

50S FAMILY: BACKSEAT FUCKING

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Lucky guy fucks both his sister and Mom while Dad drives.

Incest/Taboo

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Summary: Lucky guy fucks both his sister and Mom while Dad drives.

This is the 3rd chapter to this story.

In part 1, **50s Family: A Sister's Virginity**, virgin church daughter Eve sees her brother get a blow job at the drive-in and becomes in awe of her brother's big cock. After going shopping with her brother's girlfriend she has her first sexual encounter... as she discovers the joys of lesbian sex. Then, on a family road trip beginning at a different drive-in and continuing in the woods, just brother and sister this time, Eve sucks her first cock... her brother's... and he also takes her virginity. The chapter ends back at the family campsite with Eve's Mom discovering jizz in Eve's hair, then Eve hearing Mom masturbating in the tent...

In part 2: **50s Family: And Mommy Too**, Eve and her mother have a frank talk about sex that leads to a variety of secrets being shared about Mom's incestuous past, and a hot, food-filled, mother-daughter lesbian tryst. It ends with the family about to continue their road trip, but due to delivering a large box from one church to another, the backseat is quite tight and Eve must sit on Adam's lap for the drive...

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50s Family: Backseat Fucking

Realizing I'd be sitting on my brother's lap the entire drive... which would take about three hours... I took my panties off, and while I was standing beside him a minute later, I slyly handed them to him with a wink.

His eyes went big at the damp and silky hint of what I had in mind.

I didn't say a word... just put a finger to my smiling lips to shush him... and pointed for him to go sit in the tiny space remaining in the back seat. The cramped area we'd be sharing was on the right, behind Mom, not behind Dad, who would be driving.

Adam had never been one to do as his little sister told him, *little* because he was nine whole minutes older than me, give me a break, but all the fucking and other sexy stuff we'd done last night seemed to have raised my status in his eyes. He gave me a happy look like the canary who'd swallowed the cat, and did as I suggested. (Yeah, that way around: how many canaries get to swallow cats, and how many guys get to fuck their sister with their parents sitting in the front seat!)

Dad had never been one to apologize to any of us, not even Mom; the only person he seemed to ask forgiveness of was the Lord, and that was on behalf of his parishioners or sometimes us kids, and not his perfect wholesome self. But today he broke character by saying, "Sorry about this, kids. I didn't really think it through."

I shrugged as I joked, saying something both Adam and Mom would catch on to, "No worries Dad, it's always good to get closer to your sibling. We'll try and get along today, right, Adam?"

Mom added, the innuendo for me, as Adam didn't know that we'd been busted last night, although astonishingly Mom's only reservation about learning that her son and daughter had been fucking was that we hadn't yet tried anal, "Yes, this trip is about getting our twins to really get close again like they were when they were younger."

Dad concurred, unaware of what he was really encouraging, "Yes, it would be nice if you two got closer."

I promised, as I climbed into the car to sit on Adam's lap, "Dad, you can count on me to do whatever it takes to make sure Adam and I become the closest siblings ever."

"That's my girl," Mom nodded approvingly, making my cunt tingle at her real approval... soon I'd be fucking my brother again, and this time she could watch.

"That's a real Christian spirit, Eve," Dad approved, as I slyly ground my pussy through my dress and Adam's jeans, onto his already hard dick.

"Anything for the Lord, Daddy," I replied, wondering if I could eventually tempt him to join our secret family incest club with a membership count that now stood at three.

Mom got in the car, looked directly at both of us and nodded slightly. Adam had no idea why, but I knew it was a silent starter's pistol.

Dad got behind the steering wheel and said, "Well, let's just try and enjoy the ride."

"That I plan to do, Daddy," I said, reaching under my skirt and giving Adam's cock a firm squeeze.

Once we were on the road and Dad had turned the radio on, Adam whispered in my ear as I rubbed his cock, "Eve! What're you doing?"

"Just obeying our father," I whispered back, struggling to lift myself up enough to unzip his fly... realizing the confines of this space were indeed tight... just like my cunt. "I'm making sure we'll get closer."

"Eve, not here," he said, pushing my hand away with one of his own hands, and pointing meaningfully at Mom with the other. Mom was leaning comfortably against her door, and would only need to turn her head slightly to see us clearly.

I leaned back against him and gave his ear a teasing lick before revealing my big secret. "I fucked Mommy this morning."

"Bullshit," he said, although his tone wasn't as confident... as if he was beginning to put a few strange clues together.

"Did you enjoy the salad?" I asked.

"Yeah, it was unusually *taaaart*," he answered, as the light bulb went on.

"That cucumber spent some quality time inside both Mommy and me, and Mommy made sure those carrots marinated in me for a good half hour," I revealed, loving being to be able to shock him... loving that I'd moved on from being the prim, proper and shy church girl.

"No way!" he gasped, louder than a whisper, alerting our father.

"No way what?" Dad asked, turning around, but not able to see us at all past that huge box.

"Oh, I was just telling Adam that my friend Rose has a crush on him," I said, which was indeed very true... actually all my friends thought he was hot... which, of course, he was.

"Every rose has its thorn," my father retorted, seeing every little thing as a temptation from the devil.

As I slowly ground my pussy on his cock, annoyed his pants were still in the way, I asked, "Daddy, why did you name me Eve if she was the first sinner?"

His answer was typical Minister 101, "For a new start, so we could correct the wrongs of our past."

I continued, really enjoying the conversation, while both other occupants in the car knew I was a sinner just like Eve... I was a temptation just like Eve, and was indeed following in her footsteps, "Daddy, why would God create Eve and not just make her pure?"

Dad continued, "God did create her pure, just like all of God's creations start out pure, but our inner temptations put there by the Devil corrupt us."

Within the past week I'd learned that this was ludicrous of course. My recent and joyous so-called *descent* into sexual proclivity had nothing to do with temptations from the Devil, but rather were inspired by the beauty created by God.

He created man.

He created cock.

He specifically created Adam's masterpiece (and God, if you're listening to this from above, thank you very much... you really outdid yourself!).

He created women.

He created tits and pussies. Oh yes, and asses too, although I was still waiting to learn more about those.

He created the pleasure inside both men and women (he could've made sex and reproduction a lot less pleasurable, but he made it the most glorious, heavenly gift a body can have).

He created our feelings... so he created lust, passion, love, whatever you call it that we feel during orgasms...

And thus I was worshipping his bounteous creation when I sucked Adam's delicious cock, when I took my brother's big, fat, hard cock deep into my steaming, virginal pussy, or when I ended up licking Mom's wonderful twat listening to her moan and scream, and when I moaned and screamed myself while my Mom was licking my God-given clit with her wicked (and I mean that in a really good way) tongue.

Looking back on that last paragraph, I think maybe I could write the liturgy for a High Church version of a bunch of parishioners offering their ecstasy to the Lord, although the collection plates would need to be washable. Or maybe have the Offering before Communion, and just recycle the

one into the other. If I gave it some thought, I could start a really fun church!
(Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!).

In reality, incest seemed to be the purest way to show how much I loved my brother, my mother... and my Dad?

Adam and I were both going to college in the fall, and thanks to Daddy Dearest, we were attending the same school so big brother could watch over me. It was ironic that although that plan had really pissed me off for my whole senior year, I was looking forward to big brother being there to watch over me from above (as I lay below him letting him slam his big pecker in my cunt).

"So God created us to be perfect and the devil was created to stain us?" I questioned, as I lifted up my body, snapped my fingers and pointed to Adam's dick, which was still timidly hiding from our Mom behind his jeans.

Adam shook his head No, and I slapped his cock hard enough to make him groan.

"You okay?" Dad asked.

Adam glared at me as he lied, "Just banged my elbow."

I pointed again to his cock and he sighed worriedly before he finally did what I'd been asking ever since we'd sat down. As he nervously fished out his cock (it was nice to see my confident big brother being the insecure one for a change), I asked, "Do you have an answer to my question, Daddy?"

"That's not a simple question," he answered, even though I'd heard many lectures where he answered this exact question. It *was* a simple question, although I'd noticed that the more complex answer to the simple question could take anywhere between twenty minutes and two hours, depending on what time the NFL game on TV was starting that Sunday.

As Adam's dick was released, I reached down beneath myself for it, just as Mom looked back to see her son's cock about to enter my shaved pussy, my skirt raised high enough to showcase it, as I continued my questioning to keep Dad distracted, "So no one knows the real reason the devil was created?"

"I didn't say that," Dad said, his tone slightly annoyed.

As I lowered my (not quite steaming yet, but give me a few minutes) pussy down to swallow Adam's cock, I continued, "Yes you did, Daddy, you said it wasn't a simple question, which implies you don't know why the devil was created."

Dad was used to my always accepting his interpretations of doctrine without question, and his tone betrayed his annoyance as he clarified his answer, "I meant I have no clear explanation of what made Lucifer become Satan. As you have heard me say in many sermons, God did not create the Devil, He created the angel who *became* the Devil. Deuteronomy 32: 3-5 says, *Perfect is his activity, for all his ways are justice. A God of faithfulness, with whom there is no injustice; righteous and upright is he.*"

"So he was once pure," I asked, now sitting completely down on my brother's cock... enjoying the utter sin of what I was doing literally behind my oblivious father's righteous back. In addition, with any thinking set aside, just Adam's long, fat cock itself, nestled inside my pussy, which was well on the way to becoming a steaming one, felt awfully good all by itself!

"You know this teaching, Eve," he said frustrated, "he was born perfect and was one of God's angelic sons."

"But then why wouldn't God forgive him for his sins?" I asked, as I began to slowly grind on my brother's cock while Mom licked her lips watching us, which enhanced the sin. I looked back to see Adam staring at Mom in complete shock! Obviously his little sister hadn't been lying.

Dad answered, "Satan, instead of being grateful for the privilege of being one of God's sons, became proud, for he believed he was better than all the angels, and even God himself. Instead of following the Lord's plan, he began to question and fight with his father, trying to get the other angels to sin too. Now that he has been banished from heaven, he has attempted for millennia to try and undo all God's work here on earth by corrupting God's greatest creation, man."

The entire time Daddy was giving me this sermon, I was grinding slowly on Adam's glorious dick while Mom watched... a look of lust and jealousy, even envy in her eyes... two of the Seven Deadly Sins, or if jealousy qualifies as covetousness, which I think it does, three of them, or forty three percent. I'm pretty sure of the arithmetic, but I'm not so sure that these Deadly Sins are all that bad. I sure wasn't going to send Mom to hell for watching Adam's big fat cock stroking in and out of my pussy and wishing it was *her* cunt he was fucking!

Of course what I really wanted was to be fucked hard... it was so much more pleasurable than this slow grind, but I couldn't ask Daddy to stop so his son could bend me over the hood in front of God and Daddy and pound my pussy like he did last night when he took my virginity... so instead I tried to slowly ride him without making much noise, or letting the car's shock absorbers know what we were doing.

Dad continued, oblivious to what was happening right behind him, "So you see Eve, it's not about God not forgiving Satan, the problem is that Satan will not stop fighting the Lord and repent."

I asked, as I stopped after a few slow strokes, again resting with his dick saluting me from inside my general quarters, "So that is why if we sin we're forgiven?"

"Eve, what has gotten into you today?" he demanded, which made Mom hide her laugh with a cough at the obvious answer to that question.

I tried not to moan, and continued to ride my brother's cock ever so slowly as I answered, "The most glorious creation the Lord ever created."

Mom coughed again, and I imagined Adam's eyes going wide at my blunt innuendo.

Dad asked Mom, "Are you okay?"

Mom answered, looking directly at Adam, "I think I just need something hard and sweet in my mouth." She then pulled a lollipop from her purse.

"Why is everyone acting so weird?" Dad asked, finally noticing something was up.

"Some of us are maybe getting a little stir crazy from all this time stuck in a hot car without any relief," Mom answered, trying to cover for my, and her, strange behaviour. She also seemed to be indicating to me that she was still doing her Three Deadly Sins thing, especially covetousness. Her eyes sparkled as she watched Adam's shiny cock stroking in and out of my dripping cunt: sometime earlier I'd helpfully raised my dress to my waist to give her a good view of the action. Is Voyeurism perhaps an Eighth Deadly Sin? I still thought they didn't sound very deadly.

"Well, we have a lot more driving to do," Dad said, just as we hit a bumpy section of road, causing extra vibrations and stimulations inside me, as well as hammering Adam's dick deeper inside me.

"I'm really enjoying this ride," I added, once again my words dripping with naughty innuendo.

Adam added, finally finding the courage to speak, and finally becoming more comfortable with the reality not only that Mom knew, not only that she was watching, but that she seemed very okay with it, "Yeah, I could drive all day." I glanced back and noticed he was staring right at Mom as he said it, still testing the waters.

"I guess I was wrong," Mom shrugged. "The kids seem to really be enjoying this hot, bumpy ride."

"Ooooh, yes," I agreed, unable to completely control a moan as a large bump pounded his cock deep inside me again.

"Is the position uncomfortable back there?" Dad asked.

"God, no," I quickly replied, before realizing I'd used the Lord's name in vain.

"Eve!" Dad scolded, shocked by my language.

"Sorry Daddy, I just finally got into a comfortable position," I defended, which was true.

"Never use the Lord's name except in praise," he admonished.

I thought to myself that I'd been singing his praises for over an hour for the wonderful way he'd designed cocks and pussies to fit together, but I sure couldn't tell Dad that. So I just said humbly, "Yes, Daddy."

"Now just sit back there and enjoy the ride," he said, turning the radio up quite loud, indicating that the conversation was over.

I couldn't help but smile, as if God was encouraging this act of incest, as the radio was now blaring so loud that Dad wouldn't hear my moans, or Adam's grunts, or anything else.

So for the next twenty minutes there was no talking.

Just Dad listening to Christian songs on the radio, Mom taking constant glances back to watch as she sucked that lollipop in a very sexy manner, and me riding my brother at a slow pace... creating constant pleasure, but not enough to come... which began to get frustrating. I clearly preferred a crazy monkey fuck to slow lovemaking.

Finally, I needed to come and apparently so did Adam as he grabbed my hips, lifted my entire body up, making me grab onto Dad's seat back for balance, and he began fucking me with a vengeance.

Dad asked, turning the radio down, "You guys still comfortable back there?"

"I got a bit of a cramp and needed to change positions," I answered, even as Adam had thrown caution to the winds where Mom was concerned, and just pumped into me, clearly wanting both of us to come.

"We'll be stopping for fuel in six miles," Dad said, before asking, "think you guys can last that long?"

With Adam's sudden burst of passion I was pretty sure I wouldn't last that long before I came, but that wasn't the intended question so I answered, "Sure, Daddy."

"Oh I love this song," he said, turning the radio up... the Lord again seeming to be covering for us as if there were a dick-shaped sparrow in my cootch and he was keeping an eye on it for me.

As soon as the radio was again masking the fucking, Adam began pumping faster, not slamming into me like I wanted, but really pistoning in and out at a fast pace.

I bit my lip as my holy father serenaded his fucking children with Amazing Grace.

And as I was fucked, I couldn't help but muse over some of the lyrics and how they fit the act.

The first line, "How sweet the sound," made me smile, as the sounds of sex are indeed sweet: from Mom's moans this morning, to the flesh against flesh sounds from Adam's body slamming into mine, to the squishy sounds as Adam's monster plunged in and out of my dripping cunt, which by this time was definitely steaming and about to boil over. Unfortunately because of the tight space and fear of getting caught by my father, the sounds had to be kept fairly quiet, although with the radio blaring, I'm not sure he would have heard us.

The next line was equally amusing, depending on your definition of wretched, as Dad sang, "That saved a wretch like me!" I was interpreting the lyric much differently than it was originally intended: I saw The Lord indeed saving me from the wretched bland existence I'd been enduring before I discovered the potential for great pleasure he'd created inside my body.

This message was reinforced by the next two lines as Adam began pumping even faster into me, my orgasm finally building. "I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see."

Those lyrics beautifully symbolized my journey from the moment I first saw my brother's cock and was really grateful to have eyes to see it with, and especially once I felt the pleasures of sex and was really grateful to have a pussy of my very own, and that it had lots of wonderful nerve endings. "Was numb, but now I feel?"

I'd been sheltered so long from the truth of God's creation that I only became truly found when I discovered its pure pleasure.

My orgasm was now imminent as Dad bellowed, "'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved; How precious did that grace appear The hour I first believed."

And as I heard Adam grunt and felt his cum spew inside me, I came right along with him as I realized how great indeed that grace appeared.

"Hallelujah," I trembled weakly, biting my lip not to let out a moan that would alert Dad, as Adam's cum spewed up inside me just as my own cum flooded down all over him.

"That's it Eve," Dad said, "let the Lord guide you."

"He's coursing through me right now," I said wickedly, looking at Mom, who had the widest grin on her face.

"He's always inside you," Dad countered, turning back to see my red-cheeked face as I leaned to my right, smiling at him.

"He gives me great pleasure, Daddy," I answered, as my orgasm continued coursing through me... God's gift the ultimate rush; Adam pulled out of me, allowing our mixed cum to gush out.

Dad kept singing as I moved awkwardly and Adam groaned "Oh, gross," as our cum got all over his pants.

"What?" Dad asked, slowing down.

"Sorry, Eve just spilt all over me," Adam covered, holding up his open 7-up can.

"Sorry," I apologized, as I added, "it is pretty tight back here."

"We're stopping soon," Dad promised.

"No hurry," I said weakly, as I leaned back against Adam and allowed my orgasm to finish its journey.

"You kids are confusing," Dad said as he sped back up and sang the last verse of the song.

A few minutes later we stopped at a gas station.

Dad got gas.

Adam hurried away to clean up.

Mom said to me, "Sweet daughter, that was so fucking hot. I'd be lying if I didn't say I'm a bit jealous."

"I'm pretty positive he'd fuck you too, if he knew you were down for it," I replied, thinking that Adam and Mom fucking would be really hot to watch... remembering how excited I'd gotten watching his girlfriend Tiffany bob on his dick.

"You think so?" she asked, a sparkle in her eyes, yet still very insecure about her own beauty.

"Who wouldn't?" I shrugged. "You know the Oedipus story."

"No," Mom answered.

"In Greek mythology, Oedipus was a man who was in love with his mother and willing to do anything to have her," I explained, leaving out the bit about killing his father. That part didn't seem very sexy, and I wanted Mom to think sexy.

"Really?" Mom asked, looking so sweet and innocent.

"Yes, but the message is that most boys dream of fucking their mothers," I revealed, not really sure there was a lot of evidence to back that up... but going with it.

"Shit, you've got me all excited," she gushed.

"God! If we had more time I'd take you to the bathroom and snack on your pussy," I flirted wickedly.

"I think I've created a monster," she laughed.

"No, God created me, and he did it *for* you," I smiled, doing a spin, "how do you think he did?" just as Dad walked back out with Adam.

Dad came up from behind and surprised us as he ordered, "Adam, you drive. I'll sit in the back seat with Eve."

My eyes went wide as I whispered to Mom with a wicked devious smile, "Should I fuck him?"

"Eve!" she gasped.

"Okay, I'll just tease him," I replied, wicked ideas forming in my head. I then turned to Dad and said, "Daddy, I can hardly remember the last time I sat on your lap."

He nodded, "It's been years, I imagine."

"You used to read me scripture after dinner," I said, recalling the days when I was younger and he would read me passages from the Bible about the different roles of women (daughter, wife, etc.) and I loved listening to them.

"You remember that?" he asked, sitting down in the back seat.

"Of course, Daddy," I nodded, climbing through the door to join him.

"It *is* pretty tight back here," he acknowledged as I sat down on his lap, facing directly forward.

"Family bonding," I joked, which made Mom laugh at my real intent of the words.

Adam asked, from the driver's seat, "You guys comfortable back there?"

I adjusted my body so my weight was positioned directly on Daddy's crotch and replied, "Perfect."

Dad added, "As good as it will get."

Adam started driving and I leaned back into Daddy and said, "I'm just going to take a nap, is that okay, Daddy?"

"Sure, Eve," he agreed, as I rested my entire body against him, moving the crack of my ass slightly to wrap around his crotch area.

And for the next twenty minutes... I pretended to try and fall asleep.

Of course, I just couldn't get comfortable. Oh dearie me.

So I moved my ass around...making sure to position my pussy on his cock... my ass on his crotch...which had gotten nice and hard... I imagine much to his dismay.

It seemed pretty big.

I even heard him groan once when I finally got my pussy lips pretty much straddling his cock.

I then slyly moved my hips forward and back every now and then, my pussy grinding teasingly along the shaft of his hard cock. Perfectly innocent, of course. Daddy's virginal daughter wouldn't have a clue she was doing anything provocative.

I had indeed become the Eve from the Bible... the temptress.

My pussy... my young ripe body... was Eve's juicy forbidden apple.

After perhaps four minutes of my pussy in such intimate contact with his cock, Dad startled me and *woke me up* as I was pretending to be asleep by saying, "Adam, pull over."

Adam, startled too, asked, "Did I do something wrong?"

"No," he answered, sounding very uncomfortable, "I just think I have a solution to this back seat problem."

"Am I too heavy for your lap, Daddy?" I asked, squirming around to look at him while yawning in his face, acting as if he'd woken *me* up, when I could feel very clearly that in truth I'd woken something of *his* up.

"No, Eve," he said, trying to be casual. "It's just that I think there's a simple solution."

"Oh, okay, Daddy," I nodded, "I don't want to be an inconvenience."

Adam pulled over, I opened the door and got off Daddy's lap and saw that I'd left a pretty obvious wet spot directly on his crotch. I acted oblivious, but Dad looked down at it and his face went red... not out of anger I don't think, but embarrassment, thinking that the wetness must have come from him.

I didn't say anything as he got out of the car, walked around to the other side and pulled the large box out. He said, "Helen, please get out of the car; I think I have a solution."

"Okay, honey," Mom agreed politely, like she always did, as she got out of the car wearing her *good wife* face and not snickering at all, at least not that he could see. But what *we* could both see was the wet spot, and how his slacks were tented out. While he was still on the other side of the car, she gave me a conspiratorial grin and a thumbs up.

Dad carried the box around and put it in the front seat, squeezed the suitcase and sleeping bags stacked in front of it on the floor and said, "This still isn't perfect, but three people should all be able to sit back there without anyone having to be on someone's lap, although it'll be a little squished."

Mom offered instantly, "I'll go back there with the kids, and you can drive." She was trying to appear detached, but I could tell she was *really hoping* Dad would go for it.

"You sure?" Dad asked.

"No offence, honey, but you're the biggest one of the four of us," Mom said, before glancing slyly down at Adam's crotch, implying to me that her assessment might not apply to all body parts.

"It's still another 90 minutes till we get there," Dad pointed out, clearly concerned about his wife's discomfort... which made me happy he cared... even though if I was reading Mom's eagerness correctly, comfort wasn't remotely her goal at the moment.

"I will endure," Mom shrugged, "it's nothing compared to what the Israelites endured in their travels, and 90 minutes is a lot shorter than forty years."

"True, true," Dad nodded, referring to scripture always a way to get Dad to agree to something.

Seizing control of her offspring, Mom ordered, "Eve, you get in first."

"Yes, Mom," I nodded, curious to see whether my take on what she was thinking was right.

Mom then scooted into the center beside me and patted the empty seat on her left, "Squeeze in here, Adam."

"Okay, Mom," he nodded, a look of complete uncertainty written all over his face. He knew she'd watched him fucking me, but all she'd done was watch. Although since she'd been in plain sight of Dad, there wasn't much she could have done. But now that she was joining us in the back, she could pretty much do anything she wanted. He must have wondered what she wanted.

Dad closed Adam's door, slowly, and then walked around and got in the driver's seat, turned around and asked, "Is this doable?"

I almost laughed at his question, as I was pretty sure Mom was planning on indeed being *doable*.

Mom nodded, "Honey, we used to sleep all four of us in a queen sized bed, so this is nothing."

"Are you sure?" Dad asked, still concerned.

"It'll give me and the kids a little bonding time," Mom said, slyly reaching out to squeeze Adam's cock the moment Dad turned away.

Adam's eyes went big as he looked at me with a deer in the headlights look. Dad started the car and said, "Just let me know if you need me to stop so you can change positions."

"Oh I hope to find a very comfortable position very soon," Mom said, pointing to Adam's cock as the car started moving, just like I had earlier.

"Hopefully it's not too tight back there," Dad said, again making me want to explode with laughter at the oblivious innuendos he kept coming up with.

"Sometimes tight is good," Mom replied, again squeezing Adam's crotch. I'm not sure Dad heard though, as he had just turned the radio up. It wasn't music now, but a conversation about the devil and his subtle ploys.

I shook my head in mild exasperation at Adam's indecision, and I leaned over Mom and helped bring the serpent out to play in Mom's garden.

Dad chuckled, "Seems like God heard you, Eve."

"W-w-what?" I stammered, sitting back up, guilt written all over my face, Adam's pants now unbuttoned but his serpent still hiding, not yet available for play.

"This discussion is on the impact of the devil," Dad clarified.

"Oh," I said, glancing over at Mom who was trying, with some frustration, to get her son's dick out of his tight jeans.

"Make sure you listen," Dad said. "Maybe it will clear up some of your questions."

"Yes, Daddy," I nodded, as I glanced over to see Adam's serpent had now been freed and was definitely raising his head ready for play.

I expected Mommy to lean towards me, lift her ass up and get fucked that way, but to my surprise she pointed to Dad and whispered, "Keep him distracted," before she leaned her body the other way, kneeling with her knees against her stomach and leaning her ass above my lap as she positioned herself and took her son's dick in her mouth. I lost no time in reaching under her dress and discovering that at some point she too had become *sans* panties as I pushed two fingers into her... yep, steaming... pussy and began to stroke.

"Holy fuck!" I mouthed to Adam who just nodded, his eyes still as big as saucers, biting his lip so he wouldn't moan out loud. He could see very clearly that I was fingering his mother, and I could see very clearly that she was sucking his cock. Life was good.

I wanted to keep watching Mom suck Adam, because God, watching others have sex was hot, but I had the job of lookout and I needed to keep Daddy distracted. So as I continued to finger Mom, I asked, "Daddy, can I be completely honest with you about something?"

"Of course, Eve," he nodded, glancing back to look at me, thank heavens over his right shoulder, since her naked ass was on his left, and since we're talking religion, *thank God* the headrest was blocking Daddy's view of Mom and Adam completely. It was like a perfect storm in reverse, where all the details were lining up to our benefit.

"Lately I've been having weird feelings inside, Daddy," I said, which was the truth... although the word weird was misleading, because they weren't weird, but amazing.

"How so?" Dad asked, sounding concerned.

"When I see a certain boy I get all tingly," I explained.

He chuckled, deciding this wasn't such a big deal, "That's normal, Eve. Ask your Mother about those feelings."

I glanced over to see Mom bobbing up and down on Adam's cock, which I realized still had my own pussy juice on it. I continued, figuring Mom's mouth was quite busy at the moment, "But I often feel the need to...um..."

"What, Eve?" Dad asked, again glancing back to look at me, again over his right shoulder. *Praise Jesus!*

"Oh, never mind, Daddy," I sighed dramatically. "This is too embarrassing."

Dad didn't respond, likely thankful not to continue this conversation, just as the minister on the radio said, "Have you been tempted by the Devil lately?"

"Yes, Lord," I answered, as I glanced back to Mom still sucking her son's cock... God, was I tempted to be sucking that cock too.

"Eve, what?" Dad asked, just as Mom pulled her *steaming* pussy off my fingers, put her feet on the floor and sat up.

"Are you okay, Eve?" Mom asked, feigning concern, as she moved her head toward me as I'd originally thought she might, now kneeling facing the other way, resting her head in my lap as she offered up her back end to Adam.

"Yes, Mom, thank you," I replied, sticking my wet fingers into her mouth as I watched Adam repositioning himself too. Thank heavens for that tall box, as he too knelt sideways on the seat, resting his butt against the door.

The guy on the radio said, "Remember, the devil is everywhere."

I asked, watching closely as Adam slid his cock into Mom, Mom sucking my tasty fingers with a look of complete sexual happiness crossing her face, "Dad, isn't that just a bunch of fire and brimstone?"

"What do you mean?" he asked, again looking back at me.

"Can the devil really be everywhere?" I asked. "That seems rather extreme and a bit like fearmongering. I mean especially after that whole Senator McCarthy witch hunt."

Dad sighed, as I glanced down and gently caressed Mom's contented face with her eyes closed as Adam fucked her, "The devil will prey on anything and anyone who is weak; and he'll do that everywhere."

"Are we not all weak at times?" I continued, trying my best to keep him oblivious to the reality that behind him, not three feet away, his son was fucking his wife.

"Of course," he nodded. "That's why Jesus sacrificed himself for us."

"But then isn't the Lord giving the devil free reign to corrupt everyone, since all parishioners will be forgiven in the end?" I asked, this actually being a question I'd wrestled with my entire life. For example why can a good person get cancer and die in her 20s, while some rapist gets to live until he's 90?

"That's the naïve way to look at it," Dad said, as Adam started going faster and Mom bit her lip while I stroked her temple, as the pleasure was obviously taking control of her and she was desperately trying to remain quiet. "The reality is that God will forgive all his creations, but the hierarchy once we're in heaven will be established by our loyalty on earth."

This wasn't something I'd heard him say before, and told him as much. "I've never heard this rationale in any of your sermons."

"It's been a long-time belief among the church leaders, and it's finally being considered for sharing, in an attempt to encourage today's flighty followers to become more loyal," he explained.

I looked down again to watch as Mom opened her eyes and smiled lovingly up at me as she grabbed my right leg for better balance and Adam began fucking her even faster.

I asked, "Will that be part of a future sermon?"

"I'm considering it," he answered. "But it would need to be introduced strategically, a bit at a time."

"Why?" I asked, suddenly startled to feel Mom's hand reaching under my skirt and feeling its way to my pussy.

"Because it's a new idea to them, and some people would feel they'd been hoodwinked all these years," he answered, saying exactly what I was thinking.

I bit my lip as Mom's finger started moving up and down between my pussy lips. As she sucked my fingers back into her mouth I agreed, "There could be a backlash."

"That's the fear," he nodded with a sigh, but added, "but we're getting more desperate to keep our dwindling parishioners, as well as re-establish the good name of the Bible as being efficacious in building morally upright people."

"Because the devil is everywhere," I said, spinning the conversation back to the beginning, just as Mom moved her finger away from my wet pussy and used both hands to squeeze my leg really hard. She was losing control, so I moved my fingers away from danger and just gently held her head, paradoxically feeling very maternal towards her.

I glanced down to see my dear Mom clearly having an orgasm. Her face looked so radiant, so sexy and vulnerable as she surrendered herself completely to her son.

Adam seemed close himself as his eyes were closed, and sweat was beginning to drip down his forehead.

"And it's the man's job to protect you from Satan," Dad intoned.

I watched Adam's face grimace into a very unique and somewhat hilarious look, as he clearly was depositing his load in his Mom.

I then realized the obvious: Adam had come inside both of us.

I wasn't protected.

Was Mom?

Fuck! In the heat of the moment, pregnancy hadn't even popped into my head.

Mom's finger moved back under my skirt and slid easily inside my wetness as my head was spinning. I tried to focus on the conversation as I said, "Which is why you're making Adam and me go to the same college."

"Exactly," he nodded.

"Because I'm not capable of resisting the devil?" I said, suddenly annoyed, even as Mom continued fingering me, switching to her left hand while sitting back up, as Adam sat up too.

"Honey, that's not what I mean at all," he objected. "It's just that women are more susceptible to the devil's wicked ways."

"Is that true, Mom?" I asked.

"If your father says so," she responded, as she pulled her finger out of my snatch and put it in Adam's mouth. "We must always obey and please our men."

"I'll remember that," I nodded, as I moved my fingers under Mom's skirt and into her leaking pussy. God, I wanted to taste the mixture of male and female cum by diving between Mom's legs, but that was physically impossible in the cramped quarters; however, I could get at least some this way.

I got as much as I could on my fingers, then pulled them out and put them into my mouth.

Yummy!

Mom said, "Honey, I really need to pee."

Dad sighed, always hating to stop once we were on the road.

"You did tell us to ask you if we needed to stop," Mom reminded him.

"Yes, yes," he nodded. "I think there's a town only a couple of minutes away.

"Great," Mom said, giving me a significant wink.

"Yeah, I need to go to the washroom too," I added, catching on and knowing that I was going to bury my face in Mom's cum-filled cunt the moment we were in the bathroom.

"Women," he said, shaking his head.

"Maybe the Lord should have given us bigger bladders," I joked, making Mom laugh, just as we passed a sign saying "Emery 1 Mile".

Five minutes later, I was on my knees in a bathroom stall, licking Mom's tasty, steaming cunt.

Two minutes later, Mom was on her knees insisting that I needed to come this time, and not her.

Four minutes later, I came on Mommy's face and into her mouth as she drank me down.

God, I love my life.

The end for now.

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