

Chapter 3 Mom Caught Us - Shhh! Don't Let Her Find Out -

"Vicky, are you comfortable back there?" Mom asked, glancing in the rearview mirror.

"Yeah..." I answered, trying to keep my voice steady. It was hard when I felt the rock-hard muscles of his thighs flex beneath my thin skirt. I shifted slightly, trying to find a balance, but every move only pressed me closer to his core.

"What about you, honey?" She asked my stepdad.

"She's light as a feather. I could hold her all day," he replied smoothly.

Mom started the engine and pulled onto the road.

Just realizing where I was sitting made my heart hammer against my ribs. My thoughts drifted back to last night, the sounds of him making my mom scream still echoing in my ears. Now, I was sitting right on top of the source of that pleasure, separated only by a few layers of fabric. Every time Mom hit a bump or took a sharp turn, I slid against him. I could feel moisture pooling between my legs, making my panties cling to my sensitive skin.

A filthy fantasy hijacked my mind. I imagined him lifting me up, hiking my skirt, shoving my panties aside, and burying his thick length inside me. I could almost feel him stretching me open, filling me completely.

I knew I shouldn't be entertaining these thoughts, but fuck—it sent chills down my spine. My nipples were rock hard, and I was getting wetter by the second.

If only he knew the effect he had on me. I wanted him. I wanted him to fuck me even harder than he fucked my mom. Having him inside me would be a hell of a lot more comfortable than just sitting on his lap.

Suddenly, Mom hit a pothole. I jerked back, my ass grinding against him as I tried to regain my balance.

"You seem unsteady," he whispered, his voice low and rough near my ear. "Let me make some room."

He spread his legs wider. I sank deeper into the cradle of his thighs, my ass pressing firmly against his crotch. I ground against him—subtly at first, then more deliberately—until I was perfectly positioned. I knew I was sitting on something forbidden, and God, I liked it.

"Let me hold you so you don't slide around," he murmured.

"Okay," I breathed.

His arms wrapped around my waist, but the tight space forced his hands lower. They settled on my thighs, his warm palms resting just on the exposed skin where my short skirt had ridden up.

I felt his heart beating against my back, a steady, rhythmic thud that seemed to sync with the pulsing between my legs.

A few minutes later, I felt something hard poking into my ass. My eyes widened, breath catching in my throat. I didn't need a map to figure out what that was. My stepdad was getting hard, and I was the cause.

At first, it was just firm pressure, but seconds later, I felt it grow thicker, harder, insistent against my backside. It felt like a steel rod trying to find a way in. Knowing my body was making him lose control gave me a rush of power—proof that he wanted me just as bad as I wanted him.

"Having trouble getting comfortable?" he whispered, his breath hot on my neck. "Take your time. It's a long ride... feel free to adjust."

Taking the invitation, I placed one hand on his stomach to brace myself. I felt the ridges of his abs through his shirt, sending a sharp quiver down my spine. I adjusted my hips, wiggling until I was sitting right on top of his hardening cock.

To my surprise, he didn't pull away. In fact, he shifted his hips upward, subtly tilting his pelvis so his erection was buried right in the cleft of my ass.

I could feel the pulse of him now, a rhythmic throb that matched the desperate ache in my core. Before I could stop myself, I was grinding back against him. I knew I shouldn't. He was my stepdad. My mom was right there in the front seat. But I couldn't help it. The more I tried to stop, the harder I ground down, keeping my face innocent while my body screamed for him.

He let out a low, guttural growl that was swallowed by the hum of the engine. His grip on my thighs tightened, fingers digging in as if he were fighting the urge to flip me over and take me right there in the backseat. I was soaking wet, my panties drenched. Knowing he was suffering just as much as I was made the pleasure unbearable. He was trapped, and I was exactly where I wanted to be.

I glanced down and realized my skirt had ridden dangerously high. His hands had moved up to avoid touching my bare skin, but now my skirt barely covered my ass. I hadn't realized it had happened, but I made no move to fix it. I wanted him to see. I wanted him to know exactly what he was doing to me.

A moment later, his hand slid from my upper thigh down to the exposed skin. A shiver racked my body. He let his hand rest there, testing the waters, waiting for my reaction.

Deep down, I didn't just want his hand there; I wanted him to slide it between my legs. I wanted him to feel how wet he'd made me.

I heard his breath hitch—a jagged sound that told me he was struggling to keep it together with my mom just inches away.

I wanted his skin against mine, no barriers. My heart thudded so loudly in my ears I was sure he could hear it.

Without a word, he hooked a finger under the hem of my skirt and slowly pulled it higher, until my pink panties were on full display.

My heart raced. He didn't stop. His hand returned to my thigh, but this time his thumb began to stroke the edge of my panties. I bit my tongue to keep from moaning as his hand drifted closer to my soaking wet center.

I nearly cried out when I felt his finger brush my wet spot. He began to rub me through the damp cotton. I spread my legs wider, giving him access, silently begging him to do whatever he wanted.

I covered my mouth with my hand, terrified I'd lose control. The vibration of the car engine traveled through his hand and straight into my clit, making every nerve ending scream. I felt his chest heaving against my back, his breathing ragged. I couldn't believe this was happening. My stepdad was fingering me in the back seat, and I wasn't stopping him.

He rubbed me for a tortured minute before hooking his finger under the elastic of my panties and pulling the fabric aside, exposing my bare, wet heat.

"Ohhh," I whimpered softly as his finger hit bare skin. The feeling of his rough skin against my slick folds was electric—better than any fantasy. He knew exactly where to touch. I arched my back, pushing my pussy against his hand, desperate for more. I was completely lost in the sensation, oblivious to the world.

Suddenly, the car slowed.

I stopped grinding. I looked up and saw my mom's eyes in the rearview mirror, locked on me.

I froze.

"Vicky, what is going on back there?" she asked sharply. She turned her head, her gaze dropping to my exposed thigh.

Fuck! She saw it!

"Why is your skirt up to your waist? And why are you breathing like that?" she demanded, swerving the car toward the shoulder of the road.