

BACKSEAT MOMMY: HUSBAND'S ASLEEP

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In hotel room, Mom and son fuck and risk getting caught.

Incest/Taboo

4.56

3.9k words

Summary: In their family's hotel room, Mom and son fuck and risk getting caught.

Review:

This is part four of the Backseat Mommy series.

In part one, **Backseat Mommy: A Long Hard Ride**, Sarah, a mom, is forced to sit on her son's lap for a long drive. As the day progresses, she is unable to resist the temptation of her son's cock.

In part two, **Backseat Mommy: Ass Fucked**, Sarah now wholeheartedly craves her son's cock and is at his mercy. After willingly taking it in the ass in a truck stop bathroom, she eagerly finishes the job in the backseat of the car as her husband drives in the pouring rain.

In part three, **Backseat Mommy: Gloryhole Slut**, Sarah questions her marriage and, after a tease in the backseat and another tease in the hotel room while her husband is in the bathroom, she has two fantasies come true when her son takes her to a gloryhole.

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

Note 2: This story and the entire series was updated in October 2018 with a new edit by Tex Beethoven.

I swallowed one more load 'for the road', at the gloryhole, rather quickly. Thankfully most men have quick triggers, because I didn't want my son and I returning too late in the evening and raise my husband's suspicions. Cory and I then headed out of the gloryhole and back to the car... my face coated with cum. Not surprisingly, feel of having cum all over my face only added to the wildness.

Cory drove us to a gas station, realizing he'd forgotten to get gas earlier. He had me walk inside and pay with my face coated with the cum, which was now dried. The attendant, a teenage boy, gave me a strange look, but didn't say anything.

Wanting to shock him, I said, "Oh shit, do I still have cum all over my face?"

He nodded all polite, even as a look of revelation crossed his face, "Yes, ma'am, it sure looks like it."

"Damn gloryholes really don't have a place to wash up after taking a few loads," I sighed dramatically. "Where's your bathroom? I can't have my husband see me looking like a complete cum slut."

"O-o-over there, ma'am," he stammered, clearly stunned by my outrageousness.

"Thanks, sexy," I winked and headed to the washroom to clean up, feeling good and nasty.

As I looked into the mirror, my face a mess with dried cum, I knew I was going to have to have a frank, honest talk with Alex sometime very soon. The reality was I loved him, but I just wasn't attracted to him the way I used to be, or the way I now was to Cory. It wasn't fair to be cheating on him... he deserved much better than that... but not until when we were alone after Cory was settled in at his college.

I took a selfie of my cum-coated face, for some reason wanting to immortalize this moment forever, the moment I knew without a doubt my marriage was over and I was beginning a new chapter of my life.

The idea of being alone, of being single after twenty years of marriage, was scary and yet I knew I had to do it.

Continuing on like this wasn't fair to Alex; it wasn't fair to me.

Without our realizing it, we'd drifted apart and needed a different rest of our lives.

I washed up, peed and returned to the car.

Cory noticed my melancholy look and asked, "What's wrong?"

"It's over," I said.

"What is?" he asked, looking concerned.

"Not you and me," I laughed, squeezing his knee, feeling better about my decision after seeing his caring response. "No, your father and me."

"Oh," he said, his concern replaced by guilt. After all the wild sex, all the risk, all the lust I'd experienced the last couple of days of living in a fantasy land with my teenage lover... life suddenly became real. Cory and I (and Alex) needed to face the consequences of our many acts of sexual misconduct: we couldn't live in this fairy tale land forever.

"It's not you," I said. I then reconsidered. "No, I'm wrong, it definitely *is* you. Because regardless of what happens after we drop you off, I know I'm no longer the same. I know what I want now, and I know your father is not the man who can give me what I need."

"I didn't realize that I was..."

"Don't even go there, honey," I reassured my son. "What you did yesterday and today was to save me years of continuing on in a life I don't want. You awakened a part of me that I thought I could never have back. And now that it's back, I can't just push it back down to some reclusive part of my body and ignore it. No, you released my true personality... my wild, adventurous self... from its cage, and it's not going to be tamed back into submission.

"So now what?"

"Well, after we drop you off tomorrow, I'll have a long talk with your father."

"You're not going to tell him about us?" he asked, suddenly worried.

"No, no," I shook my head. "I don't want to be that mean to him. But between you and me I have to admit, I don't want us to be over either."

"Me Neither," he said, before adding, "this has been about more than just the sex, Mom."

"I hope so," I smiled.

"I'm serious," he continued. "I want you to be more than just my backseat Mom."

"Backseat Mom," I laughed, that's funny." I then asked, curious and feeling slightly vulnerable, "What do you want?"

He paused as we rolled up to a stoplight, "I want it all."

"That's pretty vague."

"I want you still to be my mom, but also my lover. I want you to be my mom, but also my Mommy-slut. I want you to be my mom, and yet my three-hole fuck toy cum bucket," he said, listing my dirtiest personas in a bizarrely sincere, even a loving way.

"I want all that too," I said, yet unsure how to make it happen.

A horn honked from behind and he laughed, "Got distracted."

I reached for the cock in his pants, which was hard again, and told him, "You get me distracted all the time, baby. Plus, what do you feed this thing? It never sleeps."

"It always keeps itself awake for you," he replied as we pulled into the hotel parking lot.

"Well Cory," I said. "I'm not sure what will happen over the next while, but I want you to understand that I love you and that you are not to blame for whatever ends up happening between your father and me."

"Okay," he nodded, the mood having grown depressing, a strong contrast from twenty minutes earlier when I'd joyously had a stranger's cock in my mouth and Cory's cock in both my pussy and ass. Good times!

We left the car and walked back towards our hotel room as I reminded him in a whisper, trying to lighten the mood, "We still have one more day of backseat fucking, baby."

He laughed and nodded, "Well, you are my Backseat Mommy, after all."

"I do like that name," I nodded, before adding, "But I also like Mommy-slut, cum bucket, ass whore, just plain old slut, or whatever else you want to call me."

"And I love being called a mother fucker, because I am one," he said, as we reached the door of our room.

"Well, back to faking it," I joked, as I put the hotel key in the door.

To my surprise, Alex was still awake when we walked in.

He said, looking up from the bed where he'd been reading a book, "I was just beginning to worry about you two."

"Oh, Cory was just showing me a few of the unique sights and flavours of the city," I answered, still vividly envisioning the black cock I'd sucked and wondering what it would be like to have it in my

pussy.

"Great, I hope you enjoyed yourself," Alex said, as he closed his book.

"Oh, it was an eye-opening experience," I replied, unable to restrain my sexual innuendo versions of the truth.

"Well, a few more hours of driving tomorrow and you'll be at college, Cory," Alex said, getting off the bed.

"Yeah, crazy to think this wild trip is almost over," Cory nodded.

Sadness coursed through me once again at the reality that this was indeed almost the end of the craziest ride ever... pun intended. As I looked at my oblivious husband, I knew I couldn't go back to the mundane life I'd endured with him before my son rekindled a dying flame.

"I'm not sure I'm ready to have you leave," I pouted.

Alex laughed, "Empty nest syndrome hitting you already, honey?"

Empty mouth, cunt and ass syndrome was what I was really thinking but I nodded, "I guess so." Ironically, when we'd left home yesterday morning I'd been eagerly looking forward to dropping Cory off at college, then starting the next chapter of my life with Alex. Yet now the chapter I'd thought was already pre-written was sorely in need of a massive rewrite.

Alex went into the washroom and Cory walked over to me, pushed me to my knees where I fished out his cock to suck my own pussy and ass taste off it.

I bobbed for about fifteen seconds, maybe thirty, before he reassured me, "This trip isn't the end."

I nodded, acting like a firm mother, "it'd better not be, young man."

"I'm serious," he said, as he put his cock back away, back to his confident, dominant self, "I'm not sure how we'll pull it off, but going forward I expect you to be available for me when I need you."

"What do you want me to do, move into your dorm room so I can be your full-service, three-hole cum deposit?" I asked facetiously, liking the nasty talk and imagining what I'd just described could be a great porn video.

He nodded, "Actually, that sounds perfect."

"What sounds perfect?" Alex asked, coming out of the bathroom.

Cory quickly covered, "Mom promised to come and see me in a couple of weeks to make sure I'm settled."

"She did?" Alex asked, perplexed, knowing he and I already had plans for the next while.

I nodded, "Honey, I can't be gallivanting around the country not knowing whether Cory is getting his basic needs fulfilled," again unable to avoid the innuendo.

"He's an adult now," Alex pointed out. "He's quite capable of living on his own."

"Alex," I said in a tone I only used when I wanted him to understand clearly that like it or not, a point had been decided. "I need to be able to check on him. I won't be able to enjoy the trip if I'm continually worrying about my son."

"So you want to cancel the trip?" Alex asked.

"No, to adapt it," I answered. "Just to modify our itinerary so it doesn't take us too many states away from Cory."

Alex looked at Cory for help, but Cory didn't bite.

"Fine," Alex said, trying to appear sympathetic even though it was obvious he was annoyed, "We can hit a few spots in nearby states and do a circle trip back here."

"Great," I nodded, then yawned. "I'm exhausted. A full day of backseat riding wore me completely out."

Cory added, trying not to laugh at the frankness of my description, "Yeah, it *was* a long, hard ride, wasn't it?"

"Well, tomorrow is a shorter drive," Alex said.

"Is it?" I asked, sounding disappointed because I was.

"Yeah, we're only about five hours away, we made really good time today," Alex informed us.

That meant I only had five more hours of Cory's cock. I lied, "Well, that's good."

"Then our boy becomes a man, an independent entity," Alex said, patting him on his back.

I thought to myself, *Trust me! He's already a man and he's proven it!*

Cory joked, "Is there a ceremony for manhood?"

Alex laughed, "No, but at college there'll be hundreds of new women around."

This made me jealous, which was ludicrous. He was my *son*. Our liaison was *temporary*. I suddenly realized any plans I had of visiting and fucking were no more than temporary measures of pleasure that would only delay the inevitable. He would find a girlfriend. He would get married. And I... I'd get older.

Ironically, empty nest syndrome seemed to crash into me right here and now... when I realized I wouldn't always be able to be fucked by my son.

I broke down in tears.

"What's wrong, honey?" Alex asked, coming to me as I collapsed on the bed in a sudden emotional mess.

"My only boy is leaving me," I blabbered through heavy sobs.

Alex comforted me, "He's just going to college, not to the moon."

"I know," I sobbed.

Cory added, "It's okay, Mom. You can come out and check on me any time you want."

"Thank you," I said, as I calmed down. "It's just... you're my only son."

As Alex rubbed my back like the caring husband he was, my guilt only increased at my betrayal of him. Yet that guilt was swamped by my complete lust for my son.

Shit, I'm a complete mess.

Eventually I calmed down and we watched the news and went to bed. As usual, within a few minutes Alex was snoring.

As I lay there, I felt guilty. I felt lost. And I felt horny. True, these emotions didn't usually go hand in hand, yet those were the ones tearing me apart.

Yet, like in the car, it was lust that eclipsed the others and took charge.

I glanced over to the other bed. Cory was facing away from me.

I glanced back at my husband; he was fast asleep, no question.

A wicked idea popped into my head. The experience of fucking my son with my husband so close by had become quite a turn on, and with only a few hours remaining to play with his glorious dick, I wasn't going to waste this opportunity. I decided to quell my guilt, paradoxically by adding onto it.

I slowly snuck out of bed, removed my panties, checked to see if Alex moved, he didn't, and crept over to Cory's bed.

Cory rolled onto his back and smiled his welcome with a slightly surprised look, "You really can't get enough."

"Mommy wants your dick," I answered as I crawled under the sheets and went directly to his flaccid cock.

I pulled his underwear off and took his soft-on in my mouth. I'd always loved the feeling of a cock growing in my mouth. I loved the magic of it. I loved the power that it was only growing because of me, and I loved the sensations as it hardened in my mouth.

Once it was hard, I began bobbing. I wasn't sure whether I planned just to blow him, or actually planned to fuck him.

"Balls," he whispered, once he was completely hard.

I took his cock out of my mouth and repositioned myself to obey the order. I then took turns sucking each big ball into my mouth.

I then returned to his cock. I bobbed for a couple of minutes, enjoying the comfortable situation of being in a bed, even though my husband was in the next bed. The car, the bathroom, the gloryhole were all uncomfortable positions in make do places. Now I could worship this cock like it deserved to be worshipped for only the second time: in the comfort of a bed.

I took my time, wanting this to last for as long as possible, knowing our time wasn't limitless.

"Shit Mom, you really are an amazing slut," he groaned.

Oddly, that was the hottest thing anyone had ever said to me. I moaned on his cock in response before he whispered, "Come up here and lie on your back."

"You going to fuck Mommy while Daddy sleeps?" I asked, talking like an ingénue porn star.

I got onto my back as Cory crawled under the sheets and between my legs and said, "First, I need a bedtime snack."

I moaned as his tongue made contact with my pussy. Alex didn't go down on me ever, which was one thing that had always perturbed me about him, so having Cory's tongue lapping away felt amazing. I placed my hands gently on his head as I lay back and enjoyed getting eaten out.

And Cory, like I had a moment earlier, took his time between my legs. He explored every inch of my pussy as he teased me everywhere.

He flicked my clit once.

He spread my pussy lips wide.

He kissed my inner thigh.

He slid his tongue down to my asshole.

He was driving me wild as his tongue used my body like a canvas and I was his Moaning Lisa Mommy.

My orgasm was building and I whispered, "You're about to make Mommy come."

I figured that would make him quit and come fuck me, but instead he shifted from slow teasing to fast-paced pleasing.

The sudden intensity of the pleasure quickly escalated the approach of the orgasm that was slowly building, and I quickly grabbed an extra pillow and smothered my face to cover the scream about to escape my lips.

I grabbed his head, and that was all the prompting he needed as he sucked my clit between his lips and tugged.

My uncontrolled scream of pleasure was muffled by the pillow as I came seconds later.

As soon as the screaming portion of my orgasm was finished he moved up, rolled me onto my side and slid his cock in my cunt, which was still trembling.

"Ohhhh," I moaned, as he began fucking me.

"This is so fucking hot and twisted," he whispered.

"And reaming my asshole with your father a couple feet away wasn't?" I questioned naughtily.

"Touché," he air-laughed silently, as he pumped his cock in and out of me.

"Now fill my cunt with your cum, baby," I ordered, wanting to feel him erupt inside me.

"Not your ass?" he asked.

"No, I want your seed erupting in Mommy's cunt," I moaned, wanting to feel my pussy filled with his hot seed.

He fucked me for a couple of minutes before he pulled out.

I whined, "Put it back in."

"Go back to your bed," he ordered.

"You're not going to finish fucking Mommy?" I asked surprised and disappointed.

"Oh, I'm going to keep fucking you all right," he said cockily.

It was then I realized his plan... his sick, twisted plan.

I got out of his bed and back into mine and lay on my side so he could re-enter me with ease.

He moved into the queen-sized bed as well, nudging me even closer to Alex, now only a few inches away from me, and slid his cock back in me.

"Ooooh," I moaned again, watching my husband, trying not to pant on him as I was fucked by our son. This time was even naughtier as I could see his face, in close-up even, but he was still completely oblivious to what was happening right beside him during his sweet slumber.

"Harder," I whispered out of the side of my mouth.

Cory obliged, the entire bed now moving as he pounded me hard.

Even while being rocked back and forth by the mattress, my husband snored softly on his back the way he always slept, while I got fucked by his son in the same bed.

I felt so naughty; this was so wrong; which, of course, made it so feel so good and so hot.

In a wild day where I'd been ass fucked in a backseat, used in a bathroom and a gloryhole, this was the wildest moment yet.

And although I'd originally wanted to feel my son's cum fill my cunt, I suddenly wanted to make this taboo moment even wilder. I whispered, "Slide that big dick in my ass."

He didn't question the idea at all as he pulled his cock out of my cunt and slid it into my ass with ease.

I clenched my teeth just in time to hold in my groan as a slight pain coursed through me before pleasure quickly took over.

"Fuck you're a nasty slut, Mom," Cory whispered in my ear as he began to fuck my ass.

"For you I am," I whispered back, as I was sodomized by my son with my husband lying right in front of me, the rush unexplainable. Fuck, was I a slut.

I was ass fucked for a while, enthralled by the euphoria of the kink.

This act of kinky sex had my pussy burning and I could feel a second orgasm rising rather quickly.

Cory kissed the back of my neck as he slowly fucked my ass.

After a couple more minutes of slow ass fucking, Cory began bucking his hips faster and really fucking my ass.

I moaned, "Yes, pound Mommy's asshole", as I buried my face in a pillow again and moved my hand to my pussy to begin rubbing my clit.

"I'm going to come in your asshole, Mommy-slut," Cory whispered.

"Fill my shit hole with your cum, baby," I moaned, my orgasm imminent and wanting to make this as nasty as possible. I was his Mommy-slut, his cum bucket and I wanted his seed *right now*.

A few hard thrusts in my ass and he grunted and shot his load deep inside me.

This triggered my orgasm seconds later as I screamed, "Oh shit," loud enough to wake up my husband.

As Alex sat straight up alarmed, Cory slid out of me and slipped silently down to the floor. I could feel cum leaking out of my ass and my orgasm still coursing through me as Alex asked, worried, "Are you okay?"

I tried to control my breathing as I answered, "Yeah, wild dream."

"About what?" Alex asked.

"Being attacked by a massive snake," I answered, telling the truth.

"That sounds like a nightmare," Alex said, as he lay back down.

"It seemed so real."

"Well, go back to sleep honey."

"I need to pee now."

"Okay," he nodded, already falling back to sleep.

I got out of bed and saw Cory lying on the floor smiling.

I stepped over him and went to the washroom to go pee like I'd said, and also to clean up all the cum leaking out of my gaping asshole.

I returned to the bedroom and saw that Cory was back in his bed and his father was snoring again.

I leaned down to Cory and whispered, "That was close."

He nodded, "When you screamed all of a sudden I almost had a heart attack."

"Tomorrow I want a load in each hole before I leave you at college," I said, giving his now flaccid cock a squeeze.

"What about a facial?" He asked.

"Fine, but that means I want four loads from that gun of yours," I smiled.

"Thankfully I never run out of ammunition," he joked.

"Thank God," I agreed, as I got back into my own bed and realized I was lying in a massive wet spot of cum.

Fuck! I'd made it in my bed and now I had to lie in it. I had become a massive slut!

The end of adventure 4.

Coming next:

Backseat Mommy: Jam-Packed with Cum

One final backseat fucking, one more ass reaming, and a messy goodbye... for a while.