

MY SON'S LAP: A UBER RIDE HOME

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Mom rides son in Uber and another couple gets involved.

Incest/Taboo

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My Son's Lap: A Uber Ride Home

Summary: Mom rides son in Uber and another couple gets involved.

This is part two of the **My Son's Lap** series.

In part 1, a mother sits on her son's lap while he's playing Santa for her company's Christmas party, and she's astonished to find herself with his big cock in her pussy. They slyly fuck in a room full of people... then do round two in the office... where he shows her a letter that verifies his claim that her deceased husband had set up the incestuous encounter, and she also learns that he'd requested his son to take over as both the man and the cock of their household. Given her longstanding submissive nature and the love she has for her son, she gratefully agrees to the exciting new arrangement.

And now the story continues.

My Son's Lap: A Uber Ride Home

Two minutes later, after taking my son Cody's load in my mouth and swallowing it down, I was walking to the bar to get another drink, when I had a sudden regret... not the obvious one that I'd just sucked and fucked my son... no, the regret was that I was still horny, so I wanted his cock *back* in my mouth and pussy. After more than six months of no dick since Jake had passed... plus another month or so when he'd been too sick and frail to make love... thus seven months with only my hands and toys to get me off... my high powered sexual libido was revved up, and I finally had someone to go to for relief.

I saw Cody walking back into the party, and my pussy tingled... which I knew was supposed to be wrong... reminded of just how wrong by the sweet aftertaste of my son's cum... a reminder of the ultimate sins I'd just committed.

The first time was an accident... at least on my part... but the second time I'd initiated it... the second time I'd willingly sucked my son's cock, then had asked him to fuck me again... and *then* I'd eagerly allowed him to deposit a load down my throat.

"You okay?" Janet asked me. "You look really flushed."

"It's hot in here," I answered, fanning my hand at my face.

"Is it?" she asked, looking a bit surprised.

"Maybe it's menopause," I joked, trying to cover up my recent indiscretions.

"Maybe," she said, as she gave me a look saying she didn't believe me.

"I need another drink," I said.

"Now *that* sounds like a plan," Janet agreed, and we headed to the bar.

As I sipped my drink, I processed all that had just transpired... still processing my surreal disbelief of all the scandalous things I'd done and experienced at this evening's Christmas party. I'd sucked and fucked my son. And my deceased husband had not only approved of this mother-and-son incest... he'd suggested it. Or rather, through a letter he'd written and had posthumously instructed me to give to Cody yesterday, he'd actually orchestrated it! **...I want you to be the Santa during the staff Christmas Party. I want you to go commando underneath the suit, and as the night progresses, when your mother sits on your lap, which I'm sure she will, I want you to guide your cock into her pussy...** he couldn't have been any clearer than that! Especially when he'd gone on to explain to Cody how submissive I was, and had urged him to take total control of me whenever he wanted to have sex.

So now what? Could this incestuous boning really become a regular thing? Could Cody replace Jake in satisfying all my needs? Needs that had been unfulfilled ever since Jake had become terminally ill. And no matter how I spun it, the pleasurable sensations inside me were still lingering. Perhaps it was because I hadn't been fucked in many months, maybe it was the alcohol I'd been consuming tonight, or maybe it was how much Cody looked and acted like his father... especially tonight!

Regardless of the reasons, I was still horny, and I wanted more.

Yet I couldn't slip away again... Janet would catch on eventually... or we might get caught by one or more of my employees... which would be disastrous!

So patiently, well *impatiently* was more accurate, I waited for the party to end, since as the employer and host, I needed to be one of the last few people leaving here.

So I spent my time dancing with the ladies for a while, frequently looking around, trying to keep tabs on my son like a jealous high school girl worried her hot boyfriend might cheat on her, while also trying to figure out if one of the women here was the third MILF my son had said he was fucking.

As the evening wound down, I knew I was too tipsy to drive, so I asked Cody, "Are you up for driving us home?"

"Legally?" he asked.

"Yes, legally," I laughed, shaking my head.

"Then no," he said.

Eager to get home and fuck him again, I suggested, "I'll call an Uber."

"Sure," he agreed.

"For one o'clock?"

"Whenever you'd like to leave," he said.

"The sooner the better," I said, briefly and slyly squeezing his cock, "we have some unfinished business, and nothing like the kind that martial artist Beatrix Kiddo had all through the movie 'Kill

Bill'."

"We do, do we?" he asked slyly.

"Yes, we do," I said in a sultry tone that made it pretty clear what I was expecting when we got home, wanting to fuck him again right now. Together we'd opened Pandora's box, and with my submissive nature reawakened, I was horny as fuck.

"I see," he said, acting pretty causal about it.

"You're the man of the house now," I reminded him. "So you have some new duties."

"Like fixing the dishwasher," he joked.

"Close; you *will* be working on some plumbing," I riposted.

"Not quite, *you'll* be working on a *pipe*," he countered. "And only one pipe."

"I'm warming up my pipe wrench right now," I said, opening and closing my mouth a few times, this lame repartee turning me on.

"Let me know when it's time to go," he said.

"Soon," I said. "Very soon."

I reached for my phone, booked an Uber, and got a reply saying it would be here in nine minutes.

I wished Janet and a few others who were heading out Merry Christmas yet again, and when the Uber was three minutes away, I locked up, took Cody's hand, and began walking.

He said, as we headed to the elevator, "Best Christmas party ever."

"Your surprise gift was very thoughtful," I said. "Exciting even!"

"I was hoping you'd like it!"

"It was exactly what I needed," I said as the elevator opened. "And if I'd had any idea it was an option, it would have been at the top of my wish list."

We stepped into the elevator, and once the doors had closed us in, I squeezed his cock and said, "And the perfect size, too."

"Suck it. Right now," he ordered.

"You're such bad boy," I mock scolded as I quickly obeyed, fishing his dick out for a quick suck. I had fond memories of sucking and being fucked in this same elevator by his father.

I bobbed for not even two dozen hungry bobs, before I felt the elevator slowing down.

I stood up, still stroking his cock and said, "To be continued."

"Definitely," he agreed.

He put his dick away just as the elevator doors opened. And we were walking out of the office building just as the Uber pulled up.

It looked full.

I pulled out my phone and saw that I'd chosen the Share option, and I'd only booked for one of us.

"Shit," I said.

I walked around to the driver and said, "I think I screwed up."

He offered, "If you can sit on your companion's lap, this can still work."

"Oh, you're a lifesaver!" I gushed, and I returned to my son. "Think you can handle your Mom sitting on your lap again for this ride?"

"It'll be a ride all right," he promised.

"Maybe it will, Cody," I said, as he opened the curbside backseat door for me, and a wicked idea began forming in my head... maybe I could get my son's dick back inside me before we arrived home.

He climbed in and sat down beside a guy and a girl, who looked like a couple in their early twenties.

I followed him inside, sat awkwardly down on my son's lap, and apologized to the good-looking couple, "Hey, sorry about the tight squeeze."

"No problem," the college-aged girl smiled at me.

"Thanks a bunch," I said, as I reached behind myself to close the door, which caused me to grind on my son's hard cock... which in turn caused me to let out a soft moan.

I closed the door, and the driver started driving.

"Hand me the seat belt, honey," I requested.

Cody did, and I leaned against him to my left to find the seatbelt... to wrap around both of us. After a few tries, and even some help from the girl seated in the middle, we concluded it wasn't going to work.

I felt my son's cock sliding into my pussy as I dropped back onto his lap... apparently he was thinking what I was thinking... it was great to have two perverse minds thinking so much alike.

Once again I let out a little moan... well... perhaps a tad more than a little one.

"Sorry, it's hard to get comfortable," I smiled, as I wiggled around a bit to settle the cock in my pussy.

"No problem," the girl said.

"So where are you two going?" I asked, trying to make casual conversation while I continued wiggling around ever so slightly.

"Home," the girl said.

"Makes sense," I said. "Where were you two before this?"

"My company's Christmas party," she answered.

"Us too," I said, this slow, ultra slow fucking quite frustrating, but better than not having a dick inside me at all.

"I may have had a little too much to drink," the girl giggled, clearly a little tipsy... and her cheeks quite red.

"Me too," I said again, as I began slowly grinding on my son's dick. After a pause, I gave Cody a kiss and told him, not caring who else was listening, "You're going to get very lucky when we get home."

He chuckled awkwardly.

"My man is getting seriously fucked tonight," I announced bluntly to all our companions.

"Lucky you," the girl said, looking at me with a perplexed look.

"Oh yeah, I'm one lucky lady," I said, as I kept slyly fucking. "He's less than half my age, so he can fuck all night."

"I don't know about all night," Cody finally spoke up.

"Then we'll just see how long you *can* go," I said, then asked as I leaned back into him, "What's your record number of loads in a day?"

"Jesus," the woman seated in the front passenger seat said, having been facing forward all this time.

"What?" I asked innocently. "I want a man who can reload often, quickly, and shoot bucketloads."

"You're disgusting," the woman sneered. The Uber driver just kept his head directed forward, and his eyes on the road.

The guy sitting across the seat from me said, "Twelve."

"I wasn't asking you, but I'm happy to hear it," I said, as I continued grinding on my son's cock... pretty sure I wouldn't get as many as twelve tonight... but at least two more... and at this rate, perhaps the next one even before leaving this Uber.

"Really?" the girl asked, looking intrigued.

"Yeah," he said. "I've never done twelve with a woman, but I've done twelve."

"Will you people *puhleeze* have some decorum?" the woman in the front demanded, clearly offended by this entire conversation.

"I've done as many as fifteen," my son said from underneath me, ignoring the prude in the front.

"Tonight could that include a big load of cum all over my face?" I asked, really looking forward to getting a massive facial... I loved the soothing sensation of a warm load splattering my skin. Plus, I truly believe cum is great for the complexion.

"Disgusting," the woman said, shaking her head disapprovingly.

"That sounds really hot," the guy said from the other side of the girl.

"Oh? Are you saying you'd like to squirt cum all over *my* face?" The girl sounded like she was part asking and part offering.

"Um, I..." he stammered, which made me realize they were a relatively new couple.

"I think you'd look really sexy with a big load on your pretty face," I said, as I began moving a little faster... becoming increasingly uncaring about discretion, since this conversation, the alcohol, the revelation that my 'boyfriend' and I were looking forward to lots of fucking tonight, and his dick already inside me, had gotten me horny as fuck.

"Thanks," she said.

"It's great for the complexion," I said.

"I've read that," she said.

"I'm Debbie," I introduced myself. "And this big dicked marathon stud is Cody."

Another dramatic sigh from the front seat.

"I'm Amanda, and this is Derek," the pretty blonde said.

"Nice to meet you," I smiled, offering her my hand.

"You too," Amanda said, shaking my hand, and I let out another moan.

"Do you mind if I lean forward and use your leg for balance?" I asked Amanda. "It's getting a little uncomfortable in this position."

"Sure," Amanda smiled.

I leaned over, knowing Derek would get a great side view of my left tit, as I placed both of my hands on her pantyhose-clad leg, thus allowing me to raise my butt a bit, and thus giving Cody's dick more room for fucking me.

"Oh, what nice nylons," I said.

"Yeah, Derek has a thing for them," Amanda said, as I slowly stroked one of my hands over her silky sheer leg, while Cody began slowly, and less slyly, to fuck me deeper and harder.

"Yeah, so does Cody," I said. "That's why I wear thigh highs for him. Easy access to my holes."

"I see," Amanda said. "Then I should buy some."

"You really should," Derek concurred.

"Yeah, then Derek can just bend you over and slide it right in," I said, as Cody continued slowly fucking me.

"And you can sit on his lap just about anywhere," Cody not so slyly added.

"Aren't you going to do *anything* about these creeps?" The exasperated woman in the front asked the driver.

"What would you like me to do?" he asked.

"You should kick them out of the car!" she demanded.

"Ooooooh," I moaned. Cody's dick felt so good sliding in and out of me after the several minutes of slow tease when I was still seated fully on his lap.

"What for?" he asked.

"For being disgusting!"

"Just because *you're* not getting any dick, you shouldn't take that out on us," I said wickedly, letting out another moan.

"Jesus," she gasped again.

"And you shouldn't take the Lord's name in vain," I said, a sly smile on my face as I looked at Amanda. I then added, "Unless it's to glorify His Holy Name while your man fucks the shit out of you."

"He's fucking you right now, isn't he?" Amanda whispered in my ear.

I nodded.

"That's so fucking hot," she said.

"Kiss me," I said.

"Mmmmmmm, I'd love to," she purred, and she looked at her boyfriend, smiled, leaned towards my face and kissed me.

"You can't be serious," the woman in the front said. She'd twisted around in her seat and was now glaring right at us.

"Then stop watching," my son suggested.

"This is totally indecent," she wailed, not quite shouting.

"Then just turn back around and look straight ahead," Cody said.

"Pull over. Right now!" the woman ordered. "I want to get out."

Amanda and I had our tongues in each other's mouths.

"Right here?" The driver asked. "Ma'am, this isn't the safest area to be walking around in. Especially at night."

"Then please just go faster," the woman sighed dramatically.

"I obey the speed limit, ma'am," the driver said politely.

"Why don't you pull out Derek's dick?" I suggested in a whisper as I broke the kiss. It was a whisper I'm sure the driver heard, but not the loudmouthed prude in the passenger seat.

Truth be told, this adventure had gone to an extreme I'd never reached before. But after all those months of no dick, and the posthumous encouragement from my deceased husband for Cody and me to go crazy, and well, Pandora's pussy was now fully liberated from her hibernation, and I was making plans 100% with my libido. That, plus whatever Cody decided to require from me, and he was no slouch either.

"Really?" she asked. "You think I should?"

"Sure, go for it," I encouraged her with another moan, as Cody began fucking me faster, and I could see the tent in Derek's pants. "Just look at it... the poor guy's dick is rock hard."

"It really is," he agreed.

I braced my hands against the back of the driver's seat for even better balance, and to give Cody's dick even more room to pound into me. I watched as Amanda fished out her man's dick, saying, "I can't believe I'm doing this."

"Oh yes," I moaned.

"They're actually having *sex* back there," the woman shrieked with utter disgust and shock. "Kick them *all* out of the car!"

"That's a really nice cock," I said as Amanda pulled Derek's dick into view, and now I wasn't speaking at all softly. "Maybe you should fuck the bitch in the front seat with it. It's pretty clear she hasn't had any dick in a long time."

"That's Enough!" the woman snapped, turning completely around and shoving me. "I've had enough of this!"

"That's my *tit*," I objected, falling briefly onto Amanda. As I pushed my way back up, one hand on each seat back, I looked at the woman, who was in her forties like I was, and would be pretty if she didn't have that resting bitch look, "if you like women, we can make that happen too."

"Fuck you," she said.

"Sure, why not?" I smiled wickedly, glancing down to see Amanda was now sucking Derek's cock. "Or if you want, my man can fuck you while I eat your pussy."

"What's *wrong* with you?" she asked incredulously.

"Nothing really," I said. "Actually, I'm feeling pretty damn good right now."

She turned back around, and I moaned, "That's it baby, fuck me!"

"THERE! She just admitted they're having sex," she said triumphantly.

"So? What happens in the backseat stays in the backseat," the driver said, looking into the rear-view mirror and right at me. And winked.

I gave him a big smile.

"I'm going to lodge a complaint with your supervisor," she threatened.

"And *we'll* give you a glowing recommendation," I countered.

"You bet your sweet ass we will," Derek moaned.

"Fuck me, Derek," Amanda demanded, clearly as horny as I was. She unbuckled her seatbelt, got on her hands and knees facing me, hiked up her skirt, and pulled down her pantyhose and panties.

"Remember that thigh highs give your man easier access to your cunt," I pointed out.

"I'll be sure to pick some up tomorrow," she smiled, as Derek hurriedly got out of his seatbelt, knelt, and slid inside his woman. "Ooooh, yes."

"Harder, baby, fuck me harder," I demanded, and Cody obliged, with his hands on my hips and hard, deep thrusts.

And for the next two or three minutes, Derek openly pounded Amanda and Cody fucked me.

Moans echoed throughout the small Uber.

So did the sounds of bodies slamming together.

"I can't *believe* this," the prude wailed.

"What? That young men can fuck like rabbits?" I asked with a moan.

"No dignity," she said.

"Nope, I'm just craving cock," I said. "Or even some cunt."

"Jesus," she said again, shaking her head.

"Oh God," I moaned, since Cody was really hammering me, and was likely getting a great workout while doing so. "One he comes in me ma'am, I'm sure he can reload and take you right to heaven."

"Oh yes, fuck," Amanda moaned.

"Thank God," the woman in the front said as the Uber came to a stop.

"Is that a yes?" I asked playfully.

"You're nothing but a sick pervert," she accused, turning to glare right into my eyes.

"No, I'm just a slut for big, young cock," I said, looking *her* straight in the eyes.

She sighed as she undid her seatbelt and opened the door.

"Oh yes, God! So fucking good!" I groaned as loud and sensually as I could.

The woman exited, bellowed, "*All* of you people are disgusting!" and slammed the door so hard the entire car shook for a few seconds.

The driver said, looking into the mirror, "Someone can move to the front seat if they wish."

"No, I'm good," I moaned, my bright red face only a few inches from him.

"So am I," Amanda also moaned, sounding like her orgasm was imminent.

"Okay, the customer is always right," he said, "most of them, anyway; but not the bitch who just left." He then turned his eyes back to the road and resumed driving... chuckling in amusement.

"Let's ride our men," I suggested.

"Fuck yeah," she agreed as I faced front and dropped back onto my son... and she followed suit on her man... as I let out a load moan. Since the driver was openly supporting our activities, there was

no longer a need to hold anything back.

"Kiss me," I said to Amanda.

"Mmmmm, you boys want to see that?" she asked.

"Hell yeah," Cody said.

"Fuck yeah," Derek agreed.

"Unfortunately, I need to pay attention to my driving, but I'm all for it," added the driver. "My name's Rick, by the way."

"You're a real sweetheart, Rick," I said.

"Ditto," said Amanda.

We leaned into each other and kissed passionately, both of us with big dicks in our pussies. Her tongue slid into my mouth, and I returned the favour... getting even more charged up from the passionate, intimate raw kissing with this younger woman.

"So hot," Derek said.

As I broke the kiss I teased, "You should see me kissing her other lips."

"Oh, God!" Derek gasped.

"Just ride me," Cody ordered.

"You don't like the idea of watching me with another woman?" I asked, as I began bouncing harder on his dick.

"Oh, I fucking love it," he said, "but first I need to shoot a load up your wet pussy."

"Ditto," Derek said, as Amanda too began bouncing strenuously on her man's cock.

Moans... and groans... echoed throughout the car, as all four of our orgasms rose.

"Oh fuck," Amanda moaned loudly.

"Yes, fuck," Cody groaned.

"Come inside me baby, fill Mommy with that big load," I moaned, and then realizing what I'd just said and had potentially outed, I shrugged, "We like roleplaying."

"Kinky," Amanda moaned; she seemed close to coming.

"Holy fucking hot," Derek said.

"Oh yes, Mommy, ride my cock," Cody moaned. "I'm going to fill your pussy with a massive load."

"Fuck this driving shit, I'm watching!" said Rick the driver, and he drove close to the curb, halted the car, checked to make sure all the doors were locked, unfastened his seat belt, and turned around to direct his full attention to the live sex show going on in his back seat.

Not roleplaying at all, but wanting to feel his cock twitch and explode inside me, I moaned, "Yes son, fill Mommy's cunt with a big load of your cum!"

"Titties! Can I please see some titties?" Rick begged from the front seat.

"Do we take requests?" I asked Amanda.

"From Rick? I'm all for it!" she agreed,

So we both stripped to the waist, cupped our own respective breasts, and flaunted them for Rick, who by then must have gotten his cock out behind the seat back, judging by the rhythmic movements of his right shoulder.

"Oh fuck," Derek grunted as he spewed his load into his girlfriend's pussy.

"Oh yes," Amanda moaned, as she bounced on his cock, also coming.

"Fuck, I'm about to come, son," I declared, my orgasm imminent. Watching the young couple right next to us fucking and cumming was adding to the intensity of committing incest right in front of three sets of eyes.

"And I'm going to come up your wet cunt, Mommy slut," Cody added wickedly.

"Oh fuck," I moaned, finding the term 'Mommy slut' so exciting, as was the wicked thrill of committing such a so-called abomination with an audience.

"Come inside your Mom," Derek said, watching us as Amanda was now sitting astride his lap and leaning back against his torso, while enjoying her own orgasm.

"Yeah, fill your Mom's pussy," Amanda added, both of them really turned on by our 'roleplaying' incest.

"Jesus!" Rick gasped in a very different tone of voice from the one the prude woman had used.

"Oh fuck," Cody grunted as he unloaded into his mother.

"Yes, come in your Mommy," I moaned loudly. Feeling his cock twitching and filling my pussy was the trigger for yet another orgasm from my son's big dick. I collapsed back to rest against my son, as I enjoyed this wicked orgasm.

"That was fucking hot," Amanda said, as she remained sitting on her man's lap a couple minutes after we'd all come.

Both of us girls were now sitting astride our respective men's laps, and were thus presenting Rick with full frontals, complete with visible trickles of cum oozing out of our pussies around the cocks.

Rick's eyes were flitting around like a kid's in a candy shop.

"May I eat your cream pie?" I asked, wanting to show my son how nasty a slut his mother could be.

"Tempting," Amanda said, as Rick turned back around, buckled up, and resumed driving, "But this is for us."

"Well, at least let me have a taste," I said, not having dined on a pussy for a long time, and a cream pie for even longer.

"You're insatiable," Amanda smiled, as the car slowed down and stopped after travelling only a few more blocks. Recognizing the neighborhood, I realized this hot couple lived just a couple of blocks away from us.

I said, "you have no idea."

"But this is our stop," she said.

As she began climbing off Derek while buttoning up her blouse without bothering with her bra, I said, an idea for another wicked event popping into my head, "We live like two blocks away from here."

"Then we'll have to get back together another time," Amanda said, catching my drift, her cheeks still red from her orgasm.

"Yes, we definitely should," Derek said.

"I think we can make that happen," I smiled, wondering if Cody was up for a foursome... and I sensed he would be. "What do you think, honey?"

"Definitely," he agreed.

"It was a *huge* pleasure to meet you," Derek said, handing me a card with his girlfriend's name, and her phone number.

I glanced down to his cock, which was now deflated, but still sticking out of his pants. "Not as pleasurable as it could have been. But with this," I added, brandishing the card, "we can certainly arrange to pick up where we left off."

"Absolutely," Derek said.

Amanda opened the door, got out, and pulled up her panties and pantyhose. Even 'fully dressed' like that, it was obvious she'd been well fucked.

Derek put his dick away and followed Amanda out of the car.

I crawled off my son, over to the open door and demanded, "Get back here, Amanda. I still need a taste."

She looked around at the empty surroundings, and returned to me.

When she raised her dress, I pulled down her panties and pantyhose in one quick movement, leaned forward, and licked her glistening pussy.

It was only twenty seconds, perhaps thirty, while I enjoyed her sweet cocktail of pussy and cream pie, before she stepped away, bent down and kissed me. "It was really great to meet you."

"You too, sexy," I grinned.

Derek took her hand, Amanda closed the door, and they walked together up the driveway.

"So you also eat pussy?" My son asked, as I sat down beside him.

"Whenever I can," I answered.

That's very good to know," he said.

"Your mother will do pretty much anything you tell her to," I whispered sensually, not loudly enough for the Uber driver to hear.

"I'll be testing that," he said.

"You'd better," I said, excited about all the possibilities I'd thought had ended with the death of my husband.

Just as the Uber was about to leave, there was a knock on the window, which startled us both.

It was Amanda.

She opened the door and said, "Debbie and Cody, why don't you come in for a nightcap?"

"Honey, would you like to go in?" I asked.

Amanda took my hand and tugged. "I wasn't really asking."

"Then I guess we'd better get our asses inside and enjoy your hospitality," Cody said, as Amanda's eyes darted to his dick, which was still out.

"Oh? I think the hospitality will be mutual," Amanda smiled, reaching across and stroking his cock.

"We got out, and I said to the Uber man, "Thanks for the ride. I hope we didn't get you into any trouble."

He shrugged, and I saw he still had his dick out. "The pleasure was all mine."

"You two go inside, I'll be right there," I said.

"Hurry," Amanda said. "You and I have some unfinished business."

"Mmmmm," I smiled, as Amanda led Cody by his hard dick towards her house. "Roll down your window," I ordered.

"Yes ma'am," he said.

Once the window was down, I reached in, grasped his cock and began stroking it. "Did we do this to you?"

"Yeah," he groaned, his six-inch cock as hard as a rock.

"What a nice fat cock you have, grandma," I said. It wasn't really long, but it was very thick.

"Thanks, Red," he groaned as I jerked him off.

Deciding I was hungry for more cum, tonight being such a wonderful reawakening of my inner cum slut, I opened the door, knelt down, and took his cock into my mouth.

"Oh my," he groaned, as I devoured the entire cock.

I bobbed for only fifteen, perhaps twenty seconds, before he grunted and spewed his load into my mouth.

I smoothly swallowed his load and continued sucking until every last drop had been drained into my stomach. I then stood back up and said, "Thanks for a memorable ride."

"No, thank you," he turned it around, clearly in awe of all that had just happened.

"No problem," I said.

One last question," he said, just as I was turning to walk away.

"Yes?"

"Is he really your son?" he asked.

"Maybe, maybe not," I grinned as I turned and sauntered away... a creamy aftertaste in my mouth and looking forward to what was certain to be an amazing nightcap to an amazing night.

The end of chapter 2

Already written the third chapter:

My Son's Lap: A Wicked 4-Some

Mom and son have foursome with younger couple.