

# Road Trip with Mom

# Chapter 1

*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.*

\*\*\*\*\*

"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. His 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-blonde 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 'swordsman' 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-blonde 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 FUCKKKKKKKKK," 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.

"Mmmmmmm," 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."

## Chapter 2

*Chapter 2 of this story is finally here. Sorry for the delay. One other reminder to some readers: if you are looking for stories in which mothers become impregnated by their sons, stop reading now. You will never find that in any of my stories, including this one.*

\*\*\*\*\*

"C'mere, baby, it's time for your oral exam to begin."

A shiver of excitement ran down Josh's spine as he listened to his mother. How many times had he fantasized about burying his face between her gorgeous legs and eating her until she couldn't take it any longer—and now, he was going to have his chance. With her crooked finger beckoning him, he leaned forward and moved between her spread thighs, mesmerized by the dizzying display of her lush mature body.

His mother Erica looked so fucking sexy that he couldn't believe it. She was lying back against the headboard, her upper body raised slightly by the stack of pillows beneath her. The shoulder straps of her baby doll top had been pushed down, and the structured satin cups were now lying below her spectacular 38E tits. The voluminous mounds spread wondrously across her chest, the long nipples stiff and wet from the intense sucking he'd just given them.

Her feet were still bewitchingly clad in the strappy blue sandals, the slim high heels digging into the mattress as she kept her knees drawn up and spread to each side. She'd pushed the draping wispy fabric of the baby doll top to the sides, obscenely framing the inviting mound of her g-string covered sex.

Josh flicked his eyes up to hers, seeing the wanton look of lustful desire in her warm blue eyes. A wicked little smile played at the corners of her perfect lips as he moved closer, his face mere inches from her hot moist pussy. The little triangle of blue material barely covered her plump juicy mound, the inviting cleft visible beneath the sodden fabric. Josh breathed deep, inhaling the fragrant womanly scent emanating from his mother's feverish loins. He loved it, the intensely feminine yet delicate aroma wafting deliciously onto his senses.

"C'mon, baby, let Mommy feel that beautiful mouth of yours," Erica said as she reached down and ran her fingers through her inexperienced son's hair, guiding him to her dripping snatch. She knew her little panties were soaked, and she also knew how much he'd loved stealing her soiled dainties out of the laundry basket. She

decided to give him a little treat. She pulled him closer, feeling the warmth of his face on her panty-covered twat. "That's my boy. Let me feel your tongue on those panties. I know how much you like to do that at home."

Josh felt embarrassed knowing his mother was aware of his fetish for her underwear, but that feeling of embarrassment was easily overwhelmed by the intense desire he had to pleasure her, and do whatever she wanted him to do. He lay down on his stomach between her widely-spread thighs, getting comfortable for the duties he knew awaited him. He breathed deeply once more, her warm earthy scent flowing through him like an intoxicating drug. He slowly extended his tongue, placing the flat of it flush up against her damp panties. He pressed it against the sodden fabric, feeling her warm juices seeping right through onto his tongue.

"Mmmm," he purred as the heavenly flavor settled onto his taste buds, knowing he was hooked for life. Immediately wanting more, he licked upwards, keeping his broad tongue pressed flat against the taut fabric of her soaked panties.

"Oh yeah, that's my sweet boy," Erica said softly as she felt her son's tongue slide enthusiastically over the front of her panties. She ran her fingers through his hair, holding him against the throbbing mound of her juicy cunt. "That's the way. Lick those panties, nice and slow. Suck up all of those sweet juices I have for you."

Josh enthusiastically licked and sucked at the sodden material, drawing her creamy secretions right through the thin fabric and into

his mouth. He did it slowly, just as she asked, loving the novel taste he'd never had on his tongue before. He licked slowly up and down, covering the whole front of her with his broad flat tongue. The invigorating taste was firing his libido, and he wanted more. Eagerly, he pressed the tip of his tongue against her panties, right between the plump lips of her swollen cleft. He pushed the panties firmly against her, feeling her labia start to part for him as he pushed the fabric inside.

"My, my, aren't you the eager one," Erica said, a playful smile on her face as she felt her son press his tongue firmly against her. "Is my baby getting impatient? Does he want the real thing?"

"Yes, Mom. Please," Josh implored, an anxious look on his face.

"I don't know," Erica teased, knowing very well how much she wanted to feel her son's mouth working on her bubbling cunt. "Will you be a good boy and lick Mommy just the way she wants?"

"I will. I'll do whatever you want." Josh paused and looked at his mother, and then continued, somewhat timidly, "I hope you'll teach me, Mom. I know I don't have much experience at basically anything, but I'll try my hardest. I want to make you happy."

"Oh baby, it's so sweet of you to say that," Erica replied, thrilled at her innocent son's eager response. She'd planted that seed earlier about the benefits of a mature woman, and now, she was going to reap the benefits of his enthusiasm. Her son was such a hunk, and

she loved the idea of being able to teach him to be the perfect lover — her perfect lover. "Alright then, I'll show you what a woman likes. You can start by taking off my panties."

Josh reached forward with both hands and grabbed the slim stretchy strap of the G-string's waistband. While his mother lifted her hips, he drew the tiny piece of damp fabric down, slipping it over her high-heel clad feet and tossing it to the side. When he looked back, his mother started to draw her legs up once more. Her high heels dragged sensually across the sheets as her knees came up, and then she let her knees roll slowly open to each side, giving Josh a dizzying view of her steaming cunt. 'It's beautiful', he thought to himself as his eyes zeroed in on the treasured spectacle of his mother's gorgeous mature pussy. Her full inner lips looked swollen and puffy with need, the plump flesh glistening with her oozing secretions. He could see the dark button of her clit partially hidden beneath its cloaking sheath at the top of her slit, the protruding nodule seeming to call out to him like a beacon. Her overheated loins were shining with her juices, the pink flesh of her loins coated with a fine sheen of her flowing nectar.

"Is this what you want, baby?" Erica asked in a soft lulling tone, letting her legs roll open ever further. Josh watched, totally mesmerized, as her vivid pink labia parted slightly, a gooey tendril of shimmering cunt-honey bridging the gap between them. Her warm womanly scent overwhelmed him, setting fire to his senses as it ran through him. He felt his tongue run out instinctively and circle his lips, eager to get his mouth on the pouting mound of her sex. He nodded eagerly, unable to even find his voice to respond.

Erica smiled to herself, loving the spellbound look her handsome teenage son had on his face. She looked at his wide sensual mouth, his full lips seeming to twitch in anticipation. "C'mon, baby. Let Mommy feel that pretty mouth of yours right where she needs it."

Josh leaned forward and brought his face closer. As he lay right down between her widely-spread legs, her pointy heels digging wickedly into the sheets, he extended his tongue, licking upwards at the shimmering web of cunt-juice spanning between her slightly-parted labia. He felt the gooey strand touch his tongue, and flicked his tongue up, pulling the silky strand of emulsion onto his tongue. He rolled it around, letting the creamy goodness soak into his taste buds.

"Mmmmm," he moaned softly, instantly wanting more. He moved closer, pursing his lips and giving his mother's pouting mound a tender kiss, and then pressing the flat of his tongue against her shining slit and licking slowly upwards.

"Oh yeah, that's my boy," Erica purred, her eyes closing in pleasure as her son's broad flat tongue swept across her loins. Her son licked all the way up, and then moved his tongue back down and to the side, starting at the crease of her thigh and then licking upwards again. He slowly licked upwards, lapping up her sweat and seeping discharge. He moved to the other side of her bubbling trench, lapping away at her smooth skin there too as he cleaned her overheated mound. Satisfied that he'd gotten as much of her residual juice as he could, Josh moved his face right back over her pulsing labia, anxious to partake of the main meal. He felt his heart swell

with desire for his mother, having only dreamed of having the opportunity to eat her out. With a groan of rapture, he pressed his face flush up against her pouting pussy-lips and feathered his tongue forward, slipping it deep into her weeping little box.

"Oh God, yesssss," Erica hissed with pleasure. She rolled her hips seductively as her son's long thick tongue slithered deep into her dripping snatch. She was happy to see that he was in no hurry, slowly circling his plundering tongue all around the hot pink tissues inside her, letting her seeping juices flow right onto his waiting tongue. She could feel the lips of his full mouth pressed against her loins, his lips seeming to kiss tenderly against her hot flesh while his tongue sought out the tasty nectar deep inside her. She reached down and ran her fingers through his hair, holding him gently in place, although she could tell by his enthusiasm that he wasn't going anywhere. "That's it, nice and slow. Just keep that tongue working nice and deep. Just like...oh fuck...yesssss...that is so good."

Spurred on by his mother's words of praise, Josh went at his duties more intently, thrilled that he was pleasing her. He sent his tongue deeper, sweeping it teasingly over the hot pink flesh in slow languid circles, the hot moist nectar tasting like melted butter as it slithered onto his probing tongue.

Erica's eyes closed in bliss as waves of pleasure rolled through her. Her son's inexperienced yet enthusiastic tongue had her climbing the walls already. She couldn't believe how long his tongue was, but then again, it seemed to be in direct proportion to that horse-like cock of his. She smiled, knowing she'd be making good use of both from

now on. She'd been so turned on by servicing his beautiful cock earlier, that she knew she wasn't going to last much longer, especially with the way the teenager was eating her so enthusiastically. Her arousal had only increased by having him suck at her huge tits while she'd been on the phone with her husband, the illicit nastiness of the incestuous acts she knew they were about to commit turning her on even more. As she thought about the next two weeks—two weeks of rapturous bliss in which she intended to teach her son the many ways of sensual lovemaking, guaranteed to please an older woman—she felt herself getting closer and closer to the edge. With her fingers still laced through her son's dark wavy hair, she pulled him closer, pressing his handsome face flush up against her steaming twat.

"Oh yeah. That's it, baby. Just keeping moving that tongue in slow circles. Right up inside there...that's it...just a little...just a...OH FUCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK," Erica moaned as Josh's circling tongue sparked a powerful climax deep within her. Her hips were bucking up against his face and she ground her gushing twat against his working mouth as she came. He kept his tongue circling over the feverishly hot walls of her clutching vagina as she spasmed through a tingling release, her twitching pussy spraying her rich womanly nectar all over his face. Erica knew she was quite a gusher, and her son could no doubt testify to that now, creamy goodness coating his face as he licked and licked while she pulled his working mouth even harder against her.

Josh could feel the muscles on the insides of his mother's strong thighs flexing as she climaxed, her legs closing tightly against the sides of his head as she rode out her orgasm. He kept licking, and

she kept cumming, warm rich cunt-juice sluicing onto his tongue as he sucked away. He swallowed, loving the intensely feminine taste as her silky discharge slid down his throat. Her hips were twisting like crazy as her ate through a shattering climax, his tongue working feverishly on the hot wet tissues of her seeping cunt. As a last tingling shudder ran down her spine, she collapsed back into the sheets, totally spent.

"Oh my God," Erica moaned softly, her eyes closed in pleasure. "That was wonderful. For a first-timer, you certainly know what you're doing."

Josh was thrilled at his mother's words of praise. He had withdrawn his tongue from her slippery depths and stayed where he was, his face mere inches from her flushed mound. He ran his tongue out and licked all around his mouth, drawing as much of her fragrant discharge off his face and into his mouth as he could. He'd loved eating her, and didn't want to stop. "Can I do it some more?" he asked, taking a long leisurely swipe up the front of her puffy labia with the flat of his tongue.

"Ohhnnnn," Erica groaned, loving the feel of her son's warm tongue on her flesh. "Baby, you can do that as much as you want, anytime you want." She drew her knees up again, giving him total access to her splayed loins.

Josh eagerly pressed his mouth to her pussy, this time sliding his tongue up between her gooey lips until he encountered the stiff nodule of her erect clit. He slowly explored the area with the tip of

his tongue, sliding it all around the swollen pebble before taking it between his lips and sucking on it gently.

"Oh Jesus, that's my boy. That's perfect." Erica tilted her hips up and slipped her hands back into her son's hair, gently encouraging him to keep going.

Josh didn't need any coaxing—he loved what he was doing. He settled right down between her legs and slowly, mercilessly, pleased his mother. He bathed the area all around her sensitive clit with his flowing saliva, kissing, licking and sucking tenderly at the stiff little pea. He flicked his tongue on the very tip, and then wrapped his pursed lips around it and sucked at it, pushing more saliva to the front of his mouth and bathing the hot sensitive button. Within minutes, he could feel his mother start to squirm again, her hips shifting about erratically on the sheets as her high heels dug in once more. He could feel the muscles on the insides of her thighs start to twitch again as her slender fingers gripped his head more tightly.

"Oh God...oh God...AAAAAAHHHHH," Eric let out a loud gasp as a seething climax started right at the core of her sex and blossomed like a nuclear blast throughout her lush mature body. The powerful sensations had her bucking and shaking in paroxysms of pleasure. She could feel herself gushing all over the lower part of her son's face as his mouth—that beautiful teenage mouth—never left the pulsing button of her swollen clit. Her back arched as she ground her steaming mound up against his face, her whole body thrumming like a plucked guitar string. When she finally couldn't take it anymore,

she pulled her hands away from her son's head and cupped her tits, running her thumbs tenderly over her itchy nipples.

"How about one more?" Josh said, lifting his mouth reluctantly from his mother's weeping box and looking up at her. He didn't even give her time to respond before he lowered his mouth and feathered his long tongue deep inside her once more.

"Ohhhhhhhnnnn," Erica cooed softly as she surrendered herself to her son's desires, more than willing to let him pleasure her for as long as he wanted.

The 'one more' turned into three more, before she finally pulled him up from her aching loins, pulling him on top of her. "Oh baby, that was amazing, but you're a mess," Erica said with a sly smile on her face as she looked at her son's shiny face. "Let Mommy clean you up." She took his face in her hands, and like a mother cat, she slowly ran her tongue over his young face, licking up every sticky drop of her warm cunt-honey. As she was finishing, she slid her hand down the firm muscles of his chest and abs, quickly finding exactly what she was looking for.

"Mmmmm, nice and hard," she purred, her delicate fingers circling his blood-engorged phallus, pre-cum oozing from the tip and sliding down over her slender fingers. "Would you like to put this inside me now? Would you like to feel your big hard cock going as deep as you can into your mother's hot wet pussy?" She moved the enflamed head down between her legs and rubbed the massive knob all around her hot slippery mound.

Josh shivered with excitement at her words, knowing all his dreams were about to come true. He had jerked off and fantasized about this so many times—and now, it was really going to happen. "Oh God, yes. Please Mom," he said with a groan, hoping he wouldn't blow his load all over her before he'd even gotten inside her treasured cunt.

"Okay, sweetie," Erica said, rolling her hips salaciously, grinding the sensitive tissues of his glans around the slippery gates to her dripping birth canal. "This is going to feel so good. I'm going to let you go right back to the place you came out of 18 years ago. I think we're both going to love it." She nestled the drooling cockhead right between her gooey labia, and pushed the tip in, letting the slick pink tissues at the introitus of her cunt grip down on the huge knob. "There, go nice and slow now, baby. I want to enjoy feeling every hard inch go way up inside me. But be careful—I've never had one this big before."

"You...you never had one...?" Josh's voice trailed off as he looked into his mother's eyes questioningly.

"Nowhere near as big as you," Erica said, rolling her hips to let her son know how much she wanted it. "Nobody's been even close, either in length or thickness. But I can't wait. I want to feel that big beautiful cock of yours stretching me like never before. Over the next two weeks, I'm going to suck you and fuck you until I drain you dry every single day. I just can't figure out if I want more in my mouth, or in here." She punctuated her statement by provocatively rolling

her hips once more, stirring the enflamed cockhead all around the clutching hot tissues at the entrance to her cunt.

Josh groaned with pleasure, calling upon all his willpower to suppress the electric urges pulsing through him. Her words about draining him dry every day had sent a jolt right to his already flaming libido. He could sense how much his mother wanted it, and her statement about the size of his cock also gave him some new-found confidence. He even surprised himself with his response to her, "How about if I make sure I keep both of those places full for the rest of our trip." He accompanied his statement by flexing slightly forward, pushing the rest of the broad flared head into her beckoning opening.

"I don't there's anything better a son could do for his mother," Erica said, feeling the opening to her cunt start to stretch more than it ever had before. She was thrilled by her son's boldness, his confidence being one of the key things she'd hoped to address on this trip—she just never expected it to start so quickly. "Those five or six times a day that you jerk off—I want every one of those to be inside me for the next two weeks."

"What about if I wanted to shoot it all over you instead?" Josh realized with surprise that he'd immediately spoken, without taking the time to even think about what his mother might think. He quickly saw that he had no reason to worry.

"Mmmm, aren't you a nasty one," Erica replied, slipping her arms around her son's neck and pulling his face towards hers. She looked

at him intently with her vivid blue eyes, the clear orbs glinting with desire. "You can come on me as much as you want, anytime you want." Again she rolled her hips teasingly, her circling pussy-lips nibbling wantonly at the throbbing head of his engorged cock. "Now, kiss me first before you start putting that beautiful cock of yours deep inside me."

Josh lowered his mouth to his mother's perfect lips, finding them open and wanting. He slid his tongue into her mouth, her own tongue pressing hotly against his as they kissed passionately. They kissed deeply, like lovers, their bodies close together, her massive tits pressed up against his muscular pecs. The kiss enflamed Josh even more, and he drew his hips back slightly, and then levered forward, starting to drive his throbbing erection into his mother's hot needy cunt. When he started moving forward, they both broke the kiss, each of them gasping. Josh could feel the clutching tissues inside his mother's channel reluctantly parting, letting him go deeper.

"Oh God, yesssssss," Erica hissed, her eyes rolling back in her head as she felt the incredible size of her teenage son's magnificent cock stretching her. She instinctively dug her high heels into the mattress, trying to open herself up even more for the onslaught she knew was coming. She couldn't believe how thick it was, and how exquisitely hard. 'The power of youth is a wonderful thing', she thought to herself as Josh continued to slowly, insistently, force himself deeper into her. She could feel the clinging pink flesh inside her vagina parting, bathing his huge cock with oily fuck-juice as he drove inch after thick hard inch into her. She could feel her body breaking out in a sweat as the massive intruder probed deep, deeper than she'd ever had before.

"Easy baby," she said softly, her hands coming to rest on his powerful hips. Josh instinctively stopped and raised himself up slightly. They both looked down between their joined bodies, 3" of hard thick cock still outside of her stretched labia, the hot pink flesh of her pussy-lips circling his rigid shaft obscenely. "Just stay still for minute, sweetie. Let me work it and get used to it."

Josh felt his mother's cunt start to pull at him. She was flexing the muscles inside her, the tight pink channel feeling like a hot buttery fist as she clenched down, pulling at his engorged cock. It felt like a rippling massage running the length of his cock, like slick fingers jerking him off inside her. It felt incredible, and Josh had to suppress the urges within him, knowing he was close to dumping his load right then and there. He realized that his mother was right—there was nothing like a mature woman to teach him the ways of making love.

"Do you like that, baby?" Erica asked, rolling her hips in slow tantalizing circle as she used the muscles inside her talented mature cunt to pull at him with that rippling sensation once more.

"Mom, it feels amazing. I can't believe what you're doing to me. I...I'm getting pretty close though," he warned her.

"Okay, baby. Let's try and get you all the way in before you do. I want to feel you buried all the way inside me before you shoot that

load." With her hands on his hips, she pulled him towards her, letting him know she was ready.

Josh flexed back slightly, and then slowly drove forward. He could feel the tightness inside her, the strained tissues inside her almost tearing the skin right off the head of his cock. And then, he felt them yield, the hot flesh parting to allow him all the way in, her slippery cunt bathing his rampant cock with oily juices.

"Yesssssss," Erica hissed loudly as her son drove the final few inches all the way inside her, touching spots deep inside her that had never been touched before. She was gasping and shaking with the intensity of being stretched to the tearing point, but when the enflamed head of his cock bumped up against her cervix at the same time his shaved groin pressed up against hers, she lost it right then and there.

"OH FUCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK," she wailed, her body thrashing about like a ragdoll as she started to come. An epic climax burst from deep within her like a fireball and shot through every delicious nerve ending of her body. Her fingernails dug into her teenage son's back as she bucked and shook through her intense orgasm, her body trembling and convulsing in paroxysms of blissful pleasure. She came and came, sweat seeping out of every pore on her lush mature body as her tingling release overwhelmed her.

Josh held on for dear life, willing himself not to come just yet as his mother convulsed spastically beneath him. He couldn't believe he was finally doing it, fucking his mother—and she was already coming from just having him all the way inside her. He felt

exuberant, thrilled that he could bring her this much pleasure, and happier knowing that they had two beautiful weeks of this before them.

Erica's hips continued to gyrate, her greasy channel pulling at his beefy prick as she rode out the last delightful sensations of her climax. "Oh baby, that was amazing," she purred, her body collapsing back against the sheets. "I have never, ever, come that hard in my life. Your cock is so beautiful." She shifted her hips slightly, using his rigid boner to stir her insides like a batch of wet cement. She looked at her son with a smoky bewitching look in her eyes. "Are you ready to come, baby? Are you ready to fill Mommy up with a big load of that nice hot cum of yours?"

"Ohhn." Josh could only groan, her words stimulating him even more. He instinctively drew back, feeling her gripping channel clutching reluctantly at his retreating prick, and then he drove forward, sliding every hard inch of his thrusting erection back into her.

"That's it, baby. Fuck me hard," Erica encouraged, loving the feel of her recently split insides being torn asunder by her son's stallion-like cock. He quickly got into a rhythm, driving her deeper into the mattress with every powerful thrust. She knew he wouldn't last long, but she also knew they had all night—and two glorious weeks after that. She loved his fat hard prick, the huge mushroom head tearing feverishly into her oily depths, the engorged head bumping against the gates of her womb with each deep thrust. Within just a minute, he had her climbing the walls again.

"Oh fuck, Josh, I...I'm going to come again already...AAAAAAHHHHH," she wailed as another shattering orgasm blossomed from deep inside her tortured cunt.

"YESSSSSSSSSS," Josh hissed at the same time as he buried himself balls deep into his mother and started to come. His whole body was shaking as he came, pouring torrents of semen into his mother's waiting cunt. His buried prick was twitching inside her, spitting out wad after wad of liquid protein into her birth canal as he flooded her insides. Her could feel her talented cunt pulling at him as he shot, drawing out gob after gob of sperm-laden cum as he totally unloaded, basting her insides like a Christmas turkey.

Erica couldn't believe she'd climaxed so quickly again, and it was incredible to feel Josh coming inside her at the same time. She had felt the first gush of cum smash up against her cervix, and was thankful she was on the pill, knowing her son's powerful swimmers would have had her pregnant in no time. Her ravished cunt twitched spasmodically, milking and squeezing around the thrusting stiffness of her son's huge dick. She was shaking uncontrollably as she came, her loins bucking up against his as she shook through another shattering release. Finally, as the gloriously tingling sensations started to dwindle within each of them, Josh collapsed onto his mother, her huge tits pressed warmly beneath his broad muscular chest. She could feel the massive load he's dumped into her slowly seeping from within her overflowing cunt. She felt the damp sensation as his creamy goodness oozed out from beneath their connected bodies and slithered onto the sheets beneath them.

"I think you liked that, eh baby?" Erica whispered softly as she nibbled tenderly on his earlobe.

"Oh Mom, that was...that was the most amazing thing I've ever experienced," Josh replied, barely able to speak as he fought to catch his breath.

"Yes, it was, wasn't it? I thought so too. Do you think you could get used to doing that some more over the next two weeks?"

"Oh God, yes," Josh said, raising himself up on one elbow and looking into his mother's warm blue eyes. He flexed his groin, letting her know he was more than willing.

"Josh, you're...you're still hard," Erica said, somewhat surprised after the intense climax they'd both just experienced.

"Where you're concerned, Mom, I think I'm gonna be hard all night long."

Erica shivered with excitement, loving the endurance and stamina of youth. "Well, then let's get to work," she said, keeping her son's stiff cock buried inside her as she rolled over on top and straddled him. She reached down and pulled her dishevelled baby doll top up and over her head, tossing it aside before leaning over her son, her heavy

round tits hanging pendulously over his face. "Is it okay with you if I leave my high heels on?"

Josh glanced down, his eyes glimpsing the sexy shoes still on her dainty feet. "Yes. I love them."

"Do you love these," she asked, leaning down and grazing one stiff nipple over his soft lips.

"Mmmmm," he moaned, his lips parting as he sucked the stiff pebble deep into his mouth.

"That's it. Suck Mommy's tits while she rides you." Erica tilted her head up and grabbed onto the headboard with both hands as Josh sucked luridly at her heavy tits. She slid forwards, his still-hard cock pointing stiffly upwards, the shaft glistening with a milky combination of their creamy secretions. She rose up until just the broad mushroom cap was inside her, and then dropped back down, sitting right back down in the saddle.

"Oh fuck, it's so hard," Erica groaned, her eyes closing in pleasure as she wiggled right down on his upright shaft. She eased herself up, loving the incendiary heat of his massive cockhead rubbing obscenely against the stretched tissues inside her. Oily fuckjuice was flowing from her insides down over his thrusting erection, the slippery nectar running down over his sperm-filled balls. She got into a smooth rhythm, bouncing luxuriously up and down on his rampant prick as his sucking lips moved from one heavy tit to the

other. The motel bed was squeaking like crazy as Erica bounced up and down, grinding her overheated cunt feverishly on her son's long hard cock. Within five minutes or so, she felt the pleasure level inside her escalating once more. And when Josh made it his turn to roll his hips on one of her downward thrusts, that was all it took.

"OH GODDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD," she moaned loudly as she threw her head back and started to come. She continued to bounce and grind her gushing pussy against her son as she came, feeling like she was being turned inside out from the exquisite sensations flowing through her body. She couldn't believe what a treasure she'd found in her handsome well-hung son—and she vowed never to let him go. She drove herself down hard, feeling his blunt cockhead rubbing lewdly against her cervix as she continued to climax, her body twitching and shaking spastically.

"I think it was you who liked that this time?" Josh said a couple of minutes later as his mother started to recover from her orgasm.

"You mean you didn't?" she asked teasingly, rolling her lush ass against him as she remained sitting on top of him, his long hard prick still buried to the hilt.

"I loved it, but let's see if we can give you another one in this position," Josh said, stirring her oily insides with his stiff cock once more.

Erica knew he was having no problem with confidence now. She relinquished control to him as he started to fuck back up into her, filling his hands with her 38Es as he fucked her. She gripped the headboard tightly and started to ride again, loving the feel of her son's magnificent cock, totally impaling her. She came twice more before Josh finally blew another load, absolutely soaking her insides with another huge deluge of semen. She sat down on his slowly deflating member, savoring the delicious sensations of their post-orgasmic bliss. She gently raised herself, and then his spent prick slid out of her in a slippery rush.

"Let me clean that up for you," Erica said, lowering her mouth to her son's heavy member. She pressed her lips and tongue against his glistening dick, licking up every drop of their pearly juices.

"C'mon sweetie, let's take a shower." Erica led her son into the bathroom, happy that she'd asked about the oversized shower. They shared the luxurious shower together, kissing many times as they soaped each other up. Josh loved the feel of his mother's big tits in his hands, constantly re-lathering them as he hefted and caressed the massive orbs. His mother paid equal attention to his swinging prick, tenderly washing his impressive member and egg-shaped nuts. Reluctantly, they finished rinsing off and dried themselves with big fluffy towels.

"I'll be right back," Erica said as Josh slipped back into bed. His mother grabbed some things from her suitcase and disappeared into the bathroom, closing the door behind her.

Josh perched himself up against the stack of pillows, his head still spinning from what had just happened. He couldn't believe that his mother had jerked him off all over her tits, and then given him a fantastic deep-throat blowjob, and then let him fuck her—more than once! Never in his dreams had he thought it would be so hot, so exciting, and so absolutely perfect. His mother was the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen, and he couldn't believe how fantastic she was in bed—and he had two more blissful weeks of this to look forward to.

"Well, what do you think?" His mother's words broke him out of his reverie and he looked up, seeing her leaning provocatively against the doorframe to the bathroom.

'Oh fuck', he thought to himself as he looked at her, his mouth gaping open. She was wearing a black satin merry widow, with demi-cups that supported her big tits on a heavily structured shelf, allowing her large red nipples to thrust enticingly forwards. The sexy garment hugged her hourglass figure enchantingly, nipping in at her waspish waist and then flaring out seductively over her wide flared hips. Ribbon-like garters bit wickedly into sheer black gossamer stockings, which covered her shapely legs all the way down to another pair of sexy high heels. Her shoes had a sharply pointed toe-cap and a leather support that ran up her heel and was connected to a wider leather strap that circled her ankle sensually. The slim stiletto heel had him breathing raggedly within seconds. He noticed she'd touched up her makeup, her eyes looking wickedly erotic and smoky from the dark eyeshadow she now wore, her lips once again a brilliant red gash where she'd reapplied her lipstick. He felt his heart

racing as he looked at the dizzying display of pulchritude before him.

"So, you haven't answered me," Erica repeated, giving Josh a cock-stiffening stare as she seductively sashayed over to the bed, her wide motherly hips swaying provocatively from side to side. "Do you like this new outfit I bought for you?"

"It's...it's incredible," Josh gushed, finally able to find his voice.

"I guess there's another way I can tell that you like it," Erica said with a smile, her eyes dropping purposely to his groin. Josh looked down as well, watching his spent prick starting to come to life again, the snake-like member starting to thicken and unfurl. She climbed onto the bed, and then started to crawl towards him, cat-like. "Would you mind if I sucked on that gorgeous cock of yours again? I want to get it nice and hard and then I want you to fuck me again."

"I'd love that," Josh eagerly replied, letting his legs roll open as his mother crawled between them, her gorgeous tits hanging pendulously beneath her. She reached forward and took his stiffening member in her hand, pumping it slowly back and forth as it continued to harden.

"So beautiful," he heard her mumble under her breath as she lowered her vivid red lips and kissed the tip of his cock. She pulled her mouth away, her lipstick leaving a brilliant red coating behind.

"Oh fuck..." It was Josh who muttered under his breath this time as he looked at the sinfully obscene sight of his mother's lipstick shining on his swelling cockhead.

"Do you like that, baby?" she asked teasingly as she slipped her painted lips back onto his cockhead and worked her mouth down, her eyes never leaving his. Josh thought it was the sexiest thing he'd ever seen, and his dick quickly hardened, forcing her full lips even wider apart.

"Mmmm," Erica purred, slowly starting to bob her head up and down, saliva flowing freely from the corners of her mouth and down her son's now rock-hard shaft. She was worshipping his cock now, her eyes closed in bliss as she wantonly sucked and licked, loving the feel of her mouth being absolutely filled with her son's surging erection.

"Mom, do you...do you think you could try and take me into your throat again?" Josh asked.

"You liked that, eh sweetie?" Erica asked teasingly, extending her tongue and licking slowly from the base of his cock all the way to the broad mushroom cap.

"I loved it."

"Well, let's try it a little differently this time. I think you'll like this." Under Erica's directions, Josh stood at the foot of the bed, his blood-engorged lance thrusting out before him. His mother lay on her back on the bed, her sexy high heels up towards the top. She slipped a pillow beneath her shoulders at the foot of the bed and laid back, her head hanging over the edge. Josh got it now.

"C'mon, baby. Feed that big hard cock of yours right down my throat."

With a shiver of excitement, Josh pushed down on the top of his pulsing dick and pointed it at his mother's open mouth, her sexy red lips pursed into an inviting oval. He slid the broad flared head between her lips, and then fed it deeper. She closed her lips around the veiny shaft, locking the lemon-sized knob within her mouth. He probed deeper, feeling the sensitive tissues of his glans press up against the soft tissues at the opening to her throat. She reached up with her hands and placed them on his muscular hips, guiding him. He watched as she took a deep breath, and then with her fingertips, she nudged him. Josh slowly flexed forward, feeling his cockhead start to enter her hot silky throat.

"Mmmmmm," he heard his mother purr as he went deeper. She was taking it, and he kept moving slowly forward, feeding inch after inch into the hot buttery sheath of her throat. He looked down, feeling his groin pressing against her lips, his long hard cock now totally buried. He slowly withdrew, getting back to the point where he knew she could breathe. He watched her nostrils flare slightly, and then she coaxed him forward once more. When he got balls deep this time,

she reached up and grabbed his hands, and then brought them to her throat. He placed his big hands one above the other on her long regal neck, and then started to throat-fuck her. It felt illicitly wicked, his hard lunging shaft going back and forth beneath his fingertips, his mother's neck bulging obscenely as he levered his powerful hips back and forth. It didn't take long before he thought he could come again, but he knew his mother wanted to fuck. Reluctantly, he pulled his throbbing dick out of her throat, a glistening strand of saliva hanging lewdly from the oozing tip of his bobbing erection.

"Mom, that was unbelievable, but I have to fuck you now," Josh said. He climbed back onto the bed as his mother swung around until she was lying on the pillows. She slowly drew her knees up and rolled her supple thighs open as he moved between her legs, his rampant prick heading for her steaming cunt like a heat-seeking missile.

"Hold my legs up," Erica instructed, taking his hands and putting them on each ankle.

Kneeling between his mother's splayed thighs, Josh grabbed her slim ankles in each hand and raised her feet up and out to each side, holding her spread-eagled for the vigorous onslaught they both knew was coming. Erica reached down and nestled his drooling cockhead between the petals of her juicy cunt, snuggling it right in between the pink folds of flesh.

"That's it, right there," she purred, her face a mask of lust. "Fuck me, baby. Fuck me good and hard."



"I've always wanted to fuck these tits," Josh said, slinging his leg over her midsection and straddling her. He reached up for her voluminous tits, erotically on display in the sexy merry widow. He pushed down on his twitching erection as he pressed her massive tits together, fitting his pulsing prick right between the big soft orbs. He flexed back and forth, his enflamed glans drawing back into her cleavage and then almost hitting her chin on his forward stroke. He'd been close when they'd been fucking, and finally being able to fuck his mother's huge tits sent him right over the edge.

"OH FUCK. I'M GONNA COME," he warned, just as the first rope of thick white cum jettisoned forth. It hit her right on the chin and Josh let go of her tits and raised up slightly, vigorously fisting his cock now as he pointed it right at her face. The second rope shot forth, hitting her on the cheek and rising up into her hair. He shot again, this one hitting her other cheek with a massive gob ending up on her forehead. He kept pumping as wad after wad of pearly cum rained down upon her pretty face. Another gob landed right in her open mouth, and then another streaking ribbon ended up in her hair. Josh kept cumming, flooding her face with his milky semen. He pumped his twitching dick, painting her with his creamy goodness as he totally unloaded. He never wanted it to end as he jacked away, pearly gobs and milky ribbons covering his mother's pretty face. Finally, the delicious contractions within him dwindled, and he leaned forward, slipping the oozing tip between his mother's parted red lips.

"Mmmmm," Erica moaned softly, nursing at her son's cock. She swallowed, some of his silky cream sliding right down her throat to a nice warm spot in the pit of her stomach.

With his warm cum still hanging off her face, Erica got Josh to switch places with her. He sat up against the headboard, his muscular pecs rising and falling as he slowly regained his breath. Erica pushed his legs apart and moved between them, settling right down on her stomach like a kid getting ready to watch Saturday morning cartoons, her face dripping with semen, milky gobs dangling erotically off her chin.

"Just lie back and relax, baby," she said, "Mommy wants to suck this one more time before she goes to sleep tonight."

Josh crossed his arms behind his head and relaxed, watching his mother go to work on him. Erica worshipped his cock for over an hour, tenderly kissing, licking and sucking. She had him on the verge many times, only to slow down and stop for a minute or so, before once again resuming, making sweet oral love to the prodigious member thrusting from between her teenage son's spread thighs. Finally, with him begging her to let him come, she took him right over the edge. He filled her mouth again and again with his milky cream, her tender lips and sucking mouth pulling another massive load out of him. This one went right into her welcoming stomach, and yet she still nursed, savoring the final drops of his warm semen.

She pulled the covers over them and Josh nestled up behind her, his body molding itself to hers. She reached for his hand and brought it to her breast, letting his fingers cup the heavy round orb.

"I love you, Josh," she said, nestling into her pillow, her eyes closing softly.

"I love you too, Mom," Josh replied, snuggling up close to his mother, filling his hand with her big soft breast. As sleep started to overtake him, he wondered what the next two weeks would bring...

## Chapter 3

"Mom, I don't know what to do. I'm pushing and pushing, but it won't go in," Josh said, totally exasperated.

"Just slide it in nice and easy, baby," his sexy mother Erica replied.

"Okay." Josh did as his mother asked, going nice and slow, but once again, he found his efforts stymied as he tried to slowly push it further in. "It's not working. I don't know what to do. I feel like giving up."

"C'mon, baby. You can do it. I know it's long and thick, but I think if you just angle it up a bit, it will probably slide right in there."

Josh planted his feet firmly, flexed the bulging cylinder upwards, and sure enough, just as his mother predicted, his duffel bag slid smoothly into the narrow opening amongst all his other belongings in the back of their SUV.

"That's my boy. I knew you could do it." Erica looked at her son with a coquettish smile. "After all those times you slipped that big hard cock into me last night, I thought sliding that duffel bag into that narrow opening would have been easy for you." She gave him a lascivious wink as she stepped around to the passenger side of the car, but not before trailing her slender fingers teasingly over the front of his shorts as she moved past him.

Josh wanted to groan as the touch of her hand sent a jolt of excitement right through him. He felt a tingling surge in his dick and was actually surprised that it was about to come up again already — but then again, when it came to his mother, he realized his cock was going to be almost permanently hard—a fact that neither of them was going to complain about.

He closed the hatch door on the SUV and made his way to the driver's seat, his mind swirling with what had happened last night. After their lust-filled night together, he and his mother had eventually fallen asleep, blissfully exhausted from the lengthy sexual skirmishes they'd engaged in. His mother had left on the sexy black corset and stockings she'd changed into earlier, pulling Josh up close behind her and bringing his hand around to cup her large breasts as they drifted off to sleep. Josh woke up twice during the night with a hard-on, his stallion-like cock in need of attention. Like a heat-

seeking missile, his enflamed prick seemed magnetically drawn to the hot wet channel he'd been born from 18 years previously.

Each time, his mother happily awoke from her slumber and welcomed him deep inside her, his massive prick stretching her hot wet hole almost to the tearing point. He'd fucked her in every position he could think of, bringing her to orgasm after orgasm as she writhed and convulsed on the end of his cunt-splitting cock. He fought off his own climaxes as long as he could each time, but eventually, her talented gripping pussy coaxed a massive load out of him, her working muscles pulling out every last drop of creamy semen as he emptied himself into her. They'd dropped off back to sleep after each of the two encounters, his arms wrapped around her lush body, his hands cupping her enormous 38E breasts. He'd awoken a short time ago with a luxurious warm feeling on his dick. He looked down to see his mother with her mouth full of hard cock, slowly worshipping his massive erection while the early morning light drifted in lazily around the curtains of the motel room window.

"Just lay back and enjoy this, baby," his mother had said as he tried to sit up and she pushed him back. "This is how I want us to start every day on this trip, with you feeding me a nice creamy load of cum." Josh eagerly heeded her words, lying back with his arms crossed behind his head as he mother knelt between his spread thighs, her mouth and hands slowly working him over as she gave him a slow cock-worshipping blowjob. She was purring and mewling like a kitten with a bowl of warm cream as she worked on him for well over half an hour; slurping, sucking and licking like a woman possessed. Eventually she let him go over the brink, the teasing edging she'd been doing to him causing another sizable load to spew

forth into her welcoming mouth. She'd swallowed every warm creamy drop, using her tongue and fingers to gather in the excess that had leaked from the corners of her stretched lips.

"Oh fuck...that is the perfect way to start the day," Josh thought to himself as his mother crawled up from between his legs and let her big pendulous tits sway down over his face, her curvy mature body looking wickedly sexy in the black corset and sheer nylons. He'd extended his tongue and she let him clamp on to her nipple, his lips and tongue causing the pebbly bud to stiffen and thicken into a hard little bullet. She swayed her body slightly to the side, bringing her other swaying breast to his needy lips. Working on her breasts had gotten both of them going again, and he'd eventually thrown her onto her back, put her nylon-clad legs over his shoulders and slammed his rigid prick balls-deep into her. He'd absolutely poured it to her, fucking her through a number of shattering climaxes as he fought to give her just as good a start to her day as she'd given him. When he was ready to cum again himself, he'd pulled out, scrambled up over her reclining body and pumped his load out all over her face, painting her smooth skin white with his thick sperm-laden cum.

They'd then taken a long leisurely shower together, kissing like the satisfied lovers they were as their soapy hands roamed tenderly over each other's body. After they had finished dressing, Erica loaded up Josh with the bags while she went to the motel office to turn in the keys and settle up their account. She'd returned to the car, only to find her handsome young son struggling to find room for his duffel bag. She smiled to herself as she watched him try to fit it in amongst all his worldly goods they were transporting cross-country for the start of his new life at Stanford. It just took a few words of instruction

from her for him to once again fit something long and cumbersome into a tight little spot.

"So, did they give you a suggestion of a good place for breakfast?" Josh asked as he slipped into the driver's seat and started up the car.

"Yeah, there's a family-run diner just down the next street. They said it's really good." Erica looked over at her handsome son, her face beaming with happiness. "Josh, you look very nice today," she said, her eyes taking in the khaki shorts, white polo shirt and white tennis shoes the teenager had chosen to wear.

Josh noticed her looking at him and before he put the car into gear, his gaze met hers. His heart swelled with love for her, his mother, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. She'd chosen a very casual summery outfit to wear. She wore a flouncy little white skirt that was tight at the waist and then flowed out playfully over her wide matronly hips before ending high on her thighs. Her long legs were bare and her delicate feet were sweetly clad in strappy flat white sandals. Her top was a form-fitting short-sleeve yellow cardigan that ended just past the waistband of her skirt, the bottom button of the cardigan undone where it flared out over her hips. She'd also left the top two buttons at the base of the deeply-scooped neck undone as well, the opening allowing teasing glimpses of the upper swells and alluring cleavage of her delectable breasts. And form-fitting her top definitely was—the fabric was stretched teasingly tight as it molded itself to her sizable tits. Josh could clearly make out the distinct lines of what he figured was a heavily-structured white lace bra beneath. His eyes roamed over her curvy

mature body, and he gulped as her alluring sexiness hit him right in the groin. "You look great too, Mom," he replied. "Good enough to eat."

She smiled teasingly. "I'm sure you'll get more than enough time to do that tonight. I promised your dad I'd give you an oral exam every night. But right now, let's get some real food."

It took only a few minutes for them to find the diner. As soon as Josh scanned the menu, he realized how famished he was. He smiled to himself as he thought about how he had worked up such a voracious appetite. While his mother settled on a bowl of fresh fruit along with a poached egg on whole wheat toast with some cottage cheese, Josh dug into what they called the "Lumberjack's Breakfast": three eggs, pancakes, sausages, home fries and toast. As they sat across from each other in one of the diner's booths, his mother played footsie with him, teasingly rubbing his calves with her sandal-covered feet. Josh felt his dick start to swell again as his mother purposely leaned forwards as she ate, giving him a tantalizing view into her deep dark cleavage.

"God, she is so fucking sexy," Josh thought to himself as his swelling member pressed against the front of his shorts. Like a compass needle always wanting to point North, his stiffening prick pointed instinctively to his mother's spectacular chest.

Erica paid the bill and they hit the road again, sufficiently satiated by their meal. Josh was driving again for this shift, and once they hit the highway, they rolled up the windows and put the air conditioner on,

the heat of the day already making itself felt. Flipping down the sun visor in front of her with the small mirror on the back, Erica pulled her lipstick out of her purse and spun out the glossy red tube. "Would you like me to put some of this on?" she asked, giving her son a provocative glance as she formed her lips into a cock-inviting "O".

"Yes, please," Josh replied, surprised at the fact that he was feeling himself blushing, especially after everything he and his mother had done last night.

"I thought you'd like that," Erica said, turning to the mirror and slowly applying a thick glossy coating of the brilliant red lipstick. She pursed her lips in a kissing motion, and then turned to her son. "There, how's that?"

A look at his mother's exquisite mouth adorned in sexy cherry-red hit Josh right in the groin like a ton of bricks. He shifted uncomfortably on his seat as his prick stiffened and started to slide down the leg of his shorts. He was wondering if he'd made the right choice in going commando this morning.

"I don't think you need to tell me if you like it or not?" Erica said, glancing over at the swelling protrusion in her son's groin. She sat back in her seat and reached over, wrapping her fingers around the stiffening cylinder and giving it a loving squeeze. "Mmmm, that feels nice. But if we keep stopping to take care of this permanently hard cock of yours, we're going to need six months to get there—not two weeks." She gave his dick a playful pat and withdrew her hand,

sitting back in her seat. "Let's get some miles behind us, and then Momma will take care of that annoying ache for you."

Josh shivered, trying to suppress the urges within him as he forced his eyes from his mother's lush mature body and back to the road. Eventually, his beefy dong settled down, allowing him to concentrate on his driving duties.

They continued on their way for another two hours or so, chatting about everything under the sun, the conversation flowing freely between the two of them, both of them basking in the happiness they were feeling just by being in each other's company. They stopped to fill up, and Erica admired her son's tall handsome form as he stood next to the car, his hand on the gas hose. "Jesus, he looks good with something like that in his hand," she thought to herself, remembering how incredibly big that cock of his really was, how it had stretched her mouth and needy pussy almost to the tearing point. Her mind started to drift, picturing all the things she wanted to happen between the two of them, and the number of loads she could take out of her son's prodigious cock. She felt like she wanted to worship that beautiful appendage for hours on end, to feel her mouth and steaming snatch overflowing with his thick creamy teenage cum.

As Josh got back in the car and headed onto the highway again, she thought it was time to give him a little reward for being such a good son. She took her hand and slowly slid it up the front of her body, her brilliant red fingernails looking deliciously erotic as her slender fingers made their way up her lush mature form. She slid her fingers beneath one breast, cupping it slightly, before her index finger traced

over her nipple. From the corner of her eye, she could see Josh looking over towards her.

"Huh, I'm not sure what it is," she said quizzically, "but my nipples feel really itchy." She flicked the tip of one talon-like nail over her nipple, feeling it respond. With the first one starting to swell, she slid her hand over her sumptuous chest to her other massive orb, slowly rubbing her fingertip across her other nipple as well. "I wonder what that's all about?" She turned and looked at her son as she kept toying with her nipples, the stiffening buds now protruding against the front of her yellow sweater.

Josh's eyes were flicking between the road and his mother sitting next to him. He watched, totally dumbstruck, as her slender fingers toyed with her breasts. She undid a couple of buttons down the front of her cardigan, the upper swells of her breasts coming fully into view. He could feel his cock stiffening as it expanded beneath his shorts, extending down his thigh beneath the loose khaki fabric.

From the corner of her eye, Erica noticed it too. She smiled to herself, happy that her playful teasing could illicit such a quick response from her son. She popped open another two buttons, the amply-filled cups of her white bra now fully on display.

Josh gulped as he looked over, his mother's mouth-watering breasts spectacularly on display as the generous amount of tit-flesh absolutely packed the heavily-structured garment. Her bra was beautiful, white satin with intricate lace adorning the upper edges of

the cups, making her huge tits look intensely feminine and incredibly sexy.

Erica extended her slender fingers and slid the tips right insider her bra cup, seeking out her nipple and manipulating it beneath the alluring satin. "I don't know why they're so itchy." She popped open another button, now total exposing her bra. She reached firmly into one cup and with a lot of effort, drew out her breast, letting it settle down onto her chest with her bra beneath. She switched hands and did the same with the other huge orb, both of her 38Es now fully on display. With her big tits now sensually spread over the full breadth of her chest, she took each nipple between the thumb and forefinger of each hand, rolling the red pebbles into hard bullets as they swelled beneath her fingertips.

"Ohhnnn," Josh groaned, feeling his prick lifting as he got rock-hard, the stiff cylinder of flesh pushing the leg of his shorts up until it could go no further.

Erica smiled to herself, happily luxuriating in her son's pleasurable discomfort. "I can't believe they're so itchy. Maybe I need some kind of warm oil to make them feel better." She slowly let her legs roll open to each side, the gap between her thighs widening as her little white skirt rose higher and higher on her thighs. She dropped one hand between her legs and let her brilliant red fingernails start to trace teasingly up the inside of one thigh. "Do you know where I can find anything warm and slippery like that, Josh?"

Josh could feel himself turning red with excitement as he watched his mother's creamy white thighs spread farther and farther apart, the fingers of her hand sliding invitingly higher towards the rising hem of her skirt. He was rendered speechless, and simply watched as her skirt rose even higher before she stopped with her legs spread as far as the skirt would allow, giving him just a teasing glimpse of the front of her white panties. Reluctantly, he flicked his eyes back to the road, happy that at this time, traffic was quite light. Making sure everything was okay, he shifted his eyes back to his mother's splayed loins, just as she slipped her fingertips beneath the leg opening of her panties. Her fingers moved provocatively beneath her panties, and a wet squelching sound came to his ears as her fingers delved into her steaming cunt. She withdrew her hand, her fingers glistening with a shiny coating of her womanly nectar. As her hand rose, he could smell her scent, the intoxicating aroma hitting him like the sweetest narcotic, firing his already soaring libido even more.

"Aaahhh, that's better," Erica purred softly as she brought her fingers to one swollen nipple and rubbed her warm juices all over the protruding bud. It glistened wickedly as she spread her oily discharge all around her areola, the deep pink color of her flesh becoming even more vivid as it glistened with her warm cunt-honey. Keeping one hand busy on one breast, she slipped the fingers of her other beneath the other leg opening of her panties, moving her fingers all around her overheated snatch as she coated them in liquid goo. She withdrew that hand, and did the same to her other heavy breast, smoothing the slick juices over the protruding nipple. "Oh yeah, that feels a lot better."

A speeding car whizzed past, drawing Josh's eyes back to the road. With what his mother was doing right next to him, he was glad their SUV had tinted windows. He'd never really thought about it before now, but now he felt it was a Godsend. He knew his mother would have never done anything like she was doing if people had been able to easily see her. And as his rigid cock was telling him, he himself was loving every second of what she was doing. What loving son of such a hot sexy mom wouldn't?

"This doesn't seem to be relieving the itch," Erica said as she released one nipple, her sticky cunt-cream connecting her index finger to her swollen nipple with a teasing shiny web. The thinning web finally broke, and Erica brought her finger to her mouth, slipping it between her painted lips and licking it clean. She slowly drew it from between her puckered lips, purring warmly as she did. "Mmmm, maybe this'll help with that itch I'm feeling."

Wondering what she meant, Josh quickly flicked his eyes back to the road for a second before returning his gaze to his mother. She reached beneath one breast with both hands and lifted the heavy round mass of flesh, leaning forward slightly at the same time. She pursed her mouth, and held Josh's eyes with a teasing gaze as she fed the glistening nipple right between her sexy red lips.

"Oh fuck," Josh groaned under his breath as he watched his mother's mouth clamp down on the stiff red bud of her nipple, her painted red lips looking incredibly erotic as they pulled and nursed at the erect little button. To Josh, it was one of the sexiest things he'd ever seen. He quickly looked down, seeing his erect prick throb as a wad

of precum pulsed to the surface, a nasty stain appearing on the tautly-drawn material of the leg of his shorts.

Erica noticed the same thing and smiled to herself. She sucked hard on her sensitive nipple and then drew back, pulling her mouth right off it with an audible "POP!"

"Yes, that's much better," she said softly as she lifted her other breast to her mouth and gave it the same treatment. Once she had her lips tightly locked onto her swollen nipple, she held it there with one hand while she dropped her other hand between her legs. She released her nipple for just a second and looked over at her teenaged son. "I don't know why my breasts are so sensitive today, but this feels so good. You don't mind if I take care of myself, do you, Josh?" With her eyes locked on her young son's, she slipped her lips back onto her glistening nipple and noisily started sucking.

Josh could only shake his head, "Uh...n...no...that's fine," he stammered, totally flummoxed by his mother's blatant display of raw sexuality. She pulled the front of her little skirt up and then shoved her whole hand down the front of her silky white panties. He watched her fingers moving beneath the sexy fabric of her panties, her hand looking like a little animal moving beneath the alluring material as her fingers toyed with her pussy. The car reeked of her warm womanly scent—and Josh loved it. His mother's backside shifted about restlessly on the car seat as her pleasure level escalated. She shifted her mouth back to her other breast and sucked noisily, the erotic sound like the finest symphony to his ears. He could see her fingers moving back and forth beneath her panties, and the wet

sloppy noise emanating from between her legs was electrifyingly erotic, the assault on his senses sending pulsing sensations right to his throbbing cock.

"Nnhhh...nnhhhh," Erica moaned as she got closer and closer to orgasm. Her legs flopped in and out as her fingers worked their magic between her legs, slipping deep between her gooey pussy-lips while her thumb stroked the erect button of her clit. "Nnnnhhh...nnnhhhh...NNNNNNHHHHHHH!"

Josh looked over as his mother's climax hit her, her lush mature body twitching as she came. Her mouth popped off her nipple and she gasped, "OH FFFFFFFFUCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKKKKK..." as a tremendous orgasm shot through her, every nerve ending tingling in blissful delight. She was huffing and puffing like a runaway steam engine as the delicious sensations of a toe-curling release coursed through her body. Her fingers were working frantically beneath her panties, the gooey wet sounds from her juicy cunt filling the car. Josh felt himself flushing with excitement as his mother's sexy mature form twitched and spasmed as her orgasm pulsed through her. The alluring scent emanating from between her legs overwhelmed him as she quivered and shook, her fingers continuing to work over her gushing cunt as she came and came.

"Oh Jesus...," she moaned deeply, finally slumping back against the seat as the final tingling sensations tripped down her spine. She withdrew her fingers from beneath her panties and held it up, her whole hand glistening with her warm cunt-honey. She looked

teasingly at her teenaged son. "You want a taste of this, baby? If you do, you better pull over."

It wasn't a split second later that Josh had the turn signal on and his foot on the brake. He quickly guided the car onto the shoulder of the road and slammed the gear shift into PARK.

"Here you go, sweetie," Erica said teasingly as she turned towards Josh and brought her hand towards his face.

The warm womanly fragrance filtered into Josh's senses luxuriously, making him even hornier than he already was. Her took his mother's wrist in his hand and brought his lips to her glistening fingers.

"That's my boy," Erica said as she reached over with her other hand and wrapped it around the hard cylinder of flesh extending down his leg. She smiled to herself as she stroked him through the tightly-stretched fabric of his shorts, his huge cock ramrod hard beneath her fingers. She could see the outline of the massive mushroom head straining against the khaki material, the engorged knob reaching almost halfway down his thigh. She slipped her sticky fingers between his full lips, watching his eyes close in pleasure as he licked up her warm cunt-honey. As her son's lips and tongue worked at cleaning the warm creamy nectar from her hand, she squeezed his rigid erection firmly and stroked forward, her hand moving towards the leg opening of his shorts, just inches from the enflamed knob. After what he'd just witnessed, his mother's talented hand on his rock-hard cock was all it took to send Josh over the edge.

"MOM...I...I DON'T THINK...AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH," he warned as he started to come. He could feel his rock-hard prick buck beneath her stroking hand as the first rope of cum shot forth. Both of them looked down to see a white ribbon shoot forth from the leg opening of his shorts and streak down his thigh and past his knee. Erica pumped again and another creamy wad spat forth, landing on his leg, the head of the creamy rope of cum draping over his knee. She kept pumping and they both watched the damp stain on his shorts growing as more semen shot forth, some clinging to the fabric of his shorts and some oozing from the leg opening further down. Josh could feel it running down the inside of his thigh beneath his shorts and knew there was just as much hidden from view as there was covering the exposed part of his thigh. Finally, with a last twitching shudder, his spewing cock slowed, the final dregs of his gooey cum oozing from the wet red eye hidden beneath his shorts. His mother's hand instinctively slowed, knowing her son was done...for now.

"I guess you got a little more excited there than I thought you would," Erica said with a pleased smile on her face, her fingers gently sliding along the prodigious length of her son's spent member.

"I...I couldn't help it," Josh blustered, still trying to catch his breath. "Watching what you did...that...that was the hottest thing I think I've ever seen."

"Well, we seem to have made quite a mess here. We better get those shorts off you and clean you up." With cars whizzing past, Erica

undid his shorts. Josh lifted his hips and his mother shimmied them down his hips and off over his shoes. She lifted them up and turned them inside out, a smile spreading across her face as they both looked at the sizable wad of creamy white semen clinging to stained fabric. "That was quite a load, and I'm definitely not letting this go to waste." Josh watched as his mother brought his shorts to her face, her tongue extending forward right into the massive wad of milky cum.

"Mmmm," she purred, her eyes hooded with lust as she noisily sucked a slithery clump of pearly semen into her mouth. "So good." Her tongue came back for more, and Josh sat and watched, his heart thumping in his chest as his mother lapped up his thick white load, her lips and tongue sucking voraciously at the stained material in order to get every drop. "And now for this." She leaned forwards and brought her mouth to his thigh, her lips closing on one sizable ribbon of pearly seed running down his leg. Her lips made him shiver with desire as he watched her lick, her broad flat tongue wickedly caressing his young skin as she gathered in every creamy morsel.

"Looks like you're ready to go again, baby," his mother gave him a teasing smile as they both looked at his stiffening cock, the stallion-like appendage rising once more as he watched his mother lewdly lap up his cum. She wrapped her fingers around his surging cock, her talon-like red fingernails scratching teasingly around the taut skin at the base. Erica smiled to herself, lusting over the amazing recuperative powers of her young son. She looked out the window at the cars speeding by, none of them paying any attention to their vehicle parked at the side of the road. Although she knew she was potentially flirting with disaster if a police officer happened to come by, her insatiable appetite for her son's cum got the better of her.

"Would you like me to suck that off for you again, sweetie? Would you like to feed Mommy another big mouthful?" Josh simply groaned in response as his mother licked up the full length of his burgeoning shaft and then slipped her lips down over the flared crimson crown.

---

---

Fifteen minutes later, they were on their way again, Josh wearing a clean pair of shorts he'd retrieved by reaching over the seat into his duffel bag. All the while, his mother sat next to him licking her lips, another thick load of her son's creamy semen filling her belly. A short time later, Erica looked over at her handsome son, her hand rubbing lovingly over her flat stomach. "Although you just fed me another big load, do you think we should stop for some real food soon? I want to make sure you keep your strength up."

Josh looked over at his gorgeous mother smiling provocatively at him. There was no mistaking the intent of her words. "I could eat. How about we pull off at the next town and have some lunch?"

"That's great, sweetie." Erica's hand came to rest on her son's thigh as she turned and watched the road ahead, her fingers tracing slowly along the length of his dormant cock. "Just remember, when we go into places during this trip, it's probably safer if you call me Erica, instead of Mom."

"Okay...Erica."

A short time later, Josh pulled off the highway onto a street on the outskirts of a midsize town, the peripheral street littered with numerous chain-style restaurants intent on grabbing the notice of highway travellers. They chose a family-style restaurant and Josh helped his mother from the car, his eyes instinctively going to her shapely legs as she stepped out, the gap between her creamy thighs drawing his gaze as one long toned leg followed the other as he helped her to her feet. She slipped her arm through his and they strode into the restaurant like young lovers, a noticeable bounce in their step.

"Welcome," said the young hostess who greeted them, her eyes looking from one to the other, wondering if these glowing people were engaged in some form of May/December romance. She didn't blame the woman—the guy she was with was definitely hot.

"Hello, a table for two please," Erica replied, giving Josh a quick peck on the cheek. She'd noticed the girl eyeing up her son, and as she looked around, she noticed that all the girls seemed to be well-endowed when it came to the chest department. It reminded her of a Spanish restaurant she and Hal had eaten at during one of their trips to Las Vegas. She remembered the name of the place, 'Gabriel's'. Looking at all the lush tits surrounding them, it gave her an idea. If things worked out the way she thought, it could be quite an interesting lunch for both of them.

"Would a booth be okay?" the young girl asked, purposely pushing her full breasts higher as she grabbed a couple of menus from the countertop and pulled them to her chest.

"A booth would be fine." The girl led the way, her curvy rear end swaying seductively from side to side. Erica flicked her eyes to her son, happy to see that he noticed the curvy swells of the teasing young girl's ass jiggling before him, the roundness of them nicely in proportion to her ample chest.

The hostess placed the menus on opposite sides of the table, but Erica scooted well in on one side of the booth and pulled the other menu towards her. "We'll share this side. I'm sure you don't mind, do you?"

"Oh no, not at all," the young girl said, forcing a smile as Erica reached over and possessively pulled Josh down next to her. "Justine will be your waitress, she'll be right over."

"Mom, we've never sat like this before," Josh said, a big smile on his face as his gaze was drawn magnetically to his mother's huge tits that were all but resting on the table in front of her.

"We've done a lot of things on this trip already that we had never done before," his mother said, snuggling up next to him in the booth, the side of her breast pushing warmly into his arm. She reached down below the edge of the table, her hand dropping into his lap, her fingers tracing tantalizingly over his groin. "You haven't

forgotten already, have you?" She whispered softly into his ear, her warm breath stirring his recently satiated libido.

"N...no, I haven't," Josh stammered, looking around the restaurant to make sure no one could see what his mother was doing. Fortunately, the table cloth hung down far enough to hide his mother's manipulating hand from any straying eyes.

"That's my boy," Erica said, her voice gushing with praise as her fingers closed over the beefy cylinder of his dick and squeezed lovingly. She flipped open her menu with her other hand. "Now, what should we have for lunch? I think I'd like something that will fill me right up. What do you think I should have?" She punctuated her question by giving his swelling dick another playful squeeze.

"Ohnnnn," Josh groaned, feeling the blood surging hotly into his stiffening member. "You...you can have whatever you want, Mom."

"Hi, I'm Justine. I'll be your waitress today." Erica and Josh's attention was diverted by the young girl who'd magically appeared, tossing a couple of coasters on the table in front of them. She was a plump little thing with shimmering red hair, an angelic face and a brilliant smile. Erica noticed her main attribute right away—a tremendous pair of incredibly round chubby-looking tits that were currently straining against the fabric of the white t-shirt all the employees were wearing, the t-shirts bearing the logo of the restaurant. The girl's breasts looked big and soft, and the impressive size was definitely stretching the limits of the t-shirt she'd been given to wear. When Josh looked up and his eyes instinctively went to the girl's massive chest, Erica

noticed a definite pulsing in his cock as it pushed upwards against her stroking fingers, his eyes feasting on the delectable sight of the girl's voluptuous tits as well. "Can I get you two started with some drinks?"

"Just an ice water for me," Erica replied. Josh asked for the same before Erica continued, "And dear, could you bring me a separate empty glass, please?"

"Sure, no problem," the sexy chubbette said, her toothpaste-commercial smile sparkling at them as she stepped away.

"Look at all the girls working in this place," Erica said. "It almost looks like the Playboy mansion with all these boobs on display."

"Oh...uh gee, I never noticed," Josh responded, innocently looking around.

"Oh yeah, I can tell that you never noticed." Erica gave his stiffening cock another teasing squeeze, letting him know he wasn't fooling her. "I don't mind you noticing, sweetie. I'm not going to be around once you get to Stanford. You're going to have to find girls like these on your own."

All of sudden, Josh looked disheartened. "Mom, I...I..."

"It's alright, dear." Erica moved close and whispered into her distraught son's ear. "Like I said, for these next two weeks, I'm going to take as many loads out of this beautiful cock that I can. I want you to totally fill me up with all that creamy cum of yours. This body is yours to do whatever you want with...whenever you want." Erica nipped at his ear before sitting back and peering around the restaurant. "Don't worry about what's going to happen later, just look around and enjoy what you're seeing right now. I think we can both have a little fun with this."

"Here you go," Justine said as she placed two glasses of ice water in front of them before reaching for the empty glass on her tray. "And one extra. Have you decided what you'd like yet?"

Erica and Josh looked at their menus and both ordered the lunch special of the day; a clubhouse sandwich with a side salad. It was only lunch and they knew they wanted to be back on the road fairly soon. With a smile and quick turn, Justine took their order to the kitchen, her chubby boobs bouncing enticingly as she walked away.

"How do you think it would feel to have this hard cock of yours sliding between those big tits of hers?" Erica asked as her hand beneath the table undid the button of Josh's shorts and slid down his zipper.

"Mom!" Josh gasped under his breath as his mother reached into his shorts and pulled out his stiffening member.

"Easy, sweetie. Just have a drink of water and relax. Sit back and take a look at the boobs on all the girls working in this place. They're all huge, just like this gorgeous slab of meat I have in my hand. Oh God, do I ever love your cock. I can't believe how it can feel so hard and yet so velvety soft at the same time." With her delicate hand methodically shucking up and down his rigid prick, Erica took a big drink of her own water, and Josh did the same, washing away some of the road dust from their throats. Erica slowed the movements of her hand, but left it circling her son's throbbing dick, luxuriating in the feeling of his powerful teenage manhood in her hand.

Josh couldn't believe his mother was being so brazen, taking a risk in a public place like this. Plus, he was shocked that she was encouraging him to look at all the big-titted waitresses. But he loved it too, especially the feel of his mother's warm mature hand as she slowly worked his pulsing erection. A few minutes later, Justine arrived with their food, her big tits jiggling beneath her white t-shirt as she placed their plates in front of them. When Josh's eyes automatically zeroed in on her chest, he felt his mother's teasing fingers stroke him a little more vigorously, her thumb slipping over the dripping red eye and rubbing his oozing precum back over the sensitive membranes of his cock-head.

"Ohhhnn," he groaned.

"Are you okay?" Justine asked, concern in her voice.

"Uh, yes, I'm fine. I guess I just realized how hungry I was. This looks so good."

"Are the breasts here real?" Erica interrupted.

"Uh...pardon me?" Justine replied, a look of shock on her pretty face, the skin of her cheeks flushing bright pink. Josh's jaw had dropped open in surprise as well.

"In the clubhouse sandwiches. Some places use processed turkey." Erica purposely let her eyes rest for a second on the young girl's buxom chest, her tongue slipping out to run teasingly over her bottom lip before looking back up into the waitress' surprised eyes as she lifted the piece of toast on her sandwich. "The breasts here definitely look real. It just tastes so much better in your mouth. I always prefer that. Don't you like real breast meat, Josh?"

"Yes, M...er...Erica."

Erica grinned as a wave of relief washed over the young girl, a big smile back on her face.

"Yes, it's real turkey. I've seen them make it in the kitchen." Justine seemed much more relaxed, now that she knew what Erica's comment had been about. "Can I get you anything else?"

"I think we're good for now."

The waitress left them to their food, and the two travellers dug in, Erica maintaining her teasing grip on her son's cock with her hand beneath the table while using the other hand to eat with. Josh loved it, being encouraged by his sexy mother to ogle the buxom waitresses, his eyes especially returning to the large jiggly melons of their chubby waitress, Justine. His gaze didn't go unnoticed by his mother.

"She's got quite a nice pair there, doesn't she?" Erica said as she gave his turgid dick a firm stroke at the same time as she took a big drink of her water, nearly draining her glass.

"Yes. They're nice, but not as nice as yours, Mom," Josh replied, almost groaning as his pleasure level continued to escalate under his mother's stroking hand.

"I bet they're wonderfully soft," Erica continued, her hand stroking purposely along the full length of her son's rampant erection, swivelling her wrist to create a provocative corkscrewing motion. She could feel her son getting more and more excited. She wanted to take him right over the edge now. "And I bet her nipples are huge. Look, you can see them poking out right through her t-shirt."

Josh's eyes looked at the young girl's prodigious chest as she took the order at the table next to them. His mother was right—the full chubby tits were pushing deliciously against the white t-shirt, her prominent nipples casting erotic shadows on the soft fabric.

Erica could feel him stiffen even more as his breathing became more ragged, her twisting hand pumping vigorously up and down the pulsing length of his huge cock. His precum had totally coated her hand, and she could subtly hear the erotic wet sound of her pumping hand going back and forth from beneath the table. She reached forward with her other hand and grabbed the empty glass she'd ask for, drawing it beneath the table and positioning the open end right in front of her son's dripping cock-head. She knew it was time to end her son's blissful agony. "Wouldn't you just love to blow a massive load all over those gorgeous tits of hers? Absolutely coat her breasts with a batch of hot thick teenage cum. Just pump it all out until she's totally covered with the stuff."

"Unnghh...unghh..." Josh tried to stifle his moan as he felt those delicious contractions in his midsection take control of his body. He tried to remain still but could feel himself tensing and flexing as he started to climax, his eyes glued to the chubby girl's voluminous guns as she jotted down the order on her pad, just a few feet away but totally oblivious to what was going on below the table right next to her.

"That's it, give Mommy all of that hot cum of yours," Erica said, holding the head of her son's jerking cock in the mouth of the glass as she vigorously pumped him with her other hand. "Get it all out, I want all of it."

Josh kept cumming, his bucking cock spitting out wad after wad of baby batter as his mother's talented mature hand worked him over. He could feel the blissful pulsations in his cock as his mother's

pumping hand drew out gob upon gob of fresh semen. It aroused him even more to know his mother was gathering his load of potent seed in the glass she was holding over the head of his spitting erection. Finally, with a last tremulous shiver, he collapsed back against his seat, his mother's hand instinctively slowing its wonderfully tortuous stroking along his hot prick.

Erica brought her hand to the base of his spent cock and slowly milked upwards, forcing all the liquid goodness she craved out of her son. Below the table, she drew the drooling tip across the rim of the glass, getting every bit of her son's tasty semen into the glass that she could.

"Can I get you another glass of water?" Erica's attention was diverted from what she was doing. She looked up to see Justine standing next to their table, her eyes nodding to Erica's nearly empty water glass.

"I think I've got everything I need right here," the older woman replied confidently as she brought the glass out from beneath the table. She saw Josh's eyes open wide in surprise as she held the glass up for the young girl to see. Erica swirled the glass slowly, her son's thick milky cum sliding up and down the sides of the glass, the brilliant whiteness leaving a pearly residue behind as it continually pooled in the bottom.

"Ah...I...I," Justine gasped out and her jaw dropped, recognizing the viscous fluid for what it was. The young girl's face turned bright pink as she flushed instantly, but her eyes never left the glass as Erica continued to swirl it hypnotically.

"Yes, I think this is just what I need," Erica said in a soft lulling voice as she brought the glass up towards her face. She could see the excitement in the girl's eyes, and she knew this sweet young thing would have quite a tale to tell, and something to think about when she plunged her fingers into that juicy pussy of hers when she got home tonight, if she could last that long before she needed to come. She wanted to see the girl get even more excited. She paused for a second and hovered over the glass, the masculine scent of her son's warm semen wafting sensually into her nostrils.

"Mmmm, it smells so warm...and manly," Erica said with a dreamy look in her eyes as she looked directly at the waitress. With the girl's eyes locked on her, Erica brought the glass to her lips and slowly tipped it up. She could see the girl watching, totally enthralled, as her son's warm thick goo slid forward, the milky fluid slithering snakelike onto her tongue. She could feel the nasty sliminess of it on her tongue, and she loved it. She tipped the glass downwards slightly as her mouth filled, and then she swallowed, a soft purr emanating from her throat as her eyes closed in bliss, luxuriating in the wicked sensation of her son's silky cream sliding deep into her stomach. After gulping noticeably, she looked up, seeing the young girl looking down at her from the side of the table, her plump breasts heaving beneath her straining t-shirt as she breathed rapidly, her pink face now glowing with a fine sheen of perspiration. Erica raised the glass to her lips and tipped it up once more. Her eyes were locked on Justine's face as she felt the warm fluid slip between her lips and onto her tongue as she hungrily went for a second mouthful. She eagerly let the warm pearly fluid slide into her mouth, happy to see that there was still a sizable amount left in the glass.

Justine's eyes were glued to the wickedly lewd scene of the older woman slurping down a huge load of cum that she'd obviously jerked out of her young lover. The plump waitress could feel her pussy dripping, a nagging itch starting deep in her drooling snatch. She'd never seen anything so erotic in her young life, and this sexy mature woman had no qualms whatsoever about what she was doing. Justine felt the wetness between her legs as her leaking vagina all but gushed into her pants.

"Would you like to try it?" Erica asked, holding the glass forward. Justine's eyes flicked to Josh, who was also watching her, a calm smile on his face. They could see the dizzying torment the girl was going through, suddenly hit with an erotic dilemma she had never dreamed of when coming in to work today. With a quick nod, she reached forward and took the glass, her eyes flicking about the room to make sure no one was watching. Satisfied, she brought the glass to her lips, her nostrils flaring slightly as she inhaled the scintillating masculine fragrance of the young man's semen. Her eyes half-closed as the heady aroma wafted into her senses. A soft moan vibrated deep in her throat as she tipped the glass up, letting the thick white fluid slip into her mouth. The rest of the massive load slithered forth, pooling on her broad flat tongue. When she had it all, she closed her mouth, savoring the intense masculine flavor. Erica and Josh both watched as she slowly moved the slimy clump from one side of her mouth to the other, seeming reluctant to lose the treasured prize she was savoring. But finally, overcome by the rising sensations of arousal within her, she swallowed.

"Ngghghhh," Justine groaned as she leaned against the side of the table, the illicitly wicked sensation of the young man's silky cum sliding down her throat triggering an orgasm deep inside her. She felt her pussy twitch as the nerve-shattering tremors shot out from her core, blossoming in a hot flash throughout her body. She was quivering as her climax rapidly tore through her, her big soft breasts rising and falling as she gasped. When the tingling sensations finally subsided, she looked up, a shocked look on her face, overcome with guilt at what she'd just done.

"It tastes wonderful, doesn't it, sweetheart?" Erica said softly, her words calming the girl. "I'm going to be drinking plenty of that straight from the source for the next two weeks. By the way, you missed a little bit." All three looked down at the glass in the waitress' hand. A pearly clump still clung to the inside of the glass near the rim. With another quick look around the room, Justine lifted the glass once more to her face, her tongue slipping over the rim as she lapped up the last tasty morsel.

"There, that's better. Now you've got it all," Erica said as she reached for her purse. "I think we're ready for the bill now."

Justine put the glass down and with her face flushing red, she reached into the front of her apron and pulled out their bill.

"Here you go, dear." Erica handed over a number of bills, even before the bill had even hit the table. She'd known after what she'd done that she was going to pay in cash—there was no way she wanted anyone looking them up on Facebook or something after seeing their

name on a credit card. "There should be enough there for a nice tip for you too, besides the one that's warming your belly right now. Come now, Josh, time to go."

Josh quickly stuffed his deflated prick into his shorts and did them up before sliding out of the booth, his mother right behind him. Erica purposely slipped her hand through Josh's arm and walked out without once looking back. Josh couldn't resist—as they approached the door, he quickly looked back to see Justine staring after them, her plump young body trembling. As he'd turned, he noticed her slip the glass into a front pocket of her apron, and he wondered if she was taking it home as a souvenir of her erotic experience. When they got to the car and Erica took her turn at the wheel, he told his mother what he'd seen, and asked about the glass.

"Oh yes, definitely. That glass is going home with her. I'm sure her tongue will be wearing out the inside of that rim before she's done with it. I think between that glass and her fingers, she's going to have a busy night."

\*

They were soon back on the freeway, Josh still recovering from his mother's audacious behavior in the restaurant. But he loved it, loved the freedom she seemed to be feeling, loved the fact that she was enjoying so much showing him off, her inhibitions seeming to fly out the window with each passing mile. He turned and looked at the scenery, the hilly landscape they were entering momentarily capturing his attention. But he knew that wouldn't last long—not

with his mother sitting beside him. They'd been on the road for less than two hours before he found himself staring surreptitiously at her spectacular form, her magnificent breasts looking absolutely exquisite as he looked at them in profile, the big warm mounds visible from beneath her bare arms as she reached forward to hold the steering wheel. Just looking at her, he felt his prick start to stiffen once more. He remembered what she'd said the night before, and how she was willing to take care of his "needs", as many times a day as he wanted.

"Uh...mom," he said quietly, not sure if he should be so bold.

"Yes, sweetie, what is it?"

"I...uh...I need to come again."

"Already?" she asked, her eyes dropping down to his groin. A smile came to her face as he reached down and slid his fingers along the substantial cylinder of flesh running down his pant leg. Erica felt that itchy twinge in her pussy as she looked at the stiffening member, knowing her son had gotten off in the restaurant, but it had only made her more aroused than she had been. She knew she needed some satisfaction too. She looked around at the road signs, seeing a turnoff for another small town approaching. "Well, at this rate, I wonder if we'll even get there in two weeks. I know it's early, but what do you think about stopping for the night?" Josh looked at her, his eyes growing big at the thought of having some extra hours in a motel room with his mother. Erica looked over at her handsome son, a wickedly teasing glint in her eye. "I think we should find a decent

but sleazy motel. That way, it'll feel even nastier when you can keep me full of that big thick cock of yours all night long. Would you like that?"

Josh was too dumbfounded to even speak. He could only nod, his eyes feasting on her sumptuous tits as his head bobbed up and down in agreement.

"That's my good boy. We should be able to find something down this road," Erica said as she took the next turnoff. Just a short distance down the road they found a two-storey motel, part of a nationwide chain. It was nothing fancy and was going to be clean enough with no extras, but that was just fine with Erica — she wanted to be fucked within an inch of her life, ridden hard and fast all night long like a cheap whore. She wanted her son to absolutely douse her with cum, putting out the intense fire she felt burning between her legs. She got Josh to come into the hotel office with her, and filled out the papers as the woman manning the desk looked them over. The woman was on duty by herself, and she kept looking from Erica over to Josh, and then back again, seemingly trying to figure out what their story was.

Yvonne Shaughnessy was a couple of years older than Erica, and in relatively decent shape. She was proud of the body she'd managed to maintain over the years, considering she'd given birth to three boys. She was relatively plain, and she could never get over the fact that she rarely measured up to other woman when it came to natural beauty. She lived a commonplace existence, settled into the day-to-day drudgery of working at this motel while her sad-sack husband toiled away as a low-level office clerk. Her only sense of pride came

from watching her three strapping boys grow up, happy that they were turning into handsome young men.

Yvonne was on the late afternoon through evening shift at the motel, and she was surprised by the couple who had just come in. The woman was an absolute knockout, with a body to die for. Yvonne had a nice set of 34C breasts, but looking at the impressive chest on this beautiful woman, she couldn't help but be jealous by the spectacular set of knockers this woman had. From the corner of her eye, she noticed the eyes of the young man she was with surreptitiously lingering on those round full breasts too. He was a well-built young man—tall and broad-shouldered, like her oldest son. As she looked him up and down, she wondered if these two were lovers. If they were, she definitely envied the woman—this young man looked like he could really be something in the sack. Her husband had been having erection difficulties for years now, and Yvonne craved a good hard fucking. She'd noticed herself eyeing up her own son recently, seeing the same powerful masculine physique on her son that this young man standing before her right now had. She wanted to see if she could figure out what these two had between them. She took the woman's credit card information and paperwork and turned to her computer.

"So, uh...two beds, Mrs. Gibson?" Yvonne asked, giving Erica a questioning look as she read her name from the check-in sheet. She put a firm tone in her voice, as if she assumed two beds, and any other answer would come as a surprise.

"Nope. One bed," Erica replied purposely as she gave the woman a cold determined look. "And make sure it's one with a new strong bed. My young friend here and I plan on giving it a good workout tonight."

Yvonne's presumptuous attitude that she'd been giving them withered away like the Wicked Witch of the West right before their eyes. Beneath the stern front she had put up, she was thrilled by their answer. She felt a little twitch deep in her pussy as she thought about these two together, and how hot the sex between them must be. With that in mind, she knew exactly where she wanted to put these two. She coughed to compose herself and then reached for her old-fashioned pigeonhole board full of keys. "Room 201 right above the office has a bed that was just replaced recently." She turned and handed Erica the key, her face flushed with excitement now. But to Erica and Josh, it seemed as if she was turning red from embarrassment.

"I hope you won't mind a little noise," Erica said coyly as she turned and strode towards the door. "I want to get started on testing that bed out right away." With the woman standing there open-mouthed, they left the office, Josh carrying their overnight bags up to the room.

"Mom, I can't believe what you said to that woman?"

"Relax, Josh. Like that waitress in the restaurant, it'll give that woman a story to tell. Believe me, she's down there right now with her ear turned to the ceiling." Erica entered the room, and they both looked at the bed. It had a big wooden headboard and footboard, and looked

far from new. As Josh set down their bags, she purposely bounced on the mattress, smiling at her son as the bed squeaked noticeably.

"That bed's really noisy," Josh said with a look of surprise on his face. "It doesn't seem new to me."

"Oh, sweetie, you've got a lot to learn about women. That woman gave us this room on purpose. She knew the bed in here was old and noisy. She wants to be able to hear us." Erica reached into her purse and pulled out her lipstick, her eyes locked on her son's as he watched her apply a thick shiny layer of red hotness to her lips. As Josh watched her turn her mouth into a sexy red gash, he felt his prick strain even more against the front of his shorts. Erica got off the bed and sidled over to her son with a provocative sashay of her wide matronly hips, a smoldering look of sensuality in her eyes. "What do you say we put on a real show for her?"

"That waitress, and now this woman downstairs—you're really enjoying this, aren't you, Mom?"

"I am, baby, and you know why?" Erica asked as she closed in on her son, her arms slipping around his neck. "It's because of you. I'm so happy that we've found each other in this way. I am so in love with you, it's leaving me breathless every time I look at you. While we're on the road like this, I don't care how much people see. I want to take advantage of every minute we have together. Right now I feel like I can never get enough of you." She leaned in and kissed her son feverishly, her tongue sliding deep into his mouth, a warm catlike sound purring from her throat. As she continued to kiss him, her

hand slid down the front of his body, her fingers eagerly seeking out his rising member.

His mother's loving words had only served to fan the flames of Josh's already burning libido. He kissed his mother back with a deep yearning, his tongue entwined with hers as he wrapped his arms around her, pulling her close, feeling her ample breasts warmly crushed against his chest. "I love you, Mom, more than anything," he said when they finally pulled back from their searing kiss.

"I love you too, baby. And I want to feel you deep inside me." Her slender hand closed around his engorged prick, feeling the pulsations of his powerful erection beneath her fingers. "I want you to drive every hard inch of this beautiful cock of yours all the way into me, and I want you to keep fucking me until I can't take it anymore."

"Oh God, Mom, you are so beautiful," Josh said as he picked his mother up and carried her to the bed, dropping her down onto the mattress, the bed loudly squeaking in protest. He stood over her and peeled off his shirt, her admiring gaze taking in the powerful plates of his sculpted chest as she looked up, his full crotch mere inches from her face. She loved his swimmer's torso, the V-shape of his upper body drawing your eyes downwards from his muscular arms and broad shoulders to his trim waist and pronounced abs. Erica licked her lips in anticipation as she viewed his defined six-pack, knowing it was leading to that magnificent cock her son had lying in wait, just for her.

Josh looked at the hunger burning in his mother's eyes as she watched him undress. He flipped open the button on his shorts and slowly drew down his zipper, his mother's gaze never leaving the teasing show he was giving her. With his zipper all the way down, he reached inside and pulled out his turgid member, pointing the massive lance right at his mother's face as he gave it a slow teasing stroke from the base to the head, precum oozing from the drooling tip and dangling down enticingly. "You're ready for this, aren't you, Mom?"

"Oh God, am I ever," Erica replied in a husky voice as she leaned forwards and slid her tongue below the shimmering gob of precum, letting the silky fluid gather on her tongue. Josh slowly milked his hand forward, causing more of the slimy discharge to flow onto her tongue.

"That's the way, Mom, every drop is for you." Josh pumped a couple more times, the pool of discharge on his mother's tongue growing in size. Finally, he flicked his beefy cock, causing the shimmering web to snap, some of the precum leaving a glistening trail across her cheek. Erica eagerly swallowed, taking her son's warm slimy discharge deep into her stomach.

"Get on your back and get your legs up," Josh said confidently as he pushed his mother towards the center of the bed. Erica eagerly complied, scrambling into the middle of the bed and drawing her legs up. Josh kneeled on the mattress and crawled forward, the springs creaking loudly beneath him. As his mother's legs came up, her little skirt slid higher, revealing her full creamy thighs. As he

looked up, he could see his mother's tremendous breasts rising and falling beneath her tight sweater as she breathed raggedly, her stiff nipples protruding boldly against the tight fabric. The look of pure lust on her face caused him to lose control—he had never wanted anything so badly in his life as he wanted to fuck his mother right now.

"Spread 'em," Josh commanded. His mother's legs rolled open to each side, her soft inner thighs coming into view. As her legs spread further apart, Josh could see a damp stain running up the front of her panties, evidence of her arousal. He could smell her now, her sensual womanly essence filtering seductively into his brain. Overwhelmed with his need to fuck her, he reached forward between her spread thighs and tugged at her panties. They were sticking to her as she lay on them. He didn't even give her time to lift her full round behind off the bed to help him. In a primal rage of intense passion, he reached in with both hands and gripped her panties firmly. RIPPPP!!

"Aaahhh," Erica gasped with a sharp intake of breath as her panties were torn away. Josh sat back, his two hands holding sections of the shredded garment. He tossed them aside and leaned over his mother, his massive erection finding her hot juicy cunt like a heat-seeking missile. The engorged head slipped between the dripping gates of her labia, her slippery lips forming around the broad flared crown in a gripping circle. He flexed his hips and drove forward, slamming his mother deep into the mattress as he fed every rock-hard inch deep inside her. SQUEAK!!

The bed seemed to shriek as he pounded her deep into the mattress, not stopping until his balls slammed up against her turned-up rear end, the tip of his lemon-sized cockhead bumping against the door of her womb.

"OH FUCKKKKKKK!" Erica shrieked loudly as an intense climax shot through her. She had been so turned on by everything they'd done today, that it only took one hard vicious stroke of her son's gorgeous cock to set her off. Her arms slipped around to his back and she clawed at him lustily, her hips twitching and grinding up against him as he remained buried balls-deep inside her. She could hear the bed creaking and groaning in protest as she came, and it made her smile inside to know that the desk clerk beneath them could hear the results of their lovemaking already. They'd only gotten started, and already she knew the floorboards were shaking and groaning nastily.

Josh kept still as his mother came, letting her enjoy the tremendous release flowing through her body. She was trembling and shaking, her fingernails digging into his back erotically as she gasped, her whole body quivering as the intense sensations flowed through every tingling nerve ending. When she finally started to recover, he rolled his hips, stirring her incendiary depths like a batch of hot wet cement.

"Oh fuck...it's so hard," Erica moaned softly, her eyes rolling back in her head as she surrendered herself to the exquisite feeling of being absolutely stretched and filled by her teenage son. She had never experienced anyone who was such a good lover, whose body was capable of bringing her such blissful pleasure. Her son was so caring,

and yet so wickedly savage at the same time. She flexed her talented pussy, letting him know she loved exactly what he was doing.

"Oh Mom, it feel so good to be inside you like this. I wish I could stay here forever." Josh seductively rolled his hips, letting her feel every hard throbbing inch.

"Mmmmm, that's the way I feel too, baby. I wish we'd started this years ago," Erica purred, feeling her oily juices flow out of her dripping snatch as they bathed his buried prick. She rolled her hips back at him, gripping down with the muscles inside her at the same time. "Give it to me, sweetie — let's make up for lost time."

With his mother's words inspiring him even more, Josh drew back, his rigid erection glistening with her warm cunt-juice. When only the tip of the broad flared knob was left captured between her clutching labia, he slammed forward, driving the full length all the way inside his hot sexy mother, absolutely pounding her into the bed.

"YESSSS!!" Erica gasped with a loud hiss as her body tensed under the illicitly delicious pain her son's enormous cock was forcing upon her. She reached up and pulled him close, willing him to fuck her even harder. Josh responded, drawing back and then pistoning his hips forward, a wet nasty squelch emanating from her leaking pussy as he impaled himself once more.

SQUEAK...SQUEAK...SQUEAK...

The bed was screeching in protest as Josh fucked his mother vigorously, her legs now pulled way up as she locked her heels over his muscular flexing buttocks, their two bodies working together in a frenzy of lust. They were rocking back and forth as their mutual pleasure escalated, and Josh altered the angle of his thrusts, forcing his rock-hard prick to rub salaciously over the roof of her mother's vagina.

"OH FUCKKKKKKKK..." Erica groaned loudly as she started to climax again. Her body was convulsing spastically as wave upon wave of orgasmic pleasure tore through her. She was covered in a fine sheen of perspiration as her young son kept pounding her hungry cunt, stretching and filling her with every powerful thrust. She thought she would never stop coming, and when the delicious waves started to subside, Josh slowed for a second, stopping with his cock buried balls-deep inside her. She looked up at him through half-closed eyes, revelling in the exquisite sensations flowing through her.

"Did you like that?" he asked, leaning forward and kissing her. She eagerly welcomed his tongue, drawing it deep into her hot wet mouth, her tongue rolling wantonly around his.

"Mmmm, that was amazing," she cooed, squeezing down on the monstrous cock still inside her. "But what about you, baby?"

"I want a look at these first," Josh responded, reaching between the two of them and gripping the front of her cardigan. Like he'd done with her panties, he vigorously pulled each side of the tight-fitting

garment apart, buttons flying everywhere. Her gorgeous breasts came into view, looking so fucking amazing in her lacy bra, the enormous mounds of tit-flesh absolutely filling the heavily-structured lace cups.

Erica gasped when he tore her sweater open, but his blatant desire for her sent a jolt of excitement right through her. He reached for her breasts and, as his hands closed on them and squeezed, it triggered another climax deep inside her.

"AAAAHHH YESSSS...", she gasped out as Josh resumed his robust fucking. He was wild with desire now, and she loved it. He was fucking her like there was no tomorrow, and she held on tightly, loving the ride he was giving her. He was mauling her breasts as he fucked, filling his hands with the amply-filled cups, the structured lacy garment squeezed and stroked by his big masculine hands. The bed continued to complain as Josh fucked her deeply, almost tearing her in two with every cunt-splitting stroke. Erica wouldn't have been surprised if the bed collapsed beneath them, the sound of the squeaking springs and banging headboard reverberating throughout the room, and she knew it must be resonating to the office below as well.

"I'm getting close, Mom, where do you want this one?" Josh asked as he continued to pound away, his broad hips slamming into her splayed loins.

"I want to swallow it, baby. When you're ready, I want you to kneel over me and just milk it right into my mouth. I want every thick creamy drop."

Josh was already on the brink, and his mother's words took him right over the edge. He drove it all the way into her once more, feeling the tip of his knob bump up against the hot oily tissues at the gates of her womb. As the tingling contractions started in his midsection, he quickly withdrew, his turgid cock making a wet sucking sound as it came free of her hot oily cunt. He scrambled up towards her face as he reached for his throbbing prick, wrapping his hand around it in a warm loving corridor. Erica eagerly opened her mouth, her painted lips ovalled wantonly as she waited for the creamy deposit he was going to give her.

"Oh Mom, you are so beautiful," Josh said with a groan as he started to come, his hand pumping firmly along the prodigious length of his cock. He pointed the brilliant crimson crown right between her lips and slowly milked forward. A glistening pearly drop pulsed to the surface, filling the wet red eye, and then, as the contractions within him took over, the drop turned into a steady flow of shimmering whiteness that poured right into her open mouth.

"Mmmm," Erica purred deep in her throat as she watched the steady stream of goo drizzle down between her pouty red lips. Josh milked slowly along the full length of his surging dick again, controlling his ejaculation more than he thought possible. Rather than spraying all over his mother's face, he ran his stroking hand slowly back and forth along his twitching erection, his eyes glazed over with lust as he

slowly, methodically, filled his mother's mouth with his thick teenage cum. Erica reached forward and gingerly cupped his huge balls, gently squeezing them to coax out every last drop of creamy goodness that she'd already become addicted to.

"Oh fuck, Mom, get it all," Josh moaned as his climax continued, his thick white seed flowing from the drooling end of his turgid cock down into his mother's open mouth. He could see it filling, the hot oral cavity on the verge of overflowing with his sperm-laden semen. He could feel the delicious sensations within him waning, so he stroked more vigorously now, wanting to give her every drop. A spiralling rope shot forward, streaking up along her cheek, and then he leaned forward, shoving the head of his spewing cock right into the pool of cum within her mouth. The broad flared cock-head filling her mouth displaced some of the massive load he'd just fed her, shiny white rivulets of teenage semen overflowing her red lips and slithering erotically over her cheeks and chin.

"Mmmm," Erica cooed again as her lips closed down, locking the spewing knob within her mouth, her lipstick-coated lips pursed forward. She swallowed, loving the feel of the warm silky semen sliding down her throat. She sucked, her cheeks hollowed in to encompass the sensitive membranes of his glans, her tongue searching out the seeping opening at the tip. She could feel his diminishing trickle continue to ooze forth, the salty-sweet goodness oozing onto her tongue. She drew on it like a thick milkshake, drawing out every last drop. When the final shivers of orgasm rained down her son's spine, she kept sucking, never wanting to let his beautiful cock out of her mouth.

With his broad muscular chest heaving as he fought to regain his breath, Josh watched his mother nurse at his prick for a couple of minutes, her sexy mouth working its magic on him. Her eyes were half-closed in lustful bliss, her lips smooching back and forth as she sucked lasciviously on his still turgid cock. She looked wickedly sexy as she enthusiastically devoured him, her tongue rolling teasingly over the pebbly tissues of his sensitive glans. He looked down at her tremendous tits, the massive orbs beautifully on display in her jam-packed white lace bra. He felt a surge go through his cock, and even he was surprised when it started to stiffen once more. "Mom, you look so sexy with my cock in your mouth like that. I'm...I'm getting hard again."

Erica smiled inwardly as she felt her son's thick member twitch and throb in her mouth, loving the stamina and recuperative powers of her young teenage son. She knew the woman downstairs was listening closely, and she wanted to give her something more to listen to. She reluctantly pulled her lips off Josh's stiffening dick and scrambled backwards, pushing some pillows beneath her as she sat back against the headboard. "Come up here and fuck Mommy's face, baby. I want to feel the power of that beautiful cock of yours."

A shiver of lust ran down Josh's spine again as he listened to his mother's erotic words. He quickly crawled forwards and threw his leg over her, straddling her lush mature body, his engorged lance leaving a slimy snail trail on her soft skin as he reached forward and rubbed the dripping knob all around her pretty face. "Is this what you want, Mom?" he asked teasingly, slowly drawing the oozing tip around the oval of her brilliant red lips.

"Oh God, yes," Erica hissed, trying to catch the enormous knob between her lips as Josh teasingly pulled it just out her reach. Josh was really getting into it now, knowing his mother was loving what they were doing just as much as he was.

"If I give it to you, will you be a good mommy and do whatever I want?"

"Yes," she hissed without a plaintiff whine, her open lips turning as she reached for his rigid prick.

"Well, that's good. I think you've been a good mommy, so I guess you deserve this." He pushed his cock right between her red lips, and then flexed forward, feeding it deep into her hungry mouth. His mother immediately closed her mouth on the huge mushroom head, locking the massive knob lovingly within her mouth. With his cock firmly in place, Josh let go of it and leaned forward on his knees, taking a firm grip of the headboard in each of his large hands. He adjusted his stance slightly as he stood on his knees, wanting to give his mother the mouth-fucking she had asked for. He flexed back, the broad shaft of his cock glistening with her saliva. With just the tip of his fully-engorged dong trapped between her sucking lips, he levered himself forwards, driving over half of his cock-length into her welcoming mouth.

"Mmmm," Erica purred wantonly as her son's massive prick slid deep, absolutely filling her mouth before he bumped up against the soft tissues at the back of her throat. In this position, she knew she couldn't take him much deeper than this, but there would be plenty

of opportunities for that later—right now, she wanted her face fucked...just like this. She brought her hands up and rested them on the powerful sinews of his flexing buttocks, giving him a firm squeeze to let him know this was exactly what she wanted.

When Josh got that unspoken signal from his mother, he drew back once more, and then fed it to her more vigorously. BUMP...BUMP...BUMP... The headboard beat a loud steady tattoo on the wall behind them and the bed was squeaking like crazy as Josh fucked his mother's mouth. His hips were flying now and he flexed back and forth, the incendiary heat from her hot wet mouth cooling down the intense friction on her lips. He looked down at the sexy streaks of red lipstick on his cockshaft, the brilliant redness shining in the sordid light of the sleazy motel. Josh loved the nastiness of the whole situation: he and his insanely sexy mother going at it like crazed animals in a sleazy motel in the middle of nowhere. He could hear her moaning and he looked down to see her hand busy between her legs, rubbing wantonly at her throbbing clit.

"EEEEHHNNN," she keened against his throbbing cock as she came, her mouth still sucking ravenously as the bed creaked loudly in protest. Josh watched her legs scissor back and forth across the sheets as she came, both of them revelling in the illicitness of their incestuous encounter. She was twitching and shaking, but she never missed a beat as she continued to suck. Josh smiled to himself as the headboard continued to bump repeatedly against the wall, with one noisy THUMP after another. He fucked his mother's mouth for about ten minutes straight, the old bed protesting continuously as he fed it between her avidly-sucking lips. But Josh wanted more—he wanted to be back inside that hot wet cunt of hers.

"That's enough of that," Josh said firmly as he pulled his cock out of his mother's vacuuming mouth with a loud 'POP!' Erica's mouth gaped open, her red lips looking puffy and swollen from the mouth-fucking he'd just given her. "Turn over." Josh moved back, reaching forward and turning his mother over, and then pulling her onto her hands and knees. He reached forward and pushed down slightly on the small of her back, causing her to arch her back, bringing her full round backside facing up towards him. "That's it, perfect."

He tapped the inside of her thighs as he moved between them. Erica immediately responded, shifting her knees slightly out to each side to allow him easier access to her steaming cunt. Josh looked down between her legs, loving the sight of her slippery juices coating her brilliant pink pussy, a smile crossing his face as he watched a couple of drops of her slick nectar drop from her pouting labia onto the sheets. He was burning with arousal as he moved forward, positioning his rampant erection between her gooey labial curtains and sliding it all the way inside her.

"OH FUCKKKKKK," Erica moaned as her son's massive cock stretched and filled her. Her head dropped onto a pillow as he went balls-deep on his first stroke, the hot oily tissues inside her paving the way deep inside her. When the broad head bumped up against her cervix and the smooth flesh of his shaven groin pressed lasciviously against her vivid red pussy-lips, she came again. "FUCCCCCKKKKK..."

Josh held on as his mother twitched and convulsed beneath him, loving that he could give her an orgasm so easily. With the few girls he had tried to have sex with, his huge cock had always been a problem—but now with his mother, he realized what a Godsend it was. With his mother moaning and shaking beneath him, he drew back, and then flexed forward, knowing he was good to go for quite some time before he was going to come again.

\*

Over half an hour later, Josh was still fucking his mother vigorously. Their bodies were covered in sweat and the sheets were a mess, pulled this way and that. The bed was creaking and screeching in protest, the wooden headboard beating relentlessly against the wall as they kept on fucking. He'd turned his mother every which way. He'd spent a good ten minutes directly behind her, shuttling his rigid pole in and out of her clutching cunt, his hands on her broad matronly hips, his massive prick stirring her insides nastily. She'd climaxed a second time, and then a couple more orgasms followed. He'd reached forward and finally undone her bra, freeing those massive orbs. They'd hung down beneath her and swayed erotically as he'd fucked her, her stiff nipples rubbing hotly across the sheets as she rocked back and forth.

"I want to feel you like this now," Josh said, taking her leg and flipping her over onto her back, making sure the whole time he kept his turgid member buried deep inside her. Erica's makeup was a mess, her lipstick smeared all around her mouth from where her face had been buried into the pillow as she'd screamed in ecstasy. Her

hair was tousled wildly, evidence of their savage encounter. Josh looked down at his mother's huge tits, and then grabbed her slender ankles, pulling her legs well up and spreading them out to each side. With her body splayed open like a wishbone, he started to rock back and forth, rubbing his rampant prick obscenely against the roof of her vagina.

"Oh no...not again," Erica moaned as she started to climax once more, her eyes rolling back in her head. She grabbed the sheets and pulled at them in a death-grip as she came, her body bucking and twitching as her hung teenage son pounded her into the mattress. Josh leaned forward, taking her legs with him as he all but folded her in two, loving this position as he virtually crucified her by driving her into the bed with the thick hard stake between his legs.

"OH MY GOD," Erica wailed as she came again, her arms clutching at her son's back as he leaned over her, her fingernails leaving raw red trails as she scratched at his shoulders.

"HERE IT COMES," Josh warned, slamming himself a few more times into his mother's gripping cunt as he felt the scintillating feeling of his oncoming orgasm. As the tingling sensation of the semen speeding up the shaft of his cock overwhelmed him, he buried himself to the hilt inside her, feeling the heat from her incendiary depths enveloping and pulling at him.

"YESSSS..." Erica hissed as she felt the first blast of Josh's ejaculation erupt inside her, the powerful stream of cum shooting into her like a

fireball. She flexed the muscles inside her mature pussy, her talented cunt pulling at her son's spewing cock like a gripping fist.

"Oh fuck, Mom, that is so goooooood," Josh moaned as he continued to come, flooding his mother's insides with a massive load of thick teenage cum. They came at the same time, both of their bodies shaking and twitching as mother and son relished in the ultimate bliss that only they can share together. The pleasure was so intense, Josh felt like he was never going to stop coming. Rope after rope of hot thick cum poured forth into his mother's welcoming cunt, the overflow leaking out from the connection of their two joined bodies and sliding onto the sheets beneath them. Josh pulled back slightly and thrust once more, pouring a few more jets of semen into his mother's hot oily depths. Finally, a quivering shudder ran down his spine and he collapsed on top of her, releasing her legs as they fell back onto the bed on either side of him. They both lay there gasping, totally spent, but blissfully happy.

"Do you hear how quiet it is?" Erica whispered with a smile as she tenderly kissed her son's ear.

"I'm surprised this bed didn't break," Josh replied, dropping his mouth to suck softly at his mother's swollen nipple.

"Me too. The way you were pounding it into me like that, I thought for sure we were going to go right through the floor." She paused and slowly rolled her hips, letting him know how much she loved what had just happened. "Not that I'm complaining or anything, but you nearly wore me out, baby."

"You don't mean you're done for the night, do you?" Josh lightly nipped at the stiff bud of her nipple, letting her know he wasn't done by any means.

"Mmmm, that feels so good," Erica moaned, pulling Josh against her so he could nurse at her breast. "There's no way I'm done for the night, but I think I deserve to be taken out for a nice dinner first, don't you?"

"Whatever the lady wants, the lady gets," Josh replied, his eyes smiling at his mother as he latched onto her other large breast and sucked wantonly.

"Oh God, I could lay here and let you do that all day," Erica purred, her eyes closing softly for a few seconds. "But let's take a shower first. We need to get cleaned up and then I'm going to wear one of my new outfits for you when we go out."

"Which one?" Josh's curiosity was piqued now. He loved to see his mother in sexy clothes.

"You'll see, sweetie," Erica said. "Just be patient. Why don't you get the shower going and I'll come in and join you in a minute." She looked at him with a mischievous glint in her eye. "I want to take my time washing that beautiful cock of yours."

Josh shivered as she looked at him teasingly. "Okay," he said, withdrawing his spent dick from inside her in a wet slippery rush. Hurrying into the bathroom, he got the shower going and pulled down two big fluffy towels from the rack nearby. He was surprised to see that the towels were a deep chocolate brown, but he smiled to himself when he figured that in a cheap motel like this, it was less likely to show blood stains. The shower was a decent size, with floor to ceiling glass doors. When the water was hot enough, Josh stepped into the shower, taking the wrapper off the soap and grabbing his shampoo out of his toiletry bag.

Erica laid on the bed for a couple of minutes, recovering from the intense fucking her son had just given her. When he pulled his massive cock out of her, she could feel the load he'd dumped inside her sliding forth, oozing from between her spread legs. She left her legs splayed wide open, letting her puffy and abused cunt recover from her son's blissfully vigorous fucking. As the slithering wads of semen trickled from between her vivid pink labia, a nasty idea came to mind. She sat up slightly, supporting herself on her elbows as she pushed down with the muscles inside her. She watched as more the viscous teenage baby batter oozed forth, slithering from within her body to make a sizeable pool on the sheets. She pushed again, getting as much out of her as possible. When no more would come, she smiled to herself and got up, stepping over to her suitcase and rummaging around inside. "Ah, there it is," she said to herself, pulling out the object she'd been searching for.

Josh had just finished washing the shampoo out of his hair when he heard the shower door open. He turned as his mother stepped in, closing the door behind her. "Mom, wha...what are you wearing?" he

asked, his eyes looking at the tightly-stretched sleeveless t-shirt his mother was wearing.

"It's one of the things I bought for you. What is it everybody calls them nowadays: 'wife-beaters'?"

Josh stared at his mother as she stepped into the pelting spray, the front of the singlet quickly becoming wet, her big nipples already showing through the sodden fabric. "Mom, that looks so hot on you. If I had a wife that wore one of those, this is the only thing that would get beaten," he replied, taking his limber prick in his hand and giving it a stroke.

"Oh baby, you're insatiable." Erica stepped close to her son, slipping her arms around his neck and giving him a peck on the lips, mashing her tits against his broad muscular chest. She leaned closer and nipped at his ear before whispering, "That's what I love about you; you never seem to get enough." Her hand slid down between them, her fingers quickly finding the heavy log of his prick. "And I can never get enough of this either."

"I thought you wanted to get cleaned up and go eat before we fooled around again," Josh said, nuzzling his lips against her long neck as his hands groped her singlet-clad tits, his thumbs rolling over the stiff nipples beneath.

"Mmmm, that feels good. By the feel of this thing growing in my hand, it seems that you're ready to go again right now."

"Mom, when it comes to you, I think I'm always going to be ready." His stiffening prick let her know that what he was saying was true. As her fingers traced lovingly along the growing length, she smiled to herself once more, delighted at her son's seemingly endless sexual appetite for her. "I thought you might like this little t-shirt, but I didn't think I'd get this quick a response out of you." She gave his swelling dick one more firm squeeze before letting go and turning her face up to the shower head. "Help me get washed up first, and then I'll take of that little problem for you." She glanced down at his lifting prick, the mushroom-shaped head already darkening as blood flowed into it. She smiled. "I guess it's not such a 'little' problem, is it?"

"No, I guess not, but I think you like it that way, don't you?" Josh lathered up his hands with soap and started to rub them all over the front of his mother's see-through singlet, the soap foaming up and making her huge tits look even more erotic.

"I love it that way." Erica soaped her own hands and ran them over her son's body, loving the feel of his broad shoulders and powerful arms beneath her slender fingers. They kissed as they washed each other, Josh's huge prick constantly pressing against her lush mature body as he moved against her, his own soapy hands now sliding over the protruding round cheeks of her bum.

"I better take care of this thing so I can get on with my shower," Erica said teasingly as she re-lathered her hands, dropped to her knees, and wrapped both hands around her son's turgid pole. Josh moaned

as he leaned against the shower wall, surrendering himself to his mother's expert care. He was used to jacking off in the shower thinking about her. With her actually doing it for him, he couldn't believe it—it was another one of his dreams coming true.

Erica's slick hands worked his rigid dick perfectly, drawing soft groans from him continuously as she pumped back and forth. She varied her movements, one time using a teasing corkscrew motion, and then when she had him climbing the walls, she'd slow down and then switch, drawing one hand over the other from the base to the tip slowly, like she was pulling a boat into shore by a rope.

"Oh fuck, Mom, I'm almost there," Josh said as he felt his balls draw up close to his body as the tell-tale contractions started in his midsection.

Erica slowed for a second as she looked around, another nasty idea coming into her mind. She pushed the shower door open slightly and grabbed one of the small brown hand towels off the rack. She turned her body so it was blocking the spray from hitting Josh's surging erection. She held the towel in one hand and then really started to vigorously jerk on his pulsing dick with her other soapy hand. "C'mon, baby, give Mommy all that thick cum of yours."

Josh tensed up, the feel of his mother's experienced hand working his prick taking him right over the edge. "HERE IT COMES," he warned, leaning back against the shower wall as his cock started to buck in her hand.

As Erica saw the seeping eye turn cloudy, she pointed the engorged cockhead at the towel. She got it in place just in time as a huge white rope shot forth, pasting itself forcefully against the brown fabric. She pumped harder, pulling out a second and then a third thick milky strand.

"Fuck me..." Josh groaned as his midsection flexed uncontrollably under the orgasmic sensations, pearly ribbons spewing forth from the tip of his cock. Erica kept stroking as her son kept shooting, rope after rope gathering in a big milky wad on the face of the towel. He came for a long time, sperm-laden teenage semen coating the towel in an illicitly wicked gooey mess. Finally, his orgasm slowed, his mother's experienced hand coaxing out the last clumpy wads. She moved the towel closer, making sure she got every last drop.

"There," she said, squeezing out the last slimy pearl of discharge and wiping it on the soft terrycloth. She used her elbow to open the shower door and set the cum-coated towel on the toilet seat. She got to her feet and kissed her son as he leaned against the shower wall, blissfully recovering. "Now, let's get cleaned up and go out for dinner. I think I'm going to need some energy in order to keep up with you." She gave his slowly-deflating prick one more loving stroke before grabbing the shampoo and stepping beneath the shower, letting the steaming pellets of water run through her long blonde hair.

They took turns beneath the shower head as they cleaned up, Erica sensually stripping off her soaking-wet singlet so she could wash

properly. When he was done, Erica banished Josh from the shower so she could finish up in peace without his hands constantly seeking out her big tits. She playfully slapped them away for the last time before ushering him out, closing the door behind him and reminding him not to touch the small towel that she'd just used to soak up his cum.

"I'll be ready in a few minutes," Erica said as she came into the motel room a few minutes later, a towel wrapped around her curvy body. "I want to wear one of my new outfits for you, so I expect you to wear something nice."

"Will my navy suit be okay?"

"That'll be perfect, baby. You look so handsome in that suit."

When Erica went back into the bathroom and closed the door, Josh got himself ready. He wore an open-necked powder-blue shirt with the navy suit, the color of both making his blue eyes stand out handsomely. Putting on his dress shoes and watch, he checked his phone. There was a text from his dad, 'I hope you two are taking care of each other. Be nice to your mother, Josh, I'm sure she'll do whatever she can to make this a memorable trip for you.'

"Oh man, if only you knew, Dad, if only you knew," Josh thought to himself as he slipped his phone into his pocket. Feeling impatient, he decided to step outside for a few minutes.

"Mom," he called through the bathroom door, "I'm just gonna go outside and get some fresh air."

"Okay, baby. That's good. I'm almost finished with my makeup and then I'll come out and get dressed. You stay outside until I come get you, okay?"

"Okay, I can't wait," Josh replied, anxious to see what his mother was going to wear. He stepped outside, noticing that twilight was starting to settle in and the air was just a touch cooler than earlier in the day. There wasn't much to look at from the second floor of the place, just various chain restaurants and second-class stores littering the street each way he looked. He leaned against the railing, his eyes looking both ways along the exterior passageway of the motel, a stair leading down from each end. The streetlights were just coming on as the light was fading, the sun just about to disappear over the horizon.

"What do you think, sweetie?" His mother's voice broke Josh out of his reverie. He turned to see her leaning against the frame of the motel room door.

'Oh fuck!' he thought to himself as he gazed at his sexy mother, his jaw almost dropping open in awe. She looked abso-fucking-lutely amazing! Her lush mature body was wrapped tightly in soft pink bandage dress, the fabric of the dress drawing your attention to every flattering curve and delicious valley of her curvy hourglass figure. The dress was sleeveless with a deep scoop neck that drew your eyes to an enticingly deep dark line of cleavage that seemed to go on for miles. He could see the outline of her bra beneath the

alluring fabric, her mouth-watering tits amply filling the structured bra cups. The upper swells jiggled slightly as she moved from one side of the door frame to the other, the soft tit-flesh seeming to call out to Josh's itchy fingers. The soft pink fabric of the dress cupped her huge breasts invitingly, their tremendous size causing alluring shadows to fall on her midsection.

"You look incredible," Josh said as if hypnotized, his eyes following the provocative lines of the tight dress downwards. It tapered in seductively at his mother waspish waist, and then flowed out seductively over her wide motherly hips, the clingy fabric forming sensually to her upper thighs as he followed the tapered lines of the dress downwards. It ended high on her full thighs, her long tanned legs looking fantastic. They looked shiny, as if she had put some form of cream or oil on them. They looked wickedly sexy as they glistened all the way down past her dimpled knees, along her full calves and right down to her trim ankles. Her feet were clad in matching soft pink slingbacks, with a deadly pointed toes and slim 4" heels that were so sexy they made Josh take a deep breath to try and calm himself.

He looked back up to his mother's face to see her staring at him with that teasing smile on her face again — as if she knew exactly what he was thinking, which he was sure she did. Her face was made up beautifully, her makeup applied a little heavier to go out. Her eyes were smoky and erotic, her lashes looking sinfully long and inviting. She had a fresh coat of the brilliant red lipstick on, and he couldn't help but think of those beautiful red lips wrapped around his cock. Her hair was done a little wild and sexy, her lush blonde tresses flowing over her shoulders and framing her pretty face attractively.

"Do you like the outfit?" Erica asked, doing a pirouette so Josh could see her from all sides.

Josh gulped as she turned, loving the way her massive tits looked in profile, her 38Es looking spectacular as they pushed against the clinging pink fabric. His eyes immediately went to the sumptuous mounds of her curvy backside. The soft pink fabric clung to the two round cheeks sensually, without one panty-line visible. Her bum looked amazing, like something you wanted to take in your hands and bounce on all night long. Josh gulped as he looked, another surge going straight to his dormant cock as he watched her complete her turn.

"Oh Mom," Josh said as he simply stared, knocked into a stupor by his mother's incredible beauty and alluring sexiness. "You look...you look absolutely amazing. I love it." His eyes continued to blatantly roam up and down his mother's spectacular body.

"Thanks, sweetie. That look in your eyes tells me you're hungry for more than just dinner." Josh actually blushed, having been caught out staring. Erica smiled, letting him know she loved the attention. "C'mon, baby, let's go." With a matching pink clutch purse in one hand, she slipped her arm through his as they locked up and made their way to the car, Erica's sexy high-heels clicking provocatively on the pavement.

"Just a second, honey, I'm going to stop in the office for a minute," Erica said. "You get the car going and I'll be right there. And be ready to do what I tell you, okay?"

"Uh...sure," Josh replied, a confused look on his face.

"Just trust me, baby, this should be interesting." Erica gave him a little wink and then stepped into the office as Josh started the car.

\*

Yvonne looked at the name on the check-in paperwork in her hand and the credit card info: 'Erica Preston'. She looked outside at the licence plate on the vehicle the couple had come in: 'MASSACHUSETTS'. Intrigued by the woman's behavior, she sat down at her computer, pulled up FACEBOOK, and proceeded to type in the woman's name. Sure enough, amongst the various 'Erica Prestons' the site found, she was able to find one with a picture of the woman who had just registered. Calling up the woman's page, she found that it was mostly a business page—not a personal one, like the ones her sons seemed to spend all their time on. It showed the woman as a real estate agent in the Boston area, with some pictures on her page of mostly expensive-looking homes. The little bit of biographical information listed the woman as being married, with a husband, Hal, and son, Josh. There were a few pictures of her, dressed in business attire in most of them. But it was the one other different picture that Yvonne enlarged and looked at closely. Obviously trying to make herself look more approachable, Erica had included a family picture in a more casual setting, with the three

people in the photo all wearing jeans. There was the woman in the middle between two men, one older and one younger. It was obvious that it was her husband and their son. Yvonne smiled to herself as she looked at the young man in the picture—it was definitely the strapping youth who had been in her office just minutes before. It piqued her curiosity—was the woman just screwing with her...or was she actually screwing her son?

It wasn't long before Yvonne got her answer. Within just a few minutes of them checking in, the bed upstairs was squeaking and creaking like crazy. Yvonne could hear the repetitive rumble as the headboard bumped against the wall, the sound reverberating right down into the office below. They were really going at it, and rather than be appalled by the idea of the woman fucking her own son, Yvonne envied her. She found herself getting more and more aroused as she listened to the sounds coming from above. With her pussy juices seeping into her panties, she went into the little anteroom behind the main desk and closed the door, leaving it open just a crack in case somebody came in. As she listened to the sounds of the old bed shaking above her, she whipped off her panties, pushed her skirt up and slipped her fingers between her dripping pussy lips. She wished she could see the couple as well as hear them. She thought of the woman with her tall handsome son fucking her, the sounds of their intense mating vibrating right through the floor above and filtering into her senses, turning her on even more. She closed her eyes as she listened, thinking of her own 18-year old son, Chuck, and picturing what they could do together to make the sounds she was hearing from above. Within just a couple of minutes, she climaxed, her creamy nectar spraying all over her hand.

After her third orgasm, she called Clyde, the semi-drunk who pulled the overnight shift at the motel. Not wanting to miss a moment of the illicit incestuous affair going on above her, she told Clyde she would take his shift for him. Happy not to have to leave his half-finished bottle of Jack Daniels, Clyde was quick to agree. After her fourth climax, Yvonne called home, telling her husband that Clyde had called in sick and she was stuck pulling the all-nighter. The couple upstairs had been going at it relentlessly, and Yvonne's fingers were turning prune-like from being soaked in her pussy for the last couple of hours, but she loved what she was hearing, and what she was feeling. She vowed to come up with something to get her strapping young son alone with her. If this woman could do it, she could do it too.

Eventually, the creaking of the bed stopped, and then she heard the shower running. After bringing herself off one more time, she reluctantly withdrew her hand from her juicy cunt, licking her fingers clean. She'd never done that before, but thinking about what was happening upstairs, she felt compelled to do it. A short time later, she heard the door of their room close and the sound of walking on the passageway above. She saw the couple emerge from the base of the stairs.

"Wow, do they ever look great," she thought to herself as mother and son made their way to their car, arm in arm. She watched from the window as the woman spoke to her son, and then made her way towards the office. Yvonne quickly pretended to be doing some paperwork behind the desk.

"Hi, I'm sorry to bother you," Erica said as she approached the desk.

"Oh, no bother," Yvonne replied, her eyes taking in the sight of the beautiful woman in a gorgeous pink mini-dress, the clinging material wrapped attractively around every inviting curve. She couldn't help but look at the woman's impressive chest, the dress and bra she was wearing making her tits look even huger than they already were. Yvonne felt herself blushing.

"Yes," Erica said, leaning slightly on the high counter so that her breasts were mashed upwards, the swells of her tits almost spilling out of the top of her dress onto the counter. She noticed Yvonne's eyes instinctively look down at them enviously. "I was wondering if we could get some new sheets—we've made quite a mess up there." She looked Yvonne right in the eye, as calm as can be.

"Oh, of course, no problem," Yvonne replied, feeling herself flushing even more.

"That's great. We're going out to get something to eat, but I don't think we'll be too long. I want to check out that bed again." Yvonne could only gape as the beautiful woman made her way back to the door. "Oh yes," the woman said as she stopped and turned, "could we get some clean towels too before you finish your shift? I'd appreciate that."

"Yes, of course. I can take care of that for you. There's been a change and our overnight clerk can't make it in. I'm actually going to be

stuck here all night." Yvonne gave a shrug of her shoulders, as if to indicate it was going to be a hardship.

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. I'm sure you're going to try and get some rest during the night. I hope we don't keep you up." Yvonne's eyes opened wide in surprise. With a wry smile, Erica left, closing the door behind her. She walked slowly to the car, knowing the eyes of the woman were following every step she took.

"Okay, sweetie," Erica said to Josh once she slid into the passenger seat, "pull around the corner so the car's out of sight and stop."

"What?"

"Just do it, baby. Trust me."

Josh pulled the car over to a parking spot at the curb less than a minute later, the car hidden from view from the motel. Erica grabbed his hand as they got out and she led him to the back of the motel. They climbed the back stairs and came around the corner at the opposite end of the passageway from where they'd gone down just a few minutes before. Erica stopped and pulled Josh into the recessed doorway of the room at the end.

"What are we doing?" Josh asked, totally confused by his mother's behavior.

"Sshhhh," Erica hissed, pulling him deeper into the little alcove. "Trust me. If I'm right, it should just be a minute or two more. She peaked around the corner, looking down towards their room. Josh did likewise, wondering what was going on. The deepening twilight and the recessed doorway kept them well-hidden from view.

"There," Erica whispered, holding up a finger to make sure Josh kept quiet. He peaked around the corner, seeing the desk clerk coming up the stairs at the far end, her arms loaded up with sheets and towels. The two of them watched as the woman went to the door of their room, took a look around to make sure no one was watching her, and then used her master key to get into the room, closing the door behind her.

"Come on," Erica whispered, tiptoeing down the raised walkway as they saw the light come on in their room through the window. Before she'd left the room, Erica had opened the drapes slightly after they'd closed them earlier. She thought she had read the woman in the office correctly, and her sordid little plan was working out just as she hoped. Opening the drapes partially was a necessary part of her plan. They stealthily drew up on the window and they stopped at the edge, leaning forward to look inside.

Yvonne was standing next to the bed, the linens still in her hand. They could see her nose twitch as she sniffed, and Erica smiled, knowing the room absolutely reeked of sex. Yvonne seemed to look closer at the bed, and her jaw dropped as she set the clean linens down on the floor. They watched as she dropped to her knees at the side of the bed and picked up the small brown towel that Erica had

brought from the bathroom, the one she'd used to catch Josh's load when she'd jerked him off. Yvonne's eyes flicked to the door for second to make sure she was still alone, and then brought the towel up towards her face as she inhaled, her nostrils flaring slightly. Her eyes closed in bliss as the intensely masculine scent of the young man's semen filtered into her senses. She breathed deeply once more, and then opened her eyes as she stuck out her tongue, pressing the tip right into the clump of gooey cum clinging to the towel.

"Fuck me," Josh whispered in surprise, his eyes glued to the lurid display going on before him. Erica squeezed his hand to let him know to be quiet. They continued to watch as the woman ran her tongue up the towel, her tongue becoming coated with a thick layer of teenage semen.

"Mmmmm," A muffled groan reached their ears as she drew her cum-coated tongue back into her mouth. They could see her mouth moving, her tongue rolling around inside her mouth as she savoured the taste. She swallowed, and then brought the towel back to her lips, hungry for more. Erica tugged at Josh's arm as they watched her slip one hand beneath her skirt as she held the cummy towel to her mouth with her other hand. They could see her arm flexing as she manipulated her fingers between her legs. She licked at the towel again, lapping up more teenage seed. She kept licking, getting as much of the potent nectar as she could. She then shoved the towel right into her mouth, sucking voraciously on the cum-soaked fabric.

"Holy shit, is that ever hot," Josh mumbled quietly, his cock starting to stiffen once more as he watched the woman. He'd never really

given her a second glance, but she looked so fucking hot eating his cum like that. When she was done with the towel, she tossed it aside. With a quick glance at the door to make sure nobody was coming in, she leaned forward over the bed, and they watched as she looked intently at the mess they'd made on the sheets. She reached forward, slipping her fingers into the puddle of cum Erica has pushed out of her pussy. She drew her fingers up, the thick gooey semen clinging to her fingers while some remained stuck to the bed. As her hand came away from the sheets, slender webs of pearly seed followed, the strands getting thinner and thinner until they finally snapped, some falling back to the sheets while some continued to dangle from her fingers. She brought her hand to her mouth, her tongue reaching forward as she let the drizzly goo drop right into her mouth.

"Mmmm," they heard her purr again as she slipped her glistening fingers between her lips, her tongue lapping up the viscous fluid. She reached forward again and gathered up more cum, feeding herself. Her hand was busy beneath her skirt again as she licked at her fingers, eager to get as much of the teenage seed inside her as she could.

"Nnnngghghhhh..." The woman started to moan again. Erica squeezed Josh's arm again as they watched the woman climax, her busy fingers bringing her off. Her body was shaking as she licked at her fingers, her body twitching and shaking as she leaned over the bed. When she finally started to calm down, she kept her hand between her legs and leaned further over, pressing her face right against the sheets. They could see her licking, her face pressed firmly against the sheets as she sucked up their mutual discharge clinging to the fabric. Her hand remained between her legs, and as she sucked

feverishly at the sheets, she came again, shaking and twitching in ecstasy.

"Holy fuck, she's loving it," Josh whispered to his mother, his cock now an iron bar in his pants.

"C'mon, let's go before she sees us," Erica said as she took Josh's hand and pulled him away. They tiptoed away, making their way to the car.

"Jesus, was that ever hot," Josh said, starting the car and pulling away from the curb.

"You're not kidding," Erica replied, the whole scene intensely hotter than she ever imagined. "Man, did you see how turned on that woman was?"

"Yeah, she's not the only one. It turned me on just watching her." He nodded towards his groin. Erica reached over, her fingers tracing over the rock-hard erection straining against the inside of his pant leg.

"Do you think you can keep that under control for a little while so we can have something to eat?" She kept her fingers running up and down his prick, unable to draw her hand away from her son's steely erection.

"I don't know. That was so hot I feel like I could come right away."

"Uh, okay," Erica said as she looked around while Josh drove, her fingers squeezing hotly along his turgid shaft. "Pull over behind that office building."

Josh immediately did as she said, and within seconds they were hidden from view behind the building. Josh turned off the car as his mother undid her seat belt and reached for his zipper. Within seconds, she had his cock out and her lips wrapped around it. Two minutes later, she was swallowing, rope after rope of creamy jizz sliding down her throat. She continued to suck, nursing at his prick as she drew out every silky drop, his semen finding a nice warm home in the pit of her stomach.

"Okay, let's go find some real food," Erica said as she lifted her mouth off his spent prick and licked her lips. "I might want some more of that for dessert later."

They headed to the restaurant, both of them anxious to get back to their motel room. Erica looked over at her handsome son as her hand rested tenderly on his semi-hard cock. She felt that hot itch in her pussy, and she looked forward to her son filling her with enough cum to put out the smoldering fire that was burning deep within her dripping cunt.

To be continued...

## Chapter 4

They hurried through their meal, both of them anxious to get back to their room. On the way back, Erica made Josh stop at a drug store. She left him in the car as she hurried inside, returning just a minute or two later, stuffing a small package into her purse. Josh didn't bother asking what that was all about, in case it involved 'women's stuff'. They were back at the motel in no time flat and Erica was pleased to see the bed freshly made up and a new set of clean towels in the bathroom. She closed the drapes, smiling to herself at what they had seen through that window earlier. She dropped her purse on the bed and turned to her son.

"So, you like this dress, *baby*?" Erica asked, watching Josh take off his suit jacket.

"I love it," Josh said, unbuttoning his shirt as he hungrily raked his eyes over his stacked mother's body.

Erica found herself licking her lips in anticipation as Josh peeled off his shirt, his sculpted torso coming into view. She loved the size of him, the youthful power he had in that handsome young body of his. She couldn't wait to have him inside her. "Here, let me help you with that." She dropped to her knees in front of him, pulling off his belt and undoing his pants. She tugged them down, along with his fitted boxers, unleashing the slumbering member lying beneath. It seemed to unfurl before her eyes like a King Cobra, blood flowing into it as she wrapped her hand around it and brought it to her mouth.

"Oh fuck, yeah," Josh cooed, his dick lengthening within his mother's working mouth as she bobbed her head back and forth. In less than a minute she had him rock-hard, pulling her red lips off the tip as she got to her feet.

"How do you think this dress looks from behind?" Erica asked, grasping the back of the wooden footboard at the end of the bed. She spread her feet well apart and leaned forward, her back arching as her round behind perched upwards. Her dress rode high on the back of her thighs, her pink thong coming into view as Josh looked at her hungrily. She looked at him over her shoulder, her blonde hair falling teasingly over one eye.

"It looks fantastic," Josh said, stepping up behind his mother and running his hand down the back of her dress. He let his hand run all the way down her back and beneath her dress, his fingers slipping right beneath the leg opening of her panties. He found her dripping wet, the tiny garment soaked through. He pulled her thong down and as she kicked it aside, he slipped his fingers between her seeping labia, sliding his middle finger all the way into her.

"Mmmm, that's nice, baby," his mother said, looking over her shoulder at him through lust-filled eyes, "but I want something bigger inside there."

Josh watched as his mother opened her purse on the bed in front of her and took out a small box. He saw it was a box of condoms:

Magnum XXL. 'So this was what she stopped at the drug store for,' he thought. She tore open the box and took one out, tearing open the little pouch. "You...you want me to wear that? I thought you said you were on the pill?" he asked, somewhat surprised.

"That's not why I want you to wear it. Trust me. Will you do it for me, sweetie?"

"Okay."

Erica turned and slipped the condom over his throbbing dick. She smiled to herself after rolling it down—there were still about three inches of his lengthy shaft left uncovered. She turned back around and grabbed the footboard, arching her back once more as she presented her delectable pussy to her son. "C'mon sweetie, give Mommy every hard thick inch."

Josh stepped closer, fitting the tip of his condom-covered prick between her dripping labial gates. He slowly fed his rigid erection into his mother, the hot wet tissues inside her gripping him lovingly as he went deeper. He touched bottom and she moaned, rolling her hips to let him know she was ready for the taking. Josh withdrew until just the tip remained, then slammed it into her, the bed screeching again already as his mother held on. He got into a steady rhythm, fucking her with long deep strokes, the whole bed shaking as she gripped the footboard tightly, the headboard at the opposite end bumping repeatedly against the wall. Erica smiled, knowing that Yvonne downstairs was likely enjoying part two of their show. Erica rolled her hips back towards her son, and as he slammed himself

forwards, she climaxed, the start of many she would have in the next twenty minutes as her son relentlessly fucked her from behind, doing what he could to suppress the escalating pleasure flowing through him.

Happy that he'd been able to make her climax so many times, and with his mother whimpering in bliss once more, Josh buried himself balls deep as he finally allowed himself to come. The bed was banging against the wall repeatedly as he leaned across his mother's back, his hands groping her tits through her dress. He moaned as he went off, rope after rope blasting into the condom. He could feel his mother's legs quivering against him as she came again, her mature pussy gripping his buried cock possessively. He continued to climax, knowing he was filling the tip of the condom with another big load. Finally, the last tingling twinges ran through him, and he stood up, his prick still tightly encased within his mother's clutching vagina.

After each of them regained their breath, Erica slid forwards, Josh's dick slipping out of her. She turned and looked at it, her eyes opening wide as she looked at the reservoir tip of the condom. "Oh my God, look at how much cum is in there." The receptacle was totally full, with the rest of it forced back to cover the pebbly membranes of his glans. She reached forward and slid the condom off, being careful not to spill any of his thick milky cum. She let the condom hang downwards, watching it sway nastily as she moved her hand slightly from side to side.

"Oh man, look at all that cum. It's beautiful. Feel like doing something a little adventurous?" she asked, that mischievous twinkle in her eye once more.

"Uh, I guess," Josh replied, uncertain about what she was getting at.

"I'm not sure if this will work, but I think it just might. Get into bed and I'll be right back." She smoothed her dress down and fluffed up her messed hair a bit, and then stepped out of the room, the filled condom clutched in her hand.

\*

Yvonne heard the door to the office open and stepped out from the little room at the back where she'd been listening to the goings-on from above, her fingers busy beneath her skirt once more. She was surprised to see the attractive woman in the pink dress walking towards her, her blonde hair looking mussed and wild-looking.

"I just want to thank you for bringing the fresh towels and making the bed up," Erica said as she leaned against the counter, her large breasts once more resting on the front edge.

"Oh, no problem. It was my pleasure."

'I saw you have your pleasure through that window,' Erica thought to herself as she looked the woman in the eye. She could see the nervous excitement lurking there, and she knew the woman had been listening to them once again. "For taking care of us like that, I brought you a little present I think you might like." Erica pulled her hand up from beneath the edge of the counter and let the condom hang down from her fingertips, the massive load causing the reservoir tip to sway seductively.

Yvonne gasped with a sharp intake of breath as she looked at the filled condom. She couldn't believe what she was seeing—the woman was actually offering her the condom that her own son had just fucked her with. She felt hypnotized and remained immobile as she simply stared, awestruck by what was happening. But she couldn't deny the itchiness she was feeling in her pussy as she looked at the obscene object dangling right before her. The condom was very big, and the load filling the end was absolutely huge. The amount looked like three or four times the size of any of the guys she'd known in her youth, and far more than her husband was capable of. The blood was rushing through her veins as she looked at it swaying before her, and she found herself instinctively licking her lips, her thirst for semen overpowering her need to exhibit some degree of common sense.

Erica smiled inside as she watched the woman stare at the translucent condom as she made it sway slowly back and forth. The woman couldn't take her eyes off it, and then she started flushing, and finally, she unconsciously started licking her lips. At that point, Erica knew she had her. "Here you go, dear," she said, reaching

forward to hand the condom to the woman. "I think you'll like this, it's still nice and warm."

As if in a trance, Yvonne took the offered condom. She brought it closer, her hand subconsciously testing the impressive weight of the load of teenage cum filling the end. She gulped, amazed at how much of the milky liquid was filling the tip. She sniffed slightly, the erotic aroma of the woman's creamy cunt-juice coating the outside of the condom filling her senses. It was incredibly arousing, and she found herself almost swooning at the sordidness of the whole thing. But she was burning with desire as well—the desire to taste the warm fresh cum of the young man who had just fucked his mother.

"Go ahead," Erica said in a soft lulling voice, coaxing the woman to set aside her inhibitions and do what her body and sinful mind was willing her to do.

With a shudder of surrender, Yvonne brought the open end of the condom to her mouth and wrapped her lips around it, tasting the woman's slick juices on the outside of the soft latex. She tipped the condom up slowly, letting the thick creamy semen slide down the translucent tube and onto her tongue.

"That's it, it's all for you," Erica said in that soft lulling voice again.

"SLURP!" A wet sucking sound echoed in the room as Yvonne sucked on the open end of the condom, drawing out the young man's potent seed. Her eyes closed in pleasure as his masculine load of cum

pooled on her tongue. She sucked again, pulling more of the delicious goo from the latex tube. The load was huge, almost filling her mouth. She closed her lips and rolled it around in her mouth, savoring the intensely masculine flavor of the boy's teenage semen.

"Mmmmm," she purred, loving the taste of the young man. Finally, her craving got the better of her and she swallowed, taking most of it down her throat. It was thick and rich, his viscous fluid chock full of sperm. She loved the thick tapioca-like texture, and wanted more. She swallowed again, taking the rest that was filling her cheeks down into her stomach. She mewed like a kitten, letting the silky fluid slide luxuriously down her throat. She tried sucking for more, and got a few more morsels. Wanting every single drop, she turned the condom inside and stuck it in her mouth, sucking ravenously at the slick latex, reversing the shape of the receptacle tip as she pulled it deep into her mouth to get every last drop.

"That's a good girl," Erica said with note of praise. "I think you've got it all. His cum does taste good, doesn't it?"

Having been asked a question, Yvonne broke out of her trance-like state. She withdrew the condom hurriedly from her mouth and stuck it beneath the counter, embarrassed now by her lurid behavior. Erica immediately sensed her discomfort.

"It's alright, dear. Your secret is safe with me." She reached out and touched the woman's hand, calming her. "But really, it is quite yummy, isn't it?"

Yvonne paused for a second, her face flushing red, but she knew there was no point in hiding her feelings from this woman. "I...I...yes, it tastes wonderful. I...I..." she stammered, unable to get out what she wanted to say.

"Just relax, dear. What is it?"

"Is that...is that really your son?"

Erica leaned against the counter again, her tits looking huge as they were pressed upwards. "Yes, it is," she openly admitted.

"Is it...is it as good as it sounded from down here?"

"It's even better. He's a wonderful lover." Erica could see the wheels going around inside the woman's mind. "Do you have a son?"

"Three actually. The oldest one is 18."

"18, eh? I bet he's a big strong boy like my son, right?" Erica paused as the woman gasped in surprise, but she knew what the woman had been thinking. "You were thinking about your own boy while you were listening to us, weren't you?" Yvonne turned beet red and looked down, giving Erica her answer. "If I were you, I wouldn't waste any time. I'd take that 18-year old and fuck him within an inch

of his life. Take him to a motel like this some night and see how many loads you can take out of him. That's what I plan on doing with my son tonight."

Erica gave the woman a sly wink and stepped towards the door. As she got to it, she turned, her eyes smoldering with mischief. "You love the taste of cum, don't you?" Yvonne paused for a second, before nodding in confession.

"Are you hungry for more?" Yvonne flushed red once more, but nodded in agreement again.

"How would you like to be fed some straight from the source?"

Yvonne's eyes opened wide as her heart started racing in her chest. "I...I'd love that."

"Let me talk to my son and I'll see what I can do. If he's okay with it, can I call you down here when we're ready for you?" Erica looked around the office, taking note of how quiet the motel seemed on this night. She figured the woman would be alone all night with no one disturbing her, except for the sounds Erica planned on making in the room above.

"Yes. Just dial zero to reach me here," Yvonne replied, her heart racing with both fear and excitement.

"Okay, I'll see if I can talk him into giving you a nice big mouthful." Erica gave the woman another conspiratorial wink and left, closing the door behind her.

\*

Less than a minute later, she was back in the room. Josh was lying back against the headboard, the sheets pulled up to his waist. "Mom, what did you do?"

"I gave our friend downstairs a little present for bringing us clean sheets and towels," Erica replied, standing next to the bed with her hand on her hip.

"A present?"

"Yeah, that condom that you just filled."

Josh's mouth dropped open in astonishment. "You...you're kidding me?"

"Nope, she loved it. Drank every last drop."

"Oh man." Josh just stared into space, totally awestruck.

"Honey, you know how I asked you about doing something adventurous?"

"Uh...yes."

"How would you feel about feeding that woman a load of your cum?"

"Fee...feeding her," Josh stammered in surprise. "What do you mean?"

"Well," Erica said teasingly as she traced her hand over the sheets covering her son's leg, her fingers tracing upwards along his thigh, "what would you think of me jerking you off right into her mouth?"

"Oh fuck!" Josh gasped out in shock, a tingling shock going right to his groin as he thought about the sordidness of what his mom was saying.

"I think it would be kind of fun," Erica continued. "She's not that bad looking." Erica's hand continued to toy with his upper thigh, her fingers getting closer to his groin. "She said she has a son your age. I can tell she was thinking about him while she was listening to us fuck."

"She...she knows about us?"

"Yes. But don't worry—I can tell our secret's safe. You should have seen how excited she got when I showed her the condom. She's not gonna say a word."

"I...I guess that would be okay. You know I'd be happy to spend every minute of these two weeks just with you, but if you want me to do it, I will."

"Oh baby, thank you. I don't know why the idea of it turns me on so much, but it does. Trust me, if you do this for me, I'll definitely make it up to you." Erica punctuated her statement by sliding her hand over Josh's sheet-covered groin, her slender fingers circling the substantial tube of flesh lying beneath.

"Ohhhnnn," Josh groaned as his mother's mature hand started to work its magic. "Mom, this is so exciting that you're getting me hard already."

"Just be patient there, tiger," Erica said, releasing his swelling prick and stepping over to her suitcases. "I want to change into something special for you. I think you're gonna like this. And then we can give that woman a nice creamy mouthful of your cum."

She grabbed a second suitcase she'd never used before and disappeared into the bathroom as Josh lay there with his head swimming, overwhelmed by the lurid act they were about to perform, even if he wasn't sure exactly what was going to happen.

At every turn, his mother continued to surprise him. He had to admit he had hardly noticed the woman in the office downstairs, other than taking in the fact that she was about his mom's age, and had a fairly decent body. Her face was pretty enough, but nothing striking. He was lost in his thoughts for a few minutes until he heard a sound next to him.

"What do you think of this?"

His mother's voice broke Josh out of his reverie and he turned to see her standing a few feet away, her feet spread about shoulder width apart, her hands on her hips in a domineering fashion. "Holy fuck!" he thought to himself as his eyes feasted on the bewitching spectacle before him. He couldn't believe what she was wearing—but it was the kind of thing he'd fantasized of seeing her in many times. She looked like the perfect dominatrix. Her lush curvy body was encased in a blood-red leather corset that hugged her huge tits and waspish waist spectacularly. Her voluminous tits seemed to billow over the edge of the structured cups, barely encased by the sexy garment. He licked his lips as he looked at the impressive dark shadows her 38Es caused on the underside of the red cups and tight-fitting bodice. Black garters bit into sheer black stockings high on her thighs. He spotted a tiny red g-string beneath the garters, the slim front panel cupping the soft mound of her sex invitingly. He couldn't see much of the sheer gossamer stockings as they disappeared from view a few inches above her knees where they were covered by sexy thigh-high black leather boots.

"Ohhhnn," Josh groaned as he felt a surging pulse go through him as he looked down at those wickedly sexy boots. They had a sharp pointed toe that could kick the eye out of a rattlesnake, and 4" stiletto heels that gave her already shapely legs a sensual look that he couldn't even describe, other than to say it was causing his prick to swell beneath the sheets. The boots seemed to breathe the word 'SEX', and Josh shivered just looking at them.

"I guess you like the boots," Erica said, watching her son's eyes linger longingly on her sensually alluring legs.

Her words caused Josh to look up at his mother's pretty face and he gasped in delight at what he saw. She'd pulled her hair up into a loose bun at the back of her head, sexy tendrils of wispy blonde hair drifting down to lick teasingly against her long regal neck. She'd redone her makeup, making her eyes look erotically dark and smoky. She'd applied a fresh thick coat of lipstick, in the same blood-red color as the corset. But it was two other accessories that really got Josh's blood boiling—a glittering rhinestone choker circling her throat, and opera-length red gloves that reached almost to her shoulders. He could see that the gloves were made of the supplest kid-leather, and looked sinfully soft. The rhinestone choker made her look so fucking sexy that Josh was almost gasping with longing for her. His eyes roamed hungrily over her whole body again. She looked so wickedly sexy standing there with her feet spread slightly apart, her glove-encased fists resting on her wide motherly hips. Josh felt his heart racing as he looked up and down, taking in every exquisite detail of his mother's mouth-wateringly sexy body.

"Oh Mom...you look...you look unbelievable," Josh finally gasped out, the sheet over his groin lifting in appreciation. "I love it all—the gloves, the choker, the boots—you look amazing."

"I'm glad you like it, baby. I picked it out just for you. Now, where is that jar of Vaseline you brought with you?"

"Vaseline?" Josh turned red at his mother's question.

"C'mon baby, I know you use Baby-Fresh Vaseline every time you jerk off, or what is that towel you keep under your bed soaked with, besides your cum?"

Josh could only blush—his mother knew him better than he thought. "It's in my suitcase in a black plastic bag."

Erica reached into his suitcase and found the bag, and then pulled out the plastic jar of lubricant. "There, this will make it feel just like home, won't it, dear—only Mommy will be doing it for you. Will you like that?"

"Oh God, yes," Josh replied, his heart pounding in his chest.

"Okay baby, sit up on the side of the bed."

Josh pushed the sheet aside and swung his legs over the side until he was sitting up, his semi-turgid cock lifting up to half-mast as he set his feet down on the floor.

"Such a beautiful cock," Erica murmured under her breath as she grabbed a pillow and dropped it on the floor in front of her son. She set the jar of Vaseline on the night table beside them, reached into the jar with her glove-encased fingers, and scooped out a generous amount of the greasy lube. She rubbed her two hands together, the soft kid-leather darkening luridly as it covered her fingers and palms. "I think we should make these my jerkoff gloves from now on. The Vaseline will make the kid-leather even softer than it already is. Whenever you want a nice slick handjob, just bring me these gloves and I'll stroke this beautiful cock of yours as long as you want." As the lubricant softened in her rubbing hands, it became warm and glistened provocatively. Josh was staring in awe at her inviting glove-covered hands, his heart absolutely pounding in his chest.

Erica could sense his excitement, and didn't want him to go off too fast. She wanted to enjoy this handjob a bit before calling the woman downstairs to come up and get her present. "Easy there, tiger," she said in a soft calming tone, "just relax and let Mommy do all the work."

Josh sat back slightly with his straight arms supporting his upper body as he put his hands on the bed behind him. His mother reached for his cock and slipped one hand around it, closing her slick fingers around the thick pulsing shaft. "Mmmmm, I can feel the heat of it

right through my gloves." She slowly stroked her hand all the way up the shaft, spinning her hand in a slow circle over the sensitive glans as she reached the top.

"Ohhnnn," Josh groaned, his eyes closing as waves of pleasure flowed through him. His mother reached forward with her other hand and wrapped it around the thick base as she rotated her other hand over the engorged head. She brought her two hands together and started a slow corkscrewing motion with one hand above the other as she pumped up and down along the full length of his cock.

"Oh fuckkkkkk," Josh moaned as he looked down past his mother's stroking hands, his eyes instinctively going to the deep dark valley of her cleavage as she knelt between his legs. Her breasts were rising and falling in the overflowing cups as she worked her hands up and down, slowly, meticulously stroking his surging cock.

"Oh God, it's so hard—I love it," Erica cooed as she continued to jack away at his throbbing prick. It hadn't taken more than few strokes until it was absolutely rock-hard, the steely erection coming alive in her pumping hands. She could feel him getting more and more excited, and she slowed the movement of her hands, letting her leather-covered fingertips toy gently with his overflowing balls. "These feel nice and full. I think that woman downstairs is going to get a real big mouthful. What do you think, sweetie?"

Josh could only gasp out a whimpering "Yesssss...," as his mother's glistening hands slipped back around his cock and she started stroking him with both hands once again. She went through this

routine a couple of more times, watching his pleasure level escalate before slowing down and letting the rising semen in his nuts subside. Josh was squirming with frustration, feeling like he was about to burst, the muscular plates of his chest rising and falling as he breathed raggedly.

"Baby, I want you to reach over to the phone and call downstairs. Hit the speaker button, and then hit zero." Josh did as he was told, the sound of the dial tone and ringing phone echoing about the room.

"Front desk?"

Even in those two words, Erica could hear the excitement in the woman's voice. "We're ready for you. Just let yourself in." She nodded and Josh reached over, hitting the button to end the call.

Less than a minute later the door to their room opened. Josh heard the woman gasp as she entered the room and closed the door behind her, her eyes taking in the lurid sight of the incestuous act taking place before her. The beautiful woman who'd asked her to come up was dressed like someone out of a fetish porn movie, her full curvy body pouring out of a sexy red leather corset and stunning black boots. She was kneeling before her son, her hands covered in supple kid-leather gloves, her fingers pumping up and down along her son's cock. 'What a cock!' Yvonne thought to herself as she looked at the enormous cylinder of flesh projecting out of the woman's two stroking hands. Yvonne had never seen anything that big before, and it took her breath away—it had to be at least 10" long and it looked to be as thick as her wrist. It was straight as an arrow, with an

enormous mushroom-shaped head, the thick rope-like corona of the ridge projecting out boldly. She could only picture how that broad crimson crown would feel tearing deep into her pussy. She instinctively wondered if her own son was hung like this young man.

"Are you hungry," the beautiful woman asked as she turned and looked at her, her pretty face beautifully made up, her eye shadow making her look hot and mysterious. Yvonne could only nod as she looked at the boy's huge cock, the throbbing shaft glistening with lubricant beneath the woman's stroking hands. "Good. I think he's got a nice big load ready for you. Do you think you can take it all?"

"Yes," Yvonne gasped out. She could feel her pussy dripping in her panties as her heart raced in her chest.

"So are you ready for me to jerk him off right into your mouth?"

"Yes," Yvonne nodded enthusiastically.

"Say please," Erica said teasingly, giving Josh a secret little wink.

"Please," Yvonne uttered automatically.

"That's a good girl. Come over here and get your reward." Erica shifted to the side, nodding to the pillow on the floor between Josh's legs where she wanted the woman to kneel.

As if in a trance, Yvonne compliantly obeyed, stepping over next to the bed and kneeling on the pillow. She could smell the warm lubricant shining on the throbbing prick before her, the powdery baby-fresh scent wafting into her nostrils. She found it wickedly arousing to be sniffing the powdery baby-like scent in this situation, and she felt an itchy twitch in her leaking pussy as she breathed deeply.

"I've been working on him for a while, so he's almost ready to come," Erica said as she circled her hand around her son's massive erection and pointed it towards the woman's face. "You just open your mouth and I'll jerk him off right into it. Make sure you don't touch his cock with your mouth—I won't allow that. Just open those sweet lips of yours and I'll make sure you get a nice big mouthful."

Yvonne opened her mouth wide as the woman brought the engorged cockhead in line with her mouth. Yvonne could feel the intense heat emanating from the enflamed tip, the warmth filling the air in front of her open mouth. The woman started stroking back and forth, precum oozing liberally from the drizzling tip. "I hope you don't mind a little precum getting on you," the woman said. "He does tend to drool a bit—you know how young boys can be. I bet your son would be just the same."

Yvonne shivered with excitement at the thought of being with her own son like this, but a flicking ribbon of precum landing on her cheek brought her back to concentrating on the enormous cock right in front of her. The slimy fluid hitting her skin caused her pulse to

race as she thought about the nastiness of what she was doing, but she felt out of control, her unsatisfied lust for cum overwhelming her. She lost all sense of willpower as the woman continued to jerk her son off towards her, her lips opening wide in the hope of receiving every drop. She was gasping with excitement, her eyes glued to the gaping red eye at the tip of the boy's cock, precum flying everywhere now as the woman jerked at it with her slick gloved hand.

"You can play with yourself if you want to," the woman said. "No one will mind, and I think you want to."

Yvonne's eyes flicked down to her lap, splatters of shiny precum spackling her skirt. In a frenzy, she pushed the hem of her skirt up and shoved her hand beneath, her fingers slipping beneath the leg opening of her panties and into her juicy cunt. A wet slobbery sound reached their ears as she buried her fingers and shoved them in and out, her thumb seeking out her erect clit.

"Do you hear that, Josh?" the woman said, glancing up at her son with a nasty little smile on her face. "She sounds pretty wet. Are you ready to give her a big milky load?"

"Oh God, Mom, I'm almost there," Josh said with a moan as he felt the semen start to speed up the shaft of his cock. "Just a little...just a little...OH FUCKKKKKKK!!!"

With her mouth gaping open just an inch or two in front of the throbbing cockhead, Yvonne watched as the seeping red eye at the

tip turned cloudy for a split second, and then it turned completely white just before a thick rope of semen shot forth, the speeding ribbon of jizz sluicing forcefully into her mouth.

"That's it, get it all out, baby," the woman encouraged her son as she pumped her slick hand back and forth. "Oh yeah, keep coming, baby, drown her with the stuff. Give her every last drop of your paste."

Yvonne's mouth was filling with cum as the woman's gloved hand jacked back and forth, rope after rope of thick rich semen flooding her mouth. She loved the intensely masculine flavor as it settled onto her tastebuds, the gooey texture she craved so much feeling luxurious on her tongue. The young man kept coming, wad upon wad jettisoning deep into her mouth. She could feel her mouth on the verge of overflowing and she was afraid of losing any of his treasured cum, so she quickly closed her mouth and swallowed. The woman kept pumping, and Yvonne could feel ribbons of the young man's potent seed landing on her face. As the thick creamy seed slid down her throat, it triggered an orgasm deep inside her.

"Aaaahnnnnn," she moaned in pleasure as she opened her mouth once again, wanting more. Her fingers rubbed against the oily tissues deep inside her cunt, her thumb rolling over her erect clit as she came. The gooey wet sounds filled the air as her hand moved vigorously beneath her skirt, a tingling climax shooting through every tingling nerve-ending of her body.

"Oh fuck," Josh groaned, watching the woman shake through her orgasm as she came. He wasn't finished by any means and she

hungrily opened her mouth as he kept coming. He thought it was so hot when the first few strands spewed into her mouth, but when she closed her mouth to swallow and he sprayed all over her face, it turned him on even more. His mother kept her slick hand pumping back and forth in a warm loving corridor, and he kept shooting, blasting more of his thick teenage semen into the middle-aged woman's waiting mouth. Finally, as the delicious contractions within his midsection waned, his dick spit out the last pearly ribbon of jizz, this one hitting her upper lip, dropping down across her face until it dangled from her chin, a clumpy white rope of teenage goodness swaying erotically beneath her face.

"There, is that better?" Erica said, her stroking hand slowing its movement along her son's turgid dick.

"Oh God, Mom, that was amazing," Josh said, his eyes on the woman as he fought to regain his breath, his muscular chest rising and falling as he drew deep breaths of cool fresh air into his lungs.

Yvonne could only nod helplessly as she slowly withdrew her hand from beneath her skirt, her fingers glistening with her oily juices.

"Here, sweetheart, you missed a bit," Erica said as she brought her hand beneath the dangling strand hanging from Yvonne's chin and gathered up the milky residue. She held up her gloved hand, her index finger coated with jizz. As she moved it forward, Yvonne instinctively opened her lips, letting Erica slip her finger right inside. Erica smiled to herself as the woman's lips closed down and she sucked, lapping up every creamy morsel of teenaged semen. Erica

moved her finger around the woman's face, scooping up the ribbons of semen Josh had pasted her with. Each time she fed her, the woman's lips closed hungrily around her cummy finger. Erica finally pulled her finger out, the woman's hungrily sucking lips coming away with an audible 'POP!'

"Okay, that's enough for now," Erica said to the woman with a dismissive wave of her hand. "But before you go, I don't think we should leave my son like this, do you?" She pointed to her son's bobbing greasy cock. Yvonne simply stared with a questioning look on her face, unsure of what Erica wanted from her. "I think you should go into the washroom, get a facecloth soaked with hot water, and then come back and clean this beautiful cock that was so good to you. Don't you think that would be a nice thing to do?"

"Y...yes," Yvonne nodded compliantly, getting to her feet and rushing into the washroom.

It wasn't until they heard the water running that Josh spoke. "Mom, that is so cool that she's going to do that."

"I could see from the look in her eyes that she was willing to do anything I told her."

They stopped talking as Yvonne stepped back into the room, steam wafting off the hot washcloth clutched in her hand. She dropped back to her knees on the pillow between Josh's legs and reached forward with both hands.

"Un-uh," Erica said in warning as she held up her gloved hand in a STOP sign. "Put your one hand down—you can only touch his cock through the washcloth. Do you understand?"

"Yes mam," Yvonne said with an obedient nod of her head.

"Good girl. Now go ahead—don't keep him waiting."

Yvonne kept her free hand in her lap as she reached forward and wrapped the steaming cloth carefully around Josh's slowly dwindling prick. Her fingers closed around the thick shaft and they heard her give a little gasp of delight as she started to rub the hot cloth along his slumbering member. She couldn't believe how thick it was, even in its semi-hard state. Her fingers didn't even reach the heel of her palm as she closed them over the washcloth. She rubbed all along the heavy shaft, loving that she was at least getting to feel the impressive weight of this boy's member in her hand. It made her think of her own son, Chuck, and wondered if his cock would feel like this, and how big it was.

Josh's eyes flicked to his mother's, and he smiled as they watched the woman eagerly clean his beefy dong. She took her time and did a good job, making sure she got every sticky trace of Vaseline off the lengthy member. Josh couldn't believe what had happened, and now his mother had gotten this woman to clean his cock. This night just seemed to get better and better.

"Okay, that's good. That's enough for now," Erica said as she held her hands out. "Now wash off my gloves. I want them ready for the next time I jerk him off." Without a word, Yvonne brought the washcloth over and carefully washed Erica's kid leather gloves, wiping away the greasy lubricant.

"Alright then, I think that's got it. You can rinse out the washcloth before you go..." Erica paused as a nasty thought came to mind. "Or would you like to keep it for a souvenir?"

Yvonne turned red, and dropped her eyes as she nodded.

"Okay, it's yours," Erica said as she got to her feet. "I've got something else you can have to remember us by, too." She reached beneath the bottom edge of her corset and pulled at a couple of little tabs on the waistband of her g-string, the tiny garment coming away in her hands. She handed it to the woman, who took it eagerly, her face turning crimson with embarrassment. Erica smiled to herself, and then motioned to the woman with another dismissive wave. "You can feel how wet my panties are. I want to put my son back to work now, so you might want to hurry back downstairs so you can hear us. If we have anything more for you, we'll call."

Feeling ashamed now, Yvonne hurriedly got to her feet. "Yes, mam. Thank you, mam." She turned on her heel and hurried from the room, the taste of the young man's cum still fresh in her throat, the washcloth and the woman's tiny panties clutched in her hand.

"Jesus, Mom, I can't believe how hot that was," Josh said as his breathing slowly returned to normal.

"I know," Erica replied as she stepped in front of him. "You've had your fun, now it's my turn." She pushed on Josh's chest with her gloved hand, knocking him onto his back. "Turn and put your head on the pillows, I want to ride that handsome face of yours for a while." Josh eagerly complied, sliding around on the sheets until he was positioned in the middle, his head lying on the pillows. "That's it, perfect." Erica crawled onto the bed, looking incredibly sexy in her red leather corset and boots. She slung her leg over her son's supine body and positioned herself over his face, her gloved hands gripping the headboard.

"Can you smell that?" she asked as she provocatively rolled her hips, her dripping cunt mere inches away from his face.

Josh was looking right up into her shaven pussy, her slick labia glistening hotly. Her lips were a brilliant pink, puffy and swollen with need. He breathed deeply, his mother's musky womanly scent wafting sensually into his nostrils. "Mmmmmm, it smells wonderful," he replied as she rolled her hips closer, bringing those dripping petals of flesh down to his mouth.

"I need you to bring me off, baby. I really need it bad." Erica couldn't wait any longer, and spread her knees wider, dropping her steaming box right onto his face.

"Nnnngghh," Josh groaned, loving the hotness of his mother's gooey cunt squashing right down on his face. His tongue instinctively slid forth, delving right up between her slick labial gates.

"Oh yeah, that's it. Get that tongue way up there, sweetie," Erica cooed as she settled down, relishing in the illicit delight of her son's long thick tongue slipping into her oily depths. She rolled her hips against his face, coaxing his tongue to lap at every square inch of the oozing tissues inside her.

Josh didn't need any coaxing as he grabbed his mother by her hips and pulled her down forcefully onto his probing tongue. He stiffened his tongue and sent it as far into her as he could, letting the tip tease relentlessly over the supple wet membranes within her pussy. His mother was moaning continuously now as he licked feverishly, wanting to bring her as much pleasure as she'd just brought him. The bed was once again squeaking and creaking as his mother rocked back and forth, the headboard slamming into the wall as she rode his face like a rodeo cowgirl.

"Oh fuck, that's so good. I don't how I went without this all these years," Erica said as she vigorously rocked her hips back and forth, riding her son's face for all she was worth. She had gotten incredibly turned on watching the motel clerk feed from her son's cock, the woman climaxing right before her eyes as she pumped the woman's mouth full of her son's potent seed. It was intensely exciting to see the woman playing with herself as she fed, her fingers noisily rubbing her cunt as she climaxed right before their eyes, totally surrendering herself to her desire for teenage cum. Once Josh's

orgasm was finally over, Erica knew she had to come—there was no denying the rush of arousal she was feeling. And now, Josh's talented yet inexperienced tongue had her climbing the walls already. As she thought about all the time they could have had together at home doing this, the wickedly incestuous thoughts were all it took to send her right over the edge.

"Oh, baby, I'm gonna come," she groaned as her gloved hands gripped firmly onto the headboard. She was shaking and convulsing like crazy as her son's tongue rolled hotly over the oily tissues deep inside her.

"OH FUCCCKKKK..." she moaned loudly as she climaxed. Her huge tits were rising and falling within the heavily-structured cups of her corset as she came, every nerve-ending in her body tingling deliciously as her release shot through her.

"Mmmmmm," Josh moaned from beneath her as she totally bathed his face with her creamy nectar, copious wads of her gooey pussy-juice oozing out to lather his face. He licked and swallowed, loving the taste of her womanly juices, wanting as much as he could get.

"Yesssss," Erica hissed as her orgasm continued. Her head was tipped back and her eyes were closed in blissful pleasure as she savored the sinful delight of her son servicing her, eagerly lapping up every drop of her drooling cunt-honey. She rocked back and forth as she rode out her climax, her lush mature body tingling with ecstasy.

"Oh God, baby, I really needed that," she said as the tingling sensations shooting through her finally slowed. She sat back slightly, looking down at her son's glistening face. "Oh dear, I've made quite a mess of your face, haven't I?"

"I love it, Mom. I love the taste of you." Josh punctuated his words by taking a long slow swipe up the full length of her slit with his wide flat tongue. He finished by flicking his tongue right over the protruding tip of her swollen clit.

"Oh Jesus," Erica said as her eyes rolled back in her head for a second. "Oh baby, you have such a beautiful mouth. I can't believe what you can do to me like that and how much I've been missing all these years."

"What say we make up for lost time? How about another one?" Josh asked teasingly as he grabbed his mother's hips and pulled her right down onto his face again, his lips closing over the stiff red nodule of her clit in a searing kiss.

"Oh God, yesssss...," Erica said as she surrendered herself willingly to her son's oral assault. She gripped the headboard and settled back down on his upturned face as Josh went to work on her.

\*

It was about forty minutes later before she finally rolled off her son's face, her pussy absolutely numb with delight from his constantly working mouth. She lost track of the number of times he'd brought her to a screeching climax, but she loved every one of them. She looked down at her son's face as he lay beside her, his face an absolute mess of sticky cunt-cream, with clumpy mats of her slimy discharge clinging to his hair as well. There was a dark halo-like stained circle on the sheets surrounding his head, evidence of the amount of cum she'd sprayed all over him during her numerous orgasms. She looked further down his muscular young body, her eyes zeroing in on his stallion-like cock, now pointing straight up towards her, and bobbing menacingly with each beat of his powerful heart.

"It looks like somebody is ready for more," she said playfully as she lay back and spread her legs, her high boots rolling open to each side.

"Oh Mom, I want to fuck you all night long," Josh replied as he hurriedly scrambled to his knees and got between her inviting thighs.

"Who's stopping you?" Erica asked teasingly as she reached between them with her gloved hand and positioned his enflamed cockhead snugly between her gooey petals. She pushed him slightly inside, her vivid pink lips parting and circling around the massive knob in a possessive kiss. Once she had him positioned where she wanted, she slipped her sexy glove-covered hands around his neck and brought his face down to hers, her ankles coming up and locking over his muscular buttocks. She kissed his lips tenderly and then slid her

mouth to the side, whispering hotly into his ear, "C'mon, baby, let's see how many times you can make me come."

"Ohhnnnn," Josh groaned, turned on beyond belief by his mother's blatantly obscene behavior. He took a deep breath and looked deep into her warm blue eyes as he drove forward and fed every hard thick inch all the way into her.

"Oh God, yesssssss," his mother hissed, her body tensing up as he touched bottom, the broad flared head of his erection rubbing hotly against her cervix. He drew back and flexed back forward, the steaming tissues inside her clinging onto his cunt-splitting cock possessively. Josh rolled her legs higher and folded his mother right up in two, slamming her down into the bed with each wrenching thrust. The bed was creaking in protest once more as he drove her deep into the mattress, their bodies making a wet squelching sound as his shaven groin slammed into her glistening mound with each cunt-filling thrust.

"Oh baby, I'm going to come again already," Erica moaned as her body started to twitch. In a fit of ecstasy, she bit his shoulder as she hung on, her body shaking and convulsing as wave after wave of pleasure flowed through her. Her huge tits were jiggling and shaking beneath the leather corset as she gasped raggedly, her heart racing in her chest as her climax exploded from deep within her dripping cunt and shot through every frazzled nerve-ending of her body.

Josh just kept going, loving the fact that he was fucking his mother like he had always fantasized about—and she was loving it just as

much as he was. The headboard was slamming into the wall, but he didn't care, he just kept plowing, skewering her down into the sheets with the rigid stake between his legs. They were both sweating like animals, and the sheets were soaked, but Josh kept going, fucking his whimpering mother deep and hard.

"Oh fuck, not again..." Erica groaned, her eyes rolling back in her head as she came again, her body twitching like a ragdoll. She was bucking up against him savagely, her wide hips twisting and turning as her scintillating cunt bathed his buried prick with her hot oily juices, her gushing twat spraying warm nectar over his shaven groin. Her hair had come loose from where she'd had it pinned up and it looked wild and sexy as it framed her pretty face, the lustrous blonde locks splayed out alluringly over the pillow beneath her head.

Josh kept fucking her, pile-driving her deep into the bed as she bucked and shook through her orgasm. He watched her massive tits shaking and jiggling beneath the red leather corset as he pounded away, the bed absolutely screeching beneath them. The more he looked at those gorgeous tits, the more he wanted them. He waited for a minute or so until her shattering orgasm started to subside, and then he spoke, "Mom, I'm gonna come soon, but I want to blow this load all over your tits."

"That's okay, baby, just let me do a little something." She smiled at him slyly as she brought her hands from around his neck and reached beneath one of her voluptuous tits. Josh could see her fiddling with something and all of a sudden, the bra cup came away in her hand.

"Oh fuck, that's beautiful," Josh gushed as she tossed the cup aside and reached for her other breast. Seconds later, both of her massive jugs were free, spreading out to fill the full breadth of her chest. Her dark pink nipples stiffened as soon as they were freed, the rubbery buds seeming to blossom up towards him. She reached forward with each hand and tweaked her nipples, making them darken and swell even more as they became engorged with her flowing blood. She then pushed her breasts together, making them swell erotically as she offered them to him.

Josh moaned with desire as he looked at his mother's mouth-watering tits, the sumptuous mounds his to do with as he pleased. Looking at those spectacular guns was all it took to send him right over the edge. "Oh fuck, I'm gonna come," he warned as he pulled his throbbing dick from between her splayed legs and crawled up over her, his turn to straddle her body now. He reached down and wrapped his hand around his surging erection, pumping for all he was worth.

"C'mon baby, give Mommy all of that creamy cum of yours," Erica said, pushing on the sides of her mountainous tits as she presented them to her son, eager for their illicit incestuous affair to continue in any way he wanted. Her nipples seemed to swell as she squeezed her breasts together, the deep dark line of her cleavage lengthening even more.

"OH FUCK...HERE IT COMES!" Josh groaned loudly as he started to come. The first thick rope of cum shot forth like a missile, splashing

along the inside of her left breast and right up under her chin. A second milky ribbon streaked forth, plastering itself against her other tit. Josh kept stroking as he ejaculated, moving his spewing cock from one side of her chest to the other, totally flooding her huge tits with his thick white semen. His hand was flying back and forth along his throbbing shaft, pumping out wad after wad onto his mother's chest. The stuff rained down upon her as he totally unloaded, her huge breasts becoming a canvas for his spurting paintbrush. He kept shooting, wads and ribbons of thick white teenage cum covering her. Finally, as the last tingling sensations coursed through him, the last drops of pearly seed oozed forth. With his jacking hand no longer moving, he brought the seeping red eye down and wiped it over one stiff rubbery nipple, making sure it was coated with the last bits of his drooling cum. When he was finished with one nipple, he brought his hand to the base of his cock and firmly stroked forward as he moved to her other breast. As the last vestiges of his sperm-laden cum filled the gooey eye, he wiped it over her other erect nipple, smiling as he looked down at the glistening bud.

"Oh my God, Josh, I can't believe how much cum you're still able to shoot," Erica gasped as she looked at her semen-covered chest. After the number of times he'd already come today, she was surprised at the size of his copious load—and it was still incredibly thick and white. It made her squirm with excitement, thinking how absolutely laden with sperm her son's thick rich semen was. The stuff was as thick as pudding.

"You look beautiful like that, Mom," Josh said as he lay beside her, totally drained for the moment, but knowing he was nowhere close to being finished for the night. "I love that outfit. You wouldn't

believe how turned on I got when you came out in that. I've always dreamed of you in something like that."

"I'm sure every boy has thought of his mother at one time or another in something like this. I picked it out just for you. I figured you might get a kick out of me looking like a dominatrix at some point during this trip."

"I love it. I'll be your slave any time, Mom."

"That's good to know, baby, because I'm not done with you tonight." She turned her lips up to his and he kissed her tenderly, their tongues rolling over each other's as they shared a hot passionate kiss. When they broke the kiss, Erica looked down at her cum-covered chest, the heavy gobs and ribbons of semen almost totally covering her massive 38Es. She looked back at her son, a devilish twinkle in her eye. "You know, I think there's somebody else who liked seeing me in this outfit too—somebody who seemed quite willing to do whatever I asked."

"What did you have in mind?" Josh asked, knowing his mother was talking about the woman downstairs.

"Well, it seems like kind of waste not to let our good friend downstairs have another taste of your cum, especially since there's so much of it right here for her to feed on." Josh's eyes opened wide as his mother's eyes flicked down to her semen-covered chest.

"You...you mean you'd let her lick it off your tits?" Josh gasped out, his heart starting to race once more.

"Sure, baby. Would you like to see that?" his mother asked teasingly.

"I...I'd love to see that!" Josh replied excitedly.

"And what if I wanted her to do something more?"

"Like...?" Josh could only gasp out part of what he wanted to say, his eyes open wide in shock.

"Well, if she does a good job of cleaning me up, I might let her lick me somewhere else as a reward."

"Of fuckkkkkk," Josh moaned, overwhelmed with excitement as what his mother was saying registered in his perverted young brain.

With a smile on her face, Erica reached over to the phone, put it on speaker mode, and hit zero.

"Front desk?" Yvonne's voice came through the phone again, that trace of eagerness once again in her voice.

"We've got something for you again," Erica said in her calm lulling voice. "Do you want some more?"

"Yes," Yvonne replied instantly.

"Good. And put your sign up that you're going to be away from the desk for a while." Erica looked at her son and winked obscenely. "I think you're going to be busy up here for quite some time."

"Yes mam," Yvonne said obediently just before she hung up the phone.

"Oh Jesus, Mom, this is going to be so hot. What do you want me to do?"

"Why don't you just sit there," Erica said, pointing to a small easy chair just off to one side. "You should have a good view from there." Josh climbed off the bed and instinctively started to pull on his underwear. "No, baby, leave those off. I want her to have that beautiful cock of yours in sight at all times." Josh sat in the chair facing the bed, giving him a perfect view of what was going to happen. "That's it, sweetie, just sit back in that chair like a king— she'll love that. And slowly stroke your cock while you're watching, that'll turn both of us on. Why don't you start now? That'll look really hot to her when she comes in, like you can't wait to see her."

Just as Josh slipped his hand around his long limber cock, the door opened and Yvonne let herself in, closing the door behind her. As she turned and looked at the couple before her, she gasped. Looking hot and seductive in the warm amber glow from the lamp on the bedside table, the young man sat in the chair on the other side of the bed, his tall muscular frame filling the chair. His broad shoulders and defined pecs were spectacular, but her eyes were quickly drawn to the space between his widely-spread powerful thighs, where his big hand was slowly stroking his dormant member. Even in its near-flaccid state, it was a thing of beauty, looking incredibly long and heavy in his hand. It glistened wetly, with what she was sure were the woman's juices. The air was full of their scent, and it stirred Yvonne's burning libido even more as she breathed in the alluring fragrance of raw hot sex. The boy was stroking his cock leisurely, as if limbering it up for further work. It made her shiver with desire just to look at that languid stroking motion, his teasing jacking hand hinting at the lurking power lying in wait inside that magnificent cock.

Yvonne turned slightly and looked at the woman, lying back on a stack of pillows propped up against the headboard. Yvonne gave another sharp intake of breath and shivered with excitement as her heart starting racing, her eyes taking in the obscenely sexy sight of the woman before her. The beautiful busty woman was still dressed in her fetish outfit—the red leather corset, thigh high black boots and shoulder-length gloves looking sinfully wicked and yet tremendously arousing. And somehow, she'd removed the bra cups from the corset, revealing her huge mouth-watering breasts. And Yvonne did feel her mouth watering as she looked at those magnificent tits—they were totally covered with cum! The big full mounds were dripping with the stuff. Thick white semen glistening

in huge gobs was clinging erotically to her voluminous tits, as well as long milky ribbons crisscrossing her chest from one side to the other. The woman's heavy breasts were glazed with the stuff, all the way up to her neck, the huge buds of her pebbly nipples protruding substantially from the smooth surface of the huge mounds lying beneath. Shiny pearls of the boy's cum clung to the stiff nipples, looking intensely erotic. Yvonne found herself instinctively licking her lips as she stared at the woman's cum-covered chest, totally entranced.

"I think my boy has given me something you're really gonna like," Erica said in a sensual breathy voice as she motioned towards her chest. "He's really painted me with the stuff. We figured it would be a shame to let it go to waste. We thought you might know the perfect way to clean me up. Do you know what that is?" As Erica spoke she crooked her finger towards Yvonne and beckoned her to come closer.

Yvonne stepped slowly across the room as if in a trance, her eyes glued to the bizarre scene of the woman's huge breasts covered with her son's cum. As she walked, she nodded absentmindedly, instinctively knowing the woman wanted her to use her mouth to lick her clean. She stopped at the side of the bed, her mouth watering as she looked at the lavish amount of semen the boy had painted his mother with. "I...I could lick that off for you, if you'd like?"

"That's exactly what I was thinking. You better come and get it while it's still nice and warm." Erica brought her knees up and rolled her booted legs open to each side, nodding to the space between her spread legs. Yvonne crawled onto the bed, dressed in her navy skirt

and white blouse, the garments already stained with spackles of cum from when she'd fed from the boy's cock a short time ago. She still wore her shoes, classic black pumps. "Here you go, just for you," Erica said, slipping both hands beneath one breast and holding it up slightly, blatantly offering it to the hungry woman.

Yvonne moved closer, her heart racing as she took in the lurid scene of the young man's brilliant white cum glistening wetly in the soft glow from the bedside lamp. The way the woman was offering her breast made it all the more enticing, a big drop of cum dangling from her large rubbery nipple. Yvonne leaned forward and pursed her lips, slipping them right over the stiff red bud. She'd never been with a woman before and the sensation was like nothing she'd done before, but she loved the spontaneous wickedness of what this bizarre couple was making her do. She closed her lips and sucked at the same time as her tongue licked softly at the pebbly bud.

"Mmmmm, that's it, that feels really good," Erica said with a purr as she turned and smiled softly at Josh, her eyes glowing with mischief.

The woman's words of praise inspired Yvonne even more, and she let her lips spread further open, covering all of the woman's areola now. She sucked again, her tongue rolling in slow circles over the soft flesh. "Mmmmm..." It was Yvonne that was purring now, her mouth alive with the taste of warm teenage semen. She moved her mouth to the side, licking at the thick ribbons of jizz coating the side of the woman's breast. She lapped up as much as she could as the woman held her breast up to her mouth, making sure she licked it clean. Yvonne slid her tongue over the upper swell of the woman's

tit before letting her tongue delve deep into the woman's impressive cleavage, her tongue finding a huge gob of potent baby batter nestled deep in that warm valley.

"Oh my, you are hungry for it, aren't you?" Erica said as Yvonne licked deeply between her breasts. With another smile towards Josh, she shifted her hands to her other large breast, offering that one as well. Yvonne needed no coaxing and shifted her mouth to that heavy mound, her lips and tongue slurping up the strands and gobs of tasty masculine seed.

Josh watched in awe, his hand bringing his spent prick back to life as he watched the obscene spectacle of his mother having her breasts cleaned by the motel clerk. The woman looked ravenous, her lips and tongue working over his mother's ample tit flesh hungrily, the occasional slurp and wet sucking sound reaching his ears as the woman lapped up his cum. It was insanely exciting, and he felt himself getting aroused already, even though he had just come minutes before.

"I think you got it all," Erica said, looking down at her chest as Yvonne reluctantly sat back and licked her lips, making sure she'd lapped up every drop. All that was left on Erica's chest was the glistening residue of Yvonne's saliva, every drop of her son's cum resting warmly in the pit of the woman's stomach. Erica could see that the woman was aroused, her face flushed red, a misty glow of perspiration coating her features. She wanted to see how far she could push this woman. "You did a good job of cleaning me up like that. From the looks of my boy, we might have some more for you

soon." Both of them looked over at Josh, his pumping hand now full of hard thick cock, precum dripping lewdly from the tip. "But before you get your reward, I've got something else I want you to do first."

"Wh...what's that?" Yvonne asked, her heart hammering with excitement in her chest. This woman was incredibly beautiful, and after what she'd asked of her already, Yvonne knew she'd do anything the woman asked, as long as she could get another mouthful of the young man's sizzling cum.

"I want you to use that pretty mouth of yours right here," Erica said, letting her legs roll open even more as she took the tip of one gloved index finger and traced it along the inviting groove of her greasy slit. "Have you ever done this to a woman before?"

"No," Yvonne said meekly, shaking her head timidly.

Erica could see the wanton desire in the woman's eyes, and knew she was hers to do with as she pleased. Erica pulled back the protective sheath over her large enflamed clit, the fiery red nodule almost glowing with need. "My son and I will never tell anyone, so bring those soft lips of yours down here and do exactly what you did with my nipples. I think you'll get the hang of it quick enough."

Turned on beyond belief and, with a low whimper of surrender, Yvonne lowered her face, pursed her lips and slipped them right over the sensitive red protrusion. It was incredibly hot and stiff, and

her lips closed softly over the pea-shaped nodule. She sucked gently, the tip of her tongue exploring the rigid little button.

"Oh fuck, yesssss..." Erica hissed, her eyes rolling back in her head as Yvonne went to work on her. The woman was a natural, and obviously had an oral fixation. She moved her mouth down along Erica's seeping trench, sending her tongue way up inside her, her searching tongue gathering up Erica's flowing juices. Erica smiled over at Josh as she put her gloved hands on the woman's head and held her tightly against her weeping little box, her hips rolling lewdly as she ground her hot loins against the woman's working mouth.

"Oh Jesus, you are a hungry little thing. This isn't going to take long at all." She let Yvonne keep her tongue buried deep inside her fiery twat, the woman's long tongue bathing the hot tissues inside her luxuriously. She lay back and smiled softly at Josh, savoring the sinful pleasure of having another woman service her. She let this go on for a few minutes, the blissful sensations building within her. Feeling her pleasure level rising, she pulled Yvonne's head back to where she wanted it. "Bring those sweet lips back to my clit. That's it. Fuck, that's good. Now just keep...just keep...OH FUCKKKKK..., Erica moaned loudly as Yvonne's working tongue triggered an orgasm deep inside her, the tingling sensations starting at the base of her sensitive clit and blossoming out to every nerve-ending of her body. She bucked and twitched, her hips grinding up against the woman's working mouth as she climaxed. Her gloved hands were lost in the woman's hair, holding her tight against her as she rode out her orgasm, enjoying every last delicious sensation. Finally, she pushed Yvonne away, her sensitive loins buzzing from the woman's

ravenous oral assault. "Are you sure you never did that to a woman before?"

Yvonne simply shook her head, her face glistening with the woman's warm cunt-honey.

"For a beginner, you sure didn't need any teaching. Like we were talking about earlier, I think you should take that beautiful mouth of yours and let your 18-year old son know what you can do with it. And the way you seem to like teenage cum, I bet he'll keep you full every day. Just imagine your son fucking your face with that huge cock of his, working that mouth of yours over and over until your lips are numb. And then he comes, filling your mouth until it overflows and the stuff is running down your face. He comes and then he keeps feeding it to you, getting hard and coming again and again, all of his sweet juice sliding down your throat—load after load until you've totally sucked him dry."

Yvonne shivered as the woman spoke, picturing her muscular young son, Chuck, standing over her, feeding her his cock all day long. She'd seen him work in the yard with his shirt off, the powerful plates of his broad chest glistening in the hot summer sun. She couldn't help but look down at his jeans, an impressive package filling the front. As she looked at the full heavy bulge, she'd felt that twinge in her pussy, and had made herself look away, calling on her willpower to suppress the sinful urges flooding through her. Now, after listening to this woman and seeing her with her own son, she knew she was lost. She would find a way to be alone with Chuck as

soon as she could, her desire for her own son overwhelming her sense of right and wrong.

"Speaking of hard cocks, I need my son's deep inside me right now," Erica said, nodding towards Josh, who was sitting in the chair gaping in awe at the women on the bed, his cock an iron bar in his pumping hand, precum drooling continuously from the oozing red eye at the tip. Erica turned back to Yvonne, who was looking at Josh's huge prick enviously. "You can sit and watch if you want — I'm sure you're anxious to see in person what you've been listening to for the last few hours."

Yvonne slid off the bed as Josh rose from the chair and joined his mother on the bed, the stiff lance of his engorged prick bobbing menacingly as he moved between her spread thighs. Yvonne took his place in the chair, her eyes glued to the sexy mother and son before her.

"C'mon baby," Erica said huskily as she reached down between them and grabbed her son's rigid cock, positioning the enflamed head between her glistening pink labia. "Her mouth was good, but now I need to feel every hard inch of this beautiful cock inside me." Once she had inserted the broad flared knob deep enough so her clutching labia had it totally encircled, she brought her gloved hands back up and linked them around his neck, looked wantonly into her son's warm blue eyes. "Oh yeah, that's what I need." She rolled her hips salaciously, the hot wet tissues of her pussy-lips adhered possessively to the lemon-sized cockhead. "Give Mommy every hard

inch. Don't stop until you've got that big fucker all the way inside me."

Excited beyond belief, Josh groaned deep in his throat and flexed forward as he lay over his mother, powering his thick long cock further and further into her. She was incredibly hot and wet, the slippery pink tissues inside her seeming to grip and pull him even deeper. With an insistent slow merciless thrust, his cock slid into her, one inch at a time, until the sensitive glans at the tip bumped up against the gates of her womb, exactly at the same time his shaven groin pressed up flush against hers.

"Oh fuckkkkk...that's so goooooood," Erica moaned as her head tipped back and her eyes closed, loving the feel of her son stretching and filling her like she'd only imagined, her aching cunt coming alive with unbelievable sensations as he remained still, over 10" or rock-hard cock impaling her.

Yvonne gasped as she watched the muscular young man bury himself in his mother's steaming twat, the woman's vivid pink labia glistening wetly as they stretched around his cunt-splitting cock, the thick veiny shaft slowly disappearing from view until he was totally inside her, his powerful young erection buried to the hilt. Yvonne couldn't suppress the urges rushing through her. She pulled her skirt up and shoved her fingers into her dripping snatch, her thumb finding her clit instinctively as she slid her fingers back and forth. Her pistoning fingers made a wet squelching sound as they slid back and forth, her whole hand quickly becoming coated with her gooey juices. The nasty wet sound caused both Josh and Erica to look over,

and they smiled as they saw Yvonne watching them, her legs spread wide with her hand buried inside her juicy cunt.

"C'mere baby," Erica said as she pulled Josh down close to her. "Give her a good show. Fuck me good and hard, and then when you're ready, I want you to stand in front of her and blow that load all over her face. Can you do that for me?"

"Oh God, yes," Josh replied instantly, incredibly turned on by what his mother was asking him to do.

"That's good, sweetie. Do you think you and that big cock of yours can turn your mother inside out a couple of times before you're ready to blow again?"

"Fuck, yes." Josh answered by drawing back his hips until just the massive tip was nestled between her pouting pussy-lips, and then drove forward, adding a twist to his hips as he skewered her right down into the bed.

"Oh Jesus, yesssss..." Erica hissed as the bed started to squeak and shake. Josh started to really fuck her, getting into a smooth rhythm of deep hard strokes, plundering her oily trench with every vigorous thrust. Within five minutes, she was trembling uncontrollably as the sensations inside her rose and rose, and then they crested, causing her to convulse spastically as he continued to assault her welcoming cunt with his huge cock.

"Let's give you another one like this," Josh said as he pulled his glistening cock out of her and flipped her over. She was on her hands and knees, looking wickedly sexy in her thigh-high boots and leather corset. Just slipped his cock back inside her from behind, shuttling the massive cylinder of flesh between his legs in and out of her incendiary depths. Her huge tits hung down, the stiff nipples grazing the sheets as they wobbled pendulously back and forth under his powerful thrusts.

"Oh Jesus...so hard...I...I...OH FUCKKKKKK..." Erica gushed as she came again, dropping her head onto a pillow and muffling her scream as she buried her face into it. Josh continued to lever his powerful hips back and forth, his hand in the middle of her back holding her down as he fucked her relentlessly, loving the feel of his own mother's hot clutching vagina gripping him like a buttery fist.

'They're unbelievable,' Yvonne thought to herself as she watched mesmerized, her hand bringing her off for the third time in a row. Now the son flipped his mother over onto her back again, taking her booted ankles in each hand and holding her spread wide open, her puffy cunt turned up for his imminent onslaught. The woman looked so teasingly sexy in her fetish-like outfit, the thin stiletto heels of her boots sticking straight up in the air as her son had her legs open in a widely spread 'V'. He leaned forward and stuck his dripping cock back into her, and then proceeded to just pound her into the mattress, the old bed groaning and complaining with every deep hard thrust.

"Oh God...Oh Godddd...Oh Godddd..." The woman was groaning continuously now as her son fucked her tirelessly. Yvonne was

astonished at the stamina of the young man, knowing how busy he'd been fucking his mother since they arrived hours ago. She shivered as she thought about her own son, and wondered if he was blessed with such seemingly limitless sexual endurance.

"Oh Jesus, not againnnnnnnn," Erica groaned as she came again, her whole body thrumming like a plucked guitar string as her son fucked her. The deliciously luxurious sensations overwhelmed her, almost causing her to black out as she thrashed about on the bed, her eyes rolled back in her skull as her head rolled from side to side, her gloved hands pulling at the sheets in a death grip. Her massive breasts were shaking and quivering as she gasped for breath, her whole body covered in sweat.

Josh kept going, knowing he would be able to last until he'd given his gorgeous mother at least one more climax. He rolled her right up, her legs coming up towards her shoulders as he leaned over her and fucked her savagely, knowing she was loving it as much as he was. He shifted his angle slightly, forcing his prick to rub fiercely along the roof of her vagina. As the bed creaked on, he drove it deep and hard, loving the feel of the soft folds of flesh inside her gripping him wantonly.

"Oh fuck, BABYYYYYYYYYYYY," his mother screamed as she buried her face into his neck and screamed, her gloved hands clawing at his back. Josh held on as she thrashed about beneath him, throwing her body against him like a bucking bronco. He slowed, keeping his cock buried to the hilt and only rolling his hips slowly, letting her get as much pleasure as she could. Finally, she collapsed on the bed, her

arms dropping to her sides as she gasped for air. She rolled her head on the pillow until she looked up at him through half-closed eyes, her voice deep and raspy, "Give it to her Josh, blow that load all over her."

Josh knew he was close, and pulled out of her, a wet sucking sound filling the air as his glistening cock came forth. He looked at his mother's abused cunt, the brilliant pink labia puffy and swollen. He turned and looked at Yvonne, her fingers still buried between her legs as she looked at them, her stiff nipples visible beneath her white blouse. He shifted over and got off the bed, standing between her spread legs, his enormous cock mere inches from her face as she sat in the chair.

Yvonne could only stare as if hypnotized, loving the sight of the powerful young man standing over her, his big hand wrapped around his huge cock as he pointed it towards her. Her eyes shifted to the tip, where precum drizzled forth, the glistening webs of cock-sap flipping this way and that as he stroked, most of them falling onto the front of her blouse.

"Get ready," he warned, "HERE IT COMES!"

The seeping red eye turned cloudy for a split second and then filled with a pearl of brilliant white, before a long thick rope of cum shot jettisoned forth, the ribbon of semen slashing across her face.

"Aaahh," Yvonne gasped with a sharp intake of breath as the hot thick rope of jizz pasted itself up along her cheek and into her hair. Another sizzling strand spewed forth, hitting alongside her nose, rising up as it clung to her forehead, and disappeared into her hairline. The young man kept stroking, and the hot thick cum rained down on her, the warm viscous seed feeling exhilarating as it landed on her face. It felt like someone was throwing gobs of hot yogurt on her. She absolutely loved the feel of it landing on her skin as he continued to pelt her face with a massive load of teenage cum.

"OHHHHNNNNN," Yvonne groaned as she climaxed again, her gooey fingers shoving back and forth inside her gushing cunt. She couldn't believe how sexy she felt being at the mercy of this young man, knowing she was willing to do anything he wanted. Her pussy was tingling with delight as he kept blasting his load onto her, covering her face with his cum. After a number of huge shots, he moved his hand down slightly, spraying the front of her shirt with huge gobs of jizz. She could feel the weight of it right through the quickly-soaked material, the masculine scent of his potent seed rising into her senses. He kept stroking and his cock kept shooting as he moved back to her face after covering her chest with torrents of semen. She thought he was done but he kept stroking, pumping out wad upon wad of thick teenage cum as he flooded her face. Finally his hand slowed, and he shook the last few drops onto her gasping lips. He took his hand and wrapped it firmly around the base of his cock, and then slowly, firmly, he slid his hand forwards, until he had milked out the last remaining drops of semen from with the barrel of that massive gun. Yvonne watched, her face dripping with cum as he reached forward with the index finger of his other hand and scooped up the milky drop poised in the mouth of the shimmering red eye at the end of his cock. Her eyes were glued to his glistening

index finger as he moved it towards her, her lips instinctively forming into an inviting 'O'. He slid his finger right into her mouth, her lips closing peacefully around the invading digit, her tongue slithering around his probing finger to gather up the tasty morsel of semen.

"Mmmnnn...nnnghgghhhh..." What started out as purr of pleasure turned into a whimper of ecstasy as she came again, her thumb rubbing blissfully over the erect spire of her clit as she sucked at his long thick finger. Her lips clung to it possessively as she sucked, wishing it was his huge cock. But the way his mother had spoken earlier, she knew this was as close as she was going to get.

"Okay, that's enough, you two." Erica's commanding voice broke them out of their reverie and Josh withdrew his finger, Yvonne's lips pursed well forward as it came free with an audible "POP!" Yvonne felt herself flushing, the reality of what she had done rushing over her. She looked down at her clothes, her shirt absolutely soaked with the boy's cum, her navy skirt spackled and splattered with semen. "I think we're done with you for now," the woman continued. "Time for you to go back to work." Yvonne unsteadily got to her feet, her mind swirling as she made her way to the door, her shirt clinging to her chest where it was laden with cum. She caught a glimpse of her face in the mirror by the door, her features totally obscured by the huge load of cum the boy had painted her with. The stuff was everywhere, clinging to her skin lewdly and dangling off her chin like a porn star in a bukake scene. She couldn't believe how much he'd shot, totally unloading as he'd flooded her face. There were wads in her hair, and even a thick white gob dangling from one earlobe. Her pussy itched fiercely as she looked at herself, knowing

she'd be rubbing herself off again as soon as she got back to the office. Without a word, she hurried from the room, closing the door behind her.

Josh stood, watching the woman leave, his hand still wrapped around his cock. He'd watch her pause as she'd looked at herself in the mirror, and she'd gasped quietly at her image—but he could tell it was a gasp of excitement. He was still aroused by everything that had happened, and blowing this last load all over the woman had only fired his ardor even more.

"You did good, baby," his mother said as she slid across the bed and got to her feet. She looked so fucking sexy in her outfit that he couldn't help but let his eyes roam from her sexy made-up face, down past her rhinestone choker to her spectacular breasts, the voluminous orbs beautifully on display in the cupless red leather corset. His eyes traveled further down past her waspish waist to her glistening slit, the pouting lips of her cunt shining bright pink from between her legs as she stepped close to him. His eyes went further, to the sheer tops of her stockings, held in place by the biting garters of her corset, down to her long sexy legs provocatively encased in the thigh-high black boots with the sky-high stiletto heels. "Fuck, she's absolutely gorgeous," Josh thought to himself as he shivered with an undeniable lust for his mother. She stood on her tiptoes and kissed him gently, her tongue tracing teasingly along the line between his lips. She stepped back and looked at him, that illicitly sinful look in her eyes again.

"Sit back against the headboard, baby," Erica said as she used her gloved hand to push gently on the muscular plates of her son's broad chest. Josh shifted back onto the bed to the spot his mother had just been sitting, her womanly scent filling the air around them. He pushed the pillows into a pile at the head of the bed and laid back, his body propped up against the headboard. "That's it." She reached over to the night table where she'd left her purse and opened it. She reached inside and pulled out a stretchy hairband, pulling her hair back from her face before securing it in a ponytail, her lovely features looking even more alluring with her hair off her pretty face. If she was pulling her hair back out of the way, Josh knew she was planning on using her mouth for an extended time. She then pulled out her lipstick, looking at him provocatively as she applied a thick coating, turning her sensual mouth into a sexy red gash. His mother crawled onto the bed between his spread legs, looking up at him from her subservient place between his legs, an electrifying glimmer of nastiness in her eyes. She slid her hand around his semi-hard cock, looking up at him provocatively. "Just lie back and relax, baby. I'm a little sore down there from that last fucking you gave me, so, Mommy wants to take her time and worship this beautiful cock for the rest of the night. You can fall asleep if you want to, but I'm going to keep sucking. I have the feeling this cock of yours will stay hard for me as long as I keep sucking it." She took a long slow lick from the base of his cock to the sensitive tip and then looked him in the eye. "Is that okay with you? Would you like Mommy to suck it all night long?"

"Oh God, yes." With a dull moan of blissful surrender, Josh settled back with his hands crossed behind his head and looked down as his beautiful mother pursed her lips and slipped them over the knob of his cock, her lips following the flared contours down past the rope-

like ridge of his corona, and then further down, the thick shaft of his prick disappearing into her mouth. Her tongue slid forth, bathing his cock with her flowing saliva, her lips coming back up before she slowly, lovingly took him deeper into her mouth as she started to bob her head rhythmically, her talented mouth embracing his once-more stiffening dong in a slick hot sheath, her cheeks hollowed in obscenely as she sucked slowly, lovingly, totally worshipping his cock. He loved the look of her brilliant red lips pursed forward as they circled his veiny shaft, the glistening trail of her saliva coating his prick shining lewdly with a scintillating hint of her red lipstick.

A half hour later, with a warning of "Here it comes, Mom," she finally took him over the edge, her mouth filling with hot teenage semen as she sucked ravenously, another huge load finding a nice warm home in the pit of her stomach. When he'd finished, she kept nursing at his spent cock, a devilish glint in her eye as she concentrated on her work. Josh felt himself wavering on the edge of slumber, and decided to close his eyes for just a minute, but sleep quickly overtook him. He awoke some time later to see his mother's head bobbing rhythmically over his once-again hard cock, the old bed creaking in time with each bob of her head. He was rock-hard and when she sensed he was awake, she ran her thumbs teasingly up each side of the large ventral tube on the underside of his cock. Those sliding thumbs were all it took, coaxing another load out of his youthful balls. He flooded her mouth again as her lips and tongue drove him crazy, torrents of fresh teenage semen spewing down her welcoming throat. Her sliding thumbs seemed to entice even more of his potent seed out of him. He drifted off again, her mouth still working on his prodigious member.

\*

Yvonne listened to them all through the night. After she'd gotten back to the office, she'd looked at herself closely in the mirror, loving the sight of herself covered with the boy's thick rich cum. She'd taken out her phone and taken a number of selfies to remember this moment, and then she used her fingers to push all of that milky semen into her mouth, luxuriating in the wicked delight of the taste and feel of the young man's slimy discharge sliding down her throat. She went back to her desk, her ear turned to the ceiling above. She heard a soft rhythmic squeaking, much less noisy than the brutal sounds coming from above when they'd been fucking earlier. It continued repetitively for a long time, and she wondered what they were doing. After a while, her curiosity got the better of her and she stole upstairs to the window of their room, peering through a tiny slit in the draperies. She smiled to herself as she now knew the source of the slow rhythmic squeaking—the woman was giving her son a long leisurely blowjob. The boy was lying back on the bed, his arms up with his hands crossed behind his head as he lay propped up against the headboard. His mother was lying between his powerful spread thighs, still dressed in her leather fetish gear. Yvonne could see the back of her head as it bobbed slowly on her son's huge erection, the shaft glistening with her hot spit when it came into view.

Yvonne was just about to leave when she heard a muffled "Here it comes, Mom," from within the room and watched as the boy's defined six-pack abs started to flex as he fed his mother his load. She watched the muscles in the woman's neck contracting as she swallowed, making Yvonne envious. As usual, the boy seemed to

come for a long time. When he was done, he threw one hand over his eyes, as if ready for sleep, but his mother just kept sucking. Yvonne saw the blissful look of pleasure in her hooded eyes as she took her son's cock out of her mouth and rubbed it all over her face for a minute or two before slipping her lips back over the broad flared head, her face glistening with a shiny trail of his leaking cock-sap.

Yvonne quietly returned to the office, the gentle repetitive sound still coming from above, letting her know the woman was continuing to suck on her son's huge cock. She pulled out the woman's panties she'd given her, brought the warm alluring scent to her nose and breathed deeply, her hand busy beneath her legs as she listened to the sounds from above.

The sounds continued until finally, at about 5:30 in the morning, they ceased. Yvonne herself had drifted in and out of a sleep a few times herself between orgasms, her fingers never leaving her seeping cunt for very long.

At 7:00 in the morning, the manager of the motel arrived in his car to take over for the day shift. Looking down at her stained clothing, Yvonne grabbed a trench coat she'd left in the closet one time and just finished slipping it on before the manager entered the office. She rapidly made her explanation about filling in for Carl, and rushed out, the woman's panties stuffed in her purse. She was anxious to get home and sleep the day away. She knew her husband was planning on taking the two younger boys for a camping trip before school started up again. They were going to be leaving tonight. Her husband had said that Chuck would be staying behind in case she

needed a hand with anything. '...in case she needed a hand with anything...,' Yvonne thought to herself. Thinking about her 18-year old's broad muscular shoulders and well-packed jeans, she decided she might start with Chuck's hand, but it would be his young hard cock she'd end up with. She pushed on the accelerator harder as she headed home.

\*

Josh came awake, surprised at the brightness in the room. As his eyes fluttered open, he glanced over at clock radio on the night table — 10:32. Jesus, he couldn't believe they'd slept so late. He remembered drifting off finally with his mother still sucking his cock. He propped himself up on his elbows and looked down on the bed. His mother was curled up between his spread legs, lying on her side, blissfully asleep. He quietly shifted around, pulling his legs up until he could get out from around her and moved down on the bed.

"Oh fuck," he thought to himself as he leaned closer and looked at his mom's pretty face. The sight before him was the hottest thing he'd even seen. Still dressed in her kinky outfit, her rhinestone choker made her face look even more wickedly erotic. But her face itself — her face was glistening with the shiny remnants of his semen and precum. The stuff was in her hair, clinging to her soft skin — it was everywhere. But the hottest thing of all was her mouth. As she lay on her side peacefully asleep, with her cheek against the sheets, her mouth was open, her full pouty lips still showing traces of her brilliant red lipstick. However, what really drew his eyes was the rivulet of semen leaking from the corner of her lips. There was a

sizeable puddle of the stuff on the sheets where the shimmering strand touched down, and when he looked into her open mouth, he could see a small pool of the milky fluid lying within. There were stains and gobs of cum all around the area of her face, and thinking back on the times he'd been roused from sleep, he figured he'd come at least five times during the night while she'd been sucking him. After working on him continuously for hours, she must have finally passed out just after he'd ejaculated for the last time. And from the looks of that pearly trail leaking from her mouth, the last load must have been a big one. To him, it looked like she had passed out from a cum overdose.

Josh looked at her lovingly, knowing there was no way anyone could possibly have a better mother than him. With the state she was in, he knew he'd be doing the driving today, letting her rest. But that was fine with him—this road trip with his mom was working out to be more than he could have ever dreamed of.

\*

TWO WEEKS LATER

"So baby, you start full classes in two more days. Do you think I need to give you another oral exam?" Erica asked provocatively as she leaned back against her son, his arms wrapped around her.

"I thought that half hour I spent eating you before these last two times I fucked you would have been enough," Josh replied with a

smile, nuzzling his face into her lustrous blonde hair and nipping teasingly at her ear.

"Mmmmm, yes...that was nice," Erica said as she reached back and lovingly stroked his hair, tilting her head so he could run his lips along the smooth skin of her neck. She thought back to her son's talented mouth working on her mature pussy a short time ago, his tongue and lips driving her crazy for half an hour straight, until finally, she'd had to push him away, the tingling sensitive tissues of her cunt just buzzing.

They'd arrived the day before and found a modern furnished apartment in a building not far from campus. It had two bedrooms, a bathroom with a huge marble and glass-walled shower, a kitchen to die for, and an excellent view. Josh was worried about the cost, but his mother told him they could afford it, and it was her treat for him being such a good son. As soon as his mother had signed the lease and the building manager had left, they celebrated with Josh hoisting his mother onto the granite countertop in the kitchen, pushing her skirt up out of the way, and fucking her right there on the spot.

Josh had spent this afternoon at Stanford, registering for courses and doing all the work necessary to get started with this studies. His mother had done some grocery shopping and he arrived home to a delightful spaghetti dinner. He offered to clean up for all the hard work she'd done, and when he was finished with the dishes, his mother had called to him from the bedroom. He found her lying on the bed, dressed in a white shelf bra and matching garter belt, her legs alluringly encased in sheer white gossamer stockings and white

stiletto slingbacks, the pointy toes looking sinfully wicked. Josh had seen his mother in a lot of different lingerie over the past two weeks, but the look of that stupendous body of hers in virginal white always got the blood flowing to his constantly stiffening cock.

The bra was amazing, the shelf-like structure beneath her breasts supporting those massive 38Es spectacularly, pushing the huge mounds up and together obscenely. Her nipples looked stiff and swollen. As he stood in the bedroom door speechless, his mother blatantly licked her index finger and ran it over her nipples, causing them to shine wetly. She then took her finger and traced her talon-like red nail down her body, the tip coming to rest on the sheathed spire of her clit.

"C'mon baby, time for your dessert," Erica purred as she reached down and pulled the petals of her labia apart, a clinging web of gooey cunt-honey bridging the gap between the two shining lips.

Josh shivered at the dizzying display of pulchritude before him and tore off his clothes, his mother smiling at him wickedly. She had taught him much in the past two weeks, their illicit incestuous affair finding no limits along the way. He threw the last of his clothes aside, dove between her legs, and went to work. After pleasuring her with his mouth, she'd screamed in ecstasy numerous times before finally pushing him away, but she'd eagerly welcomed him inside her when he'd climbed forward, his huge dripping cock in need of release. He'd fucked her twice in a row, moving her into various positions as he kept working her over, his cock driving deep into her welcoming cunt. After the second time he'd basted her insides with a heavy load

of cum, they'd taken a break, with him leaning back against the headboard and her nestled snugly inside his circling arms.

And now she'd mentioned about his classes starting in two days. He'd kissed her soft warm neck, loving the scent of her as he'd buried his face in her hair, his fingers sliding beneath her mouth-watering breasts, filling his hands with the massive orbs.

"Mom," Josh said softly as he continued to nibble gently on her ear, his hands hefting her weighty tits, "don't you think it's time to call Dad about what we talked about?"

"What time is it back home?" Erica responded, looking at the clock on the table next to them. "It's before 11:00 there—he'll still be up. Pass me my phone." Josh reached over to the night table and passed his mother her phone, his hands instinctively returning to her breasts as he once more nuzzled at her neck. Erica put the phone on speaker and hit the number to call home. Two rings later, her husband answered the phone.

"Hi Dear, how are things going out there? Getting settled in okay?" Hal Preston asked.

"Things are going great, sweetie." She snuggled back closer against her son, putting her hand over his and encouraging him to squeeze her breasts. "Things couldn't be better."

"That's wonderful. Is Josh getting excited?"

Erica rolled her hips slightly, her lush backside pressing against her son's heavy prick, the prodigious member once more on the rise. "Oh yes, he is getting excited. He's been excited nearly this whole trip. I have to keep coming up with ways to help him keep it under control. He gets so excited, I swear he's about to burst sometimes."

"Haahaaa, good for him. I loved all those times you called. It really made my day. And I think it's good that you were giving him those oral tests every day. With the competition he's going to be facing, I'm sure it helped to keep him on the edge."

"Oh yes, I'd make sure I'd keep him right on the edge, and then we'd find ways for him to release that tension and relax. He did great, and he kept finding ways to show me how appreciative he was."

"He's turning into a fine young man. I'm proud of him, but I know it's going to be a tough year for him, being away from home on his own for the first time. I hope he'll be okay." Erica could hear the concern in her husband's voice and she smiled—the conversation had gone exactly as she'd hoped.

"That's what I was calling about. You know, Hal, Josh really has his hands full out here." Erica put a serious tone in her voice, even as she traced her fingertips over her son's cupping hands. "Honey, I was thinking the same thing as you about this being his first time away from us, and I was thinking I might stay for just a little longer to

make sure he gets settled in okay. I want to make sure this term goes as smooth as possible for him. I'm sure there'll be some things come up for him that will be really hard," she ground herself back against him, his stiffening cock rising up her back, "and I'd like to be here to help with that."

"Oh well, uh...gee," Hal responded, obviously not expecting what his wife was saying.

"You do want him to do well, don't you, sweetie?" Erica interjected, her voice dripping with concern over her son's well-being.

"Well of course. It...it's just I wasn't expecting that. I thought you'd be home soon." There was a pause as Hal digested what his wife was saying. "Is there enough room there? Where will you sleep?"

"The second bedroom has a single bed in it. That'll be fine for me," Erica said, knowing she wouldn't be leaving the king-size bed she was going to be sharing with her son for even a second. "You're doing alright, aren't you?"

"Oh yes, I'm fine...I'm fine."

"And you're still busy with that deal at work?"

"Yes. That's turning out to be more complicated than expected, but it's going okay."

"Then I really think it's best if I stay out here for little while to make sure Josh has everything he needs. Don't you think that's important, honey?" Erica turned her head quickly, her lips finding Josh's for a hot quick kiss.

"Yes...yes, of course. You're right," Hal responded, surrender in his voice.

"Oh Hal, thank you so much. In the long run, I'm sure it will be the best thing for Josh."

"Well, with all you're doing to help him, you just make sure he shows you how much he appreciates that."

"Oh, I'm sure he will. He's a good boy, always ready to make sure his mother is happy," Erica said as she slid out from between Josh's arms and turned around, his rigid erection now standing up stiffly between them. She quickly leaned down and licked at the seeping cockhead, dragging a shimmering strand of precum into her mouth.

"Yes, he is a good boy. So...uh...when do you think you'll be coming home?"

Erica reluctantly slipped her lips off her son's enflamed glans and, with a sultry look in her eyes, licked her lips like a porn star. "Oh, I was thinking maybe Thanksgiving."

"Thanksgiving! That's almost three months away?"

"Well, I just want to make sure he's settled in," Erica replied, lying down between Josh's legs and taking a long leisurely lick up his throbbing cock-shaft. "I think staying until Thanksgiving should be just about right."

"Well, okay. Just promise to keep in touch, okay, sweetie?"

"Okay, Hal," Erica replied, giving her son a sly wink, "we'll do that." She hit the END button, finishing the call.

"Oh Mom, that was perfect," Josh said happily, sliding his hands into his mother's thick blonde hair and bringing her mouth back to his dripping cock.

"Mmmmm," Erica purred, her lips nuzzling all around the pebbly tissues of his sensitive glans, her tongue drawing slithers of precum from the seeping red eye. "Now we don't have to be in any hurry at all. Since you're going to need your rest tomorrow night before your first day of classes, how about if I spend all night tonight sucking on your cock, seeing how many loads I can coax out of you?" She looked

at him through lust-filled eyes, her tongue running wantonly all around the glistening shaft of his rigid cock.

"Oh fuck, yes. That would be perfect, Mom," Josh replied, lying back as his stacked mother slipped her beautiful mature lips right down onto his surging prick. He closed his eyes and crossed his arms behind his head, knowing his mother was going to be in for another cum overdose.

**THE END**