

BACKSEAT MOMMY: ASS FUCKED

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Son slyly fucks submissive Mom in the ass with Dad in car.

Incest/Taboo

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Summary: Son slyly fucks submissive Mom in the ass with Dad in the car.

Review:

This is part two of the Backseat Mommy series. In part one, **Backseat Mommy: A Long Hard Ride**, circumstances dictate that a mom must sit on her college-age son's lap for a long drive. As the day progresses, she is unable to resist the temptation of riding her son's insistent cock.

Note 1: Thanks to Robert, Tenzin, goamz86, and Wayne for editing.

Note 2: There is a lot of texting in this story.

If Cory is texting it will begin with a **C:** and be underlined.

If it is from the Mom it will have an **M:** and be in bold.

Note 3: This story and the entire series was updated in October 2018 with a new edit by Tex Beethoven.

Backseat Mommy: Ass Fucked

I woke up the next morning filled with guilt.

I had willingly fucked my son in the backseat of the car while my husband drove us on the first leg of a long trip to my son's college where he would begin his higher education.

Last night I had snuck out of our hotel room while my husband slept and rushed into my son's room to fuck him again.

With guilt controlling me, although it was tempered by a tingle in my pussy at reminiscing about yesterday and last night, I climbed under the sheets and took my husband Alex's cock in my mouth. I'd only ever awakened him like this once before, the morning after our wedding twenty years ago, and he had joked for all those years since that I knew how to wake him up properly, although he wished I would do it again.

Feeling his flaccid cock slowly growing in my mouth was always a turn-on... I loved the power of using my mouth to make a cock go hard.

I heard soft whimpers and wondered whether he was having a sex dream or was waking up.

After a couple of minutes he groaned, "Oh my, Sarah, what's gotten into you?"

Like yesterday the correct answer would have been 'Your son's big dick', but that still didn't seem like an acceptable answer for him to hear, so I purred, "Just hungry for a morning snack."

"I'm not complaining," he groaned, as I slowly bobbed up and down and his cock became fully erect in my mouth.

As was always the case when we had morning sex, which was rare, he didn't last long, quickly spewing in my mouth. I swallowed the entire load and asked, "Wanna join me in the shower?"

"Sure," he nodded, with a big silly grin on his face.

He returned the favour in the shower, although using the removable shower head instead of his mouth. He was always happy to receive oral, but thought giving it was disgusting, so he wouldn't do it. But the shower head was a nice substitute, since he did make me come.

We met Cory downstairs for breakfast, and regardless of the guilt I'd awakened with, the moment I saw him I knew I was going to fuck him again. I couldn't explain it... other than the phrase 'undeniable lust'. The sex with him yesterday had been exhilarating, whether we were in the backseat risking the possibility of getting caught, or in his hotel room having intense sex while my son took complete control of me. I woke up the next morning washed full of guilt.

I had no idea what he had in mind for me today... but my pussy was already wet with anticipation and the thong I was wearing, no doubt temporarily, was already damp.

Alex asked as we ate, "You sure you guys can endure another day squeezed back there together?"

I admitted, "It *was* a little tight," which could be taken as I meant it, just a description of two people crammed together in a space barely adequate for one, or as the sexual innuendo Cory heard it as.

"True, but the longer we go, the looser it gets," he quipped, making me blush.

"I guess that's true," I laughed, trying to hide the blush.

"Well, yesterday we did make it over one-third of the way," Alex said, excited to end the trip and spend some quality one-on-one time with his wife, who had recently become inexplicably amorous.

Ten minutes later we were on the road, with me once again sitting on my son's lap, when he texted me:

C: Thigh highs again?

I responded back:

M: Easy access for your big dick.

He responded:

C: No regrets?

I texted back:

M: Not doing it with you sooner.

I felt like a high schooler again... waiting for my boyfriend to make his inevitable move.

A chill went up my spine as I felt his hands grasping my hips.

Another chill when he lifted me off his lap.

I glanced nervously at my husband, but fortunately he was focused on the road, which was slick with a downpouring of rain.

I felt Cory pulling my thong aside and slowly lowering me onto his fully erect cock.

Once I was sitting entirely down on his dick, he sent another text:

C: *Let's just sit like this for a while.*

I nodded.

And for the next hour I sat anchored on my son's cock. I wanted to ride on it, or grind on it, yet I just obediently sat on it. I tried to read a book, but that was useless as I couldn't absorb a single word. Instead, I just allowed the longest tease of my life to drive me wild.

When the noise of the heavy rain on our roof finally paused, Alex asked, "How you guys doing back there?"

"Just making the most of a tight spot," my son quipped.

"Yes, it seems even a bit tighter back here than it was yesterday," I added.

"Should we stop for a break?" Alex asked. "There's a truck stop in about fifteen minutes."

"No, we should try to keep at it until at least lunchtime," I replied, hoping to have an orgasm or two before then.

"I'm with Mom, I can last as long as necessary," Cory embellished.

I was worried he meant that he wasn't planning on fucking me during this long, dreary drive. I added, really addressing only my son, referring to blue balls, "Don't try and last too long, sweetheart. You'll go all numb."

"Oh, I have incredible stamina for a tight squeeze," Cory bragged.

"Okay, well let me know if either of you need a break," Alex said, just as the downpour started up again.

"Sounds good, honey," I agreed before adding, ever the nagging driver's wife that I usually was when I was in the front seat, "Focus on the road."

"Nothing else to do," he agreed. "What else would I focus on?"

If you only knew, I thought as I began slowly grinding on my son's cock.

I was dismayed when he grabbed my hips and held me in place.

I grabbed for my phone and texted him:

M: Why? Mommy needs it now!!!

He moved one hand away from my hip to show me his phone:

C: All good things CUM to those who wait... and obey!

I sighed. I was horny as hell and I wanted it now!

Yet instead, I just sat there like a firefighter with a hose available, but no water.

Another half hour passed, although it seemed like three, before Cory placed his hands back on my hips.

I thought to myself, *About time.*

I prepared for him to start fucking me, but I was surprised once again as I felt his finger beginning to probe my asshole.

He isn't seriously thinking of fucking my ass? I thought to myself. Although I hadn't had anal sex since college, Alex astounding me by refusing when I offered him my backdoor during the third day of our honeymoon in Niagara Falls. I did fuck myself in the ass on occasion when I was home alone... my favourite way of getting off being to double penetrate myself... usually fantasizing about being dp'd in real life... a fantasy that I'd never fulfilled.

I tried to relax and allow his finger in, having had my vibrating butt plug in there just last week, which was much bigger. Yet, without lube and at this angle it wasn't going to be nearly as pleasant.

His finger teased me for a couple more minutes but it didn't enter, before he lowered my pussy back onto his throbbing cock.

He then texted me, as my pussy was again full:

C: Put your phone on mute.

I did.

He texted me again, beginning a lengthy texting conversation:

C: Have you ever been fucked in the ass?

I pondered whether I should tell him the truth. I figured at this point there was no reason to be prudish or conservative with him.

I responded frankly:

M: Not since college.

M: Not with a real cock anyway!

C: Dad doesn't fuck your sweet ass?

M: Your father thinks it's disgusting.

C: I can't imagine how he'd think that: we have the same DNA, and I love it!

M: I'm beginning to wonder if you were switched at birth.

M: LOL.

C: So when was the last time you had something in that fine ass of yours?

M: Last week.

C: Details.

M: It was awesome!

C: Don't make me spank you.

M: <Blush> Is that supposed to be a threat?

Alex never spanked me either, another thing I'd really gotten off on back in college. What I really loved was sharp little slaps on my clit when I was getting close, another thing I did to myself when I was home alone and using my toys in my two holes.

C: Oh, Mom, if only I'd known all this earlier.

Wanting to text him nasty stuff... to keep him hard and horny, hopefully enough so he'd want me to start riding him, I asked him some blunt naughty questions.

M: Why, would you have bent me over the kitchen table and slammed this big sausage in my asshole?

M: Or put me over your knee and spanked my bare bottom for being such a bad Mommy-slut and not offering you my sweet cock sucking mouth, my burning hot cunt and my tight hot asshole for my son to deposit his sweet cum inside?

C: Holy shit, Mom. I would love to hear those words coming out of your mouth!

M: And I'd love that cock of yours slamming into my shit hole as you fucked me so hard I would shout to the entire world that my son was a dirty Mother fucker.

C: You got me Mommy-slut, I'm turning you loose. You may start riding me, but keep texting me.

The words I'd been dying to hear... or to read. I eagerly obeyed, moving my left hand to the top of my husband's seat while holding my phone in the other. I slowly began riding my son up and down, glancing out the left window to see that the rain was coming down even harder now. With this torrent pummeling noisily on the roof of the car, and the wiper blades going full speed in an attempt to give Alex enough visibility to drive safely, there was no way he would be paying any attention at all to what was happening directly behind him.

C: Nice and slow, Mom.

M: God, I just want you to bend me over and take control of me right here! I wish you would just bugger the hell out of me!

C: You're such a slut, Mom.

M: I'm your slut, baby.

C: Forever!!!

I read that word.

One simple word.

No question mark, just assertion.

I realized that this could be more than just a three-day backseat stand... it could be so much more.

M: You want to keep fucking Mommy more than just during this trip?

C: Mom, I own you now. I plan to have you come visit me often, so I can shoot so many loads of cum in you that you will get bloated from it.

M: No such thing as too much cum.

C: Is that a challenge?

M: A fact!

C: You have experience with this?

M: More fantasy than reality. But give me your best shot. Or shots.

C: So what is your fantasy?

I pondered this. I could probably list a dozen. I wanted to be with a woman. I wanted to be double penetrated by two cocks. I wanted to be the centerpiece of a gangbang or a train.

M: I have quite a few.

M: U?

C: Tell me.

I continued slowly riding my son, as I listed just some of my fantasies.

M: I would like to be with a woman.

M: I would like to be double penetrated.

M: I would like to be gangbanged.

M: I would like to go to a glory hole and suck cock after cock.

M: I would like to be triple-penetrated.

M: I would like to be with a she-male.

C: A she-male?

M: A cock and tits... the best of both worlds.

C: LOL.

My pussy was on fire as I listed my naughty fantasies to my son. I wanted to come... no, I *needed* to come.

M: Do you want to watch Mommy eat cunt?

M: Get double penetrated?

M: Gangbanged?

M: Fisted?

M: Have a cum bath?

C: Oh God, they're all so hot.

He grabbed my hips and began pumping furiously into my wanton cunt. Knowing he was close to coming, I decided to keep my texting nasty.

M: Do you want to fuck Mommy's ass?

M: Pound the living shit out of Mommy?

M: Ream her butt?

M: Cleanse her asshole with a full load of cum?

I felt his cum erupting inside me as my own orgasm approached.

But he then pulled me back down onto his cock and held me there, preventing my orgasm from erupting, or even progressing.

C: No coming for you yet, Mommy.

I was completely frustrated. I was so close and so desperate to come.

M: Please!!!

C: No! Mommy-pets only come when they get permission.

M: I'll do anything.

C: Anything???

M: Mommy is your complete obedient cum slut, baby.

C: Anything has a pretty wide scope.

M: Yes baby, it does.

C: You'd eat cunt for me?

M: YES!!!

C: You'd fuck me and a buddy simultaneously?

The idea of fucking him and his good friend Calvin popped into my head. Somehow years of fantasies, of reading online Literotica and watching porn was no longer enough for me. I wanted to

live out all my slutty fantasies... Cameras or not, spectators or not, I wanted to star in my own porno scenes.

M: YES, please!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

C: What about coming to my frat house if I join one, and serving as a cum bucket for the entire fraternity?

M: OH MY GOD!!! With that thought in my head I might come just by sitting here.

M: Does my son want me to be gangbanged?

C: I'm asking the questions here. But yes, helping make your fantasies come true would be both a major turn-on for me, and gratifying for my Mommy as well.

I was so desperate to come... so desperate to impress him... so in love with him as both a son and a lover... I used a term that would forever after define our relationship.

M: I will obey whatever you order me to do, Master.

C: MASTER!!! I like that.

M: I mean it, Master. I will obey you without hesitation or limitations.

C: What about Dad? If I ordered it, would you scream 'Your son is reaming my asshole?'

Aye! The rub. I was so overwhelmed with lust that I had briefly forgotten I was not only married, but that my loving husband was a couple feet away. Guilt came rushing back in, which was ironic considering all I'd done yesterday and today.

M:???

M: I love your father.

M: And I love you.

C: I love him too.

C: But this is real.

Real...

Was it?

It was raw.

It was intense.

It was taboo.

But... was I willing to end my marriage to be with my son?

Reality came crashing in like a large broken window in a thunderstorm.

As I pondered this question without knowing the answer, Alex spoke for the first time in a long time, "We're pulling over in three miles. I need to pee, we need gas and we should likely have some lunch."

With my orgasm suppressed by sudden guilt, I agreed, "I could pee and eat too."

Cory added, "Me three."

I remained impaled on my son's cock until Alex was pulling off the highway. I slowly raised myself off his cock and felt his cum and my wetness leaking out of me and down my leg.

As I smelled my unplugged sex, strong and undeniable, I was thankful for my husband's anosmia... his inability to perceive odor (which had been caused by meningitis as a teenager).

I moved my thong back over my leaking pussy and shifted over to sit on my son's right leg.

He texted me:

C: We will continue this conversation later.

C: PS: I plan to plug that ass sometime today.

We didn't say anything, as we both contemplated the one flaw with this intense sex... my husband, his dad.

I love Alex. He's a good man. A caring husband and a great provider.

Yet he'd never been able to comprehend my sexual desires or attempt to fulfill them. For years I had accepted that mostly boring sex was just the way it was. Yesterday's raw carnal sex had awakened the sleeping slut in me, and I had no intention of allowing her to go back into slumber.

I decided to text back, willing to risk everything for more of that sexual intensity, my hungry cunt and ass overruling my moral code... or what was left of it.

M: You'd better. My asshole is tingling with anticipation for that big thick cock of yours.

C: Then you'd better find some lube. Because with or without it I'm reaming that asshole first chance I get.

As the car pulled into a rather large parking lot near a few restaurants, gas stations and more, I pondered whether we could inconspicuously slip away into a bathroom.

But where the hell would I get lube?

As soon as the car stopped, I got out. I looked around not for a bathroom, even though I had to pee, nor for a restaurant, even though I was hungry, but for a place that would sell anal lube... which seemed unlikely.

Alex said, "Let's eat first."

"No, let's go to the washroom first," I countered.

"Okay," he nodded. "Then let's meet at that family restaurant over there. I need to tank up on some real food."

"Sounds good," I nodded.

I headed to the bathroom and I was sitting on the stall peeing when I got a text.

C: I just googled anal lube alternatives and apparently coconut oil is one that works well.

I figured that would be slightly easier to find, but not very. I quipped back:

M: Shoot, I just used the last of it this morning to bake brownies.

C: I'm going on the prowl for coconut oil or other lube. I want my Mommy-slut to be happy.

M: Happy hunting!

M: Master!

I finished peeing and went to meet my husband.

He asked, "Where's Cory?"

"I thought he was with you," I lied.

"I should text him," he said.

"Oh, let him be. He's capable of fending for himself," I said. "We are about to drop him off all by himself at the college, after all."

"True enough," he nodded. "Plus, that will give us some alone time."

"I'm not sucking you off in any restaurant," I quipped, before adding, "although if you can find a discreet location, I wouldn't mind a quickie."

"You're suddenly insatiable," he mused, shaking his head.

"That sounds like a great name for a porn movie," I joked, "Don't miss 'Suddenly Insatiable': sedate housewife unexpectedly breaks character to take on a football team." He chuckled at my impromptu plotline as he found us an open table.

We had lunch (*sans* blow job) and chatted about our upcoming two-week road trip to use up the time while we waited for the closing date on our new condo to arrive.

We were just finishing up when Cory texted me:

C: Circle C family bathroom now!

"Is it Cory?" Alex asked.

"Yes," I nodded and thought quickly. "He needs some money. Apparently he's eating somewhere that doesn't take credit cards."

"Ok, I can go and help him," Alex said.

"No, no," I objected, trying not to look too eager. "I'll go. You can pay the bill here, get some snacks for the drive... I want some licorice... and fuel up the vehicle."

"Yes, my drill sergeant," he joked, always teasing me about my planned itineraries.

"*You'd* better be ready to become a sexy full-time drill sergeant once we drop Cory off tomorrow," I quipped back, before I kissed him and walked away.

I texted:

M: On my way, Master.

C: *Hurry up slut.*

C: *Time for your butt!*

I laughed at his terrible rhyme and tried one of my own as I spotted the Circle C a couple of buildings down.

M: You're no Eminem.

M: But you can have my back end.

C: *Okay, that was better, LOL*

C: *Now hurry up!!!*

I walked double fast, almost running... knowing time was of the essence.

Reaching the bathroom, I found it locked. I knocked.

The door opened and I quickly slipped inside before it could close again.

"Bend over the sink," Cory ordered, taking control immediately.

"Yes, Master," I purred, turned on both by his strong persona and by what we'd just agreed we were about to do.

Once I was bent over, I saw lube in his hand. I asked, "You found some?"

"Believe it or not, yes," he nodded, as he tugged my thong down and poured some oil on his cock and between my ass cheeks.

A chill of adrenaline coursed through me: I was about to be ass fucked! I'd fantasized about it for years, tried to replicate it for years, yet nothing compares with the real thing.

I felt his cock rubbing up and down my ass cheeks and then felt it teasing my asshole.

I moaned, "Just slide it in, baby. Your cock was made for my ass."

He laughed, "Two days ago, who would have thought I would ever hear those words from you?"

"Yesterday morning, *evennnnnnn*," I pointed out, as his cock broke through the sphincteral barrier that's supposed to ward off such violations from the outside world.

"So tight," he groaned, as his cock shoved itself sluggishly into me, slow like a turtle.

"So big," I groaned back, loving the way his cock was widening my asshole.

"Shit, I can't believe my clean-living Mom loves it in the ass," he said, clearly in as much awe of this moment as I was.

"I can't believe my righteous boy is so willingly sodomizing his mother in a public washroom," I quipped back.

He didn't respond, at least not verbally, but his hands grasped my hips a bit more tightly as he kept progressing deeper into my back door.

I, on the other hand, was talking endlessly, loving the opportunity to speak out after needing to be so cautiously silent in the vehicle, "Oh yes, baby, I want that entire cock of yours buried in Mommy's ass. Give it to your Mommy like the ass-slut she is! Baby that's painful, but it's so fucking *good!*"

"Almost there," he declared, as the never-ending slow penetration continued.

"I feel like you're impaling me," I whimpered, a mixture of pleasure and pain coursing through me. I'd always loved the pleasure-pain oxymoron. The right kind of pain often led to a more intense pleasure.

"All in," he announced a moment later.

A chill went up my spine at taking his entire cock in my ass. I asked naughtily, "Are you going to just hang out there and celebrate, or are you going to fuck Mommy's ass?"

"Beg for it, Mommy-slut," he demanded, not yet moving.

"Oh, baby, *please* fuck Mommy's asshole. It hasn't been fucked by a real cock in over twenty years!"

"Then it's time to make up for lost time," he declared, as he began to fuck me, but slowly.

"Oh yes baby, it feels so good," I moaned, the pleasure growing quickly to replace the pain.

"You love it in your ass, don't you?" he asked smugly, after a minute of slow fucking.

"I love your cock in any of my holes," I agreed.

"Information like that would have been good to know during my entire senior year," he joked.

"I never knew you were this well-hung," I quipped. "I stopped giving you baths when you were still little."

"I knew, though. So on my eighteenth birthday I should have just bent you over the kitchen table and fucked you senseless?" he speculated, as he started to go faster.

"Oh, if only you had a time machine to go back in time and do just that," I purred, the idea so fucking hot.

"We definitely need to make up for lost time," he promised.

"Then fuck me harder right now," I moaned, my long-denied orgasm building once again.

"I don't know if I want to," he teased, continuing his steady pace.

"Please Master," I whined, "Mommy needs her shit hole destroyed by your huge pile driver."

Suddenly he thrust hard, making me scream as he plumbed new depths inside me.

"You mean like that?" he asked, buried deep.

"I don't want this ever to end," I answered, before adding, "now do it again."

Then my phone rang.

"Shit, it's your father," I sighed.

"Interesting choice of words," he laughed as he gave me another deep, hard, thrust.

"Fuck, baby," I yelped, as I grabbed the phone.

"Answer it," he ordered.

"Try not to make me scream," I said.

"No promises," he tormented me, as he resumed fucking me.

"Hey, baby," I answered.

"Where are you?" he asked.

"In the bathroom," I answered.

"Almost done?" he asked.

"I may be a few minutes," I answered.

"Oh, okay. Did you find Cory?" he asked.

"He found me," I replied.

"Well, I'm ready whenever you are," he said.

"Okay, I'll be out soon," I moaned, "Cory's almost ready; we'll meet you at the car," as Cory started fucking me faster.

"You okay?" he asked.

"Upset stomach," I answered.

"Oh, okay," he said, clearly uncomfortable. "Take your time."

"Oh God!" I yelped, as Cory slammed into me again.

"I'd better let you go," Alex said.

"K," I whimpered, hanging up. "You brat."

"Slut."

"Mother fucker."

"Ass-taking cum slut."

"For you I am. Drill my ass," I demanded, the name-calling only enhancing my growing desire to cum.

He pounded me for a few more hard thrusts and then suddenly pulled out.

"Now what are you doing?" I whined, my orgasm nearing an apocalyptic explosion.

"I was just making sure your ass will be well gaped for me in the car," he explained, as he wrangled his erect cock away.

"You can't be serious?" I questioned, horny as hell.

"Oh yes, you're my Backseat Mommy and you need to live up to your role," he smiled, as he slapped my needy ass, hard.

"You fucking bastard," I snapped, as I stood up, and pulled up my thong as his phone rang.

"Hi, Dad," he greeted, pointing to his cock.

I glared at him, but obediently dropped to my knees and fished out his hard cock.

"Yeah, I'm just finishing up here," Cory said, as I took the cock that seconds earlier had been buried deep in my asshole, into my mouth.

"Yeah, I'm with Mom right now," he said. "She says she's feeling better and is just eating a hot dog."

My eyes went wide as I bobbed on his cock, the taste of my back door on his dick, tangy.

"I know, she has quite the appetite," Cory agreed, before adding, "I don't know how she takes it all in her tiny frame."

I could barely keep from laughing at the naughty innuendo he was telling his Dad, who would be completely oblivious to it.

"Okay, okay," he said, as he grabbed my head and began fucking my face. "I'll tell her to hurry up and swallow it all down. I'll give her something to wash it down with."

A few seconds later, I felt his cum slide down my throat.

I swallowed it all as he kept pumping his dick in my mouth. Once I'd extracted the entire load, he pulled out and said, "We should get back."

"That load was supposed to be for my ass," I pointed out, still on my knees.

"I didn't want my cum leaking out of your gaping ass and onto me," he said.

"Asshole," I quipped, as I stood up.

He smirked, "Ass, asshole, shithole, it's all the same."

"I still haven't come," I complained.

"Be a good, obedient Mommy-slut and I may let you come later," is all he said, as he swaggered out of the washroom.

I sighed and followed as I said, "I can't believe what you said to your father."

"What? I was serious. I *am* amazed at how you can take a whole sausage," he smirked.

Alex was leaning against the car.

"Ready?"

I nodded as I followed my son into the back seat. For the next hour nothing happened, which was both surprising and stressful. A lot of questions popped into my head:

Does he plan to fuck me again in the car?

Does he plan to fuck me in the ass in the car?

Will he finally let me have a fucking orgasm?

Why is he ignoring me?

In the end, my insecurities hit me as did my burning libido. I texted him:

M: Are you going to fuck me or what?

He didn't respond, instead asking his father, "Have you decided where you want to stay for the night?"

"Are you already sick of your mother sitting on your lap?" I asked, rubbing my ass on his cock.

"No," he said, "Just curious."

Alex said, "Well, if we push hard for three hours we'll hit Edestoon."

"That would be a great place to stop for the night," Cory approved.

"Think you two can last three more hours back there?" Alex asked.

"Oh, I think we'll be okay," I said, as I reached my hand beneath myself and around my son's hard cock.

"Yeah," Cory agreed, "I'm so used to this by now, it's like Mom is one of my appendages."

I couldn't help but laugh.

Alex did too. "I'm really sorry to put you two in such a tight place."

Cory quipped, as he moved his hand under me and felt up my ass, "Oh, I've been in tighter places."

My face burned at the naughty, blunt innuendo.

As his finger teased my ass, he texted me:

C: So you want me to fuck you in the ass right here, right now?

I didn't hesitate, my desire to come overriding anything else.

M: Yes, Master. Please fill my asshole with that big dick of yours.

C: Think you can sit down on it entirely?

M: Yes, or die trying!!!

C: Slut!

M: Mother fucker!

C: Incestuous criminal.

M: You're my partner in crime.

He grabbed the lube and handed it to me. He wanted me to lube his cock and my ass. Somehow his demanding this service of me only made it hotter and nastier.

I fished out his cock. It was already (or still?) hard.

I poured a generous puddle of lube in my hand and stroked his glorious cock slowly, loving the feeling of his hard meat in my hand. I then leaned forward, leaning against the front seat, which caused my husband to turn to look at me.

"Are you alright?" he asked.

"Just changing positions," I answered truthfully, as I simultaneously used my left hand (which he couldn't see from where he sat) to rub the coconut oil all around my rosebud. And most people thought coconut oil was only good for baking!

"We can stop for a break whenever you want," he said.

"No, no," I objected, as I slid a finger slightly inside my ass. "It's such a miserable day. We may as well just keep chugging along and get there as soon as we can."

"Yeah, it's still raining cats and dogs," he nodded.

"Well, you just focus on the road," I suggested, as I positioned my son's cock straight up and slowly lowered my pucker onto it. "And we'll just keep ourselves entertained back here," I added, presenting my own naughty innuendo for Cory's and my entertainment.

"Will do," he nodded, as I began sitting down directly onto my son's flagpole.

Cory's cockhead was at my eager back door, and I ever so slowly sodomized myself on his majestic, magic cock.

Our earlier ass fucking in the bathroom, added to an additional helping of the lube, made his dick slide inside me rather easily, and with only a mild discomfort. That said, the discomfort was countered by the euphoria of having a dick back inside me and the risky thrill of sodomizing myself with my husband less than two feet away.

I was about two thirds down, taking my time as I prepared myself for how deep he would soon be inside me when Alex swerved and I lost my balance, collapsing entirely onto Cory's cock.

"Oh fuck!" I screamed, as I suddenly felt myself fully impaled on my son's sword, experiencing a sudden intense pain as his cock reached impossible depths.

"You okay?" Alex asked, slowing down.

"Yes," I said, trying to compose myself. "I just got banged up on that swerve."

Cory quipped, "Yeah Mom, you slammed into me good."

"Sorry," Alex apologized, "there was a sudden deer on the side of the road."

"It's okay," I said, my words having different meanings to each man. "I just need some time to recover."

"Okay," Alex said.

As I sat on my son's cock, I tried to get used to the simmering pain that was now coursing through me from the sudden impaling.

Cory texted:

C: Just relax. We're in it for the long haul.

M: Okay! Your cock pretty much impaled me.

C: It would be a great way to die!

M: If I die before I come it will be the worst way to die.

C: LOL!!!

C: I am preparing a BIG surprise for you tonight!!!

M: What???

C: It's a surprise!!!

M: I hate surprises!

C: I think you enjoyed the last two days of surprises.

M: But I didn't know in advance I had surprises coming.

C: With me you'll always have surprises coming. Now sit still on my cock and be a good Mommy-pet!!!

M: Yes, Master!

And I obeyed. I just sat there with my son's big cock lodged deep in my asshole. As the miles rolled by, the pain eventually faded away and I wanted to start bouncing on his pogo stick.

Yet I just sat there.

Awaiting orders.

Alex asked, "A truck stop in five miles. Do you guys want to stop?"

"No!" I said, a little bit too emphatically.

"Okay, okay," Alex laughed, "I just thought you might need to stretch."

"I'm all stretched now," I replied, and then realized that would make no sense to Alex.

"Okay," he said.

C: You nasty slut! You really do want a good fucking, don't you!!!

M: I want you to ream my asshole until I come and you erupt a load in it.

C: Right here?

C: Right now?

I knew I should wait until we were alone... maybe we could meet again tonight. Yet I needed it now. This long-withheld orgasm was begging for release.

M: I'm your slut!

C: That may be true... but that doesn't answer the question.

M: Yes, I want you to fuck my ass right here, right now!!!

M: Ream my ass until you deposit your seed deep in my rectum.

M: Please, Master!

Suddenly he bucked up, his cock reaching new depths inside me.

"Oh, God!" I gasped, a fresh helping of pleasure and pain coursing through me.

"What?" Alex asked.

"I just saw a dead dog on the side of the road," I lied as my head spun.

"I didn't see anything," Alex said, looking in his mirror.

"It's so sad," I said, as I began slowly riding my son's cock.

"It was there," Cory lied for me. "I saw it too."

"Okay," Alex gave in. "Then I'd better focus on this road."

"Please do," I said, before biting my lips to keep my moans from escaping. I can't explain it, as I'm sure I'm in the minority in this, but I feel greater pleasure and have bigger orgasms from anal sex... although for the past twenty plus years it had only been with sex toys. The pleasure of a real cock in my butt was incredibly stimulating, and it heralded a soon-to-come utopian euphoria.

For a few minutes I slowly rode this cock, getting used to my son's huge cock in me... again the pain fading away as my pleasure built.

Then, wanting to get really fucked, I began riding him faster. I wanted to bounce up and down on his cock, take it as deep as possible inside my asshole, but that would make too much noise and maybe even start bouncing the car around on its springs, which would affect Alex's driving and give us away, so I focused on just going faster.

Yet I couldn't get any rhythm going, and I was getting frustrated.

Cory seemed not to notice my frustration as he texted:

C: Lean forward and to the side so I can really plow your back door.

I obeyed, leaning way forward and to the right side so my head was positioned between the two front seats.

Cory repositioned himself, leaning to the right as well, and slid his cock back into me. I bit my lip so I wouldn't moan, even though I couldn't completely stifle a soft whimper. Fortunately for me, the loud rain was still pelting down.

I moved my hands to the sides of the front passenger seats for leverage, and just braced myself while I allowed my son to fuck my ass. He fucked me fast, but he managed not to slam into me and make sounds that would get us caught. Although I was enjoying the fucking, I wanted it rougher, harder and deeper.

Alex asked, looking over at my awkward placement, "Is that even comfortable?"

I was speaking more to Cory as I answered, "It's not perfect, but it's the best I can manage for the moment."

"I'm going to pull over at the next truck stop. I really need to pee," Alex decided.

"Okay," I nodded, concerned I would once again be denied my long-awaited orgasm.

Cory kept fucking me, although not hard enough to get me off, and in the precarious position I was in, I needed both arms to hold myself up, so I couldn't get a hand to my fevered twat.

"Here's a truck stop," Alex announced a couple minutes later.

Frustrated, I leaned way back and sat down entirely on Cory's dick.

I lifted my ass up a bit, trying to signal Cory to fuck himself up into me.

He caught on and resumed fucking me even as we were slowing down. My hands now free, I was frantically rubbing myself, my orgasm imminent and yet refusing to erupt.

Cory kept ass fucking me even as my husband came to a stop, causing me to fall back onto my son's sword.

"I gotta pee," Alex blurted out, dashing from the car.

"Pound my shithole," I demanded, the moment Alex was out of sight and hearing.

"Ride me, slut," Cory ordered.

And I began bouncing. Hard and fast. Finally able to really get fucked. I rode his cock furiously, no longer worried about getting caught, only focused on coming.

"Come for me, my nasty ass slut," Cory demanded, "Come right now, like the dirty cum slut you are."

"Oh God, yes," I moaned loudly, my orgasm finally about to break through its invisible barrier.

"I'm about to come in your shit hole," Cory groaned.

"Oh yes, come in Mommy's dirty asshole," I moaned, bouncing recklessly on his cock.

"Aaaah," he groaned a couple bounces later. As soon as I felt his load explode inside me, my own cum exploded out of me.

"YOU MOTHER FUCKER," I screamed, as my bubble burst and intense pleasure cascaded through me and flooded out of me.

"Yes, come my dirty ass-slut," he groaned, as his torrent of cum continued to fill my ass.

Even though I was still coming, I knew our time was short so I opened the door, almost fell out of the car and quickly pulled my thong up as I felt my son's cum leaking out of my ass and my own cunt cum joining it to trickle down my legs.

Looking up, I saw a couple of teen boys and an older woman staring at me. There was no way they couldn't see I was struggling to recover from the sex I'd been having just moments before. They'd probably even seen the car rocking and heard what I screamed.

Mortified by the boys' leers and the woman's judgemental glare, I scuttled directly to the bathroom, so distracted I actually walked right into my husband.

"You okay?" he asked. "You look all flustered."

"I really need to pee," I answered, charging past him and into the ladies'.

I went directly into a stall, pulled down my soaked panties and did indeed urinate with great force. I also forced some of my son's cum out of my gaping ass.

I couldn't believe I had fucked my son in the car... again... still unable to resist the temptation. It was like his cock was the forbidden fruit and I was unable not to gobble it down every chance I got.

As I cleaned my two lower orifices, Cory texted me:

C: That was amazing!

M: I can't believe we just did that!

M: I think at least three people knew I'd just been fucking. They even watched me pulling my thong up!

C: Are you ready for more?

M: You can't be serious???

C: Oh, I need a rest too. But click on this link. Tonight we will make another of your fantasies come true.

I clicked on the link and gasped.

It was a Craigslist ad.

Horny submissive MILF slut looking to be DP'd.

Submissive three hole cum slut wants to make her double penetration fantasy come true.

Her young Master is looking for one or two men with big cocks who are willing to DP her or even make her AIR TIGHT.

Please send face and cock pictures, as we are selective and want to make this special for our horny slut. This is a one-night-only offer. The bigger you are, the more likely we'll be to respond.

***Please be serious, as this cum slut wants to make a decades'-long fantasy a reality...
TONIGHT!!!***

This event will take place at Edestoon hotel and not begin until after 11 o'clock.

I read and re-read it a dozen times.

I couldn't believe Cory would do this.

I also couldn't believe the rush that went up my spine at the possibility of being double penetrated and just used by some strangers like a cheap slut.

As I finally stood up, unsure how to deal with this new situation, He sent me another text.

C: I got a dozen responses so far.

C: Would you like to try a black cock?

C: Ten inches!

C: And thick!

Oh my God!!! This way I could realize two fantasies at once. I had *always* wanted to fuck a black man. I often read race play stories online, and my favourite filmed porn was interracial.

C: Here is his picture!!!

I clicked on it and my mouth watered.

Fuck!

Suddenly fucking my son seemed less like cheating... I know, absurd but true.

This black stranger with a ten-incher would definitely be cheating.

As I contemplated the big black cock, I washed up and examined myself in the mirror.

What was I becoming?

And why couldn't I resist being such a slut?

Yet, even though I knew I shouldn't... I texted my son:

M: BOOK HIM!!!

The End... for now.

Coming next: Backseat Mommy: Gloryhole Slut