

# BACKSEAT STEP-FAMILY

***silkstockingslover***

*Stepsister finds creative ways to distract stepbrother.*

Incest/Taboo

4.66

22.5k words

**Summary:** Stepsister finds creative ways to distract stepbrother on road trip.

**Note 1:** Thanks to Breezy for yet another wicked idea... and a fun new twist on the basic backseat trope.

**Note 2:** This is a [Summer Lovin' Story Contest 2023](#) story so please vote.

**Note 3:** Thanks to Tex Beethoven for editing.

**Note 4:** Tex would like to thank Breezy for teaching him the endearment 'boo'. (And so would LeAnn.)

## **Backseat Step-Family**

"Aaron, we just *have* to take this trip together," Dad said to me desperately. But also tentatively, since he was well aware of what a painful emotional struggle it would be for me.

"I know, I know," I said, but just thinking about it was sending me into a tailspin of anxieties, and was bringing back memories and negative associations I'd been struggling with for years.

"I know it won't be easy, boo," my stepmom LeAnn added, "but Nicki and I can sit with you for the entire drive if you wish."

"I'd like that, thanks," I said, admiring my black stepmom in a dress that didn't... or actually couldn't *possibly* minimize her 40DD breasts. (I'd once snuck into her room and peeked at her bra size... I know... a bit perverted, but I just *had* to know.)

"Would that help?" Dad asked.

"Maybe," I replied dubiously, as I also admired her great legs in her nylons. Both my stepmom and my stepsister wore nylons almost every day. In truth, I didn't even know I *had* a thing for nylons, since almost nobody wore them that I was aware of, until they moved in. And now they always walked around in their nylon-clad feet, with their toenails always painted, and for reasons I didn't understand, their legs and feet in pantyhose kept making my dick go hard.

"I'm sure we can find ways to keep our boy distracted," my stepmom said with her usual sly smile.

"So you'll go?" Dad asked, this time sounding a bit hopeful.

I looked at my stepmom, checked out her huge breasts, glanced down at her toenails (they were painted purple this time, and covered in sheer mocha-coloured nylons), and I wondered if she'd wear them on our long drive. Even though she wore them every day, even during a recent heatwave, I couldn't fathom her wearing them throughout a long drive from Albuquerque, New

Mexico to Destin, Florida. And I certainly couldn't ask her to... but endless opportunities to slyly perv on her legs in nylons throughout the trip would likely keep me distracted.

"I promise I'll be there for you," LeAnn promised, coming towards me... her voluptuous cleavage leading the way. "And this is our last chance as a new family to go on a road trip together, before you and Nicki go off to college in the fall."

"I know," I admitted. She was now standing right in front of me.

Nicki, who'd been silent so far, swung one leg over the other as she played on her phone, unknowingly distracting me with her black nylons and red painted toenails. My stepsister of six months was unbelievably hot. Like an eleven out of ten hot! She said, "I'll do whatever I can to help, as well."

I glanced over to her, and she wiggled her perfectly manicured toes, as if she knew my eyes would be drawn to them... which they were.

"See, son? We'll all pitch in throughout the entire trip to keep you from getting too anxious," Dad said.

"Aaron," my stepmother said, taking my hands, her cleavage now all I could look at, but she didn't seem to mind. She had to know it was impossible for me to keep my eyes off of her seemingly bottomless valley of dark flesh. "I promise that Nicki and I will make sure you're comfortable for the entire drive. And one or the other of us will sit with you for the entire time."

"Or we can even *both* sit with you," Nicki added. "Stepdad will need to pay attention to the highway, so he won't be much fun."

"Okay," I said, the idea of sitting between these ebony beauties was making my already hard dick... it was often hard ever since they'd moved in... flinch.

"That's great!" LeAnn said excitedly, and she wrapped her arms around me and gave me one of her patented hugs, where her huge breasts squished against me... making my hard dick flinch again... and this time... embarrassingly... right against her leg! I prayed she wouldn't notice my erection.

"Son, that is great," Dad agreed.

"Sweet," Nicki added.

"So we have a plan," my stepmother affirmed, with her perfume enveloping me and enhancing the sexy stimulation she was inadvertently giving me.

"I guess," I said, with a lot less confidence and excitement than everyone else was showing. My stepmom released me from her strong, cushiony clutches.

"Aaron," she said, looking me in the eyes, "trust me. You *need* this trip. I promise it will be therapeutic for you. And we'll all be on hand to help you to overcome your PTSD."

"I just *know* I'll have some anxiety attacks," I said honestly. In fact I was starting to have one right now just from *thinking* about getting one.

"Come here," LeAnn said, wrapping me back up in her motherly arms. She always reacted quickly whenever I had one of these anxiety attacks.

Being wrapped in her comforting cocoon always managed to calm me down... and it wasn't just because of her voluptuous breasts and sexy legs... no, she just had a magical way about her of disarming my anxieties almost as soon as they emerged.

"Just breathe," she coaxed, with my face almost planting itself in her valley of flesh. Her perfume was stronger now. Was it possible that she sprayed perfume between her breasts?

I did breathe, inhaling her sensual perfume, and my panic attack faded away swiftly.

"Thanks. I feel better now," I said after about forty seconds.

"Anytime, boo," she said softly. She gave me one more squeeze before releasing me again.

"Thanks," I repeated, glancing down to see her pretty toes in the sheer nylon, before looking at my Dad. "Okay, I'll come along."

"Okay, son," Dad grinned happily.

We celebrated my momentous decision by Dad and LeAnn going and getting us some ice cream from Dairy Queen... now called DQ... my favourite.

I sat down on the couch at the opposite end from Nicki, and started watching Jeopardy, which had begun a few minutes ago.

I answered some of the questions quickly and correctly, since being a contestant on Jeopardy was one of my dream goals. I also contemplated our upcoming trip. Why had I agreed to come along? There was no way I could *possibly* go through with that without falling prey to my panic attacks, and then I'd start acting crazy! But I had great difficulty in refusing my curvy, sexy stepmom anything she asked of me.

Now you're probably thinking how pathetic I must be to get anxiety attacks just from the thought of riding in a car for countless hours. Well, seven years ago, when I was eleven, I was riding in our car while my mother was driving, and we got into a terrible accident and my mother didn't survive. I actually watched my mother dying, while I was lying helplessly in the backseat with a broken leg, a concussion, and some minor injuries. Ever since then I've struggled to be inside a car without freaking out... especially on a highway... where she had lost control of the car on an invisible patch of black ice, and we had rolled completely over, three full times.

Oddly, I can take a bus comfortably, which is how I'd gotten to and from school for the past seven years. I could also ride in an airplane (I think, I haven't tried). But just getting into a car always got me flashing back to seven years ago... flashbacks with the image of my Mom looking into my eyes as she took her last breath... flashbacks to the day everything had changed.

Nicki interrupted my musings by sliding closer to me on the couch and asking sympathetically, "Do you think you actually *can* endure this trip without having those panic attacks?"

"I don't know," I said. My anxiety was rising again.

"Is one starting up right now?" she asked, noticing me starting to tremble.

"I think so," I said.

"I'm so sorry! Here, rub my feet," she said, swinging her nylon-clad feet into my lap.

"What? Why?" I asked. Her amazing legs had suddenly appeared on top of mine, and her skirt was hiked up so high that I could see she wasn't wearing pantyhose, but thigh-high stockings. I could even see the lace tops!

"Try distracting yourself by massaging my feet," she said, wiggling her toes right in front of me... my dick hardening underneath her feet.

"Um, okay," I said, surprised by her suggestion, but excited to be touching those sheer nylons.

"Don't pretend you don't want to do this, bro," she said, as I started massaging her left foot.

"Pardon?" I asked. The nylons were super silky sheer and soft.

"As if you're not obsessed with Mom's and my nylon-clad legs and feet," she accused.

"I am not," I said, likely too quickly to be credible.

"Riiiiiiight," she drawled at length, and she settled her other foot down onto my hard dick. "And if you *don't* have a nylon obsession, then why are you so hard right now?"

"I'm always hard," I said with a groan. Shocked by this very unexpected sexual touching. I defended, "I'm an eighteen-year-old guy."

"But touching me through my stocking seems to have distracted you from the panic attack you were starting to have," Nicki pointed out, as I greedily massaged her entire sole.

"I guess it did," I admitted, realizing that massaging her silky sheer foot had indeed calmed down the anxiety that had been rising inside me.

"Yeah! Lurking behind your borderline psychosis is just a horny pervert," she teased... like she found it amusing.

"Says the gal rubbing her stepbrother's dick with her foot," I pointed out, as she moved her free foot ever so slowly up and down my raging hard-on.

"Says the guy with a hard-on from checking out his stepmom and stepsister's tits, legs, and feet," she countered.

"Like I said, I'm always hard," I defended. I kept massaging her foot, and her free foot kept rubbing my dick.

"And my mother and I always wear nylons," she shot back. "Coincidence? I think not."

"Fine. I like nylons," I shrugged. "I didn't even know I did before you and your Mom moved into the house."

"There it is, then," she grinned. She entrusted her other foot to my hands, and I happily grasped it and began massaging.

"Your feet... in nylons... actually do distract me," I admitted.

"Then having my very own live-in foot fetish masseur will be nice."

"Really?" I asked, this intimate interaction was definitely inappropriate for a stepbrother and stepsister. But whatever... I'd take her up on this any time she offered... with or without her foot rubbing my dick.

"Yes, really," she said. She began rubbing my dick a bit more aggressively.

"W-w-what are you *doing*?" I stammered.

"Just helping my baby brother out," she said in a sexy, seductive tone.

I was about to come in my pants! Her foot rubbing my dick and her tone were making my balls bubble. I always hated when she called me her baby brother... just because she was six weeks older than I was.

"Oh, God," I groaned. I tried to hold it in, but it was no use... and I spewed a load in my underwear!

"That was quick," she chuckled. She continued rubbing my dick, while I continued coming and coming!

"I'm *so sorry*!" I apologized, although I wasn't certain what I was apologizing for, even while I kept oozing more cum into my underwear.

"Don't be sorry. I'm sure you can reload quickly," she smiled companionably.

Just then, the front door opened. She quickly swung her feet away, gave my dick a quick squeeze (with her hand this time), and whispered, assessing my seven-inch dick, "Maybe you're really my *big* brother." She then quickly returned to where she'd been sitting before the surreal foot job I'd just received.

It wasn't even five seconds later, when our parents came in with the ice cream. My stepmom came over and handed me my hot chocolate sundae, glancing down at my crotch. I assumed she noticed the quarter-sized wet spot... which I was now noticing for the first time.

She didn't say anything, but she gave me just the slightest smirk, before she sauntered away... giving me a great look at her legs from behind... and I noticed for the first time that her nylons had a seam up the back... which for some reason enhanced their sexiness.

During the next three weeks, nothing like that ever happened again, and I assumed it wouldn't *ever* happen again... even though I unloaded quite a few loads from replaying our encounter in my head over and over again.

Not to mention, I was able to listen to my Dad having sex with LeAnn on multiple occasions, while my sweet and motherly stepmom morphed into a nasty, verbal slut. The filth that flew out of her mouth was hotter than any porn flick I'd ever watched, like: "Oh, yes! Give me that big white dick! Pound my black pussy! Fill me up with that fucking huge white dick! Shoot that load all over my face! Pound my asshole!" and, "Oh, fuck yes! Fill my asshole with your creamy cum!"

Faced with all this evidence that my stepmom was a nasty three-hole slut behind her pretty, sexy, sweet exterior enhanced my utter fascination and obsession with her... leading to my spewing many loads while I imagined giving my virginity to my Dad's wife! I knew it was sick... very, very sick... but every time my dick got hard, or I listened to them fucking, that was the fantasy that always popped into my head. Although sometimes it was my stepsister instead... which was still sick, but not as sick as fantasizing about fucking my Dad's wife!

Which led us all to the long, two-day drive that forever changed our lives....

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Wanting to get an early start, it was 7:00 in the morning as we headed out to the car to begin our road trip... two long days on various highways... my anxiety was already peaking at a new high. There was no way I could handle this trip! Just looking at the Range Rover from the outside, was sending anxiety shooting through me.

Dad asked, as he stacked three suitcases in the backseat, "You okay?"

"I don't know," I answered, staring at the car as if it was a cobra ready to strike, and I was a terrified, spellbound mouse.

"He'll be okay," Nicki said, arriving in a short plaid skirt, tan nylons, and a white blouse. "I'll make sure of it."

Magically, my dick hardened in my shorts.

My stepmother followed Nicki out of the house a moment later, wearing a poppy-covered sundress and her trademark mocha-coloured nylons. Her dress, just like all her dresses, didn't do much to de-emphasize her voluptuous tits.

"Ready, Aaron?" LeAnn asked, coming up to me.

"As ready as I'll ever be," I replied, my anxiety dissipating as I admired my stepsister and my stepmom... two perfect distractions... and both of them were... insanely?... wearing nylons on a day when it was already a hundred degrees. And since we lived in Albuquerque, we'd be heading through half of Texas today, and into the Deep South tomorrow!

"That's good, boo," she said, giving me a big hug. "Nicki will make sure to keep you relaxed."

"Okay," I said.

"Like she did that evening a few weeks ago," she added, before letting go of me.

What did she mean by that? What did she know? My eyes went wide at the possibility that she knew how I'd gotten that wet spot in my pants. And if she meant what I thought she did, she was implying that her daughter was about to distract me by playing with my dick! Again!

"You're rather overdressed for a road trip, honey," Dad observed.

"You don't like?" LeAnn asked.

"No, no, *no*! I certainly don't mean that! You know how much I love your fashion sense," he said.

"It's just really hot today."

"And I like to *look* hot," she said, doing a 360° twirl, her dress sailing up just far enough to reveal a quick flash of her pantyhose-clad ass.

"You definitely do, honey," Dad said, wrapping his arms around her. "Always."

"Enough, you two," Nicki complained. "It's way too hot out here... let's get in the car and crank up the air conditioner!"

"Your chariot awaits, milady," Dad said gallantly. He went around to the passenger door and opened it for his bride of six months.

"Why, thank you, gentle sir," she said with a gracious smile as she stepped inside.

Nicki climbed into the backseat. She was stuck in the middle, since those three suitcases were hogging the right third of the bench seat in the back. She patted the seat beside her, right behind my Dad... which was rather inconvenient for my long legs, even though our Range Rover was considered a *luxury* SUV. Fortunately, my stockbroker Dad could afford to buy just about anything he wanted.

I took a deep breath... admiring my stepsister's sexy legs in their tan nylons with a shiny gleam... and... quickly, before I could change my mind... I got into a car for the first time in years!

"There you go," LeAnn said with her usual buoyant outlook, looking at me approvingly.

Dad got into the car, fastened his seat belt, which made me hurriedly do mine too, and he pulled away from the curb without saying a word... giving me nary a chance to change my mind.

I took a deep breath, and as the car started moving, I found my anxiety zooming from zero to sixty in a heartbeat... I could actually *feel* my pounding heartbeat!

Nicki took my hand, placed it on her nylon-clad leg, and whispered, "Relax, big brother."

She then moved my hand up and down her left leg slowly and smoothly. The sheer, silky nylon... the softness... the warmth of her thigh... her hand on mine... had my anxiety calming back down in another heartbeat.

LeAnn looked back... glanced down to see my hand on her daughter's leg... smiled... nodded... and asked, "How you doing, boo?"

"O...kay," I said, taking a deep, shuddery breath between the two syllables, as I enjoyed the sensations my hand was capturing from Nicki's soft, silken legs.

"That's good," my stepmother said, continuing to look into my eyes, and also at my hand slowly moving up and down her daughter's nylon-clad leg. And she seemed to *approve* of my caressing her daughter's nylon-clad legs, "Just let yourself relax, boo."

"Okay," I repeated. My stepmom's words and her support, mixed with the silky sensations of my stepsister's silky sheer stockings, had me calming right down.

"You're being so brave, boo," LeAnn said, continuing to talk soothingly to me while the car started up after stopping for a red light.

"Yes, so brave," Nicki purred into my ear, her hot breath making a chill go up my spine... a wicked contrast between hot and cold.

"You doing okay back there, son?" Dad asked as he drove. It was then, as my hand strayed slightly beneath my stepsister's skirt, that I decided I was happy to be sitting behind him... so he couldn't see precisely *what* was keeping me calm.

"I am, actually," I said, rather surprised. Although I was still tightly controlling my breathing, my stepsister indicated with a smile and a nod that it was perfectly okay for me to reach my hand

under her dress... and she actually *guided* my hand further up... while my stepmother watched... obviously continuing to approve.

"That's great, son," he said, his tone filled with relief and happiness. "It's so great."

"Yes, he's a very brave man," LeAnn agreed, as she watched my hand wandering higher and higher up her daughter's leg.

"So brave," Nicki added. Her hot breath made me tremble as she stopped my hand just a couple of inches away from her pussy... and my entire hand was now hidden beneath her skirt.

LeAnn gave me another smile... then she finally turned around to face the front.

"You can keep your hand there for as long as you like, big brother," my stepsister whispered, and she pulled out her phone.

So, for the next hour, my hand never left my stepsister's leg. I never risked venturing any closer to her pussy... but I did move my hand around a bit, to feel her silky sheer stockings. I'd always been chronically antsy, even before the accident (I loved when fidget spinners came on the market), and having something tactile to keep me preoccupied was definitely helpful... and that something being the nylons this hot girl was wearing, made it even better.

It wasn't until LeAnn said, "I need to pee," and soon afterwards we pulled into a rundown gas station and diner in the middle of nowhere, that I reluctantly removed my hand from under my stepsister's dress, and off of her leg.

We came to a stop, and we all got out of the car. And then I realized that I too needed to urinate. I went into the building, found the bathroom, and took a piss... with difficulty, since my dick was still hard. My piss actually sprayed out in two split streams... which I don't recall ever happening before or since... although I didn't often take a piss while I was hard.

When I was done, I tapped, wrangled my still mostly erect dick away, washed my hands, and returned outside.

Then as I was approaching the car, LeAnn asked softly in my ear, "Did caressing my daughter's nylons help you stay calm?"

"It did," I admitted. "And you're okay with it?"

"Very much so," she said. "I promised you that we'd do anything it takes to help you to overcome your past trauma, boo. And I meant it."

"I never knew how amazing nylons could feel," I said.

"Yes, the high quality ones can be life-changing," she said.

"So I'm learning," I said, glancing down at her amazing legs.

"She and I will wear them for the entire trip to help keep you fixated, and thus relaxed."

"Thanks," I said, and meant it.

"And I appreciate your constant glances at *my* old legs."



"You're not old!"

"You're so sweet," she said, smiling warmly.

However, as I looked at the car, even after all we'd discussed, I could feel my anxiety rising again.

"You're getting nervous again, aren't you?" she noticed.

"A little," I admitted.

She took my hand and led me around to the side of the building. Once we were in a secluded area, she said, as she carried my left hand under her skirt and directly onto her pantyhose-clad pussy, "Mommy is here for you, Aaron."

"Oh my!" I gasped... the first pussy I'd ever touched was my stepmother's!

"Just rub slowly," she instructed.

I did, rubbing my stepmom's pussy, and realizing she wasn't wearing panties.

"Nicki isn't wearing any panties either," she said, as I felt her wetness ever so slightly seeping through her pantyhose.

My eyes were wide as I kept rubbing her pussy through the silky sheer pantyhose. I was in utter awe about this: my first sexual experience with a woman.

"Now hold your fingers under your nostrils," she instructed, after just thirty seconds or so of my touching her pussy through the silky sheer hosiery.

I did.

"Inhale," she ordered.

I did.

"Let Mommy's scent relax you," she said.

"Okay," I said, her intoxicating scent smelling so good. It made me want to drop to my knees and lick her pussy... one of my many fantasies about her. But of course I couldn't do that.

"Is this helping?" she asked, a concerned look on her face.

"A lot," I said honestly. I continued inhaling her scent.

"Good," she said with a nod. "There's always more of that whenever you need it."

"Wow," I said, in a bit of a daze at my stepmom not only letting me, but *encouraging* me to rub her pussy.

"We'd better get back," she said. She leaned forward and kissed me on the cheek.

"Okay," I repeated. She turned and walked away, and I followed behind her, admiring the seam down the back of her nylons.

"Come," she said when she turned and saw me staring at her.

"I just might," I joked.

"Mmmmmmmmm," she said in such a sensual tone that my cock flinched in my pants. She then resumed strolling back to the car.

I arrived back at the car and Dad asked, "Still doing okay?"

"So far, so good," I replied, as I saw my stepsister blowing me a kiss from behind my Dad, and I looked back at her as I brought my wet finger to my nose, as if I was scratching an itch.

"Great," Dad said, "I knew you could do it,"

"Thanks, Dad," I said, as Nicki got into the car. She said, "We'd better get going."

"All right," he said, patting me on the back as we returned to the car.

Once I was in my seat, I placed my fingers under my nose again, and smelled my stepmother.

LeAnn turned and saw me doing it, and she smiled.

Nicki took my other hand and put it back under her skirt as if competing with her mother, and I began slowly caressing her silky legs again... loving the soothing sensations of the silky sheer nylons... feeling so lucky, and completely distracted.

"On the road again," Dad sang off key and sounding nothing like Willie Nelson, as he shifted the vehicle into Drive.

As soon as we were back on the highway, Nicki pulled out her phone.

A moment later I received a text. It was from Nicki: **Check the pouch in front of you.**

I looked at her perplexed, and she pointed at the pouch on the back of Dad's seat.

I stuck my free hand into it, and pulled out a sexy, lace bra.

My eyes went wide!

I checked out her breasts, and I saw her nipples poking against her blouse.

She grabbed my hand that wasn't under her dress, and carried it to her braless breast.

My already hard cock flinched, as LeAnn turned around and asked, as she witnessed me feeling up her daughter, "Are you doing okay, Aaron?"

"G-g-great," I stammered. Both of my hands were intimately touching her daughter!

"Good. You're doing very well," she grinned.

"Yeah, thanks," I said. I was still in awe of what my stepmother was willingly allowing me to do to her daughter, to keep me stress free.

She turned away, and a couple minutes later, while I continued rubbing my hand over Nicki's nylons and squeezing her large breast, LeAnn stuck her stocking-clad feet up on the dashboard... and within my view... were all ten of her perfectly manicured, freshly pink-painted toenails.

"Honey, that's a little distracting," Dad whispered, while I was now getting rather overstimulated by these multiple visual and tactile distractions.

"Oh, honey," LeAnn said, "I think you can drive and admire me safely. It's a divided four-lane interstate."

"LeAnn," Dad whispered, sounding a little embarrassed.

"What?" LeAnn asked, while Nicki grabbed my hand and squeezed, signalling that she wanted more attention. "I think both of our children know about your nylon foot fetish."

"Yes we do," Nicki chirped in from the backseat, and I snatched my hand away from her tit when he looked into the rear view mirror.

"Is it hereditary?" LeAnn asked, turning back to look at me, as I stared at her sexy nylon-clad toes.

"P-p-pardon?" I stammered, feeling my cheeks going red.

"Do you obsess about our nylons too, Aaron?" LeAnn asked, as she observed my right hand under her daughter's dress. Then feeling brazen, my other hand returned to pinch her daughter's hard nipple.

"I didn't know I did until you and Nicki moved in," I admitted honestly.

"Hear that honey?" LeAnn teased my Dad, "two hot gals move in, and boom! Like father, like son."

"I guess it was inevitable," Dad chuckled, "the way you two walk around wearing them all the time."

"Do you want us to stop?" LeAnn asked.

"No, no, no!" Dad replied. "I definitely don't want that!"

"Good," my stepmother said, winking at me as she turned back around, "because you know that they're essential accessories to my everyday attire."

"That's just one of the things I love about you," Dad said.

Nicki took my head and pulled my face towards her breasts. Unfortunately her blouse kept me from placing my lips directly on her skin, but nonetheless, I now found myself sucking on her nipple through the thin fabric.

"What else do you love about me?" LeAnn asked playfully.

"That's a loaded question," Dad joked.

"Is this loaded too?" LeAnn asked, and I assumed she'd just reached for Dad's dick.

"LeAnn!" Dad gasp-groaned, as I sucked on my stepsister's hard nipple.

"I'm only teasing," LeAnn purred, "but you know you're hard to resist."

"You're *impossible* to resist," Dad said, while I thought the same thing.

"And don't you forget it," LeAnn said, as I moved my lips to Nicki's other nipple.

For about ten minutes give or take, Dad and LeAnn discussed their plans for when we arrived in Destin, while I switched back and forth between my stepsister's two hard nipples like a pleasure yo-yo.

LeAnn drew me out of my nipple-worshipping coma when she said, "Honey, I hate to mention it, but I need to go pee again."

"Already?" Dad asked.

"What can I say?" she shrugged. "Most of me is big, but my bladder is petite."

Dad laughed, "All right then."

I leaned away, and I noticed wet spots around my stepsister's nipples. They were pretty obvious... while my hand remained under her dress... a hand that had been rather dormant for quite a while, just resting contentedly under her dress, while I focused on her nipples and tits.

"I can pee too," Nicki said.

"I could use a drink," I added, my mouth feeling a little dry.

"Next stop is just a couple miles away." Dad said.

When we arrived at a plaza with a gas station, restaurant and convenience store, we all got out. Dad mentioned, as the ladies sauntered towards the store, and we admired their shapes from behind, "LeAnn can get a bit wild."

"I know, Dad," I said. "I can hear her most nights."

"Oh?" Dad said, as we continued admiring their caboose. I wondered whether he knew I was admiring his wife's amazing legs and big booty.

"Yeah, she gets quite animated," I added.

"That she does," he agreed a little awkwardly.

"I mean I'm surprised the neighbours don't come knocking," I joked, deciding to be totally frank with my father. We both were, after all, adults.

"She isn't *that* loud," Dad said, looking at me for the first time.

"Oh yes, give me that big white dick! Pound my black pussy! Fill me up with that fucking huge white dick!" I rambled, all things I'd heard her crying out while I jerked off in bed, listening.

"Oh my God, you really heard all that?"

"Hard not to."

"Sorry."

"Don't be sorry," I said, "you're a lucky man to have such a beautiful... vibrant... enthusiastic wife!"

"Yeah, I really am," he agreed. Then after a pause, he added, shifting back into his fatherly mode, "You know that doesn't mean I don't still miss your mother every single day."

"I know, Dad," I said. "But I know Mom would be happy to know you've moved on, and found another love in your life."

"You think so?" he asked unsurely.

"I know so," I asserted. "Mom would never have wanted you to be miserable. And sharing your bed with a wild woman like LeAnn, doesn't make your love for Mom any less real."

"Son, you really are a great man!"

"I've been learning from a great man for my entire life," I responded, and Dad gave me a big shoulder hug.

"I love you, son," Dad said.

"I love you too, Dad," I replied.

"Do you still need that drink?" he asked, setting aside our touching father and son moment.

"Yeah, I do," I nodded... realizing it was really fucking hot out here.

He pulled out his wallet and said, as he handed me a twenty, "Grab me a Coke and a bag of barbecue chips."

"You got it," I said, taking his money and heading into the store, just as LeAnn was coming out with a couple of Cokes and some chips.

"Is one of those for Dad?" I asked.

"It is," she nodded.

"You know him so well," I laughed, seeing she also had some barbecue chips.

"Oh, I sure do, honey," she smiled. "Just see what Nicki wants."

"Will do," I said as I went into the store.

I was grabbing a Coke, when Nicki came over and asked, "Grab me a Diet Coke?"

"How can you drink that stuff?" I asked, as I handed her one.

"It's how I keep this figure so shapely and slim," she said, striking a pose for me, with her back arched and her sexy chest thrust forward.

"It seems to be working, so who am I to question your diet?" I replied, still able to see the slight wetness I'd left around her nipples.

"Exactly, big brother," she grinned. Then she turned and walked away... allowing me once again to admire her shapely rear end.

I grabbed some chips for myself, Nicki grabbed a Kit Kat, I paid for it all, and we headed back to the car.

But even after all the crazy I'd been enjoying today, my anxiety returned as I neared the car.

I stopped walking.

Nicki noticed I was no longer accompanying her. She turned around and came back to me, just as Dad and LeAnn also started coming towards me.

She said, "Come on, big brother, I'll have a very nice surprise for you during the next leg of the drive."

"You will?"

"Oh, yeah. Mom told me how she relaxed you at our last stop," she said. "So just get back into the car, and you can have as much more of that as you want!"

"I can?" I asked, hearing her words, but still struggling to process them.

"You okay, son?" Dad asked.

"Yes, boo. Are you okay?" LeAnn asked.

"Yeah, yeah, I guess," I replied, "I just needed to take a breath for a moment."

"Great," Dad said, patting me on the back, and heading back to the car.

"You may finger my daughter all you like," LeAnn whispered in my ear. Her breath felt warm and exciting.

"Yeah, big brother, finger fuck me," Nicki chimed in, her words sounding so hot and nasty!

"Nicki, language," LeAnn said, oddly in a serious tone.

"Sorry, Finger *bang* me then," Nicki rephrased.

"Better," Leeann said, and she too returned to the car.

"She's okay with you fingering both of us, but God forbid I say fuck," Nicki mumbled for my ears only, shaking her head in frustration.

"Have you heard the language she uses every time she and Dad are fucking?" I asked. "There's lots of creative language coming out of her!"

"I know, right?" she said. "But whatever," she shrugged. "Let's get back inside the car, and you can finger fuck me until I come." She turned and began walking away.

I asked, "Really?"

"Yeah, your nipple sucking got me horny as fuck," she said. "And please don't tell my Mom I'm still speaking French."

"Wow," I said as we reached the car.

"You get in first this time," she told me. "I don't know *how* your Dad didn't notice you sucking on my titties."

"Or the wet spots I left on your blouse," I added, having wondered that myself. Then once I got my head focussed, I forgot we were even inside a car, while all I thought about was going back and

forth between her two big tits and her hard nipples... I even tuned out the conversation in the front seat.

I got in, sat down, quickly adjusted my very hard penis, and Nicki slid in beside me, on my left this time, her hand going immediately to my erection. "Mmmmmmmm, nice," she said, sounding impressed, before she gave me one more firm squeeze, and took her hand away.

"Are you two all settled in back there?" Dad asked, looking at me in the rear view mirror.

"Almost," Nicki said, as she lifted her ass to hike up her skirt all the way up to her waist, giving me a spectacular view of her pantyhose-clad lower half, spread her legs as wide as she could behind Dad's seat back, revealing a rip in her pantyhose right at the crotch. "There, that's much better," she said, reaching for her seatbelt.

"Comfortable?" LeAnn asked, smiling at us and glancing down at her daughter's spread legs, and her fully exposed vulva.

"Almost," Nicki said, before... *she grabbed my hand and placed it directly onto her slightly wet, uncovered pussy!...* while she looked her Mom straight in the eye. "There! That's perfect!"

"You two snuggle bugs look very comfortable back there," my wicked stepmother approved, although she was the complete opposite of the wicked stepmother in Cinderella. (Emphasis on how one defines 'wicked'.) Nervously and excitedly, I began tracing my fingers along her pussy lips... touching my second pussy of the day, which was also the second pussy of my life.

"Okay, we're off," Dad declared, starting to pull out of the parking lot and giving me a wink via the mirror... what was *that* about?!

"Yes, or at least getting there," Nicki agreed. She tapped my hand to get me focused back on her instead of my Dad.

I turned all my attention to the first pussy I'd ever touched without the hindrance of pantyhose...and taking a closer look at it. I'd watched a lot of porn. I'd admired thousands of pictures of pussies. I'd read a plethora of articles and watched quite a few how-to videos about how to please a woman, including fingering, cunnilingus (not a very sexy word, really) and of course, fucking. But that was all just on a computer screen. This was *real! Tactile! Olfactory, even!*

While I was learning about fingering and going down on a woman, I paid lots of attention to gaining an understanding about the various regions of a woman's pussy, inside and out, hoping to become a great lover with both my tongue and my dick, whenever the time came.

LeAnn said, indirectly assisting me in penetrating her daughter's pussy with my finger, "Just breathe and relax, Aaron."

"Yes ma'am," I said, not looking up, but keeping all my attention on the shaved pink pussy at hand. The bright, glistening pink was such a lovely contrast to her beautiful dark brown skin as I probed my index finger deeper between her pussy lips... and felt more wetness.

"You okay back there, son?" Dad asked.

I sat back up straight and said, "Yeah, I'm good."

"Your cheeks are red," he noticed.

"Just focus on the road, Steven," LeAnn ordered brusquely, as I felt Nicki's hand on mine, guiding me deeper into her wetness.

"Sorry," he said sheepishly.

I returned my full attention to my stepsister's pretty pink pussy, the most beautiful triple crown alliteration ever.

"Yes. And *you* focus on me, so you don't freak out," Nicki ordered, loud enough for everyone, including my father, to hear.

"Yes, son. Whatever Nicki's doing, let her keep your attention occupied," Dad said, unknowingly encouraging our stepbrother/stepsister foreplay.

"Yes, Aaron. Just focus on Nicki. She knows exactly how to keep you distracted," LeAnn concurred, far more knowledgeably.

"Okay, I will," I said dutifully (only on the outside), in awe of not only the encouragement coming to me from the front seat, but the sight and feel of my finger inside my hot, black stepsister's box. This was more unbelievable and hotter than any erotic story I'd ever read, or any porn scene I'd ever watched... so indeed, sometimes truth is stranger than fiction.

"Yes, keep all your attention on me," Nicki whispered, biting her lip as I began slowly moving my finger in and out of her pussy... ever so slowly... both in awe of watching my finger do its repetitive disappearing act inside her, but also because the first girl I'd ever fingered was my stepsister!

"That's it," LeAnn said soothingly, "there you go."

A moment later, the music playing on the radio was turned up significantly, assumedly by my stepmother as I fingered her daughter, to drown out the wet sounds escaping the backseat.

The first song that played (following a commercial for time shares) was ironically appropriate: the 1980's Scorpions classic, 'Rock you Like a Hurricane.'

"Mmmmmmm," Nicki moaned, ever so softly, which made my entrapped hard dick flinch inside its uncomfortable confined space, as I continued reaching over to finger my stepsister a bit awkwardly. Hearing her moaning because of my finger was a major turn-on. Sure, the avowed purpose of this exercise was to keep me distracted and thus control my anxiety... unorthodox but effective... but if she was enjoying it too, that made it all the better.

"Taste me," she whispered into my ear, about seven or eight minutes into my lengthy, slow fingering.

I looked a question at her.

"Taste me on your finger," she whispered directly into my ear, her words and her hot breath... and an unexpected lick... making my hard dick rage!

I nodded my willingness.

I pulled my finger out and moved it under my nostrils... inhaling her exotic, addicting scent... similar, but slightly different from her mother's.

I then brought it to my lips, and sucked her wetness off my finger.



Heavenly!

She tasted better than I could ever have imagined!

Many guys give a less than flattering description of a woman's pussy scent and taste. But judging from my brief experience today, they were all wrong, *wrong, wrong!*

The taste was tantalizing, albeit gone almost as quickly as it appeared... I wished I could bend down and dive between her legs to get a taste directly from her pussy!

I brought my finger back to her pussy...fingered her for a few seconds... pulled out, and tasted her again.

"Mmmmmmm," she purred, watching me behaving like a kid in an all-you-can-eat candy store.

"So good," I whispered.

"What's so good?" Dad asked. Apparently I hadn't whispered as softly as I'd thought!

"My Coke," I lied. I sat back up, my other hand going to Nicki's pussy to rub her outer lips. So now both of my hands were touching her... one on the outside, the other still moving back and forth inside her.

"Does it taste *really* good?" LeAnn asked.

I knew what she was really asking.

"Yes, and it's very refreshing," I answered, as I took my right hand away from inside her daughter's pussy, and stuck it between my lips.

"I bet it is," my stepmother smiled, taking a sip of her own Coke.

"Is it too hot in here?" Dad asked.

"It *is* a little hot back here," Nicki agreed, grabbing my right hand and placing it back in her pussy.

"Yeah, they do look a little hot back there," LeAnn said, smiling widely... watching me rubbing her daughter's pussy.

"I'll turn the air up," Dad said.

"Thanks," I replied, taking a sip of my Coke in one hand while still rubbing Nicki's pussy with the other.

"Keep him distracted," LeAnn said.

"I'm doing my best," Nicki said, pursing her lovely full lips.

LeAnn placed her pretty feet onto the dashboard again, this time *sans* shoes... and wiggled her delicious toes... well, assumedly at least. "Do you think you can drive and drool simultaneously, honey?"

"I think I can manage," Dad said. I could tell by the back of his head that he was now taking frequent glances at his wife's beautiful nylon-clad toes, just like I was doing steadily... although only for a minute, before Nicki tugged on my free hand.

"Focus on *me!*" she whispered harshly, annoyed by my attention on her mother.

"Sorry!" I apologized, sticking the Coke back in its holder, then bringing my right hand back to her pussy, and sliding *two* fingers inside this time.

"Ooooooooooh," Nicki moaned, as my additional finger spread her tight pussy a little wider.

"You okay back there?" Dad asked.

"They're fine," LeAnn said. "Focus on my gorgeous feet."

"Yes, honey, they really are," Dad agreed, as I began finger fucking my stepsister with two fingers... and this time, every ten strokes pulling out and sucking her pussy juices off my fingers.

Then repeat.

I kept up this routine for a long time.

For miles and miles.

Finger fucking... eight, nine, ten.

Sucking.

It was obvious after a couple dozen miles, I was driving her wild... a constant tease. I'd read that teasing a woman until she can't take it anymore was a great way to get her off. I was admittedly getting her very frustrated, but the payoff would be well worth it! I was definitely testing the limits of that theory.

Then... I got up to the ten pumps and pulled out... but now with my left hand, I rubbed her swollen clit.

"Oh Jesus," Nicki moaned into my ear.

"You like that?" I whispered back, this time making sure that I actually *was* at a low decibel level.

"Don't stop," she answered, as I began a new pattern of pleasing her inside and out, while still taking my frequent tastes of her pussy.

"Not on your life," I replied. This sexual activity was the most surreal but effective way to remain distracted while I was inside a vehicle!

I don't know how long I kept this up... definitely for lots of miles... when Dad announced, "We'll be stopping for lunch in nine miles."

Nicki's eyes went wide with dismay.

"Sounds good," I said. I needed to say something positive!

"You guys hungry?" LeAnn asked, looking back at us with a teasing smirk.

"Starving," Nicki said, before whispering into my ear with a soft moan, "Only nine more miles? Finger bang me faster!"

I nodded, as I continued teasing her clit while pumping my two fingers in and out of her pussy a lot faster!

"I'm starving too," LeAnn said. "How about you, Steven?"

"I can always eat," Dad said.

"I know you can," LeAnn responded, which *sounded* harmless, but having heard her yell things like: "Eat my black pussy! Suck on my fat clit!" and, "I'm coming on your face!" told me it was innuendo.

"Oh, always," Dad responded, taking it 'the wrong way' as well.

With LeAnn helpfully distracting my father, I now focused on the task at hand... literally... as I fingered Nicki furiously, and also began tapping on her clit... making her legs twitch constantly.

She tugged on my ear with her teeth... gently... and whispered, "Faster, baby, faster!"

I pumped my fingers in and out of her pussy as fast as I could, while stimulating her clit. Her moans got louder, and she bit down on her lip to keep herself from erupting with a scream... and maybe some squeals... and thus alerting my oblivious father to the debauchery occurring directly behind him.

"Oh, Aaron," she moaned into my ear a few seconds later, just before she squeezed her legs together and came, pressing her open lips against my neck, and moaning against my skin.

I felt her wetness all over my fingers, as her body quaked and trembled against me.

About a minute later, while I watched in voyeuristic awe and pride in my accomplishment, she opened her legs again.

I pulled my fingers out, and rushed those soaking wet digits to my lips... slurping a generous amount of her tasty, intensified cum into my mouth.

Then, while she kept her legs spread wide, I brought my fingers back to her leaking pussy and retrieved some more of her cum and stuck it in my mouth, while she licked and kissed my neck some more.

I did that a couple more times, savouring my stepsister's pussy cum, before Nicki asked in a normal voice, "How much further? I really need to pee!"

"Three more miles, I think," Dad responded.

"Then hurry, Daddy," Nicki said, sounding so cute by addressing him as 'Daddy' for the first time I could recall... which was surprisingly hot.

I sat back up and saw LeAnn watching us.

I grinned.

She grinned back... like a she-wolf.

Nicki took my hand and placed it on her leg again. I slowly moved it up and down, still enjoying the soothing sensations of the sheer silk, even after the two exhilarating sexual encounters of sucking on Nicki's breasts through her blouse, and then fingering her to a powerful orgasm.

I was... oddly... becoming a man in a new fashion, in the backseat of the family Range Rover.

A few minutes later, we were parked in front of a TGI Friday restaurant (recently rebranded Fridays), and Nicki leapt out of the car and began scurrying towards the bathroom, the moment we came to a stop.

I got out, adjusted my dick, and stretched.

"Hungry?" Dad asked.

"Yeah, a little," I said, although what I really wanted was some more tastes of Nicki's pussy. I knew it wouldn't fill me up, but it sure was delicious. Easily the best appetizer I'd ever had!

"Good. Let's eat," Dad said. "Except I need to hit the can too."

"Then go," LeAnn said. "Aaron and I will snag us a table."

"Okay," he said, and headed for the restaurant.

"So... did finger fucking my daughter help to alleviate your anxiety?" she asked, the moment we were alone.

"Language," I teased.

"I just say things like that to keep my baby girl off balance," she grinned wickedly. "I know that *you* know I have a very wicked tongue."

"You do?" I asked, surprised.

"Your bedroom is adjacent to ours, and the wall is quite thin," she pointed out.

"I may have occasionally heard the odd spicy word or phrase," I shrugged.

"And do you jerk off while you listen to your Dad fucking me?"

"I plead the Fifth," I said, as we reached the restaurant. Now I was hard again because of her questioning!

"It's okay if you do," she reassured me. "Actually, I *hope* you do."

"Ohhh! If you're in favour of it, then yes, I do it all the time."

"May I ask you a personal question?" she asked, while we lingered outside the entrance.

"You mean more personal than that last one?" I joked.

Touché," she said with a smile. Then asked, "Are you still a virgin?"

I stared at the ground and answered, "Yes ma'am."

"That's a shame,"

"Yeah. Well, I don't go to parties or anything, so my opportunities to meet girls are pretty much nonexistent."

"Blow jobs?"

"No."

"Hand jobs?" she asked, looking more and more concerned.

"Besides my own hand?" I asked trying to make light of this awkward conversation. It felt more than a little humiliating.

"Oh, boo," she said lovingly, touching my heartstrings while she pulled me into one of her motherly, all-enveloping hugs.

"It is what it is," I demurred, having hoped that when I got to college and lived on a dorm where I'd never have to drive anywhere, I could meet a girl, and so forth.

"No, it *isn't* just what it is," she denied like my champion, leaning back with her arms still around my waist and gazing into my eyes.

"The opportunity just hasn't presented itself yet," I said, still trying to downplay my lack of experience.

"Then we'll just have to change the nature of your opportunities," she said, reaching down to my dick and giving it a squeeze. "This bad boy needs to come out and play. Real soon."

Feeling brazen after everything that had happened today, including her hand on my cock just now, I asked, "You mean *this* bad boy big white cock?"

"Mmmmmm. You naughty boy, flirting with your mother like that," she rebuked me, but in a playful, sensual way.

"Except that two sizzling hot babes are inspiring me to get out of my head and come out of my shell," I replied, that statement being completely true. No way in a million years would I have agreed to this road trip if only my Dad had been trying to coax me into doing it!

In fact I'd been so adamant against it, that he'd cobbled together a way where I could take a bus from a stop only six blocks from our house to the Albuquerque International Sunport, then I could take a courtesy shuttle from the airport to a hotel a mile and a half away, then after staying the night in the hotel, I could shuttle back to the airport very early the next morning, and my flight to the Florida Panhandle (with no less than three layovers!) would arrive at midnight. Then no way I'd walk very far in a strange city in the dark, so I'd catnap in the Destin-Fort Walden airport until morning, and then I'd walk to a bus station in Valparaiso and catch a bus the sixteen miles to Destin, which was our final destination. I'd then check into the hotel Dad would have booked in Destin, and wait for the rest of my family to arrive. Dad would also have arranged for FedEx to deliver the stuff I'd be shipping to myself. The trip would have been a complete hassle, but it was doable.

"Well, boo," she smiled warmly, "that's our plan. To get you out of your head and into a much more enjoyable lifestyle."

"Well, although you and Nicki have a very unusual way of accomplishing that," I smiled back gratefully, "so far it's working like a charm."

"And what we've done so far is only the beginning," she foreshadowed intriguingly, as she reached for the door.

"Sounds great!" I said, excited to learn what else she and her hot daughter still had in store for me.

"By the way, we black folks call a penis a dick, not a cock," she said.

"Really?" I asked, as she went into the restaurant.

"Really," she confirmed, and I accompanied her in. Nicki was already waiting for us in the foyer.

"What took you so long?" she asked, her arms crossed and looking a little annoyed. I wasn't sure if it was because she was hangry, or perhaps a bit jealous.

"I was chatting with my favourite son," LeAnn smiled warmly at me.

"About?" Nicki asked tersely.

"That's enough of that attitude, young lady," LeAnn scolded firmly, impressively shifting from sensual to ruling the roost in a heartbeat.

"Fine," Nicki snapped, making it clear it wasn't fine.

"A table for four, honey," LeAnn asked the male Matre'd, again shifting into a third tone and persona in a heartbeat. This time the earthily charming Pearl Bailey. <If you don't recognize the name of this iconic singer, then check her out on YouTube, and thank me later.>

"Yes, ma'am," he said, "please follow me."

"After you ladies," I gestured courteously, and then I was able to admire their perfect backsides as I followed them.

"Such a gentleman," LeAnn smiled warmly.

"You'd better be checking out *my* ass," Nicki whispered, as she turned back to speak for a moment, then hurried to catch back up with her Mom.

"Don't mind if I do," I said, my confidence building with each of our interactions.

We were seated in a booth, where I sat on the far right, LeAnn sat across from me, Nicki sat on my left, and Dad sat on the far left next to LeAnn, when he joined us a minute later.

A very pretty blonde waitress appeared with a tray and four waters, and she took our drink orders. Usually I'd be slyly admiring her, or even outright staring at such a blonde bombshell, but I was currently having a marvelous time with two raven bombshells, and strangely, they were both vying for my attention... although I wasn't sure they were both happy about it.

LeAnn's leg foot was out of her shoe, and her silky sheer sole (another hot alliteration) was slowly wandering up and down my leg... thank God I was wearing shorts! I wondered what her two silky sheer soles would feel like rubbing my dandy dauntless dick (yet another one).

Meanwhile, Nicki had taken charge of my left hand and placed it under her skirt again, and if the waitress was observant, she might notice.

Having never before today had any sexual interactions with women *at all* (except for Nicki's memorable nylon foot job), all this bounty added up to sensory overload. I should note that I'm actually a decent-looking guy. I'm no ten, or even a nine, but a solid seven, and perhaps even an eight, in the eyes of some beholders. I'm in great shape, since after spending almost a year doing rehab after that tragic accident, I'd gotten into the habit of regular physical workouts, and Dad had even set up an entire gym for me in our basement. In fact, this trip was the first time I wouldn't be working out every day, since my nasty bout with COVID. So I was ripped. My ongoing problem was only that I lacked the confidence to speak with girls in a player sort of way. I did have a few friends who were girls... and a couple of them had even showed me some obvious interest, but I didn't know how to make it work, since I didn't drive, or even get into cars ... and dates that featured riding on buses didn't seem very cool in 2023. So alas, I was an eighteen-year-old, who before the strange foot rubbing three weeks ago, and the incredibly surreal events of today, had absolutely zero sexual experience, except for handling my own dick.

"I'm so proud of you, son," Dad said.

"Thanks," I said, "Nicki and Mom have been doing a great job of keeping me distracted."

"That's great," he said enthusiastically, and God was I thankful he didn't ask me for any details about how they'd done it... and I was *surprised* he didn't ask.

"If I'd known these two had enough magical powers to get you willing to ride in a car, I would have suggested this trip a few months ago!"

I gasped in horror! "Dad, even with their magic, there'd be *no way* I could handle a trip like this in the winter!" The accident had happened during a rare snowstorm, which was why my Mom had fatally lost her traction on some black ice, so the only thing I was more terrified of than getting into a car, was snow. It had snowed once last winter, and I couldn't force myself out of the house to go to school that day.

"Well, boo," LeAnn said, "you know I'm hoping to take you and your father up to Canada to visit my family this winter." As she spoke, her shoeless, nylon-covered foot wandered up between my legs, and slyly coaxed them apart.

"I-I-I still can't believe you're from Canada," I stammered, her foot now resting between my legs just a couple inches from my crotch.

"Black people live in Canada too, eh?" Nicki said, making it sound like, 'Duh', as she placed her hand on my leg... just a couple inches away from accidentally touching her Mom's foot.

"I didn't mean it that way," I said.

"We know what you meant," my stepmom said, as her foot next went directly to my crotch. "To you, Nickie and I look like southern belles."

"Exaaaactly," I replied, trying to act casual with my Dad's wife's foot on my dick.

"Aren't southern belles those white bitches from Disney films?" Nicki asked, her hand now travelling slowly and steadily up my mostly bare leg.

"We're building our *own* Disney world," LeAnn replied, "It'll be called 'The Princess and the Frog Bayou', and we're 'Almost there'," slowly gliding her foot up and down my throbbing dick.

"Well, you're the prettiest two women I know of," Dad said. "Isn't that right, son?"

"One hundred percent," I said, as the waitress returned with our drinks.

Nicki moved her hand away from me to accept her drink, but LeAnn's foot remained where it was... although it stopped moving... now just resting on my dick... and it occurred to me that my dick had been hard for about three hours now, almost nonstop.

We ordered our meals, and for the next ten minutes while we waited for our food, we discussed random things like the upcoming NFL season, the new Travis Scott album (I think he's terrible, but Nicki thinks he's amazing), and an upcoming state park only two hours away from our house where we could go hiking. We were just beginning to move on to discussing autumn, when our food arrived.

The entire time, my stepmother's foot had been resting on my dick... occasionally pressing down on it a little... or moving up and down for just a few precious, teasing moments. Also, while my left hand was now resting high under Nicki's skirt, and the temptation to advance my hand to her pussy was growing... except the skirt was pretty tight the way she was seated, so getting there would be a challenge... unlike when she'd hiked all the way up in the SUV.

The waitress returned, and asked if we wanted any dessert.

LeAnn asked, pressing her foot against my dick with intent, "Do you want some dessert, Aaron?"

"I can always use dessert," I said. Then Nicki placed her hand on my dick a moment later, and she felt her Mom's foot already there.

"Mom!" Nicki barked, exasperated.

"Honey, not here," LeAnn responded, her voice firm, yet still soft... although she did remove her foot.

"Fine!" Nicki said, not quite snarling. You could cut the tension with a knife (a stupid saying, but it kind of worked this time), as her hand claimed my now unoccupied dick.

Dad looked confused, but he was savvy enough not to say anything.

"I need to go to the washroom. Nicki, would you please join me?" LeAnn requested *faux* sweetly.

"Fine!" Nicki repeated, giving my dick a firm, possessive squeeze before sliding around in the booth, as Dad stood up to let the two ladies out.

Once they were gone, Dad said to the waitress, who'd been standing there awkwardly the entire time, "Just the cheque please, miss,"

"Yes, sir," she said, and hurried away.

Dad then turned his attention to me and asked, "What do you think that unspoken argument was about between LeAnn and Nicki?"

"I have no idea," I lied, since I wouldn't *dare* to tell him the reason I knew it was.

"I've never seen this amount of tension between them before," Dad said, quite concerned.



"I suppose being cooped up in an SUV for hours on end can do that to people," I shrugged.

"That's true," he said with a soft chuckle.

"Plus, I've never even *tried* to understand women," I joked, although it wasn't a joke... and my bewilderment about the so-called 'gentle sex' had been multiplied by a billion because of all the surreal events happening today.

"You needn't bother," he said. After a pause, he went on to say, "There's a great comic strip I saw somewhere, where a guy is given a wish by a genie, and he 'wishes' to understand how women think. Then in the next panel, the genie whispers something in his ear."

"Then what happens?" I asked.

"The last panel shows the man running away, screaming in utter terror," Dad said, and then he laughed.

"Seems about right," I said, laughing as well.

Dad finished his drink and said, "We should get back on the highway."

"I suppose," I said, as he stood up.

I did too, but then the anxiety once again began rising inside me. And this time it actually pissed me off! I'd gotten this far... even though it was only because of some very unorthodox sexual play. So that tragic accident seven years ago still ruling my emotions was making me frustrated and angry.

"You're doing great, son," Dad said.

"I know," I said. "It's just that getting back in the car is still a problem."

"You've been doing great so far," Dad said, as I stood next to the table, unable to move.

"I know, I know," I said, "but I just don't know whether I can..."

"No worries, you *definitely* can..." Nicki said, with a lift in her voice and a wide smile on her face. She came to me and took my hand, then she intertwined our fingers and finished her statement, "... and you definitely will!"

LeAnn also returned and said to me, "Aaron, just do whatever Nicki tells you to do."

"I can do that," I said, feeling such warmth just from holding hands with her. I'd held hands with a couple girls in the past, and even kissed a couple of them, and I'd always found that simple intimacy very comforting... and Nicki's hand in mine felt that same way right now. And even though I wanted to eat her pussy, to have her suck my dick, and to lose my virginity to her... or to my stepmom... I know... I know. It's twisted, but after all that had happened today, those goals weren't completely beyond the realms of possibility, were they? The idea of Nicki becoming my girlfriend was even more compelling... although that *wasn't* possible, since she was my stepsister... or was it? I mean we weren't blood related. There must be real cases of stepsiblings getting married. Am I rambling? Yes? Well no wonder... my head was in a turmoil!

"Yes, you need to do exactly as I say," Nicki confirmed. She squeezed my hand and easily tugged me away from the spot where a moment ago I'd been helplessly frozen in place.

"I'll do anything you tell me to," I rephrased my commitment, completely smitten with my stepsister... and not just sexually.

"I'll keep you to that promise," she said, squeezing my hand again.

"I mean it," I said and repeated the most significant word, "anything."

"I know you will," she said, as we went through the door.

As soon as we were outside, knowing we had only a little time before the parents paid the bill and followed us out, she shoved me against the wall of the building, and kissed me urgently.

I kissed her back with equal energy, and our tongues danced in each other's mouths. This kissing session was so much more intense than my previous two with those other girls... but unavoidably, it didn't last as long.

When she broke the kiss, she told me, "I've been wanting to do that for some time."

"You have?" I asked, very surprised to hear it.

"Yes. I've *always* had a crush on you. Didn't you know?"

"You have?" I repeated, like a parrot.

"Yes, you silly boy," she said. "And when I felt how big your dick was while I gave you that foot job, I decided to make you mine."

"Make me mine," I repeated nonsensically, in a complete daze, just as Mom and Dad emerged from the restaurant.

"To be continued," she whispered, taking my hand again and leading me to the SUV.

"Okay," I said, trying to process what she'd just told me... which was perhaps more shocking than everything else that had transpired today.

She climbed into the backseat first. I followed without even a hint of panic. Instead, I single-mindedly admired her lovely bod as she settled in.

As soon as we were seated and belted, she took my hand, placed it back on her nylon-clad leg, and rested her head against my shoulder, just like a lover would do.

Unlike the raw sexuality of my fingering her, I found this intimacy even more soothing. I didn't even notice the car beginning to move as she leaned against me. Eventually, she drifted off to sleep. And shortly afterward, so did I.

I don't know how long I napped, but I was awakened by my dick being rubbed.

I opened my eyes and discovered my dick was no longer in my shorts, although it was still concealed by my Lululemon underwear. I wondered how she'd gotten this far without waking me up

She looked at me as she rubbed my dick and whispered in my ear, "I can see you like things that are soft," I assumed meaning my underwear.

"And I can see you like things that are hard," I replied, trying to be witty, although I wasn't making much sense. My underwear was super soft... I wore only Lululemon underwear, because Dad could afford clothing that was that overpriced. It felt so good against my body, and I loved rubbing my dick through it. Yes, I even masturbated like a weirdo... usually coming in my underwear by rubbing my dick the same way Nicki was doing at the moment.

"Mmmmmmm, I sure do," she said. "Now lift your ass. I want to feast my eyes on this great white shark you're packing."

"Okay," I nodded, obeying her like I'd promised I would... except who in their right mind would disobey an order like that?!

I lifted my ass, and she pulled my shorts and underwear down around my ankles. She looked oh so eager and urgent!

And then my hard, seven-inch dick was freed from its lengthy confinement. Nicki's eyes sparkled as she gazed down upon it, just as LeAnn looked back, and her eyes sparkled too!

Nicki grinned, nodded, and mouthed, "Nice!" She took my dick in her hand and began stroking me slowly.

"Oooooooh," I moaned, in awe of receiving my very first hand job!

"You okay, son?" Dad asked when he heard me moan.

"Yeah, just stretching out some kinks," I said, the first thing that popped into my head.

"Okay, go for it," Dad said.

LeAnn watched her daughter stroking me and asked, I think mainly for my Dad's ears, "Are you comfortable back there, boo?"

I replied, "I'm incredibly comfortable right now," as if she didn't know. I could already feel my balls bubbling after all those hours of wild foreplay.

"Good. Now just relax," Nicki instructed, as she stuck her index finger into her mouth to moisten it, then began gently rubbing it over my cock head... making my entire body shudder in pleasure.

"Ooooooh-kay," I moaned, this pleasure so much better and more intense than when I did it myself.

"Yes, boo," LeAnn encouraged me, obviously enjoying the sight of the wicked act happening in the backseat, only about two feet away from her eyes. "Just relax and let Nicki look after you."

"Okay," I repeated, as I watched Nicki's black hand slowly stroking my dick and rolling over my cock head, while LeAnn watched in voyeuristic pleasure.

Nicki whispered into my ear as she continued slowly stroking me, driving me wild, "Yes, baby. Just enjoy this, until you come all over my hand."

"Mmmhmm," I responded, at the moment unable to access any of my vocabulary. Normally I was pretty intelligent, but right now the blood that usually fed my brain was required elsewhere.

"Mmmmmmm, baby, I want your cum so bad," she whispered, her tongue probing my ear, and her hot breath driving me even wilder.

"Soon," I whispered back, doing my best to control my breathing, so Dad wouldn't realize what was happening right behind him.

"Oh yes, baby! I can't wait!" she purred. I noticed she kept calling me baby, which was really hot, and also kind of romantic. "Shoot that big white load of cum all over my black hand!"

I bit my lip so I wouldn't make a sound. I was about to bust a nut, so she stroked me a little faster.

Between intermittent tugs on my earlobe with her teeth, she continued whispering her nasty monologue. "Give it to me! Give me that load! I want that white cum! Give it to me right... fucking... now!"

"Fuuuuuuuck," I groaned, fortunately mostly to myself, as my dick twitched, and my cum shot straight up in the air, first a couple big cannon blasts of cum, before the rest of it just oozed out.

"Good boy," she breathed. Then she kept stroking me throughout my most intense orgasm ever!

"Ooooh," was all I could muster, while I kept coming and coming!

Once I was spent, she took her hand away. A lot of my goo was coating her thenar eminence. (Here's an Anatomy Aside, free of charge. Did you know that technically your palm is called the thenar? And the stretch of flesh between your thumb and forefinger is technically known as the purlicue. You're welcome.) By whatever labels, she brought her cum-coated hand to her lips, and then she lapped up my cum and swallowed it.

My eyes went wide as I watched her doing that.

"Mmmmmmm," she purred.

I looked at LeAnn, who was watching intently.

LeAnn pointed to a big wad I'd shot into the air that had fallen back down onto my bare leg, and she mouthed, "Mine."

"Yours?" I mouthed with a raised eyebrow.

"Mine," she repeated.

Nicki looked at her Mom and noticed her pointing possessively at the globule of cum on my leg. She smiled, nodded, scooped up the cum with two of her fingers, and then stunningly, she presented her fingers to her Mom.

LeAnn opened her mouth and took her daughter's fingers between her lips, and she sucked my cum off of them.

I couldn't believe it!

Every time I thought things couldn't get any more unbelievable... they went ahead and did.

On top of that, the earlier tension between them over what I'd thought was me, had clearly ended, since they were now amicably sharing my cum.

Nicki took her finger away, and turned her attention back to me. She bent down and sucked another gob of cum off of my leg.

LeAnn turned back around, and I wondered how Dad could *possibly* be unaware of the illicit events occurring directly behind him.

Nicki then sat back up next to me, took my hand and placed it back on her leg, and sweetly kissed me on the cheek.

Still exposed, my dick gradually softened, and we then sat there for a good twenty minutes in a comfortable silence.

My hand slowly moved up and down her nylon-clad leg to keep me relaxed and my mind idly occupied.

Nicki rested her head back on my shoulder.

Her hand went to my thigh, and it rested there for a long time.

I felt a very intimate connection with her... even though my dick was still out... but no longer stiff and begging for attention.

Eventually, Dad announced, "Five miles until our next stop."

"Okay," I said, having been in a daze... like forever.

As LeAnn looked back and watched, I pulled my underwear and my shorts back up, and tucked myself away.

LeAnn asked, "Ready for a hike?"

"Yeah, I bet it'll be great to escape being cooped up back there for a while," Dad added.

"Yeah, for sure," I responded, although being 'cooped up' back here had been the best hours of my life.

"Hey, I don't appreciate that," Nicki protested.

"I didn't mean it like that," Dad backpedalled hurriedly.

"You'd better not," Nicki said playfully, "I've been keeping your son distracted and calm for miles and miles!"

"And I truly appreciate it, dear," Dad said.

"And so do I," I added.

Nicki stuck her hand under her skirt and started fingering herself, checking to make sure I was watching.

"You must have some magical powers," Dad said.

"She's just like me, honey," LeAnn interjected. "We're able to capture *any* man's full attention whenever we want."

"Well, I can't argue with that," Dad chuckled a little awkwardly, as Nicki pulled her fingers out from between her legs and fed me her pussy juice.

I opened my mouth, and sucked the tangy taste off of her fingers.

"I know you can't," LeAnn said. She leaned to her left, and appeared to be doing something on or near my Dad's crotch.

"Are you girls really going to go hiking wearing pantyhose?" Dad asked.

"Mom and I don't have a choice," Nicki said, sliding her fingers back into her pussy. They're keeping your son distracted."

"They are?" Dad asked.

"Yes, you silly," LeAnn said. "We've already established that he has a nylon fetish just like yours."

"Yes, but..." Dad began.

"No buts," LeAnn interrupted, "your son has been caressing my daughter's legs ever since we left Albuquerque."

"He has?"

"That's what's been keeping him distracted for all this time," LeAnn elaborated.

"Among other things," Nicki whispered in my ear, as she fed me her wet fingers again.

""Really?" Dad asked.

"Yes. Her soft silky sheer nylons have been relaxing him wonderfully, haven't they, boo?" LeAnn asked.

"Yes, Mommy," I said, "and I've also been staring at them a lot," after savouring the fingers in my mouth,

"I like the sound of that! You should call me Mommy from now on," LeAnn decided.

"Mommy?" Dad and I both asked in unison, although for different reasons. For me, it was one of my constant fantasies to fuck her while I called her Mommy or Mommy-slut... since I obviously read too much incest erotica. For Dad, it was likely What the fuck?

"That sounds perfect. I call you Daddy, don't I?" Nicki pointed out as she stuck her fingers back in her pussy.

"I guess," Dad said.

"Or you could go with Momma if you'd rather," LeAnn suggested. "That's what I always called *my* Momma, God rest her soul."

"Okay, Momma," I said, "although I'm very okay with Mommy, too."

"Then Mommy it is," LeAnn declared, as Nicki fed me some more of her delicious juices. Mommy winked at me while I sucked on her daughter's pussy-juice-coated fingers.

Dad pulled off the highway. So sadly, my feeding time was over.

He drove about a mile down a two-lane paved frontage road, and into the parking lot for a BLM trailhead. Then once he'd parked, we all climbed out of the SUV. This time like a gentleman, I offered my hand to my stepsister. She accepted it with a gracious smile, and once we were both standing, she kept her fingers entwined with mine, while Dad distributed four half-gallon canteens filled with water. (There'd been lots of ice in them when we'd left Albuquerque which had long since melted, but the water was still nice and cool.)

Nicki started walking with me, when LeAnn said, "I suggest you change into runners for the hike. Those stilettos will kill you out here."

"Right, good idea," Nicki said. She went back to the car, opened the door and bent over, thus giving me and my father a wonderful view of her luscious legs and some of her ass... and if you looked closely, you could see the pantyhose were ripped. Dad noticed me staring, but he didn't say anything.

With her Nike runners in her hands, she sat on the seat sideways, slipped out of her heels, placed them behind her in the car, and once her pretty feet had disappeared inside the Nikes, she requested, lifting her right leg, "Daddy, can you please tie my shoes for me?"

"Uh, sure," he said, surprised by the request, bending down to tie her shoe. Range Rovers have about eleven inches of ground clearance, so he didn't need to lean very far.

Then my Mommy called over, "Come and help your Momma, Aaron."

"Okay, Mommy," I said, loving the way that sweet word flowed off of my tongue.

I went around, after taking one more glimpse at my stepsister getting her shoes tied by my Dad. I wondered if he'd catch sight of her pretty pussy, since her short skirt was hiked up a fair amount.

LeAnn was sitting sideways in the front seat with her runners already on, and I said when I reached her, "I didn't even get to see your pretty painted toenails before you hid them away inside those runners."

"No worries. At some point, you'll get *many* opportunities to see, lick, worship, and even *fuck* these sexy nylon-clad feet," she promised wickedly. She crossed her right leg over her left one, providing me a pleasant view of that pantyhose-covered pussy she'd let me rub earlier.

"I'd better," I said, an unfamiliar confidence growing inside me.

"I like that, boo," she said.

"Like what?" I asked, as I leaned forward and began tying her shoelaces.

"A young white man who knows what he wants and takes it."

"Really?"

"Don't let your history books fool you, or your feminist psychology teacher, or anyone else. A black woman like myself craves to be a submissive slut for a white man with a big dick," she revealed.

"And I'm not the least bit unusual in that respect."

"You do? You're not?" I asked.

"Yes. Of course in public I'm a strong-willed black woman who'll fight against misogyny and other bigotry, and stand up for women everywhere," she said, as I finished tying her first shoe. "But behind closed doors, I'm just a black woman who wants to be dominated and used like a 'nigga fuck doll' by a dominant white man I can trust."

"Oh, God," I groaned, my newly hard dick once again begging for attention.

"Think you can be that man for my daughter?" she asked, as she lifted her other leg.

"I can sure try," I said, unsure if I could do what she was suggesting, even if in my fantasies, I'd been that man many times... but without the race play. Her being black had no effect on my fantasies for her; instead, it was her utter beauty and warmth. Since the day we met, she'd always made me feel nurtured and special... and often horny.

"No, Aaron. I need better than that from you," she said a little impatiently, "My daughter needs a white man who'll treat her like a goddess in public. Who'll fawn over her. Who'll rush to open doors for her. Who'll love her adoringly, anyone who disapproves of PDA's be damned. But behind closed doors, she needs a man who'll place his possessive hands on her shoulders, guide her to her knees, and fuck her face. She needs a man who'll bend her over the kitchen counter while she's making dinner, slide his dick into her pussy, and dump a load in her. She needs a man who'll fuck her to multiple orgasms, eat her pussy, and paint her face with massive loads of cum. She needs a man who'll eat her asshole, and then pound it hard until he fills it up with another massive load. Do you think you can do all of that?"

As I finished tying her shoe, and she set it back to the floor of the SUV, I said resolutely while I adjusted my dick, "I've never done any of that before. But if that's what she needs, I'll be that man, or I'll die trying!"

"I can see that you like the idea," she said, gazing at the noticeable bulge in my shorts.

I really do," I said, noticing her crotch was at the perfect height for me to fuck her if she slid closer to me.

"I'd get down on the ground and suck that dick and let you come on my face right now, except I promised Nicki she could have all your firsts," she explained.

"All my firsts?" I asked.

"Ready?" Dad asked, interrupting at the most inconvenient time ever!

"Sure, honey," LeAnn said, all chipper, staring at my crotch, while she offered me her hand.

I pulled her up, and she whispered in my ear, "Soon, boo, very soon."

She went around the SUV to my Dad, and took his hand.

I went around to join Nicki. She took my hand, and we all began walking along the hiking trail like two couples, instead of a family of four.

For the next half hour, the four of us hiked in near silence. Then LeAnn spoke up and said, "It's really hot out here, sugar. I don't think we should keep going."



"I agree, Daddy," Nicki said, her hand having been in mine for the entire walk... we'd been more strolling than what you could call hiking... and I was sure my father had noticed, but he hadn't said anything about it.

"You're both right, it's even hotter than I thought it would be," Dad agreed, guzzling a big drink of water from his canteen.

"Yeah. I never thought I'd say this," I said, partly because it was indeed hot, but more because I wanted to spend some more sexy time with my stepsister, "but I think I'd rather be back inside the car."

"Magical words I never thought I'd hear," Dad laughed.

"Me neither," I said, looking at LeAnn who was smiling her approval, and feeling Nicki squeezing my hand.

"Let's head back," LeAnn said.

"Agreed," Dad said.

"Dad and Mom led, while Nicki and I fell back a bit. Nicki asked once we were out of earshot, "So, Mr. white stud with the lovely big dick, have you ever eaten any pussy?"

"Only what you offered me today via your fingers."

"Have you ever gotten a blow job?"

"Nope."

"You poor, deprived boy," she said consolingly, leading me off the trail and into the trees.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"I could use a snack," she said. She dropped to her knees, pulled down my shorts and underwear in one smooth move, and had my dick in her mouth in just a few moments.

"Oh my God!" I moaned, the sensations of her lips wrapped around my dick delivering instant euphoria. This had triple the emotional impact of the hand job she'd given me earlier. I couldn't *possibly* put into words how good it felt!

"Mmmmmm," she purred, as she slowly bobbed on my dick. If I hadn't shot a load less than an hour ago, I'm sure this would have broken the world record for the quickest orgasm from a blow job.

"That feels amazing," I said openly, loving this chance to say whatever I pleased, without worrying about my father hearing me.

"Do you like me sucking your big white dick?" she asked, taking her mouth off of it for a moment, and looking up at me as she stroked my dick with her hand.

"I love watching you on your knees sucking my big white dick with those pretty plump lips," I praised her, feeling a huge rush of pleasure about what was happening.

"Am I your black slut?" she asked, slithering her tongue down my shaft and taking a ball into her mouth.

"Oh, yes! You're my black sexy slut," I emphasized with a moan... feeling a little odd to be calling my stepsister a slut, but that's what her Momma said she wanted, and she was also giving me every encouragement. I guessed it was a bit like men and women hugging, which could be a bit dodgy for the men, since women had breasts. Some women preferred to hug without their chests making any contact. Other women (such as LeAnn and Nicki) just went full tilt when they hugged, and for some of that group, if shoving their breasts into a guy's chest got him excited, that was a plus. And in general if a man was wise, he'd go out of his way to be sensitive to a woman's preferences in that arena, and not make any decisions of his own.

"Mmmmmm, baby," she purred, as her mouth went to my other ball. "I want you to use me all the ways Daddy uses Mommy."

"You got it. But how? For example, do you want my big white dick pounding that pretty pink pussy of yours?" I asked, as she sucked on my other ball, Ball sucking was another wild first for me, and also a soothing sensation.

"Yes, I do. May I please take your virginity with my tight little pussy?" she asked as casually as if she was requesting a glass of water, then she licked her tongue back up my shaft.

"Oh fuck, yes." I groaned. "But first I'm going to bust a nut of snow-white jizz all over your pretty black face!"

"You are, are you?" she asked, and she took my cock back into her mouth, this time bobbing hungrily. Apparently she wanted that facial sooner rather than later!

But she only had time for a few deep bobs while she took over half of my dick in her mouth, before some stranger yelled, "Hey, you two! What the hell do you think you're doing?"

"Shit," I groaned.

Nicki leapt to her feet, while I yanked my underwear and shorts back up as quickly as Nicki had pulled them down! She grabbed my hand and led me, while we rushed away through the trees, and eventually... now less hurriedly... back onto the trail, about a mile down.

"I guess I'll have to give you a raincheck," she said regretfully.

"You bet you will. And I'll be *cashing* that raincheck real soon," I said, as we continued semi-running down the trail. Unlike before my most recent conversation with LeAnn, instead of my acquiescing to her every whim, always waiting for her to offer me any liberties I might take with her... and here's the new part... I now felt free to demand things from her... cautiously at first, to see how she responded... but with growing confidence.

Once we were approaching Mom and Dad, who were leaning against the car chatting, she whispered, "I'm going to drain those balls again just as soon as we're back on the road."

"You'd better," I said, "and that facial you want will be coming later."

"Promises, promises," she grinned.

"Oh, I always keep my promises," I said.

"Then today you're planning to fuck me too?"

"In time, I plan on doing everything with you," I replied, wanting so badly to kiss her.

As if reading my mind, Nicki stopped, turned towards me just a couple dozen steps away from our Mom and Dad, and she kissed me... passionately.

I kissed her back with equal fervor... first since I desperately wanted to, and also because the moment she'd initiated it, it was already too late to hide it from Dad.

Nicki broke the kiss, and she led me hand in hand back to the car. And to Dad.

"That's a very unorthodox calming technique," he said with a slight smile.

"Yeah. Well, Mom told me to do whatever it takes," Nicki explained unapologetically.

"And it's definitely working," I added.

"Well I for one, think this is great!" LeAnn said. "You two make a really cute couple. And your being an interracial one just like your parents, is very 2023."

"You're not concerned that we're stepsiblings?" I asked.

"You're not related by blood," she scoffed.

"And you, Daddy?" Nicki asked. "Are you okay if I start making out with your son? And I mean lots!"

"I think my son is the second luckiest man in the world."

"Well said," LeAnn laughed, playfully slapping his ass.

"Well, let's get going," I said, with no anxiety at all about climbing back into a confined space that sometimes kills people.

"Yes, we have some unfinished business," Nicki said, leading me to the car.

"Unfinished business?" Dad asked. "You're going to kill David Carradine?"

"Leave it alone," LeAnn chuckled, then she kissed Dad before walking around to her side of the car. Dad, always the gentleman, hurried around to open the car door, and she said, "You're so sweet!"

"And you're divine," Dad responded smoothly, obviously a bit of a player himself.

"Oh you know it," LeAnn said as she climbed up into the passenger seat.

On the other side of the van, Nicki motioned for me to get in first, so I did.

Dad got into the car and joked, "Now, no hanky panky back there!"

"I don't even know what that means," Nicki said.

"He's quoting F. Scott Fitzgerald," LeAnn explained. "In the nineteenth century it meant someone conning people, and sometimes in the early twentieth, jump-starting your Model T Ford. But in 1920 he decided it should mean foreplay, and the new meaning caught on."

"Well, I'm glad you're keeping up with the times, Daddy," Nicki teased. She then pointed at my dick and whispered, "You need to free Willy!"

Getting the point, I raised my ass enough to pull down my shorts and underwear. LeAnn said, as she watched my big, hard, white willy regaining his freedom, "Now Steven, no matter what you think you might be hearing back there, Leave them *the fuck* alone."

"Language, Momma!" Nicki sang out teasingly.

"Shut up, bitch," LeAnn retorted with a merry laugh. And since my dick was out and about, she reached back and gave it a quick stroke, before saying, while giving her daughter and me a wink, "And in case you two lovebirds are wondering, there's definitely going to be some hanky panky going on up here!"

"Mine," Nicki said, taking my dick in her hand, and there was no way Dad didn't hear her, but he didn't say a word. Until...

"LeAnn!" he gasped, I assumed because she'd just grabbed *his* dick, too.

Nicki didn't say another word as she leaned down and took my dick back into her mouth, making up for lost time, after that stranger's rude interruption.

"Just drive," LeAnn ordered, "Momma needs a snack."

"But...." Dad began, as I heard the unmistakable sound of a zipper.

"Drive," she repeated.

"Yes dear," he said, starting the engine and pulling out of the parking lot. I didn't look up to check, but it sounded like we were heading back towards the interstate.

LeAnn said a moment later, while Nicki bent down and swirled her tongue around my cock head, "Stud, it looks to me like you got turned on from perving on our kids making out."

"I did not," Dad denied.

"Then why are you so hard?" LeAnn asked playfully, as we were just about to return to the interstate.

"Daddy's hard? Let me see!" Nicki said boisterously. She took her mouth off of my throbbing dick, sat up, and leaned over me into the space between the two front seats.

LeAnn sat up and said, encouraging her daughter to admire her husband's exposed erection, "Here it is. Isn't it impressive, honey?"

"Oh my God, what a lovely big white dick," Nicki praised. (I prayed from my insecurity that mine was bigger!)

"Girls!" Dad objected. "Inappropriate much?!"

Ignoring him, "I know," LeAnn said proudly, "and man, does he know how to use it!"

"It really is lovely. But I think mine's bigger," Nicki said, and she hurried back down into her seat, bent down, and took my dick back into her mouth.

"Hers?" Dad asked.

"Isn't this dick mine?" LeAnn asked, as Nicki resumed worshipping... only my cock head for now.

"Yes, of course it is."

LeAnn looked back at me and smiled.

I winked at her.

"Then your son's dick belongs to Nicki," LeAnn said, matter-of-factly.

"I'm okay with that," I spoke up.

"You're *really* okay with that?" Nicki asked, looking up at me a bit worriedly.

"I approve 100% of you owning my big white dick," I said, now not giving a damn that my Dad could hear every word I was saying. "But in return, I own all three of your pretty holes, is that understood?" I didn't know where this assertive new me was coming from. Perhaps it was the heat of the moment, perhaps it was from watching too much porn, or perhaps it was my conversations with LeAnn, but right now, it felt perfectly natural to be coming out of me.

"Yes, baby! My mouth, my pussy and my black asshole are all yours to fuck however you wish," Nicki responded with increased lust.

"Language," LeAnn said, while surprisingly, Dad remained silent. But he did start driving faster.

"Sorry, Mommy," Nicki said sarcastically. "Let me rephrase that, Aaron. You're welcome to use my beautiful dick-sucking lips and mouth to shove your big white dick into me anytime you want! You may slide that massive white pole up my pussy whenever you want, and you may pound my tight black asshole... sorry, I mean butthole... anytime you want!"

"Better," LeAnn approved as she watched us playing together, and she also seemed to be stroking my Dad.

"You may also come all over my pretty black face, stroke that dick between my stocking-clad soles, and unload inside my pussy or my asshole anytime you want," she added wickedly, before she bent down and took my dick back into her mouth. And this time she wasn't just rolling her tongue around my dick head, now she was bobbing on my dick with gusto!

"I'll forgive that last swear," LeAnn allowed generously, except I couldn't decide which of those various sexual terms she'd just used needed forgiveness, while all the other ones didn't.

At this point I was sure Dad could hear the loud, sloppy dick-sucking sounds Nicki was making, but now that she'd made her loud proclamation about everything I was welcome to do to her, there was no longer any point in our being sneaky about *whatever* we decided to do in the backseat!

"Does my man want his dick sucked, just like his son is getting *his* dick sucked right now?" LeAnn asked, as she watched her daughter furiously bobbing up and down on my dick.

"Yes please," Dad groaned. LeAnn's hand, or perhaps the wet sounds of what was happening right behind him, and/or Nicki's wicked proclamation, had obviously gotten him totally aroused.

"Tell me what to do, honey," LeAnn said in a sexy, sensual voice.

"Suck my white dick, nigger," he ordered. "Show my son what kind of black slut you *really* are for my white dick!"

"Aaron, sit up, lean forward, and watch me sucking off my Masta," LeAnn invited lewdly. She then leaned down and took my Dad's dick into her mouth. I was stunned by my usually laid back Dad's persona shifting to dominant... and apparently racist too... so smoothly and easily. Although I guess I shouldn't have, since I'd heard him being this aggressive through the thin bedroom wall we shared. But I was *still* stunned by his using the 'N' word... as well as by LeAnn's enthusiastic response to it.

Nicki abandoned my dick and said, as I leaned forward and started watching LeAnn bobbing on Dad's dick, "I want to see too!"

"Don't you have a dick to suck?" I objected haughtily, twisting my body so she could resume sucking my dick, while I watched my stepmom blowing my Dad.

"Oooh," Nicki moaned. "Yes! Please tell me *exactly* what you want me to do, big brother!" She repositioned herself, neither of us wearing seatbelts, which was greatly ironic considering my chronic fear. A seatbelt had once saved my life, but right now, my libido was controlling all of my actions.

"Suck my big white dick, while I watch our Momma sucking my Dad's dick, until I come all over your pretty black face," I ordered.

"Yes, I sure will, baby," she purred. She obviously loved being told what to do, and she eagerly took my dick back into her mouth.

"That's it, sluts! Suck our dicks," Dad ordered.

"Dad!" I objected.

He glanced back at me via the mirror, while his wife sucked him, and asked, "Is there a problem? Since you're now being so open about having your *own* black fuck toy, there's no reason for either of us to hide behind some façade of respectability anymore."

"You're okay with all of this?" I asked.

"It was my idea in the first place," he bragged.

What?!" I blurted out in astonishment.

As he continued steering with his right hand, while I watched, he placed his left one gently on LeAnn's head... upon which she instantly slowed down.

"I'm not sure this is true for all black women, since LeAnn is the only black woman I've ever been with, but in order to be happy, our two black beauties need a white man to control them in the bedroom," he explained.

"It's usually true, but not always," LeAnn added, taking a millisecond off to speak.

"Really?" I asked, even though LeAnn had already told me the exact same thing, and both her and her daughter's actions were strong evidence that this was the case.

"Yes," he nodded, "they need someone they can trust... and trust is vitally important... to give themselves to... mind, body and soul."

"So *you* planned all of this? Everything that's happened since we got in the car this morning?" I asked. That was somehow more shocking to me than everything that *had* happened, which had astonished me again and again. And if I wanted to share (which I didn't... except of course with Mrs. Walker's readers, since you probably don't believe a word of this), nobody would believe in a million years that all of this had actually happened.

"Not every detail, our sexy sluts did some great adlibbing, but basically yes," he said. "I put on a good show, eh?"

"Yeah, you seemed totally clueless," I agreed.

"Although I should give credit where credit is due," he said. "LeAnn is the one who noticed you were obsessed with her legs and feet in their pantyhose,"

"And mine too," Nicki chipped in, coming up for air for a moment, before returning to my dick.

"Yes, and yours too," Dad laughed. "And that got me to thinking that maybe if they wore nylons in the Rover, that would get you inside the vehicle. And once you were inside, if Nicki invited you to caress her nylon-clad legs, you'd be distracted long enough for us to get going on the interstate."

"Quite the plan," I said admiringly.

"But I *didn't* know Nicki was such a slut for white dick," he said, "or that she'd get you to suck on her nipples through her blouse, and finger fuck her in the backseat."

"You told me to do whatever it took," Nicki once again interjected from behind him.

"Yes, I certainly did," Dad agreed. "And you took that ball, and you scored touchdown after touchdown with it, you very good girl!"

"Thank you, Daddy," Nicki said, sounding thrilled to be called a good girl. She then resumed sucking my dick... but now with even more gusto.

"But you're also a very *bad* girl, aren't you, slut?" Dad said, "taking advantage of my innocent son like that!"

"Dad!" I protested, but I groaned the word, since I was getting close to coming.

Nicki again delayed my impending orgasm by responding, "I can be a very *obedient* bad girl, Daddy."

"Yes you can. And I'm very proud of you," Dad approved. "Now son, just enjoy your blow job, and we can resume our little chat after we've dropped our loads in our sluts."

"Sounds good," I agreed.

Nicki took my dick back into her mouth, and Dad tapped LeAnn's head again, before returning both of his hands to the steering wheel.

"Always keep both hands on the wheel whenever you think you're going to come, son," he advised in his fatherly fashion, while LeAnn began bobbing like a frenzied professional porn star.

"Advice banked," I said, which I always said whenever Dad gave me a piece of fatherly advice... although none of it had been about sex until now.

Then for a couple of minutes, we were both the beneficiaries of aggressive blow jobs.

"Oh my, I'm about to come," I gasped, as Nicki really worked my dick over.

She backed off and begged, "Come all over my face, baby! Coat your nigger with a huge load of your white, gooey cum."

I used my hand to take charge of my dick for the final sprint, and hearing her calling herself my nigger was the final straw! Just two strokes later, I exploded six massive wads of cum directly onto her face!

"Yes!" she purred, as Wad One landed inside her mouth, but the rest plastered her face on the outside: her forehead, her nose, cheeks, chin, and some of it even landed on her blouse... so too bad the material was white and it wouldn't be very noticeable.

"Good job, son," Dad groaned.

"Thanks, Dad," I said breathlessly.

Once I finished coming, Nicki took my cock back into her mouth and nursed it... perhaps trying to extract any slow swimmers.

About a minute later, while both Nicki and I watched LeAnn devouring Dad's dick (I was feeling generous), he growled, "Get ready, slut."

"Come on my face!" LeAnn ordered, positioning her face just above his dick while she took it in her hand and stroked him vigorously.

"Be ready to get drenched, slut," he grunted, and then he shot a massive load all over her face from very close proximity!

"So hot," I groaned, as I watched my father coating my stepmother's face.

When he was done, LeAnn sat up and asked me, "How do I look, boo?"

"Wonderfully amazing," I approved, gazing upon her completely coated face... especially on the right side.

"Hey, what about me?" Nicki demanded, as she sat up too... her face coated with my cum.

"You look just as amazing," I said sincerely.

"Pull in at the next stop," LeAnn ordered.

"Already?" Dad asked.

"I do need to pee, but a cum walk should be lots of fun," she explained.

"Good idea! And a mother-daughter cum walk will be double fun," Nicki elaborated on the idea.

"Double the pleasure, double the fun," LeAnn misquoted the jingle slightly.



"You two are amazing," I said, hoping I'd be able to keep up with them while things kept getting crazier and crazier.

"I know," LeAnn said. "However, I need to say that your Dad is giving himself a little too much credit for getting you into the car and keeping you here."

"It *was* my idea," Dad objected mildly.

"True," she said, "but my sexy daughter and I made it work."

"Yes, you executed *my* plan perfectly," Dad said with a smirk.

"You bet *my* ass we did," LeAnn said.

"Later," Dad responded.

"Dad!" I gasped.

"What?" he shrugged, as he pulled off the highway and approached a truck stop along the frontage road. "LeAnn *loves* a white dick up her asshole! But I'm sure you already knew that."

"Yes, boo. Back home, you've shot a load or two while you listened to your father sodomizing me, have you not?" LeAnn asked, her cum-coated face now just a few inches away from my own face.

"Yes, I *have* jerked off to that exactly that more than once," I said readily, feeling there was no reason for any of us to keep any secrets anymore... at least not from each other.

"Hey! I want to try a dick in *my* asshole too," Nicki whined, feeling left out.

"My baby girl hasn't ever taken a dick in her tight black asshole?" Dad asked consolingly, as he pulled into the truck stop.

"No, Daddy. Not even once," she said, as I leaned back to put my dick away.

"Well, I'm sure my son will be glad to *rectify* that very soon," Dad said, coming to a stop. "Ha ha."

"You'll *love* Aaron's big dick in your asshole, honey," LeAnn said with an odd amount of enthusiasm.

"I still need to take his virginity first," Nicki pointed out.

"You can take care of that detail along the next stretch of the road," Dad said.

"Are you telling my baby girl to fuck your son in the backseat while you're driving?" LeAnn asked in mock shock. "With her *Momma* in the car?!"

"That's exactly what I'm telling her to do," Dad agreed.

"Just clarifying," LeAnn grinned, as Nicki climbed out of the car.

LeAnn got out too, and said, "We'll be back soon. Do you two honey bears want anything?"

"We're good for now," Dad said. "Have fun!"

"We will," she said, as arm in arm, they sauntered away.

Dad and I watched our women strolling towards the entrance in broad daylight, with cum clearly all over their faces.

Once they'd entered the building (a trucker yanking his head around for a classic doubletake just after he'd passed them), I said, "Well, that was really something."

"Yeah," Dad said. Then after a pause, he asked, "Do you like Nicki?"

"Yeah," I said.

"I mean in an 'I'd love to be in a relationship with her' kind of way?"

"Would you be okay with that?"

"Yeah, that was also part of the plan."

"It was?"

"Yep, Nicki told us she had a huge crush on you, and she thought you liked her too."

"I did," I said. "I mean I really do!"

"Good," he nodded, "because LeAnn and I think it would be great if you two went to college as a couple. As in openly living together. Nobody would need to know you're kind of related."

"Really?"

"Yes. You'd do well to avoid attending any schools in the South... an interracial couple would probably get hassled a lot. But for instance New Mexico Highlands University is less than two hours from Albuquerque, and it offers a wide range of majors and minors. They have accommodations on campus for married students, although I'm not sure whether that means you'd have to be *legally* married or not. So there'd be details to work out, but at least you wouldn't have to take out any student loans."

"You've obviously put some thought into this. Have you two been playing stepbrother-stepsister Cupid?"

"I guess you could say that," he laughed.

"I just did," I laughed back.

"Now we both agree this *could* be perfect, but we only want it to work if you both *want* it to work," he stressed.

"I *do* want it to work!"

"Good. Because she's a real keeper."

"So I'm learning."

"So don't fuck it up."

"I won't," I assured him sincerely.

Nicki came back first, laughing her ass off as she climbed into the car and sat down on my left.  
"That was hilarious!"

"What was?" I asked, my cum still clearly coating her face.

"Our cum walk," she said. "The looks we got were epic!"

"I imagine," I said. "I'd call you the sexiest slut I've ever seen."

"Awww, you say the nicest things," she said, pulling me in for a 'tasty' kiss.

"Get a room," Dad joked, as my hand cupped her breast.

"Thanks to a certain plan... that a certain Daddy hogged all the credit for... this *is* our room for now," Nicki pointed out, before shoving her tongue down my throat.

"I guess it is," Dad laughed, just before LeAnn also returned.

"White people aren't *at all* used to seeing black women with cum all over their faces," LeAnn reported.

"Or to seeing two black women making out with man cum all over our faces," Nicki added.

"You two made out in there?" I asked.

"Yeah. Does that turn you on?" Nicki asked.

"Is it bad that it does?" I asked.

"Nope. You guys can perv on this!" Nicki invited, and then she leaned over me, and her Mom leaned towards her, and soon Dad and I were watching a red-hot incestuous kissing show! Sure, I'd read some incest porn... but nothing compares to watching it in the raw... even if it's just kissing.

"Shit," Dad said.

"You like, Daddy?" Nicki asked.

"I do, baby girl," Dad said.

"How about you, boo?" LeAnn asked me.

"Yeah, it's fucking hot!"

"Language," Dad said in unison with LeAnn and Nicki... making us all laugh.

"We have a couple more hours of driving today, and I've booked us at a hotel in Dallas," Dad said, as Nicki sat back down in her seat.

"Then why is your dick still inside your shorts?" Nicki asked me.

"I don't know. Maybe I got distracted by a couple of hot babes," I said, as I lifted my ass and smoothly pulled my shorts and underwear all the way off. "Better?" I asked.

"Much," Nicki approved, as she pulled her skirt down and off of herself.

"Start driving, honey," LeAnn ordered. "We're still in broad daylight, and we have a couple of half-naked teens in the backseat." She had a point: it was only about 5:30 locally and it was summertime, so we couldn't expect any 6:00 November sunsets.

"Can do," Dad said, as Nicki reached over and started slowly stroking my dick. I placed a hand on her leg, and caressed her silky sheer nylons. I could *never* get enough of doing that!

As we accelerated back onto the interstate, LeAnn said, "I'm taking these sneakers off."

"Oh, me too!" Nicki said.

"Did you know your father loves sucking on my nylon-clad toes, licking my sweaty soles, and getting nylon-clad foot jobs?" LeAnn asked me.

"I also love shooting loads all over your feet," he added.

"Then lover boy, why don't *you* jump in and do some foot worshipping right now?" Nicki asked me. She pulled off her sneakers, spun her body around, leaned her back against the door, and stuck her feet in my lap.

LeAnn lifted her feet to the dashboard, and wiggled her toes.

"You're such a tease," Dad said, as I took Nicki's left foot in my hand and raised it to my face. Then took a sniff.

"Does it smell good?" Nicki asked.

"It does," I said, as I licked her silky sheer sole. "And it tastes amazing," I added, as I tasted her salty, sweaty soles.

"Your son obviously likes to lick his woman's feet too," LeAnn reported, as she watched us.

"Who wouldn't?" Dad asked rhetorically, looking into the rear view mirror to catch a glimpse of me worshipping his stepdaughter's foot.

"So good," I said, in awe of this simple, yet sexual task.

"Make sure to lick every inch of her foot," LeAnn coached me.

"I will," I assured her, and my tongue did just that.

"That feels real good, baby," Nicki moaned, ever so sexily.

"I'll *always* be here to make you feel good," I promised, willing to do anything to keep her happy.

"You're so sweet," she said as I bathed her sole.

"You two are so cute," LeAnn said, watching me worshipping her daughter's foot.

Eventually, I moved on to her toes, and I sucked each piggy into my mouth individually... tasting her unique, salty sweat on every toe I savoured.

Nicki then offered me her other foot, and I replicated my dedicated tongue bathing of her sole, and then I focused on her digital delicacies.

This lasted for a good fifteen minutes, before Nicki took her feet away and asked bluntly, "Wanna fuck?"

"Nicki!" LeAnn rebuked with a belly laugh!

"Sorry, Momma! Aaron, do you want me to straddle your big white phallus and ride you until you ejaculate inside my snatch?" Nicki rephrased.

"Much better," LeAnn approved. "May I watch?"

"Yes please, to both questions," I replied. My dick was throbbing, because I knew I was about to lose my virginity... just like many other teens did in the backseat of a car... but totally unlike almost all those others... our parents were present, and they were expressing their approval!

"Slide over a bit, boo," LeAnn suggested, "so Nicki will have more legroom when she rides you."

"Okay," I said, the demise of my virginity being choreographed by my stepmom. Weird compounding weird!

I shifted over to sit sideways on the seat, with my back resting against those suitcases and my legs sticking out straight.

Nicki straddled me, and I placed my hands on her hips to help her stay balanced.

Then I just sat there like the letter L, while I watched her slowly lowering her body and her pussy onto my dick.

"Oh, *yeah*, sweetheart," LeAnn purred, "take that big white dick inside your pussy."

Dad adjusted his mirror to get a better view, and Nicki turned her head to the left and smiled at him, saying, "Hi, Daddy."

"Hi, honey," he replied warmly.

"Want to watch me riding your son?" she asked, as she engulfed my dick.

"Ooooooh," I groaned, as I felt her wet warmth... which was a very different feeling from getting sucked.

"Yeah, I do, honey," he said.

"Show Aaron why you're worthy to be his slut," LeAnn said.

"Do you *want* me to be your slut?" Nicki asked a bit nervously, now sitting completely down on my dick.

"Please don't sell yourself short, you wonderful bitch. I *do* want you to be my slut, but I *also* want you to be my girlfriend," I told her.

"You do?" she asked, looking surprised. "Really?"

"Yeah, I really do," I said.

"Then ask her a proper question, silly," LeAnn said to me.

"I'd love to. Nicki, will you please be my girlfriend?" I asked, as she sat on my lap, my seven-inch dick stuffed completely inside her. "I promise to treat you like royalty whenever we're out in public, and like my dirty, obedient slut whenever we're not."

"That sounds perfect! Yes, I'll be your girlfriend!" she squealed, and she leaned forward and kissed me, like we were teenagers in the backseat of a car. Oh. Wait. We *were* that.

For a minute, she sat on my dick as we tenderly made out... it was sweet and romantic.

Then our romantic interlude was interrupted by LeAnn saying, "Nicki, go ahead and take our boy's virginity now. And our house rules say you haven't accomplished that, until you make him come."

"*What* house rules?" Nicki asked, surprised.

"I just made them up," she said. "But I know *you* won't be happy until he comes inside you, so *do it!*"

"Yes, *ride* that white dick," Dad added, now getting directly involved in my sex life. (Hey, I'm not complaining!)

"You heard our folks," I said, "ride my dick, baby. Yee Hah!"

"Mmmmm, yes I will, baby," she purred, and she began slowly grinding on my dick.

"Oh, that feels so good," I moaned while she milked my dick.

"Oh, you *nasty* girl," LeAnn purred, "teasing him like that."

"We still have almost two more hours before we reach Dallas," Nicki explained.

"So we do," LeAnn agreed.

I reached up and cupped both of her tits.

"Unbutton your blouse, honey," LeAnn said, "let your boyfriend feel your big tatas skin on skin."

"Do you want to see and feel up my big, bodacious black titties?" Nicki asked, looking into my eyes.

"Yes please, baby. Show me those big black tits," I said.

"Okay," she said, and she... slowly.... unbuttoned her blouse... a single... methodical... button at a time.

"You really *are* a tease," LeAnn accused, acting like a bit of a tease herself.

"But I also aim to please," Nicki said sexily. "I'll tease my wonderful new boyfriend, and I'll *keep* teasing him until he comes!"

"You're succeeding with both goals," I said. She continued slowly grinding on my dick, while she painstakingly unbuttoned her blouse, while I stroked my hands up and down her nylon-clad thighs.

"You two are so cute together," LeAnn pointed out.

"Does Daddy want to see my young, ripe, black tits too?" Nicki asked.

"I don't know," he said, turning to his wife. "Do I, honey?"

"It's sweet of you to ask," LeAnn replied, leaning over and kissing his cheek, "but you'll be happy to hear that I *want* you to perv on my daughter's gorgeous bobbies. Because after she gets you all horny and shit, then *I'll* be the one reaping the benefits."

"Then yes, I'd love to... um... perv on your... gorgeous bobbies," he agreed, looking back into the mirror.

"But also keep your eyes on the road," I reminded him, a bit nervously.

"Yes, son," he nodded, hurriedly focusing back on the road ahead.

Finally, the last button was unbuttoned, so I immediately darted my hands up from her thighs to cup both tatas in the flesh.

"She has great tits," LeAnn bragged on her behalf.

"But they're not as big as yours, Mommy," Nicki purred.

"You both have large, beautiful tits," I appraised.

"Take your hands away for a second," Dad requested.

I obliged, allowing my Dad an unobstructed look at my girlfriend's tits, but only for a couple of seconds, before my hands returned to grasp them.

"Very nice," Dad approved, before returning his full attention to the highway.

"Agreed," I said, playing with her tits.

Then for a few minutes, Nicki leaned forward fully onto my chest, and kept slowly riding my dick, while I kissed her neck, and her chesticles, and especially her nipples.

"You two are so hot," LeAnn said, getting turned on by watching her daughter having sex with her stepson.

"Do you like watching us, Mommy?" Nicki asked.

"I do, baby, I really do," she said.

"But maybe we should give them a little privacy," Dad suggested.

"Fine," LeAnn said, then she winked at us and turned around. "But once we get to the hotel, Mr. husband, you'd better be prepared for a marathon fucking."

"If I *have* to," Dad joked.

"You *do* have to," LeAnn stressed, as she stuck her feet back on the dashboard. "If only to keep that dick of yours well exercised."

"You'll never have to worry about that," Dad assured her.

"What's the most loads you've shot in a single day, baby?" Nicki asked me.

"Dunno. Seven or eight, I guess," I answered, having never kept track.

"Tomorrow let's see if we can reach double digits."

"What about today?" I asked.

"Now I dunno, We'd really have to pick up the pace."

"Then you shouldn't have teased me for hours and hours."

"I didn't know how far we were going to take this," Nicki explained.

"Is this far enough?" I asked.

"Probably, but only for today," she said. She turned her head to me, and we kissed again.

After a couple minutes of kissing, I suddenly ordered, "Now ride me hard!"

"Can do, baby," Nicki said. She almost did the splits, her right foot now resting on one of the suitcases behind my head, her left one on the floor, and she began slamming herself vigorously on my dick.

"Oh yes, that's it," I moaned. Such a difference from that marathon slow burn!

"You like that, baby?"

"Oh yeah, I *love* you riding my dick!" I said enthusiastically.

"I love *slamming* myself on your dick," she moaned, moving her left hand to the back of Dad's seat.

"Daddy, your son's dick feels so *good* inside my pussy!"

"I'm glad, sweetheart," Dad said.

"So big!" she moaned.

"*Ride* that dick, honey," LeAnn cheered her on. "Show him what a dynamite black slut you can be for his white dick."

"I'll do *anything* for your white dick, baby," Nicki moaned, now really bouncing on my dick... taking my entire salami with each descent.

"Anything?" I asked, having agreed earlier that I would do anything *she* told me to do. And I still would, except now it went both ways.

"Anything, baby," Nicki repeated, "I'll be your twenty-four seven cum slut in the car, in the hotel, in public, and at college this fall."

"You want to be my girlfriend and slut even when we go to college?" I asked.

"I'll be your girlfriend, your slut, your live-in cum bucket, and whatever else you want me to be," she promised, really riding me.

"Sounds great! But what I want right now is to be the one doing the fucking," I said, as I tried to figure out a way of actually doing that.



"You want to pound me, baby?" Nicki asked.

"Yeah. Let's try this: I'll hug my legs for a moment, then you can spin around and brace your hands against the window," I instructed.

"Oh, yes baby! Tell me what to do!" Nicki cried out. She got off my dick, I scrunched my knees against my chest, she turned around, knelt with her left knee on the seat and her right foot on the floor, and leaned forward against the window, her back end ready for some canine style playtime.

"That's perfect," I said, and I knelt behind her, realizing my ass was numb from sitting on it for so long.

"Now shove that dick inside my pussy," Nicki demanded urgently, "and fuck me with your big white dick!!"

As I positioned my dick at her inviting pussy, Nicki added, "Yes, Mommy, I said *fuck*. I want my boyfriend to *fuck* me, pound me, and explode his white, creamy load deep inside my pussy!"

"You're an adult, honey," LeAnn said, "you're allowed to say fuck. Now fuck my daughter, Aaron! Fuck her hard, come inside her, and you will have left your accursed virginity solidly behind you!"

"Yes, Mommy," I said obediently, as I slid deep inside my girlfriend.

"Oh yes, *fuck* me, fuck me, big brother," Nicki moaned, "*fuck* me with that big white dick!"

"Yes, and *pound* her," LeAnn added.

"Show your slut you're the *man* in the relationship," Dad chipped in, as I settled my hands on her hips and began fucking her hard... my body *slamming* into her with each... deep... thrust!

"Oh, yes! Harder, baby! Fuck me harder!" Nicki moaned, as a car drove past us. (Yes, on the left, so if they were paying attention at all, they'd have gotten a great daytime view of my hot, semi-naked girlfriend while she was really getting reamed.)

"Give it to her boo, *bleach* my daughter," LeAnn sang out, coining a new term. (I'd heard of black guys blackening white girls lots of times, but I'd never heard of a white guy bleaching a black girl.)

"Make her come, son," Dad added.

"Yes, harder! Fuck me harder," Nicki begged, while I slammed into her as hard as I could.

"Shit, he's really giving it to her," LeAnn said.

"That's my boy!" Dad said proudly.

"No, he's all man," LeAnn corrected him.

"Do you mind if I do *this*?" I asked, grabbing her ponytail with my right hand and pulling it hard!

"No problem! I fucking *love* it," Nicki moaned, "but also keep pounding my pussy!"

"No worries! I won't stop until you come all over my dick," I promised, hammering away at her.

"It won't be long, baby," Nicki moaned wildly, "I'm so *close*!"

"Then come on my *white dick*, baby," I ordered, "come like the black slut you are, for my *white dick*!"

"Oh yes, baby, more," she moaned.

"Do you like being my slut?" I asked, pulling her hair even harder.

"Yes! I fucking *love* being your nigger slut!" she screamed. Her using the 'N' word was so fucking hot, it made my dick twitch even harder than it was doing already.

"Then prove it by coming on my dick," I demanded, slapping her ass with one hand, while still tugging on her hair with the other!

"Oh, yes! Fuck-me, fuck-me, oh fuck!, You *fucking* big-dicked stud, fuuuuuuck!" She babbled and screamed, while her orgasm raged through her... the cacophony almost deafening in the confined space!

"There you go, son," Dad said mildly, in complete contrast to the insanity going on behind him.

"Yeah, your son really can fuck," LeAnn said, she too speaking at a conversational level.

"Like father, like son," Dad said proudly.

"Now come inside my pussy, baby! I want to feel your dick pulsing and filling me up!" Nicki moaned.

"Yes, boo. Fill my daughter's pussy with your big load," LeAnn encouraged me.

"Fill her right up, son," Dad agreed.

"Yes, fill me up," Nicki moaned, still spasming through her long orgasm.

"So close," I groaned, focusing on doing exactly what all three of them were demanding me to do.

"Don't stop," Nicki moaned.

A dozen more strokes, and I grunted, filling Nicki up with my third load of this wild and crazy day.

"Yesssss," Nicki moaned.

"Oh yeah, so hot," LeAnn added, as if *she'd* just gotten fucked.

"So good," Nicki moaned, weakly now.

"Fuck," I grunted, and once I was spent, I literally collapsed back against those damn suitcases.

"I can't resist," LeAnn said, and she unfastened her seatbelt, scrambled awkwardly into the backseat, shoved her way past me, flipped onto her back, and buried her face in her daughter's cum-filled pussy.

"Honey, what are you doing?" Dad asked.

"I'm eating our son's and our daughter's very first cream pie," LeAnn answered. "It's a *milestone*!" she explained, her ass bearing down on my legs while she joyously licked her daughter's pussy.

"Holy fuck!" I gasped. This was a new level of shocking... and of kink... an incestuous intergenerational lesbian act!

"Shit," Dad said, pulling over to the side of the road (I hoped safely).

"Oh, yes Mom! clean up your son's mess!" Nicki moaned, apparently not shocked at all by her Mom's tongue busily at work in her pussy.

"So good," my stepmother said, as she ate my and her daughter's conjoined cum.

"Get *all* of that cum out of my pussy, Mommy," Nicki ordered, as she sat firmly down on her Mom's face, trapping her securely.

With the car stopped and shifted into Park, Dad turned around and watched avidly. "Shit, honey!"

"You know how much I love pussy, baby," LeAnn said, uncomplainingly trapped beneath her daughter's pussy.

"I know, but this is an entirely new *level* of kink," Dad said approvingly.

"You also know how much I love cream pies," LeAnn added.

"Yes, I do know," Dad said, looking at me with shock all over his face.

I shrugged.

"And did you know Mommy and I sometimes play together when you're not home?" Nicki added.

"I did not," Dad said.

"Mommy loves eating my pussy and fucking me with her strap-ons," Nicki continued shocking us. "I hope that's okay, baby," she said to me hopefully.

"I have no problem with that at all," I assured her.

"I didn't think you would, baby," Nicki said. "I should also let you know that I too love eating pussy."

"Good to know," I said.

"So if you want us to have some threesomes with some hot girls, I'm game," she said.

"Right now I'm more than happy with just you," I said. "Unless of course, your Mom and you would like..." I trailed off.

"Awww, that's so sweet," LeAnn said. "I'm sure Nicki and I can arrange something sometime. That is, if Steven wouldn't mind."

"Hey, as far as I'm concerned, we're all one happy free-spirited family," Dad said. "Although if we'll be stepping outside of our committed relationships, I think you girls should make all the decisions. We men wouldn't want to get in trouble with you, you know."

Finally, Nicki lifted her pussy off of her Mom's face.

LeAnn sat back up and said. "Help me back to the front, boo."

I grasped her arms to assist her, but she looked at my dick.

"Wait! I have one more item to clean up," she said, and she bent down and took my dick... with her daughter's pussy juice on it... into her mouth.

"Jesus!" Dad gasped.

"Sorry," I said, looking at Dad with sympathy and shock.

"Mmmmmmm," she said, as she sat back up, smacking her lips. I helped her get back to the front seat, which at one point required my shoulder and head to make some intimately forceful contact with her ass.

Then once she was seated in the front again, she urged, "Let's get to the hotel ASAP."

"Okay," Dad said, looking completely bewildered by all that had just happened.

"This entire day was amazing," Nicki said, as she sat back down in her seat, now facing forward for a change. She clutched my left hand with her right one, and leaned against me... her blouse still draped wide open, her only other clothing, her torn pantyhose.

"Best day ever," I said, as Dad pulled back onto the interstate.

"And it isn't over yet," Nicki said, and she kissed me.

I kissed her back and said, "I love you."

"I love you too, baby," she smiled. And as she reached for my dick (which was still hard), she added, "And I love *Little* Aaron too."

"He loves you even more," I said.

"Mmmmmmm," she said. I wrapped my arm around her and she nestled into me.

"Awww, that's so sweet," LeAnn said, although Dad didn't say a word.

We travelled the next fifty miles... in almost complete silence.

Nicki drifted off.

I thoughtfully replayed the day.

I pondered what might happen during the rest of the day and tonight.

I also wondered if I'd inadvertently caused a rift between my Dad and LeAnn. I really hoped not. Except that this final stage of today's journey might be the longest they'd ever been silent around me. LeAnn was always a real talker.

But I had no control over that.

All I could control was whatever was *within* my control.

Which seemed primarily to be treating Nicki like a goddess in public, and a sexy submissive slut in the bedroom (and sometimes in the backseat).

That I could *always* do.

## **THE END**

**Would you like to read more adventures of this wild interracial family? If so, here are a few ideas I have in mind.**

### **PART 2: A CRAZY NIGHT**

Overnight at a hotel in Dallas... LeAnn and Steven make up. Nicki and Aaron share some alone time.

### **PART 3: A FAMILY 3SOME**

Mom joins Nicki and me in the backseat for a fun start to Day Two. With no secrecy this time.

### **PART 4: A SWAP**

Mom and Nicki swap seats in the car, so they can swap dicks.

### **PART 5: ANAL PLAY**

Nikki loses her anal virginity with guidance from her Mom.

### **Part 6: ORGY**

A family orgy at the hotel in Destin, Florida.

### **PART 7: SWING TIME**

The family accepts an invitation to a swinger's party