

BACKSEAT MOMMY: A LONG HARD RIDE

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Son slyly fucks Mom multiple times with Dad in the car.

Incest/Taboo

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Summary: Son slyly fucks Mom multiple times with Dad in the car.

Note 1: This is a **Summer 2015 Contest** story so please vote.

Note 2: Thanks to **goamz86**, **Robert**, and **Wayne** for editing this story.

Note 3: I had purposely avoided this type of simple plot device for years now... but I finally came up with an idea and a story I thought was worth sharing... I hope you agree.

Note 4: This story and the entire series was updated in October 2018 with a new edit by Tex Beethoven.

Backseat Mommy: A Long Hard Ride

You never realize how much stuff you've collected in your life until it's moving day.

With our youngest son finally going away to college, we did two moves in one. My husband Alex and I were moving into a condo only a few miles away, but first we were driving Cory sixteen hours away to college. Because we had to put all our things in storage (we wouldn't get title for another three weeks), we were planning a two-week road trip after we finished driving a few days drive to drop Cory off.

As we were packing the car, with all of Cory's stuff plus our suitcases for the almost three-week round trip, we found we had a major predicament. By the time the car was loaded, there was only room enough to seat two people: the driver and someone sitting in the back seat directly behind the driver. Everyplace else was piled to the roof with Cory's belongings and our suitcases.

My husband tried to reshuffle everything, but there was simply too much of it.

I finally suggested, "Cory and I could squeeze back there together."

"For sixteen hours?" Alex asked. "You'd end up totally on each other's nerves."

"Well, we'll likely have to take more rest stops this way," I shrugged.

"With your teacup-sized bladder, we'll need to do that regardless," Alex quipped, always annoyed by how often I needed pit stops. He was a put-the-pedal-to-the-metal-and-keep-it-there kind of guy, while my bladder was the kind of traveler that always insisted on stopping to smell the roses. (Or if there wasn't anyplace official to stop, perhaps just to make the roses smell.)

I turned to Cory, who was slim like I was, "Can you handle sixteen hours cramped beside your old mother?"

"Only if I have to," my son, always sarcastic, agreed grudgingly. He felt resistant, but he realized the only alternative would be to leave some of his stuff behind, which wouldn't be acceptable at all.

"Be careful with that attitude, young man," I shot back playfully. "You're going to be stuck next to me for sixteen hours, so you're probably better off if I'm in a good mood."

I should note it was a very hot August day and I was wearing a sundress for the drive, to stay as cool as possible.

We all did one more pee check, which I of course made use of, then Cory and I squeezed next to each other into the cozy spot big enough for one.

Alex asked, with sarcasm just like his son's, "Comfy cozy?"

With Cory's right elbow poking into my breast, I quipped, "Like a cow in a Pullman car."

"Moo," Cory added, shifting a bit more, resulting in even more pressure on my left breast, since on the other side I was crammed up against a pile of boxes that was stacked to the roof.

We were just out of the city half an hour later, when I objected, "This isn't working."

"You don't enjoy being crowded together like a sardine?" Cory asked, as he set aside the book he was reading on his iPad, like I too was attempting, my Kindle app the only app really worth owning.

"Not particularly," I agreed, as I wriggled around ineffectively before suggesting, "Maybe I could just sit on your lap for a while."

"Okay," my son nodded, agreeing with me for a change.

I climbed onto his lap and sighed, "Now *that* is much better."

"Agreed," Cory said.

"I'm not too heavy for you, am I?" I asked. At forty-six I was still in great shape. I was slim with big breasts, with a firm ass and tight legs. Selling real estate, I knew that my looks played a key role in my sales. Sex sells, always has, always will. So normally I dressed in professional but sexy business suits, or stylish dresses with nylons and four-inch heels. My 38d natural breasts were always showcased, as I counted on them to help me close more deals than the actual real estate I was selling.

"No, you're fine," he answered, shifting slightly.

As Alex continued driving, I soon noticed two things:

1. Wearing a short, skimpy dress had been a bad idea, as I was now sitting on my son's lap, my skirt not quite covering my butt, and a narrow thong the only barrier between my vagina and my son.
2. My son's penis was hard and I could feel it pulsing directly under my vagina.

My son, who was rather nerdy in high school like his father had been, and having been offered full ride scholarships to over a dozen colleges, he had really blossomed physically by working in construction all summer. Gone were his scrawny arms, replaced with impressive muscles. I had complimented him frequently on his summer reformation. My boy had become a man.

Yet now, as we drove along a bumpy section of road that was under construction, I realized my boy had indeed turned into a man, as I could feel his erect manhood directly beneath me.

With each bump his hardness rubbed against my vagina, and even though I tried to control myself, it was getting me wet. I considered adjusting where I was sitting, but was worried it would embarrass him if I let on that I could feel his erection. So instead, I tried to control my bouncing by pressing my hands down on the seatback in front of me.

Yet for about ten minutes, which felt like an eternity, my son's erection, thankfully trapped behind his shorts, kept rubbing against my very wet woman parts and driving me crazy.

Finally the road smoothed and now his tumescence was just resting quietly, but it was still hard and I could still feel it prominently, directly underneath my opening. I knew I should move, even an inch or two sideways would probably help, yet I still felt obligated to remain frozen in place. Partly because I was worried I would embarrass him if I moved, but also partly, undeniably, because the position I was sitting in right now felt so damn good.

For twenty minutes my vagina rested on his erection, which never shrank, while chatting with my husband as much as possible to distract myself from the awkward situation I was in.

Finally I saw an upcoming rest stop and suggested we stop.

Just as Alex was slowing down, I felt the insistent flinching of Cory's penis. It flinched three times, each time pressing itself up ever so slightly but still noticeably against my labia.

I moaned, unintentionally.

Alex asked, "You okay, Sarah?"

"I just need to stretch for a bit," I answered, my face burning red at getting aroused from sitting on my son.

"I could grab a drink," my husband nodded, as he pulled into the stop.

"Me too," I agreed, feeling a bit dehydrated.

Once we rolled to a stop I joked to Cory, "I imagine you're dying for a break, too."

"No, I've been enjoying the ride," my son answered without implying any sort of sexual innuendo. Truth be told, except for my frustration and guilt, part of me had been enjoying the ride too, but if I dared to mention it, there would be a definite sexual charge to my words, so I remained silent.

My face, which was already quite flushed, went a shade darker as I opened the door and climbed out. I'm not sure if my face could get any redder than it already was, but as my son climbed out and stood up, two things were apparent:

1. His erection was poking out against his Adidas shorts.
2. The shorts had a prominent wet spot that undoubtedly had come from me.

I turned away and headed for the washroom, mortified that my fluids had soaked into my son's shorts. Once inside, I pulled my panties down and couldn't believe how wet they were.

Now I should note I've always gotten wet easily, and I was quite a flooder when I got off. I also had a ferocious sexual appetite that my husband could seldom satisfy... thus I had a variety of sex toys on hand to finish the job he usually couldn't complete. I had a we-vibe, a couple of vibrators, anal beads, a butterfly toy I could wear while I was away from the bedroom, which was currently in my purse, and my newest acquisition, a massage vibe... which was literally orgasmic.

Deciding I needed to quell my burning cunt (fuck the niceties, I was so horny I could hardly stand), I leaned against the wall in a stall and began pleasuring myself. Not surprisingly, the half-hour-plus of Cory's unintentional teasing (I hoped it was unintentional, but I certainly wasn't going to ask) had me already revved up, and I came in no time at all. My pussy juice had spilled down my leg when I came, so I awkwardly cleaned myself up with toilet paper.

Once I was recovered more or less, I also wrung out my panties while they were wrapped in toilet paper to try and make them less damp, but after putting them on, I could still feel their humiliating wetness. Usually I loved sex. I loved coming; but the constant reminder by these wet panties that my son's cock had gotten me horny was too much to bear, so I took them back off.

Instead, I hid the sexy wet thong in my purse and went to the sink to wash my hands and legs. Unfortunately, a mother with her child came in, so all I could do was wash my hands thoroughly, hoping that would be enough to hide the scent of my own cum.

Leaving the washroom, I decided there was no way I would sit back on my son's lap. I figured that instead, we would have to persevere squished side by side. I purchased a coke and a bag of chips from a vending machine and headed back to the car.

Fuck, I thought as I left the shaded area of the rest stop and the summer sun pounded into me. It was a fucking sauna out here. I wanted to get a change of panties from my suitcase, but decided not to: how would I be able to explain that? 'Oh, I just feel like a change' would sound really stupid and inevitably lead to further questions. No thanks.

My husband and son were leaning against the car chatting when I walked up to them.

"So, less than fourteen hours left," Alex quipped, with a playful smile. "Piece of cake."

Cory replied, "I don't know about the cake, I think it's going to be a tight ride."

I couldn't tell for sure, maybe it was just the self-conscious part of me, but he seemed to stress the word 'tight'.

I joked, realizing only after the words had left my mouth that they only added to the innuendo if he was implying one, "Yes, it will likely result in some unavoidable mom and son bonding."

"Well, it's you two back there for the whole drive," my husband added. "No way can I fit back there with anybody."

That was true. My husband was a big man, and there was no way my son or I would be able to fit either side by side with him or on his lap.

Nope, I still had just under fourteen hours to spend with my son in the backseat. The next stretch without any underwear.

Fuck.

My son climbed back into the car first and patted his lap.

I'd intended to get in first and suggested, "Shouldn't we try side by side again?"

"It's okay, Mom," he said, patting his lap once again.

"You sure?" I asked, knowing it could get awkward without my wearing any panties and my pussy still damp... the aftermath dribble of a strong orgasm.

"Side by side will be too tight," he replied. "We already learned that the hard way."

There's that word 'tight' again, I thought. Is he saying that on purpose?

"But I'll crush your legs," I pointed out, desperate to avoid sitting on his cock again... having enjoyed it too much the first time.

He shrugged dismissively, "Oh Mom, you're not heavy at all."

"You sure?" I asked again, still tentative, as I looked down and could still see the shading of a pussy juice stain on his shorts, as well as the clear outline of his cock... which at least no longer looked to be completely erect.

"Mom, it's not hard at all," he answered, now repeating the word 'hard'.

The naughty side of me wanted to respond, 'but it likely will be hard quite soon', but the good mom in me responded, "If you're sure I won't smother you?"

He shrugged, "I can handle whatever you give me."

So I sat back down on his lap, his words again possibly dripping with innuendo, this time adjusting myself sideways to sit more onto his leg to avoid his crotch.

For half an hour I sat precariously but reasonably virtuously in that spot as we continued driving. Then I felt his hands on my hips as he informed me, not asking for my opinion, while he lifted me up slightly, "Mom, we need to change positions."

When he lowered me back down, my pussy was again directly seated on his cock, which was again stiff and prominent. I couldn't help but let out a slight moan as my naked pussy once again responded to its pressure. (I realize that the last time I was sitting in this position I was calling it a penis, but anything that could get me this horny was no clinical penis, it was a damn cock.)

For the next half hour, even though the road was smooth, I kept feeling his cock flinching periodically, which made my pussy tremble and get excessively wet.

Alex asked, "Comfortable back there?"

My son replied, "It's tight, but good."

I gasped because while he was saying that, I felt three distinct movements of his cock.

"You okay, Sarah?" Alex asked, as I felt some wetness leaking out of me.

"I'm good," I responded. I wanted to move away, but I knew without a doubt that I'd deposited even more wetness on my son's crotch, and if I moved (not that there was anywhere to move *to*), it

would be clearly noticeable. The ability to enjoy wet multiple orgasms had always been a great joy to me, but right now it was my kryptonite.

"Next stop is almost an hour away," Alex informed his passengers courteously.

"No worries," I responded, trying to be causal.

Cory added, "Yeah, although it's getting hot back here."

"The air is on full," Alex informed him, and indeed I wasn't overly hot, except down below. This time Cory's words were definitely filled with innuendo. My son was flirting with me!

"I think it's Mom's body resting on mine that's making me so hot," Cory said, as he again flexed his cock directly against my pussy... his intent now perfectly clear. His words also had two very different meanings, one for his Dad and quite a different one for me.

After another minute, Cory asked, "Dad, can you turn the radio up?"

"If I do, I won't be able to talk with you, I can barely hear you now," Alex objected.

"That's okay," Cory reassured him, "we'll just let you drive and rock out to your eighties tunes."

"It's the eye of the tiger," my husband began singing as he turned up the radio to the Survivor tune.

Cory was doing something with his phone. Suddenly my phone rang out, announcing a text message.

It was in my purse, which was on the floor, so I reached down, and in doing so I ground my pussy into my son's very hard cock. I couldn't deny it... I was incredibly aroused.

I snagged my phone and leaned back up again, unable not to grind my very wet pussy against him again, and I saw the text was from my son.

Perplexed, I clicked on it.

Why are you not wearing panties?

I gasped again. Although this time the music was too loud for my husband to hear me.

I didn't know what to say.

A second message followed.

And why are you so wet?

I still didn't know what to say.

I was paralyzed with indecision. Obviously I should stop this inappropriate texting in its tracks. Yet I was incredibly horny, so I wasn't thinking like a mother or a wife, but like a wanton woman.

As I stared at my phone, shocked by my son's brazen words yet equally turned on, I was startled as I felt Cory's hands grasping my hips, lifting me up.

I leaned up slightly against the driver's seat, bumping my husband.

Alex glanced back so I said, trying to act casual even as my mind was turned to mush, "Sorry, just changing positions."

"I'm sorry about this situation," he apologized.

"It is what it is," I replied, not blaming him, as I felt my son's hands on my hips as he lowered me back down onto his lap and... and right onto his hard cock!

I yelped in surprise and Alex asked as he turned down the radio, "You okay?"

"Yes, I just got poked by something in a box," I responded weakly, unable not to say something naughty, an amazing pleasure coursing through me as my son's cock, which I now had excellent reason to know was bigger than my husband's, was buried deep inside me, his hands firmly on my hips, holding me in place.

"Okay," he nodded, as he turned the radio back up as another eighties tune, Bryan Adam's 'Summer of 69', began.

I just sat there; still in complete shock that my son's cock was buried deep inside me, anchoring me in place.

I just sat there; the urge to start riding my son's cock growing with every second it remained inside me.

I just sat there; wondering what my astonishing son was going to do next.

I just sat there; secretly wishing Cory would take even more control.

I just sat there; worried that if my son did take control, I would be unable to conceal the obvious reality that we were committing incest just inches away from my husband.

I just sat there and... judge me if you must... enjoyed the ride, every bump in the road giving me fresh pleasure as Cory's cock surged up inside me. I had to use all my will power not to moan, not to alert my husband to the incestuous adultery I was committing and I couldn't deny, committing willingly.

Yet, I was frustrated that my son, who had been so brazen as to slide his cock into me, was now just sitting there reading his Kindle, as if his cock weren't buried deep in his mother's box.

I just sat there for over half an hour, doing nothing but allowing myself to be teased like crazy.

I had to use all my willpower not to just give in to my insatiable hunger and begin bouncing wildly up and down on my son's cock.

I had to use all my willpower not to moan in response to every bump on the highway, especially when Alex occasionally drove across some rumble strips, making my body tremble and my pussy quake.

I had to use all my willpower not to grind my pussy on his cock to get myself off, the teasing of a quiescent cock nestled inside me but *not doing a damn fucking thing* driving me nuts!

Alex startled me, since my head was miles away, when he announced, "Twelve miles to the next stop."

This seemed to prompt my son finally to take control. He began slowly lifting me up and down on his cock.

I clamped my lips together to make sure I wouldn't moan as a mixture of emotions swirled through me.

Excitement, because my son was finally taking control.

Humiliation, because I was excited he was taking control.

Pleasure, because the slow fucking was now coursing through every fibre of my being.

Frustration, because he wasn't fucking me hard like I liked it, although I knew there was no way that was a good idea.

Guilt, because I was allowing my son to fuck me. Theoretically, when his cock had been only motionlessly lodged inside me I hadn't been allowing him to fuck me. I had simply been allowing him to penetrate me. I know that's a pitiful technicality, but it had been all I had left to grasp onto... and now it was gone.

But then my son let go of my hips, handing the decision over to me.

This was my chance to put a halt to this. To lift up my body and eject his cock from my very wet pussy. To take parental control of this bizarre situation.

And I did indeed take control. Although not as a parent, but as a horny slut.

I resumed the slow-motion riding that previously my son had been controlling.

Suddenly it wasn't my son forcing me to ride him, it was my riding him of my own volition... because I wanted to... because I wanted *him*... although slowly, which only compounded my frustration as I knew I could never get off like this.

I needed to bounce on his cock and do it *hard*.

I needed to ride it *fast*.

I needed it *slamming* into me. I didn't need to make love, I needed to *fuck*.

Yet I couldn't do any of those things without completely giving away to my husband the shocking truth of what we were doing.

Suddenly my phone, which I had by now put on vibrate, buzzed in my hand.

I looked at it.

Fuck, I love you, Mommy.

Reading those five words... reading the most sweet, endearing... innocent even... term for being a mother... and I was a quivering, needy mess.

I couldn't deny that I felt something powerful even as his cock slowly moved within me, even as I stared at those tender words. Talk about your mixed signals!

I loved him too. No question.

And this... this... whatever this was... only enhanced my love for him.

I convinced myself that this wasn't wrong!

How could something wrong feel so right?

I was making my son happy, which is the goal of every mother... of every Mommy.

I struggled to control my trembling hands so I could text him too.

I love you too, son.

Another text.

I'm going to come in you Mommy.

Another text:

Just ride me a teeny bit faster Mommy.

Another text:

Please, Mommy!

I wanted to make my son happy.

I wanted to get him off.

I wanted to feel his cum shooting inside my pussy.

So...

I began riding him faster, cautiously grabbing the back of my husband's seat for support.

I didn't bounce on his cock like I desperately wanted to do, but I did move faster and performed my expert move that always got my husband off, as I tightened my Kegel muscles around his stiff dick.

And just like it always worked for my husband, it now worked for my son... like father, like son... as I felt his cum filling my cunt.

I let out an uncontrollable moan, made worse by the fact that my head was resting on the side of the seatback just inches from my husband's left ear.

"You okay?" Alex asked again.

"I just really need to pee," I replied, desperately grabbing any old excuse as my son continued spewing inside me and I continued milking him for all I could get.

"A couple more minutes," he promised.

"Okay," I replied, leaning up, then adding the double entendre, "much longer and I may explode."

"I'm doing the best I can," he said, knowing from years of travelling that when I say I have to pee... I have to pee.

My son began bucking his ass up, really fucking me now, making me tremble and gasp, "Oh, God."

"There's a truck stop in two miles," Alex said, pointing out a sign.

"So close," I replied, again a double meaning, now completely unable to hide my desperation to come, grateful he was misinterpreting what my urgency was about, as I desperately tried to come at least without screaming, and before we reached the truck stop.

Cory kept pumping his cock, not super-fast, or hard enough to make slapping sounds, but actively enough to build my orgasm.

I could feel the tide rising in me, knowing the inevitable eruption was close, when I saw the one-mile sign.

Urgency overwhelming me, I had to have this orgasm, my very life depended on this orgasm! I leaned away from my husband, leaned back against my son's chest and rode his cock like a crazy woman as I moved my hand to my clit and started strumming.

I was thankful the music was too loud for my husband to hear the wet sounds of sex right behind him as I bounced on Cory's cock, desperate to orgasm.

I could see the truck stop and a restaurant in the near distance, fast approaching even as I was doing the same, and I closed my eyes and rode and rode and rubbed... and rubbed and finally erupted.

"God," I moaned loudly, allowing the word out, certain that my husband would still think I was desperate to pee, not knowing that immediately behind him I was unable to restrain my vocalisations not because of hydraulic pressure, but because my orgasm was hitting me like a thunderstorm, my cum gushing out of me and flooding onto my son's cock and lap. Again I grabbed the driver's seat and pulled myself up, my son's cock finally exiting my overheated pussy.

Thankfully thoughts of incestuous sex never occurred to him. Why would it? I was in the backseat with my son as Alex reassured me, clearly concerned only about my bladder, "Thirty seconds, honey."

"Okay, thanks," I replied weakly, as my now unstoppable orgasm continued ripping through me like a tornado.

I could feel my son fumbling underneath me, likely putting away his cock, which I realized I still hadn't seen.

I just closed my eyes and allowed the tornado of pleasure to spin through me, an orgasm as intense as any I'd ever experienced. Partly because my son's cock was bigger than my husband's; partly because of the taboo fact I had just fucked my son; and partly because of the crazy reality I had just fucked my son in a car with my husband mere inches away.

When he pulled in and brought the car to a stop, my orgasm still wasn't complete. Yet I had to appear urgent, desperate even, like I could pee myself at any moment, so I slammed open the door, cum running down my legs, and jumped out of the car, glancing back as I began running to see my son grinning at me, his package safe and sound in his shorts... although a very clear wet patch providing visible evidence of our wrongdoing should CSI show up to investigate.

I scurried through a rustic restaurant and into the washroom, the guilt and shame of my indiscretion and incestuous act suddenly hitting me like the summer heat.

I... had... just... had... sex... with... my... son!

In... our... car!

With... my... apparently oblivious husband... inches... away!

Oh... my... God!

I... am... the... worst... mother... ever!

But worse yet?

It had been fucking amazing!

I may have been a bad mother, but I was a very good Mommy!

I got to the washroom, and for the second time today I wiped cum off my legs. This time the cum wasn't just mine.

What had come over me?

Why had I let my son do that to me?

I could blame the confined space, but truthfully nothing had prevented me from pushing him out of me. Nothing except my own willingness to fuck him.

Fuck!

Then he texted me:

That was amazing, Mommy.

Fuck!

I texted back, my orgasm finally subsiding, finally responding to him as a mother:

That can't happen again!!!

He didn't respond.

So as I finished cleaning up, I texted again:

I'm serious!

He again ignored the text.

I calmed down at least physically, and realized I was feeling completely dehydrated after my workout.

I left the washroom and saw my husband and son chatting as they waited for me at a booth.

We ate lunch, and although I was anxiety-riddled the entire time, my son had a poker face as he gave away no sign of what had transpired. I, on the other hand, had guilt written all over my face.

Twice Alex asked if I was okay.

I just feigned hunger and exhaustion from needing to hold my pee for so long.

After lunch, and a lot of water, we prepared to continue the drive.

Alex had gassed up while I was in the washroom, so we were ready to go.

Again, my trepidation overwhelmed me.

Now what? How could I sit on Cory's lap again?

Yet, I couldn't say anything; there was literally no alternative.

So, I sat. Although this time, once the door was closed, I positioned myself leaning against the door and stretching my legs between the two front seats. My pussy was out of range in this position. I had found the Fort Knox of pussy protection.

And for an hour it worked. Cory read the new James Patterson book and I read the other new James Patterson book (he apparently puts out a new book more often than the Red Sox lose another game). Interestingly, Cory and I had a lot of common interests, including being avid readers and both having the same favourite author in James Patterson.

Sit in any single position for a straight hour though, and the rear becomes a mutineer. Yet, even though I was very uncomfortable, I refused to reposition myself, although I did begin to squirm a bit.

Suddenly my son's hand was resting on my knee, my dress hiked up enough to show him a fair amount of leg.

His hand didn't move up my leg, it just rested there as a constant tease... a constant reminder.

He did move his hand away to flip a page every couple of minutes, although he didn't replace it any higher when he returned it.

He seemed oblivious to the impact it was having on me, a constant distraction, even though it wouldn't have fazed me at all a few hours ago.

"How you guys doing back there?" Alex asked a few minutes later.

"My bum is numb," I joked, although it was the truth.

"There's a scenic stop in three miles," he said, "let's pull over and take a little hike."

"Sounds good," I said.

"Yeah, I could use a stretch," Cory agreed, looking at my face almost for the first time during the entire drive.

I quickly looked away, like I was in seventh grade and waiting for a boy to check yes or no on a love note I'd just passed him.

What had come over me?

Even though I had told him it couldn't happen again.

Even though he seemed to be respecting my decision.

I now felt insecure and annoyed that he was ignoring me... I felt like I was fifteen again.

I just stared past my husband and through the windscreen for the next few minutes until we slowed down.

Once we'd stopped, I shifted around as my back was to the door. As I did, my naked pussy again touched down briefly on Cory's cock, which was again hard.

My first thought was, *How long has he been hard?*

My second thought was, *Why is it hard?*

My third thought was, *How many times can he get it up?*

My fourth thought was, *What the hell is wrong with me?*

I opened the door and got out.

I stretched, thankful to be out in the fresh air... even if it was still fucking hot and muggy.

Alex asked, "So do you guys want to go for a hike?"

"How long?" I asked.

He walked over to a map on display and reported, "There are two trails from here. One is a mile long; the other, three."

"A mile, sure; three in this heat, no way," I answered.

Cory offered, "I need to take a lengthy washroom break, wash off some of this sweat, why don't you two go off alone?"

"Sure," Alex said, taking my hand.

We began walking and I couldn't help but glance back at my son to see if he was watching us... and he wasn't. Oddly, that made me feel unloved, which was of course ludicrous.

As we were walking along the trail I had the sudden urge to show my husband I loved him. I needed to make up for my indiscretion even if he didn't know about it, by doing something for him.

Ten minutes or so into the hike I saw a small side path and invited him, "Follow me."

He objected, "I don't think this is part of the trail."

"I certainly hope not," I purred, trying to look sexy and with improper intent.

A couple of minutes later, deep enough in the woods that we couldn't be seen, I dropped to my knees and fished out his cock. I'd considered letting him fuck me, but I didn't want him to see I wasn't wearing any panties.

He gasped, "Sarah, really? Here?"

"You always say you wish I was more spontaneous," I quipped, although if he knew how spontaneous I'd already been today he would likely keel over. Plus, although we had a reasonable amount of sex together and I was willing to try almost anything for him in the bedroom, anywhere else I wasn't much of a risk taker. Normally.

But today my typical insecurity, or the idea that sex was only for the bedroom, seemed to be shattered after the exhilarating, taboo sex I'd enjoyed in the backseat of our car. I now wanted to take risks.

Before he could say a single word I took his flaccid cock in my mouth. I love sucking cock... always have. I was a bit of a cock sucking slut in high school, figuring it was a good way to save my virginity for marriage. Plus, I was good at it and even enjoyed the unique taste and texture of cum. Of course I ended up not saving my virginity after all, getting fucked by an upperclassman at the first college party I went to.

"Oh shit," Alex groaned, "what's gotten into you, Sarah?"

The answer to that question was 'your son,' but that didn't seem like a prudent response.

I pulled his cock out of my mouth and asked, "Can't a wife show her husband she loves him by giving him a little surprise? Like spontaneously sucking his cock and swallowing his load?"

"Yes, she can," he laughed.

"Plus I'm hungry, and your cum can provide a lot of healthy nutrients for a girl's body," I quipped, taking his organic whole-grain-fed cock back in my mouth.

"And it's good for your complexion, too," he added, having read somewhere that cum was good for a woman's skin and had used the argument to give me the first of his many facials years ago.

While I'd rather swallow a load than take it on my face, since I was rather submissive I always just allowed Alex to shoot his load wherever he chose.

I protested, for the first time since my first-ever facial, "Don't you dare. Not here."

"What? You think Cory would be shocked?" he teased, sliding his cock back in my mouth.

I thought to myself, *If you only knew*. Yet I kept bobbing, feeling exhilarated to be doing it in such a public place.

"I won't last long," he moaned, as I sucked his cock hungrily.

I kept bobbing and was rewarded with a full load of his cum... in my mouth thank God... although he pulled out partway through and rocketed a small amount onto my face.

I gasped, "Really?"

"I couldn't resist," he shrugged, as he slid his cock back in my mouth.

I milked the last remnants of his cum from his cock before standing up and kissing him hard, giving him a taste of his own medicine so to speak. He didn't appear to mind which surprised me slightly.

When the kiss ended, he said, "Well, that was unexpected."

"I was hungry," I shrugged.

"Well, I'm always willing to feed you," he smiled as he tucked his cock away.

We returned to the marked trail and resumed the hike, hand in hand.

I don't know how long it took, but eventually we returned to the starting point, and Alex whispered to me, "You should probably go to the washroom before we head out."

"Good call," I nodded, "I really have to pee."

"And maybe clean the cum off your face," he added.

"Fuck, you let me keep wearing it for that whole hike," I blamed him, since I'd forgotten it was there.

"Well, you didn't seem too concerned, and we don't know anyone here," he shrugged.

"Except for our son," I pointed out.

"Which is why I mentioned it," he said.

"Asshole," I said playfully, hitting him on the shoulder.

"Sounds good. Maybe tonight," he countered, since he occasionally fucked my ass.

"You wish," I quipped back, even though I assumed we would indeed be fucking tonight, and given how submissive I was, I knew I wouldn't keep him away from my ass, if that's what he wanted.

"No, I don't wish, I know," he said, slapping my ass.

I went to the washroom, washed my face and went pee.

I grabbed a Gatorade and a chocolate bar and returned to the car.

My son and husband were leaning against the car, chatting. I wondered how weird it would be if they were chatting about sex.

I joined them and asked, "Ready to go?"

"Sure," Cory said, before adding, "ready to endure sitting on my lap for a couple more hours?"

"Ready to have your mother squishing you for a couple more hours?" I countered.

"It's been a tight squeeze, all right," he countered, smiling at me for the first time since our shocking act.

I laughed, trying to act casual, worrying that my husband might somehow sense the sexual tension between his wife and son, "Yes, it's like a hot box back there."

Cory laughed, "Yes, it's a sure-fire weight loss program."

Alex apologized to us both, "I'm sorry we didn't plan this better."

Cory joked, repeating an earlier statement I'd made, "It's enabled some special mom and son bonding."

"Well, get ready to bond some more then," Alex said, "It'll be a good two or three hours until our late supper stop."

I couldn't help but laugh, but also to feel mortified at the sordid bonding activities my husband was tacitly approving, especially when my eyes wandered to my son, who was gazing hungrily at me with a big smile on his face.

We were back in the car, I was back on Cory's lap, this time perched on his right leg, leaning against the boxes.

Like the last time, he just read and ignored me for the first hour. We could have talked about anything with each other since Alex had the radio blaring again, but we didn't.

But as I began to fidget, again feeling antsy, he asked, "Uncomfortable?"

I nodded.

He nodded, "Me too," and promptly pulled his cock out of his shorts. "There, that's a lot better."

I stared at his semi-erect cock.

This was the first time I'd seen it since he was a little boy.

I couldn't take my eyes off it.

He pointed to my pussy.

I looked back at him, confused.

He moved his hand onto my leg and reached under my dress, going directly to my wet, naked pussy.

I moaned softly, but thankfully the music covered it.

I just sat on his knee allowing my son to finger my pussy... which he did for a good five minutes... getting me all hot and riled. I was back in the zone again, and I knew I'd do whatever he wanted of me short of outing ourselves to his father.

He then pulled his finger out and stuck it directly in his mouth.

"Delicious," he said, loud enough that my husband heard him.

"What's delicious?" Alex asked.

"The snack Mom just shared with me," Cory replied brazenly.

"Is there any left?" Alex asked.

"No, sorry, I ate it all," Cory responded, as I remained silent, motionless and feeling I should be ashamed, but wasn't.

"I could use a snack," my oblivious husband commented, continuing our surreal conversation.

"Me too," I added, staring at my son's cock and licking my lips with wanton intent.

"Maybe at the next stop," Cory suggested.

"I'm definitely stopping soon," Alex said. "I could use a bathroom break anyway."

"God, it's hot back here," Cory complained, taking his shirt off, showcasing his rock-hard abs... an attraction my husband had lost years ago.

He then took hold of my hand and guided it to his cock.

I should have resisted, but his magnetic pull was too much, and I didn't hesitate at all.

I took his tool in my hand and stroked it, knowing that although by now it had gotten dark, my husband could still stare at me in the rear-view mirror anytime he wished... although he would only see my hungry face through the gloom.

I wished I could suck my son's beautiful, slightly-curved cock, but that was literally impossible within the confined space.

By this time I had fully accepted, as I stroked and stared at Cory's majestic cock, that I was willing to allow my son to fuck me again.

I wanted that cock inside me. I needed it.

I was ready to climb on top and go for a ride when Alex announced unexpectedly, "Pulling over."

His words and the slowing car brought me back to reality like a cold shower. A reality where I was stroking my son's cock and about to willingly ride him.

I released Cory's cock and to my surprise he didn't put it away as we rolled to a stop at a small-town gas station.

Alex told us, "Five-minute stop," as he exited the car.

"Two-minute snack," Cory said, opening the door, getting out and ordering, "suck me, Mommy."

I gasped. I wanted to suck him but I couldn't believe he wanted me to do it here, even though Alex had conveniently parked us in a secluded spot and the unlit parking lot was almost totally dark.

"Hurry up, Mommy," he ordered, "we only have time for an appetizer."

I quickly got out of the car, overwhelmed with insatiable hunger and lust, turned around, and demanded as I lowered my mouth onto his cock, "Keep watch for your father."

"Yes, Mommy," he groaned, as I took most of his cock in my mouth.

I bobbed quickly, remembering that the high school boys when I was young had been quick shooters.

I would have preferred to savour sucking his cock, I loved worshipping a cock, but time was of the essence. So I bobbed furiously up and down, enjoying the groans emerging from my son's mouth.

"I'm close, Mommy," he warned, and I bobbed even faster, making it clear he had permission to cum in his Mommy's mouth.

Then suddenly he whispered to me, "Dad! Dad! Dad!"

I quickly stood up and saw Alex approaching with a small bag. Thank God the parking lot was so dark! He asked me, "You still have to pee, don't you?"

"You know me," I shrugged, as I headed into the gas station and went to the washroom.

I went pee and then looked in the mirror. *What's coming over me?*

I had no answer to the question. Moments ago I'd been sucking my son in a gas station parking lot, and been seconds away from swallowing his load.

For someone who wasn't a risk taker, I was sure breaking character. I'd ridden my son to mutual orgasms in the backseat of the car while my husband drove, I had sucked and swallowed my husband's load on a secluded hiking trail, and just now I'd sucked my son, and it wasn't due to any virtue of mine that he hadn't cum in my mouth.

And Cory likely would want me to finish what I'd started once we were back on the road. And I would likely just hop right to it.

I returned to the car and both men were already seated inside. I repositioned myself once more on my son's lap, his cock already out and looking like it was expecting some tender loving care.

I moved back to the same right leg I'd been sitting on before we stopped. I liked being able to keep an eye on both my husband and my son.

As soon as we were back on the highway, Cory pointed back to his cock and I silently reached over and began stroking it, even as my husband began a conversation with me.

"So about seventy more miles and then we can stop for dinner and a hotel," he said.

"Sounds good," I said and continued, again with a double meaning, "I'll be starving by then, I may even have to gnaw on a nice juicy T-bone."

"Me too," Alex joined in; I had to bite my lip not to laugh.

"What about you, Cory, what are hungry for?" I asked, giving him a look that spoke volumes.

He moved his hand beneath my dress again and responded, his eyes never leaving mine, "Oh, I'm hoping for fish tonight."

Alex wouldn't ever eat me out, he said it was gross. So the idea of getting licked for the first time in a couple of decades, that having been done by my college roommate during a drunken night in our senior year, was very appealing.

"I thought you didn't like fish?" Alex puzzled.

"I do like one kind," my son answered, never taking his eyes off me.

"What kind is that?" Alex asked, oblivious to the naughty innuendo he was accidentally participating in.

I tried to change the topic, "Did you book us a hotel yet?"

Alex, never the planner, shrugged, "Nope."

Feeling a rush of exhilaration at chatting with my husband while simultaneously stroking my son's cock, I asked, "Shouldn't we call ahead?"

"There'll be space," Alex blindly believed.

"Okay," I shrugged, my focus on my son's cock.

"Looking forward to living on your own, Cory?" Alex asked.

"I'll have a roommate," he pointed out.

"Oh, right," Alex nodded, "are you looking forward to meeting him?"

"I guess," Cory responded, distracted by the way my fingers were tracing around his mushroom top.

"Hopefully you'll get along," Alex continued, trying to keep the dying conversation going.

I crooned, "Who couldn't love our sweet Cory?"

"Yes, I'm pretty much irresistible," he quipped.

"Is that a good thing?" my husband questioned.

"Sometimes," Cory answered.

We kept chatting for a few more minutes about trivialities until Alex turned the music back up.

"Need to change positions?" Cory asked.

"I think so," I nodded, never having stopped my stroking of his cock or staring at it.

He patted his lap, as if putting the decision this time completely in my hands (pun intended as I was still stroking his cock).

I paused to steady myself then I shifted around, my back to him, having changed hands to continue grasping his cock as I straddled it. I paused again, and then lowered myself onto my baby boy's big, hard, cunt-stretching cock. Oh my God did it feel good!

My pussy was on fire and it easily welcomed my son's cock as it was invaded again.

Once I was entirely settled down on his lap I just sat there, loving the feeling of being full again. The first time I'd been full of anxiety and we were rushed, not to mention I was struggling with conflicting emotions. This time I was going to enjoy the ride.

First, I just ground on his cock, swaying my hips forward and back.

While I did this, Cory cupped my breasts for the first time. Yet, knowing that the dash lights might enable Alex to see me getting felt up by our son in the rear-view mirror, I moved his hands away.

Thankfully, he didn't try again.

To my surprise, this position coupled with the slow grinding, was enough to get Cory off, as without warning, a few minutes into the slow tease, I felt my cunt walls getting coated in cum.

I was disappointed, having wanted to really enjoy the last hour of the drive. Yet a minute later when I'd finished milking his cum and began to lift myself off him, he held me in place.

I looked back questioningly and he mouthed, "Give me five."

It was just as if he had said, 'I love you'. Once Alex was done, he was done... needing hours to reload his weapon. And if I hadn't come, which was almost always the case, it wasn't an issue worthy of his attention.

But Cory, young and virile, was able not only to reload quickly, but to remain hard while doing so. Oh, how I missed my college years when everyone was younger.

So I just sat on my son's cock while watching the boring nighttime scenery pass by, waiting impatiently for Cory to get ready for round three, but knowing he wouldn't be satisfied until he'd given me another screaming... well okay, tonight it would be a *stifled* orgasm, but a powerful one all the same.

Alex asked us, "Still okay back there?"

"I was hoping for more excitement," I answered, grinding back on Cory oh so slightly.

"Yeah, it's been a boring drive," my husband agreed.

"Although the scenery is lovely," Cory said, slyly cupping my breasts again.

I slapped them away and said, "Although it's hard to sit in one position for so long."

"Half an hour to go," Alex said, before adding, "give or take."

I almost quipped, 'hopefully give,' as I wanted my son to give it to me, but I was able to refrain, instead replying, "Good, because I'm famished."

"For that T-bone?" Alex asked.

"Yes," I nodded, "a big, thick T-bone." Again, my husband was oblivious to the naughty sexual innuendo. Cory wasn't though, as he bucked his hips up and his cock, now nice and hard, went deeper inside me.

I yelped, like I had the first time his cock filled me.

"You okay?" Alex asked, this becoming a recurring question.

"Oh, I just keep getting poked," I said, which was true, as Cory slyly moved his ass up and down.

"We'll try and reorganize everything tomorrow morning," Alex promised.

"Good idea," I nodded, as I tried not to moan.

"There must be a way to make this work."

Cory added, "I'm okay, Dad. I've gotten used to having Mom on top of me."

OMG! I thought to myself. His words were so blunt! Yet of course Alex didn't catch on... nor should he. Why would he think his son would be fucking his wife right behind him? His thoughts wouldn't go there even for an instant.

"Oh, I love this song," I said, when Starship's 'We Built This City' came on, wanting the music to be turned up, wanting a distraction from the irrepressible sounds I was about to make.

My husband obliged my request and not only cranked up the volume but began singing as well.

I leaned up close and began singing along with him as I offered my pussy to my son.

Thankfully my son didn't need to be instructed, as he began slowly fucking me.

Alex kept sharing looks with me, enjoying this revisiting of our 1980s duet singing as he sang the Mickey Thomas parts and I the Grace Slick parts, completely unaware that at this very moment his flesh and blood was fucking his wife.

And I just went with it... which made me not only a bad Mom for allowing my son to fuck me, but a bad wife as I got even more turned on, knowing I was cheating on him even though he was close enough we could have shared a kiss. Although I'm sure I couldn't have summoned enough self-control to carry *that* one off without moaning right into his mouth and giving everything away.

My orgasm was rising as the song was nearing its own climax and I screamed, "Oh fuck," when my son surprised me by sliding a finger in my ass.

"What's wrong?" Alex asked, slowing down the car.

"Leg cramp," I lied, falling back onto Cory's cock completely, and his finger pulled out of me as quickly as it had entered.

"Should I stop?" Alex asked.

"No, no worries," I said, as I began bouncing up and down on Cory's cock, "I'll just stretch it out."

"Poor Cory," Alex said, seeing my torso moving up and down as I allegedly stretched my leg, unaware of what I was really doing.

"I'm okay," Cory said, as his hands went to my hips.

"I'm not hurting you?" I asked, trying to play along.

He laughed, "No, it's all good."

"Let me know if you need me to pull over for a few," Alex offered.

"Will do," I nodded, when oddly enough I really did get a leg cramp... fucking irony.

I reluctantly moved to the right and up, Cory's cock sliding out of me, and I said, "Actually, we do need to pull over."

"Okay," Alex said, slowing down.

"Sorry, Cory, I really need to get out and stretch my leg," I apologized.

"I could use a stretch too," he sympathized, putting his throbbing cock away as his cum and my wetness leaked out of me.

I worried that I probably smelled of sex so I grabbed my purse and pulled out some wet naps. As soon as the car stopped, I struggled out and began stretching my leg, which was still cramped.

The men got out and they stretched too.

"Less than an hour to go," Alex reassured us.

"I know," I nodded, "I'll be good once I get this cramp out."

"No hurry," Alex nodded, before he added, "I'm going to go take a quick piss."

As soon as he disappeared around the other side of the car, I urgently began wiping my legs and under my skirt, not even worrying about the lone car that drove by. I needed to get rid of the smell of sex.

Cory coughed, a warning cough, and I quickly tossed away the wet naps.

Alex returned, saying, "Shit, it really was hot today."

"Still is, burning hot," Cory agreed.

I added, glancing to Cory, "Stifling."

"Ready?" my husband asked, still oblivious to what Cory and I had been doing together to overheat ourselves, almost all day.

"Definitely ready," I nodded, gazing at my son meaningfully, signaling to him that I was indeed looking forward to resuming what we'd just been doing.

"All right, next stop will be for the night," Alex announced.

"Sounds wonderful," I said, as Cory climbed back into the car.

Once we were all inside and back on the road, I fished out Cory's cock as Alex hoped, "Maybe we can find a hotel with a hot tub."

"That would be great," I agreed, my body sore from the long day of confined space and of course furtive fucking. I got Cory's cock out again, glad to feel it was still hard, and positioned it back at my wanton cunt.

Cory held my hips to keep me balanced as I lowered myself back onto his cock.

Once he was fully inside me, again I just sat on it, enjoying how full it made me feel. Then after a short while I began slowly grinding on him again, getting eager to get revved up again.

I just closed my eyes and enjoyed the slow build as, ironically, Billy Joel's 'We Didn't Start the Fire' rang through the car. The pulsing drums felt particularly helpful.

As my orgasm began building and I needed more, I decided to try a new position, so I leaned to my right as far as I could go, lifting my ass up, which made his cock slide out of me as I gestured at him.

Cory realized what I wanted. For him to roll onto his side and fuck me that way.

He repositioned himself, my head now leaning on the boxes and in plain view of my husband if he turned to his right and looked over his shoulder... which he did.

I smiled, "New position."

"I see," he nodded, thinking I was in search of comfort, not in search of getting off.

"Oh," I moaned ever so softly, as Cory's cock slid back into me. And then to explain myself I pointed out the window and announced, "Horses."

"Yep," Alex nodded, as he tried to sing along with Billy Joel.

Meanwhile my fire was now flaming as Cody slowly slid his cock in and out of me.

I needed to reach another orgasm and I needed it soon. The starts and stops had driven me crazy and I was more desperate than ever for liftoff.

I wiggled my ass, signaling I wanted him to ream me faster.

Thankfully Cory understood and began pumping in and out of me with renewed vigour as a new song began, again an ironic one, Duran Duran's 'Hungry like the Wolf'.

And I was indeed hungry.

"Didn't you see Duran Duran live when you were a teenager?" Alex asked, looking back at me.

"I did," I nodded, as Cory slowed down, making it possible for my head to stop rocking back and forth as I tried to conceal the feelings of pleasure that must have been showing on my face.

"You okay?" he asked again.

"Oh, yes, I'm feeling great," I said, "just can't find the best position." Again, my words having two meanings.

"I imagine there isn't any perfect spot back there," Alex sympathised.

"That's very true," I agreed, "I can get comfortable and feel okay for a while, but soon I need a new position."

Cory's finger teased my ass as Alex said unhelpfully, "Maybe Cory should drive for the last twenty minutes."

I wanted to tell him, "'He's driving me right now', but instead, with just the slightest whimper, my orgasm building, I spoke another double entendre, "Not helpful, we're almost there."

And I was.

I just needed a few more deep, hard strokes.

Again I wiggled my ass.

This time though, Cory took that as permission to finger my ass, so he rather easily slid it inside.

I winced slightly, the lack of lube giving me a slight burn. I loved anal sex, but usually it required a lot of lube.

But my son's cock fucking my cunt, and now the additional stimulation of his finger fucking my ass had me close to eruption, spurred on by the thrill of doing something so naughty with my husband two feet away, enhanced my desire.

I closed my eyes, bit my lip, continued fucking and allowed the pleasure to build. Thankfully Alex didn't interrupt the mood by talking to me, and I was able just to enjoy the double-holed fucking until finally my orgasm hit.

Somehow I was able to keep the scream inside, even though every part of me wanted to scream my release to the heavens, as my cum flooded out of me around my son's fat cock.

Cory kept pumping in and out of me throughout my orgasm until I slapped his hand, imploring him to stop, and levered myself up so his cock slid out of me, as my wetness leaked out of me as well. I pointed to my purse and thankfully he knew exactly what I wanted. He pulled out some wet naps to wipe my legs and pussy.

Alex turned back to us and said, "Ten minutes,"

"Thank God," I replied, both because even when he turned he could only see my head, but also because now we all needed to get out of here before the scent of my sin, which would very soon be permeating the car, wafted into my husband's nose.

"Your cheeks are really red, Sarah," Alex said, looking at me worriedly.

"It's really hot in here I guess," I replied, a viable excuse on this hot summer evening.

Once Cory was done cleaning up his Mommy, I shifted back onto his lap and slumped back against him, utterly exhausted.

He whispered in my ear, "I love you, Mommy."

I wiggled my ass in response, too tired to speak, but I did reach back to caress his cheek for a few affectionate moments.

Eventually we arrived in the town, and we found a hotel pretty easily. It even had a pool with a hot tub! Alex booked two rooms, and after dinner we all went for a dip.

While Alex went to hit the sauna Cory and I slipped into the hot tub where he said, "So Mommy, once Dad is asleep I want you to come to my room."

"Really?" I asked, acting coy. "I can't *imagine* why."

"And I expect you to be wearing thigh highs," he added, addressing me strongly and firmly, which I found fucking sexy.

"How do you even know I own thigh highs?" I teased.

"You wear them all the time," he pointed out before adding, "and often your skirts are short enough to give me glimpses of your lace tops."

"You like my stockings?" I asked, something his father also loved.

"How couldn't I?" he asked, "you wear them every day... I've been perving on them for years."

"Really?" I asked, surprised by this information.

"I even made Karen wear them for me," he added.

"Then you're just like your father."

"He likes them too?"

"He especially enjoys foot jobs when I'm wearing them," I revealed.

"*That* I've never had done to me," Cory said wistfully.

"Mmmmmmm," I purred promisingly, my foot going to his cock.

"I can't wait to fuck you in a bed," he said bluntly.

"Me too," I nodded, "but I'm not sure I should sneak out of our room."

"Once he gets to snoring nothing will wake him up," Cory pointed out, which was true.

"But still..." I said.

"I'm not asking, Mom," he said, "I'm telling you what you're going to do for me."

"You are, are you?" I questioned coyly.

"I am, Mother," he nodded, "tonight you're mine."

"I'm your what?" I pressed, as my foot continued pressing against his stiff cock.

"You're my Mommy-slut," he answered firmly.

"Fuck is that hot," I moaned, totally turned on.

Alex came out of the sauna and told us, "I'm going upstairs."

"I'll join you soon," I nodded, thinking that first maybe my new lover and I could have some fun in the empty pool.

"Okay," Alex nodded, leaving us alone.

As soon as he was gone, I asked, "So: you ever fucked in a pool?"

"Actually, I have," he answered.

"Slut," I joked.

He shrugged, "Never did it on a waterslide though."

"Hmmmmmmmm," I purred. "We *would* be pretty isolated up there. It's enclosed."

"Let's go," he nodded, climbing out of the hot tub.

I followed him up the stairs.

Once we were at the top of the waterslide he ordered me, "On your knees, Mommy."

I obeyed, crawling inside the waterslide tunnel. He stood directly in front of me, holding onto the edges as I pulled his trunks down just far enough to get at his big meat, before taking it in my mouth.

"That's so good, Mommy," he groaned, as I hungrily bobbed on his cock. I had no idea how long we would be alone out here so I focused on speed... even though I would have preferred to give him a lengthy blow job.

I sucked him for a couple of minutes, even deep throating him a couple of times, enjoying the sound of his moans.

Suddenly, the door opened downstairs.

Cory sighed, "Shit, now you definitely have to come to my room tonight."

"You really want to come down Mommy's throat?" I asked.

"And on your face and on your tits and all over your ass and finally *inside* your ass," he listed.

"Now *that* would be impressive," I smiled.

"Kids are on their way up," Cory warned.

"Then you'd better put your little man away," I responded playfully, as I slid down the waterslide belly down and feet first to land in the chilly water with an awkward splash.

We headed back to our hotel rooms with Cory reminding me one more time, "My room as soon as you can."

I smiled, "You really are insatiable. Not that that's a bad thing."

I returned to my room and Alex was lying in bed, clearly already on his way to snooze-ville.

I went and took a bath to wash off the chlorine. It was a long bath, giving me lots of time to replay this crazy day. Which got me horny again.

I climbed out of the tub, dried off and returned to the bedroom.

As I'd expected, Alex was already snoring away.

I went to my suitcase and selected a pair of sheer black thigh highs. I put them on in the bathroom, donned only a hotel robe, grabbed the room key and snuck out of my room and into my son's, which was a few doors down. I saw he'd left the door slightly ajar and I walked in... closing and locking the door securely.

He was on the bed completely naked, watching some sports highlights.

He smiled fondly at me, "Black, my favourite colour."

"Big, my favourite size," I purred, gazing hungrily upon his flaccid cock.

"Like those tits you've been hiding from an unfortunate world all day," he countered.

"What?" I asked, dropping the robe, "These old things?"

My son was speechless as he stared at my tits. Even though I was in my mid-forties, they were still very big, yet very firm.

"Like?" I asked.

"I used to suck on those?" he asked.

"Every day," I nodded, climbing onto the bed to join him before asking, "Why? Would you like to revisit your childhood?"

"God, yes," he nodded, as he sat up and cupped my breasts with both hands.

"Mmmmmmm," I moaned. "Now suck your Mommy's nipples like a good boy."

He did, swirling his tongue around my stiff nipple.

"That's it baby, Mommy loves her nipples played with," I moaned.

He surprised me a moment later as he grabbed me and tossed me onto my back, my head landing on a pillow. He surprised me again when he spread my legs and buried his face between them.

I moaned loudly at his first touch, glad Alex wasn't sleeping on the other side of the wall. It had been so long since a tongue had touched my pussy that I was instantly in heaven. "Your Dad won't ever do this," I revealed a couple of minutes into the exquisite tongue lashing.

"Are you kidding me?" Cory asked. "This is what I call fine dining."

"Then get back to your dinner," I moaned, pulling his head back into my fiery pussy.

He licked me for a couple more minutes until my breathing was getting erratic and I knew my next orgasm was close.

"I'm a flooder," I warned.

"You've been proving that all day," he replied before taking my clit in his mouth. I erupted! "Oh God, yes, baby!!"

He hungrily lapped up my cum until I offered, "Time for me to finish what I started earlier. Stand up, my big man."

He did.

As he stood close to the bed I moved my stocking-clad feet to his cock and began stroking.

"Oh, this is nice," he groaned.

"I only buy stockings made from pure silk," I explained.

"So I can feel," he nodded, taking hold of my feet and beginning to masturbate himself with them.

"Don't be wasting that cum," I purred.

"Does Mommy swallow?" he asked.

"Are my nylons silk?" I responded. "Are you my good boy? Am I your Mommy-slut?"

"And does Mommy take facials too?" he asked.

"If you wish, but I'd rather swallow every drop of your cum..." I replied honestly, before adding, "...as you fuck my face like the dirty Mommy-slut you've turned me into today."

"Mmmmmmm," he groaned as I slid my feet away from him to drop off the bed and onto my knees so I could take his cock in my mouth.

"Fuck, do I love your mouth, Mommy," he groaned.

"And Mommy loves your cock, sweet boy," I replied, before bobbing some more.

"Oh God, Mom, I've fantasized about this forever," he revealed.

I wondered how long forever had been.

I kept bobbing, and in no time at all I felt his legs tense up as he declared, "I'm going to come."

I bobbed faster until seconds later I was finally rewarded with a full load of cum... apparently the third time was a charm.

I kept sucking until I'd extracted every drop of his cum and he said, "God, that was even better than I've been imagining all this time."

"Have you also imagined getting hard again and fucking your Mommy the old-fashioned way?" I asked, before clarifying, "In a bed?"

"Maybe," he said.

"My question was rhetorical," I smiled, standing up and kissing his lips. Today I had fucked him twice, sucked him three times and even allowed him to finger my ass, but I found this kiss to be the most intimate. Our tongues continued exploring each other's mouths as we fell onto the bed.

For an eternity we made out; not having sex exactly, although our hands roamed.

We were no longer just mother and son; we were also two lustful adults exploring each other's bodies.

Eventually we ended up in a sixty-nine, a position I'd only tried once, the other time with a girl. I bobbed down on his cock, he licked up to my pussy endlessly and wonderfully until without words, he rolled me onto my back, raised my legs above my head and slid his cock inside me for the third time today, this time while grasping my silk-clad ankles. Today had been exciting for us both, but it was so much better in the comfort of a bed and with the freedom to express ourselves fully to each other.

"Oh God, son," I moaned, staring into his eyes, "I love you so much."

"I love you too, Mom," he replied as he began fucking me.

"God, I wish I knew you wanted this while you still lived at home," I moaned, his cock slamming into me.

"Me too," he nodded. "I never thought my fantasies would become a reality."

"And I never knew you had such a big dick," I replied, bucking my ass up to meet his forward thrusts.

"I still can't believe I'm actually fucking you, Mom, that this is really happening," he said, the look in his eyes one of lust and love.

"Then we'd better make every second count," I replied.

And we did.

He fucked me on my side.

He fucked me doggy style.

I sucked his cock to hardness again and then fucked him reverse cowboy.

And we ended the night back in the missionary position.

I came first, and he followed shortly after, this time being finished off by my stocking-clad feet as I gave him a foot job.

He came on my feet and I, still very flexible from my cheerleader days, reached my foot up to my mouth and licked off his cum.

He groaned, "Now *that's* hot."

"Everything today was hot," I countered, as I scooped some cum off the bed from the first rocket that had shot into the air.

"I do love you, Mom," he said. "Today was about way more than sex."

"I know, Cory," I agreed. "I know."

"So..." he began, suddenly nervous.

"I probably should get back," I worried, "eventually your father will wake up."

"I hope I never do," he replied.

"You're an incestual romantic," I joked.

"And a very horny teenager," he added.

"We still have one more day to spend together in the car," I reminded my lover.

"Maybe two, if we can make him stop more often," he countered.

"Mmmmmmm," I purred. "You still have my tits to cum on."

"And your face," he added.

"Facials are such a waste of good, tasty cum," I pointed out.

"But I bet you'd look fucking hot with a load of cum dripping down your cheeks and off your chin," he said.

"Such a romantic," I joked again, as I pulled my nylons off. "Here's a souvenir."

"Of a night I'll never forget," he said, gliding them sensuously across his face.

"The first of many," I smiled, "I hope this will be the first of many, you sexy mother fucker."

"Those are the hottest words I've ever heard," he said gratefully.

"And you know... once a mother fucker, always a mother fucker," I smiled, moving into him for another kiss.

"Well, then I guess we'll have to fuck each other every chance we get," he smiled.

I kissed him once more, put my robe back on and snuck out of his room and silently into mine.

And as I joined my husband in bed, my head was spinning in the aftermath of the strangest, most surreal day in my life.

I had sucked and fucked my son.

I had no regrets.

And I couldn't wait to do it again tomorrow.

The End

Up next:

Backseat Mommy: Ass Fucked

The second day of the trip includes backseat sodomy.