

# BACKSEAT MOMMY: LUSTFUL 3-HOLE SLUT

***silkstockingslover***

*MILF returns to her son and they test the 24 hour limit.*

Incest/Taboo

4.63

9.8k words

**Summary:** MILF returns to her son and they test the 24 hour limit.

## **Review:**

This is part six 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.

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

**Note 1:** Thanks to Robert, Dave, Wayne and Tex Beethoven 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: Lustful 3-Hole Slut**

In the car, I pondered how to have the conversation I needed to have with my husband.

The past three days had been an escape from reality... as bizarre as that sounds.

Fucking my son over and over while my husband was oblivious to the entire thing was exhilarating and life-altering... but now I had to deal with the consequences of my reckless behavior. My actions of the past three days had awakened my sexual libido and made me realize I didn't love my husband as a husband.

Yes, he was a great man.

Yes, I loved him as a man.

I just didn't love him as a lover.

We drove in silence for fifteen minutes, as I tried to figure out what to say. Casual conversation was usually my strength, while Alex could drive for hours without saying a word other than singing a tune or asking me musical trivia. He loved asking me who sang the song that was playing. I almost never knew. He would then give me a brief history of the band. Sometimes I googled his answers and he was always right.

But casual conversation was far from what was needed here. It was obvious, at least to me, that the divide in our marriage was right here... within the open space between our seats.

To my astonishment, it was Alex who spoke up out of nowhere and broached the subject I'd had no idea he was even aware of: "So how long have you been fucking our son?"

I felt my face pale as it only took moments for me to absorb that he knew.

How long had he known?

"A week, a month, a year?" he listed as he drove. He didn't look at me. Oddly, his tone didn't include anger or shock, just interest.

"Just during this trip," I admitted.

"Did you enjoy it?"

What a tough question! The answer was obviously yes. But admitting the truth could hurt him even more than I already had. Yet I couldn't lie to him, he deserved the truth. "Yes, I did."

"And is that why you don't want to do everything we've been planning for the past eight months?" he continued.

"Yes, it is," I again admitted.

"And now what?"

"The truth?"

He looked at me for the first time, with an ironic glint in his eye. "No, keep lying to me."

There it finally was, in his tone and in his eyes... the hurt I had caused him.

"I'm sorry, Alex," I said instead.

"For what?" he asked. "Fucking our son in the back seat or fucking our son in the bed right next to me?"

I hoped he only knew about those two times, somehow that made it not quite as bad as it could be. But even if he knew everything it wouldn't change anything basic, it would just be toxic icing on a terminal cake.

Yet I tried to explain. "I have no idea how it happened. But once it did, it awakened a side of me I've always kept under wraps. And after that, I couldn't control myself."

He sighed.

The gap between us widened.

"Have you ever cheated on me before?" he asked after a long silence.

"No," I answered. "I never even considered cheating; wasn't ever tempted."

Again silence.

Then he sighed.

More silence.

Then he surprised me by offering, "I'm sorry, too."

"For what?" I asked, surprised by his apology. "You did nothing wrong."

"I did. I've been cheating on you for a long time," he confessed.

"What?" I asked, shocked.

"I've been lying to you and to myself for years," he continued.

"With whom?" I asked, suddenly jealous even though I'd cheated too... with my own son, which was far worse than anything he could have done, unless he'd slept with our daughter Karen.

"With Gary," he revealed.

"Gary," I repeated, stunned, hearing the name, but not making a connection with who he meant. *Gary, Gary, Gary...*? Then as realization hit, I stammered, "D-d-do you mean your partner Gary?"

"Yeah," he nodded, looking deadpan straight ahead at the open road.

"You're gay?" I asked, my head spinning with incomprehension, unable to absorb where this was going even though the answer was obvious. The person he'd named was a male.

"Yes," he admitted, falling into one-word answers.

"Wow!" I breathed, before adding, "We really don't communicate very well."

He laughed. "I've wanted to tell you for a long time, but I couldn't get up the courage. I also didn't want to shatter our family."

"Well, I may have beat you to that," I replied.

"But with Karen overseas traveling and our son starting college, plus the fact that my wife is fucking him, I figured it was high time to tell you the truth," he explained.

"We've both been living lies," I summarized. "I've always wanted you to be more forceful and more dominant."

He chuckled, "And I wanted the same thing from you. With Gary, I'm the bottom."

"Of course, you are," I smiled, that making complete sense once I looked back on our sexual history together.

"What's that supposed to mean?" he retorted, offended for the first time during this surreal conversation about betrayals and noncommunication.

"I didn't mean that rudely. I'm a die-hard submissive myself, which explains why we always struggled so hard to find any heat in the bedroom," I explained.

"So you wanted me to fuck you so hard you saw stars, while I'd rather get fucked than do the fucking," he pointed out bluntly, trying to slant it as a joke.

Hearing him talk so openly was more surreal than all that had transpired in the last three days. In over twenty years together we had never spoken so frankly with each other.

"Man, a conversation like this early on could have saved a lot of years for both of us," I laughed, trying to imagine his taking it up the ass.

"It didn't stop me," he joked.

"Well, we do have one thing in common," I smiled, shaking my head... even now, it was just sinking in that he'd been cheating on me for years. This would have offended me greatly a couple of weeks ago... but now it just released me from the guilt that had been curdling inside me for the last few days.

"What is that?"

"We each love a cock up our ass," I said crudely with a wicked smile... sharing that dirty little secret with each other was helping us both to release some of our guilt, and adding in the fact that he wasn't judging me for my incestuous transgressions was liberating me... was liberating *us*.

He laughed, "That we do. Each of us also loves sucking cock."

I agreed, "If you say so, it must be true. Although I can't fathom you sucking dick."

"I'm pretty good at it," he said.

"Me too," I countered.

"True enough," he nodded, having been on the receiving end of many of my epic blow jobs.

Then it hit me. Was I the one who turned him gay? I asked with a hint of urgency, "When did you realize you liked dick?"

"It started with online porn and then a trip with Gary that took us to an all-male sauna and ended with my sucking his cock," he answered.

"So I didn't turn you gay?" I asked timidly. That would be tough to handle.

He laughed. "God, no. You're the one who kept me thinking I was straight a lot longer."

"Thank God," I sighed, ironically happy that my husband was gay and it wasn't because of me. I then joked, "So you've been faking it all this time?"

"No," he said, seriously. "I still enjoy sex with you, especially oral sex, but I enjoy getting fucked even more."

"I still enjoy sex with you, too," I agreed.

"So, what now?" he asked.

"I don't know," I admitted. I felt we were making some headway through this morass, and I was almost deliriously grateful we were having a frank, amicable discussion rather than arguing and hurling insults at each other, but I was even more confused now than I'd been before we began this conversation.

"Do you plan to keep fucking our son?" He asked.

"I don't know," I repeated, the generic noncommittal answer. My body screamed *yes*, my brain said *maybe*.

"If you want to, I'm okay with it," he offered, surprising me again.

"What? Really?" I asked.

"Yeah," he nodded, "he can give you what I can't. I know that's a stock cuckold quote, but it's what I feel. We may be married, but I don't own you."

"But it's incest," I pointed out. "When I'm in my right mind I feel bad about that; or at least I think it's my right mind."

He paused for a long moment. Gathering his courage? "Want to know another shocking secret?" he finally asked me.

"More shocking than learning you're a talented cock sucker and love taking it in the ass?" I asked bluntly.

"Believe it or not... yes," he nodded.

"*This* I'm dying to hear," I said, curious as hell... but also a bit nervous.

"I lost my virginity to Katherine," he revealed, "In both her pussy and her ass."

My eyes went big.

My mouth dropped open.

"Your older sister Katherine?" I asked.

"Yep," he nodded.

"You've stuck it up the ass of your sister?" I rephrased my question incredulously. This seemed even less fathomable than his being gay or my committing incest.

"The one and only," he nodded.

"Your condescending sister with a stick up her butt who treats me like a whore?" I pressed, at a loss even to picture such a thing.

"She used to be a lot wilder," he explained.

"So it seems," I said, still trying to envision a time when my bitch of a sister-in-law had been a skank. That said, it did make me kind of happy. "So that's why you didn't freak out when you figured out I was fucking our son?"

"I was shocked at first. But it made me remember losing my virginity to my sister at the lake, and how incest had brought my sister and me closer for a while and, well," he shrugged, "I figured he might be giving you some things that I never could. I caught sight of you two from a distance a couple of times on this trip and your body languages looked like he was bossing you around and you were pretty happy about it."

"Oh," I said. *So all this time while I'd been telling myself how oblivious he was, he was standing aside so I could be happy. What a guy!*

"So I owe you a huge thank you for giving me some freedom!"

"If you like; I just wanted you to be happy. Plus, I realized that you and I are the same thing as each other."

"Sluts?" I joked.

"Well, fucking our son in the back seat of the car while your husband drives *is* pretty slutty," he joked back.

"So is taking it in the ass in a public washroom," I added.

"But so is taking it in the ass at a company picnic while your wife is right outside the rest room visiting with the other wives," he countered.

"Okay, so we *are* both sluts," I concluded.

"And yet, we've now both discovered what we are and what we want:" he continued, "to be sexually liberated."

"From society's standards?" I questioned.

"Yes, gay sex is far more common than people think, and so is incest," he added.

"Is it?"

"Sure," he nodded, "it's just the one taboo still never talked about, although one day that might change. Christ, even transgender people are out and popular since the Caitlyn Jenner thing. Incest really is the only taboo left."

I added, "Maybe we need the Kardashians to announce they eat each other's cunts."

"That would make a great episode," he laughed.

"It can be one of those very special episodes," I joked.

He laughed again as he pulled into the hotel parking lot.

Our marriage was over, and here we were getting along together better than we'd done in years. Go figure!

We decided we would spend one more week together. He fucked me one last time. We went together to a sex shop, bought a strap-on and I fucked him with it... twice... a special treat for him that had suddenly popped into my head after learning he liked it in the ass. We still loved each other in our own way and we were still married, although we knew we didn't want to remain so much longer, so why shouldn't we end our sexual relationship on a high note?

I kept the strap-on in case I ever got to use it again... enjoying the power that comes from being the one wearing the cock... in essence giving rather than receiving.

We separated with no regrets.

We split our assets down the middle and went our own ways. He offered me the proceeds of the house we'd just sold, and I offered him sole title to the condo we'd just bought. I bought his half of our car from him for seven grand, which was half of what Blue Book rated it at. It was just common sense deciding which of us everything else belonged to. We'd always kept separate bank accounts, which suddenly turned out very convenient.

Alex decided to go to Europe for a couple of months hoping to meet up with Karen and I, not knowing what else to do, headed back to Cory's college, feeling both liberated but yet alone. Alex and I had been together for over two decades, and he had been more than just a lover... also a listener... a comforter (especially when I lost my father)... a companion.

Other than seeing my son, I really had no idea what I wanted to do next.

A month ago, the rest of my life had been planned out. At first that had excited me... the path of my future mapped out.

Now... the map was empty... the journey unclear... and although that excited me, it also scared the shit out of me.

I loved my son.

I loved having sex with my son.

But that had been raw passion over a few wild, kinky days with extra spice from the fear of getting caught. The reality was that the real world now awaited me, awaited us, and I was no longer sure what that meant other than it wouldn't be spent crowded between a pile of boxes and a car door.

Sex was sex and it had been fucking amazing.

But life was a lot more complicated.

So I arrived at Cory's dorm riddled with anxiety. I felt kind of like Julia Robert's character in 'Notting Hill' as I arrived. I had texted him I was coming, but he knew nothing about what had transpired between his father and me.

We had done some naughty texting, but not being in the same place to act on it made it more anti-climactic (pun intended) than satisfying.

I assumed we would have some great sex when I arrived, and I was right.

As soon as I arrived, I texted:

**I'm here.**

He responded:

**Meet me at Thurber Hall, room 432. NOW!!!**

I responded, cheeky and submissive at the same time:

**Yes, Master!!!**

My cunt was wet. I wanted his cock back in me again. I hadn't been so horny for cock since college (if you ignore our three-day backseat fuck fest).

I was dressed in a sexy sundress that barely hid my thigh highs... and, of course I was *sans* bra and panties.

I had to ask three people how to get where I was going, but eventually I found the building and, with my feet sore (shouldn't have worn four-inch heels to search for a building... but I wanted to look completely hot and sexy for my son). I took the elevator, realizing he must be meeting me in a classroom.

I got off the elevator and headed to room 432.

It was a handicapped bathroom.

I stopped and then I smiled. That brat.

I tried to open the door, but it was locked.

I knocked.

"Who is it?" my son asked from the other side of the door.

"Your slut, Master," I answered, after looking around to make sure no one was around to overhear my answer.

He unlocked the door and I walked in. I smiled playfully, "You really went all out on the décor for this lovely trysting place."

"I wasn't sure what the plan was, or how I was introducing you to people, but regardless of either of those issues, I knew I wanted to fuck you before anything else," he answered.

"Good," I nodded, slipping out of my heels and dropping to my knees. "I've been craving this big dick ever since you last coated my face in your dorm room."

"And I've been saving up a pretty full load," he replied, as I fished out his cock, already hard.

"You haven't fucked any coed sluts yet?" I asked, as I stroked his thick shaft.

"I didn't say that," he said. "I just said I've been saving this load."

"Slut," I teased, before taking his cock in my mouth. As I did, I felt a strange sense of jealousy at the idea of some college skank sucking and fucking the same dick I was sucking. *This is my dick. I am his slut.* I bobbed hungrily, gently reminding him who was the best cock sucker ever.

"Oh yeah, I missed those cock sucking lips," he groaned, as I devoured his entire cock like a porn star.

I moaned on his cock in response.

"Yes Mom, the first load gets deposited in that sexy mouth of yours," he promised.

I responded, taking his cock out of my mouth, "I hope you have enough loads stored up in these balls to fill all three of Mommy's neglected holes."

"At least twice," he bragged, as he grabbed my head and shoved my mouth back on his cock and began thrusting.

*Six loads!* I thought to myself. That would be a dream come true... pun definitely implied.

"Oh yeah, I plan to fuck you all day and night, Mommy-slut," he told me, as I resumed bobbing. "Our schedule for today is a marathon incest session."

I couldn't help but smile as he resumed fucking my face. We used to have many marathon nights back at home. Although they only involved things like watching all the Back to the Future movies, or all the Star Wars movies or the craziest, all three Lord of the Rings extended version movies.

The mixture of my warm mouth and his fast pumping was the perfect trigger for his jackrabbit first load to explode in my mouth. There was no warning other than a slight swelling in his dick, then an animalistic grunt as his cum exploded in my mouth like a water hose.

I swallowed most of it as he kept fucking my face... although a little of his cum did leak out of my mouth.

"Fuck, I love having my own Mom cum deposit handy," he groaned, as he finally pulled out.

"And I like having my own gun around, always hard, always loaded, always ready to shoot me," I smiled, still on my knees as I scooped a little cum off the side of my mouth.

"So where's Dad right now?"

"Maybe in Europe by now; we're both quits, have decided to get an amicable divorce when we get around to it, and we're both fine with it."

"Amicable, you said?"

"Yup, still friends, just not lovers."

"That's way more than I'd hoped for! So what are your plans now that you and Dad are done?"

"My plan for today is to take five more loads," I said, reaching for his hard cock. "Tomorrow if you're up to it I'll take some more, and then figure out what the hell I'm going to do with my life."

He said, his voice now soft and tender, "I found a few places in the area that are for rent."

"You did, did you?" I asked, slowly stroking his cock. "Do you want Mommy close to you?"

"I *insist* that my Mommy fuck slut be close to me and that she be available at a moment's notice," he corrected, sounding so hot when he was dominant.

"Well then," I said, licking his shaft briefly, unable not to enjoy this beautiful cock I'd co-created, "since you are my Master and I am your three-hole cum deposit slut, I guess the first part of my

plan for the future has already been decided."

"Good, because we have a 7PM meeting with a realtor to go look at three places," he said, as he pulled me to my feet and kissed me.

The kiss was tender at first. Definitely not one between a typical mother and son... but between lovers. I felt my heart melting.

It got more passionate after a couple of minutes before I finally broke the kiss abruptly, horny as hell, and asked, "Are you going to fuck me or what?"

"I don't know," he said, "I only have twenty minutes until my last class of the day."

"You're not leaving your slut alone for a couple of hours with so many tempting young dicks around, are you?" I teased, returning to stroking his cock.

"You only fuck who I tell you to, is that clear?" he clarified firmly.

"Yes, Master," I smiled, "I was just teasing. Your cock is more than enough for me."

"Good," he nodded, as he lifted up my dress, bent me over the sink and slid his cock easily inside my burning inferno.

"Oh yes, baby," I moaned, as he began fucking me hard.

"God, I love your hot cunt," he said.

"And my hot cunt loves your big, hard dick," I responded, loving how aggressive he was with me. He knew how to fuck a woman... he understood that underneath the conservative nature of his outer woman was a cum hungry slut just dying to be used as one.

"Then let's let them get reacquainted," he said, as he grabbed my hips and thoroughly pounded me like the wanton slut he'd awakened in me.

"Oh yesssss, son," I moaned. "Use Mommy as your fuck slut."

"You love being your son's personal cum bucket, don't you?" he asked, never slowing down his complete pilfering of my box.

"Can it please be my twenty-four-seven job?" I moaned, my orgasm accelerating from his big dick, hard deep thrusts and his nasty talk.

"Think you can handle a half dozen loads a day?" he teased, as his finger slid to my asshole.

"I'm not sure I can live *without* that many," I responded, although I wasn't sure I could keep up with him, truth be told... but I'd die trying... I mean, what a way to go... my tombstone reading FUCKED TO DEATH.

"Now don't forget: you are to fuck only who I tell you to fuck, male or female," he reminded me.

"Yes, Master," I moaned, knowing the idea of his controlling my body and whatever he made me do or even not do would only enhance my lust and would power my growing orgasm even more strongly.

"Tell me what you are," he demanded again, somehow slamming into me even harder and going even deeper than he had already been doing.

I almost screamed, my orgasm so fucking close, as I cried out, "Your three-hole Mommy cum bucket submissive!"

"Oh yes," he agreed, "now come for me, you fucking slut."

"Call me names, Master," I begged, knowing his crude words, simultaneous with his deep drilling, would be enough to make me erupt.

"You love being a bimbo Mommy whore for your son's big dick?" he questioned.

"Yes, I love it, more, more," I begged, so fucking close.

"Come for me now, my cock sucking, cunt willing, ass taking, Mommy whore," he ordered, pistoning in and out of me like a well-oiled machine.

"Yessssss," I screamed, as my orgasm hit and seconds later, his second load spewed into me.

"Take my cum, Mom," he grunted as he came into me just as my own cum was trying to spill out of me.

Both of us were panting and gasping heavily as our orgasms rushed through us, and he leaned into me.

"God, I've missed that dick," I groaned, as my orgasm still kept rushing through me.

"And I missed your great mouth and hot cunt," he said, as he pulled out of me and a huge gush of our blended cum flooded out of me and pooled on the floor.

I looked down as I said, "Don't forget my tight asshole."

"Oh, the next load is going in there," he nodded.

"Is that a promise?" I smiled, by now always happy to get my asshole gaped.

"Yes! And I never break my promises," he declared, as he put his beautiful pole back in his pants.

"I plan on keeping you to that," I said, standing up and allowing my dress to fall back down.

"I need to get to my last class," he said. "Go take a tour of the school and meet me at my dorm room in an hour and fifteen."

"I'm not sure I can find it again," I said, having no idea where it was.

"I'll text you the building and room number," he said, as he leaned in and kissed me. When he broke the kiss, he smiled, looking again like my son and not my Master, "I missed you, Mom."

"I missed you too, son."

He left me and I cleaned up: both the large pool of cum on the floor, and my cunt and legs, which were still flowing with our spent fluids.

I then headed out, taking some time to explore the campus. Discovering the campus bookstore, I went inside. To my surprise, as I meandered through the shelves of books killing time, I noticed there was a section called Human Sexuality. Still horny (fuck, I was always horny now), I skimmed the book titles. When I saw a book called '100 Best Sex Positions', I knew I had to buy it... and that we would have to try every position in the book.

Of course, this made my pussy dampen as I flipped through the various positions. Many intrigued me, such as 'the pretzel dip', 'ballet dancer', 'X-factor', 'golden arch' and 'butter churner'. I was going to rock my son's world!

I purchased the book, feeling strange buying it from a girl who looked like she should still be in high school, but was likely in college since she was working at a college bookstore... but in the throes of my second sexual awakening, I sure wasn't going to be worried about being judged by a girl who was young enough to be my daughter.

As I handed it to her, she looked surprised and looked up at me.

I smiled, "You're never too old to learn new tricks."

She laughed, "Good to know."

Although I hadn't been with a girl since college, and that was once when I was really drunk, and she had only gone down on me not the other way round, I wondered if my wild new sexuality could explore some Sapphic desires... and how much that might turn on my son.

I took my bag and said, now flirting with the girl, "Once I've tried all these positions I may have to come back for a book on positions for two women." Before she could respond with any more than a wink and a grin, which she did, I turned and walked away, feeling a rush at my newfound 'do and say whatever I want' persona, even though in reality I couldn't *do* whatever I wished without my Master's permission. (But I didn't think he'd balk if I asked if he'd like to watch me getting it on with a hot cashier from the bookstore.)

I walked around and enjoyed the scenery... which was mostly hot young men.

When it was close to the time to meet my son, I headed to his dorm room, already looking forward to his cock back inside me... one of my holes still neglected.

I arrived a few minutes early and waited in the hallway. A couple of guys walked past me, each giving me a once-over. I wondered what they would think if they knew I was a submissive Mommy-slut.

Cory finally arrived and asked, "Been waiting long?"

"For your dick back in me, yes," I answered.

"Well, we should rectify that," he said, as he opened the door.

As soon as it was closed, I dropped to my knees and fished out his cock... I was dying for more of it. I couldn't explain my single-minded obsession, but all I wanted when I saw him was his dick.

He said, "Man, I wish I knew what you were like during my senior year."

As I fished out his dick, I agreed, "So many wasted loads."

"I murdered a lot of Kleenex," he joked, as I wrapped my mouth around his cock.

I bobbed for a few seconds before I joked, "Now you'll always have a safe place to deposit your load. You won't need to litter anymore."

As I took his cock back in my mouth, he joked back, "So you're a Kleenex martyr? You'll endure anything to save the oft-ignored and under-valued tree-hugged tissue?" which made me laugh hard.

Once he was completely hard, I stood up and asked, "So is load three going in my ass?"

"I don't know," he teased.

"The question was rhetorical since it's the only one still untouched today," I pointed out, as I lifted up my sundress and bent over the couch.

"Yes, Mommy," he replied, moving behind me.

He rubbed his thick mushroom top around my rosebud and I demanded, "Just slam that big dick up Mommy's poop chute."

He again obliged, sliding his huge snake deep into my tight asshole.

"Yes, baby, Mommy has missed your big dick in her shit hole," I moaned, loving to talk dirty to my son.

"So fucking tight," he groaned, as his cock invaded my back door over and over, deeper each time.

"Your big dick will gape it pretty quickly," I added, as I felt his hips meet my butt, meaning his entire shaft was deep inside me.

"Oh yeah," he groaned, as he slowly began fucking me.

I loved sucking his cock.

I loved riding his cock in my cunt.

But there was something even hotter about allowing my son to sodomize me. By giving him all three holes, I was completely at his whim... I was utterly his... and I loved it.

"Oh yeah, baby, Mommy loves your dick in her ass," I moaned, declaring the obvious.

"Looking forward to a thick load of cum buried deep in your bowels, Mommy-slut?" he asked.

"Is the sky blue? Is the grass green? Is your dick deep in your Mother's asshole?" I asked playfully.

"Yes, yes and most definitely yes," he chuckled, as he began fucking me faster.

I enjoyed his hard ass fucking for a few minutes, loving how hard, deep and long he could go. My own orgasm close, I began frantically rubbing my clit.

"Are you going to come from having your son's dick reaming your ass, Mommy-slut?" he asked, as he somehow found the energy to begin fucking me even harder and faster.

"Yes, my darling son," I moaned, as my breathing became erratic and I was about to erupt.

And as if the orgasm button was his cum spewing in my asshole, the moment his cum filled my asshole my orgasm hit. "Yessssssss," I screamed, as another amazing, intense orgasm rushed through me.

He pumped my asshole throughout my orgasm as his entire load flooded deep in my bowels. When he pulled out leaving me slumped face down on his couch, even as my own orgasm continued to create fireworks throughout my very being, Cory ordered, "Don't move."

"I'm not sure I could if I wanted to," I joked, just allowing the pleasure of the orgasm to do its thing.

He returned a minute later, my orgasm finally beginning to dissipate, cum beginning to leak out my asshole, as he slapped my ass and slipped a butt plug in my rear, "I don't want my cum leaking out of you while we go out for dinner."

"It's customary for a gentleman to take a lady out for dinner *before* he tears her ass apart," I joked, as I finally managed to stand up.

"Well, I do plan to fill all three of your holes again before the evening is over," he pointed out.

"Touché," I laughed.

"I'm going for a quick shower," he said. "Want to join me?"

"Mmmmm," I purred, "going for the fourth load?"

"Perhaps," he shrugged.

In the shower, believe it or not, we actually washed each other. It was tender and romantic, and I knew the next time we showered together I was going to fuck his brains out. Since it was in a dorm it was a communal shower and it was fun wondering what would happen if any naked guys walked in, but none did.

We headed out for a slightly early dinner before meeting the real estate agent at seven.

At dinner Cory told me about school so far, and I told him about how his father and I had ended it... leaving out the incest information for the moment. I wanted this still to be about us... and I still couldn't fathom the image of that stick-in-the-mud Katherine committing incest.

As we finished eating, he asked, "Want some dessert?"

"I hope that's a euphemism for a yummy load of your cum," I replied, moving my hand to his crotch.

"It is," he nodded.

"Here?" I asked, smiling because we had a secluded corner table.

"Why not?" he shrugged.

I fished out his cock and began stroking it just as the waitress came back to ask if we wanted any dessert.

Cory nodded, "A piece of chocolate cheesecake," acting casual as his mother jerked him off beneath the tablecloth.

As soon as she left, he grabbed my head and pushed it under the table.

A rush of excitement at doing something so taboo in public coursed through me, as I slid myself completely under the table, surprised at how dark it was.

I began sucking, feeling a rush of adrenaline because I was actually sucking my son in a busy restaurant. I bobbed furiously, wanting that load from his balls.

I had sucked him maybe two minutes when the waitress returned and asked, "Anything else?"

"No, I think I'm good," Cory said.

The waitress left and Cory pulled me back up to my seat. I complained, "I'm not allowed to finish my dessert?"

"Jerk me off," he ordered.

I obeyed, pumping his cock while he ate his cheesecake, even though I really wanted his hard cock back in my mouth. He ate half the cheesecake while I stroked his cock. When I felt it getting dry, I glanced to see if anyone was looking this way, before I bent down and took it back in my mouth. I bobbed for maybe thirty seconds before I heard the waitress gasp, "Oh, my!"

Cory explained, as I froze with his dick in my mouth, "She wanted something creamier than cheesecake for dessert."

"Um, okay," and the waitress left as quickly as she had arrived.

"Well, you'd better finish me off now," Cory chuckled, clearly amused.

I bobbed like a hungry slut, desperate to get him off, both because of my utter humiliation at getting caught (which gave me a warm feeling), plus my desire that I did indeed want his warm, creamy dessert.

I bobbed for a couple more minutes before I heard him grunt and felt his warm cream erupt in my mouth and glide down my throat. God, I loved sucking his cock and swallowing his cum... it was my favourite treat... although I also enjoyed feeling it erupt in my pussy or deep in my rectum of course.

I swallowed it all down and sat back up.

Cory finished his dessert and we waited for the waitress to come back. She didn't return for a good ten minutes and Cory joked, "You may have scarred her forever."

"Well, you scarred me forever when you first plugged this dick into my cunt in the car," I countered.

"I wouldn't call that scarring, I would call that awakening," he countered right back.

"Well if so, I sure can't get back to sleep," I laughed.

"Neither can this," he joked back, as I glanced down and saw his cock was still semi-erect... already four loads today.

The waitress finally came back and avoided eye contact with me as she delivered the bill and asked, "Is there anything else?"

Feeling like making her even more uncomfortable, I replied brightly, "No thanks, I'm pretty stuffed after that creamy dessert."

Cory added, "Oh, I plan to do more stuffing of you yet tonight."

"Gobble, gobble," I gobbled, as the girl's face went beet red.

"You're going to corrupt this poor girl for life," Cory fake rebuked me.

I apologized, "Sorry miss, I just can't get enough of him."

"It's okay, ma'am," the waitress said, her face bright red, still not looking at me.

The word 'ma'am' annoyed me, but I let it go.

We paid, or actually he paid, which was sweet I thought, before we went to meet the realtor.

"So you're promising me two more loads?" I questioned, as I drove, following the GPS directions Cory had entered in his phone.

"At least," Cory responded.

"How many rounds are in that pistol?" I questioned.

"Don't know. I've never run out," he joked. "All I know is it's more than a six-shooter."

"Good to know," I smirked. "I do like being gunned down."

"And I love the target practice," he wittingly shot back.

For the next twenty minutes, traffic was brutal. We talked about his father and the beginning of the school year.

I asked, "Are you really okay with my living nearby?"

"I insist on it," he nodded.

"I don't want to cramp your style," I said, knowing that at some point these wild days of sucking and fucking his mother would fade. No way could we keep up this intensity of lust... I just wasn't as young as he was.

"Mom, I want you nearby because you're my Mom," he said. After a pause, he added, "That, *plus* I like having a three-hole cum bucket nearby."

"You had me at three-hole cum bucket," I joked sarcastically.

"I should mention though that I do have a girlfriend of sorts," he said.

I felt jealous. Yet, I asked, trying to be casual, "Can you define 'a girlfriend of sorts'?"

"Well, we've never labelled it. We hang out sometimes. We fuck."

"Is she hotter than I am?" I asked outwardly playfully, yet fishing for an answer that would help me feel good about myself.

"You're both very hot," he said.

"Is she as big a slut as I am?" I asked, hoping I could at least get a moral victory. Or I suppose an immoral one.

Cory laughed, "Only 67% as big. So far she's only offered me two holes."

"That dirty cock-tease," I joked.

"But she's bi," he added.

It popped out of my mouth before I even had time to think, "So you want to see Mommy eat cunt?"

He coughed, surprised by my words. "That wasn't what I meant at all."

"So you *don't* want to see Mommy eat cunt?" I whined, acting hurt.

"I didn't say that either," he corrected, clearly shocked for once... even after all we'd done together.

"Because I'd really like to do that," I told him before adding, "although I haven't done it since college."

"You've eaten pussy before?" he asked, very curious and intrigued.

"I did a lot of things in college."

"I'll want to hear more about that," he promised, as the GPS told us we were about to arrive at our destination.

"I'm sure you will," I smiled coyly, as I moved my hand to his dick... which was hard again. "Did the idea of Mommy munching box get you hard?"

"Perhaps," he shrugged, as I pulled to a stop.

As we climbed out of the car, he took my hand and led me to the first house. I said, looking at the small but modern house, "Looks cute."

We walked up to the door, which was immediately opened by a woman about my age, pretty but a bit chubby. She greeted, "Welcome, I hope you found your way here okay."

I nodded, "GPS is a life saver, although it doesn't warn you about construction."

"Yeah, it's the end of the construction season and it happens every year... they fall behind," the woman explained, before adding, "Oh, I'm Eve."

"Nice to meet you, I'm Sarah," I said, "and this is my son, I mean, yeah, this is my son, Cory." I wasn't sure how we were introducing ourselves here, but we were holding hands, which Eve had obviously noticed, since she glanced down briefly.

She explained, "So I'll show you the three houses I spoke with to your son about. This one is the cheapest because it's farthest away from the college, although it's a very quaint home and in a quiet neighborhood. Travel to the college, in non-construction times, is usually about fifteen minutes, twenty to thirty during rush hour."

We did a tour of the house, which I thought was okay, but it didn't scream 'buy me'. We got back in the car and followed her the five minutes to the second house.

In the car, Cory said, "I thought we weren't son and mom today."

I admitted, "I oopsed and then wasn't sure how to go back."

"Well, that's going to make the future plans I had a little awkward," he said.

I moved my hand to his cock and asked, "Can I make it up to you?"

"But you're backseat Mommy, not front seat Mommy," he joked.

I laughed at the quick wit, but then added, as I fished his cock out of his pants, "Can't I be both?"

"That you can," he nodded.

Once I had it out, I bent down and took it in my mouth, experiencing a rush of adrenaline at sucking dick while he drove.

When he slowed down I paused, but he ordered, "Keep sucking, it's just a red light."

I obeyed, my pussy getting wet yet again... my son creating a never-ending flow of pussy juice inside me.

I began bobbing now that he was hard, as he came to a complete stop at the signal.

"Oh yeah, this is the life," he groaned.

I couldn't disagree, only wishing I could have discovered this cock... and incest with him... far earlier.

I continued sucking gently, knowing there was no way he'd shoot another load during the brief drive.

A couple minutes later he announced, "We're here."

I bobbed one final deep throat... loving to have his cock tickling my tonsils, before I sat back up. "God, I just can't get enough of your big prick."

"Those are the hottest words you've said yet," he praised.

"'Ream my asshole' wasn't hot?" I cross-examined.

"Okay, they are *some* of the hottest words," he corrected, as he put his hammer stick away for the time being.

The next house I didn't like at all. The paint colours were terrible, the kitchen was small and the bathroom even smaller. Eve could tell my dislike, as she reassured in the way realtors always do, "Don't worry, I saved the best for last."

As soon as we were back in the car, Cory ordered, "Get back to work, I want to be ready to park my car in your garage at our next stop."

My eyes went wide. As I fished his cock out, I asked, "And how do you plan to do that?"

"The normal way... by shoving my dick in your cunt," he shrugged casually, as he guided my head to his cock.

Would I commit incest in front of another woman? Even while she would know it was incest?

Would he fuck me in front of another woman?

Why was the idea of his pounding me in front of another woman so exciting?

Fuck, he was really turning me into the slut who had been hiding there all along.

Or he was reawakening an inner slut who had been dormant since I hooked up with Alex.

Either way... I was his slut and if he decided to lift up my skirt to slam and nail me in front of this pretty woman, I'd shamelessly beg for him to hammer away. I'd even go down on *her* if he told me to.

He declared, "Last stop."

"And this is good until the last drop," I rhymed, taking his cock out of my mouth.

He chuckled, "The next load isn't going anywhere that has taste buds."

"I know, you still have two more holes of mine needing deposits," I tallied, as I watched him hide his dick in his pants.

This house was perfect! It was the one closest to my son's dorm and thus the closest to his dick. It wasn't too big, but it wasn't too small. It had a big kitchen and even a Jacuzzi that I was already imagining testing out with Cory. Not surprisingly, this one was the most expensive.

Cory whispered, "Horny?" as his hand slyly squeezed my ass.

"Always," I responded, curious what crazy stunt he could have in mind.

"Eve," he said, "Mom and I would like to spend a few minutes alone to talk, if that's all right."

"Sure," Eve nodded. "I'll be just outside. I need to return a call anyway."

"Thank you," Cory said, as he grabbed my hand and led me up the stairs. As soon as we heard the front door close, Cory ordered, at the entrance to the upstairs hallway, "Knees."

I never needed to be told twice to serve my son, so I dropped to my knees and fished out his semi-hard cock. I complained with a joking pout, "You're not even completely hard for me."

"I like to make you work for it," he answered, as I took his cock in my mouth and finished getting it nice and hard for my pussy or ass, whichever hole he planned to deposit load five into.

After a couple minutes he ordered, "Bend over the bannister."

I did it quickly, my fevered cunt dying to be pillaged.

He lifted up my dress, squeezing my ass as he slid into my wet box.

"Oh yes baby, fuck Mommy," I moaned, loving the threat of the realtor right outside catching us *in flagrante delicto*.

"So is this the house you want me to fuck you in for the next four years?" he asked, slamming into me hard.

"Probably, but there are a lot of locations in here to test out," I purred.

"Including that Jacuzzi tub," he pointed out.

"Already thought about that!" I laughed, thinking how hot it was that we were both thinking the same nasty thoughts.

"If you hadn't told her you were my mother I had planned this load to be coating your face," he revealed after a couple minutes of hard, deep fucking.

"Oh my," I moaned, both shocked and turned on by it. I loved being a slut for my son and wasn't remotely ashamed by it... although I sure didn't want people to know we were committing incest... I hadn't yet looked into the laws about incest, but I assumed they weren't particularly friendly to mothers who fucked their sons...even if both of them were of legal age. Nevertheless, the important thing to me was it was my son's decision to make. "Go ahead if you want, I'm not ashamed to be your Mommy-slut."

"Oh, I have great plans for you, Mom," he groaned, slamming into me hard.

"You'd better," I moaned back, enjoying each deep thrust... each time his body met mine... his cock setting my pussy on fire with just one touch.

He pounded me with a few more hard thrusts before pulling out.

"Get that dick back into me, young man," I ordered, trying to sound motherly.

He laughed, "That doesn't work anymore, my slut. Plus, the realtor is waiting."

"Fine," I said, even though it definitely wasn't fine, my pussy hating the feeling of being empty. I followed my son out of the house and over to the real estate agent who was next to her car on her cell phone, apparently none the wiser.

She hung up and asked, seeming to notice my red cheeks, but not saying anything, "So? Is this the one?"

"Definitely," I nodded.

"Great," she smiled. "I'll get the paperwork started."

I was really excited about having my own house, one containing all the nooks and crannies where I hoped to get my cranny nookied by my son.

Once back in the car, Cory said, "I want some ice cream."

"I want some warm cream," I countered, putting my hand on his crotch.

"That can be arranged," he smiled, his tone sounding like he had something wicked in mind.

"I hope so," I said, giving a firm squeeze to his hard cock.

"He started driving and I asked, "Can I get my hot cream?"

"Not yet."

"Fine," I settled for again, once again it not actually being 'fine'. I wanted my son's cock inside me... all three of my holes were waiting impatiently to be pillaged by his great dick.

We drove for a few minutes, talking about the house and all the crap we still had to do.

Suddenly, as we slowed down, he ordered, "Get sucking."

"I thought you'd never ask," I joked, as I fished out his cock and we pulled into the drive-thru of Dairy Queen.

"Since I couldn't give you a facial in front of the real estate MILF, I'm going to do it in front of whomever is manning the drive-thru," he announced, his earlier delay suddenly making sense.

I leaned down and began bobbing, tasting myself on his dick. Truthfully, I would prefer his dick to be pounding my pussy or ass, but the idea of getting a facial in front of a random stranger was pretty erotic.

"Oh God, you're the best cock sucker I've ever had!" Cory groaned.

I loved those words. I loved being appreciated. I loved being used. I kept bobbing, wanting that load all over my face.

I sucked for a minute or two, before he rolled down the window and I heard a tinny voice ask, "Can I take your order?"

Cory replied, "Yes, can I get a hot fudge sundae?"

"Is that all?" he asked.

Cory asked, "Do you want anything, Mom?" *He called me Mom!*

I replied, "I'm happy with this popsicle stick."

"That will be everything," Cory said to the voice.

"\$2.25 at the first window," the voice said.

"Thank you," Cory replied.

The car rolled up slowly and I kept bobbing like a cum junkie needing my next fix.

"Oh yes, Mom," he groaned, "Your mouth is magical."

I moaned on his cock in response.

The car rolled up some more.

I kept sucking as it came to a stop.

"We're next," he moaned, as I sensed he was getting really closer.

I kept bobbing as he stopped at the window. "That will be two twenty-fiiiiive," a guy said, as he saw me bobbing.

Cory tossed off, "Sorry, Mom couldn't wait for the ice cream."

"Come on your Mommy," I demanded, as I took his cock out of my mouth and furiously pumped his cock as I looked up at the stunned guy's face.

Cory added, "Keep the change."

He stammered, as he stared at me, "O-o-okay."

"That's it, Mom, I'm going to come all over your face," he groaned, as he started rolling forward.

"Oh yes, come on Mommy, baby," I continued, loud enough for the stunned guy to hear me.

"Oh God, get ready, Mommy-slut," Cory groaned, as I kept pumping his cock.

Seconds later, his load erupted in the air and I moved my face very close so the warm semen would coat my face... knowing that he wanted me to have a full facial in place for the next attendant.

Cory told me, now completely spent, "Sit back up."

I did, and he put his cock away just before we rolled up to the second window.

A girl handed the sundae to Cory, and I leaned forward, making sure she saw my cum-coated face and asked, "Can we also order a chocolate milkshake?"

The girl's face paled, as she stared at my cum-coated face. "Um, sure. \$3.50."

"Can you buy me a milkshake, son?" I asked, taking the sundae.

"Well, you wasted the first milkshake," he joked, before adding, "But I guess so."

The girl gasped, looking disgusted, as Cory gave her five dollars. She took the money and went away.

I whispered, "I don't think she approves of our incestuous relationship."

"Or maybe she just thinks you're a slut," he joked.

"I'm your Mommy slut, and proud of it," I smiled.

"That you are," he nodded, smiling at me.

"Are you sure you still have two more loads stored away in those big balls of yours?" I asked, still needing to have second loads deposited in both my pussy and asshole.

"At least two," Cory promised, as a guy came with the milkshake.

He gasped, as he handed Cory the milkshake, "Holy crap."

"Actually it's cum," I corrected, "his crap is usually brown," before scooping a big gob and putting it happily in my mouth as the stunned college boy stared.

"Mom, did I give you permission to eat my cum?" Cory scolded, putting the milkshake in the console.

"No, Master," I answered, putting my head down.

Cory said, as if apologizing, "Mom sluts, they're so disobedient," before he pulled away.

As soon as we started driving away, I laughed, "Why does everything you make me do get my cunt wet?"

"Because you're a nasty Mommy cum-slut," he answered, which not atypically made my cunt wet.

"You always know the right words to say," I joked, sitting back in my seat as he parked.

He began eating his ice cream and I asked, "So, what is the average time for you to reload?"

He shrugged, "In the morning it's instant, after five loads it's about fifteen minutes."

"God, I love you," I said all giddy like a schoolgirl... I hadn't been fucked twice in the same day in two decades, until Cory took me and made me his slut.

"I love you too," he smiled, giving my leg a gentle squeeze.

We did indeed fuck two more times that night... both back in his dorm room. The first time, I rode him for a good twenty minutes while he watched sports highlights before spewing a second load in my cunt.

Then we had our last fuck of the night the old-fashioned way... in a bed... although the hard twenty-minute ass fucking was less old fashioned... before he deposited a sixth and final load in me... successfully completing our double trifecta.

We were lying in bed, both completely spent, when he asked, "So you will obey my every command?"

"Yes, Master," I replied, loving being so submissive, loving the simplicity and safety of just giving myself to him mind, body and soul.

"Cool," he said.

I waited for more, but there wasn't any.

After a minute of waiting, I was about to ask him to expand on his one-word answer, I had always hated one-word answers, when I heard him start to snore.

The fucker... he could still fall asleep in a heartbeat.

As I pondered what might lie ahead, I couldn't help but be in awe of how quickly life can turn around. I was retired, had been about to deal with empty nest syndrome by moving into a new home and travelling with my husband, and yet here I was, cum leaking out of my ass, sleeping in the same bed as my son, completely unsure about what lay ahead.

Yet, as I replayed my multiple orgasms and seven loads spewed in me or on me, I decided it didn't matter... I was with the man I loved more than any other, and I was ready to take whatever ride he decided to take me on (pun intended).

The End... maybe.

Coming next if enough people want it, one or more of the following three:

Backseat Mommy: MILF's Lap of Luxury

Mom gets up close and personal with son's college girlfriend.

Backseat Mommy: Mom's Incest 3some

Mom seduces college daughter during Thanksgiving break.

Backseat Mommy: Mom's Mistress

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