

BACKSEAT MOMMY: MOM'S LAP OF LUXURY

silkstockingslover

Mom explores her bi side and is caught by her son and....

Incest/Taboo

4.76

10.8k words

Summary: Mom explores her bi side and is caught by her son.

Review:

This is part seven 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 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, 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 glory hole.

In part four, **Backseat Mommy: Husband's Asleep**, Sarah knows she has to tell her husband it's over, but not before they drop Cory off at college. That night, Sarah sneaks into her son's bed with her sleeping husband a few feet away and gets fucked in all three holes.

In part five, **Backseat Mommy: Jam-Packed With Cum**, on the final day of the drive Sarah attempts to fulfill a promise of taking a load in all three of her holes, plus a facial.

In part six, **Backseat Mommy: Lustful 3-Hole Slut**, Sarah breaks up with her husband, who has his own secrets to share; strangely, they bond more closely with each other than ever before even as they part ways, and she heads back to visit her son at college, determined to take two loads in each of her three holes... and her quick-reloading son is more than happy to oblige.

Note 1: Thanks to Tex Beethoven, Robert, and Wayne for editing.

Backseat Mommy: Mom's Lap of Luxury

I won't bore you with the details of the rest of the weekend, although I found them far from boring, as we fucked in the morning, in the afternoon and in the evening. All three of my holes were thoroughly lubricated by his abundance of cum, and by Monday morning when he headed off to school, I finally knew how I wanted to die when it was time: being fucked to death.

On Monday, I made an offer on the last house we'd looked at, spent Monday at the spa (four hours of full body pampering, I wanted to be fresh for my man and look fucking amazing as well) and banking (two more hours, who knew how much work was involved in changing all your contacts, dependents and so forth).

That night I sucked Cory for over an hour as he read a textbook... before he finally flipped me onto all fours and fucked me doggy style... coming in my cunt.

On Tuesday I was back at the bank signing papers for the house, but only after spending a couple hours of nonstop haggling where I saved five grand. I would own the house in ten days, which was pretty exciting.

Over the next three weeks I moved into the house, repainted most of the rooms, furnished it and, of course, was my son's booty call whenever he wanted me.

Sometimes he would text me to meet him at school in our 'special bathroom', sometimes he would take me in his dorm room, and occasionally he would come over and spend the night.

His cock, his cum and his power over me had become my addictions, and I couldn't get enough.

When he didn't call for more than a couple days though... I got restless.

I was constantly horny.

Any day that Cory didn't give me his dick and his cum, I was frustrated... I'd go through withdrawal... ironic, as I'd often gone for weeks without any cock at all before my backseat marathon began with my studly, big cocked son.

But my sexual reawakening had changed me completely, and I was constantly hungry for his cock... for his cum... for his dominance.

So although every couple of hours I wanted to text Cory to please come over and fuck my face, pound my pussy and ream my ass, I knew I needed to give him some space... I couldn't act like some needy mother... although in truth I was fucking needy for his cock.

It felt like I was experiencing a delayed, fucked up version of empty nest syndrome twenty-four seven.

So with no commitments to keep me busy, I tried to occupy myself.

I binge watched tons of shows, from re-watching every 'Friends' episode in order, to the new Netflix series 'Love', to 'Orange is the New Black', which was surprisingly interesting and hot.

I also began watching and reading more porn... especially lesbian porn, as I pondered whether I could find another woman to share my son with: either a sexy MILF or a delicious coed... the girl I'd briefly flirted with at the college bookstore popping into my head. We'd only swapped a few brief, sexy innuendos, but I'd felt a connection with her.

The stories and vids that turned me on the most were the ones where an older woman was seduced and dominated by a younger one.

I had no doubt that I was a submissive, and that I would give in to the right girl, if given the opportunity.

The idea of being dominated by a younger girl was completely intriguing, and it had become a new fantasy of mine whenever I wasn't taking my son's dick in one of my three holes. I had no interest in meeting a man, getting a boyfriend or getting fucked by a guy... my son fulfilled all my needs in

that realm... but the more I read, and the more lesbian porn I watched, the more the idea of submitting to a girl turned me on.

So I did some research and learned there was a lesbian club in town, not too far from where I lived... but I wasn't sure I could bring myself to go there by myself. Perhaps with a lesbian lover sometime, if I had one.

Instead, I decided to return to the bookstore in hopes of checking in with the cute cashier there.

I ended up going there three times, but she was never working, and I didn't even know her name, so I couldn't ask whether she still worked there. I visualized myself describing, 'Well, I didn't catch her name, but she had brown hair, about *yay* tall, a uniform just like yours, sexy as hell...' Hopeless.

So I tried perusing Craigslist ads for female to female ads (w4w), which meant woman for woman.

There were many short and to the point ads: I didn't like those.

There were a few longer ads that that did intrigue me, though.

Lonely Housewife Looking to Play (w4w)

Does your husband ignore you? Are you alone and bored all day? Are you questioning your sexuality?

I am, and if you are like me, we should chat. Get to know each other. Perhaps play. I am new to this but want to find someone to explore my fantasies with.

Let's chat!

That one intrigued me, as although I didn't have a husband anymore except for a while longer on paper, I was super bored when Cory wasn't available, which was almost always during the day (minus the rare quickie he occasionally summoned me for), and I was indeed questioning my sexuality. I knew I didn't want to swear off men... or rather *man*, meaning Cory... but maybe it would feel right to expand my orientation without switching it.

Looking to fuck someone with my strap-on (w4w)

I believe the heading is rather self-explanatory, but I'll give you more details because I would want them if I had clicked on this.

I'm 22.

Lesbian.

Chubby and butch, with huge tits.

I like to fuck.

Hard.

I like to sit on a face and ride it to multiple orgasms.

PS: I don't eat pussy... I fuck pussy (and sometimes ass).

If still interested, why are you not already responding?

The dominant tone had me wet. The ideas of being fucked by a woman or being face ridden were both exciting. Yet... I don't know... the term butch threw me off a bit. I was okay with chubby, but I wanted a feminine woman.

The next and last one really intrigued me.

College Coed Looking for an older woman MILF (w4w)

Hi,

I'm 23, mostly straight but explored a bit this summer while in Europe. I originally told myself it was just a summer fling, but I keep reminiscing how amazing it was.

That said, I do not want anyone to know about it.

So I'm looking for someone older who can host and play.

I'm a bit shy, a self-proclaimed nerd, but get pretty wild when horny.

If interested, please respond soon as I am really, really craving, well I'll just say it, pussy.

PS: Discretion is a must.

She sounded so sweet and perfect.

I immediately responded to her.

Hi,

I'm Sarah. A mother of two adult children and going through empty nest syndrome.

I'm in the middle of an amicable divorce and have begun to question my sexuality.

To be honest I have never been with a girl, but I'm dying to make my growing curiosity a reality.

I'm 46, blonde hair, blue eyes with large 38D breasts, and my fetish is nylon stockings (I'm not sure you need to know this, but I thought I'd throw it out there).

I hope you respond back, but I will understand if you don't.

PS: I can host (I live alone so am available pretty much morning, afternoon or night) and can guarantee complete discretion. I'm also new to the city and know almost no one.

Sarah

I pressed send and then second-guessed whether I'd said too much.

Deciding not to stake all my bets on one possibility, I also reached out to the 'Lonely Housewife'.

Hi,

I'm Sarah.

I'm in the middle of an amicable divorce, but your other two questions are a BIG TIME YES. I am new to town, living alone and am bored morning, afternoon and night. I also have begun during the past few months to question my sexuality and have become more and more curious about being with a woman.

So perhaps we would be perfect for each other.

I can host or come to you.

Let's chat!

I pressed send and I pulled up some lesbian stories online.

I was reading my third story in a row, my pussy beginning to get very wet, when my phone alerted me that I had an email.

I checked, and saw it was from 'Lonely Housewife Looking to Play'.

Hi Sarah,

I was so excited to receive your message. The first three I received were crude and either from dirty old men, or women I don't want to meet.

But your response felt genuine.

I'm Brynn, I'm 33 (so a bit younger I hope that is okay), with three kids all in school during the day, and looking for a friend (hopefully with benefits).

I too just moved here as my husband got a job here and now lives at his office all day and much of the night. So I send him off to work, drop the kids off at school, do my daily household chores, pick the kids up from school, take them to their after-school activities, make dinner, etc. It has become my own 1950s Leave it To Beaver version of Groundhog Day.

The only highlight of my day is reading erotica or watching porn, usually lesbian but not always, and getting myself off with my way too old vibrator (I bought it in college).

But this is getting too routine.

Hopefully I have not scared you off... probably too much information for a first email... but I have this feeling that you are like me and will appreciate my being forthright.

Hope to hear from you soon

Brynn

She was so intriguing.

I wrote her back right away.

Nice to meet you Brynn.

First yes... I do appreciate your being forthright and your frank responses. You sound very interesting and just like me a dozen years ago. God, that makes me feel old. Although I

should point out I don't really feel old... I actually feel rejuvenated in the midst of a divorce and my life-altering decision to move closer to my college son (who lives on campus).

Your life sounds exhausting and you clearly need a break in your day, and hopefully I can be part of that break.

I, on the other hand, or maybe it's more like the same hand, need a break from my mundane boredom (although I am definitely getting my money's worth on my Netflix account). I don't have your action packed life, I have no life (that sounds more pathetically depressing than I meant it to be).

Anyway, I would love to meet you. Maybe you can come over tomorrow after you drop off your kids at school. I will have coffee on, and we can chat with no expectations other than to get to know each other.

PS: What is your favourite lesbian story? Although I'm not sure I have only one, I love 'Training Teacher' by silkstockingslover. The idea of being seduced by a woman is stimulating and the idea of being a pet to a bunch of teenage girls is both humiliating and stimulating. (Shoot, now perhaps *I* said too much).

Sarah

I clicked send with anticipation that perhaps tomorrow I would meet her in person.

I then received a text from my son: **Hungry?**

I responded back: **Always.**

He texted back: **My dorm room. Thirty minutes.**

I responded back: **I'll be there.**

Knowing I'd be getting some dick soon, I left my burning cunt to simmer and got ready to leave. I needed to freshen up first. I always wanted to look as hot as possible for my son. I knew I was competing with a plethora of slutty college girls, so I needed to work extra hard to keep his focus on me. Luckily, college girls didn't usually go the extra mile like wearing nylons, immediately jumping in the car when texted, or taking it in all three holes.

As I finished getting ready with last minute touch-ups (lipstick, perfume), I got another email.

It was from Brynn again.

Although I needed to leave soon, I *had* to read it first.

Sarah

I would LOVE that.

I know this is a bit crazy and a bit fast... but I really sense that you are like me.

I drop my kids off at 8:30.

If you send me your address, I will come directly to you after I drop them off.

Looking forward to meeting you.

Brynn

PS: Off to pick up kids and return to my motherly duties after a brief interlude (corresponding with you) that broke the mundane cycle of my life. I'm not sure I have a favourite story, but I love reading any lesbian story. More about that later.

I quickly responded, as I slipped into my heels:

Brynn

I can't wait.

And I hope to break us both out of our mundane routines.

Sarah

PS: I'm off to have supper with my son.

Obviously, I didn't add that my supper was going to be my son's sausage.

After I pressed send, I realized I hadn't included my address, so I sent a second email with that and headed out.

Twenty minutes later, I was bent over my son's desk, getting fucked.

He asked, as he slammed into me while we had a weirdly nonsexual conversation, "So what have you been doing during the days?"

"Netflix," I answered, before adding, as I turned my head around to look at him coyly, "and a lot of porn."

"Really?" he asked.

"You've turned me into a sex-crazed slut," I pointed out.

"I think you helped turn yourself into one," he countered.

"Well, you played a *big* starring role," I said, stressing the word.

"Guilty as charged," he laughed, as he pounded me hard.

"And my jail sentence is waiting for you to summon me," I said, before adding, "while waiting in solitary confinement."

He laughed hard, "So when you're not taking my cock, you're in a figurative jail?"

"Exactly."

"Well, as judge and jury," he said, pulling out of my cunt and sliding into my ass, "I sentence you to a hard ass fucking."

"Objection," I protested playfully, as I would never object to his cock invading my ass.

"Overruled," he countered, as he held my hips and began slowly fucking my ass.

"Oh God son, fuck my ass," I moaned, after a dozen or so strokes, loving a cock in my ass as much as I loved one in my cunt.

"God, I love your ass, Mom," he groaned, my ass still amazingly tight, considering the multiple hard ass gaping poundings it had already taken from my son.

"Now be a nasty mother fucker and ream Mommy's asshole," I demanded, wanting him to really drill me.

"God, you're a dirty fucking ass slut," he said playfully, as he obliged my request.

"I'll always be your ass slut, son," I declared, knowing that until the day I died, all three of my holes would be available for his cock.

Even if I remarried, which was unlikely, I wouldn't give up my son's cock.

If he married, I'd make sure he understood that all three of my holes would remain available to him anytime, anyplace.

"You bet you will," he agreed, as he fucked the shit out of me... coming a couple minutes later inside my ass, just moments after my long-awaited orgasm erupted.

As cum dripped out of my ass and he got dressed, I asked, "So how is school going?"

"Busy."

"Not too busy to keep your mother filled with cock, is it?"

"Not yet," he laughed, "but midterms will be coming soon."

"Well, you do need to be able to focus on studying; and speaking with the knowledge of someone who's known you since birth, I'd say that depositing the occasional load in Mommy's mouth, pussy or asshole will likely help," I pointed out.

"I'll keep that in mind 'old friend'," he quipped, before adding, "I hate to fuck you and run, but I'm meeting some friends for dinner before we work on a project."

"Sure, sure," I nodded, happy to have had this fuck time with him, but feeling a little let down to be going home to an empty house.

"You okay?" he asked, noticing my tone.

"Sure," I nodded. "I just need to start meeting some people."

"I'm sure you will," he said, giving me a hug.

He kissed my lips tenderly and said, "I love you, Mom."

"I love you too, Cory," I reciprocated, loving this moment of sweet intimacy after such a nasty fuck session.

"You can stay here as long as you wish," he offered.

"Thanks, but I'll just clean up and get going."

"Okay, see you soon."

"It better be soon," I said in a motherly voice as he left.

I washed up and headed out. In the hallway was a good looking-guy who proved himself a jerk as he smiled and said, grabbing his crotch, "If you're still hungry, I have something you'll like."

"I don't do mini-sausage," I quipped back, not appreciating his assumption I that was some slut walking out of a dorm room... even though I *was* some slut walking out of a dorm room.

"Your loss," he said, slapping my ass as I walked by.

"I doubt it," I said, choosing to ignore the rude slap, even though part of me was flattered to be hit on by a college guy.

Deciding I should be prepared for whatever tomorrow might bring, I stopped at a sex shop and bought a few new toys: two rabbit vibrators (one for Brynn as a nice-to-meet-you gift, albeit quite a forward one) and a strap-on cock just in case. I wasn't sure which of us would be wearing it, but I hoped it might come in useful, if not tomorrow, then maybe someday.

I picked up some food, went home, ate, had a bath, a glass of wine, and was considering going to bed early... knowing I needed to get up much earlier than my usual nine-thirty so I could host Brynn, when I received an email from 'College Coed Looking for an older woman MILF'.

Hi,

Thank you for responding.

You sound lovely. I'm 23, brunette, brown eyes, 32B small breasts (but big sensitive nipples) and, believe it or not, I also like nylons. My parents are both in politics and I was expected to dress professionally at many political events.

Are you available now?

I can come to you ASAP.

I hate to be so forward, but I am really horny and well, if I'm being frank, need to eat a pussy right now!!!

Please text me at this number if you are available.

My cunt gushed at her offer.

So although I had an intriguing possible lesbian encounter planned for the morning, I texted her my address.

She responded that she lived close by and would be over in ten minutes.

I put on a sexy red lingerie set I'd bought and not yet used for Cory. It included garters for a pair of stockings, which I fastened in place of course, leaving the panties off.

This was a booty call... or whatever the lesbian version would be called... a pussy call perhaps?

I slipped on a robe, poured myself another glass of wine, downed it, and sauntered into the living room.

I wasn't nervous at all until the doorbell rang.

Then I became a bundle of nerves.

What was I doing?

How did I know she was even of legal age?

What if she wasn't who she said she was?

What if she was a serial killer?

I went to the door and peeked through my peephole.

My worries quelled.

She was the cutest young thing ever. She indeed looked like a nerd... but a cute one. She had glasses on, her hair in a ponytail and was in a cute sundress (although I couldn't tell if she was wearing nylons).

The only concern remaining was whether she was old enough... she'd said she attended college, but I wanted to make sure.

I opened the door and she apologized, "Sorry I'm late."

This broke the ice instantly, as I laughed, "By what, thirty seconds?"

"A whole minute," she confessed, looking so nervous.

"Come in, you terrible latecomer," I smiled, as she timidly walked in.

I closed the door and saw she was wearing pantyhose, or at least nylons of some sort. I said, "I hate to be that woman, but can you please confirm your age?"

She laughed awkwardly as she opened her purse, still not really making eye contact with me, "I do look young I know, but I'm almost twenty-four."

She handed me her ID and examining it I said, "You could pass for a high schooler for sure."

"It's a curse," she said, the conversation seeming to relax her a bit as I handed back her ID.

"Or a blessing," I said. "One day you'll *want* to be mistaken for younger."

"Speaking of which, I can't believe you're forty-six," she said, looking straight at me for the first time, "you look a lot younger."

"Flattery will get you everywhere," I smiled, as I took her hand and led her into the living room. I then decided that this encounter was going to be awkward until we got to the real reason she was here, so I turned back to her, drew her to me and kissed her.

It was the right thing to do for both of us.

My butterflies vanished.

Hers did as well.

I was also surprised by how much softer her lips were than Cory's or my ex Alex's. The kiss soon became tender and intimate as we both relaxed.

I broke the kiss and asked, trying to be playful, yet sensing she'd need a bit of guidance to get to the real reason she was here, "Ready to kiss my other lips?"

"Yes, ma'am," she grinned from ear to ear, kind of like the Cheshire Cat.

"Take off my robe," I instructed gently.

"Yes, ma'am," she repeated, already in a lustful submissive daze.

She undid my robe, opened it to see what I was wearing and she literally gasped, "Oh wow!"

"Like?"

I couldn't explain it, but seeing the lust in her eyes and the hunger on her face felt exhilarating. It felt like when Cory had first lusted after me.

"You're beautiful," she said, as she scanned my entire body and I shrugged the robe to the floor.

"Thank you, my dear," I said. "You're very cute yourself."

"Thank you, ma'am," she said, admiring my body and clearly wanting to explore it, yet incapable of doing anything without permission.

I moved my hands to her hips and pulled her dress up and off of her. She was in a cute pink bra and panty set with nude pantyhose. "You have a great body..." I began, and realized I didn't even know her name. "Um, what's your name, sweetheart?"

"Rachel," she answered, her body shivering as I admired it.

"What a beautiful name," I said, as I embraced her shoulders and kissed her again. She kissed me back as I reached around and unclasped her bra.

I tossed the bra away, broke the kiss and said, as I admired her small but perky breasts and her huge hard nipples, "You have amazingly cute breasts."

"They're small," she apologized.

I reached up and cupped them in my hands saying, "Trust me, you wouldn't want them to be my size, they're back killers."

"I never thought of that," she moaned as my fingers traced over her nipples.

"And these ones are so enticing," I said, as I sucked her left nipple into my mouth.

"Ohhhhh," she moaned; clearly her nipples were one of her erogenous zones.

"Your lovely nipples aren't small at all: they're so big and hard and delicious," I purred, as I moved to her other nipple and replicated the attention.

"God, yes," she trembled, as I pleased her.

I shifted into tutor mode for a moment and said, "Pantyhose are fine for business attire, but for playtime I think you need something more practical."

"Practical?"

"Yes, so I can have quick and easy access to that young, ripe pussy of yours," I explained, my hand going to her pussy, which was already quite wet.

"Ohhhhh," she moaned, "you don't have to please me, Sarah. I came here to please you."

"Can't we please each other?" I asked, curious to know what licking another girl would taste like, would feel like.

"S-s-sure, i-i-if that's okay with you," she stammered, as I rubbed her pussy through her pantyhose and panties.

"It is okay and hold that thought; I'll be right back," I said, dashing into the kitchen for a moment.

"Okay," she said, so flushed I could have fried an egg on her cheek.

I grabbed a pair of scissors and returned. She looked at me, slightly perplexed as I knelt before her, snipped a tidy hole in her pantyhose and tossed aside the obstructive nylon to gain access to her twat.

I then tugged her panties aside and dove in, tasting my first pussy ever.

"Oh, God!" she gasped and moaned at the same time.

"So delicious," I crooned as I sampled her sweet nectar. It was so much more tantalizingly tasty than men ever let on.

My tongue parted her hairless pussy lips and I got a very good taste of her wetness as she put her hands on my shoulders, I believe for balance, as her breathing deepened.

I was like an explorer discovering new uncharted territory and entering a new world, where everything was new and exciting.

I traced her pussy lips.

I teased her big, swollen clit.

I parted her pussy lips with wide paintbrush-like strokes.

"Please... may I taste you too?" she begged after three four minutes, perhaps more. I'd lost track of time in my exploration.

"Mmmmmm," I moaned, as I stood up, took her hand and led her upstairs to my bedroom.

We climbed on the bed together, and she surprised me by pushing me onto my back and wordlessly burying her face in my pussy. Evidently she wasn't *all* submissive. I was good with that.

It was my turn to moan, 'Oh, God,' as she began licking me.

Cory typically licked me a little... but then it usually quickly progressed to a hard cunt pounding or a deep ass drilling, both of which I loved. Both got me off splendidly.

But this experience was something completely different.

This was a slow burn... a volcanic build up. She began in my pussy, which was a bit like a Yellowstone mud pot, warm and moist and thick, but her attentions soon brought more moisture flowing into it until it became more like a hot spring. Maybe there'd be a geyser soon.

She'd clearly eaten pussy before, soon getting me moaning with pleasure with her fast-paced tongue movements... followed by random taps on my clit... followed by slow deep licks... followed even by her tongue, tubular and stiffened, trying to probe inside me.

I was a muddled mess, and she a hungry cunt muncher.

But even as my orgasm was building, I wanted to taste her again. "Shift around, I want to eat your cunt, too."

"Mmmmmmm," she moaned as she sucked on my clit hard for a moment, before spinning around, straddling my face and diving her face back into my pussy.

I wrapped my hands around her ass, pulled my head up and began licking, after once again pushing her annoying panties out of the way.

I was engaged in my first lesbian 69.

It was amazing!

Our moans echoed in the room like a sexual symphony as we both devoured each other's pussies. Licking, sucking and probing with reckless hunger.

I came first, screaming into her pussy, "Yes, I'm coming!"

She eagerly lapped up my flooding cum for a good minute as I came and came, before surprising me as she sat up... sat completely on my face and began grinding.

It was the second hottest thing I'd ever had done to me... after, of course, getting fucked in a car by my son while my husband was driving.

I extended my tongue and enjoyed this surreal ride as her wetness coated my face like a pussy shower.

Although her moans and sounds were muted somewhat by her legs clamped around my ears, I could hear her babbling, "Oh God, fuck, yes, fuck, oh mother fucking hell!"

Then my already wet face got a complete cunt cum shower as she came in excessive abundance all over my face, almost drowning me before collapsing forward.

Greedy wanting even more of her cum, I leaned up and buried my face in her flooding cunt, lapping up as much of her cum as possible.

A minute later, she spun around and kissed me.

Tender.

Intimate.

Breaking the kiss, she said, "Thank you."

"No, thank you," I smiled.

"I hope we can do this again," she said, as she got down off the bed.

"You have my cell number," I said. "Text me whenever you need a snack or an orgasm."

"You may get a lot of texts," she said, as I too got off the bed.

"I hope so," I said, before adding, "and I'll meet you anywhere."

"Now you're tempting me way too much," she said, as we went down to the living room to get her dress.

"You never know when your hunger might need to be quenched," I said.

She grabbed her dress and said, "I'm often hungry."

"Me too," I said.

Her dress on, she said, "Thanks, again, umm... Sarah, I really needed that."

I nodded, "Me too, and next time you come over maybe I'll put on the strap-on I just bought."

She walked over to me, kissed me once more, broke the kiss and whispered in my ear, "Or maybe I'll fuck you."

She still has to pause to remember my name, but maybe she's more dominant than I thought!

My body trembled in anticipation as I smiled, "You can fuck me anytime and in any hole you want."

"I'll keep you to that," she said.

"You better," I said, before she headed out.

Realizing I was exhausted, I locked the door behind her, shut off the lights as soon as her car had driven away, went upstairs and collapsed in my bed, not even bothering to take off my lingerie. I did notice a wet spot on my bed, her cum, so I rolled over and took a lingering sniff and a reminiscent lick before falling asleep.

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I woke up next morning begrudgingly, because my alarm had gone off. That never happened. *What the fuck?*

I hated getting up early.

Yet as I woke up, I recalled yesterday.

The wild evening encounter with an innocent-appearing yet sexually knowledgeable and surprisingly assertive college student.

I then recalled the reason I'd set my alarm.

A woman was coming over, possibly for sex.

I stripped out of my lingerie, ran downstairs naked to start coffee (gotta remember those caffeine priorities), went back upstairs to take a quick shower and put on new lingerie. This time it was a short sheer black nightie, black thigh highs and nothing else.

I wasn't sure where this visit was going to lead, but my attire was going to inform her that this could be no more than a friendly visit if she wished, or my preference, a friend with benefits visit. My taste for cunt having been confirmed yesterday, I was already looking forward to more. Looking forward to perhaps eating a fresh warm pussy for breakfast.

I put on my robe, not wanting to look too flagrant, especially while answering the door, poured myself a coffee, read the latest news on my new iPad and waited.

I was on my second mug of coffee when the doorbell rang.

Like last night, I was instantly excited.

Unlike last night, there was no bundle of nerves.

Last night had helped me discover another side of my sexuality, and today I was looking forward to exploring it some more.

I didn't even look through the peephole this time, I just opened the door and greeted, "Hi, Brynn."

"Hi, Sarah," the very pretty but chubby blonde woman smiled, dressed casually in a blouse and a long skirt, no nylons I noticed, although it was obvious that she'd done her hair and makeup for this meeting.

"Come in," I offered.

She walked in and asked, noticing I was in my robe, "Did I arrive too early?"

"No, no," I reassured her as I walked into the kitchen, "I just like being comfortable in the morning."

"In nylons?"

I nodded, "I'm always in nylons, it's my thing," as I led her into the kitchen.

"Never been a fan," she said, following me.

"Depends on which brand, some are scratchy, but the good ones feel amazing against your skin," I said, as I went to the coffee pot. "Would you like a mug of coffee?"

"Yes, please," she said, as she sat down at the table.

"What do you like in it?"

"Just black, please."

I brought her the coffee, sat down and said, "So, before this gets awkward, let me just start by saying I'm thrilled you stopped by."

"Me too," she said. "You're a lot prettier than I imagined."

"Thank you," I smiled, always liking compliments. I returned one back, "As are you."

"Thanks," she said, before adding, "I don't hear that much, anymore."

"Men," I sighed.

"Exactly," she agreed.

"So have you had breakfast yet?" I asked.

"A bagel," she answered.

"I know I said no expectations, but since last night, my mood has changed. Do you mind if I get myself some breakfast?" I asked, standing up.

"Go ahead," she said, not catching on yet to my real meaning.

"I like my breakfast fresh," I pushed the metaphor, deciding to be the most brazen I'd ever been with a woman. (Not a very high bar, since Raven had been the first woman I'd ever come onto in my life, but I still felt I was expanding my boundaries.) I lowered myself to the floor, crawled under the table and parted her legs.

"Oh, my," she gasped, although she did allow me to part her legs.

"Do you mind?" I asked, as I reached for her panties.

"We're moving a little fast," she said tentatively even as she raised her ass to let me pull down her panties... apparently her words and body weren't speaking to each other.

I said, as I looked at her hairy pussy, "I'm too old to play mind games. I just take what I want, and what I want right now is some fresh pie. Unless you have any last-minute objections."

Before she could offer any, I leaned forward and licked her pussy.

"Ohhhhhh," she moaned, as my tongue made contact. "No one has licked me down there in years."

"We can't let that sorry state stand any longer," I said, shaking my head at the uselessness of her husband. I licked her pussy, first clearing a path through her hairy bush, which made it a little more awkward at first than Rachel's shaved snatch, but the scent was a lot stronger... obviously captured in her abundance of hair... a pussy bouquet presented her way.

"That feels sooo nice," she moaned, after I'd given her a few licks.

"You taste sooo good," I said, knowing the insecurities a woman has about the way she tastes. Again, *men!*

"He didn't think so that one time," she said in a bitter tone. "And that was that."

"He's a fucking dumb ass, you're delicious," I said, as I licked her.

"He's that all right, among other things," she agreed with a moan.

I licked her for a few minutes, enjoying my breakfast, lost in her taste and aroma as if I were wandering in a sex garden, as her moans slowly increased.

"Oh, God, Sarah, you're amazing," she said, her sighs, moans and other involuntary sounds getting louder.

"I'm bathing in your ambience, but I want more: I want to taste your cum, Brynn," I encouraged. "I want you to come all over my face."

"Then finger fuck me," she demanded in a rather urgent tone.

"As you wish," I replied, sliding two fingers inside her very wet pussy.

"Yes, finger bang me!" she moaned loudly.

I obliged, rapidly pumping two fingers in and out of her, simultaneously attacking her clit with my mouth.

"Don't fucking stop," she demanded, which I had no intention of doing.

"Come for me," I ordered.

"Oh fuck, yes, yes, yes," she screamed, and her orgasm hit her after just a few finger pumps.

I pulled my fingers out and hungrily lapped up her creamy cum.

After a couple more minutes of lavish dining, I crawled out from under the table and used a hand to scoop her fluids from my flooded face into my mouth, smacked my lips dramatically and said, looking at her red cheeks, "Best breakfast ever."

"And I was worried how we could break the ice and end up playing," Brynn said, still recovering from her orgasm.

"I figured so long as you were willing, a direct approach was a lot better than a timid game of will we, won't we," I said as I sipped on my coffee.

"Well, you definitely broke the ice."

Deciding to keep this going, I asked, as I dropped my robe and hopped on the table in front of her, "Ready to return the favour?"

"Well... yes, but... I've never done this before," she said.

"I hadn't myself before last night," I admitted, as I spread my legs and let her take a good look at my shaved snatch.

"Last night?" she asked, as she looked first at my cunt and then up to me.

"Yeah, crazy story," I said.

"I still can't believe I just cheated on my husband, but I'm not sure whether I'm sorry," she said, again looking down at my cunt and back up to my eyes.

"That is why you came over here, isn't it?" I asked, as I moved my left hand to begin lightly stroking my pussy.

"Yes... no... kind of," she said, looking a little frazzled. She then added, "I wanted to meet you and see where it went."

"Okay. And where is it going?" I asked, slowly rubbing myself, drawing the fluids I'd generated while getting her off up to my clit, feeling like a seductive temptress, which was quite the rush.

"I don't know," she said, her head very like a yoyo as it went up and down, face to pussy, up and down.

Deciding to give her my very abbreviated and non-incestuous version of my past couple of months, I explained, "It's entirely your decision. But if you want my advice, if you're going to spend the rest of your life feeling guilty about cheating on your husband, it's not worth it. On the other hand, I cheated on mine a few months ago, only to learn later that he'd been cheating on me for years. We decided to get a divorce, but only after agreeing that my cheating was the best thing that could have happened for both of us. It turned out to be a catalyst for us each to begin living the lives we wanted. But I understand that you're not me, and it's your life. Take your time; tell me your thoughts."

She pondered for at least a minute before replying. "I think... what I *think* is... if he'd been giving me a fair shake in the bedroom even occasionally for all these years, I wouldn't even be here today."

"True," I agreed, "but you need to be sure. Once you lick cunt there is no going back, or at least that's my very recent experience."

"Fuck it," she said, a few minutes of patience and understanding being all she seemed to need before crossing the invisible line between straight and bi.

"So does that mean you want to eat my cunt?" I asked.

"Yes, let's do this!" she exclaimed with no further hesitation.

"And you also want to be my pussy pleasing pet, don't you?" I asked, recalling many of the Mistresses in online stories, and feeling that in this case I was the seductress, and she was about to become my submissive pet.

"Yes," she whispered, with her eyes once again fixed on my cunt. "I want to eat your cunt," she continued, watching unblinkingly as I slid a finger almost all the way inside myself. "No, that's not quite right: I *need* to eat your cunt."

"And to be my pet?"

"Yes..." she whispered, "please?" painfully embarrassed even to be requesting such a thing.

I pulled my finger out of myself and placed it against her lips. "Go ahead my pet, have a taste."

She mindlessly opened her mouth and sucked my wetness off my finger.

"Good girl," I encouraged, having read that positive reinforcement was important in the training of a pet.

I pulled out my finger and asked, "Do you want to taste it directly from the source?"

"God, yes," she answered, her hesitations and insecurities fading, either because of my seductive words or my tempting cunt... or likely both.

"And to be my little cunt licking slut?" I tempted her, feeling a massive rush of adrenaline as I took the dominant role. I wasn't sure if using the word 'slut' was too much too soon, but I felt it was necessary, to draw her completely under my spell.

"Yes, I'll be your pussy licking slut," she said, staring at my cunt with hunger... only an invisible barrier of permission between her straight-hood and joining a new team.

"Go ahead, you sexy slut," I offered softly, "you may lick my cunt."

Permission granted, she silently, except for a long, indrawn breath, leaned forward and buried her face in my pussy.

"That's it, my pet," I moaned, as she started licking, tentatively at first, as she licked up and down between my pussy lips.

I watched her for a bit, in awe of what was transpiring, enjoying the power I was exercising over her, enjoying the rush of adrenaline at being in charge.

"You're a natural, my eager pet," I encouraged, remembering the power of positive reinforcement.

"Mmmmmmm," she moaned, hearing me, but focused on my pussy.

"Oh yes, explore my entire cunt," I instructed her, encouraging her while instructing her, as I felt she was too focused on just the slit between my pussy lips.

"Yes, ma'am," she replied, showing me her submissive persona.

The path of her tongue surprised me a minute later, as it slid down past my pussy, and all the way to my asshole.

"Oh my," I moaned, startled by the feel of her tongue on my rosebud, as well as the pleasurable feelings that were penetrating deeper, beyond its reach.

Her tongue swirled around my pucker, bathing it in wetness, making me long to feel a nice hard cock in my ass.

Her tongue began lapping as she licked her way back up to my pussy, and then switched from her original slow pace to much more aggressive licking... like she was launching a pleasure attack.

And it worked.

I closed my eyes, leaned back onto the cold kitchen table (not an ideal location to lie), and enjoyed her eager tongue. "Oh yes, eat my cunt, slut."

This encouraged her some more, and she began attacking my clit while sliding a finger inside me.

"Oh yes, finger bang me," I demanded, recalling the naughty term Brynn had cried out just a few minutes ago.

The intense pleasure reached a climactic end in another minute, as I reached for the back of her head and held her roughly against my cunt as I declared, "I'm coming!"

She eagerly lapped up my cum as my body quaked with pleasure.

A couple minutes later, I let go of her head and said, "I think you're a natural."

"I don't know what came over me," she said, looking up at me with a glistening face.

"Lust for cunt," I answered, smiling down at her.

"I've fantasized about doing this for so long," she admitted.

"Was it all you imagined?" I asked, getting down off the table.

"And more," she said, squeezing my ass once I was standing.

"Do you have to go soon, or would you like to test out a new toy I bought last night?" I asked.

She glanced at the clock on the microwave and said, "I have another hour at least."

"Is that a yes?" I asked.

"A definite yes," she nodded.

"Get undressed," I said. "I'll be right back."

"Here?" she asked.

"Actually no, let's go someplace more comfortable," I changed my mind, and we went up to my bedroom.

She followed me and I went to my closet.

I grabbed the bag from last night and pulled out the strap-on and the rabbit I'd bought her.

I returned with them both, handed her the rabbit and said, "First of all, here's a little housewarming gift I bought you."

"What?" she replied in confusion.

"Today you're warming my house," I explained, making shit up as I went.

She accepted the gift. "Thank you for a most appropriate gift," she giggled, looking at the toy.

"You're most welcome," I replied, then asked, "So tell me: is getting fucked ever part of your fantasies?"

"Only when ordered to by a dominant woman," she answered coyly. "Do you know any?"

"Get undressed right now," I ordered again, as I put the harness on.

"Yes, Mistress," she said.

"Mistress, I like that," I said, actually loving it. "That reminds me, you never did tell me your favourite lesbian story."

"I didn't want to hint at my natural submissiveness," she said, "But now that I'm submitting to you, I love a series called Lesbian MILF Seductress."

"Aaaaaaah, Bree," I smiled. "She's one of the hottest characters in erotica."

Now wearing a bra only, she said, "Yeah, that's my dream: to be seduced and dominated by a younger woman."

"Well, I can't help you with the younger part," I said, my cock pointing at her, "but I can give your natural submissiveness a good workout."

"Okay," she said, looking slightly nervous.

"Ready to get fucked and fucked hard?" I asked.

She hesitated.

"That wasn't really a question," I clarified, sensing she was having second thoughts because of her husband. "Now get over here and suck my cock, slut."

This seemed to be the encouragement she needed as she hurried over to me, dropped to the floor and took my cock in her mouth.

This was only the third time in my life I'd been on the other end of a cock (remember I'd lovingly pegged my husband Alex twice a few months ago as part of our farewell sex), but he hadn't taken it in his mouth and he wasn't a woman, so this experience was surreal.

Was this what I looked like with a cock in my mouth? It was rather a strange look.

Of course, I was receiving no physical pleasure from having her suck a fake cock, but it turned me on anyway... because of the power I had over her.

"Okay, it's wet enough. Get on my bed, slut, all fours," I ordered, knowing she would obey me if I just took control.

"Yes, Mistress," she agreed, hurrying onto my bed.

"So obedient," I approved, as I joined her.

"I can't believe we're doing this," she said, as she watched me move into place behind her.

"Yet you desperately want to be my pet, my slut, and my fuck toy," I listed, as I rubbed the cock up and down her pussy lips.

"Oh God, yes," she moaned. "Shove that cock in my cunt and make me your bimbo fuck slut."

Obviously, the name calling enhanced her submissive persona. I pushed her further as I reached over and unclasped her bra, my cock sliding all the way inside her as I did so, "Who owns this cunt?"

There was no hesitation and she moaned loudly as her bra dropped onto the bed, "You do, Mistress."

"And who will obey every order I give her?" I asked, feeling such an adrenaline rush of power.

"I will, Mistress," she agreed without thought... I imagine surrendering in the same way I had to my taboo son that first time... and the second... and the third, and...

"I may share you with my college slut," I added, testing the waters with this one while just resting deep inside her as I caressed her back, the idea of a lesbian threesome quite appealing.

"Whatever you wish," she agreed serenely, completely at my whim.

"And any slut of mine wears either thigh high stockings, a garter belt and stockings, or crotchless pantyhose. And nothing cheap, nice silky ones," I dictated, thinking that a threesome with my son may one day be a thing too. I bet he'd love to see me in a 69 with another woman.

"Yes, Mistress," she agreed.

"Good girl," I approved, as I moved my hands to her hips and began fucking her.

"Oh God, yes," she moaned, as I slowly slid in and out of her.

This was another surreal moment.

Just like the two times before with Alex, I was being the fucker instead of the fuckee (not that that's a word, but maybe it should be).

I watched my cock slide in and out of her... a constant disappearing/reappearing magical act of pleasure.

I listened to her moan.

I admired her body: her back, her ass, her legs.

I wondered if Cory looked at me in the same way.

After a couple minutes, maybe more, I'd gotten so lost in the act, she begged, "Please fuck me harder, Mistress."

"Does your husband fuck you hard?" I asked, wanting her to realize that I gave her the pleasure that he either couldn't or didn't.

"Rarely," she answered, before adding, "and never long enough to get me off."

"He's got a quick trigger?"

"Very. And no extra bullets in the chamber."

"Figures; you need to tell him that's unacceptable," I said, before adding, "I have a boytoy who comes over sometimes, and he'll deposit two or three or even four loads in or on me. He also makes me come like gangbusters! Always at least once, often more."

"No way," she said, as I kept slowly fucking her.

"Yeah, he has a big cock, amazing stamina, and he can reload almost instantly," I said.

"I'd love to be with a man like that," she said, just before I did three deep hard thrusts, making her scream.

"Be a good pet and I may let you meet him," I said, already imagining doing just that.

"Oh, I couldn't cheat with another guy," she said.

Five quick hard thrusts.

"Are you telling me you'd disobey your Mistress?" I asked, pulling all the way out.

"N-n-no," she stammered, "it's just that it would be cheating."

"You posted a sexy ad online, came into a stranger's house all dolled up and beautiful, let her eat your cunt, you ate hers, and now you have a cock deep in your cunt," I pointed out, as I slammed back into her. "I think we're way past moral lines."

"Oh God," she moaned, as I furiously fucked her fast and hard.

"Again, who owns your cunt?" I demanded, stopping deep inside her even though I knew she was getting close.

"You do, Mistress," she declared.

"And if I want to have a hot threesome with a big cocked teen and you?" I asked.

"I'll suck his cock and take it in my cunt while eating your pussy," she willingly committed.

"Good girl," I said, as I resumed fucking her.

"Oh God, yes, Mistress, I love being your slut," she declared, as I pounded her hard.

"Fuck yourself," I ordered, as I wanted to watch her, wanted to listen to her sounds, wanted to watch from my position of power as she came.

"Yes, Mistress," she obeyed, bouncing back onto my cock with urgent lust. The same desperate desire to come I always had every time I was close to coming on Cory's cock.

I watched as she fucked herself... feeling like I was in the middle of a live porn show... which was so much hotter than any porn scene I'd ever watched online.

This was real.

This was carnal lust.

This was mine.

"Oh fuck, shit, so good," she babbled.

"Come for me, slut," I ordered, "come all over my big dick."

"Oh yes, tell me what to do," she moaned as she bounced furiously on my cock.

"Be my slut, my cunt muncher, my plaything, my mindless bimbo slave," I listed, knowing each derogatory term would enhance the inevitable orgasm building inside her.

"Oh yes, Mistress," she said, before screaming, and collapsing forward, "Fuck!"

I watched as she came. Her body trembled and her legs twitched involuntarily as the power of her pleasure consumed her.

I was taking it all in for a moment until I was startled by a voice.

Cory's voice.

"This is a surprise."

I turned around, saw Cory completely naked stroking his cock, suppressed a gasp and smiled, recovering quickly from getting caught, "Hi, baby, what are you doing here?"

"I left my textbook here the other day, and I needed it, so I figured I'd stop by for a quickie," he said, as Brynn dove under the sheets to cover herself up.

"I wasn't expecting you," I said, not covering up at all, of course.

"So I see," he said, walking over to the bed.

"How long has this been going on?" he asked, looking at my cock, and then to a covered up and mortified Brynn. All she was showing were her wide eyes and the upper half of her head.

"About an hour."

"Don't stop because of me."

"Slut, get his cock ready for my cunt," I ordered, as I began removing my strap-on.

Brynn just looked at me with trepidation, and except for her trembling, frozen in place.

I then added, thinking I may as well take advantage of this opportunity and get my fantasy double penetration, "And then put on my strap-on."

She remained in paralyzed shock until I ordered loudly, "Now!"

"Yes, Mistress," Brynn replied, still needing some stern discipline and training before she'd become immediately obedient.

"What's your name, sweetie?" Cory asked her, as she unavoidably revealed her naked body to do my bidding.

"Brynn," she answered, Cory's big cock looming before her.

"How long have you known my slut?" he asked, I noticed not letting on that he was my son.

"Except for some emails yesterday, a little over an hour," she admitted, as she reached for his cock and began stroking it.

"Really?" he said, looking at me from under arched eyebrows.

"What?" I asked. "If I need to get laid, I can't just wait around forever for you to call me."

"Fair enough," he said, as Brynn took his cock in her mouth... her weak resistance gone almost as quick as it had appeared.

"Although my same-sex rendezvous are very new," I admitted.

"I'm not complaining," he laughed as Brynn began bobbing on what I assumed was a bigger cock than her husband's.

"Want to help me fulfill a fantasy?" I asked.

"I may be late for class," he said.

"Fuck class," I said.

"That would take a lot of work and time," he joked.

"Ok, then, just ass fuck me as I ride my slut's cock," I said.

"Aaaaaah... *that* I have time for," he agreed.

He pulled out and I handed Brynn my harness. "Put it on."

"Yes, Mistress," she obeyed, before adding, "you have a great cock, Master."

"Master," he smiled, as did I. "I like that."

""Bigger than your husband's?" I asked.

"A lot bigger."

"You're married?" Cory asked, this news shocking him.

"I was also married the first time you fucked me, and still was the next fifty times," I pointed out.

"Touché," he laughed.

Her harness in place, I ordered, "Lie down, slut."

"Yes, Mistress," she obeyed.

I knelt above the cock straddling Brynn, lowered myself down on it, and began riding as I leaned down and kissed her.

"So hot," Cory said, watching.

"You should have seen me eating her under my kitchen table," I said.

"A 69 would be hot," he said.

"Next time," I promised, thinking we could have a few next times.

"Accepted," he said, as he climbed onto the bed.

"Bang my ass, baby," I purred, as he moved behind me.

"Ready for a double penetration, slut?" he asked.

"God, yes, drill my asshole, s-s-s-exy," I demanded, almost calling him son. It seemed too early to reveal to Brynn that I was the incestuous variety of slut.

"I can do that," he chuckled, as he slid into my ass.

"Oh yes," I moaned, as I asked Brynn, "Ever taken it in the ass, slut?"

"No," she answered, looking into my eyes.

"Maybe we need to work on that later," I suggested.

"Yes please, Mistress," she agreed, which surprised me a bit.

And for a few minutes I was double penetrated, although the cock in my cunt was mostly just buried deep inside me.

As I got close, I ordered, "Buck your ass up, slut. Fuck me."

She obeyed, and after a few awkward moments while I was flung around like a Raggedy Ann doll, they got into a rhythm and I was really fucked.

"Oh yes, fuck, shit, fuck," I babbled, as my orgasm built.

"Come now, slut," Cory ordered in a tone that told me he was very close himself.

"Oh fuck, yes, ream my shit hole," I demanded, knowing that I too was close.

A few deep double-team thrusts later, and I was coming.

After a couple more pumps, Cory pulled out of my gaped ass, and I watched as he moved his cock above Brynn's face and stroked it.

She smiled and asked, "You going to come on your new slut's face, Master?"

His response was a grunt before he spewed a massive six-robe load, obviously his first of the day, all over her face.

"Mmmmmmmm," she moaned happily, as her face was painted with cum.

"Hey, what about me?" I asked.

"You can clean her up," he said, which I did, licking cum off her face.

"So hot," he said, as he watched his mother eat his cum off another woman's face.

"It's quite warm actually," I joked.

"Brat," he said, as he got off the bed.

I retrieved all the cum from her face and then kissed her passionately.

"I hate to ass fuck you and dump a load all over your friend's face and leave," he said crudely, "but I really need to get to class."

"Fine," I sighed dramatically.

"It was a pleasure meeting you," Brynn said as she lay there, her cock still inside of me.

"The pleasure was definitely all mine," he said.

"Next time it can be hers too," I added, implying he could fuck her next time.

"Plan ahead next time, and I'll come for a marathon session," he said.

"Want to get fucked by him?" I asked.

"God, yes," she said, gazing at his cock, now shrinking.

"We'll be in touch," I said.

"Sounds good," he said, before walking out.

Ten minutes later, Brynn was getting ready to leave.

"I really can't believe we just did that."

"Me either," I said, now back to my normal self. "Any regrets?"

"Only that I didn't get to fuck your son," she answered, shocking me.

"P-p-pardon?" I was the one stammering this time.

"There's a picture on the fireplace of you two together," she pointed behind me.

"Oh."

"And you look a lot alike," she added.

"You're not horrified?" I asked.

"No, it's kind of hot," she said, before adding, "I've never done anything like that, but my older brother is pretty hot, and after this morning, his eighteen-year-old son is suddenly looking very appealing."

"Slut," I smirked.

"Takes one to know one," she countered.

"Stop by tomorrow for breakfast?" I asked.

"Definitely," she said, before adding, "although I may stay for lunch, too."

"I'll be sure to satisfy your hunger. There might even be food."

"It was a pleasure," she said, now standing in the open doorway.

"Yes, it was," I agreed, kissing her once more before she left.

I went upstairs, made the bed, and showered again.

I checked my phone and found messages from both my son and Rachel.

From Rachel: **I'm so hungry for your cunt. Can I stop by for lunch?**

I looked at the clock. Brynn and Cory had come and gone so early, noon was still a couple of hours away.

I responded: **Sure. I'll want some lunch too.**

From my son: **That was wild. My dorm room at four. I want the whole story.**

Rachel responded: **I'll be there and I have a very fresh pie marinating for you.**

To my son: **I'll be there and you won't believe my last twenty-four hours. Brynn was my second lesbian encounter since I saw you last night!!!**

To Rachel: **I'll have a fresh seafood buffet waiting for you too!**

My son responded: **No fucking way!**

I responded: **Way.**

God, I felt like a new woman... refreshed... alive... and I couldn't wait for whatever lay ahead.

The end for now.

I'm not sure what should happen next. Here are a few possibilities, but none stand out as obvious... so feel free to give suggestions.

Possible sequels:

Backseat Mommy: Mom's Mistress

Sister-in-law surprises her with a visit and a threesome.

Backseat Mommy: Mom's Orgy

She seduces her daughter and has a family threesome.

Backseat Mommy: Road Trip

Mom and son go on their own road trip during Spring Break.

Backseat Mommy: Sibling Seduction

Mom seduces her sister and shares her with her son.

Backseat Mommy: Summer of Lust

Son moves back in with now single Mom for the summer. As family of the conjugal kind.

Backseat Mommy: Surprise I'm Pregnant

Son impregnates Mom. (maybe)

Backseat Mommy: Trip to Incest Island

Mom and son go to an island retreat for incestuous couples and families only, and compete in incest sex Olympics. (This may be a little out there)

Backseat Mommy: Wild Incest Orgy

Twenty years later, a final chapter where Sarah and Cory's two adult children learn the truth about their parents and become willing participants in a family orgy.