

THE BUG THAT GOT ME MOM CH. 02

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Sis wants Dad after catching Mom and Brother in backseat

Incest/Taboo

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I would like to thank Chasp for editing this story for me.

All characters are fictional and 18 years or older.

Greg turned off the exit ramp and searched for a parking spot. The rest area that he found was quite dark and there were not many cars. He pulled the van up to the closet spot he could find and parked.

Greg turned the engine off and gave a refreshing stretch, as the long drive had taken its toll on him and he couldn't wait to relieve that build up of piss he had been holding in for such a long time. Greg opened the door and hopped out. Lifting one leg and then the other, Greg tried to shake off the stiffness. He turned and glanced at the rear of the van and caught his wife and son watching him.

"I'll be right back," he said.

"I'll come with you, daddy" Steff said, in the middle of a stretch herself.

"We'll wait here until you two get back," Dawn exclaimed. "I need a private moment to talk to Billy about something."

Billy swallowed hard and thought to himself, *I'm in deep shit now. I don't think Mom's too happy with me. I'd better come up with something quick.*

Greg gave his wife a quick nod and made his way to the restrooms with his daughter.

Dawn watched as her husband and daughter disappeared. She tried to figure out how to talk to her son about what they did. And as she thought about it, she remembered the dream she'd had and what the dream was about.

Both of them were in the restroom they'd stopped at earlier as she checked out her son's bite. She was on her knees just inches away from his massive hard-on, but in her dream she felt herself getting excited over the sight of that monster dick so close to her. Her son's massive cock was jutting out and looked like it was just begging to be touched. Dawn found herself fighting with the morals of right and wrong, but felt she was losing the battle. Her tingling pussy moistened with the sexual tension that had built up within her. Dawn tried her best to overcome her sinful desires but watched as her right hand reached out slowly and touched her son's manhood. Her whole body shivered. Dawn grasped her son's throbbing love pole between her hands and slowly stroked him. She watched as she jerked his monster dick up and down and pre-cum started to ooze out of his piss hole. She wet her lips as she watched the cum dribble down his massive shaft. As her body leaned forward, Dawn told herself, "No! You shouldn't do this. He's your son!" But her body wouldn't listen to her, and she kept moving closer

and closer. She watched as her mouth opened and slowly eased her son into her mouth. Knowing what she was doing was wrong made no difference to how much she was enjoying the way his massive cock felt as it filled up her entire mouth as she tried to take him down her throat.

Dawn bobbed her head up and down and heard her son moan her name, telling her how great she made him feel.

Dawn began to feel her own juices flow out of her excited pussy. She needed to get off, herself. She dropped her right hand down to her twat, and started playing with herself, bringing herself towards her own climax.

Dawn looked up at her son. He took both his hands and pulled her up to face him. Still stroking his pussy spreader, Billy said to her, "Let's cum together, Mom. I want to make you cum." He lowered his own right hand down to his mother's willing pussy, and began to rub her clit with two fingers, building her up to her orgasm. Dawn placed her head on his shoulders, and stroked his thick cock in sync with his own busy fingers.

Dawn moaned, "Oh Billy."

Dawn felt him rub her faster and harder on her now swollen clit. She could feel her excitement building, she knew in any second she'd orgasm, and that was when she awoke.

Dawn came back to the present and turned to face her son, and with a stern look on her face she began to speak, but before she could get a word out,

Billy said "Mom, I'm really sorry for what I did. I don't know what happened. It's like it was someone else controlling my body. It was making me do things I wouldn't normally have done, and I swear my penis was never this big until after I got bitten. I think that bite did something to me. It's made me do things. I think I might be changing into someone else."

"Well maybe there is some truth to what you're saying. But Billy, we can never do that again. Do you understand how wrong that was?"

Billy's eyes began to tear up.

"Yes Mom, I hope you will forgive me. This is the worst day of my life."

"Well maybe we should just cancel this trip and have a doctor take a look at you."

"Mom, please don't do that! Dad would never forgive me if this trip gets ruined on my account."

"There'll be more trips. Your wellbeing is my first concern."

"Just give me a day or two, Mom."

Then, with his head down, Billy said, "If it helps at all, what you did to me before seemed to help."

"In what way?"

"Errr. It's hard to explain Mom, but that feeling of someone else controlling me disappeared."

"So you don't feel like that anymore?"

"Not right now I don't, Mom."

Dawn paused for a moment and thought about what her son had told her. She felt sympathy for him. She took his hand in hers and said, "Okay we'll keep this to ourselves. No sense in getting your father upset over this."

"Thanks Mom, and again please believe me how sorry I am. I love you Mom. "

"I love you too, Billy." Dawn slid over to her son and gave him a soft motherly kiss on his forehead.

She backed away and looked out the van's window.

"I wonder what's taking your father and Steff so long."

Greg did take awhile in the restroom. He hadn't realized how tired he really was from all the driving he had done. He threw some water on his face and began to make his way back to the van. Steff was standing outside the doorway to the ladies' restroom.

"I didn't want to walk back by myself so I waited for you, Daddy."

Greg smiled and opened the exit door for her.

"Ladies first."

Steff looked in her daddy's eyes. "Thank you, Daddy."

They both took a leisurely walk back to the van, neither one in a hurry to return to the cramped confines of the vehicle, though each for different reasons.

Dawn watched the two dark figures as they approached the vehicle. She knew it was them.

"Billy, it's our turn to go. Put that sleeping bag in the front seat, and put your sister's back here."

Billy quickly made the switch.

Greg opened the rear door and Dawn stepped out.

"You have your talk with Billy?"

"Yes everything is fine, but I'm still a little worried about that bite."

"He'll be fine, honey, it was only a bug that bit him, and we don't have anything that could kill a person around these parts. I'm sure by morning it will be all forgotten about."

"I hope so, dear."

Dawn walked to the back of the van and opened the rear door. She went through her clothes and found a pair of jeans, some clean panties, and a tee shirt. She then looked for a clean pair of underpants for her son. Quickly she rolled her panties, and her son's undershorts in her jeans, and headed to the restroom.

"I'm going to change also, honey. I don't want to drive in this dress. I think the cold will give me too much of a chill while I'm driving."

Greg had already settled into the backseat and glanced up to his wife.

"Okay, dear."

Dawn walked with her son. Once outside the restroom she unrolled her jeans and handed Billy his underwear.

"Here Billy, put these on, and give me the old ones back when we leave."

Billy took the underwear.

"Thanks Mom" and made his way to the restroom.

Dawn entered an empty stall and relieved herself.

Her mind rewound back to what had happened, and she felt herself getting excited all over again. She pinched herself for thinking dirty thoughts again about her son.

But try as she might, her mind kept picturing both of them as they pleased each other.

"I have to get it together, here" she thought to herself.

Dawn quickly wiped herself, and changed out of her dress and into her new clothes.

Billy was in the men's room staring at the mirror. So many thoughts were churning through his mind. *What's happened to me? Am I really a sick pervert who just wants to fuck his own mother? Why is my dick getting bigger?*

Billy calmed himself and changed into his clean underwear. He exited the rest room and handed Dawn his underwear.

"You okay, Billy?"

"Yeah Mom. Just wished things hadn't happened the way they did."

"I told you, it's okay. I forgive you. Let's get back before they worry about us."

Billy and his mother slid into the front seats.

Dawn looked back at her husband who did his best to only take up half the rear seat with his body, lying on his left side, his head resting on the window of the door.

"Everyone ready?"

Steff who was resting opposite in a mirrored pose of her father, said "Yeah, let's get going."

Dawn adjusted the stereo so only the front driver speaker was playing. She found a soothing station to listen to and tuned up the volume just enough for her to hear and not disturb anyone else. Happy with her choice of music she put the van in gear and made her way down the highway.

Dawn hoped that the music would help her concentrate on the road, and also get her mind off her incestuous sexual romp.

An hour had passed, and the van was very quiet. Everyone but Dawn seemed to be getting some sleep.

But Steff was still awake. She was unable to sleep. What Dawn and Billy didn't know was that they had been seen, caught in the middle of the act, so to speak.

While they'd tried their best to keep their climaxes to themselves, Steff had heard! Steff had eased herself up from her position in the front seat and glimpsed over the top. She had been shocked by what she had seen. There in the back seat, her mother and brother were having some kind of sexual contact, the expression on both their faces obvious as to what was taking place. Steff had become fixated on the movement that she was seeing. She watched as her Mom's and her brother's breathing increased in speed and intensity. She knew exactly what they were doing. They were rubbing each other off, the look on her mother's face told her that she was very close to climaxing.

Steff didn't know what to do. Should she speak up and say something? Should she tell her father what was happening in the back seat? As Steff continued to watch, her pussy tingled and began to moisten. Steff couldn't understand it, but she was getting turned on by this.

As Steff watched she became wetter and wetter, her excitement building as her mother and brother were close to reaching their own unthinkable climatic experience.

Steff squeezed her legs together and tried to ease the heat between her legs. Despite her attempts to control herself, her hand fumbled under her panties until it found her needing mound and began to stimulate her steamy pussy.

Steff looked over at her father but he was carefully watching the road and was unaware of all that was going on around him. Relieved, she let her fingers probe deeper inside her pussy. Faster and faster she massaged her hard clit, and fingered her tight little cunt as she watched the forbidden sexual foreplay of her mother and her brother. She watched intensely as her mother reached her sinful climax and pushed her mouth hard into her brothers.

As that happened, Steff felt her own climax explode and she pushed her fingers deep into her soaked little pussy to try and ease her body from quivering. Slowly she slipped herself back down in the seat, her fingers still jammed tightly in her juice covered twat, her breathing feeling harsh in her ears.

Now, several hours later, Steff could feel that her pussy was wet again from the memory of what had transpired. She looked over at her father who was silently sleeping.

Steff closed her eyes and again replayed the incestual encounter she had observed. Her hand slipped back down to her moist pussy and began again to stimulate herself.

Her legs parted more and more giving her hand more room for its invasive intrusion. She got hotter and wetter by the moment. She needed more room to move about, she needed more than her hand could provide.

Steff opened her eyes and glanced at her father again. The incestual thought had been awakened in her own mind; she wanted to know what it felt like for herself. The thought of having her father made her hotter than she ever felt before.

No! I can't! Not with Daddy; I have to stop thinking this nonsense.

But her mind thought otherwise, and her fingers dug deeper into her hot little snatch, building up her sexual urges.

She pictured her father's big stiff dick ramming into her tight pussy. A light moan escaped her lips. She had gotten so turned on at the thought of her and dad fucking, she couldn't take it anymore.

Steff looked in the front seat. She could see her mother still listening to her music, and thought her brother must be asleep by now as she couldn't see him. She turned her attention back to her father. She looked over at him and heard his deep breathing. He was fast asleep.

Steff quietly eased herself forward on the seat and gently tugged her father's legs down from their crushed up location and rested them behind her.

Greg stirred in his sleep and slid his whole left side down onto the van seat.

Steff waited to make sure her father didn't wake; she turned on her left side and spooned in against her father covering them with the sleeping bag.

Greg, still asleep, rested his right arm on top of his daughter's right shoulder. Unconsciously, he rubbed his hand lightly on his daughter's shoulder a couple of times.

Steff enjoyed the feeling of her dad's body as he rested behind her. She felt so secure as she felt his hand on her, but it was also bringing out more of her sexual urges.

I can't do this, she thought. Daddy won't understand, I have to control myself.

Steff's body had other intentions though, and she found herself easing back closer to her father. Her hot little body pushed back and her tight ass made contact with her father's crotch. The heat between their bodies grew as she tried to control her unthinkable tendencies, but again her body betrayed her and she felt her hips twitch lightly, causing her soft ass to brush against her father.

"Oh, God," Steff softly whimpered.

Her ass rubbed harder against her father and her pussy tingled with excitement. Steff's lust now controlled her. Her right arm slipped behind her and down across her father's sweat pants until it found his bulging cock. She rubbed him up and down and felt his cock grow with her gentle toying.

Still asleep, Greg's arm again rubbed his daughter's shoulder while he made little thrusts against the light touch of his daughter's hand.

Steff slid her hand up her father's sweat pants until she reached the waistband. She slipped her fingers inside and wiggled them around. Easing her hand down, she made her way under his underwear, working it down to her father's warm semi hard cock. As she reached the tip, she felt it jump, causing another tingle in her wet little pussy. She pushed over the head and encircled Greg's pole with her hand, gripping it lightly as she stroked up and down his stiffening shaft.

Greg made soft grunts in his sleep; his hand that had softly rubbed Steff's shoulder had wandered down to her chest and was cupping her right firm tit, giving it a gentle squeeze.

"Oh, Dawn, that feels great," Greg whispered sleepily.

Excited, Steff lowered her hand to his balls and toyed with them, while she rubbed her thumb up and down his now hard cock.

Greg began to stir, as he felt a hand manipulate his balls. He could feel himself push against the hand as it stimulated his excited dick. As Greg became more aware, he felt his own hand as it squeezed the fleshing tissue of a woman's breast, but this breast felt different from Dawn's. Greg opened his eyes and as they focused on his surroundings he became aware of where he was. His

body tightened as he finally came to his senses and realized who this woman was. His own daughter was jerking him off and his hand was kneading her breast.

Greg was so confused. How could this be happening, what should he do? This was so wrong, but at the same time, it felt so good. His dick grew harder as his mind raced with the thought of what his daughter was doing to him. He had to stop this, but he couldn't find it in himself to do it. He had never felt this excited before in his life. It was such a wicked taboo.

As he squeezed Steff's perky tits again, he realized how much he liked the feel of them in his hand.

God this is so wrong. I have to stop this. Greg said to himself defiantly.

Greg eased his head forward and whispered in Steff's ear. "Baby we can't do this. It's so wrong."

Steff now knew her dad was now awake, but she didn't care; she just knew she had to have him. Steff thought about what her dad said, but realized that since he hadn't stopped feeling her breast, she figured he must not be fighting too hard with the same forbidden desire she had. She had to help him with his dilemma. She wanted him too badly now to stop on her own; she wanted to fuck her daddy, and that's what she was going to do.

Steff grabbed hold of her father's balls and pulled them down, stretching them as far as they would go; she turned her head towards him and whispered back,

"Just enjoy it daddy. No one but us will know."

Greg looked up at his wife and back to his daughter.

"We can't, baby. No matter how much we want to, we just can't."

Steff ignored his words and took hold of her father's hand that still rested on her breast. She slid it down to the top of her jeans and pushed his hand under her pants and whispered to him.

"Make me cum, Daddy."

Greg couldn't stop himself; he felt his hot sperm build from all the teasing on his nut sack. He ground himself against her playful fingers. He closed his eyes and let his hand slide inside her knickers. He wanted to feel her puffy mound. He wanted to feel her warmth, her softness, her wetness.

As his hand brushed over her little love box, Steff pushed herself harder against him, stroking his stiff cock faster. A soft moan escaped him.

"That's it, Daddy. Put your hand on my pussy. It's waiting for you. I'm so wet."

Greg's fingers inched their way towards her hot little slit, but her jeans were so tight it made it impossible to reach his goal. Steff realized this and with her left hand she unbuttoned her jeans and slowly slid them down, taking her panties with them. Steff spread her legs wide and pushed her lower body up to her father's waiting hand. Greg now had all the room he needed and dipped his hand down farther and parted his daughter's wet pussy lips, his fingers sliding up and down as they toyed with her hard clit.

He could feel how wet she was and flicked harder on the little bud. He heard his daughter's breath quicken as her hips pushed back against him.

"Put your fingers in me, Daddy. Please, I want to feel your fingers inside me."

Greg slipped his fingers to the entrance of her dripping pussy and then eased two fingers inside her. She was so tight, so wet; his cock hardened more as his fingers coated themselves in her juices. Steff let out another soft moan and her right hand slid up Greg's cock to the top of his sweat pants. She grabbed hold of the waistband and pulled them down as she pushed her tight ass against his swollen manhood. Reaching back with her hand she again started to play with his cum filled balls. Steff rolled them in her fingers like a couple of marbles. Greg knew he wasn't far from cumming now. His daughter sliding her soft firm ass against his sensitive shaft had gotten him very excited.

Steff worked her ass up and down until she felt her father's hot cock slide between her tight ass cheeks. Steff squeezed her ass together as she manipulated his rock hard cock against her; she felt her own climax building.

Greg was in heaven. He couldn't believe this was happening. The sexual tension had overtaken him. Greg pushed himself against his daughter's silk-like ass; he slipped a third finger inside her, fucking her little pussy steadily.

Steff moved to the rhythm of her father's fingers; she moved her body higher up his so that she could position her wet wanting cunt over the tip of his cock. She took her hands from his cock and pulling it forward till it rested against her soaked lips, she pushed back and forth making his cock slide up and down her slick little snatch. In time together, they increased the speed of their movements. Greg's excitement grew as his cock flirted with her welcoming pussy. Now Steff pushed back harder, so the head of her father's cock just entered her tight hole that was already filled by his fingers. Greg removed his hand from her sopping wet pussy, and whispered in her ear,

"That's too far, baby."

Greg took hold of his daughter and moved her away from his cock, but Steff didn't want it to end. Quickly she turned around and dove down to her father's penis. She sucked his entire thick dick down her throat.

Faster and faster Steff sucked. She knew he couldn't last much longer, but she needed her own relief and so she moved her body around until her needing pussy was at her dad's face.

Greg could smell his daughter's juices as it dripped out of her little snatch. As one part of his mind told him he was wrong to do this, another, more animalistic part, told him to give way to his pleasure. He rammed his tongue between her legs. He lapped at his daughter's love hole like a thirsty dog at the water bowl. Pushing more and more of her steamy pussy in his face, he buried his tongue deep into her tight little cunt; he felt her moaning on his dick as her mouth engulfed his steel-like pole.

Bucking and moaning louder now, they both lost all control. The animal part of them had taken over. Sucking and lapping was all they cared about.

As their climax built they didn't realize that they had woken Billy with their noise. He looked over the front seat and watched his sister and father eating each other like there was no tomorrow.

Shocked at first, Billy saw another opportunity arise. Billy thought to himself that there was no way his father could be upset with him over Mom, not after sucking on his own daughter. Deliberately making himself visible, Billy slid higher up the seat and admired the show before him.

Greg felt Steff 's hot pussy quiver on his tongue. She was cumming in buckets as he sucked the juices out of her. He himself was ready to shoot, and at that moment looked up.

Horror ran through him as he saw his son looking back, but there was nothing he could do. He was on the edge of an abyss. Steff was sucking wildly on his cock and he felt his dick explode. Greg thrust himself hard into her mouth, as he felt his hot sperm fire deep into his daughter's welcoming mouth. All the while this happened, he kept looking into his son's face.

Billy watched until his father had finished and then he simply turned around and slid back down out of sight. *Shit* Greg thought. *I'm in deep shit now.*

Expecting the worse, Greg felt his family slipping away. He could see Dawn throwing him out of the van in tears as she drove off with the kids.

Greg quickly rose and shooed Steff away. Pulling up his pants, he looked at Steff and whispered over to her, "We're in big trouble, baby."

"Why's that, daddy?"

"Billy saw us."

Steff just smiled and took her dad's hand.

"I don't think Billy is going to say anything to Mom."

Greg frowned as he watched Steff tidy herself up. *What had she meant?* Greg and Steff lay back in the positions they had been in at the beginning of this part of the journey.

Greg couldn't sleep, wondering with fear what was in store for him. If his son told his wife what he saw in the back seat, his life would be over.

As his father fretted, Billy looked over at his Mom, and smiled. He knew now he had the best chance ever of fucking his mother.

Soon, Mom, real soon I'll be the one between your thighs, and you'll be calling my name, begging me to fuck you deeper and deeper, Billy thought to himself before he closed his eyes and fell asleep.