted closer as she spoke, her stroking hand slowing teasingly as she continued to pump it up and down along his throbbing shaft.

"Mom, it's fine, really," Josh gasped out hurriedly, panic-stricken that his mother might stop jacking him off.

"I don't know," Erica said innocently as she shifted around on the bed and got to her knees. She started to lean forward, a look of doe-like innocence in her eyes as she looked into his. "It looks so swollen and sore. Maybe Mommy should kiss it and make it better. What do you think?" She stopped with her mouth poised mere inches over his throbbing cock-head, her perfect lips pursed forward for an illicitly decadent kiss.

"Oh God, yesssss...," Josh hissed, his heart starting to race with excitement once more as he shifted about on the bed, his loins aching with need.

Seeing her son twisting about had Erica smiling inside. Things were going even better than she had anticipated, and her son's monstrous cock was an unexpected bonus. She knew that hard thick cock of his could bring her to unfathomable depths of pleasure she never knew. She craved it with every curvy inch of her lush mature body, and wanted to feel it everywhere inside her—starting with her mouth. She couldn't wait to feel that throbbing cylinder of flesh stretching her lips, the beautiful mushroom head filling her welcoming mouth.

Still wearing her sexy high heels, she got to her knees on the bed and moved between her son's thighs as he lay back, putting her in a perfect position to worship his huge cock. She was happy to see Josh instinctively draw his knees up slightly and roll them open to each side, giving her easy access to his throbbing loins. She leaned forward and touched her mouth to the very tip of his hard peter, pressing her smooth lips against the pebbly surface of his glans. The heat coming off his surging tool was tremendous. She could feel the warmth of it radiating off the enflamed head onto her skin. She felt it pulse, and a liquid pressure rose against her lips as a dollop of precum flowed to the surface. She opened her lips slightly and slithered her tongue forward into the seeping eye at the tip, her son's oozing precum sliding salaciously into her mouth.

"Mmmmm," she purred, thrilled by the scintillating flavor of the syrupy cock-sap oozing onto her tongue. Once she had a taste, she knew she was addicted. She wanted it all, and she wasn't going to stop until her son blew his full creamy load right down her throat. With a whimper of desire, she let her mouth open as she pressed her head downwards, her lips slipping over the flared contours of the massive cock-head. She felt her lips stretch and stretch as she slowly moved downwards, engulfing more and more of his enflamed knob with her mouth. "He's so big," she said to herself. "I love it." She pressed down further, feeling her lips stretching further open, pushing a wad of hot saliva to the front of her mouth to help lubricate the way for the enormous intruder. She swirled her tongue in a slow tantalizing circle, bathing the crimson crown with her hot spit.

"Ohnnn," Josh groaned as his mother's tongue rolled sensuously against the sensitive tissues of his glans. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. His mother was actually on the verge of giving him a blow job. He'd never really had one before. A couple of the girls he'd dated had licked at his cock as they'd jerked him off, but none of them had even tried to take it right into their mouth. Even Jenny had complained that she figured she'd dislocate her jaw if she even tried. And now, here was his mother, his gorgeous stacked mother, impaling her pretty face on his thrusting erection. How many times had he pictured this, dreamed of this—and now, it was actually happening. He looked down as she paused for a second with her pursed lips just above the thick scarlet ridge of his corona. He saw her take a deep breath and then force herself down, her lips stretching further and further until her mouth slipped right over the rope-like ridge and clamped down, his lemon-sized knob locked safely within her mouth.

"Mmmmmm," Erica purred like a kitten, loving the feel of her son's gigantic cock-head filling her mouth. She'd loved the struggle of making it fit, but she knew she wanted it more than anything, almost willing her lips to stretch to the tearing point, and then she was thrilled with excitement when the enormous knob slipped totally into her mouth, her lips secured tightly against the velvety soft skin of his pulsing shaft. She held it there as she got accustomed to having such a big cock in her mouth, considerably bigger than any she'd had before. She thought her husband Hal was big, but he had nothing compared to their son. He had his dad beat by a number of inches, but it was the tree-trunk-like thickness that had her pussy itching just as much. She knew the impressive length would touch places deep inside her that had never been touched, but she shivered at the thought of the tremendous girth stretching her inside out at the same time. Salivating with desire, she pushed another sticky gob of spit to the front of her mouth and teasingly rolled her tongue over the hot tissues of his cock-head once more.

"Oh fuckkkkk," Josh moaned, dropping his head against the pillows and rolling it from side to side in pleasure, his eyes closing in blissful happiness. He was at her mercy, and he was loving every delicious second of it.

Erica saw her son collapse back into the pillows, her gaze catching the taut muscles of his abs flexing, his cock twitching as his hips pressed upwards, wanting more. She smiled inside, and then

slipped her mouth backwards until just the tip remained between her lips. She paused for a second and pushed another wad of saliva to the front of her mouth, and then leaned forwards, forcing her mouth downwards. It was easier this time, and her lips followed the flaring contours of the head until they slipped over the coronal ridge, and then she kept going. With her lips pursed well forward, she drove herself down, caving in her cheeks to create a hot buttery sheath for her son's cock to rub against. She went all the way down until she felt the dripping tip rub against the tissues at the opening to her throat, and then she paused. She sucked in voraciously, her hollowed cheeks pressing firmly against the embedded shaft as she started to move rhythmically back and forth, her lips creating a deliciously sinful friction with her son's brick-hard cock.

"Oh Mom, that is so goodddddd," Josh groaned, his thrusting erection impaled erotically in his mother's pretty face. As she moved her head up and down, he saw trails of spittle oozing from the corners of her mouth and hanging off her chin. It looked incredibly hot to see his mother devouring his cock like this, her flowing spit lubricating his rampant dick as her succulent lips moved up and down. When she'd rise up until only the tip was between her lips, he could see her huge tits straining gloriously against the tight confines of the satin bra cups, the heavy mounds almost spilling out of the lacy cups as she leaned forwards. God, they looked fantastic. He was so excited again, he was afraid he was going to go off already.

Erica sensed her son's arousal as he lay there twisting about, his hips shifting and bucking as he moaned again and again while her mouth moved up and down on his beefy prick. Although she loved the idea of taking this next load of his straight from the source, she wasn't ready for him to come just yet—she was enjoying this far too much, and had something else in mind that she wanted to try.

"Easy, baby. Just relax," Erica said in a soft lulling voice as she slipped her lips off the tip of his cock and brought her mouth down near the base. "I don't want you to come just yet. I want to worship this beautiful cock for a little while first. Don't worry, sweetie, we've got all night. Mommy's gonna take as many loads out of you as you want to give her."

Josh almost came right there on the spot when she said that. He couldn't believe his mother had said she'd take as many loads as he wanted her to. This was even better than he had ever imagined—and it was only the first night of their two-week vacation! He took a deep breath and exhaled slowly, trying to suppress the escalating urges flowing through him. He sank back into the bed and pillows, visibly trying to relax.

"That's my boy," Erica said as her teenage son's hips stopped shifting about. She held his cock still in one hand, the thrusting erection pointing straight up. She leaned in and kissed him at the juncture of his shaved groin with the upright shaft, feeling a steady pulsing of the main vein on the underside of the shaft. She licked upwards, stopping just below the scarlet ridge of his corona. She shifted to the other side, and then, bringing her head closer, she rubbed the enflamed knob all over her face, the oozing tip leaving a nasty snail-trail of shiny precum on her smooth skin. She was getting incredibly aroused, and her nipples were feeling itchy and in need of attention. She knew she'd need to take care of that itch and the one in her dripping cunt soon enough, but right now, she wanted Josh to feel something she was sure he'd only dreamed of before.

"Oh sweet Jesus," Josh moaned as he watched his mother make love to his cock with her mouth. If someone had mentioned to him even one day ago that something like this would happen, he would have laughed in their face and told them they were crazy. But here it was, right before his very eyes—his gorgeous stacked mother, worshipping his cock, her hooded eyes glazed over with

desire as she rubbed it all over her pretty face, and now she was licking down the other side, her perfect lips pursed forwards to kiss and suck at it along the way. Josh could barely believe his eyes.

"So big...so beautiful," Erica said softly under her breath, but loud enough that she knew her son could hear her. With her other hand cradling his swollen balls, she lifted the egg-shaped nuts in her hand and tenderly kissed them, hoping they would supply her with a nice big mouthful of thick rich cum. She resumed kissing and licking his upright shaft, and then paused when she got back near the throbbing tip. She looked at her teenage son, seeing the look of pure love on his face as he watched her. "I want to try something, sweetie. I think you're going to like this. It's okay to come when you're ready, but just let me know when you're going to, okay?"

"Okay," Josh replied eagerly, wondering what she was going to do. He didn't have long to wait. From her position on her knees between his spread thighs, she shifted back just slightly and then, with her hand wrapped firmly around the base of his cock, she pulled it forwards, aiming it partially towards her. She pursed her lips into that seductive 'O' again, and then drooled a sizable wad of hot saliva right onto the tip of his cock. As soon as it started to flow down over the flared knob, she dropped her mouth back down on it, forcing the slippery spit well down his upright shaft. When she got about halfway down, to the point where she'd stopped before, she paused. Josh watched as she tilted her head up slightly, looked him straight in the eye with the sexiest look he'd ever seen there before, and then she started to move forward, forcing more of his rock-hard prick into her mouth.

"What the...," Josh groaned as he watched his mother's pursed lips move further and further down his throbbing prick. He realized what she'd done—she'd angled her head in order to try and deep-throat him, something he'd seen in a number of pornos, and had only dreamed of. She'd pulled his cock forward and positioned herself so that her throat and mouth were in perfect alignment to take the full length of his rigid erection. He couldn't believe it as more and more of his beefy prick disappeared inside her mouth, her stretched lips pursed well forward as they got nearer and neared to his shaved groin. She kept her eyes locked on his as she did it, and Josh could see the wanton desire in them, knowing she was loving what she was doing just as much as he was.

"Oh my God," he groaned as he watched the final inch disappear into her mouth, her soft lips now nuzzling flush up against his groin. Her throat felt incredible, like hot liquid satin. His huge prick was totally engulfed within her mouth, and with her cheeks hollowed in and pressing against the sides of the lower part of his shaft, his cock was totally enveloped in a blissfully hot sheath. She slowly backed off about halfway, and then he watched her nostrils flare before she forced herself forwards once more, but a little faster this time. When her lips touched bottom again she paused, and he felt her soft lips nibbling softly at his groin, as if wanting to take even more of him inside her—and then she swallowed.

"Fuck meeeeeeeeeee...," Josh moaned loudly as his head instinctively pressed back against the headboard. The sensation he felt when his mother swallowed had been unbelievable. It was like a hot rippling massage running the full length of his rigid prick from the base all the way to the engorged tip. She swallowed again, and it took all his willpower to stop himself from coming. She backed up and took another breath and then went back down, swallowing again. Through glazed eyes, Josh could see saliva oozing from the corners of her mouth, looking wickedly obscene as she moved her head up and down. She got into a smooth rhythm, working his rampant horse-cock deep into her throat every time, often stopping at the base to swallow a few times. In no time at all, Josh knew he was done—the pleasurable sensations were just too intense. Although he wished this could go on forever, it had taken only a few minutes before she had him climbing the walls, the pleasure level inside him escalating to the breaking point.



"Mom...I'm...I'm gonna come," Josh warned, feeling his overflowing balls drawing up close to his body. His mother quickly backed up until only the head of his throbbing dick was trapped between her lips. Her hand circled the lower part of his shaft and she started fisting it while her other hand cradled his swollen nuts once more. Her tongue swirled over the sensitive tissues of his cock-head just as the first thick rope of cum jettisoned forth. He felt it spit powerfully from the tip of his cock as it slammed into the soft tissues on the roof of her mouth, almost knocking her right off his spewing dick.

"Mmmm," Erica let out a low moan of pleasure as she felt her mouth start to fill. A second, third and then a fourth volley shot forth. Her cheeks started to bulge out as her teenage son flooded her mouth with an absolute torrent of semen. She had wanted to keep it in her mouth and savor the masculine flavor she loved so much, but she knew she had to swallow before it overflowed. She gulped, but not before two glistening white rivulets of his potent seed oozed from each corner of her stretched lips. As she swallowed, his creamy cum slid silkily down her ravaged throat, bathing the tender tissues like a soothing balm. No sooner had she swallowed then her mouth was filling again, wad after wad of her son's hot teenage seed blasting into her mouth.

"Mmmmm," she purred again, her circling hand pumping away at his pulsing shaft as his throbbing cockhead continued to spew his succulent man-juice into her welcoming mouth. She sucked voraciously, wanting to drain him of every delicious drop, knowing he'd have more for her soon enough. She could see the beautiful muscles of his six-pack abs flexing erotically as his cock kept ejaculating, spitting gob after gob of hot milky cream into her as he continued to unload. She swallowed again and again, while silvery trickles continued to ooze from the corners of her mouth and down his upright shaft, some of it reaching her stroking fingers. Finally, with a last throbbing twinge, the luxurious sensations within Josh started to dwindle, and with a few more final spurts onto her waiting tongue, Erica had it all.

Even after swallowing numerous times, she still had a sizable mouthful. She slipped her lips off her son's cock and sat back slightly, letting the warm cream slide back and forth across her tongue. It was incredibly thick and she remembered how white it was, chock-full of sperm. She loved the idea of having his potent swimmers sliding across her tongue, knowing they'd be in a nice warm spot in the pit of her stomach soon enough. Her tongue slid across the insides of her teeth and cheeks, gathering it all together in a nice milky puddle on the middle of her tongue, the purely masculine flavor tingling on her taste buds. Finally, she swallowed slowly, luxuriating in the soothing sensation of her son's pearly nectar slipping right down her throat.

She moved from her spot between Josh's legs and lay next to him, settling her head on his shoulder and draping her arm across his heaving chest, his muscular pecs moving up and down as he slowly regained his breath after the blissful ordeal she'd just put him through. She snuggled closer to him, pressing her big soft breasts warmly against his side. "Did you like that, Baby?" she whispered softly into his ear.

"Oh my God, Mom, that was incredible," Josh gushed, a huge smile spreading across his face. "When you took me in your throat like that, I couldn't believe it."

"I always wanted to try that with a really big one, but I've never had the chance before."

"You mean Dad's not..."

"As big as you?" his mother interrupted. "Not at all. I always thought your dad was pretty well-endowed, but he doesn't even come close to what you've got." She accompanied her words by

sliding her hand down his body and stroking his spent member with her fingers, her brilliant red nails tracing teasingly along his dormant shaft. "You're at least 3" longer, and I don't even want to start talking about how much thicker you are. I could barely get my hand around it."

It thrilled Josh to hear his mother tell him he was so much bigger than his father. For some reason, he'd never expected it, even though he was much taller and bigger all around than his dad. He rolled on his side until he was facing his mother, and feeling a little more confident now, he reached out and cupped one breast in his hand. "Well, I guess when it comes to being well-endowed, I must take after your side of the family," he said, giving her massive breast a gentle squeeze, so there was no mistaking what he was referring to.

"Mmmm, that feels nice," Erica replied, leaning into her son to let him know he could feel her up as he pleased.

Josh slid his fingers over the straining satin cup, feeling her nipple beneath pushing against the palm of his hand. He'd loved having his mother suck him off so much that he felt like asking her to do it again already. But still being quite shy and unsure of himself, he said something a little more reserved, "Mom, I loved going off in your mouth like that. Do you...do you think we can do that again sometime?"

Erica looked at her son, seeing the uncertainty in his eyes. He had no idea what a hunk he was, and it touched her heart but made her illicitly aroused at the same time. "Oh baby, don't you worry about that at all. By the time this trip is over, I'll have sucked you dry more times than you can count."

Just then, Erica's cell phone rang. She reached behind her and grabbed it from where she'd left it on the night table.

"It's your father," Erica said, giving Josh a naughty little wink as she hit the button to take the call.

"Hello, dear. I was just about to call you, actually." Erica gave her son another little wink as she lay fully back against the pillows and put the phone down on the bed beside her. She hit the button to put it on speakerphone so Josh could hear, but by putting her finger to her lips, Josh knew she wanted him to keep quiet.

"I was starting to get worried," Hal Gibson replied.

"I'm sorry, dear. We've had a busy day and just got settled into our motel room a little while ago."

When his mother had laid back and started talking to his father, Josh had got a little spooked and started to withdraw his hand from his mother's breast. As soon as he did, Erica quickly reached over with her hand and pulled his back, this time placing his fingertips right on the soft skin of her cleavage, right at the edge of the tightly-packed bra cups. She pushed down on his hand and smiled at him, letting Josh know exactly what she wanted. He slid his hand forwards, his fingers delving beneath the silky satin material and all the way across the bulging sphere of her big tit until he was cupping it in his hand.

"How's Josh doing?" Hal asked. "He hasn't been too much trouble, has he? You know how teenage boys can be."

"Oh, I know exactly how teenage boys can be," Erica replied with a coy little smile, reaching across her body and sliding her shoulder strap down, giving Josh free access to her big tit. She nodded to

the other shoulder and Josh understood, reaching up and pulling it down for her, exposing that massive breast as well. "He hasn't been any trouble at all—quite the opposite, Josh has been the perfect travel partner. I couldn't have asked for anyone better. He seems to love experiencing all the new things he's seeing on this trip."

Josh got up on his knees and sat down on his haunches right next to her, leaving both of his hands free. He gulped as he looked at his mother's spectacular tits. He couldn't believe how big and round they were. Jenny had a nice pair of 36Cs, and he had thought those were nice—but they looked like little playthings compared to his mother's mouth-watering 38Es. Once released from the alluring satin bra cups, they spread out slightly across her chest, but he could see they were still incredibly firm and full with very little sag. Her deeper pink areolae were about 2" across, with the swollen buds of her red nipples poking up stiffly from the centers of those already. Yes, he was definitely loving all the new things he was seeing and experiencing on this trip. He reached forward again and filled his hands with her beautiful breasts, hefting and squeezing, amazed at the substantial weight as he cupped them in his hands.

"Is Josh there right now?" Hal continued. "Can he come to the phone for a minute?"

"Well, he's kind of got his hands full right now," Erica replied, smiling at Josh as he manhandled her big tits with both hands.

"Oh. What's he doing?"

"Well, you know how he is with those books of his. The university suggested some books for him to study from before he even gets there. I can see he's got his hands on a couple of big ones right now." Josh smiled as he listened to his mother, her nipples becoming stiffer and harder as he rolled them between the thumb and forefinger of each hand.

"Yeah, we never did have to force him to study. I'm sure he'll eat that material right up."

"Oh, I'm sure he will," Erica replied, reaching up and pulling her son's mouth down to her chest. Josh slipped his lips over the swollen red bud of one nipple and ran his tongue in slow circles, bathing it in his saliva.

"Did you guys eat earlier, or just keep driving and had your dinner when you got where you are?"

"We ate a few hours ago and did more driving after that. Actually, we were both getting a little hungry, so Josh popped out to a store close by and picked up a couple of things for us. He got me a nice protein smoothie." Josh gasped as his mother smiled up at him again.

"That's nice. Did they have your favorite, strawberry?"

"Uh no, they didn't." She reached between Josh's legs and circled her hand around his heavy member. "Josh got me a banana one. It was really nice and creamy though." She looked directly into Josh's eyes as she continued. "I'd kind of been feeling like I was getting a sore throat, so it was nice and soothing to have that creamy richness slide down my throat."

"Is your throat feeling better now? You're not getting sick, are you?"

"Oh no, I think it might have just been from the air conditioning in the car. I'm fine now. I'm glad Josh got that for me. It was so thick that I really had to suck at it," Josh's eyes flew wide open as he listened to his mother talk, but she gave him another little wink as she continued, "but eventually,

that banana cream seemed to just flow right onto my tongue and down my throat. I don't think I've ever had one I liked better."

"That's good, honey. I'm glad you're okay and it helped with your sore throat."

"It was so good, I think I might have Josh work up another one for me for breakfast." Josh gasped as his mother lewdly circled her soft lips with her long wet tongue.

"Work up another one?"

"Uh yeah. Josh said it was one those places that has all the different kinds of stuff on display, and then they help you make it yourself. He said he found the biggest banana they had—he wanted to make sure I had enough to fill me up."

"He always was such a considerate boy. Did he get himself something?"

"He said he just wanted some fruit, so he got himself some melon. He's eating it right now." Erica slipped her hand behind her son's neck and pulled him over to her other breast, tilting her shoulder up as she fed her engorged nipple right into his sucking mouth. "Oh yeah, that's it," she hissed as Josh's lips tugged enthusiastically on the stiff bud.

"What's that?" Hal asked.

"Uh, nothing dear. My feet are a little sore, so I'm massaging them as I talk to you on the phone. I hit a tender spot and it just felt pretty good. Sorry about that."

"Why don't you ask Josh to do that for you? I remember he used to massage your feet a lot when he was younger. You both need to help each other out while you're on this trip."

"I just might ask him to do that. After all, he was feeling a little stiff earlier and I gave him a massage," Erica said as mother and son smiled at each other, Josh's hands squeezing one big tit into a cone as he slavishly sucked on the protruding nipple. "Maybe it's time for him to give me one in return."

"Yes, you should do that. Show him how to take good care of his mother."

"Yes, I'm sure I could teach him how to do that, although things may be hard for him from time to time." She reached down between her son's legs and gently squeezed his heavy cock, loving the feel of the warm cylinder of flesh in her hand. Josh smiled at her choice of words, moving back to her other breast as he lathered the surface of her big tits with his caressing tongue, leaving a glistening trail of saliva in its wake.

"He should be fine," Hal said. "Man, I can't believe he's hitting the books already. It's only your first day."

"I'm kind of surprised too," Erica said as she pushed Josh away from her exposed chest. He watched as she drew her knees up slightly, and then she reached down, her hand disappearing beneath the wispy material of her baby doll top. "We've actually got an oral exam coming up shortly for him."

"An oral exam?"

"Yes, he said he wants to do a little studying every day, and then he'll give me the study material and I'll test his oral skills every night." Erica withdrew her hand from between her legs. She held up

the first two fingers of her hand, the slender digits glistening with warm cunt juice. Josh stared in awe as his mother reached over and drew her gooey fingers right across his lips. "Yes, I think if I give him an oral examination like this every night, he should have it down perfectly by the time we get there."

Josh almost swooned with arousal as his mother slid her fingers right inside his mouth, his lips automatically closing down on the sticky digits. Her womanly cream tasted heavenly; earthy and feminine, but not strong and offensive. As he took the first lick and tasted the exhilarating flavor, he knew this was a taste he would never get tired of.

"Well, that's great that you can help him, honey. I'm sure with your help, he'll do very well."

Josh sucked at her fingers slavishly, never wanting to let them go. "It will be nice to have a willing student," Erica said, reluctantly pulling her fingers from her son's mouth and tracing one cherry-red fingernail teasingly across his lips.

"I'm kind of surprised," Hal continued. "I thought Josh would at least take the first week off, and then spend the last week cramming."

"Oh, I have no doubt there's going to be a lot of cramming too," Erica said with a big smile on her face. She slipped her hand behind her son's head again and pulled his beautiful mouth back to her big tits, his lips seizing instinctively onto one of her swollen nipples. "Apparently he's got a lot of material to cover, so we might have to start cramming sooner than we think. I've always been good at cramming, so I'm sure I can help him with that too."

"Yes, I remember those all-nighters you used to pull. I have to admit, you're right, you were really good at it."

"I hope I still am, for Josh's sake, of course." She reached down and stroked her son's lengthy dick again, her fingers provocatively caressing his impressive member.

"Well, okay, I better let you go," Hal said. "And since you guys are kind of on vacation, go easy on him during that oral exam—don't be too hard on him."

"All this is new to me too," she replied, her fingers starting to stroke her son's prick more insistently. "I have the feeling I might end up finding it really hard myself." She punctuated this statement with a noticeable squeeze.

"Oh, honey," Hal said with a chuckle. "As hard as it gets, I'm sure you can handle it."

"I'll try my best," Erica replied, giving her son another wink. "Goodnight, dear."

"Goodnight. Give my best to Josh." Erica hit the button on the phone, ending the call.

"Oh my gosh, Mom, I couldn't believe all those things you were saying to Dad," Josh said as he reluctantly lifted his lips off his mother's long hard nipple and sat back on the bed. "I almost lost it when you made up that stuff about giving me an oral exam."

"Who said I made anything up," Erica said in a soft lulling voice.

Josh looked down as his mother started to draw her legs up. The spike heels of her sexy shoes dug erotically into the mattress as her legs finally came to rest, her knees angled well up. She rolled her legs open to each side, her creamy inner thighs coming fully into view. As if hypnotized, he

instinctively moved between her spread thighs, his heart racing in his chest. His mother reached down and pushed the wispy material of her baby doll top to either side, exposing her panty-covered mound. Josh could clearly see that the front of the little G-string she was wearing was absolutely drenched, the silky blue material soaked through with her creamy juices. He shivered as he watched her reach forward and slowly trace one long red fingernail down along the enticingly line of her warm cleft, almost pushing the wet material of her tiny panties between her plump pussy-lips.

Erica turned her hand around and crooked her finger towards Josh, beckoning him towards her. She looked her son right in the eye as she spoke, her voice a steamy whisper, "C'mere, baby, it's time for your oral exam to begin."

To be continued...stay tuned for Chapter 2...