

Cross Country Taboo

Chapter 1

I want to tell you about my family. I can't tell you how great this website is. After an exhaustive search including the deep web, it is such a relief to finally find someplace where people in my situation can share their experiences.

I must get this all off my chest somehow, and I sincerely hope that everyone enjoys our story. Judging by the other posts on here I think you will. It started with the move. Well, I guess it started before that...

"Daddy, it's too tight," Chloe said after we had finished loading the Expedition. She was right, too, we had loaded up the SUV to capacity.

"Well, sweetheart you're just going to have to deal with it," my dad replied to my sister.

She pouted and folded her arms across her chest.

"Fine but I'm sitting up front with you Daddy, I'm not squeezing back there with Jason and all those dirty boxes," she said with a very determined expression.

Usually, when my sister made that face, she got her way, and I had a feeling that this time would be no exception. An argument ensued over the next few minutes between my dad, Chloe, and my mom.

The result: Chloe got to sit up front with Dad while Mom and I were forced to squeeze into the third row of seats in the back of the Expedition.

One would think that with a vehicle the size of a 2016 Ford Expedition there would be plenty of room for just about anything.

In most cases, that would be a safe assumption, but we had pushed the limits of the vehicle's large capacity. Our entire lives were loaded into this car.

My dad had gotten a huge promotion a few weeks ago, and we were all relatively happy about it. After working hard for 25 years, he had finally been given the opportunity to run his own hub.

He works for Fed Ex as a supervisor, managing shipments and drivers out of another hub in Salt Lake City where Chloe and I were born and raised.

This was a huge step up for my dad; there are only 25 of these large centers across the country, and now my dad was going to oversee one.

This meant a lot more money for all of us, which of course we were excited about, but it also meant moving to Pittsburgh...

'What the hell did I know about Pittsburgh other than their football team.' But I was determined to make the most of the situation. I had been "spinning my wheels" for the last 2 years about college and just life in general, so maybe this was a chance for me to finally get my act together.

I had taken a few classes here and there, but nothing significant.

Chloe, on the other hand, wasn't so happy about the move.

She had a lot of friends in Salt Lake and, even with social media, it was hard for her to say goodbye. She even had to say goodbye to a boyfriend.

So, we had all decided to pretty much let her have her way...even more than usual.

Mom was happy about the move at least as far as I could tell. She had said on several occasions how great things were going to be in Pittsburgh.

Mom had even gone so far as to get a brochure and was always reciting facts about the Steel City, which we were all getting a little tired of hearing.

But I loved my mother and if she was happy, then so was I. Dad, of course, was thrilled about the job and even more so about the trip. In fact, it was his idea to pack everything into "The Beast," as he called our Expedition.

Dad had decided that it would be nice to travel the country for a week and see a few sites along the way. He was the only one, however, who thought this would be a good idea.

The new job came with a furnished house, so we didn't need a lot, but we of course brought some things of sentimental value like my grandmother's dresser.

Also, remember that there were four of us. Each of us adults, even my younger sister, had accumulated a good number of things over the years that we couldn't or wouldn't part with.

Since the trailer couldn't fit everything, we were forced to put things with us inside of "The Beast."

The middle seat contained three TVs along with other electrical equipment and several boxes. We all agreed that it was the best place for that stuff so we could keep an eye on anything shuffling around; besides, it just wouldn't fit anywhere else.

The very back part of the car had all our luggage and a few other things. That left the third row of seats for my mother and I. Dad was in the driver's seat, and Chloe sat shotgun next to him.

Although the third row was cramped with all the luggage and boxes, there was just enough room for Mom and me to squeeze back there.

I sat on the driver's side next to the window while Mom sat beside me. We were almost right up against each other, but it was manageable.

Sitting down, I looked up front and realized I couldn't see anything.

"Hey Dad, can you see us?" I raised my arm up and waved.

"Only the top of your hand," he said, laughing a little. "It's like you two are in your own little world back there."

He was so right. With all the televisions and boxes piled up, my dad was only a voice coming from the front. The only part that was visible was a little pathway we had made so that Mom

and I could get in and out of the SUV. Mom leaned around the seat and waved to my dad.

"Now I can see you. But as soon as you go behind the seat you guys are gone," Dad said. Mom dangled her foot out now. Dad said, "That's it, Liz. You're just a foot peeking out now. You guys are completely isolated back there."

"It's ok baby," my mom said, putting her hand on my hand. "It'll be like our own place back here." I smiled and so did she as our eyes met for a second before she released my hand.

I know she was just trying to make the best of it just like she always did, but there was some tension between us. Something had happened between us a few months ago, and things had been weird ever since.

I had always considered myself an artist. I had, in fact, written a few short stories that had been published in a small magazine. Nothing major, but I had gotten some good reviews.

Wanting to expand my horizons a bit, I decided to take an art class. Now I can't paint worth a damn, but a creative writing teacher had told me it might be a good way to open my right brain more.

I found that, after a few weeks, I was still a terrible painter. Maybe it was helping me to be more creative overall, but I wasn't sure.

Deciding it just wasn't for me, I was ready to quit when I read in the curriculum that the following week there would be a nude model for us to paint.

I decided, what the hell, I'll go one more week, maybe the model will be hot. Yes, I know that's shallow, but hey, I'm a 20-year-old, red-blooded guy. Give me a break.

So, I showed up the next week ready to paint. I was determined to give it my best shot, knowing full well that I would make a mockery out of any attempt to portray the model. I also thought...'If a man walks in, I'm out of here.'

I had my paint brush in hand and was prepared for anything except the thing that happened. Just as the door opened, I dropped my brush onto the floor.

I reached down to pick it up and the model passed by me, making her way toward the center of the room.

Looking up, I got a great view of her from behind. Whoever this was, she had a great ass. The model had long dark hair that fell to halfway down her back. Her ass is what I first noticed, though, even in the robe it was evident that a perfectly shaped pair of cheeks lay within.

The model arrived at the front of the room and turned. My chin hit the floor. It was my mom.

The instructor introduced her, "Ladies and gentleman, this is Elizabeth, and she will be your model today." He looked at all of us. "I don't have to remind you that this is art, not porn."

A couple of guys chuckled. "I want you all to be respectful and tasteful. This is an exercise in form. That's all I want you guys to capture today. Don't worry about her face, it's unimportant. Just focus on her form."

He glanced over at my mom and smiled. She unbelievably gave him a wink and then disrobed.

Her black robe fell to the floor, and she sat down on the stool and assumed a pose. Just then she looked over and saw me. Her eyes went wide, and she jumped up.

"Is everything alright, Liz?" Barry the instructor asked.

"Ah y-yeah," Mom said and sat back down on the stool. The sexy look she had given the class when she first disrobed was gone, and she looked right back at me, moving her hand towards her lips in a shushing gesture, her eyes fixated on me.

If Mom was stunned, then I was dumbfounded. I couldn't believe that my own mother was completely naked in front of me.

I can't lie; a part of me was immensely turned on. Mom was stunning. If I thought her backside was great, her front was even better.

Mom's chest was a solid D without a hint of sag, and her now hard nipples were perfect. Below those, her belly was flat and firm and her pussy only had the smallest patch of hair adorning it.

Her legs were long and smooth, and her toenails were painted a dark red. I had to admit it...my own mom's a MILF.

She saw me taking her all in and blushed, her tan skin getting goosebumps from both the cool of the room and her son's eyes on her. I hastily tried to focus on my painting.

The problem was that it was expected of me to occasionally glance up and look at her. Not wanting to draw any more attention to either of us, I did my best to paint my very naked mother.

I settled in and worked, trying to make the best out of a very awkward situation, but my cock was rock hard by this point. I had no doubt that half of the men in class had boners too. How could we not?

Mom was beyond sexy sitting there on the stool, her blue eyes glancing at us with just the faintest hint of seduction in them.

She had gotten comfortable and, like me, was doing her best given the circumstances. Judging by the looks she gave, I think she enjoyed making us all horny.

I knew Mom was a bit of a flirt; it was just her nature. Dad would get mad sometimes but he had to know the woman he married. As far as I knew, though, she had never ever strayed from Dad.

If anybody in their marriage fooled around, it would be Dad, not her. Even the teacher was taken aback by Mom's sexy body and flirtatious glances as he struggled to paint.

Towards the end of the class, I caught Mom staring straight at me, and the look in her eyes was like nothing I had ever seen before. I understood giving everyone else seductive glances, but me?

What was she thinking? I tried to look away but kept glancing back up there, and she was still staring right at me.

She gave me that same seductive look and then quickly looked away. My cock was steel hard at this point, and I was ashamed. 'This is your mother, Jason. What the fuck are you thinking?'

The internal battle between my body and my mind continued for the rest of the class.

Mercifully, the class finally ended. Mom put her robe back on and went over to my instructor.

They talked for a few minutes, and, to my astonishment, it looked like they were flirting. Mom glanced over at me again as I was putting my stuff into my pack and caught me looking at the two of them.

After the events of the last hour, I couldn't get out of their fast enough. I must confess, though, the second I got home, I went

straight to my room and jacked off. Knowing it was so very wrong gave me one of the best orgasms I'd had in a long time.

Dinner that night was very uncomfortable for me. I kept my eyes down almost the entire time. When I did look up, I caught Mom staring at me. She smiled and went back to her conversation with Dad.

That smile made it even worse. All I could think about was her fantastic body, the seductive look she gave the class, and the way that she flirted with my professor. I knew how wrong my feelings were, but I couldn't help it.

I had always loved my mom, and she had always shown me that she loved me, but after this, I couldn't help but look at her in an entirely different light.

I tried so hard to not think of my mom in an inappropriate way but, try as I might, Mom had become an object of sex to me, and I was deeply ashamed.

Over the next few months, things got a little stranger between us. Mom became different around me. One day, I was on my computer watching a video or something when Mom got out of the shower.

There was nobody home except us. She came over to my door and asked me a question.

"Honey, what time do you have class tomorrow? I might need you to pick up something from the store for me."

I turned to reply and froze. Mom was standing in my doorway stark naked, her skin glistening wet from the shower. She smiled, noticing me looking at her.

"Oh, Jason, we both know you've already seen me naked. Stop staring at your mother," she scolded, still smiling. It was as if she wanted me to look.

"Ah, I have class at 10 tomorrow," I managed to say.

"Good, I'll put a list on the kitchen table before you leave."

She turned and slowly walked away towards her bedroom. Maybe it was because of my newfound obsession with my mother, but it looked to me as though she was shaking her ass for me. What an ass it was, though.

These little accidents continued to happen. Another time, we were out by the pool and Mom was sunbathing while I was reading a book. Without a word, she reached behind her back and undid her top, exposing her fabulous tits.

She never looked over at me, but at one point I saw her smile as I desperately tried not to stare.

Finally, another time, after I had taken a shower, I was standing in front of the mirror shaving when she just burst into the bathroom.

"Mom, I'm naked," I said, trying to cover myself with my hands. She just smiled and said,

"Oh come on, honey, I changed your diapers when you were a baby, I've seen all of you before. Besides, now we're even." As she said this, I couldn't help but notice her staring at my cock. Then she glanced back up at me.

Now, I am big. Maybe not porn star big but a solid 8 inches and I have never once had complaints from any of my girlfriends.

So I was quite proud to have her see my cock after everything that had happened over the last few months. Then reality hit me, and I said to myself, 'Come on man, this is your own mother. Get ahold of yourself.'

I did try to stop the evil thoughts from creeping in, but having her sit there and talk to me while I was completely naked was

too much for me. As hard as I tried to prevent it, my cock began to rise.

Mom kept talking to me about Dad and my sister and a whole bunch of other family related things, but all I could do was try to keep my cock from getting harder.

It was surreal as I stood there, shaving, listening to her talk with my cock sticking straight up. Mom kept talking, but I caught her stealing glances at my cock.

Then she started asking me questions about my girlfriends and if I was a virgin. I blushed, of course, and told her that I hadn't been that for a long time. It was weird enough having her ask me about my love life, but the fact that she was asking while I was naked with a hard on was just crazy.

The tension in the bathroom started to get thick. Then we heard the front door open, probably my sister coming home.

Mom got up to go, but as she was leaving, she seductively bit her lip and smiled, saying, "Jason, you better take care of that honey, it looks like it hurts." She left without another word.

I swear I heard her say as she went down the hall, "Holy fuck, it's huge."

As soon as she was gone, I locked the door and did just that. In about 30 seconds I was blasting a huge load right into the bathtub. I turned on the water and rinsed my cum down the drain and thought about what had just happened.

This was all too much for me; I didn't know what to think now. The next week, Dad got the news about his promotion, and everything became about moving. I had almost forgotten about the last few months until she got into the car and sat next to me.

So, there I was, sitting next to the woman I had been obsessing about for the last couple of months. The woman who had shown me her body on several occasions and who had seen my very rigid cock just last week. The woman who was also my own mother.

I was very anxious as she tried to get herself comfortable. She was wearing a pair of short shorts and a tank top that showed a lot of her voluptuous tits.

On her feet were a pair of flip flops. I couldn't help but look at her long tanned legs and painted toenails as she crossed them next to me.

Just her presence next to me was making me very nervous. Dad said, "Okay, everybody ready?"

Everyone responded with a, "Yes." Mom and I had to talk loudly for him to hear us all the way in the back.

"Alright, then, next stop isn't for 4 hours, so everybody gets comfortable." With that, we began our journey across the country.

Everything was relatively normal for the first half hour or so. I tried to get comfortable with Mom sitting next to me. I started to play a game on my phone and, after a while, I decided I was going to read my Kindle.

As I was moving my phone, I dropped it on the seat next to Mom. I quickly reached over to grab it and brushed Mom's bare leg. It was completely by accident.

The feeling was electric. To this day, I don't know how I became so bold, but I left my hand there for a few seconds and gently caressed her leg with the tips of my fingers. Mom let out a soft moan.

She didn't say anything else. I half expected her to yell at me or move my hand away, but she didn't do either; she just let me caress her leg for a few seconds.

I guess she could have thought it was an accident, but I don't believe so. My cock immediately began to rise in my pants. Having almost no control over my hand, I kept ever so gently rubbing the side of her leg.

After about 30 seconds, I got nervous and moved my hand away...after all this was my own mother! I grabbed my Kindle from the seat and started to look at it.

Pretending to look over my collection of books, I just sat there with a huge boner thinking about what I had just done. 'Come on, dude, this is your mother, what the hell is wrong with you,' I thought for the millionth time that month.

'Yeah, but her leg felt incredible and just look at her, she's a fucking goddess!' I could almost see the little angel and devil on each shoulder duking it out as they had been for months.

This was the first time Mom and I had been this close together since the bathroom, and all I could think about was what she said as she was leaving.

'Had my mom really been looking at my raging cock that day? Was I crazy or had she been subtly flirting with me ever since the art class?'

These thoughts raced in my head as I sat there next to her.

Now, I have taken enough psychology classes to know of the Freudian theory about parents and children, but my thoughts had gone far beyond any of that, and now my actions had caught up.

I was both ashamed and turned on as I sat there pretending to look at an eBook. This kept up for a few minutes before I lowered my right hand onto my own leg as I held the Kindle with my left. Mom then answered everything for me.

She grabbed my right hand and put it directly on her bare leg about mid-thigh. I couldn't believe it. Mom had essentially made the first definitive move.

Completely nervous, I froze. Although she was telling me with her actions that it was okay, I was still afraid to do anything else. I didn't look over at her, keeping my eyes on the electronic book.

After a few minutes of my hand just resting on her leg, Mom once again acted as the aggressor, grabbing my hand and starting to move it up and down on her leg.

I was stunned as I kept fighting my internal battle of good vs. evil, but it took all of about 10 seconds for evil to finally win. I began to caress her leg of my own volition.

I gently rubbed up and down and moved my hand in circles, causing goosebumps to form on her beautifully tanned thigh. Once again, Mom let out a subtle moan.

This continued for a while as we sat in the back seat. Mom started shaking a bit; I think she was as nervous as I was. My hand inevitably began to move further up her leg towards her pussy.

Her left hand then came over to my crotch. I gasped slightly as Mom began to massage my cock through my jeans. I couldn't believe what was happening. I felt like I was living a fantasy. Suddenly, the music went down and Dad called back to us,

"Hey, your sister wants to stop for something to drink and some road supplies, okay? There's a Sheetz up ahead."

Hearing my dad, we both moved our hands back and straightened up in the seat.

"Okay, honey, that'll be fine," Mom said. She looked over at me and our eyes met. I was overcome with emotion and lust. I wanted to kiss her, but I also felt ashamed.

After hearing my dad, the reality of what we'd been doing set in. I think Mom felt it too as her eyes looked at me with the same expression she had given the art class. Then her hand went to her lips in a shushing gesture just like in the art class.

I was confident that Dad and Chloe couldn't see us in the back or could even hear us with the music playing but nonetheless I was still a bit worried.

Dad pulled the car into the Sheetz, and we all got out, stretching our legs and arms after having traveled for about an hour.

We got drinks and some snacks while Dad topped off the tank of the SUV. We all went to the bathroom. While Mom and Chloe were in the restroom, Dad asked, "So, how are you two getting along back there?"

For a second I didn't know how to answer, but I quickly caught myself and said, "Good, it's nice to spend some time with Mom. But we're mostly just reading our Kindles. I was even thinking about taking a nap."

"Okay, but maybe you want to talk to your mother, Jason. You might be leaving home soon, and the two of you have been acting weird around each other for a while. Maybe it's time you two got over whatever it is between you two?"

I was shocked that even my dad had noticed the tension between Mom and me. How did he know? And if he knew it...then Chloe must know too?

"S-sure Dad we'll try to talk." Then I added, "Could you keep the radio up though? I don't want Chloe to know what Mom and I are talking about. She's got enough things to worry about with the move and all."

"Got ya covered, son," Dad said with a wink.

'Sometimes Dad was an ass, but other times he could be a pretty okay guy,' I thought. Little did he know what had been going on in the back seat just minutes before.

Neither he nor I knew it at that moment, but he would be unknowingly helping me to seduce my mom. The music was the perfect cover.

We all climbed back into the Expedition, only now Mom sat a little further away from me, and she didn't make eye contact with me.

I quickly figured that she felt guilty about what had happened before and I didn't try to press anything. I was a little hurt, though. Almost like when you don't know if a girl likes you or not.

We sat there for a few minutes not saying a word. Dad turned up the radio a bit, and I was confident that neither he nor my sister could now see or hear anything in the back seat.

Remember, we were way in the back of the huge SUV. Finally, I looked over at Mom and said, "Dad wants us to talk."

She looked over at me for a second and then turned back forward, "About what?" she questioned flatly.

"About the weirdness between us."

Again, she sharply looked at me, only this time she didn't turn away. "He knows?" she said, wide eyed.

"No no not about any of..." my voice trailed away. I didn't know how to verbalize it, so I just continued.

"He knows that you and I have been acting strange lately is all, and he thought we should talk about it."

She didn't say anything as she processed the information. She turned forward again and slowly said,

"H-how did you feel in the art class?"

I was dumbfounded. This was not the question I had expected her to ask. I paused for a second and closed my eyes, figuring there was no use in lying at this point.

"At first I was shocked. Actually, I'm still a little dazed thinking about it. But after a while I got..." I stopped, unable to go on.

"You what?" she asked, turning back to me with an expression of interest.

"I..I got turned on," I finally said. Now it was my turn to look away, my cheeks flush with embarrassment.

"Tell me more," Mom said, now turning herself toward me.

"Well, I was supposed to be just drawing your form. But I don't think there was a guy in class that could focus on his artwork. Mom, you really do have a phenomenal body," I said.

She blushed and said, "Go on."

"I did my best to try and draw, but I was too fucked up over the situation to actually draw anything but an outline."

Seeing her puzzled look, I added, "Well, I started to really get turned on. I-I got hard." I looked up at her; she was still staring at me only now she was biting her lip.

I continued, "I didn't know what to do or feel. On the one hand here was this sexy woman naked right in front of me, but on the other hand she was my mom! What the hell was I supposed to do? I knew I was expected to draw you and keep

sex out of it, but I was so turned on I couldn't help it. But I was also ashamed because...you know..."

She shook her head, "No, what?"

I replied "You know. You're my..." I paused, "my mom. I'm not supposed to get turned on by my own mother." There, I said it. The elephant in the room or, in this case, the car, was out.

She didn't say anything for a minute then asked, "Jason, have you been fantasizing about me?"

I was flabbergasted. My jaw dropped open; I didn't know what to say. Mom just let the question hang out there for a bit. I looked down towards my feet in embarrassment and whispered,

"Yes."

I kept my eyes down for a long while until I felt a hand on my shoulder and Mom turned me toward her. Still not looking up, I heard her say,

"Fuck it."

She lifted my head up and said, "Jason, I have a confession to make as well. Now look at me, honey."

I did, and she said, "Ever since that day in the bathroom all I can think about is your huge cock."

My eyes widened, "What?" She smiled and nodded.

"It's true, and if I am really honest, it had been building before that. Honey, that day in the art class I was stunned to see you too. I knew you took classes there, but I didn't know you took art classes."

I smiled, "Yeah, I only took it because of my creative writing teacher and, really, I'm not that good, so there was never anything to really talk about. Mom, I never knew you modeled."

She smiled, "It's something I keep secret from even your father. If he knew he would go ballistic but I enjoy it, and since we're being so honest, I like watching boys get all worked up over me.

It made me feel young and desired again." She looked down for a second and sighed. Then she said, "I know it's wrong, but I liked the way you looked at me too."

She glanced up front toward Dad. Even though we couldn't see him, I knew who she was looking at. "Your father hasn't looked at me that way in a long time. Then there was that day at the pool. Do you remember?"

I smiled, "Ah, yeah, how could I forget?" Now she smiled.

"The truth is, I was looking at you first." Now she blushed. "After I caught you looking at me, I thought I would give you another show," she said sheepishly.

"I'm embarrassed to say it now, and I knew it was wrong, but I just couldn't help myself." Then she gave me a seductive smile and said, "And by the way, you have a pretty good body too." My cheeks were beet red now, and I didn't know how to respond.

Both of us having confessed to each other, we just sat there for a minute, neither of us knowing how to proceed from there.

Finally, I said nervously, "Mom, what did you mean when you said all you could think about was my..." I didn't finish, couldn't actually say the word to her.

"Cock," she said matter-of-factly. I blushed again.

"Yes, cock."

She looked up front again and then turned back to me and said. "Ah, shit I'm going to hell for this. How 'bout I just show you what I'm talking about?"

With that, she grabbed me and kissed me. Mom and I, of course, had kissed before, but not like this. This was a kiss no mother should ever give to her son. It was passionate and rough, both of us giving into our forbidden desires as our mouths locked.

Our tongues explored each other's mouths as we embraced. There was something primal and intense about our kiss. We both knew at that moment how wrong it was, but we didn't care.

Months of built up lust and desire came out in that instant. We both forgot about where we were and just gave into our taboo desires.

My hand went to her breasts as we kissed and soon I had my hand inside of her tank top, feeling her incredible nipples.

Mom was not wearing a bra, and her hard nipples felt fantastic as my fingers gently caressed her aureoles. She let out a soft moan of pleasure as I played with her hard nipples.

We continued to make out for a minute or two, finally coming apart and looking each other directly in the eyes.

"Wow," I said smiling.

"Wow indeed," she said. The tension between us was so thick you could cut it with a knife. I was in heaven. This was happening. I couldn't believe it.

"I've wanted to do that for a long time," Mom said.

"Me too," I said and kissed her again. At first, she gave in and kissed me back, once again our mutual lust and passion taking over. Then she pulled away.

"Wait honey. We should stop. This is too much. I shouldn't have let things go this far." She looked up towards the front.

"Your father and sister are right there and I'm your mother."

I too looked up front and sighed, "You're right I guess."

Mom, seeing my crestfallen look, put a hand on my cheek. "I'm sorry baby, but it's just too much." She moved back to the seat a few inches to where she was before and tried to settle in.

I did my best to get comfortable as well. The problem for me was that my cock was rock hard at this point, and I just couldn't get relaxed.

I kept squirming in my seat, trying to adjust myself a few times.

The combination of looking over at Mom's great legs and the near miss we just had kept my cock raging in my pants. Finally, Mom reached into her purse and grabbed a few tissues.

"Here, baby, go ahead and take of that," she said, handing me the tissues and pointing towards my crotch.

"What? Right here?" I said looking around.

She sighed as if she was coming to a decision then she turned to me and smiled. "Nobody can see back here honey, and I don't mind. You really do look uncomfortable."

I was once again dumbstruck. Mom was giving me permission to jack off right in front of her in a moving car with my dad and sister only feet away in the front.

"Are you sure Mom? You know what I'm going to do?" I asked, wanting to be entirely sure that my next action was sanctioned.

"Yes, baby, go ahead. It's okay. I promise." She smiled but now there was a different look on her face, one of hunger and anticipation.

She bit her lip seductively. "Go ahead, Jason, it's okay."

Waiting for just a second, I took a deep breath and then reached down and unbuttoned my pants. Then I slowly unzipped my fly.

"ZZZZZZZZIIIIIPPPP."

Slowly the sound of my zipper coming down filled the backseat. I looked up towards the front as it sounded louder than I wanted it too but nobody seemed to notice as the music was still playing loud up there.

I looked over at her as I finished unzipping my fly and spread open my jeans. With no jeans to confine it, my cock was now straining against my boxers, and there was a wet spot from the pre-cum directly at the tip of the fly.

"Keep going, baby," Mom said eagerly.

With my heart pounding, I reached into my boxers and released my rock-hard cock. Mom gasped as my dick was now out and in its full glory.

The mushroom head was purple it was so hard. Slowly, I reached my hand down and began to stroke my cock up and down.

I looked over at Mom's perfect legs as I moved my hand up and down on my dick. I was in absolute heaven sitting there with my rigid cock out, slowly stroking, looking at my mother's beautiful tanned legs.

She dangled her shoe off the end of her toes and then finally let it drop to the floor of the car.

Then she uncrossed her legs and leaned back onto the seat, running her hand up and down her tits and flat belly. I realized she was as turned on by this as I was.

Soon, it became clear that Mom wasn't just going to let me jack off in front of her, but she was going to give me a show. I was in heaven.

"Oh god this is so naughty," she whispered.

Mom never took her eyes off my cock as I continued to stroke my dick right next to her in the car.

I kept slowly stroking for a few minutes, just taking in the site of my mother's fantastic body.

I began to work faster as I watched Mom run her hands up and down her body next to me on the seat. Then Mom grabbed the bottom of her tank top and began to move it up her body.

She brought it up to the bottom of her tits, revealing her sexy navel and flat tummy. She looked up into my eyes and said. "More?"

"Oh fuck please," I said, furiously stroking my cock now. Mom started to lift her shirt higher, almost revealing the nipples beneath, and stopped.

"Are you sure, honey?" she smiled seductively.

"Oh come on, please, Mom," I begged.

"Okay, but only if you're sure," she smiled wickedly. "Are you really sure honey?" Mom teased.

"Oh, Jesus, Mom, please," I said, needing to see her tits as I ferociously jacked my cock next to her.

With that, she pulled her tank top completely off, revealing her perfect tits to me. The site of her flawless breasts and nipples had me speeding towards orgasm.

If my dad or sister had looked back at that moment, they would have seen my mom's arms go up, and her shirt come off.

I was pounding my cock desperately now, wanting - no, needing - to cum. Then I heard Mom say something under her breath, "Oh shit, I'm going to hell."

She reached over and grabbed my hand - the same hand that was stroking my cock.

"M-Mom what are you doing?" I asked both in surprise and frustration. I had been so close before she stopped me. I could feel my sperm rising in my cock. Now it began to subside.

"Take off your pants, honey," Mom said, adjusting herself on the seat.

"O-Okay," I said, lifting my ass up and sliding my jeans and boxers over my wet and rigid cock. I kicked off my shoes and pulled them completely off now.

"Now lean back against the door facing me," Mom instructed. I was sure I knew what was going to happen next and I wasn't disappointed.

I was now leaning against the driver's side of the car with no pants on facing my mother with a rigid cock. Mom climbed onto the seat and laid onto her belly, her huge tits pressing against the seat and her head in my lap.

"Oh fuck I can't believe I'm about to do this." Mom said.

"Oh my god," I moaned as her tongue reached out and licked the tip of my cock. I jumped a bit at the feeling of her tongue on my dick. Quickly, I looked up towards the front of the car and was satisfied that nobody could see what was going on.

I pulled up my shirt, exposing my stomach.

Then Mom started to slowly lick my cock. She worked her tongue down towards my balls and then took each one in her mouth, making a popping sound as she released each swollen ball from her lips.

With her left hand, she unhurriedly massaged my cock up and down while she licked and sucked my balls.

This was beyond incredible. I had never been given a blowjob like this before. Some of the girls I had been with were pretty good, but I realized I was now in the presence of a master.

Mom really knew how to prolong the fellatio.

After finishing with my balls, she licked up the shaft and ran her tongue all around the ridge of the tip, making a complete circle around the mushroom head.

Mom was fantastic! I felt shivers of pleasure run up and down my spine because of what Mom was doing to my cock.

Then Mom truly blew my mind. She raised her head above my cock and took a deep breath, bringing her entire head down upon my dick. The incredible feeling of my cock sliding

over my mom's tongue and deep into the back of her throat made me involuntarily moan.

I couldn't believe it - my own mother was deep throating me and it felt beyond incredible. I thrust my hips upward and drove my cock even further down Mom's throat.

Her eyes went wide and she made a sound that was muffled by my huge cock inside of her mouth.

Unbelievably she held it there for at least a minute before finally withdrawing her head and coming up for air.

"HUUUUUUUHHHHH!!"

The sound of her gasping for air. Then she began to cough and choke, spitting on my cock. A line of saliva ran from her mouth back down to my cock. She kept stroking it up and down with her fresh spit. The volume on the music up front

went down, and my dad asked worriedly, "What's wrong back there?"

"N-nothing Dad. Mom's soda just went down the wrong pipe. She's ok now." Mom didn't respond because she had gone back to sucking my cock. I was barely able to talk it felt so good.

"I think she just tried to drink too fast." Mom had gagged herself on my cock again and then came back up coughing and spitting once more. The sounds of her caused my dad to become even more worried.

"Liz, are you alright?" Dad asked my mom. Mom quickly responded, her hand still jacking my cock.

"Y-yeah I'm okay honey I just swallowed too much is all." The innuendo was not lost on me.

"Are you sure? Sounds like you were really choking." Mom then quickly wiped the spit from her chin as best she could and turned around on the seat.

Then she poked her head around and smiled up at my dad, careful to only poke her head around as she was still topless.

"I'm okay, honey, thanks. I feel better now. It just went down the wrong pipe like Jason said." Her hand couldn't quite reach my cock in the position she was in, but she gently rubbed my calf and foot as she spoke to my dad.

"Okay." Satisfied, he turned the music back up and went back to concentrating on the road.

Mom turned back to me and looked at me as we both giggled a little after the close call.

I noticed some saliva that she had missed dripping off her chin. I wonder if Dad had seen. He probably thought it was just from Mom choking on her pop.

I looked down at my now very wet and raging cock and said, "Well, are you gonna finish what you started?"

Mom smiled devilishly and lay back down on the seat, her head diving back into my lap. She went back to sucking my cock with a ferocity now, working it with her mouth, tongue and hands. Then I heard my sister ask,

"Mom, are you laying down?" I realized in horror that Chloe could see Mom's bare feet hanging off the edge of the seat.

In between her sucking my cock, Mom responded,

"Yeah, baby I'm a little tired. Your brother was gracious enough to let me lay on his lap." She kept sucking, jerking, and kissing my cock while she talked to Chloe.

"Okay, Mom. I think I might do the same." She must have then lowered her seat back, but I couldn't really tell, and I didn't care at that point. My cum was building.

Mom kept up her assault on my cock for another minute or so until... "M-mom I'm cumming," I said, trying to be as quiet as possible.

My mom released my cock from her mouth and slid forward a bit, getting up on her knees on the seat. Then she started jacking my cock up and down furiously.

"Don't stop. Please don't stop," I instructed, feeling my cum rising up my shaft.

Mom kept stroking my cock as hard and fast as she could. "OH god," I cried out, louder than I wanted to.

I could feel my cock begin to pulse. 'This is going to be incredible,' I thought. I was so turned on by the entire

situation that I already knew this was going to be an immense load of cum.

Suddenly, my cock erupted.

The first few huge ropes of cum shot up into the air so high and so forcefully that they almost touched the roof of the car. We were both literally showered with cum.

It sounded like pouring water onto leather as my jism struck the seats and floor. Much of it also landed on my mother, mostly in her hair while some hit my bare legs and stomach.

If Dad or Chloe had looked back at that moment they would've easily seen the ropes of cum rising above the seats.

My cock continued to erupt and Mom aimed my spurting cock at her face, her mouth open wide.

Streams of sperm kept shooting from my engorged cock directly at her face, some of it hitting her nose, cheeks, chin, and her open mouth.

Mom swallowed my cum greedily and opened her mouth again, hoping to catch more of the seemingly endless jism erupting from my cock.

Mom kept jerking and squeezing my dick, trying to coax every bit of sperm she could from my cock. No lie, I continuously came for 20 seconds straight. I couldn't believe I had that much sperm inside of me. The music went down again.

"Are you two sure you're okay back there?" my dad asked as the last drops of cum were still spewing from my cock.

"Y-Yeah, Dad. Sorry, Mom j-just a-accidentally hit me in t-the balls," I groaned. As my cum subsided, Mom began to suck my now very sensitive cock. It was all I could do not to scream.

"You watch your language around your mother," Dad said sternly.

'If he only knew what was actually going on at that moment.'

"S-sooory Dad," I cried out.

The feeling of her tongue on my sensitive cock was like pain and ecstasy at the same time. Every guy knows how sensitive the tip is right after cumming.

Mom finally released my cock from her mouth. With cum dripping down her face and chin, she responded to Dad.

"It's my fault, Bill. I was trying to get comfortable on the seat and when I moved my elbow I hit him in the crotch," Mom said as drops of sperm started to roll off her face.

It was so sexy watching her talk to my dad with my sperm plastered all over her face.

"In fact, I think we might change positions again," she said to Dad and started to get up onto the seat.

The top of her head was just barely visible above the seat. She looked down at her shorts and pointed to her pussy and whispered to me, "Oh god, honey, we really should stop but I figure we're already going to hell after this. I wanna do something else now."

She paused, "I know this is so wrong, but would you lick my pussy?"

With her kneeling on the seat, the top of her head was visible and so was the cum staining her hair. "Mom sit down," I whispered.

"Okay, you two, but find a comfortable position back there and stay there, it's not good to have you bouncing all around while I'm driving," Dad said sternly.

Mom made a gesture with her hands of mimicking his talking while she made a face. We giggled a little.

"Mom, I can't believe we are doing this!" I said.

She smiled, "I know. We are so bad. Your father and sister right there," she said, pointing towards the front of the car.

We managed to switch positions and now it was my turn to lay on the seat while Mom leaned against the door. Dad turned the radio back up and resumed his focus on the road while I focused on helping Mom remove her shorts.

She unbuttoned her jean shorts and slowly spread them open, revealing the top of her pussy to me. She lifted her ass up so

that I could slide them down her perfect legs and over her feet.

Mom then moved her ass further up onto the seat than I had been leaning so that only her head was resting against the side of the car as she spread her legs for me.

Looking at my naked mother sprawled on the seat with her legs spread and my cum all over her face and hair, I stopped to take a mental picture. I wanted to freeze time and never leave that moment.

I started slowly, beginning with Mom's tits. I took each one in my mouth, sucking and licking her perfect nipples. I realized that 20 years ago, I had sucked on these very nipples for nourishment as a child. Now I sucked on them with the same voracity only for a very different reason.

I worked my tongue down her body, gently kissing and caressing her flat toned belly, finally making my way down to her pussy.

Mom squirmed even further into the seat, placing her bare feet up onto the tops of both rows of seats. If Chloe or Dad had looked back, they would have seen Mom's feet up on each seat, and there would be questions, but Mom didn't seem to care, and I had bigger fish to fry, so to speak.

I began by licking below her pussy a bit, running my tongue all over her lips. Mom was almost entirely shaved except for a small landing strip above her vagina. I licked all around using my fingers and tongue to gently massage her pussy lips.

She was already wet from everything else we had done but I had her almost gushing.

Finally, when I was satisfied she was ready, I worked my tongue into her pussy, placing my lips over her cunt lips and created a suction.

Then I stuck my tongue in and used it in a swirling motion. I'd used this technique before...I call it "The Suck and Swirl." It works every single time and Mom was no exception.

In minutes, she was writhing in ecstasy. I had to put my hand over her mouth to keep her from screaming. Her eyes went wide, and she muffled a moan under my hand.

I released her mouth and brought my hand down, keeping up the furious licking I was giving her cunt. I moved my hand to her asshole and gently ran my finger around the hole. This was more than she could take and Mom cried out loudly,

"Oh, fuck!"

Once again the music went down, and Dad said,

"Okay, what the fuck is wrong now."

"S-sorry honey b-but I gotta go to the bathroom," Mom lied shakily, trying to come up with a reason for her cries of pleasure. I kept up my assault on her pussy just as she had done to me when I was talking to Dad.

I knew it was risky but I just couldn't help myself. Somehow, Dad didn't notice Mom's feet up on the top of the seat or he just couldn't see them.

"Okay fine then. I saw a sign before. There is a rest stop in about 5 or 6 miles do you think you can hold it that long?" Dad said.

"Y-yeah. I THINK SOOO," Mom said, almost screaming as I worked on her cunt with my tongue and fingers.

"Jesus, you really must have to go," Dad said, a bit of worry in his voice now.

"Oh honey, you have no idea," Mom said, her legs now coming down off the seat and wrapping around my body.

"Hurry, baby," Mom whispered to me.

I kept going, working my tongue faster and harder, almost cramping up now, but I had to give her an orgasm. Especially after the one she had given me.

Another minute of work and her eyes opened wide. She whispered again, "Oh fuck, baby, I'm cumming."

I wasn't prepared for what would happen next. Mom's legs squeezed around me like a vice, and her entire body began to shake as her orgasm hit her.

Then she squirted which was a first for me. It hit me right in the face, splashing across my mouth and chin then dripping down onto the seat.

She was still whimpering in pleasure when Dad announced, "Okay only about a mile now."

"Okay Dad" I answered for Mom, who was incapable of saying anything just then.

"Is your Mom alright son?" Dad asked.

"Yeah, she just really needs to go to the bathroom."

"Well, it won't be long now. We're almost there."

Finally, Mom's orgasm subsided, and she laid back into the seat breathlessly. She looked up at me and smiled. I moved in and we kissed passionately.

"That was fucking great," Mom said as we kissed like lovers. Then I remembered Dad would be pulling into the rest stop any second now.

"Shit, Mom, we gotta get dressed!" Her eyes went wide with realization, and we both sat up in the seat, scrambling to get our clothes back on. Trying not to sit up too high, I was barely able to pull my jeans back up.

Mom, being a little more limber than myself, easily put her jean shorts back on without too much trouble.

As I was getting dressed I looked down at the seat. It was covered in little spots of cum from my eruption and mixing with that was mom's squirt and our mutual sweat.

The leather seat was shiny and sticky now but I didn't have time to worry about it we would just have to take care of it later.

I was just putting my shoes back on when Dad pulled into the rest stop. Suddenly I noticed my boxers on the floor. 'Shit, I

forgot to put them back on.' "Mom," I said, pointing down on the floor.

She gasped, then said, "Just kick them under the seat. You can get em later." I did as instructed. Then I noticed Mom's face and hair.

"Mom you're still covered in cum," I whispered. It was too late, Dad had just pulled into the parking space of the rest area. "Don't worry about it," Mom smiled, but she looked a little worried.

She reached into her purse, grabbed a couple of Kleenex, and very quickly tried to wipe her face. It didn't do much good; her makeup was smeared and drops of dried cum were all over her face and neck. It would have to be enough though.

"Shit where's my shoes?" she whispered, looking around. They must have been kicked under the seat as well but there was no time to look for them now.

As soon as Dad turned off the car, Mom scrambled over me and went to the door. She jumped out and ran towards the bathroom, her bare feet smacking against the pavement.

"Damn, she really must have to go," Dad said, getting out of the vehicle. Then he turned back and asked.

"Was she crying?"

"I don't think so Dad. I just think she really had to go to the bathroom."

Taking a deep breath, I sat back in the seat and smiled. I had no idea this trip would turn out like this, and we were barely getting started.

Fulfilling my wildest fantasy in just the first few hours of the road trip, I smiled, thinking.

'There is a long way to go.' With that, I too began to climb out of the car.

To be continued...

Author's notes.

I have a definite plan for this family as I write the future chapters but I always welcome suggestions.

Thank you all and hope you enjoyed it. This is just the beginning for this family.

-richman3

Chapter 2

I got out of the Expedition and began to make my way toward the bathroom. As I walked, I noticed Chloe had looked over at me and smiled as she walked next to me.

"How's the trip going, big brother?"

Chloe looked different, somehow...happier than she'd been when we first left. When we first started the journey, she had pouted and demanded to sit in the front seat. She had been pissed off about having to move from Salt Lake and she let everyone in the family know it.

I noticed something else, too...her hair was ruffled, her face was flushed, her makeup was smudged and her eyes looked a little watery. It almost looked as if she had been crying but her expression and behavior was completely the opposite.

"It's going pretty good," I said, unable to hide my smile as I thought about what mom and I had done in the backseat.

"You seem to have warmed up to the trip," I said.

"Oh, you have no idea, big brother. No idea at all!"

She continued toward the ladies room, leaving me puzzled. I shrugged to myself, 'Well, at least she's in a better mood now.' If I hadn't been so preoccupied with my own thoughts, I might have realized what was going on but, as it was, all I could think about were mom's fantastic tits and her luscious pussy.

***** Chloe's Story

I had entered the bathroom and saw mom looking at herself in the mirror...she was smiling and seemed to be lost in her own thoughts as she splashed water onto her face.

"Hi, mom," I said as I went into one of the stalls.

"O-Oh, hi, Chloe. Everything okay?" she asked.

"Yeah, mom, just going to the bathroom," I said in my best bitch voice.

"Okay, honey," mom said, absently.

By her lukewarm response, it was apparent to me she didn't care what I had stated at that moment. I could have told her the entire story and she would have said 'Okay, honey.' Something was obviously going on with her but I was too engrossed in my own thing to care.

I sat on the toilet, not really needing to go but figured I better make a show of it. I started to think back on the last few hours and a smile came upon my face.

`Oh, my god. I can't believe what happened' and I was soon lost in my own thoughts about the last few hours...

I had climbed into the front seat of the Expedition and tried to make myself comfortable. I knew I was a bitch by demanding to sit in the front but I really wanted to spend some time with dad, even if it was only to watch him drive.

Dad and I had become very distant over the last couple of weeks, more than before, and I wanted to talk to him during the move, if I could. I wanted to clear a few things up and see where things stood between us because something had happened a few weeks prior that changed things, irrevocably, between daddy and me.

I had recently turned eighteen and I was looking forward to finally being treated as an adult. It was my senior year of High School and I was graduating with a B average. I hadn't taken my SAT's because I didn't really know what I wanted to do

after High School...Jason didn't fully commit to college and he seemed to be doing fine so a year off, before I made a decision, sounded like a good idea to me.

In our school, like many others around the country, they had "take your kid to work day." Dad decided, if I wasn't going to go to college then maybe a job working for FedEx, with him, might give me some direction. I wasn't exactly thrilled by the prospect but a day away from school was enough of an incentive for me to go.

We arrived at work, dad gave me a uniform to put on and let me change in his office...he wasn't the big boss but it was clear he had an important job and people respected him. I hadn't ever given much thought as to what my dad did for a living, I just enjoyed the money he made and lived my own life. Seeing how people treated and respected him made me see my father in an entirely different light.

After I removed my top and shorts, something on his desk caught my eye...it was a picture of me from my graduation.

The frame said, "My Proudest Day." I looked around and saw a few other pictures of the rest of the family but all of them were of the entire family together...mine was the only one by itself.

I actually felt a few tears well up as I realized daddy truly was proud of me and my accomplishments. As I stood there in only my panties, I rarely wore a bra, I looked at the pictures and thought about my father...then the door opened.

"Sweetie, are you ready?" my dad asked as he entered the office.

"Are y..." he stopped mid-sentence, frozen as he saw me standing there, half naked.

"Ooh, sorry d-daddy," I stammered, realizing he saw me.

"I-I'll come back, I thought you were changed already," he said, as he closed the door.

I was beet red with embarrassment but I also couldn't help but notice how dad had looked at me...how his gaze had fallen upon my bare breasts and, as he closed the door, I caught him as he took one more peek at me. I knew he was trying to be discreet but a woman knows when she is being checked out. It was strange...as embarrassed as I was,

I also kind of liked it. I know how terrible that sounds but having my father check me out made me feel good.

I guess, like many girls, my dad was my first love. Freud says, 'Most girls compare every man they meet, for the rest of their lives, to their father. The same goes for guys comparing girls to their mothers.'

That's why so many people end up marrying people like their parents...for better or worse.' In my case, it was definitely for better. While my father and I hadn't always been close, he was a great dad.

Dad had worked very hard at his job and my brother and I had pretty much always gotten whatever we wanted. He was also a hottie...I know that sounds creepy, but it really was true.

Dad had kept himself in great shape. For a man in his 40's, he never had let himself go like many of my friend's dads had done. He made regular trips to the gym, watched what he ate and looked like a man much younger than his real age.

More than once, while sunbathing by the pool, I had caught myself looking at his muscled torso as he swam laps in the pool. What I didn't know then...he had probably checked me out as well.

'Come on Chloe. What the hell is wrong with you? He's your dad and he probably wasn't checking you out. You're only imagining it,' I told myself but somehow, I knew that wasn't true. My daddy had seen my bare breasts and liked it and...I had liked him seeing them.

Feeling like an evil person, I quickly got dressed, eventually opened the door and dad was waiting outside for me. He immediately turned away, noticeably blushing.

"Okay, let's get you started in the sorting room," he said, walking away from me.

"Okay, Chloe, this is Tina. She oversees the sorting area so listen to everything she tells you, she's one of the best we have," he said, after getting me to the sorting area.

He had looked at Tina as he said this and I couldn't help but notice the look of pride on her face as dad talked about her. I also noticed the way she looked at dad...it was evident somebody had a crush on my dad!

Either he didn't notice or he hid it very well for my benefit, either way, it wasn't long before I was left alone with Tina in her office. I actually felt a pang of jealousy.

Over the course of the next few hours, I had learned all about how FedEx sorts and delivers mail for the post office and that the USPS actually contracts FedEx to deliver a lot of their packages.

I was paired up with another girl, Stacy, who was a couple of years older than me. Stacy turned out to be kind of cool. She showed me around and gave me some stuff to do.

I was actually fascinated how all the packages and mail was sorted. We gossiped about boys and school until lunch time then I was taken down to the lunch room.

There were a lot of people in the lunch room and very few seats. Stacy promised she would save me a seat but I had decided to surprise dad for lunch. He and I hadn't spent much time together over the last few years so I figured, maybe, it was time for us to catch up a bit.

I got myself a salad and a Diet Pepsi and headed back to dad's office, located on the third floor.

I took the stairs, as it felt good to get a little exercise...usually, by that point in the day, I had already run a couple of miles. As I arrived on his floor, I noticed very few people at their desks and figured most of them were probably at lunch. I was about to knock on dad's closed office door when I heard something.

Puzzled, I listened for a moment...it sounded almost like grunting and heavy breathing. I was really curious so I put my ear up to the door and what I heard shocked the hell out of me.

Heavy breathing, combined with an unmistakable wet smacking sound...it sounded like dad was masturbating! Having heard my brother, on multiple occasions, and seen a few pornos, I knew exactly what jacking off sounded like. 'What the fuck?' I thought to myself. Then I heard something that changed everything.

"Oh fuck, Chloe!" I heard my dad say.

`WHAT?' I said to myself. I couldn't believe it. `Dad is thinking about me while he is jacking off!' I was completely shocked. So many thoughts and emotions were going through my head.

Part of me was disgusted, part of me was turned on, and part of me was curious. I was curious as to: why dad would risk jacking off in his office; why he would think about me and, finally; why a part of me wanted to see it. I felt so ashamed for wanting to see him but there was an undeniable urge inside of me to see his cock.

I had suddenly realized...maybe this was something I had wanted before. Of course, I never would have thought about dad jacking off but, maybe, I had some feelings about dad before today.

Dad had always treated me like his little princess and, at one time, we had been close. However, as I had gotten older, I

grew away from him. Indeed, I had grown away from everyone in the family a little bit.

Maybe that was normal, I didn't know but what I did know was my initial disgust had turned into something different. I glanced around the office, making sure nobody was around...it was all but empty.

I took a deep breath, put my hand on the knob, turned it, purposely opened the door quickly and pretended to look down, setting my purse on the chair to the right of his desk.

"Hi, daddy. I decided to surprise you for lunch," I called out loudly.

I got a quick glimpse of his cock. Impressive was not the word to justify it. By that point, I was definitely not a virgin and had seen a few dicks, including my brother's cock which was pretty impressive, but dad had every one of them put to shame.

I don't know how many inches, exactly, but it was bigger than Jason's and I had heard him tell one of his friends he had eight inches. Dad's however, was easily longer.

I only caught a glimpse of his glistening cock head as he hurriedly put it away after I walked in. I looked up from my ruse to see him fumbling with his zipper, his shirt was unbuttoned, and I could see his chest and stomach.

I had noticed how good Dad still looked for a man in his early 40's, of course, but after all of the events of the day, I had also noticed my father in an entirely different light. I also noticed something else...the picture of me had been in dad's free hand when I had walked in.

Dad actually had thought about me while he jacked off. Against everything I knew was right, my pussy started to get wet...I couldn't help it. Knowing what he had been doing and knowing it was about me was simply too much, I couldn't control myself as dad tried his best to recover.

"Oh, ah, hey, pumpkin, what are you doing here?" he asked, still fumbling with his clothes. He looked down and quickly said.

"I, ah, was only changing. I spilled some chemicals on myself while inspecting a machine earlier."

It was a bad lie, and we both knew it. We also knew I had seen something but neither of us was ready to admit it yet.

"I told you, daddy. I thought I would surprise you for lunch."
I said.

My eyes were uncontrollably going to his, very noticeably, protruded crotch. He was still rock hard even after being surprised by me! I decided to push it a little. I pretended to yawn and stretch which allowed my shirt to ride up, exposing my flat stomach and belly ring. He made a slight grunt and then caught himself and pretended it was a burp.

"Excuse me."

"Daddy, did you bring a lunch?"

I already knew the answer...mom had been packing dad's lunch every day for years but I wanted to break the tension.

"Yes, it's in the fridge over there."

He pointed toward a little refrigerator on the right side of his office. I went over and retrieved the bag and can of soda from it. I took my time, to give him a few seconds to compose and adjust himself. I took them over and set them on the desk in front of him and placed my salad in front of me and sat on the chair, opposite of him, in front of his desk.

We both ate in silence for a few minutes until, finally, dad broke the silence.

"So, how did things go in the sorting room?" he asked, taking a bite of his sandwich. For the first time in about 5 minutes, he looked at me.

"Good! Stacy, Tina, and pretty much everybody has been really helpful."

We talked for a few minutes about everything I had learned during the morning then we were left with another uncomfortable silence. We both knew what was on each other's mind but neither one of us was willing to break the ice until I dropped my fork onto the floor.

"I'll get it," dad said.

"No, no, I got it," I quickly said and immediately went down onto the floor.

My fork had gone under his desk and was lying near his feet. I grabbed it then did something that forever changed my relationship with my father...I put my hand on his leg.

"Sorry, I need to hold onto something for balance."

My hand felt the hard muscle of his calf underneath his pants and, without thinking about it, I began to rub it up and down.

"Man, daddy, you really do work out," I said as I continued to gently caress his calf.

"Uh, yeah, I guess. Okay, honey, that's enough. This is making me feel uncomfortable."

I had a sudden dirty thought as he pulled his leg away...`If that makes you uncomfortable, then wait until you feel this,' I thought as I pushed myself forward, placing my body between his legs and looked up at him, directly into his eyes.

"Daddy you and I both know what you were doing when I came in here, earlier."

He looked at me with shame in his eyes.

"I-I'm sorry, sweetie. I didn't think you would be back up here so soon." Then he looked away with more shame in his eyes.

"I guess you're old enough to know the truth now. Things between your mother and I haven't been so hot lately and sometimes I need to, you know, take care of business."

He looked back at me and I locked eyes with him once again.

"I understand, daddy."

I don't think he felt my hands as they moved up his legs, over his knees and toward his crotch.

"What you don't know, daddy, is that I heard you outside in the hall."

"What? I-I don't know what to say!" he exclaimed.

His face was beet red as he put one hand up to his mouth.

"Daddy, it's okay. I'm not mad." I said, as I scooted my body further up toward him.

It was as if somebody else had controlled my body. Before that day, I had never thought of dad like that however, that was before that morning and a few minutes prior. Something had changed inside of me...instead of being revolted and upset with my dad, I was wet and horny.

Some part of me wanted him about as much as I had ever wanted anything in my life. As I looked back, I realized it must have been building up before that day but, at the time, I had

only started to understand it. He felt my hands moving closer to his crotch.

"Chloe, what are you doing?" he asked, sternly.

"Taking the next step, daddy," I replied as my hands finally found his crotch and his now stiffening cock underneath his pants.

"Chloe, you can't. I mean, we can't. What the hell are you doing?" he said, squirming as my hands began to caress his cock.

"Daddy, I told you. It's okay. I want this. I want you. Nobody will ever have to know," I said, looking up at him and smiling with a lustful look in my eyes.

I couldn't believe myself...part of me knew dad was right and part of me knew what I was about to do was wrong on so many levels but I couldn't control myself. I had caught a glimpse of

dad's massive cock and it was all I could think about, since. All of the things that had happened that day led me to that moment and I was prepared to go all the way.

"Honey, really, we can't. You're my daughter. It's wrong, this is wrong," he said defensively, but he never moved my hands or stopped them from continuing.

"Don't worry about it, daddy. I know you like me and I like you too. It's okay, just enjoy the moment."

How, and when, the hell did I become so wise? Usually, I was a spoiled brat and I knew it but that day something had changed, or maybe it hadn't? I had found something I wanted, and by god, I was going to have it!

I continued to massage his stiff cock through his trousers until, finally, I had enough...without a word, I reached up, unbuttoned his pants and began to unzip his fly.

"Chloe, please, we can't," dad said.

His protest was only half-hearted. A large part of him wanted it to happen...he was only going through the motions of objection.

"Shhhh," I said, as I completely pulled down his zipper, causing his gigantic cock to spring up under his boxers.

"Oh my, daddy. Let's see what we have here!"

I reached in, grabbed his hot cock and pulled it out through the fly. Seeing the enormous dick out and in its full glory caused my pussy to immediately start to leak. She was already wet but I was sure I would have to change, or remove, my panties afterward.

"Wow, daddy. That's the biggest one I've ever seen," I exclaimed. Realizing what I had said, I looked up at him.

"What do you mean, the biggest one you have ever seen? How many have you seen?"

His eyes narrowed as he looked down at me.

I thought quickly, grabbed his massive, veiny shaft with one hand and promptly moved my mouth up to the dripping mushroom head of his engorged cock and licked the tip of it.

"Never mind, dad," I said as my tongue began to work the tip of his incredible dick.

My father forgot all about his question as I started to work on his cock. I allowed the tip to slide over my lips, used my tongue to massage the tip in a circle, savored the pre-cum that oozed from the hole and swallowed it as if it was honey.

"Okay, daddy, lift up for a second."

He lifted his ass into the air as I pulled both his trousers and his underwear down over his cock and down to his ankles.

"That's better," I said.

Once again grabbing his cock with my left hand while my mouth began to work on his balls, I took each one in my lips, popping and sucking on them while my hand gently jerked his cock up and down. I couldn't believe what I was doing, I was actually sucking my own father's cock and loving every second of it.

I worked my way up the shaft, spitting on and licking his huge dick until, finally, I opened my mouth wide and promptly impaled myself upon his cock. I swallowed as much of it as I could and felt his cock hit the back of my throat.

Immediately feeling the urge to gag, I fought it as hard as I could before finally coming up for air. I coughed and spit while I continued to jerk my dad's cock.

"Oh my god, Chloe!" Dad breathed as I worked his cock like a massive lollipop.

"You like that, daddy?"

Once again, I opened my mouth wide and lowered my mouth over his huge cock. As I felt the veiny shaft slide over my tongue toward the back of my throat, I pushed as hard as I could, allowed more of his dick than before to penetrate my throat and played with his balls while I closed my tear filled eyes and tried to hold his cock for as long as I could.

Once again I came back up for air, gagged and spit, a line of saliva ran from my chin back down to the tip of his immense cock. I pounced once again, this time not all the way, and used my tongue to massage his tip. I actually felt his already steel cock had stiffened more as I realized he was getting ready to cum.

"Oh, baby, I'm going to cum," he said as I licked, sucked and jerked his cock with reckless abandon.

"Come on, daddy. Do it." I said as I furiously jerked his cock.

After a few seconds, I released his dick from my grip and he took over. I positioned my face directly in front of him as he stroked his cock, it's huge hole only an inch or two from my face, and licked my lips with anticipation as I watched his engorged cock pulse but I was unprepared for the magnitude of his orgasm as the first massive blast of cum hit my face.

The cum hit above my mouth and to the left of my nose, the sheer force of it caused sperm to ricochet upward toward my eye...I flinched involuntarily as part of it struck my eye.

The next blast hit me directly in my open mouth...the cum hit my teeth and tongue as I tried to swallow every drop of my dad's sperm. Blast number three hit my chin and immediately began to drip down onto my uniform. For a man of his age, dad had cum like a much younger man.

He continued to produce diminishing ropes of cum as he stroked his cock. More landed on my face and into my mouth while a few drops struck my chin, neck, and shirt. Finally, the shower of cum ended as I licked my lips and did my best to swallow as much of my father's cum as I could.

I grabbed his cock and he flinched as I licked his very sensitive head, trying to get every drop out of the hole.

"Oh shit, Chloe," he said as I milked his cock.

Satisfied I had gotten it all, I looked up at him and smiled.

"I love you, daddy," I said, still licking my lips.

Looking down at myself, I realized my uniform was completely ruined. Drops of cum and spit covered the front of it and some had fallen onto my pants as I knelt on the floor in front of my father. I had to figure something out eventually

but, at that moment, the pure nastiness of how I looked had my pussy gushing.

I reached down and began to rub my tits through my ruined shirt as my father looked on. I started to unbutton the shirt...once again, to expose my bare breasts to dad. I got down to about the fourth button when, suddenly, there was a knock on the door.

"Mr. Fisher, are you in there?"

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"Oh, shit,' I thought and immediately climbed back up from under his desk.

"Y-yes, I'm here, Cynthia. I'm changing. I spilled some mayo on my shirt, can you give me a minute?"

"Ah, no problem, sir," his secretary replied, quizzically.

It was clear she thought something was up. Of course, there was no way in a million years Cynthia could know his only daughter had given him a blowjob and had scrambled to wipe his cum off of her face and shirt while she waited outside the door.

"Could you do me a favor, Cynthia?" he asked.

"Sure, sir. What can I do for you?"

"I need some wet paper towels, or napkins, to try and get this stain out. Would you get me some from the washroom, please?"

"No problem, sir."

We waited a second then, finally, he spoke.

"Okay, honey, hurry up and change back into your regular clothes and go out to the car." Seeing my puzzled expression, he added.

"Honey, you can't go out there wearing that." Pointing to the cum drizzled shirt and pants.

"Hurry, and I will meet you at the car in a few minutes. I'll say you got sick and I have to take you home. Don't worry, they owe me some time...I never leave early."

Daddy's eyes lingered on my bare breasts as I quickly changed into my regular clothes.

Before he could say a word, I leaned over and kissed him on the lips, a kiss no daughter should ever give her father, and quickly left the office.

A few minutes later, dad came out to the parking lot and got into the car. I immediately pounced on him but he pushed me away.

"Honey, we can't."

This was the voice he used when he was scolding one of us for misbehaving.

"But why, daddy? Didn't you like what happened? Was I not good?"

"No, no, honey, you were." He trailed off. Then got mad.

"You were fine, but. Dammit. We can't do this again. You are my daughter, and I am your father. It's not natural, it's not right. What if your mother found out?"

I was crushed.

Initially, I was the one who was upset with him but, after I had given myself over to the situation, I realized there really was something between us and now my father was casting me aside like some used toy.

"Okay, daddy," I said through my tears.

"Aww, honey, please. I don't want you to cry but we can't. It was an amazing experience we both shared but it can't happen again...for the sake of our family."

I tried to understand, I really did, but, at the time, all I could think about was how it felt as if he was casting me aside thus we drove home in silence. At dinner that night, I did my best to answer mom's questions about what I had learned at work but I don't think she bought it...she knew something had happened.

I'm sure she didn't know what but she knew something was definitely different between dad and me.

The next few weeks passed and then the move came. Dad and I had barely spoken...every time I came into a room, he would make some kind of excuse to go somewhere else. One day, the door to my room was open a little, he had stopped outside of my room and I caught him peeking in on me as I was getting ready for school.

At first, I thought it was my brother but when I smelled dad's after shave...I knew it was dad. I was doing my makeup in the mirror and letting my hair dry, dressed only in a towel.

I thought, 'Okay asshole, let me give you a taste of what you're missing.' I stood up and dropped my towel, the fabric falling gently to the floor, which left my entire body on display for him. He saw my ass and, in the reflection from the mirror, he saw everything in the front as I pretended to be checking myself. Then I turned around and looked him dead in the eyes, licked my lips seductively and gave him a wink.

I couldn't help but smile as he scrambled away quickly..he still wanted me and I still wanted him. I decided, then and there, I was going to make something happen during the trip...once we were settled into a routine in our new house, things would go back to normal.

I had one chance to know if my father and I really had something and it would have to be during this move but I didn't expect it to happen the way it did.

Sitting next to him, my pussy couldn't help but get a little wet as I remembered what had happened a few weeks ago in his office. I had dressed appropriately for the trip...well, at least appropriate for the message I wanted to convey to dad.

I had worn a short skirt that came to about mid-thigh, a tight pink tank top that didn't quite cover my entire stomach and a pair of flip flops.

Mom, thankfully, didn't say a word to me about how I had dressed, I guess she was too preoccupied with the move to actually notice me...we had actually grown apart over the last year but that's another story...however, both my father and my brother had noticed.

Neither one of them could take their eyes off of me while we were loading "the beast" as my dad called the Expedition.

You have already heard about how we arranged the seating for the trip so I will jump ahead to the journey itself.

At first, riding next to dad in the front seat was a little uncomfortable. Neither one of us actually spoke but dad had turned on the radio and tried to hum along with a tune. I realized neither my mother nor brother could see us up here and probably couldn't hear us either...I decided it was time to say something.

"Daddy, why haven't we talked about what happened?" I asked shyly.

His eyes got really big and he was immediately nervous.

"Chloe, your mother is right behind us," he said, pointing towards the back.

"Oh, they can't hear us up here, especially if we talk low." I paused.

"Watch, I'll show you." I then spoke in a normal voice.

"Jason's a big, fat asshole."

There was no response from the back. We both listened for another few seconds...we could hear them talking but, with the music, boxes and the distance, we couldn't make out what they were saying.

"See, I told you. If we keep our voices low, we can talk."

Dad didn't look convinced but nodded anyway so I asked again.

"Why haven't we talked about what happened?"

He paused for a second then responded quickly.

"I already told you why?" That was not the answer I was looking for.

"Yes, but that's bullshit."

He turned and looked at me again, this time with a stern expression.

"What did you say?"

"I said that's bullshit, dad." Now it was my turn to give him a stern look.

"You're walking on thin ice, Chloe."

"Oh, I'm the one on thin ice? What about the other day in my room?"

"That, that was, uh. That was. I was only walking by and heard a noise."

"You are so full of shit, daddy," I said, almost laughing. I knew I had him.

"Look, daddy, what happened between us was beautiful. It was the best thing I have ever done and I want to do it again."

"Honey, we can't and you know why." He pointed towards the back again.

"What happened between us was." He paused.

"It was beautiful but I still love your mother. Maybe the sex hasn't been the greatest with us recently but she is a great woman and I love her."

He looked at me and realized maybe he had said too much.

"I shouldn't be talking to you about this stuff. Look, what we did was one of those things...it just happened."

He touched my cheek with his right hand, the other on the wheel.

"It was incredible and it was hot and I shouldn't have let it happen. But it did and we will always have that. The two of us. Our little secret. Okay?" he stammered.

"Okay, daddy," I said, almost crying.

I knew he was right but I didn't want to accept it because I also knew he still wanted me. Pouting, I sat there for a while, looking out the window. Then, suddenly, a thought occurred to me. Maybe talking wasn't the answer? The last time I had taken control. I realized he would never make a move on his own, dad was too good of a man for that, so I had to show him he secretly wanted me.

"Daddy, can you pull over at the next gas station? I could use a snack?"

As I asked, my hand gently rubbed his right leg. Then I leaned over and whispered into his ear.

"I'm going to show you how much you are wrong, daddy."

He jerked the wheel slightly but quickly regained control of the SUV. Then he looked over at me and our eyes locked for

a second. I don't know if he made a decision at that moment, or not, but after turning his eyes back to the road he turned down the music and announced, to mom and Jason, we were going to stop.

A few minutes went by before we pulled into the gas station, my hand hadn't left his leg and dad didn't try to remove it, we stopped and everyone got out.

Mom hurried into the bathroom and, when I entered the bathroom, I saw her looking at herself in the mirror...she was smiling and seemed to be lost in her own thoughts as she splashed water onto her face...so I stopped and looked at myself in the mirror, too, pretending to check my makeup.

"Hi, mom," I said as I went into one of the stalls.

"O-Oh, hi, Chloe. Everything okay?"

"Yeah, mom, just going to the bathroom," I said in my best bitch voice.

"Okay, honey."

"Mom, I'm sorry about being such a bitch earlier...I really wanted to sit up front."

"That's okay, honey. I think it worked out fine. It's given your brother and me some time to bond."

I noticed something strange in the way she said "bond" and also in her demeanor. Of course, at the time, I had no idea what was really going on but I definitely noticed something different. I was so fixated on my own nasty ideas I didn't pry any further.

Mom left the restroom and headed into the store as I relieved myself then I put my plan into action. I removed my wet panties and bra, put them into my purse and put the shirt on

over my hard nipples. After I left the stall, I stopped and looked into the mirror...a person could certainly notice my hard nipples protruding from under my t-shirt! This was exactly what I wanted however, I had to be careful so mom didn't see me or she would definitely have questions.

I left the restroom and went into the store. After I had grabbed a few snacks, drinks and more than a few appreciative stares from the guys, I made my way out to the car. I was careful to hold the bags in front of me so as not to arouse suspicion from mom.

I climbed back into the Expedition, sat on the seat and waited for dad to notice me...it didn't take long as his glance at me turned into an eye bulging stare as he desperately tried to start the car and get back under way while sneaking glances at my hard nipples protruding through my shirt.

I smiled and settled into my seat as dad pulled back onto the highway and we were soon underway again. As I sat there trying to figure out the best way to make a move it was, in fact,

my father who surprised me. He turned up the volume a bit on the radio then turned to me.

"So, I told Jason to have a very intense conversation with your mom about their own relationship."

As he spoke, he gave me a look I had never seen...it seemed to say, 'Your move, kid.' At first, I didn't know what the hell he was talking about...Jason and mom's relationship? What did he mean? Then it hit me. The two of them had been acting a bit weird around each other, not that they would have known I could tell, but they did indeed need to have a talk.

Then I smiled as I realized the implication of this development.

I quickly assessed the facts in my head...one, mom and Jason couldn't see or hear anything up front unless we were really loud; two, they would be involved in a deep conversation and most likely not notice anything going on up here and finally;

three, dad had purposely set this up. I didn't need any more invitation.

We had exited the highway and were coming to a stop light. The interchange for the next road we needed to get to was about half a mile down the road and I had realized that was my opportunity to show dad how much I wanted him and confirm his implied invitation.

As the car slowed down, I quickly kicked off my flip flops, turned my body toward dad with my left leg bent and against the seat, placed my bare right foot up on the dash, hiked up my skirt and exposed my pussy.

"Daddy, could you look over at me for a second, I want to show you something?" I asked, as the car stopped at the light.

He did and I thought his eyes were going to do that cartoon thing, where they pop out of their sockets, as he got his first view of my shaved, dripping pussy.

"This is all for you, daddy," I said, running a finger up and down the slit of my wet lips.

The light must have turned green because somebody honked the horn from behind.

Dad turned back to the road and began to drive once more. He almost wrecked, at least once, within the next few hundred feet as he kept glancing back over at me. I didn't make it any easier on him as I fingered and rubbed my pussy for his pleasure.

Soon we were back onto the main highway.

I continued my assault on my pussy as dad did his best to drive and watch me. I was really starting to get into it...my breathing had increased and so did my fingers. After a few minutes of driving, dad once again surprised me as I licked my lips and whispered to him how hot my pussy was for him.

He flipped a switch on the steering wheel, placing the vehicle into cruise control, then he pushed his seat back a little and kept his left hand on the wheel as he reached his right hand over to me.

I took his fingers into my mouth and sucked on them while my own fingers continued to penetrate my cunt. I moved his wet fingers, as they dripped with my saliva, down to my pussy and then he took over.

Slowly, he explored my soaked pussy lips with his fingers. He ran them up and down and gently caressed the outer portion of my cunt...it was evident daddy knew how to please a woman. He didn't thrust his fingers in, he took his time. The problem was, I was already hot and I wanted penetration!

"Daddy, it's okay. I want it," I said, pushing his fingers inside me.

He needed no further instruction as his fingers fringed my pussy. My toes curled on the dashboard as he worked his fingers in and out of my dripping cunt.

As I could feel my orgasm beginning to build, we heard a noise in the back...it sounded like a very loud gasp. Dad immediately removed his hand and I sat up on my seat, my poor pussy was once again left unsatisfied.

"What's wrong back there?" dad asked.

You have already heard this conversation from my brother, so I won't bore you again. Suffice to say that once I realized the sound from the back had nothing to do with dad and me, my fingers went back to work on my pussy. I was so fucking horny at that point I needed to cum.

After dad was satisfied with their answer, he once again turned up the music, his hand moved back over to my bare leg and rubbed it while I fringed myself. I leaned my seat back a few inches so I could put my bare feet up on the dashboard

again and spread my legs wide to allow both of our hands easy access to my pussy.

As I leaned back, I looked toward the back of the car and noticed something strange...I saw mom's bare foot above the middle seat and it was moving a bit. This wasn't the kind of movement one does when trying to get comfortable, it was as if mom was doing something with the front of her body that caused her legs to move back and forth.

Curious, I forgot about my pussy for a second.

"Mom, are you laying down?" I asked.

She responded with a yes but something about her voice and what I saw didn't add up. Maybe it was because of my already very sexualized state of mind but I got the idea something was going on in the back.

"Okay, mom, maybe I'll do the same."

I leaned my seat back a little further and gently rubbed my pussy while I kept one eye on the back. I started to feel a tingle as I heated up again then I saw something that confirmed my suspicions and changed everything for our family. Hearing a groan from the backseat, I focused intently on that part of the car.

What I saw took my breath away...rising above the seat, and almost hitting the ceiling of the Expedition, were huge spurts of, what could have only been, cum shooting upwards.

'Oh my god,' I thought as I watched the never ending spurts of cum shoot upward from behind the seat where my mother and brother were sitting.

Suddenly, it stopped and I heard a muffled slurping sound coming from the back as dad had noticed something, too, removed his hand from my pussy and turned the radio down.

Damn, my pussy needed some satisfaction and soon all of this stopping and starting was driving my pussy crazy. Dad carried on a conversation with mom for a few minutes...once again you have already heard that part. I glanced back once again and saw them shuffle around. I also noticed mom's hair literally drip with cum.

Smiling, I thought, 'Well, you dirty whore. You're fucking your own son...my brother. I was feeling a little guilty for trying to seduce dad and your back there giving my brother a blowjob!' I decided I was done fucking around.

As dad finished yelling at them for moving around, I sat up and pulled off my t-shirt, exposing my tits to dad and anybody else who looked into our car. I didn't care at that point, I needed to cum and I needed to cum ASAP. I leaned back into the seat once again, placed my feet on the dash, spread my legs as wide as I could and began to fuck my pussy, hard, with my fingers.

I worked my cunt lips with my right hand, played with my nipples and rubbed my body with the other.

It didn't take long before I felt the orgasm I so desperately craved begin to rise. Dad simply looked at me in awe as I rubbed my pussy and played with my tits. At one point, I looked over at him and licked my lips.

"Your next daddy!"

We almost wrecked as he had taken his eyes off the road for too long and a car in front of us had slowed down but dad, being an experienced driver from his days on the road with FedEx, quickly got the car back under control. He kept looking back at me as my orgasm hit me like a tidal wave.

It was the most incredible feeling I had ever had. Sitting there in a car with my legs spread, my tits and pussy on full display, while my brother and mother were doing God knew what in the backseat.

The orgasm literally had me in tears...good tears but tears, nonetheless. I tried not to but I couldn't help it...

"Oh my fucking, god!" I cried.

As the orgasm went through my body, dad tried to turn up the volume on the radio. The funny thing was, it didn't matter. What mom and Jason were doing in the back, they wouldn't have noticed, anyway.

I felt something else I had never experienced before as my orgasm was climaxing...a bit of squirt shot out and struck the dashboard. I had heard of this kind of thing happening to some women.

The utter decadence of the situation as I lay there in the seat, experiencing the most intense orgasm of my life, had me smiling inside as my body experienced wave after wave of pleasure.

My orgasm subsided and, finally, I could see straight. I wasted no time as I leaned over into the driver's seat and put my head in dad's lap and bent my knees so my feet came up to the window of the car.

"Chloe, what are doing?"

"I told you, daddy. It's your turn, now."

I began to unbuckle his belt but he didn't resist this time. I imagine the show I had put on for him had a lot to do with that.

"Be careful honey, I'm driving."

After getting his belt undone and his pants unbuttoned, I instructed him.

"Daddy, lift your ass for a second."

He did and I slid both his jeans and boxers over his knees. His raging cock was so hard as it stared me in the face. The huge mushroom tip looked like it was going to explode.

"I've missed this cock, daddy," I said, as I began to lick it.

I started with his balls, massaged each one and took them into my mouth. He moaned with pleasure as I worshiped his engorged cock, slowly licked my way up to the tip and, after taking a deep breath, once again impaled my mouth onto his giant cock.

The feel of his huge dick as it slid over my tongue and hit the back of my throat was, once again, absolutely incredible. I held my breath, and my gag reflex, for as long as I could and finally came back up for air...a line of spit running from my chin down onto his cock...as I continued to pump and lick his cock.

Then another noise came from the back and dad turned the radio down. `What the fuck, dad. Do you want a blowjob or what?' I thought.

I decided to tease him while he was talking to them. I took another deep breath and lowered my face over his cock. I giggled a little as dad did his best to drive, and carry on a conversation with my mother all the while getting a blowjob from his daughter.

Hearing the conversation, I realized we would be stopping again soon. `Okay, Chloe. Let's show your dad what you can really do,' I thought as I began to use my tongue while his cock was still inside my mouth. I didn't lower myself all the way, only enough to stimulate him.

I continued to run my tongue all around the tip then I slowly began to vibrate my tongue. The resulting sound was something like a purr but it sure did the trick in only a matter of a few seconds.

"Oh my god, Chloe, I'm cumming!"

I already knew as I could feel his cock beginning to pulse. It was an awesome sensation as I felt the cum rise up his shaft, knowing it would soon be in my mouth. I never released his cock from my lips...I intended to take every ounce of sperm he could give me and swallow it all.

I was unprepared for the force of the first blast of cum as it struck the back of my throat like a jet spray and caused me to flinch a little however, I never let go. For what seemed like forever, I took spurt after spurt of dad's seed into my mouth.

There was so much I actually did gag a little as I tried to swallow it all. I didn't think dad realized what he was doing but I was glad he held my head down onto his cock as I swallowed his cum because I really wanted to drink every single drop.

Finally, his orgasm subsided and I pulled my head back, licking my fingers and lips as I drank the last few dribbles of his cum. I looked up at him and smiled.

"Thank you, daddy. I love you."

I sat back in my seat and realized we were almost to our stop.

"Hurry up, Chloe, we're almost there," he said.

I quickly got dressed and, as I did, I was sure I heard the sounds of another orgasm come from the back seat and I smiled as I realized it must have been mom's turn for some satisfaction and, as we eventually made it to the rest stop, something occurred to me...we were a bunch of nasty, sex crazed lunatics but I also had an idea.

It was an idea which would have been unthinkable to me only a few weeks ago but 'Maybe it could work,' I thought as we pulled into the rest area. I had to get my thoughts together.

Maybe I could talk to Jason while we were stopped. I had accidentally seen his cock once and it looked to be as big as dad's.

'Holy fuck Chloe you've become such a slut.' I thought to myself as the idea took hold. 'I can't believe I am actually thinking about seducing my own brother now.' Especially after having just given my father a blowjob. I started thinking about how to make things work.

There was a lot of stuff to think about but one thing was for sure...the fun on this road trip had only begun. There was going to be a lot of hard, sex crazed miles before we arrived at our final destination.

The End (of part two)

Author's notes

Okay, so I have arrived at a crossroads here. My first thoughts are to continue the debauchery with Jason and Chloe however some people have expressed that they don't want the two couples to interact.

Please let me know in the comments what you think. Or any other suggestions you might have about this story. I promise that I will at least listen to other ideas even if I decide not to use them.

Thanks again for reading. Be sure and check out my other stories.

Chapter 3

Chloe

Exiting the bathroom at the rest stop, I noticed Mom and Jason sitting on a little wall talking. They were obviously giggling about something, and after what I had witnessed in the car before, I could guess at exactly why they were giggling.

Mom looked up and noticed me. She immediately moved a few inches away from Jason. Mom looked like the cat who just ate the canary, and I smiled to myself as I watched her squirm.

"I know your little secret mom." I thought.

They each looked down at the ground and pretended to look at their cell phones as I walked over to them.

"So, how's the trip going for you two? Anything exciting happen while I was asleep?" I asked. Watching them both struggle to answer me I couldn't help but laugh a little.

"G-good sis." Jason finally stammered. "N-no nothing exciting in fact mom and I both slept a little too." He lied.

"Are you sure I thought at one point I heard noises coming from back there. I thought maybe one of you had a stomach ache or is that because you had to pee so bad?" I asked looking at my guilty mother.

I already knew what was going on. Mom and Jason had been up to no good in the back. If they hadn't fucked, then they had done just about everything else.

What neither of them knew was that I had in fact been up to something naughty with dad in the front. It was only by pure luck that I had noticed something going on between Mom and Jason.

"No. Mom just really had to go to the bathroom room remember?" He said looking at her.

"Oh yeah." I agreed. Their cover story had worked on dad, but I had seen enough to know better.

Just then dad came out the bathroom. He had changed into shorts, and I admired his muscular legs as he walked over to us. Mom said. "Hon why'd you change clothes?"

"It was hot in the front seat, and I thought this might be more comfortable for me." He said giving me a little glance.

I smiled realizing that he had changed out of his jeans for me to have better access to his cock. "Yes, daddy another blowjob is definitely in your future." I thought to myself.

I almost texted Jason and told him that I knew what was going on but decided I wanted to keep my little secret for a little while longer.

What dad and I had was special, and I didn't want to spoil it with Jason knowing. Besides I wanted to see how far the two of them were going to push things.

I felt incredibly powerful having this knowledge. Every one of us in the car had a secret, but I was the only one who knew about

We all finally climbed back into the car. Dad suggested that we stop to eat just up the road before we pressed on.

I was more than a little disappointed as I had other plans for dinner. But the little rumble in my stomach made me realize I was hungry too.

We stopped at a Burger King that was just off an exit a few miles from the rest area. It was a very awkward dinner.

Dad and Mom sat on one side while Jason and I sat on the other. I watched the two of them have a very strange conversation about absolutely nothing.

It seemed that they each had guilty feelings over what had transpired before and they didn't know how to talk to each other.

I kicked off my flip flops and began to run my toes up and down dad's now bare legs. He squirmed and fidgeted in his seat while still trying to hold a conversation with Mom who was herself distracted.

I glanced over at my brother seeing him fidget in his seat and I saw a pair of painted toes rubbing my brother's crotch. Mom was doing the same thing I was to Jason.

Something had come over all of us today.

The normal inhibitions that would have prevented us all from acting this way had broken down completely.

The naughty, forbidden nature of what had transpired was making us all horny and acting completely out of character.

Eventually, we did manage to finish our food, and after another quick trip to the bathroom we all climbed back into the beast and were soon underway again.

I glanced over at dad and smiled putting my left hand on his bare leg.

He looked over and smiled at me. We both knew that something was going to happen soon but wanted to wait until everyone settled in for the ride.

Jason.

After the strange meal at Burger King, we all got back into "The Beast" and settled in for the next leg of our journey before we would stop for the night at a motel. Dad had wanted to drive late into the night before stopping.

He had said that there would be less traffic and he wanted to make good time. Sitting in the back seat once again with mom was very difficult. I glanced over at her perfectly tanned legs and painted toes as she crossed them trying to get comfortable.

I think we both knew we were going to play around some more but each of us wanted to wait a bit. Mom pulled out her book and began to read glancing over at me and smiling. I smiled back and put my right hand on her bare thigh.

She kept trying to move it away, but I persisted. I knew this was part of our game now. I too pulled out my book and tried to read, but of course, it was hopeless.

My right hand began to caress her thigh up and down gently, and I could feel her goose bumps on her skin. Then I felt her left hand on my leg. Mom began to work her hand up my leg towards my crotch slowly.

She gently began to work her hand all around my crotch massaging my cock through my pants. My dick instantly began to rise there was soon a gigantic tent in my jeans.

My hand made its way up her leg to her crotch, and I began to work my fingers underneath her shorts. Soon I found what I was looking for.

Mom yelped a little as my fingers began to caress her labia gently. Before long, my fingers were working their way inside her now very wet pussy.

We kept this going for a long while as we sat there in the back seat. Our books were soon forgotten as both of us gave into the foreplay.

Our foreplay went on for a long time. The two of us were gently playing with each other, and the tension was building to a breaking point. By the time I heard the radio volume go up in the front of the car the smell of sex was pungent in the backseat.

My pants had a huge wet spot from the leaking pre cum on my cock and the seat underneath mom was dripping with pussy juice.

Hearing the volume on the radio go up in the front I figured now was our chance. I looked over at mom, and our eyes met. We grabbed each other and kissed passionately.

The hunger we had for each other was uncontrollable, and we kissed not as a mother and son but as true lovers. My tongue explored her mouth, and we pushed into each other hard. I felt both her hands struggling with my fly.

"Oh god I know this is so wrong, but I just have to see it again." Mom said as she fumbled with my crotch and continued to kiss me.

Soon, mom had my pants unbuttoned, and I heard the zip of my fly going down. I lifted my ass up, and mom quickly pushed my pants down.

My shorts fell to my ankles, and my cock sprung up glistening with pre-cum. We continued to kiss as Mom grabbed my massive cock and began to stroke it.

I grabbed for the bottom of her tank top and began to lift it up.

We broke our kiss only for me to lift her shirt up over her head and pull it off. Mom's spectacular tits sprung out, and my hands reached for them eagerly.

The two of us stayed that way for a few minutes, mom slowly jerking my cock while I played with her tits both of us still kissing each other hard.

Finally, I broke our kiss and slowly kissed my way down her neck to mom's fantastic tits. I deliberately swirled my tongue around her nipples taking my time. Licking and sucking on each beautiful nipple I looked up at mom, and our eyes met.

With saliva dripping from my chin and onto her tits I moved my head back up and kissed her deeply once more.

My hands ran up and down her fantastic body. They rubbed her flat belly and massaged her spectacular tits. Finally, mom broke our kiss and looked into my eyes.

"I know I'm going to go to hell for this baby, but I think we have to fuck." She said. The look in her eyes was one of hunger and lust. The way she said it "we have to fuck." Was absolutely the truest statement I had ever heard.

Our need for each other had progressed beyond playing around. The insatiable lust we had must be consummated it didn't matter that we were mother and son.

It didn't matter that we were riding in a car with my dad, her husband driving the car and only feet away from us.

It didn't even matter that people could see us. At that moment we became completely lost in one another the rest of the world be damned, we were going to fuck, and we were going to fuck now.

Elizabeth

Considering my son's eyes as he responded to my question with another passionate kiss. I realized exactly what was going to happen.

I knew that everything my son and I had done earlier was wrong. I wrestled with my conscience over the implications of what had happened but in the end, I simply could no longer control myself. Something inside of me had been awakened.

A line had been crossed and I realized as I looked into Jason's eyes that I couldn't go back over that line now.

Against everything I knew that was right I realized one thing in that moment. We were going to fuck.

Not make love, but fuck and it was going to feel so good. Breaking every moral code, I could think of and with my conscience telling me to stop I continued to allow Jason to

fondle and kiss me knowing the inevitable was happening but unwilling to stop it.

My already dripping pussy tingled with anticipation. Everything we had done before this was taboo but forgivable.

I began to shake realizing we were nearing the point of no return. Jason's strong hands were holding me as we embraced, our kiss was unlike anything either one of us had ever felt.

The need we each felt was so strong. Stronger even than even earlier when we had screwed around in the backseat. I felt Jason reach down and grab my shorts as we kissed.

I looked into his eyes and realized this had to happen and it had to happen now.

I felt his hands grab my shorts before I could stop him he ripped open my shorts sending the button flying.

Jason continued to push my shorts down, and I lifted my ass up so they could fall to the floor. I wasn't even worried about the button at that moment.

All that mattered to me was my son. His pants already down around his ankles I grabbed his shirt and pulled it off of him, I needed to see and feel his hard muscles.

Now Jason and I were both naked once again in the backseat. Our wanton need for each other had made us completely oblivious to where we were or the implications of what we were doing.

I pushed him back onto the seat and climbed into his lap. I was straddling him with my knees on the seat with my bare feet, and ass facing towards the front.

We continued to kiss our hands running up and down each other's bodies. Finally, I broke our kiss and looked down at his massive cock. I placed both of my bare feet up on the seat and rose above him.

My head must have been slightly above the seat, and if anybody looked back now, there would be questions, but none of that mattered now the only thing that mattered to us was our need for each other.

Jason looked at me and grabbed his cock with his right hand holding it in place for me as I looked into his eyes my dripping pussy perched just inches from the huge mushroom head of his engorged cock.

I realized this was it; this was the instant if I continued there would be no going back. This was the moment of truth.

My entire body shaking and my eyes completely locked on Jason's I slowly lowered my pussy onto his waiting cock and committed full blown incest.

Electricity went through my body as I felt the tip of his engorged penis touch my pussy. Continuing to drop I felt the tip enter and move further inside of my soaking cunt.

My eyes rolled back with pure ecstasy as I felt my son's cock slide deeper into my pussy.

Finally, my cunt completely engulfed his cock.

The incredible feeling of his dick all the way to the back of my pussy almost made me cum right then.

I could feel the waves of pleasure building, and I knew it wouldn't take long before I had my first cum. We again kissed each other passionately his cock all the way up my dripping cunt.

Before long Jason began to thrust upward into my pussy. The first thrust made me cry out. I had a sudden wave of concern

as I realized what I had just done and I looked back towards the front of the car.

Only hearing the radio blasting, I smiled satisfied that neither my daughter or my husband had heard my cry of pleasure. Looking back at Jason I once again rose up but not as high as before. I never let his cock escape my pussy.

Then I sat back down on his dick. After about a minute or so I began to find a rhythm, and soon we were fucking like rabbits. Jason sat back placing his hands on either side of my now sweaty body.

I kept up the motion for a few more minutes picking up speed as I felt my orgasm coming. He grabbed me once more and kissed me hard as I rode him like a bull.

My legs began to hurt as I continued to ride him harder and faster up and down. I was so close to cumming, and there was no stopping me now. I pushed myself to continue knowing that pure bliss was only moments away.

Finally, my orgasm hit. It was like a tidal wave of pleasure, and once again I cried out loudly. Even louder than before. I felt my cum explode and as I lifted up, it squirted out of my pussy and all over Jason's naked stomach and cock.

Feeling my orgasm crash over my body, I faintly heard my husband call out from the front seat. "Everything okay back there?" His voice sounded strained but concerned.

I simply couldn't respond at that second. I tried to reply but could only manage a whimper as I came all over my son's cock. I heard Jason reply.

"It's okay dad; mom just bumped her knee on the seat. She's okay."

There was a pause then. "Y-you sure you're okay Liz?" Dad said again.

Finally, I could respond weakly. "Y-yes honey. I-I'm fine just hit my knee on a piece of metal on the seat. I'm okay." I was still breathing heavily from orgasm, and I collapsed onto my son's naked chest.

"Okay." My husband said, and the music immediately went back up. He seemed to drop the issue quickly, but at that moment I didn't care.

I looked up at Jason and kissed him laughing as I did. Our incestuous fucking had just given me one of the best orgasms I had ever felt. I looked down at his wet stomach then back up at him.

"Sorry" I said with a smile.

He smiled back brushing my hair from my sweaty forehead.

"It's okay mum I remember from before that you're a squirter."

"Oh yeah, that," I said looking at the leather seat where I had cum earlier. It occurred to me that we never did clean up from all the playing earlier and I noticed dried spots all over the seat from my son's cum.

Jason grabbed my face and pulled it back up to his and kissed me again.

"Okay, mom you ready for my turn now?" He said looking at me with lust and want.

I smiled and reached my hand down to his very wet and still very hard cock. "Sorry baby I forgot," I said giving his cock a little squeeze and a tug.

Then I moved my body back towards the passenger side of the car and laid down on the seat belly first.

"Let me make it up to you baby," I said motioning and pushing him back towards the driver's side as he had been earlier.

He smiled and placed his right leg up onto the seat while I made my up to his crotch. I felt wetness on my tits as they brushed the seat and I crawled up into his crotch watching Jason as he slowly stroked his massive cock.

Beginning just underneath his balls I licked the skin just below, and he jumped a little with pleasure as I began to take each testicle into my mouth. I licked and sucked each of them slowly and methodically savoring the feeling of his balls in my mouth and letting each one go with a pop.

Jason leaned back against the side of the car and closed his eyes as I let my tongue find the bottom of his glistening cock. I worked my way up the veiny shaft of his enormous cock tasting my own pussy juices as I went.

I smiled to myself. "This is so depraved Liz." I thought as my tongue continued upward and finally found the engorged

purple mushroom tip of my son's cock. My son again jumped a little as I swirled my tongue around the tip of his dick.

Kissing and licking the huge head of his dick I made him squirm with pleasure as I worked. Finally, I lifted my head up took a deep breath and impaled myself on his huge cock.

Jason let out a little cry of pleasure as I felt his cock slide over my tongue and to the back of my throat. I kept pushing my head further and further down loving the feeling of his cock literally choking me.

I held my head for a few seconds and tried to breathe through my nose. At last, I came up for air and released his cock from my mouth. Gagging and spitting I continued to jerk his cock like a porn star. I opened my mouth took another deep breath and again gagged myself upon his massive dick.

This time I felt hands on the back of my head pushing me further down than before. Jason said. "Try to hold it, mom. You feel fantastic." I did my best to oblige. Desperately trying

to breathe through my nose I held my son's dick inside of my throat.

Instinctually I began to try and pull back, but my son held me down. I wasn't alarmed. A big part of me never wanted to release his cock. I loved the full feeling of dick all the way down my throat.

But I was beginning to see stars as my oxygen was diminishing.

Jason finally let go of me and allowed me to come up for air. I released his cock and coughed and spat saliva everywhere.

Spit was running down my chin and dripping onto my tits now. He looked at me. "I'm sorry mom are you okay?" he asked worriedly.

I smiled weakly. "I'm fine baby," I said and to show him I once again forced his huge cock down my throat taking every inch

of his massive cock. I held it again at the back of my throat and Jason once again pushed his cock even further down my throat.

Every instinct in my body told me to pull back, but I fought myself pushing my body to the limit. I thought to myself if I died now choking on my son's cock nothing could be better.

Finally, I pushed back, and Jason let me go I liberated his cock from my mouth and took a huge breath. Coughing and spitting I almost passed out.

Swaying for a second, I looked up again at my son with pure lust in my eyes. Never in my life had I been this naughty, this uninhibited. Here in the back seat of a moving car with my husband driving and my mouth around my son's cock, I became a complete and total slut.

I wanted to be a nasty dirty whore for my son. Something inside of me had been unleashed, and I knew then that I would never go back to the woman I was before today.

With slobber and pre-cum dripping from my chin I kissed my son again. My tits were completely covered in saliva, and as I pressed up against Jason, his bare chest got wet from it. He reached down and pinched my bare ass causing me to yelp again.

Nobody seemed to notice as the music continued to blare up front.

Grabbing me and flipping me over Jason set me down onto the seat forcing my head up against the driver's side door. He placed both of his knees up onto the seat and pulled me towards him a few inches.

Without much room, he lifted my legs and placed them on his shoulders. No doubt anybody looking from the front of the car would now see the top of his head and the tips of my bare feet as my son once again prepared to enter my waiting pussy.

We locked eyes again as I watched my sexy boy maneuver his massive cock towards the same hole he had come out of many years before. Time seemed to slow down as I watched and felt his huge cock begin to penetrate my dripping cunt for the second time.

The anticipation of what was going to happen was even more intense than before as I realized that this time nothing was going to stop the inevitable conclusion of our fucking from happening.

I cried out with pleasure as I felt the first couple of inches of cock penetrate my pussy. I was so very sensitive after my orgasm. The pure wickedness of what we were doing in the backseat of the car with my husband and daughter only feet away was making me shake.

Now every inch of his enormous cock was now inside my warm pussy. My son began to fuck me. Slowly at first but soon he found a rhythm and was furiously pounding my cunt.

Without even realizing it I began to moan softly.

As Jason's rhythm increased so did the moans of pleasure coming out of my mouth soon I was making way too much noise.

I got so lost in our debauchery that I had almost forgotten where I was.

Thankfully Jason bent down and kissed me passionately as his rhythm slowed. At first not realizing the situation I cried out "Don't stop baby, please don't stop."

Then Jason whispered to me "mom, mom you're making too much noise dad and Chloe are right up front." I glanced over at the seat to my left. I smiled

"Shit. Sorry." I said. Then feeling him slowing down even more I said. "but keep fucking me, baby."

Jason needed no further instruction as he began to pound my dripping pussy once again. Soon he was really getting into a rhythm pushing my head into the side of the car. It hurt a little but the extraordinary feeling of my own son fucking me more than made up for the small pain in my head.

Just then the car swerved, and we both almost fell off the seat. It was only because of Jason's strong legs and arms that he managed to catch both himself and me.

The music up front went down, and my husband spoke. "You two okay back there. Sorry, I thought I saw a deer."

Maybe if I hadn't been in the middle of hardcore sex with my son, I would have noticed something about his voice as he asked us if we were okay.

"Y-yeah were fine honey. Are you okay?" Then I whispered to Jason. "Don't stop, keep fucking me." My son complied and kept up his pounding of my cunt.

"Y-yes we're fine. I'm sorry like I said I thought I saw a d-d-deer." He stammered. Not noticing my husband's obvious stuttering, I simply said.

"Okay just be c-careful honey." Then I added. "Could you turn back up the music? I liked that song."

Truth be told I didn't even know what the hell had been playing, but I wanted to cover for Jason and me.

My husband agreed immediately. "Yeah me too. No problem." Then the volume on the music did indeed go back up. I looked at Jason and said.

"Now where were we."

My son smiled and once again started hammering my pussy with his cock. I couldn't believe how fucking great my son's cock felt in my pussy.

"Come on baby keep going." I cried out as his cock kept pounding my cunt. "Harder," I instructed. Jason really began to pick up speed now plowing into my pussy like never before.

"Come on baby bring it on," I said looking up at him and licking my lips.

Intensely I kept encouraging my son to fuck me even harder soon not only was my head hitting the side of the car but there was an unmistakable smacking sound as his hard cock slammed into my dripping pussy.

I became lost in our animal passion again.

It was not that I had forgotten who he was, but for a few seconds, I had just felt a cock pounding me. Now looking up at him, it dawned on me again.

"This is your own son who's fucking you." The thought kept running through my mind a sudden and complete realization of exactly what was happening came over me.

That thought was all I needed within seconds my third orgasm of the day struck me.

His cock continued to slam into my pussy as I exploded once again. He stopped for a second as I gushed squirt all over his cock and the leather seat of the car.

I cried out once again loudly. "Jesus Christ baby." I couldn't help it.

I had been trying not to scream, but the sheer force of my orgasm was overwhelming.

As my cum overcame my body, I nervously glanced towards the front of the vehicle. Thankfully nothing seemed to change

as the music continued and nobody yelled anything back to us.

Breathing heavily my orgasm finally slowed and I once again looked up at Jason smiling.

"Oh my god. I've never cum like this before baby." I said to my son. His cock continued to smash into me even as my orgasm subsided.

He had slowed when I squirted but now satisfied that my orgasm had ended Jason picked up speed and power once again. My naked body on the very wet seat was making a lot of noise more noise than I wanted too but I just didn't care.

Besides I didn't hear anything but the music coming from the front. Or did I? I thought I heard something else but the thought quickly vanished as I felt my son's massive cock attack my pussy.

My son's incredible thrusts had my head slamming into the side of the car once more. I didn't care about the pain. The naked skin of our bodies made a smacking sound as his cock slammed into my cunt with even more force.

"Oh my fucking god Jason this feels so great," I said as my son hammered me with his cock again and again.

Then he slowed down again and finally pulled out I thought maybe he was ready to cum but then my son said something that almost had me headed for another orgasm.

"Turn around mom. I just gotta see that ass again." My son said jerking his stiff wet cock.

I smiled devilishly. We were being so fucking nasty. The thought caused my pussy to tingle with anticipation.

I realized that Jason probably hadn't actually seen my ass in full view since the art class. Sure I had been naked with him,

but he hadn't gotten to see my ass on full display since he had tried to paint me months ago.

I quickly turned around on the seat and pushed myself up against the side of the car. My knees and bare feet up on the seat I turned around and looked at him. I rubbed my pussy a little and ran my hands over my ass.

"Yeah is that what you remember," I said licking my lips and giving him a lusty look.

He had climbed onto the seat behind me, and his head was above the seat now.

He had to crane his neck a little, but it was high enough that if my husband or Chloe looked back, there would be some serious explaining to do. I didn't care I had to have him.

"Oh, fuck yeah. Mom, it's even better than I remember." He ran his hands over my bare ass and licked his own lips as his hand went back to his cock.

I am sure that at some during all of this somebody driving by had noticed something going on. Especially now with my son up on the seat his bare ass facing the road. Nobody honked any horns and the police never showed up but I can guarantee somebody was getting a view of something that afternoon.

As Jason moved his cock towards my dripping pussy, I groaned as he entered my cunt once again. I looked back at him and smiled as he began to push his cock slowly in and out of my pussy.

Then I said. "Smack it."

He looked at me puzzled. "Smack my ass," I instructed again.

"But mom." He looked towards the front of the car.

"It's okay. Just do it once. We can explain it if they say anything. But make sure you do it hard. I like it hard." I told him. He looked at me with a puzzled smirk then Jason smacked the side of my bare ass with his right hand, hard!

SMACK! The sound of his hand hitting my bare skin made a huge sound maybe even louder than I thought it would.

I gasped loudly with pleasure. I had always liked it a little rough and now was no exception. I quickly looked up towards the front of the car.

Above the music, I thought I heard something but the volume never went down, and nobody called back to us. I figured that even if they did hear something they didn't think it was anything important.

"Oh god mom you look so fucking hot like this." Jason said running his hands all over my toned ass and the small of my back. His rhythm started to pick up then.

"You don't look so bad yourself stud," I said looking back at him and admiring his sweaty well-muscled chest and abs as he began to fuck me harder. In this position, Jason was able to really put his back into it, and my head was soon bouncing up against the door.

"Oh god baby. Please, harder." I said as my son rammed his cock into my cunt. I couldn't get enough of him. "Come on baby keep going," I said as I felt him increase his speed and power even more. Soon there was a 'thump, thump, thump' as my head continued to strike the side of the car.

My head didn't really hurt it was more like just bumping into a door slowly. My hands pushed up against the side of the car were taking most of the shock from Jason's hammering.

Finally, I heard him say "God mom I can't take it anymore." I knew in an instant what he was saying. A sudden dirty thought ran through my head. I mentioned earlier about crossing a line with what I said next the line was not only crossed but I leapfrogged over it with room to spare. Without really thinking I cried out.

"Inside me. Cum inside me."

"M-mom." He started to protest, but that was all he got out as I clamped my pussy muscles down on his cock and held him.

"Oh shit." He said, and then the first jets of warm sperm began to fill my cunt. The indescribable feeling of my son's cum coating the inside of my pussy was like nothing I had ever felt before.

I knew this was completely wrong on so many levels, but I was so caught up at the moment I just didn't care. I cried out in pleasure as I felt my sons cum blast into my cunt. Jason's cock continued to fill me with spurt after spurt of cum. So much so

that it began to overflow my pussy and drip down onto the seat below.

"Holy fucking shit mom," Jason said as his cock continued to erupt inside of me. His cum was massive. The combination of his age and horniness had created a huge volume of cum. Finally, Jason's cum began to subside.

I reached back and felt the sperm leaking out of my pussy and smiled. Feeling like a porn star as I ran my fingers over my cunt. Grabbing a little sperm with my fingers, I brought it up to my mouth and ate some of my son's cum.

Licking my fingers, I looked up at my beautiful boy and smiled. He came down and again kissed me deeply. I looked down at the seat below me it was covered in sweat, and two kinds of cum. Just then the car swerved again, and we almost went flying off the wet seat once more.

The music was still playing, but I swear I heard screaming from the front of the vehicle.

This time, however, nobody called back to see if we were okay. Still, within the throws of our post-coital bliss, I never thought to check on them up front as the car had presumably returned to a normal course.

Finally, my husband did call back. "Sorry again guys. Everybody okay?"

"Yes, honey. We're fine." I said running my hand over my son's chiseled abs and chest and licking my fingers clean of sperm. "Mmmm, Just fine."

End of part 3.

Part 4 will feature Chloe's and Bill's side of the story like parts one and two did respectively. I hope to have this out soon. Hope everyone enjoys.

Chapter 4

Elizabeth

Still licking my son's cum off my fingers, I ran my other hand up and down his chiseled abs and chest. Completely spent, Jason, collapsed onto the seat next to me. I moved over to him, and he put his arms around me.

I was content. A feeling of complete satisfaction overcame me, and my eyes soon got heavy. Both of us were completely naked, and we soon fell asleep in each other's arms in the back seat of the big Ford Expedition.

Sometime later I awoke, and I heard somebody talking faintly. Slowly opening my eyes and stretching I looked around. I noticed two things. It was now fully dark, and the

car was no longer moving. Then I heard the voice again. "Come on you two wake up we are here." I heard my husband's slightly aggravated voice from the front of the vehicle. I looked down and gasped. "Oh shit."

Realizing that I was still naked, I looked over at Jason, and he was just stirring a little bit; he too was unclothed. I moved his arm from around me and shook him.

"Get up," I whispered loudly. His eyes fluttered open, and he looked at me and smiled.

"Okay, honey," I called to my husband as I began to scramble around looking for my clothes.

Jason's eyes opened wide as he finally realized the situation. "I'm gonna go into the office and get us a couple of rooms," Bill said as he opened the door of the car, causing the interior lights to go on. "Hurry," I said to Jason, as he too was now actively trying to put his clothes back on.

I glanced out the window at my husband as he walked towards the office. I said a silent wish that he wouldn't turn around to look at us. Even in the dark, there was no way that anybody actively considering the backseat of our car wouldn't notice that both my son and I were still very much naked. I had no idea how I would explain things to Bill if he noticed us.

As I scrambled to pull up my shorts, I kept an eye on Bill as he walked over to the office. Thankfully, he never looked back towards the car. As I got my shorts back up, I realized something else. I had no button.

"Shit," I said aloud as I fumbled to try and keep them up. How the fuck was I going to walk from the car to the room without anybody noticing that my shorts were unbuttoned?

The only thing that might help me was that they were a little tight. I could perhaps walk to the room without them falling, but there was no way I could hide the openness of the shorts.

The area just above my pussy between my belly and vagina was completely open, and the skin was very visible.

As I pondered this, I heard my daughter from the front of the car.

"What the hell are you guys doing back there?"

"N-nothing," Jason said unconvincingly as he put his shirt back on. He looked down onto the floor and found his shoes, and he quickly began to put them back on his feet.

"Just don't worry about it, Chloe." I snapped. "We just woke up is all." Though my tone wasn't convincing, I hoped it was enough to keep her from asking any more questions.

"Are you sure you guys don't need any help?" she asked as I heard her unbuckling her seat belt.

"NO," I said much louder than I wanted to.

"Alright, shit," Chloe said, chagrined. "I was only trying to help. Be a bitch, why don't you." I felt bad for snapping at her, but her response immediately pissed me off.

"Just stay there," I retorted. "We are fine, and mind your own business." I still felt bad about yelling at her, but I couldn't let her see us like this. Jason was now almost dressed, but I was still half naked. I couldn't find my shirt. "Dammit," I said again as I scanned the floor looking for my t-shirt.

Finally, I saw it peeking out from underneath the seat in front. I leaned over and grabbed it. As I did, I felt Jason's hand on my bare back. I looked up at him and smiled. He gently moved his hand up and down my naked skin. Then I leaned back up. I pulled my t-shirt up over my head and put it on. It was short and tight. I tried to pull it over the gap in the shorts, but the shirt was just too short to reach.

I found my flip flops and used my toes to put them back on my feet. My mind racing, I looked out the window and saw Bill returning to the car. I looked over at Jason.

"You've got to distract them when we get out of the car," I whispered. He looked at me puzzled then I pointed down at my bare skin above my pussy.

He laughed. "Oh, shit did I do that?" He said. Angrily I said. "Yes, now how the hell am I supposed to walk around like this?" He smiled again and then I did too. "Come on please." I pleaded.

"Okay okay," He said still chuckling. My husband got back into the car and pulled forward. Bill moved our car over towards a parking space in front of a door. "Okay everyone get out, and I will park after we get some luggage out."

Chloe immediately got out of the car and headed towards the back. Jason moved forward with me close behind. He tried to block my view from Bill as we opened the door. As soon as

my feet hit the pavement, I moved closer to the car doing everything I could to hide. Jason moved towards the back and helped Chloe open the door and get our suitcases out. I remained on the side of the car my waist out of view of both Chloe and my husband. I hoped anyway.

Jason quickly found my suitcase and handed it back to me. I grabbed it and held the case in front of my crotch. After Jason and Chloe got, their luggage Bill said. "Honey come here, and I'll give you the room keys." I froze not knowing what to do. I couldn't risk getting close to him. Then Jason saved me. "That's okay dad I got 'em." He said and ran around to the driver's side door.

I looked over, and Chloe was staring at me. She had a very strange expression on her face. "Did you have fun in the backseat with Jason, mom?" she asked with a weird glint in her eye.

"Sure, it was a load of fun listening to your brother snore," I said, trying to cover.

She smiled. "I bet it was."

"What's that supposed to mean?" I said a little annoyed.

"Nothing," she said. "I just thought maybe you two had a chance to bond over the last few hundred miles that's all." The way she said "bond" caused my heart to beat a little faster. Did she know something? Or was she just being her usual bitchy self?

"Dad just said that you two had to talk about a few things," she said. "I was wondering if you two talked is all?"

Again, she emphasized the word "talk." I was more than a little suspicious especially because I was standing there with my pussy hanging out.

"Yes, we talked," I said flatly.

"Okay," she said, smiling. Her manner seemed to indicate that she was dropping the questions. I sighed in relief. Jason came over and handed me my room key while Bill pulled the car away.

"Here mom," he said. "You better get your bags inside they look heavy." He winked.

"Chloe, do you need any help with yours?" Jason said, walking over to her. She handed him her bag, and they headed inside. I quickly followed. Eventually, we arrived at our rooms, and my two kids went inside theirs. I had to set my bag down to use my key nervous I looked around, and thankfully nobody was near. I quickly used the key and went inside. I sat the bags down onto the bed and breathed a sigh of relief.

"That was way too fucking close Liz," I said out loud and to myself.

Realizing that Bill would be here soon, I hurriedly stripped out of my clothes and put on a robe. I heard a knock on the door. I opened it, and Bill stood there.

"Wow, you must really have wanted to get out of those clothes," he said as he moved past me.

"I'm gonna take a shower," I said, moving towards the bathroom. Then, just as a sort of test I removed my robe and threw it onto the bed. I stood there naked in front of my husband for a few seconds.

He barely glanced up at me as he said, "You better take a towel with you. I don't trust these motel towels." He handed me one from one of the suitcases sighing I took it and headed into the bathroom.

"You didn't even look at me," I thought to myself.

The evening was pretty much uneventful. Bill took the car and got us all a pizza. Jason and Chloe ate in their room while we ate in ours. My husband and I told them they could order a movie if they wanted and we parted ways until morning. Both Bill and I went to bed early as we were equally exhausted for different reasons but still very tired.

My thoughts kept me up late as my mind was in turmoil over the events of the day. I had been more immoral with my son in the backseat of our car than I ever had been with Bill in our marriage. The thought both scared and aroused me.

I looked over at Bill sleeping and sighed. We hadn't been intimate for a long time, but I didn't hate him. He was a good man and a good provider. In fact, this move and promotion were going to make things better for our family. Knowing all of this I still couldn't get the feeling of my son's massive cock out of my mind I realized I was completely infatuated with my son.

Then I thought about the implications of everything that had happened and almost happened. What if Bill hadn't called back to wake us up? What if he had instead waited until after he got the keys and sent Chloe back to wake us up or worse crawled back himself.

I shook my head in shame thinking about what would have happened if he had caught us lying there naked on the backseat wrapped in each other's arms. Dried sperm on my pussy and all over the seat. It would have ruined not only my marriage but my family.

How would Chloe react to that? She would hate me forever. Bill would be both furious and disgusted at my actions. Divorce would be the least of my problems if people found out about what happened. Sure, we were moving to a new town, but we still had friends and family. I would be the disgrace of the family. I had knowingly committed incest with my son.

Then my thoughts turned to what did happen. Again, I was torn, thinking about how Jason had cum inside of me. The thought had my pussy dripping wet as I sat in bed next to my husband. What were the implications of that?

It had been at least three weeks since my period, and I knew the chances were good I might be ovulating. So why had I told him to do that? I didn't know. Did I want to have a baby with my son? That would be catastrophic, or would it?

Eventually, while lying there, I realized I had been so caught up in the moment that suggesting my son cum inside of me must have been some crazy way to further increase the intensity of what we were doing.

Thinking about all of these things as I lay there, I finally made a decision. I wasn't going to fuck my son again. I couldn't. Even though it had been beyond satisfying, I simply couldn't risk it again. Jason would probably be hurt, but I knew I had to be the adult and stop things now.

I also decided to try and find a pregnancy test somewhere along the way and find out for sure. If I needed to do something I needed to do it soon. Finally settling on a course of action, I fell into a nice deep sleep.

At one point during the night, I awoke to a sound. I reached over and felt only a pillow where my husband should be. Rolling over I saw a light on in the bathroom. He probably just had to pee, I told myself and turned back over falling right back to sleep.

The morning came, and I woke up feeling pretty good. I knew what I had to do and I was determined to follow through. I had a weak moment in the shower where my thoughts once again turned to my son, but I pushed those away and resolved to take steps to limit my temptation.

We all ate breakfast at the complimentary fruit and cereal bar. Bill announced that he wanted to make better time today. He said that he was distracted yesterday and we fell a little behind schedule. Chloe didn't seem like her usual moody self, in fact,

she seemed downright happy until I made my announcement.

"I'm going to ride up front today," I said. Chloe immediately stopped playing with her phone and looked up at me.

"But you can't mom," she said as if it were a fact.

"Sure, I can and I will," I said flatly.

"But . . ." She stopped. "I like riding up front with daddy," she said, almost whining.

"I want to talk to your father," I said undeterred.

Jason had a puzzled look on his face. He even looked a little sad, but he didn't say anything. Chloe spoke again.

"You can't, mom," she pleaded. "I got everything all set up for myself there, and I like to look out the front window."

"I don't care. I want to ride up front today," I said, realizing I almost sounded like my daughter.

"It's not fair," she said and stormed away towards the bathroom.

Then Bill spoke. "Honey, why don't you just let her have her way?" he asked. "You know how she gets. She will just complain the whole time and drive everyone else crazy. I really do want to try and make some time today, and I just don't see how I am going to do that with Chloe complaining the entire trip."

Then Jason chimed into the conversation.

"Besides mom, don't we have more to talk about today?" he asked, the innuendo clear in his words.

I looked at both, and, finally, I sighed in resignation.

"Okay, fine," I said. I realized I couldn't protest anymore without drawing suspicion. It seemed the day wasn't starting off how I had planned at all. Chloe returned from the bathroom, and Bill told her the news. She instantly brightened and turned to me.

"Thanks, mom. I promise to be as helpful as I can be from now on."

I looked at her, not understanding what she meant by her statement, but she seemed happy and, amazingly, joined the rest of us in the conversation for the remainder of the meal.

Climbing back into the car, we all settled into our seats. I glanced down at the back seat and noticed the dried cum from yesterday. In our hurry to get dressed we had forgotten to

clean up. I pulled a couple of wet naps from my purse and wiped down the seat as best as I could.

The back of the car still smelled of sex and a part of me was turned on by it. I tried, I really did, but my thoughts immediately returned to yesterday as I cleaned the seat and looked over at my son. "God his cock was great," I thought to myself. In terms of size, he was about as big as his father, maybe even a little thicker, but it was the stamina on that boy that got me.

Jason sure knew how to use what God had given him in a way that his father never did.

"Dammit stop it, Liz," I scolded myself internally.

We were soon underway, and the car was relatively quiet today. This was a stark comparison to yesterday when the volume on the radio had blasted for most of the trip. Jason and I both pulled out our Kindles and started to read. I actually started to get into my book.

Some time passed, and I thought maybe my plan would work. Then, at one point I looked over at Jason, and he smiled at me. I returned the smile without thinking. He took this as an invitation, and he scooted over to get closer to me. I felt his hand on my bare leg again.

This was exactly how things had begun yesterday. I got goosebumps, and I allowed it for a few seconds before I sighed and moved his hand away.

"No, Jason," I said.

He looked at me. Then he moved his hand back to my leg again. I quickly moved it away.

"I said no." This time I said it more sternly.

His brow furrowed, and he looked towards the front and then whispered, "What's with you today? First, you don't want to ride back here. Now you keep moving my hand."

He looked at me, expecting an answer of some kind. I sighed again and spoke in a whisper.

"Look, honey, what happened yesterday was great. Phenomenal, even, but it can't happen again. Okay?" I said, looking him in the eye.

"It's simply too risky," I said, pointing up front at Bill and Chloe.

He looked at me, puzzled. "I'm not afraid of Dad," he said.

I shook my head.

"It's not about that. It's about everything. There is too much to lose. It simply can't happen again."

Jason looked crestfallen, and my heart broke for him. He was simply too young to really understand. At 19, he couldn't comprehend the realities of life -- how what we did could have major consequences.

"Look, honey, I'm sorry but we just can't okay." I tried to be firm.

He looked at me. "Did I do something wrong?" he asked. Again, I felt sorry for him.

"No honey, it's just the situation there is too much to lose, and it's my fault anyway. I should never have allowed things to go that far."

I put my hand on the side of his face. He grabbed my hand and kissed my fingers. I immediately felt a tingle in my pussy. Shaking my head, I pulled my hand away.

"We just . . ." I said, pausing. "We just can't do it again, okay? We will always have that little secret between us, but it can't happen again. Okay?" I said it firmly. "Now move back over to your side of the seat."

He slowly did as I instructed.

"Okay, mom, but I don't think you understand," he said and moved away.

Now it was my turn to look puzzled.

"What do you mean, 'understand?'" I asked.

He shook his head. "This is the way you want it, so you don't get to ask," my son said.

I became a little angry. "This isn't a game, Jason. Now tell me what you mean," I said resolutely.

"I mean that you don't understand that I get it," he said, looking into my eyes again. "You think I can't realize the implications of what happened and the consequences of our actions, but I do. It's you who doesn't grasp what yesterday really meant," he said.

Now I was puzzled. "What are you talking about?"

"I mean you, and I are meant to be," he said flatly. "I love you mom not just like a son, and you love me, you just don't want to admit it to yourself."

I looked at him, surprised.

"Think about it, mom," he continued. "The last several months -- everything that has happened between us and maybe even before that. What happened yesterday wasn't just some spur of the moment thing. You and I have been dancing around each other for a long time.

The opportunity just had never presented itself until now, that's all." He looked right into my eyes now. "Think about it. The art class and everything that happened after. Don't tell me you didn't go home immediately after that and play with yourself."

I gasped for a second. How did Jason know that? We hadn't even talked about it yesterday before everything happened.

"Then there was the time you came to my room naked and later the pool. Do you remember?" he asked.

"Of course," I said. "We talked about it a little yesterday."

Then there was the day in the bathroom when you came in while I was shaving," he said. "You watched my dick get hard, and then as you were leaving, you said to yourself how big it was. So, you see, mom, this wasn't just something that happened. Things had been building long before that."

I looked at him, not saying anything. He was right. I had been fantasizing about him for a while. I just didn't want to admit it to myself, and yesterday I just had simply let go. I had allowed things to happen that I probably shouldn't have, but a part of me knew it felt right.

Sure, he was my son, but Jason made me feel different. He made me feel like I was 20 years old again. The logical part of my brain knew that this was just some kind of animal attraction to a man who looked a lot like the man I had married and who made me feel like my husband did when we first met. It wasn't love as he had said, but it was something very strong. Or was it love? I wasn't sure anymore. My son had thrown a wrench into my well-laid plans.

I was attracted to him, and maybe I had been attracted to him before the art class. Jason had always been my favorite if truth be told. Sure, I loved my daughter, but Jason always had been the one I gravitated towards.

He was strong and mature for his age, and when his father and I started to have problems, Jason was the one I relied upon. I pondered all of this while sitting in the car next to him. Then I kicked off my flip flops and put my feet up on the seat. With my knees bent I placed the Kindle on them and tried to get comfortable.

I had done this before in the car when we had taken trips, and I thought nothing of it. Jason said one more thing before he was silent.

"The truth is, mom, you wanted what happened as much if not more than I did. You just can't admit it."

I looked at him then back down at my book. We sat in silence for a long time after that.

My mind continued to race as I sat there trying to read. I thought about everything my son had said, and I thought about myself. Last night I was so sure I was making the right decision, but now I wasn't so sure.

A part of my brain screamed at me that I was bargaining. That I was trying to convince myself that doing something wrong was actually right. Of course, that was part of the attraction. Knowing that what we did was against everything moral society said you should do had made it even hotter. My pussy began to get wet.

Back and forth my mind weighed each option as I sat there trying desperately not to think about him. I strained to avoid looking at him, but every once in a while, I stole a glance at him, and the butterflies returned to my stomach. Riding there next to him was becoming excruciatingly frustrating for me.

My book almost forgotten, I just sat there with my thoughts wandering and my pussy becoming wetter by the minute. I looked over at him again, and I caught him looking at me. He glanced down at my bare feet and painted toes. I smiled. I just gave up at that moment.

Suddenly whatever force had been trying to get me to do the right thing was gone. I knew at that exact moment that I was going to fuck my son again. It happened so suddenly I wasn't prepared for it. My inhibitions just left, and I gave in to my desires.

I tried. I truly did. I had done everything I could to prevent what happened next. Unfortunately, in the end, Jason was right. I glanced over at him again.

"Jason, honey," I said.

He looked up from his book and over at me.

"Move a little closer to me will you," I said in a soft, seductive whisper. Jason narrowed his eyes but then did as instructed, scooting his body away from the side of the car and towards the middle of the seat.

I moved my left foot and placed it on his lap. With my right foot, I began to gently rub his leg up and down while my left foot started to massage his crotch. He looked up at me and smiled with lust in his eyes.

"Are you sure mom, because before you said . . ." He stopped when I put a finger to his lips.

"Shhh. Just go with it, baby."

He grabbed my finger and sucked it with his lips. Electricity running through my body, the anticipation of what was going to happen had my panties soaked.

"Now do something for mommy," I said as he sucked my finger.

He looked at me.

"What?" he asked.

"Take out your big cock. I want to see it again," I instructed. One final desperate plea came from my conscience to stop. Ignoring my conscience, I watched as Jason began to unbutton his pants. Licking my lips, I waited while he unzipped his fly. He lifted his ass up and pushed his pants down to his ankles.

His cock immediately sprung up. It wasn't fully hard yet, but I watched in awe as it began to rise. I moved both my feet over towards it. Again, electricity shot through my pussy as my bare feet touched his warm cock.

Jason let out a little gasp as I began to massage his cock with my feet gently. I had never really done anything with feet before, but I was familiar enough with the concept. I hadn't ever planned to do anything like this; it just sort of happened given the situation we were in.

"Jason honey?" I asked.

He looked over at me while my painted toes continued to stroke his now very hard cock.

"Yes, mom."

"I'm sorry baby. You were right." I paused. "You were right about everything, and now I'm going to make it up to you, in spades."

We locked eyes. He moved closer to me, and I leaned forward. Our lips met, and we kissed. Jason grabbed my head and pulled me towards him. Our kiss became even harder as I finally let go and gave fully into my desire for my son. Our passion was animalistic.

Every reservation I had was now gone, and my craving for Jason was uncontrollable. Nothing was going to stop us from re-consummating our lust for each other.

"How could I have been so stupid," I thought as we kissed. I felt like I was home.

Jason leaned back against the side of the car. Looking around I grabbed a bag from the back and propped it up against arm rest. I, too, too leaned back and put my feet back in his lap.

Using my dark red painted toes, I gently stroked his cock. My son gasped with pleasure as I worked his cock with my feet. I put the head of his engorged cock in between my big toe and my second toe, and I worked it up and down. Next, I placed both of my feet around his cock and began to stroke his dick with them. It was a little rough and Jason spit on his cock to give us some lubrication.

"Oh my god," I thought. It was so fucking hot. Never had I done anything like this before. It was something I had always wanted to try, but Bill had never wanted anything to do with my feet. I kept working my son's cock until my calf muscles began to tire.

I stopped and pulled my feet back. Jason looked over at me longingly. I smiled and turned my body around. Facing him directly, I dove into his lap.

I wasted no time going to work on his cock with my tongue. Swirling my tongue around the purple head of his dick, I eagerly lapped up the precum oozing from the tip. Next, I ran my tongue down his shaft. I shivered as I felt the huge tube pulsing beneath the skin of his cock. Finally arriving at his balls, I took each one in my mouth and sucked hard.

As I released each one, it made an unmistakable popping sound. I glanced up toward the front of the car, but there was no response from my husband or Chloe, so I continued. The music was playing from the radio. Again, not as loud as yesterday, but it must have been enough to mask what we were doing back here.

Sucking and licking my son's balls, I eagerly continued my assault. Stroking his massive cock with one hand and licking it with my tongue, I soon covered his dick in saliva. I ran my

tongue up his huge shaft once again and arrived at the tip. I looked up at Jason and our eyes locked again.

Saliva running down my chin, he leaned over and kissed me. Our tongues massaged each other as I continued to jerk his cock with my right hand.

When our kiss broke, I smiled at him and said, "Remember yesterday?"

He looked puzzled at me. Then I dove back into his crotch and promptly impaled myself on his cock. The incredible feeling of his cock penetrating my throat was fantastic. I love the sensation of a cock sliding over my tongue and to the back of my throat. Within a second I felt hands on the back of my head pushing me further.

I did not resist. I wanted to choke on his cock. I realized as I had my son's dick all the way down my throat that nothing would ever feel so good or so wrong as gagging on Jason's

dick. What I was doing was so depraved I felt like a dirty porn star, and I loved every second of it.

He held me down as I began to try to pull back instinctually. Gagging sounds could be heard in the backseat as I struggled to keep his cock in my throat. Oxygen was starting to become a problem, and I tried to breathe through my nose, but I could feel myself starting to pass out. Mercifully, Jason released me, and I came up for air.

"Huuugghhh!" I gasped for oxygen. Coughing and spitting I began to focus again. It was then that I heard my husband.

"Liz, what's wrong?" he called back.

"N-nothing hun," I said with spit running down my chin dripping onto my shirt. "I just have a tickle in my throat that's all." Then I went back to licking and sucking Jason's cock.

"Are you sure? It sounds like a pretty big tickle," Bill said.

In between blowing my son, I responded.

"Honey you have no idea how big it is," I said, "but I'm fine."

Remembering that I got caught doing the same thing yesterday, I added, "Maybe I'm coming down with a cold. It could be a big one too."

Ignoring the danger, I swallowed my son's cock again.

"Alright, as long as you're okay," Bill said.

Then Chloe spoke up. "Daddy I love this song," she said.

The radio volume went up in the front. I barely noticed as I once again began choking on Jason's dick. With my son's hands pushing my head down as far as it could go, I felt his cock go deeper than ever before. The feeling was amazing.

Every second his cock was down my throat was ecstasy. I wanted to be a complete slut for my boy. As I began to choke and my body tried to pull back once again, Jason held me down. As I struggled, I thought again about how stupid I had been to resist this. All of my life I had done the right thing. I had been a good girl for the most part.

Sure, I did the nude modeling, and I had flirted with the professor, but nothing had ever happened. The truth was, even before I met Jason's father I had never really done anything all that outrageous regarding sex. Bill and I had done a few experiments as most married couples do but nothing like what I was doing to my son right now.

I realized as I had Jason's cock all the way down my throat that I wanted to be a slut for him. Every depraved sex act that he wanted to try I was now up for whether it be today or in the future. Like before, just when I thought I couldn't take it anymore Jason released me and I came up for air.

As before I coughed and spat while my right hand continued to stroke his very hard cock. Thanks to Chloe, who had unknowingly helped us out with the music volume, nothing came from the front except music. I started blowing him normally, licking and sucking his immense member. I felt a hand go down my back and into my pants. Jason moved his fingers inside of my panties and began to rub my dripping pussy while I kept sucking his cock.

At one point, I felt something else that caused me to yelp in surprise. He had stuck a finger in my ass. It didn't hurt, but his finger surprised me. I came up from his cock.

"What the hell are you doing?" I asked.

He smiled over at me. "Payback."

After a second I smiled. "Okay fine but don't do that again," I said.

I wasn't sure, however, that I didn't want him to do that again. I pushed those thoughts away, for now, focusing on his cock. He kept fingering me, and I kept sucking on his dick for a while. At one point, I even gritted my teeth a little on his dick as my own payback. Not enough to hurt him -- just a little sexual pain.

He looked at me, and I said, "Payback." I looked into his eyes and smiled while my right hand continued to stroke his cock. We kissed again, my hand never letting up on his dick.

"I love your cock baby," I said when we broke our kiss.

He looked back at me and said, "Show me."

Again, I went down on his cock. I couldn't believe how hard the tip of his dick was. It was almost purple as my lips enveloped it, and my mouth swallowed every inch of him. Pushing myself, I took him deep again. It was getting easier to hold his cock in my throat now, and I was determined to do

so as long as I could. I tried to run my tongue over the shaft of his cock as I held every inch of him in me.

This caused him to flinch, and I smiled inwardly, knowing I had done something right. Then I felt it. There was a vibration in his cock, and I knew he was getting ready to cum.

"Oh fuck, mom," he said.

Almost immediately, I felt the first volleys of sperm strike my throat. I started pulling back, and he let me, but I kept his cock in my mouth, taking the first few ropes of cum completely down my throat. I pulled my mouth off his dick, and he started stroking it. His spurting cock kept shooting huge gobs of sperm onto my face.

Jason's orgasm seemed to last forever as jets of cum continued to spurt from his cock. I opened my mouth again and caught more of his cum in my throat. I greedily swallowed all of it.

Finally, the flow of his sperm subsided, but he kept stroking to empty his engorged dick of every last drop of his cum. I licked the sensitive tip, causing him to shake with pleasure as I ate the last few drops of cum from his spent cock. I looked up at my son as I milked one more drop of cum from his cock and smiled as I swallowed it. He stroked my hair as I finished with his cock.

I sat up on the seat and breathed deeply. I licked my lips in satisfaction, feeling the remnants of cum in mouth. Glancing down, I noticed that my shirt was covered in cum and saliva. Thank goodness it was a white shirt, but if anybody looked closely, there might be questions. I pulled out my compact and inspected my face.

Sure enough, there were drops of sperm all over my pretty face. I smiled, thinking about how much of a slut I had become as I reached up with my hand and brought as much of the cum into my mouth as I could.

"Oh, shit that's so fucking hot," I heard Jason say beside me.

I looked over, and he was starting to stroke his cock. Amazingly, it was beginning to rise again. The virility of the young never ceased to amaze me. Just as I was about to reach over and help him, I heard the volume on the radio go down, and my husband's voice called back to us.

"Hey, everyone. Gonna stop for a few. I need to hit the head and stretch my legs."

"Fuck," I said under my breath. "Okay, honey, thanks."

I immediately pulled a couple of wet naps from my purse and tried to wipe as much of my son's sperm from my face as I could while Jason begrudgingly pulled up his pants and put his wonderful cock away. I tried to wipe my shirt off as best I could, but it was still very wet from saliva and cum.

I would have to change at the gas station.

We soon pulled into the gas station, and I hurriedly exited the car for the bathroom. I had grabbed a dress from my suitcase before we stopped. Standing in front of the mirror, I looked at myself in the mirror and smiled then I stripped out of my clothes completely. I went all the way down to my bare ass.

I turned on the water and washed my face and torso of the dried cum. Next, I put the dress on without my bra and panties. I was shaking a little bit with anticipation. Yesterday, everything that had happened was spontaneous. Even the events of the last few hours with Jason today could be considered impulsive, but as I put my dress on without my underwear, I quivered knowing that I was now planning this.

I knew that I was going to fuck my son again and I didn't care about the potential consequences. I realized at that moment I had completely crossed every line. I had become one of those people you read about on the internet. I was like the teachers who have sex with their student, the ones about whom people think, "How could someone be so careless? Didn't they know the dangers?"

I understood them now.

I knew the dangers of my actions, and I was consciously choosing to ignore them and to act on my impulses anyway. I was actively planning on committing incest again. These thoughts kept my body shaking and my pussy dripping as I changed into my dress. The first time had been spontaneous, but this time I was planning it.

I had gone from a normal wife and mother of two to a complete and total slut who didn't care about the costs of her actions. I knew it was crazy to think about having sex with my son in the back of a moving car with my husband and daughter only feet away, but the craziness made it even more erotic.

It was completely nuts, and I knew it, but a part of me didn't care. I also knew that maybe this chance wasn't going to come again, and I was willing to risk everything for my passion. I was scheming to not only cheating on my husband with his son but to do it with him only feet away from me. I gave

myself one last glance in the mirror and smiled, knowing exactly what I was going to do next.

I came out the bathroom and went towards the car.

Bill said to me, "Why did you change your clothes again?"

"I just wasn't comfortable before," I said. "The back of the car gets a little stuffy, and this dress lets me breathe better."

I tried to hurry back into the car to escape his questions. He looked at me, confused, but he didn't ask any more questions.

I got back in and sat down on the seat. The smell of pussy and cum was becoming very pungent in the backseat after the last few days. I laughed inwardly, thinking that it was only just beginning. Jason got in and moved to the back. He put his hand on my bare legs as he brushed past me and sat down. I smiled back at him, knowing it wouldn't be long before we were fucking again.

Soon we were underway again. I didn't waste any time. As soon as the car pulled back onto the highway, my tongue was down my son's throat again. We made out for a few minutes, our hands running up and down each other. I reached down and began to unbuckle his pants again while he started to unbutton my dress.

It didn't take long before we were both completely naked. Not caring that it was early afternoon and that anybody could see us through the windows, we kept kissing and caressing each other's naked bodies. I hoped we had all afternoon to play and I wanted to make each second count.

Jason began by kissing down my neck to my tits. He kneaded each of my breasts and took both nipples into his mouth. My nipples began to harden, even though it was quite warm in the backseat.

"Oh, fuck mom," Jason said. "You have fantastic tits." He played with each one of my voluptuous breasts. His hands

continuing down my body, he pushed me back against the seat as he kissed my flat stomach and finally arrived at my pussy. The tips of my bare feet were now above the top of the seat.

He took his time with me, slowly working his way around my dripping wet cunt. Jason used both his tongue and fingers to gently massage my labia.

I marveled at how good my son was at licking pussy. Most men just get down there and shove their fingers inside without any buildup. Jason was different. He worked slowly, making sure I was ready before he began to finger me.

Over the next few minutes, he gradually increased his rhythm, and I was soon heading toward my first orgasm of the day. As I moaned, he picked up his speed his tongue and fingers working in unison.

"Oh, shit, honey I'm cumming," I warned him.

He moved his face back a few inches, but his fingers kept working my cunt. Then I felt my orgasm hit. My whole body quivered as I came and I felt the release of squirt in my pussy. I cried out louder than I wanted to as I felt the intense pleasure of my cum. I barely heard the radio go up again in the front as my body settled down from its climax and Bill never called back to see what was wrong.

After I finally settled I looked down at my son, who was smiling. I realized he had been hit with some of my squirt. His rippled chest was glistening as he looked across my naked body at me.

"You ready to go again?" he asked.

I motioned for him to come forward and soon we were making out again. While we did, he worked his fingers inside of my pussy again. Again, he worked his way down my sweaty body until he got to my pussy. Soon Jason was licking, sucking and fingering my cunt. I marveled at how good he was. Most

guys his age had no idea how to get a woman off with their mouth. I couldn't take it anymore, and I grabbed his hair. "Fuck me again."

Jason looked up from my cunt, his chin glistening with pussy juice and smiled. He stopped licking my cunt and rose onto the seat. He placed both of his bare knees on the car seat and pulled me forward. Grabbing both of my ankles, he placed my bare feet on his shoulders and prepared to enter my pussy. I was again shaking, thinking about how dirty it was to have my son getting ready to fuck me again with my husband and daughter only a few feet away.

Our eyes locked as he brought his rock-hard cock towards my pussy. My eyes rolled back when I felt the huge tip of his cock begin to penetrate my waiting cunt. Slowly he pushed my lips open, allowing every inch of his dick inside. He gradually began to thrust. In and out the incredible feeling of his cock inside of me increased with the knowledge of the sweet taboo we were committing in the backseat of the car.

Eventually, he picked up speed, causing me to breathe harder and more loudly as I started to head for another orgasm. Then

he slowed down and lowered my feet from his shoulder. He leaned forward and brought his lips to mine as he continued to thrust in and out of my cunt.

We stayed that way for a while. It was more like making love than fucking, and it felt unbelievable. We kissed and fucked, running our hands over each other's bare bodies. The squeaking sound of naked flesh on the leather seats unmistakable as we fucked. Soon we were both dripping sweat and breathing hard as my son kept his huge cock deep inside of my pussy. Jason leaned back a little as he continued to thrust into my wet cunt and grabbed one of my feet.

"I can't stop thinking about your perfect toes." He said as he began to lick and kiss my pretty feet.

"Mmm, you like what I did to you before did you?" It was sensual to watch him kiss and lick my feet while his cock kept pumping my pussy. Looking up our eyes met again, and I almost came once more. It was incredibly erotic, and I was even more turned on than before.

His tongue ran down every wrinkle on my foot as my toes curled with pleasure.

I had a sudden crazy thought that if Bill or Chloe looked back at that moment, they would see my son, his head above the seat and my toes deep in his mouth. The thought was both funny and sexy at the same time.

After a few minutes of him sucking on my toes, he pulled his cock out of my cunt and moved my feet down towards his cock. Slowly I skimmed my painted toes down his muscular chest and chiseled abs as I made my way towards his engorged cock. I knew exactly what he wanted and quickly obliged him. I began to slowly rub and caress his very wet cock with my feet.

We didn't need any lubrication this time as my pussy juices were coating his dick now. Jason threw his head back in ecstasy as I jerked him with my toes. My whole body tingled with excitement as I moved my feet back and forth on his

cock. What was a few minutes ago erotic was now completely hard core?

Jason started to breathe a little faster, and I could sense that maybe he was getting ready to cum, but I didn't want that yet. I released his cock from my feet. He looked down at me pleadingly. I waited a minute for him to settle down then instructed him to put his dick back inside my pussy. He smiled and did as I told him. Within a few seconds, he was pounding me hard again.

Eventually, we switched positions as I wanted to keep his orgasm at bay for as long as I could. He climbed off the seat while I sat up. Then he laid his naked body down on the bench seat and gently stroked his cock while I climbed on top of him.

With my pussy dripping, I perched above him until he was in position. Then, slowly, as our eyes met, I lowered my cunt onto his cock, moaning with pleasure. I felt the entire 9 inches of my son penetrate my pussy. I looked down at him and smiled as he placed his hands on my sweaty thighs.

I began to play with my tits as I rode him. I looked out the window and realized anybody driving by would see a very naked woman playing with her tits in the backseat of the car. Thank god traffic was light, and the Expedition rode high. I also realized I was way above the seat, too. I looked towards the front of the car and froze.

My daughter was staring right at me. For a split second, I didn't know what to do. On the one hand, my son's cock fully penetrating my cunt was the best thing I had ever felt, but on the other hand, what the hell was I going to do now?

Then I noticed something. Chloe was topless. Part of the seat was blocking her and me, but I could tell that she too was not wearing a shirt or a bra. In fact, it seemed that she had her tits in her hands and she was licking her lips in the direction of my husband. Our eyes met, and we both looked at each other in shock. Then she gave me a wink and brought her finger up to her lips in a shushing motion.

I had a million questions in that second, but there was no time for answers. Either both of us were to reveal to each other what we had just seen, or we were to pretend that nothing had happened and we were to go on with our mutual debauchery. My son settled it for me.

He thrust his cock up inside of me. Immediately, I forgot about the last few seconds and pushed those thoughts away for now. There would be questions later to ask my daughter, but for now, if she could keep my little secret, I could keep hers. Besides at that moment, Jason's cock felt so good; I didn't care about anything other than cumming again.

I rode Jason for another 10 minutes or so, gradually increasing my speed as I neared another orgasm.

"Oh, my god," I said as I came all over him again. I felt the squirt escape my pussy once again. I fell over, onto Jason, as the orgasm racked my body. My knees were weak, and I could barely hold myself up with my hands as my orgasm made me shake and quiver.

Jason left me little time to settle down before he grabbed his cock and put it back inside of my literally dripping pussy.

"Holy fuck," I said, almost squealing as he began to pump me from the bottom.

My boy was in great shape, and he kept up his upward thrusting until I took over again. I rode him like a horse as he held onto my legs. Then it was my turn to lean down and kiss him as we fucked.

"Oh god, mom I love you," he said as we kissed.

I smiled and said, "Show me how much you love me. I want you to fuck me harder than you've ever fucked in your life but don't cum inside me okay?"

He looked up at me and smiled. "Okay but you need to be on all fours," he said.

I climbed off him, and we switched places. He waited as I got up on the seat, my head pointing towards the driver's side while my ass and bare feet were up on the seat facing the passenger side. I looked out the window, and I burst into laughter.

"What?" Jason said.

"Nothing," I said as I laughed. "I just can't believe we are doing this right here in the backseat while we are traveling at 60 mph. It's a little bit surreal that's all."

He smiled. "I agree." Then he added. "But it's hot as fucking hell isn't it. The feeling that we might get caught that somebody driving by could see us. It makes it so much more exciting. Oh yeah and plus you're the hottest fucking woman on the planet," he said.

I smiled. "I love you so fucking much baby. Now give it to me."

As I was saying this, I felt his huge tip begin to penetrate my dripping pussy again. He quickly began to thrust into me harder and harder at one point he pushed so hard that my head slammed up against the side of the car.

He had also completely bottomed out inside of my cunt. The feeling was mixed as I felt extreme lust and excitement but a little bit of pain as well. I had thought about giving him my ass, but now as I felt the pain, I was glad I hadn't besides that act would be something special and not for the backseat of a car.

"Ohhh!" I cried out in pain as it hit me. I saw stars for a few seconds. I was breathing heavy and leaning against the side of the car.

"Oh, shit mom are you okay?" he asked.

After a few seconds, I breathlessly said. "Yes." Then I added. "Now give it to me again, harder."

Jason smiled and quickly began to work his massive dick backward and forward, never truly escaping my pussy and slamming into me like never before. We had done this a little yesterday but not like this. This was pure animal on animal lust and passion.

"Harder," I said.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Oh, fuck yes," I almost screamed.

I could feel every nerve ending in my body tingling. This was a sensation I had never had before. Jason began to pick up his pace a little as he pushed his massive cock inside of me. My son thrusting back and forth, I felt things I had never felt before.

"Oh, holy fuck," I said as he began to fuck me harder.

Jason continued to fuck me, and I could feel an orgasm coming.

"Jesus Christ," I yelled out as he kept pounding me. I couldn't believe how intense this was. I felt my orgasm swiftly approaching, and within a minute I began to feel it. Jason had to reach down and hold my mouth as I was almost screaming in pleasure as he thrust into me.

I didn't even know I was too loud as I felt the most powerful orgasm I had ever felt crash through my body. Three times over the last two days I had thought that I had experienced the best orgasm ever and all three times I was proven wrong.

My body shook, and I braced my arms against the seat to keep from falling over as my body shook and quivered in pure pleasure. By the end, I was whimpering with gratification as I

came down from my cum. I had no idea that anything in this world could feel so good. I still felt my son's huge cock inside me, and he soon began to pick up his pace again.

Jason continued to plow into me, his pace getting faster as he undoubtedly was heading for his own orgasm. The sound of skin smacking was palpable in the backseat as he pushed harder and harder into my cunt with his cock.

Finally, he said, "Mom, I'm cumming."

"I wanna feel it all over me!" I cried out.

He quickly pulled out of me. Within a few seconds, I felt his warm sperm strike my naked sweaty back. Rope after rope of cum struck me. The first few volleys hit me in the upper back. As he continued to send blast after blast of cum, I felt it strike my lower back, then, finally, all over my ass cheeks.

I swear he came more that time than in all the previous times we had been together. When it was finally all over, I glanced back and saw that I was literally covered in cum. Jason stood there completely spent breathing hard as he jerked his cock trying to squeeze every last drop of sperm onto my bare ass.

I looked up at him and smiled as I felt the sperm begin to roll down the side of my back and onto the seat below which was now a mess of fluids.

"Holy fucking shit," I said looking at my glistening back, I was absolutely covered in cum.

He smiled, finally catching his breath.

"Now what the hell am I going to do? I asked. "I've got sperm all over me, all over the seat and your father and sister are only 6 feet away from us."

He kissed me again and grabbed a hold of my tit from behind.

"I don't know mom, but we'll think of something."

I kissed him back and smiled as I reached back and grabbed his cock. "Do you think you can go again, big boy?"

The end of part 4

Authors notes.

Okay, so I will get to Chloe and Bill in the next episode. I still haven't decided if I am going to get them all together at once or not, so any suggestions or comments are welcome.

Also at the suggestion of a fan, I have setup a Patreon page. Now, I am not begging for money, but it is there if you want. The page is under my author name.

Thanks again to all who enjoy my stories. I hope you like this one.

Richman3