

# BACKSEAT MOMMY: GLORYHOLE SLUT

***silkstockingslover***

*Son takes his sexy submissive mom to a gloryhole.*

Incest/Taboo

4.58

6.7k words

**Summary:** Son takes his sexy submissive mom to a gloryhole.

## **Review:**

This is part three of the Backseat Mommy series.

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

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

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

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

If it is from the mom, it will begin with an **M:** and be in bold.

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

A reminder of how the last story ended: After getting ass fucked in the car, Sarah was in a roadside bathroom cleaning up when her son texted her to check out a link. It was a Craigslist ad:

**Horny submissive MILF slut looking to be DP'd.**

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

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

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

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

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

I read and re-read it a dozen times.

I couldn't believe Cory would do this.

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

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

C: I got a dozen responses so far.

C: Would you like to try a black cock?

C: Ten inches!

C: And thick!

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

C: Here is his picture!!

I clicked on it and my mouth watered.

Fuck!

Suddenly fucking my son seemed less like cheating... I know, it's absurd, but it's how I felt.

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

As I contemplated doing this big black cock, I went to wash up and examined myself in the mirror.

What was I becoming?

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

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

**M: BOOK HIM!!**

...

...

...

**NOW... Backseat Mommy: Gloryhole Slut**

As soon as I'd sent the text, I regretted doing it.

As a wife I knew this was so wrong. I loved my husband. Yet he didn't understand my sexual needs... never had... and I had spent two decades stifling my true sexual self, never truly satisfied.

I began to wonder if love was enough. Was I really willing to spend the rest of my life faking orgasms and being completely dissatisfied with my sex life?

Yesterday my son Cory had awakened a sleeping giant inside me and there was no way she was returning to slumber. These thoughts, as my body calmed down from my recent sex, had me seriously reflecting on the remainder of my life. A life that had been long planned and laid out in front of me... one that prior to yesterday I'd been completely content with... excited even.

But now... now such an insipid existence wasn't good enough. It really had become that black and white.

I knew that this passionate, raw sex I'd been enjoying for the last couple of days, and I had to admit Cory had been satisfying a deep need inside me, even when he'd been driving me crazy by endlessly denying me an orgasm, that all of it... the excitement, the exhilaration, even the frustration... I knew this kind of sex was not only what I wanted, but what I needed. And it wasn't only about the sex. The way my son was forcing me to surrender to him mind, body and soul, was fulfilling a deep-seated need in me I'd always known about, but had never comprehended how powerful it was.

I needed to fulfill the many fantasies... sexual and otherwise... I'd always had but only now saw the possibility of achieving. Yet I needed to be honest with my husband. He deserved better than having his wife sneak out to submit herself as a cheap slut for strangers... of course he also deserved better than a wife who was furtively committing incest right behind him in the car.

Yet you only live once... and I seemed to be packing all my wild, fulfilling sexually submissive explorations into a chance-of-a-lifetime three-day road trip. I refused to deny myself this powerful experience. Therefore, any revelations and subsequent discussions with my husband would have to wait until we were alone. Until after we'd dropped Cory off at his college.

Afterwards I would have years to regret what I had done.

Or years to regret what I had refused to allow myself to do.

I knew it was regret for the things you hadn't done, the experiences you'd denied yourself, that always came back to haunt you... such as in that powerful movie *The Notebook*.

So, even though I knew what I was doing was wrong, knew it could even end my marriage, I decided in the end not to rescind my slutty decision, not to text my son and tell him to call off this booty call with some black stranger sporting a ten-incher. I decided to ponder my immediate future a bit longer. Would I go through with an orgy? I didn't know. Today's long-denied orgasm finally achieved and it having delivered all the release I'd been desperate for, suddenly I wasn't so excited about achieving the next one in an orgy, even if said orgy was to be orchestrated by my imaginative and masterful son Cory. On the other hand, I also wasn't appalled at the idea. To put it succinctly, I didn't know a damn thing about what I did or didn't want. My mind was as big a mess as my well-used body.

Confused and indecisive, I went and grabbed a nice cold coke, suddenly realizing how parched I had become.

I unexpectedly felt a pair of arms wrapping themselves around me from behind, so I whispered all flirtatiously, assuming it was Cory, "You just can't get enough of me, can you?"

Thankfully, I hadn't said Cory's name or anything else to give me away as my husband replied, "No, I never can."

"Such a horny man," I purred, hiding my surprise as I turned around, wishing he would have shown me this much interest in the past.

"It's your radiant beauty that does it," he answered, sweet as always. He had always been a romantic man, a thoughtful man, even a considerate man most of the time... he just had never been an *I'm-gonna-fuck-you-like-a-complete-slut* type of man.

His loving words made me feel bad for him again, yet not bad enough to stop doing what I was doing. Deciding to test him, to give him an opportunity I hadn't given him in years, I asked, "Are you horny enough to take me into the bathroom here, bend me over the sink and just fuck me with no foreplay or sweet words? Just ram it in with no thought for my comfort?"

His face went beet red as he stammered, "Um, I, well..."

I interrupted him as I added, "In the ass?"

"Sarah!" he gasped, completely turned off at the idea.

"With Cory gone now and turning us into empty-nesters without a live-in chaperone, I'm expecting you to fulfill some of the manly duties you haven't been fulfilling," I continued, figuring maybe this unplanned episode of taboo sex with my son could perhaps rekindle my sex life with my husband, maybe save a marriage I wasn't sure could be saved.

"Sarah, I, um, what's gotten into you?" he asked, whispering so others nearby wouldn't hear.

"Not enough of your cock," I smiled back, squeezing his cock firmly and finally giving him a meaningful answer to this recurring question. His cock was hard. Promising. "Especially in my tight, neglected butt," I completed my thought.

Sensing his confusion, his helpless floundering for what to say, his clear lack of any ability to give me the answer I was looking for, I just walked away from him before he had the chance to say something we'd both regret, and went to pay for my pop and a bag of chips.

I turned around and saw Alex was still staring at me in shock. My assessment was correct: he was incapable of ever giving me what I needed. He didn't even need to say it.

I purchased my items and changed the subject with, "Shall we go?"

He nodded, still attempting to regain his composure, I could tell I'd really shaken him, "Yeah, yeah, I guess we'd better, sweetheart."

See what I mean? He could be conciliatory, but he couldn't ever take charge of me like his son could.

Back in the car, we drove the next couple of hours without any sex. Cory and I both fell asleep with his arms wrapped around my waist, exhausted from our marathon ass-fucking. When I woke up I noticed Cory was on his phone and wondered if there had been any more responses. I hadn't ever told him I might consider his plans for tonight to be a bad idea, so as far as he knew I was 100% onboard with no hesitations whatsoever.

I texted him:

**M: Any more responses?**

C: Over a hundred.

Trying to be playful, I made a joke.

**M: Wow, that would be quite the gangbang!!**

C: Is that what you want???

Oh shit! I was just kidding. But what *did* I really want? Upon reflection I knew for certain I wanted to be double penetrated at some point. I was also curious what airtight meant, I would have to ask him. I also was intrigued by the picture of the black cock he'd sent me. Yet a gangbang was an entirely different thing... or was it? Funny, now that I'd had a little time to recover from my latest super-charged orgasm, I was again leaning toward getting dp'd or more by some total strangers, and why not tonight? I really was becoming a slut. I was even revelling in it. Years of domesticated housewifery had mellowed me, but now I was rediscovering my true sexuality.

**M: I probably wouldn't refuse such a thing. What do you want me to do, Master?**

C: It's your night, Mom. I'm not deciding this time. What do you want?

There it was. Completely in my hands. I contemplated this for a few minutes. If I was going to continue cheating, I may as well go all in.

I hadn't yet answered when Cory added:

C: Want to read the responses?

He handed me his phone and I couldn't believe how many were there.

I clicked on the newest one:

**19-year-old college student. Eight-inch cock. Would love to fuck that ass of yours.**

Although I liked his age... I wanted studs who were energizer bunnies and could quickly reload. But I also preferred someone who put a little more thought into his response.

I clicked past a few that were generic 'What's Up?' or 'Found anyone yet?' or 'Here's my dick.'

I wanted to be impressed and oddly, to be wooed by my Craigslist suitors. I know, ironic considering I was contemplating being treated like an objectified slut and getting double penetrated or more with absolutely no consideration for my admittedly brilliant mind.

I then typed on his notepad, recalling a term from earlier I still didn't know:

**M: What is airtight?**

I showed it to him and he took the phone and typed. When he was done he handed it back to me.

C: Airtight is when all three of your holes are filled completely, thus AIRTIGHT! But you're not truly airtight since you can breathe through your nose. No danger of asphyxiation.

I nodded. That made complete sense and as usual of late, it turned me on completely.

Eventually I handed Cory his phone back with one final text for him, deciding fuck it, I was going all in:

**M: Get a few big cocks for me, baby. But only a few, not a hundred.**

We drove in relative silence as I pondered what I was becoming.

I had willingly cheated on my husband... with our son... in the backseat of our car. For two days straight.

I was now willingly agreeing to cheat on my husband... with strangers... in a hotel room.

I sighed. The longer I thought about it, the more I began to doubt my decision. Not so much about fucking Cory; no, I wouldn't take that back for the world, and I knew I'd do it again the moment he was ready. I was undoubtedly a slut for my son now and forever, no question. But fucking total strangers?

Alex broke into my thoughts by asking, "You guys want to go for a nice supper when we stop for the night?"

"Sure," I agreed, needing to spend some time with my husband face to face, needing to maintain the appearance of a good wife.

"Yeah, I could use a nice meal," Cory added, as he moved his hands from around my waist and down to my pussy.

"You're always hungry," I joked, my assertion having two very separate meanings.

"I'm a growing young man," he asserted right back as his cock flexed under my ass, his response also having two very separate meanings.

Alex agreed, "Yeah, our grocery bill will be a lot cheaper with you out of the house."

Cory agreed, his finger leisurely tracing my pussy lips, "Yeah, I'll definitely miss Mom's home cooking. Yours, not so much."

I almost erupted with laughter at his nasty innuendos. Both of them, but especially at the image of Cory sucking off his father... distastefully.

"Which is why I don't often cook," Alex agreed equably. "But we'll always have Mom's home cooking for you whenever you come home to visit," Alex offered.

I bit my lip to avoid laughing at what Alex was unknowingly offering his son!

"Yeah, I plan on eating a lot of home cooking when I come home to visit," Cory agreed.

I added, "Well, you don't *always* have to come home; I'll have to come out and visit you sometimes and bring along some tasty meals for you to enjoy."

"I would love that," Cory said, his finger now parting my pussy lips, causing them to greet him with some welcoming moisture.

Alex said, "I imagine cafeteria food won't be anywhere near as good."

"Nothing tastes as good as Mom's," Cory responded, my face burning red because of his tantalizing finger and the surreal conversation we were having.

An 80's song came on that I didn't recognize, but Alex did, so he started singing along and the conversation came to an end.

Cory used the song's distraction to lift up my ass and slowly ease my pussy down onto his cock.

I moaned softly, "Sick of my ass already?"

He laughed, "Just want to make sure all three of your holes get the equal attention they deserve."

I laughed, "That's very thoughtful of you. What a considerate son."

And for the next while, I just sat there with his cock buried deep inside my pussy. I didn't need to ride it. I didn't need him to fuck me. I was content just to have him inside me. Maintaining our connection but doing what *he* wanted.

"Half an hour," Alex announced.

"Good, because I'm famished," I said, my stomach growling to inform me it needed more than just cum to keep it satisfied.

"Me too," Cory added, "all this sitting around back here is improving my digestion so much I'm getting hungry a lot faster."

Alex laughed, "Yeah, you're not used to just sitting around, are you?"

Cory concurred, "No, I'm missing my workouts."

"Well, maybe once we check into the hotel you can go for one," Alex suggested.

"I definitely should," Cory agreed, as he tapped my clit significantly.

I took that as a signal to start riding him. Instead of bouncing though, I ground my pussy on his cock, moving my hips forward and back... wanting to milk his cock slowly.

"I could use a workout too," I added. "Sitting here these past two days has gotten me kind of stiff." I smirked at my incidental usage of the word 'stiff'.

"I'm stiff right now," Cory bantered.

"Maybe a nice soak in a hot tub would do us all some good," Alex suggested.

"For sure," I agreed, adding, "it would definitely loosen me up a bit."

"I imagine you *are* pretty tight being stuck back there," Alex added.

I could barely hold back from roaring with laughter as I continued grinding on Cory's cock, slowly building the pleasure inside me.

Cory began rubbing my clit, shifting my focus to pleasure instead of idle chit chat.

I began grinding faster and yet another orgasm was quickly on the rise.

But suddenly as my orgasm grew close, Cory stopped rubbing my clit and held my hips in place. He whispered infuriatingly, "To be continued."

I looked back at him and mouthed, "Are you serious?"

He shrugged and went onto his phone.

I began riding him again, wanting to get off, but he grabbed my hips and pulled me back solidly onto his lap. I texted:

**M: What the fuck???**

He texted back:

C: All good things CUM to those who wait.

I sighed dramatically just as Alex said, "We're here."

"Good," I complained sourly. "My ass is killing me."

"I bet it is," Alex agreed, sounding sympathetic... more oblivious responses to the true meaning behind my words. Keeping him in the dark was a major turn-on, but a small part of me felt really bad for him.

Yet that part of me was overruled by my son's dominance.

I slyly lifted myself off his cock, and then out of the car, as soon as Alex pulled into a parking spot.

Alex laughed at my prompt exit, "You must really need to stretch."

I agreed, even as wetness leaked down my leg, "I have trouble sitting in the same position for too long."

Cory walked past me and whispered, "Good to know."

As Alex checked us in, we learned there was only one room left, apparently a rodeo was in town. We booked it anyway, making me wonder how I was going to get Cory inside me tonight and how the promised gangbang was even going to work. I then shook my head at my skewed priorities. What was becoming of me?

We carried our luggage up to our room and then headed straight across the street for dinner, all of us famished.

At dinner we mostly speculated about Cory's new life at college and the new adventures his higher education would bring. The entire conversation saddened me. I would have been sad regardless of the past two days... but the sadness of empty nest syndrome had been replaced with the sadness of empty ass and cunt syndrome. Absurd, but truly sad.

As dinner ended, Cory requested, "Dad, can I take the car to do some shopping?"

"Sure," Alex nodded. "Your mother and I can go use the hot tub."

"TMI!" Cory joked.

I added jocularly, "Yes, honey, I'm afraid it's true. Your pure and innocent Mommy and Daddy are going to have sex in the hot tub while you're gone."

"Sarah!" Alex gasped, not used to this frank and bawdy side of me.

Cory laughed, "It's okay Dad, I know you two have sex. My very existence is living proof!"

Alex shook his head in embarrassment, handed Cory the keys and said merely, "Please get the car filled too."

"Sure, Dad," Cory nodded, taking the keys.

Once he was gone I suggested, putting my hand on my husband's crotch, trying to use my son's reawakening of my sexuality to improve, maybe even save, my marriage, "So about the hot tub?"

"I could use a soak."

"I could use a cock in me," I whispered back, rubbing his dick.

"Honey," he groaned.

"Let's go," I said.

"Okay," he agreed.

I led him to our hotel room and immediately dropped to my knees, pulled down his pants and took his cock in my mouth.

He groaned, "I thought we were going to the hot tub."

I sucked him for a few seconds before standing up and smiling, "We are. I was just prepping you."

"I'm not complaining," he wondered as he got undressed, "but I have to ask, what's with all the sudden, um..."

"Backseat claustrophobia seems to really get me horny," I answered the incomplete question.

He laughed. "Well, I should make you sit back there every day."

"Why? Are you trying to turn me into a sex maniac?" I joked, knowing I already was one.

"There are worse things to be," he shrugged, putting his trunks on.

"Touché," I laughed.

We went down to the pool and I was disappointed to see lots of people there... way too many to get away with any hot tub sex.

Nevertheless, I whispered sultrily, "Think we can fuck here?"

"Not without lots of witnesses," he said.

"If it weren't for the kids around, I would so straddle you in the hot tub anyway," I teased, before swaying sexily away from him and stepping into the hot tub.

We had a twenty-minute soak, chatting with another couple about great places to visit, before heading back to the hotel room.

Once we were inside, I pushed Alex onto the bed and said, "It's no hot tub, but it'll do."

"What about Cory?"

"I'll text him and make sure he's still busy."

I texted him:

**M: Where are you?**

He texted back:

C: *Buying you something special for tomorrow's ride.*

I texted him back:

**M: You bad Mommy-fucker! How long until you come back?**

C: *Fifteen minutes. Don't you dare fuck Dad!! Tonight you're my slut!!*

Those assertive words turned me on... again making me wish Alex could be that dominant and aggressive.

I responded, even though I wasn't sure how he planned to fuck me with us sharing a single room:

**M: Yes, Master!**

I sighed, "Sorry, honey, Cory is already on his way back."

"Shit," he sighed.

I shrugged, thinking Cory hadn't said anything about oral, "But he said fifteen minutes. That's probably enough time to give you an old-fashioned blow job."

"You sure?" he asked.

"I want my dessert," I shrugged, tugging his trunks down and taking his cock back in my mouth.

"Oh God," he groaned, as I bobbed hungrily.

As I expected he didn't last long, not even two minutes, before he warned me, "I'm going to come."

I kept bobbing, swallowing it all, before I sat up and grinned, "Yummy."

"For your tummy," he joked, completing a saying we'd used on Cory when he was a child.

I rubbed my tummy and laughed, "Indeed. Yummy cummy!"

I showered and came out to find Alex and Cory chatting while they watched some sports highlights.

I announced, "Your turn, Alex."

"I think I'll have a bath," he replied.

"Sure," I nodded.

Once Alex was gone and I heard the water running, I asked, "Sooooooooo, what did you get me?"

"*That* is a surprise for tomorrow," Cory said with a smile.

"You know I hate surprises."

"You seem to have enjoyed all my surprises so far," he shrugged, walking over to me.

"True enough," I nodded.

"Bend over," he ordered.

"You want to fuck me with your father in the next room?" I asked, although I was wearing nothing but a robe, so we could be quick about it.

"A better question is, do *you* want me to fuck you with my father in the next room?" he turned it around, cupping my tits over my robe.

"You're so bad," I moaned, completely at his whim. "You know I do."

Using a wall for balance, I bent over.

Cory stepped up behind me and slid his cock in me. He fucked me rapidly for maybe fifteen seconds before we heard the bathroom door opening.

Cory nonchalantly stepped away from me just in time and turned away to tuck his cock away as Alex came out and said, oblivious to what he was interrupting, "I forgot my razor and shaving cream."

I said, my heart racing from almost getting caught, "It's in your suitcase."

He was approaching the suitcase when Cory announced, "I'm going to take Mom for a drive."

"Oh, where?" Alex asked, as he rummaged through the suitcase.

I walked over to Alex and accused teasingly as I picked up the travel bag he couldn't find, "You really do have man eyes."

He shrugged, "I don't know how I didn't see that."

"You *are* rather oblivious," I said, taking a shot at him.

"That's why I have you to point things out to me," he shrugged before returning to the bathroom.

As soon as the door was closed, Cory stepped back up to me, bent me over the bed and slid his cock back in my pussy.

I moaned, "This is so dangerous."

"More so than fucking you in the backseat?" he asked.

"Touché," I laughed, as he fucked me.

"Plus, the chance of getting caught is quite a rush, isn't it?" he added.

"A little," I moaned, not admitting how big a rush it was.

"Oh, you love it," he insisted as he continued fucking me... somehow knowing me so much better than my husband of over twenty years.

"Risk or not, I love having you inside me," I moaned, as we heard the bathwater shut off and the splashing sounds of Alex climbing in.

"You'd better be making visits to my dorm," he told me.

"Who would you introduce me as?"

"My slut," he said. Before adding another thought, "Or better yet, my MILF girlfriend."

"Not your mother?" I asked, my orgasm rising.

He laughed, "That may be a little TMI for most people."

"Good call," I agreed.

He suddenly pulled out and said, "Go get dressed. I have another surprise for you tonight."

I sighed, hating when my orgasm was denied, "You'd better finish what you started, young man." I was also curious whether he'd somehow found a way to make my gangbang happen. Horny as I was, I knew I wouldn't resist for a moment if he managed to put me in that situation.

"Oh, I definitely plan on doing that," he smiled, "just not quite yet," as he slapped my ass and added, "Now hurry up, slut."

"Fuck, do I love when you call me names," I said, getting up, squeezing his cock and then grabbing something to wear.

I went into the bathroom to change.

Alex was still lounging in the tub when I walked in, shrugged off my robe and began to put on a sundress.

Alex asked, "A little cool out there for a light dress, isn't it?"

"Maybe," I shrugged, before adding, "but I'm feeling a little bloated, so I don't want to wear jeans."

"Too much 'yummy cummy' in your tummy?" Alex joked.

I laughed at his cutesy question, "Maybe."

"No panties?" he asked.

"My naughty secret, just for you," I shrugged.

"You're so bad," he said.

"Just the way you like it," I winked, as I leaned down and kissed him before waltzing back out.

As soon as I was back in the room, Cory handed me a pair of thigh highs. "You can put these on in the car."

"Yes, Master," I saluted, curious where he was taking me. He hadn't said a word about that, either to Alex or me.

I followed him outside and was surprised to see how dark it had gotten by just after nine. As Alex had mentioned, it had also cooled down substantially.

I asked as we got to the car, "Where are we going?"

"Not far," he said, leaving it at that.

I got in the backseat where there would be more room for me to don my stockings, and Cory took the driver's seat. As he drove, I put on the thigh highs and saw a black bag on the floor. I reached down towards it and asked, "What's in the bag?"

"Don't you dare touch that," he ordered. "That's *tomorrow's* surprise."

"Fine," I sighed. I then repeated, "Where are we going?"

"To make another one of your fantasies into a reality," he answered.

"You got the gangbang to happen?" I asked, my pussy leaking at the exciting thought.

"Not exactly," he said, before adding, "I think there only being a single hotel room was a sign the gangbang was a mistake."

"How so?" I asked.

"The more I thought about it, the more I wasn't sure I wanted to share your sweet pussy and tight ass with any other guys; I don't even like the idea of Dad fucking you."

"He almost never does," I sighed.

"Good," he said, sounding jealous. "But I did find a way to make another of your fantasies turn into a reality."

"And which one is that?" I asked, as he pulled into a strip mall on the edge of town. My eyes widened in anticipation when I saw it contained an adult store. *Maybe with some horny men inside?*

"You'll see," he said mysteriously as he parked.

Once we were out of the car he took my hand, which sent a romantic chill up my spine, and led me into the adult store.

I could see quickly that sex toys had advanced immensely in recent years as he led me through row after row of toys and then down a narrow hallway. As soon as we entered a room at the end, I could tell what he had in mind.

I was in a glory hole!

My pussy tingled with anticipation!

I asked, "So you don't want strangers fucking Mommy's cunt, or pounding Mommy's asshole, but you're okay with strangers filling Mommy's mouth?"

"For some reason yes," he nodded. "I am."

I said, "I doubt we'll have much time before your father calls to find out where we are."

"Then let's not waste any." He reached for me, raised my dress over my head to leave me totally naked except for my thigh highs and shoes (I hadn't worn a bra, either) and informed me, "It's time to taste you directly from the source. I haven't had that pleasure since last night."

"Mmmmmm," I purred, "you want to taste your Mommy?"

"I've been craving your authentic home cooking all day," he answered, as he sat me down on a cheap stackable chair covered in cracked plastic, and then knelt down and began to lick me. At the first touch of his tongue we could have been in a palace for all I cared about the surroundings.

"Dine away," I invited him, as I watched him bury his face deeper between my legs.

He licked me for only a moment before I began moaning, as he reignited the orgasm he'd left smouldering in the hotel room. "That's it baby, lick Mommy's cunt."

"Oh God," a voice groaned from nowhere. "Are you two really Mom and son?"

I nervously looked around and noticed that there wasn't one, but two glory holes, each on opposite walls.

I asked the voice, "Hello, young man. Do you want to fuck *your* Mommy too?"

"Oh shit," the stunned young voice said as I saw a wide-open eye staring unbelievably at my naked body. (I knew he wouldn't be allowed in the store if he were younger than legal age; we were just roleplaying.)

"Show me your cock, stud," I ordered.

The staring eye disappeared and a small cock popped into view.

I moaned, "Is your cock hard because you're thinking of fucking your own Mommy?"

"God, yes," he purred.

Cory finally rose to the occasion, rising from between my legs, "Go ahead, Mom. Suck his dick."

"Yes, son," I said, playing to our audience of one. "I always obey my son like a good Mommy-slut should."

Somehow talking so nastily, especially in front of a witness, enhanced my excitement as I strolled over to the small cock, bent over, leaving my pussy and ass available for my son should he wish to indulge, and took the small, but very hard, prick in my mouth.

"Oooooooh," the guy groaned.

I bobbed quickly on his cock, easily able to deep throat his not quite five-inch tool.

I liked the thrill of the glory hole, but I hoped to experience some cocks bigger than this one.

"Pussy or ass, Mom?" Cory asked suddenly, his hands on my bare hips.

I took the anonymous cock out long enough to answer, "My holes are all yours son, fuck your mother anyway you'd like."

"You're not really mom and son, are you?" the small-dicked guy asked.

"He came out of my cunt eighteen years ago and now he likes going back in there every chance he gets," I answered bluntly, "he'd live in there full-time if life didn't get in the way," as Cory's cock filled my fevered pussy.

"Fuck is that hot," the guy groaned, as I took his cock back in my mouth, confident he would shoot his load very soon.

And soon he did, spewing his cum into my mouth and down my throat. I bobbed until his entire load was deposited in me and then said, "Thanks, son. Such a good boy."

"Thank *you*, ma'am," he replied weakly.

Cory kept fucking me for a bit until he mentioned, "There's a cock in the other hole if you're still hungry."

"I'm famished for cock," I answered, as I looked behind me to see a massive black cock inhabiting the hole. I added, "And I've *never* had a chocolate one."

"I figured you'd like to have your sweet tooth satisfied," he said, as he lifted me upright, his cock somehow staying lodged deep in my pussy as we lock-stepped across the room and arrived next to the long, thick, black cock.

I took my new acquaintance in my hand and gasped, "It's so big."

"Suck it, white bitch," the black man's voice ordered abruptly.

I didn't need to be told twice, as I opened my mouth and obeyed some unknown black stranger with a huge cock.

"Oh yeah, worship my cock," he groaned, before adding, "all you white bitches love it."

I moaned on his cock in agreement, wondering what something this long and thick would feel like in my pussy, or even in my ass.

Cory, unfazed by knowing his was no longer the biggest cock ever inside me, resumed fucking me as he ordered, "Suck that cock, Mom. This guy is two fantasies at once."

I moaned again as both my glory hole fantasy and my black cock fantasy were being realized. Indeed, I was stoning two birds with one cock.

I bobbed slowly, focusing on trying to take more of what appeared to be this nine-inch cock in my mouth, not sure I was capable of devouring it all, but definitely willing to try.

After a couple minutes of sucking and being fucked, the black man asked, as his cock slid out of my mouth and away from the hole, "Do you want all of my cock, slut?"

"God, yes," I answered in hunger.

"Then put your mouth around the hole; I'm going to fuck that pretty white mouth of yours," he ordered.

"Yes, sir," I obeyed.

"And no fucking gagging," he ordered, as his cock pumped back into me. I wasn't sucking this time, I wasn't pleasuring or licking, I was just *there*. I was no more than a vessel for his pleasure. I closed my eyes and focused on not gagging as his mammoth snake impersonally fucked my face.

I felt so slutty, which only added to the euphoria building in me.

I wasn't surprised when Cory pulled out of my pussy and plunged his cock deep in my ass. It didn't hurt nearly as much this time, and almost immediately the pleasure was growing to replace the small amount of pain. Soon I was being completely filled, joyously, with cocks in both my mouth and ass. The feeling of complete submission, of being no more than a complete whore for two cocks, was exhilarating! I knew that there was no way I could ever go back to the hum-drum existence of my so-called sex life before this road trip.

The double deep fucking in my mouth and ass lasted for a couple of minutes, my orgasm brimming but not erupting with the switch from cunt to ass, before the anonymous black man spoke up again as he pulled out, "I'm really close, slut. So now you can jerk me off. I want you to take my entire load all over that white face of yours."

I obeyed without even room in my brain for a 'yes sir' as all my attention was focused on furiously stroking his cock and waiting for his hot load of cum to erupt and coat my face. A facial was almost the ultimate slutty act, following of course incest and taking it in my shit hole.

Cory kept reaming my back door as I pumped the black cock, noticing my white hand contrasted so dramatically with his black cock. I also noted my wedding ring, a symbol that now didn't mean so much.

For a brief moment guilt washed over me. That guilt was quickly erased however as the guy grunted, "Here it comes, slut."

Instantly his cum shot out of his dark cannon and splattered all over my face. I closed my mouth on this occasion, wanting to get a complete facial to show to my Master. The virile guy shot rope after rope after rope of cum and I felt it coating my hair, forehead, nose, eyes, cheeks, lips and chin.

"Oh, yeah, take it all," he groaned as if I had a choice.

Once I felt no more cum hitting me, I opened my mouth and took his cock back in my mouth, wanting to retrieve every drop of his cum.

He groaned again. "Shit, are you one insatiable white cum slut!"

I moaned on his cock as I lavishly sucked all I could out of it, even as my son continued pounding my asshole.

When the black man pulled out, he ordered, "I'd better see you in here again, bitch."

I lied, "You can count on it, you big black stud, you."

I next looked rather urgently behind me to my son and said, "Can I come now, Master?"

"Right now, Mom," he groaned; it was obvious he was close too.

I moved a couple fingers into my pussy and rubbed myself frantically while I used the other for balance.

In seconds my orgasm rose like a tidal wave and I screamed, "Yes, baby, Mommy's coming!" A couple of deep ass pumps later, and as my own cum flooded out of me and down my leg, Cory's cum filled my ass.

A few seconds later he pulled out of my ass and I weakly dropped to my hands and knees, not worried about how disgusting this floor was.

Cory said, "We should probably get going."

"What about me?" a new voice said.

I looked back to the first hole and saw a decent-sized hard cock pointing at me, as if calling my name.

"One for the road?" I asked.

### **The End of Adventure Three...**

**Coming next in this popular series about the adventures of Cory and Sarah:**

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