

BACKSEAT MOMMY: JAM-PACKED WITH CUM

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Mom takes a load in each hole on the final day of the drive.

Incest/Taboo

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Backseat Mommy: Jam-Packed With Cum

Summary: Mom takes a load in each hole on the final day of the drive.

Review:

This is part five of the Backseat Mommy series.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Backseat Mommy: Jam-Packed with Cum

That morning, the second Alex's shower was running I rushed into Cory's bed, fished out his cock and began bobbing.

He groaned as I woke him up the best possible way any man can possibly be woken up... with head.

His cock was already hard; I love morning wood, and I bobbed hungrily, knowing time was of the essence. I wanted that first load for breakfast, as I was determined to get those promised four loads from him before I left him behind (for a while) at college to initiate the hardest conversation in my life... the end of my twenty years of marriage.

Yet, my guilt was overridden by my lust.

I loved my son.

I loved his cock.

I loved his cum.

I loved being his slut.

And I was going to find a way to continue this taboo, inappropriate and yet so right-feeling and natural-feeling relationship at all costs... including the end of my marriage.

Thankfully I learned that Cory, like every other guy I'd ever been with, had a very quick morning trigger, and I was swallowing his cum within a couple of minutes.

Once I'd swallowed it all, I sat up and chirped, "One down, three to go."

"You're serious?" he asked.

"I'm always serious when it comes to cum," I quipped back.

"Well that was the best wake-up call ever," he approved gratefully, as we heard the shower shutting off and I climbed back into my own bed.

"Yes, too bad we didn't have this relationship earlier," I said. "Cum is great for breakfast and for the complexion." I agreed.

"Fuck, how I regret my entire senior year of not bending you over the kitchen table and just making you mine every day," he sighed.

"Well in that case, you owe me three hundred fucks," I quipped.

He laughed, "I'll write you an IOU."

"Just understand that I plan to collect on every single one of them," I winked, just as the bathroom door opened.

After a shower and breakfast, we were back on the highway.

I was back on my son's lap in a sundress and, of course, *sans* underwear and ready to have his cock back inside me. Clutched in his hand was the tantalizing bag he hadn't let me see the contents of the night before and still wouldn't.

As soon as we were back on the highway, Cory ostentatiously opened the bag and displayed to me with a silently mouthed, "Ta-da!" what was obviously a butt plug. He handed it to me, then pulled out some lube, which he gestured at as if he were a product model on a game show.

Taking the unspoken cue, I generously lubed the butt plug, which was quite large, before I leaned forward and handed it to my son to shove up my ass.

Cory smiled as he took it from me and slowly inserted it in my pucker. He did it as gently as he could, but nevertheless required some serious force to muscle it past my sphincter. It helped that his cock had spent some time in there yesterday. I clenched my teeth and grabbed the back of my husband's seat as it filled me.

Alex looked into the mirror and remarked on the discomfort he read in my face, "Uncomfortable already?"

"A little," I nodded, as the toy completely filled my ass. "Just trying to find the right spot."

"Only a few more hours," he reminded me.

Cory left me in that position, the butt plug now fully in my ass as I said, "Yep, this wild adventure is almost over."

Alex nodded, "Then Cory, you start your next adventure."

I glanced back and saw he'd fished out his hard cock.

Cory replied, "I'm always up for a new adventure."

"That's the spirit," Alex nodded. "Live life to the fullest. If you want something, just reach out and grab it."

The irony of his words were obvious as Cory took that exact advice by grabbing my hips and slowly lowering me onto his thick dick and making me wonderfully, excitingly, double penetrated as the three of us continued chatting.

I held my breath as his cock impaled me.

Combined with the plug in my ass, I was feeling very full.

Alex added, "You see Sarah? Cory will be fine. I think we need to have our own adventure too."

"The last couple of days have already been quite the adventure," I replied tersely, both to make it clear I wasn't changing my mind about our upcoming extended trip, and also because I was trying to get used to having two cocks in me simultaneously.

"But, I think...." Alex began.

"Alex," I said, my tone vetoing the idea of his continuing this conversation at the moment, "I have made up my mind. My son needs me, and I will bend over backwards to make him happy."

Alex sighed heavily, as I sat on my son's lap with both his dick and the butt plug now lodged deep inside me. I tried to relax, trying to get used to being so completely filled by two sizeable insertions while getting annoyed with my husband. I realized I wasn't being fair to him. We'd spent a couple months planning our fall road trip, and Alex was super excited about it. Although I didn't love the idea of travelling for so long, I'd gone along with it. Yet now I couldn't.

Now I had to figure out who I really was. Yes, I would do anything to please my son, demonstrated by the fact that at this very moment I had his dick in my cunt and a butt plug in my ass, but I also had to figure out the rest of my life.

Alex turned the radio up, and I figured that gave me some time to whip up load number two of four for the day.

Suddenly I felt slight, subtle vibrations in my ass. The butt plug was a vibrating one! Pleasure began to build inside me as my son had found a new way to pleasure me in this tiny, confined space.

Although Cory had already shot his first load of the day down my throat, I hadn't yet come, and as soon as the vibrations had begun I wanted to... no, I *needed* to.

I gripped my hands on his knees for balance, and began to ride his cock slowly, the sensation of riding his cock, mixed with the vibrations in my ass, creating a lovely euphoria.

And for a couple of minutes, I leisurely rode my son... nice and slow... simply enjoying the ride while making gradual progress towards my destination.

Then I felt the vibrations inside my ass getting faster and more intense. To my surprise there was almost no sound, which was impressive, although in the front seat Alex was now singing along to 'Sunglasses at Night' so I doubt he would have heard a telltale buzzing sound even if it had been loud.

The vibrations were soon stimulating my entire body and adding fuel to the flames of a steadily approaching slow burn orgasm. I had wanted to milk his cum slowly, but with my intrusive little passenger getting so active I wasn't sure that was still possible.

I began to ride Cory's cock faster, my orgasm building, when the vibrations suddenly stopped. Cory grabbed my hips and firmly lowered me onto his lap.

I sighed. This was going to be another one of those damned delayed orgasms.

I knew this delay would make my orgasm more intense when it came (pun intended).

But I also knew I didn't want to wait. I ground my ass on his cock to tell him as much, but as I figured, he was going to let my burning flame flicker and fade before he fired up the pressure cooker again.

He handed me his phone.

It was a story called 'Mom's Stockings: A Cum Bucket'.

So I read it. He knew it would turn me on, as the mother sounded a lot like me once she accepted loving her son as more than just a son.

Once I finished the story, Cory let go of my hips and took his phone back. The vibrations started up again and I took that as permission to resume riding his thick shaft.

Again, I rode him for a couple of minutes slowly, as I rekindled my flickering flame of lust.

Again, he turned the toy onto a higher, more intense speed.

Again, I began to ride him faster as the flames began to spread wildly through my bowels.

Again, he grabbed my hips and pulled me down onto his lap... but this time keeping the vibrating butt plug sizzling away on high.

This wouldn't get me off, but man would it tease me like crazy.

He again handed me his phone. This time it was a short article called 'More Moms Going Down to Ensure Grades Go Up'. It was about how some Japanese mothers were sucking their sons off so they'd be motivated to study harder.

Once I was done reading it, I handed it back to Cory who whispered, "Why didn't you do that for me?"

"I will for you in college," I replied, so horny I was willing to agree to almost anything, semantics and logistics irrelevant.

"That's something we need to make happen."

"I agree," I nodded, as I ground my pussy on his cock, trying to hint it was time to fuck.

"You really need to climax?"

I nodded.

He let go of my hips and I took that as permission to ride him. I again put my hands on his knees and began to fuck myself on my son's big dick.

As soon as I started riding, it once again rekindled the flame down below.

The double stimulations made the pleasure escalate quickly and after a couple of minutes, as my flame burned like hell's kitchen, I let out a moan that was much too loud.

Alex looked up. I realized I'd moaned right next to his head because of how I'd leaned forward for extra penetration.

"Sorry, honey," I apologized quickly. "Three days back here and there just isn't a perfect position anymore."

"We're almost there," he tried to comfort me, as I thought to myself, *So am I*.

"Thank God!" I said, a double meaning again in my words.

I bit my lip so I wouldn't let out any more sounds that might give away what was happening right behind him.

"I hate to stop so soon," he said. "But I have to pee."

"Okay," I nodded. "I could use a stretch too."

"I'll pull over in four miles."

"Okay," I again responded, as I didn't want to say any more than I had to as I focused on the pleasure and the very limited time I had to get that second load milked from Cory's cock and my first, much needed, orgasm of the day.

He resumed driving and I resumed riding.

Thankfully I didn't need four miles, I only needed one. The intense vibrations in my ass, mixed with riding my son's cock, and the fire finally became a wildfire as my orgasm erupted through me.

When I started coming, Cory held my ass up and kept fucking my pussy as I trembled with intense convulsions.

After another mile, my orgasm refusing to dissipate completely, not that I minded, I felt my pussy walls coated with my son's cum.

I just allowed the pleasure to continue its intense journey through me as Cory finished filling my pussy with his cum.

I felt the vibrator in my ass stop vibrating; I felt his cock slide out of me and felt cum leak out of my pussy, both mine and his; I felt his hand on my ass pulling out the wide plug and even heard a slight *pop* as it exited me. Thankfully the music Alex was playing was too loud for him to hear it.

Cory handed me a wet nap and I wiped up the cum leaking down my leg, as we reached the one-mile sign.

I sat on only one of Cory's legs for the last mile, my orgasm finally coming to a reluctant end as I looked gratefully back at Cory, who was on his phone.

We made a pit stop. Alex went pee. I went pee and cleaned up.

Back in the car, we drove for two hours in relative silence. Cory fell asleep, and I read on my kindle.

We stopped for lunch and as we ate, I rubbed my son's crotch with my nylon-clad foot.

Alex said as we were wrapping up lunch, "Two more hours."

Cory nodded, looking at me slyly, "Yep. Two more."

I smiled, knowing he meant two more loads to shoot... the load in my ass and the facial still to come... literally.

"Ready?" Alex asked.

"Definitely," Cory nodded, again saying two different things at once, as he rubbed my stocking-clad foot under the table.

"I wish I could go back to being in college again," Alex said.

"Me too," I nodded, knowing I planned to do just that, but it wasn't yet time to tell Alex.

Cory asked, "Were you two pretty wild back then?"

Alex shrugged, but I joked, "Not so much. Mostly just some wild orgies every night."

Alex was surprised but laughed, "Yes, that's how I first met your mom."

"Anyway Cory," I changed the subject, "I'm sure you'll meet the perfect woman at college."

"What if I already have?" Cory asked, squeezing my foot, which was still resting on the chair between his legs.

Alex said, "I didn't know you even had a girlfriend."

"Oh, I've known her forever," Cory told him. "I just hid my true feelings from her for too many years." Another squeeze.

Alex gave the most ironic advice ever, as my heart skipped a beat, "Well, you should always tell the woman you love how you feel. Don't ever keep it a secret."

"At all costs?" Cory asked.

"Yes, at all costs," Alex said, looking at me with sweetness.

I agreed, "It's important always to go with what makes you happy."

"Okay," Cory nodded.

"Well, enough tall tales and love advice from the old people," I said. "Let's get back on the road."

"This will be your last time backseat riding," Alex assured me.

God, he just kept saying such innocent things that meant something completely different to Cory and me! I nodded, "Yep, one final backseat ride. Think you can handle two more hours of me on your lap, Cory?"

"I think I'll manage," Cory smiled, as I moved my foot away and back into my heel.

"I'm sorry you've been stuck back there with your Mom sitting on your lap for three days," Alex said.

"It could be worse," Cory said.

I laughed, "Yes, I could weigh 300 pounds."

"Yes, that would be lots worse," Cory laughed.

Alex shook his head as he paid and we returned to the car.

Cory said, once we were alone for a moment, "You know I was talking about you."

"Your squeezes pretty much said that," I nodded.

"And I hope you know that I want you in my life every day," he continued.

"I have to deal with some other things first, Cory," I said sincerely. "But I do plan on finding a way to be as close to you as possible."

"Mom, I love you," he said.

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

"No," he shook his head. "I mean I *love* love you."

"Oh," I said, realizing this had just crossed to a whole new level of complicated.

Alex came out and asked, "What're you two talking about?"

Cory answered, "What is real love?"

"Heavy topic," Alex said, "and there isn't a simple answer to what seems a simple question."

"Yes, love is different to every person," I said, as I tried to wrap my head around my son's words. Yes, I wanted to find a way to keep fucking him. Yes, I wanted to be his three-hole cum slut. And yes, I couldn't imagine not living with or at least near him.

Yet... I didn't want to prevent him from someday finding his own true love, getting married and having kids.

Shit, this had gotten very, very messy... both figuratively and literally.

"Well, we aren't getting any closer by standing out here," Alex prompted us.

"That's right, it's time for one final ride," I said, trying to push the complicated out of my mind and keep it simplistic. I had two hours left with Cory's cock in the car and I planned to enjoy those entire two hours. End of story for now. The harsh reality and consequences of our actions would have to wait for another day.

It was time to take it in the ass. Not a butt plug this time, the real, spurting thing.

Once back in the car and back on the highway, I fished out my favourite cock and stroked it to stiffness.

Once stiff, I pointed to the lube, which was in Cory's shopping bag with my anal toy.

He handed it to me and I generously coated his hard cock.

I then positioned myself over his thick dick and lowered my bottom onto it.

I took his entire cock slowly into my ass until I was sitting completely down on his lap.

Then I just sat there, enjoying the feeling of being completely full.

Alex asked, about fifteen minutes later, "So Cory, who is this girl you love?"

My eyes went big.

Cory answered, "Just someone I've known for a long time."

"Have I met her?" Alex asked.

"I think so," Cory answered.

"What's she look like?"

He described me. "Blonde hair, blue eyes, amazing legs and..."

Alex asked, looking into the rear-view mirror, "And what?"

"Big tits," Cory answered.

Alex shook his head, "I guess I shouldn't have asked."

I quipped, pretending to be offended, "Men!"

Alex shrugged, "What are you complaining about, he pretty much described a younger version of you."

I could barely contain myself.

"So I should be flattered that my two men are objectifying women?" I questioned, even as I wiggled my ass on my son.

Alex sighed, "That isn't what we were doing."

"Blonde hair and blue eyes are the most stereotypical guy fantasy there is," I scoffed.

"Yes, but...." Alex began.

"Throw in huge tits and you have the stereotypical brainless blonde bimbo," I continued, "you know, the ones whose favourite colour is glitter?" ranting even though I didn't mean it at all.

Cory added, ignoring my lame attempt at wit, "Don't forget the great legs."

"Oh yes, how could I forget that? Your father is a leg man, which is why I'm always in nylons and heels. Are you a leg man too, my non-objectifying offspring?" I asked, even though I knew the answer.

"Yes I am, since you ask, but that's probably your fault," Cory accused me, enjoying my theatrics and playing along.

"My fault? *My* fault? How is that possibly my fault?" hamming it up.

"Well, you've always walked around the house in short skirts and nylons," he explained as he had before, but this time playing to the crowd of one, his Dad.

"In that case, I guess I should be flattered," I said, although still sounding angry. I then added, deciding to push the line even more, really getting into the fake feminist character I had just created, "And does your dream girl shave her vagina, too?"

"Sarah!" Alex gasped.

I ignored him, as I looked at Cory. "Well, does she?"

"Hopefully," Cory nodded.

"And do you shave your balls for her?" I questioned, this time hinting at something he should do.

"For Christ's sake, Sarah," Alex said.

"What?" I questioned. "He's eighteen. He's an adult. You said he was ready to live on his own. At least he should know what a woman wants from him."

"So you're saying I should shave down there?" Cory asked sincerely.

"Of course," I nodded, "especially if you expect her to shave. Isn't that right, Alex?"

Alex answered, shaking his head, "No comment; I feel like I'm on a twisted version of Candid Camera."

"Any other advice you'd like?" I asked.

Alex interjected, "Don't say a word, Cory, it's a trap."

I laughed, "*That* is probably very good advice."

Alex turned the radio up, obviously done with our awkward conversation, which meant Cory and I had some alone time, well as much alone time as you can have in a backseat on someone's lap with your husband driving the car.

I began to grind my ass slowly in a circular motion on my son's cock. This was going to be the last backseat fucking, and I was going to enjoy the ride.

And for fifty miles I just ground slowly on his cock, enjoying the full feeling, just enjoying the surreal feeling of an unconditional secret love between my son and me.

"Fifty more miles," Alex announced.

This made me sad.

Fifty miles and this was over.

Fifty miles and I would have to deal with the consequences of my actions.

Fifty miles and the only life I'd known for a couple of decades would be over.

Fifty miles and I would have to initiate the conversation that needed to take place, which I feared completely.

And...

Fifty miles to finish milking my son's third load of the day, this one shooting up my ass.

I said, as I began to slowly ride my son's cock, "Thank God. I don't think I can last much longer."

Alex nodded, "I can only imagine how sore your ass must be. Mine is numb, and I have a proper seat."

"Oh, my ass feels great," I reported back, the lingering pleasure increasing as soon as I began riding my son's cock instead of just sheathing it.

Alex asked, "Really?"

"My legs are sore though," I answered, realizing what I was saying wouldn't make much sense to him.

"I imagine," he nodded, "being all cramped in back there. And Cory, you'll probably need a week to recover."

Cory replied cheerfully, "Hopefully not that long. I recover pretty quickly."

"My dear husband, are you saying I'm fat?" I teased.

"What?" Alex asked, his eyes going big. "God, no."

"I'm just kidding," I laughed.

"Don't ever do that to me, I almost drove off the road," Alex complained, but laughing back.

"Just keeping you on your toes," I shrugged.

"That you always do," he said.

"Ohhhh, I like this song," I said. "Turn it up."

"Okay," he nodded, turning up some song I'd never heard before, but I wanted the conversation ended so I could fuck my son.

I began riding faster, knowing that milking his third load of the day would take extra work.

"That feels great," Cory groaned quietly.

"Ditto," I nodded.

And for a few minutes I just rode his cock by just moving my ass up and down... not real fast, but also not too slow.

My orgasm was beginning to build when Alex said, "I'm going to pull over to go to the bathroom."

"Again?" I asked, annoyed.

"Too much water at lunch," he justified.

"Can't you wait? We're almost there," I pointed out, as was I.

Cory supported me, not totally altruistically, "Yes, Dad, I really want to get there."

"Fine, fine," Alex sighed. "If I have to, I guess I can last."

Cory whispered to me, as he began thrusting up slightly to meet my movements, "I can't."

Somehow Alex managed to hear that and asked, "You can't?"

"I can't wait to get there," Cory covered.

"If you two can last back there for three days that uncomfortably, I guess I owe it to you to last the last twenty or so minutes."

"You're a trooper," I praised him, as the pleasure inside me once again began to build.

"I need to focus on the music to distract myself," he said, again turning the radio up.

I looked outside and saw a twenty-mile sign for the college and realized it was time to extract the third load. I leaned to the side, slapped my ass slightly like it was the flank of a horse and Cory took the hint and began to take over. He began fucking into my ass hard as I just hunkered down in jockey position and enjoyed.

I moved my fingers to my clit, awkwardly because of the position I was in, and began rubbing myself, wanting to come the moment he did.

Two more songs played through and we passed a ten-mile sign as he kept fucking me.

My orgasm was near eruption, and when I felt the walls of my ass getting coated with cum, I erupted too. I let out a moan that was way too loud, "Ooooooh, fuck."

Alex looked urgently into the mirror, "You okay?"

"Leg cramp," I weakly answered.

"Want me to pull over?" Alex asked.

"No, no," I said, as the orgasm continued ripping through me and Cory finished spewing his load in my shit hole. "We just need to get there."

"Just ten minutes," Alex said. "Can you last ten minutes?"

"Ooooh," I moaned again, as Cory, the brat, slammed into my ass hard, one final punctuation before pulling out. "Yes, just drive."

"I don't know if I should," Alex wavered, clearly concerned for me.

"Just get us there," I ordered. "I'll be fine."

"Okay, okay," Alex said, knowing when the conversation was done.

He started to speed, as I felt cum leaking out of my ass and I closed my eyes to enjoy the descending slope of my orgasm in silence.

I felt Cory cleaning my asshole with a wet nap and then surprising me by shoving the butt plug back in my ass.

My eyes went big as he grabbed my hips and had me sit solidly down on his lap.

"My gift for you," he whispered.

"Oh sweetheart, you've given me so many precious gifts these past three days," I replied, leaning back against him.

He wrapped his arms lovingly around me and said, "As have you to me."

"Five miles," Alex announced.

Cory went into the bag and handed me a brand new red thong.

I looked at him, perplexed.

"To hold the plug in when you get out of the car," he explained.

"Oh," I nodded, as I struggled to put the thong on in the confined space. Oddly, it was more difficult than getting fucked.

Once I had it on, I sat back on his lap and relaxed in his arms... which felt so right.

Then... like life itself... all good things came to an end as we pulled into the college grounds.

It took an hour to get Cory through registration and the entire time, as I saw various bunches of scantily dressed freshmen, I felt jealous.

It took an additional twenty minutes for us to find his dorm room, and I wasn't sure how I was going to manage getting that last load... the risky telltale facial.

But once we reached his room I achieved a moment of brilliance and suggested, "Alex, why don't you go and bring the car to the dorm?"

"That's a good idea," Alex approved, before adding, "it'll likely take me a few minutes. I kind of got turned around in this maze."

"No worries," I shrugged. "I'll help Cory make this small prison cell look like a home."

"Okay," Alex nodded and left.

The second he closed the door, I went to it and locked it before rushing back to Cory, dropping to my knees and fishing out his cock.

I knew time was of the essence, so I began bobbing hungrily.

Cory interrupted me with, "Bend over, Mom. I want one last quick fuck."

"You'll have to hurry," I cautioned him, as I quickly got up, bent over a desk and offered both of my back-end holes.

He slid easily into my cunt and began fucking me hard and deep.

"Oh yes, fuck your Mommy baby," I moaned. "God, I love your cock in my cunt."

"Your cunt was made for my cock," he responded.

"Or vice versa, I definitely made your cock," I quipped playfully.

"And you created a masterpiece," he laughed, as he kept fucking me.

"Perfection," I moaned, my own newest orgasm building.

After a couple minutes of rough cunt fucking, he pulled out, yanked the plug out of my butt and slammed his cock in my ass. I screamed, too loudly, "Fuck, you nasty Mommy ass fucker!"

"I love your ass," he groaned, as he began reaming my asshole.

"And I love your big cock drilling my shit hole, baby," I moaned, as he fucked me so hard the desk began banging against the wall.

"God, I'm going to miss this," he groaned.

"I'm not sure I can live without your cock, baby," I moaned, as I pushed the desk firmly against the wall to stop the sound.

"Then you'd better end up back here soon, my Mommy-slut," he said, before adding, "That's an order."

"Yes, Master," I moaned, knowing I'd be back here just as soon as I could manage.

"I expect you to behave just like those Japanese mothers," he said.

"Going down so your grades will go up," I whimpered.

"Exactly," he groaned, as he pulled out, spun me around and I instantly dropped to my knees and took his cock, that was just reaming my butthole, into my mouth.

I bobbed hungrily, craving his load... wanting it all over my face.

After only a few bobs he pulled out and splattered his cum on my face. I loved the hotness of his cum as rope after rope draped itself across me.

Once done, I took his cock back in my mouth to retrieve any last remnants of cum he might have saved for me.

Cory said, "Smile for me."

I looked up and smiled as he took a picture of my cum-coated face.

"Is that going to be your new phone background?" I smiled.

"Maybe," he said, as he put his cock away.

I began to rub his cum all over my face, trying to hide the evidence of my facial, as Cory went and unlocked the door.

"This is amazing facial cream," I smiled.

"You just keep getting hotter," he praised.

"Flattery gets you everywhere," I smiled, getting off my knees.

"And into every hole," he smirked.

"I can't believe you just came in every one of my holes in under eight hours," I said.

"Imagine what I could do given an entire day," he smiled.

"*That* is something to look forward to," I yearned, wondering how many times he could get off in a single day and how many orgasms he could give me in that day.

"I love you, Mom," he said, leaning in and kissing me.

"I love you too," I said, when we broke the kiss. "And," I added, giving his cock one final squeeze through his jeans, "I love this cock."

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Alex joined us a few minutes later, and as he and Cory carried all of Cory's stuff in, I unpacked it, performing a traditional motherly role for a change.

Once we were done, we went out for supper, and I hoped for an opportunity for one last fuck. Unfortunately, the opportunity never presented itself, so I reluctantly left my son in the questionable care of hundreds of college skanks, hoping he would still want me the next time we were together, which I was determined would be soon.

As Alex drove us to our hotel, my sitting beside him in the passenger seat this time, I pondered how I was going to tell Alex it was over.

I loved him as a man.

I just didn't love him as a husband.

My gaze drifted out the window; I knew I had to have the hardest conversation of my life with my husband, and soon. One I didn't want to have, but it had to be done.

The end of adventure Five

Next and already posted:

Backseat Mommy: Lustful 3-Hole Slut

Sarah returns to her son and they test the 24-hour limit.