

CRAZY 51

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 51 Sluts & Lovers EP 4

They arrived at the lake house late Sunday afternoon. The house was everything the boys said it would be, large and rustic. Each mother had a master suite with their own bathroom. The boys share the spacious third bedroom. It was open and airy with a large kitchen, dining area and living room with a fireplace. They had their own dock and small boat. It was perfect.

After unpacking they had burgers and called it an early night.

Jason and Robbie anxiously talked about the next steps. "OK man how are we going to do it?"

"We make this happen tomorrow night. I figure we spend the day tanning, swimming, maybe a boat ride, and then we go out to dinner. We'll go to that Italian restaurant across the lake. There's a bar so they can have a couple of cocktails. As always we take charge to make sure they know we are doing our best to see that they have a good time. Then we come back here and more cocktails. Ask them to let us have some drinks since we are in for the night."

"OK, I figure it's going to be more of a challenge with both of them here but if we can get them going...maybe somehow separate them. Get them alone. See if we can get things rolling."

"Let's try to get some sleep. Tomorrow's a big day."

The next day goes perfectly. The day is sunny and warm. The day is spent lounging on the dock sunning and taking dips in the lake. The boys offer to rub sunscreen on their mothers. They put up little resistance. Lying on their stomachs from their neck and shoulders down to their manicured toes slowly, sensually they take their time rubbing every inch of exposed skin, working the lotion. Both mothers are wet trying to control their breathing as not to let on to their arousal. Finally, it ends.

The next sound is the boys hitting the water. They swim out to the raft partially to cool off but mostly so their mothers don't see their raging erection. Claire raises herself to see the boys swimming away.

"Donna how are we going to make it through a week!?" There is no answer.

"Donna!"

Finally Donna turns her head to look at Claire. "I don't know if I want to. Let's not talk about it. I just want to be quiet."

It was late in the afternoon and everyone was starting to get ready for dinner. The boys poured the mothers a glass of wine before they went up for a shower. While the boys waited for their mothers Jason tells Robbie about his encounter with his mother.

"So, mom and I are in the kitchen getting drink for everyone. Just before we are about to go back

outside, she comes up behind me and..."

"Jason."

"Geez mom I didn't know you were right behind me." Turning his mother is looking into his eyes.

"Jason, I wanted to tell you how much I love you."

"I love you to mom."

Looking down, "No I don't think you understand or maybe you do, I don't know. I've been so confused lately. But I do know I want to make this a special week, a week that we will never forget. You won't think badly if I try to do that, will you?"

"Mom, I told you I love you. I will always love you no matter what. I wouldn't want to be with anyone else."

"Oh Jason," Donna presses her body against her son's. She rises on her toes as her slightly parted lips meet her son's. Her hands reach out holding his hips as their tongues lightly touch sending sparks through their bodies. Parting Donna looks deeply into her son's eyes. "Tell me again that you love me."

"I love you more than anything." They kiss again before going back outside.

"I tell you man it wasn't like anytime we were along together. She had this calm about her. It was like a burden was lifted off her shoulders. What are you grinning at?"

"It's going to happen! I know it. When you were inside my mother want more sunscreen. She was on her stomach with her legs spread. I was rubbing the insides of her thighs so close to her pussy that..."

"Alright we're ready. We hope we didn't make you wait to long."

The boys snapped out of their conversation to look up and see two hot women. Claire wore gray cuffed short shorts, black spaghetti strap top that hugged her firm body and four inch heels. Donna walk in behind Claire in a black mini skirt, white cotton dress shirt with enough buttons opened to show an ample amount of cleavage. She also wore heals. "Well should we get going?"

Robbie was the first to respond. "Sure, I'll drive since you've had something to drink." He takes his mother's hand and walks her to the care. Jason and Donna follow arm in arm.

Dinner is everything everyone expected. Jason orders a bottle of wine for the women. There is a piano player entertaining the dinners and bar patrons with light romantic music. As few guests dance slowly. The entire restaurant seem relax and having a good time.

Robbie excuses himself. Walking to the bar he waits momentarily to ask directions to the men's room.

That was all the time needed for one of the three cougars to start flirting. Jason caught somewhat off guard engages in conversation trying to understand what she wants. Before he realizes what is happening she is holding his hand as she move closer. Robbie smiles at her. Then he said something that makes her laugh. She releases his hand and points to the men"s room. None of Robbie"s encounter went unnoticed.

Returning to the table Claire looks at her son. "What was that all about?"

"What?"

"What was going on with that woman?"

Robbie starts to quietly laugh. "Well, I guess she was hitting on me."

"What she"s old enough to be your...grandmother. What did you say to her?"

"I told her I already had a date and she was beautiful and quite the jealous type. She told me how lucky my date was and to look her up if you ever dump me." Robbie"s laughter increases. "Then I ask her were the bathroom was. That was it."

Claire emotions are getting the best of her. She is Jealous but how can she express it. She sits quite not knowing what to say or do. Robbie sees what is happening and seizes the situation. Standing he walks behind her. Leaning over, Robbie whispers in her ear. "I"ve want to dance with you and hold you close all night. Come dance with me." He pulls out her chair as she rises and leads her to the dance floor.

Donna and Jason look at each other as the couple leave. "I don"t want you going over to that bar"

"Why would I? Everything I"ve ever wanted is right here. Do you want to dance with me?"

"Yes."

The ride home is quiet and peaceful. Arriving back at the cabin the Robbie lights a small fire to take the evening chill out of the air as Jason pours the mothers a glass of wine. "Is it alright if we have a glass since we are in for the evening?"

"It"s OK with me if it"s OK with Claire."

"Sure, they can have a glass or two. Robbie did you look at the pictures you took today?"

"Yeah, we looked at them while you were getting ready to go out. Here check them out."

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Chapter 52 Exposed Vagina: Sluts & Lovers EP 5

"Yes tell us what to do, Robbie."

The boys can hardly catch their breath as Robbie takes control. "Lean forward and touch your lips like the start of a kiss, click." The women hold their soft wet kiss. Their hands involuntarily move over each other's bodies. "You want to do some lingerie photos?"

Slowly breaking their kiss both women tells each other with their eyes that they will not resist their desires. "Just tell us what to do Robbie."

"OK move in front of the couch. Well...now...ugh..."

Donna turns to the boys. "Should we take off our clothes?"

"Yes, I guess that's what we need for a lingerie session."

"Is that what we should do Jason, take off our clothes?"

Jason swallows hard. "Yes."

Donna faces Claire again. "Claire you're not wearing a bra."

Claire's chest is heaving as she is trying to control herself. "It's OK, I don't care."

"You don't care or don't mind."

Why was Donna teasing her so? She was purposely pushing her to the edge. "I don't mind and I don't care."

"Well then I should take my bra off. We should make it even."

The women slowly undress each other as they have done so many times in the past. Click, click as Claire's shorts fall to the floor. Click; click as Donna's shirt is tossed across the room. Click; click as Donna kicks her skirt aside. Never losing their gaze into each other's eye, as if to give each other support and approval for what they are doing Donna remove her bra as Claire pulls her top over her head. Claire's nipples are hard and extended. Donna's large breasts hang slightly, her inviting nipples sitting high.

"OK, now give me that hugging, kissing pose, unbelievably erotic. OK now turn away from the camera and put your arms around each other."

As the mother's turn Robbie motions to Jason to take off his shirt. "OK, let's add another dimension to the next shot. Face me and Jason stand between them."

As both women turn they see Jason walking towards them bare from the waist up. Neither woman knows how much longer they can continue this charade.

"Good, now Jason, look directly into the camera. I want each of you to look right at him with your arm around him, click. OK, Mrs. Rob...Donna kneel down next to Jason and put your hands on his leg. Good keep looking at him. Jason and mo...Claire look at each other, click. OK same pose. Everyone relax. Claire I want you to give Jason a kiss."

There is no hesitation. Claire's lips meet Jason's mouth. Her mouth is open and her tongue is searching for his. They are locked passionately as the camera clicks away. Donna is torn between her son's erection inches away from her face and her best friend losing herself in her son's mouth, click.

"OK, ladies switch positions. Claire!"

Jason eases Claire away from his mouth and down to her knees. His mother is already standing staring into his eyes as he turns his face to her, click.

"OK how about the kissing shot again."

There is the slightest hesitation wanting to ensure what was about to happen was real. Jason wraps his arm around Donna's waist and pulls her to him as her arm goes around his neck. Their kiss is soft, wet, deep, and passionate. Their bodies are on fire.

Claire glances at mother and son, then back to the package in front of her. She reaches out to undo Jason's pants to let out the erection that is begging to be released. The camera stops clicking. There is no need for instruction as his mother guides his friend's cock into her mouth while mother and son are lost in each other's mouths. Robbie undresses and stands next to Donna. He reaches out placing one hand inside her thigh as the other cups her breast. She is brought back to the moment by his touch breaking her kiss. Donna and Jason look down as Claire is pumping Jason's cock in and out of her mouth. Donna turns to Robbie. Reaching down she takes hold of his cock and leads him to the couch. Sitting him down Donna moves between his legs and begins to lick his cock from the head to his balls and back again.

Jason manages to get Claire to stop long enough to move next to Robbie on the couch. Claire follows slowly crawling towards him never taking her eyes from his cock. Both mothers are lost in lust. Their long time desire for a real cock has them deep in the emotion of their oral performance. Each performance is different but, equally expert.

Donna is taking Robbie's seven inches deep into her mouth stopping near the base before pushing hard to swallow it all deep into her throat. She continues to deep throat Robbie's cock as she rubs his balls. Her saliva makes it wetter and easier to take.

Claire has never been able to deep throat a man. Even if she was Jason's cock, slightly shorter than her son's was much thicker with a large mushroom head. Still Claire took as much into her mouth as she could, sucking hard as her hand pumps the base of his cock. Continuing to pump his cock she licks down his shaft to his balls. She sucks one into her mouth rolling her tongue around it before returning to the head of his cock.

Neither boy lasts very long. They have been pent up sexually since the beginning of the day. The photo shoot leading up to this moment has them ready to explode. Robbie and Jason look at each other. They did it! Then they look down to see their mother's. Seeing what their mothers are doing to their friend, Donnas' deep throat and Claire sucking balls is more than they can take.

Robbie is the first to cum. Donna senses he is ready and pull back enough to catch all of his cum. She wants it to fill her mouth so she can savor it. But, the volume is too much. It begins to ooze out the side of her mouth before she must swallow. His cock continues to pulsate filling her mouth again.

Jason starts to cum right after his friend. His first rope explodes as Claire is returning from his balls to take his cock into her mouth again. It splatters between her upper lip, nose and cheek. The second rope catches her full on the mouth as she tries to get his cock back into her mouth as quickly as possible. Finally, with her lip firmly around his cock Jason continues to unload as Claire swallows over and over again.

Everyone is trying to catch their breath as the climax of their actions subsides. The boys sit limp, heads back, eyes closed. Mothers are breathing hard still trying to milk every last drop of cum from the cocks in their hands. They look at each other. Their lust is still on their faces. Claire reaches out to wipe her son's cum from the side of Donnas' mouth. Slowly, her hand moves to her open mouth. Her eyes lid half shut as she tastes her son's cum.

Releasing Robbie's cock Donna moves to her friend. Holding her head in her hands, she licks cum from Claire's face as she makes her way to her mouth for a cum soaked kiss. They continue to lick, kiss, swap, and swallow until there is none left.

Jason and Robbie look up to the most erotic scene they have every witnessed. The boys sat eyes wide, mouths a gapped. These two women, their mothers so lost in lust they were like two wild animals, two...sluts. Yes two sluts not being able to get enough. This was more then they every expected, more than they ever dreamed.

They start to remember their sons are there as Donna and Claire end the cum swapping session. Turning to see the looks on their faces would have embarrassed them if not for their raging erections. Donna stands and helps Claire to her feet. "We are going to freshen up. Pour us some more wine." Taking Claire by the hand both women turn and walk to the bedroom.

As the women leave the room Jason and Robbie's stare moves from the mothers exiting butts to each other. "Oh man! Can you believe what just happened? What should we do now? I don't think..."

"Slow down, slow down. We're not going to do anything. I've been thinking about what we've been doing and if it turned out the way we wanted. What exactly have we done. Nothing more the making them feel special, which is what they deserve. It's what any woman that you care about deserves. Sure we subtly let them know about our desires but I've enjoyed the times I've spent with her. Keep doing what's become natural. You know the way we treat them."

"You're right. I have to admit I have more and stronger feelings for my mom than before we started. OK so now let's enjoy it. Dude no offense but put on your boxers, without females in the room it's a little weird sitting here naked. I'll get the wine."

Little did the boys know the mothers were having their own conversation about what just happened and what should happen next. A call comes from the bedrooms. "Hey where's our wine?"

The boys each grab two glasses and head to the bedrooms. Jason enters Donna's room as it is nearest. She is in her robe sitting on the bed in the dimly lit room. "Close the door Jason. Come and sit beside me."

This does not sound good. Jason is concerned. What did his mother and Claire talk about? Did they convince each other that what just happened shouldn't happen again? Sitting close to her he hands her the glass of wine.

"Jason I love you very much."

"I love you mom."

"Yes, I know. Things got a little crazy out there."

"Mom I..."

"No Jason let me speak. What just happened was driven by lust. Claire and I acted like two sluts in heat. I just...I couldn't forgive myself if you thought badly of me and..."

"Everyone wanted it to happen. I'll never stop loving you."

Donna put down her glass of wine and holds Jason's hand in hers. "Oh Jason, I don't know what has happened. I don't know when it happened. I do know somehow I've fallen in love with you. I know it's so wrong but I can help myself. I've tried to fight it Jason but every time you're near me, the way you treat me is like no other man I've ever met. My desire to be with you has become overwhelming. I feel like such a bad person that I can't fight off these feelings." Tears start to form in her eyes.

"Mom don't cry, please don't. When we kissed before I knew I loved you the way a man loves a woman. I didn't want it to stop."

Donna breathing became heavy as she looks deep into her son's eyes. "Jason, we are mother and son. How we feel, what we want is...is incest. It will change everything."

"No, it won't change anything. We will still have these feelings for each other. Feelings that will grow stronger. I want you. I want you so badly it hurts."

Donna Robinson stands facing her son. She unties the sash to her robe and lets it fall to the floor. She is naked, fully exposed. "Jason I want you to make love to me. I want you to make me yours. I want to give myself to you."

Jason stares at his mother's body lit by the moon light. He arousal is more than he can stand. Standing up he pulls his mother to him as they lock in a loving passionate kiss. Donna melts in her son's arms. Only as they sit on the bed do they break their kiss. Donna slides up to the head of the bed. Her legs are spread wide as Jason follows reaching for her extended hand. He crawls across the bed between her legs. Donna reaches for his head guiding him to her swollen exposed vagina.

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Chapter 53 Sexcapades and Ogasms: Sluts & Lovers. The End

Jason doesn't hesitate. His tongue finds her clit using it in the same manner as when he was just kissing her mouth. Donna's back arches as Jason's finger enters her wet vagina. She has longed for the touch of a man. Not just any man but her son. It builds up as he continues to pleasure her with his mouth and hand. Her body tightens as she has the first of many orgasms. Jason savors his mother's taste. He brings her to several more orgasms before he moves up her body, licking, kissing and suckling till he is again probing her mouth with his tongue. His cock finds her open waiting lips as he starts to tease her.

"Oh god Jason, please I want you inside me."

The head of his cock enters her. Donna wraps her legs around him allowing him better access to her sex and trying to pull him deeper into her. Slowly he enters her more with each stroke. Halfway in Jason pulls out leaving only the head of his cock inside before plunging deep into her. On the third thrust Donna hugs her son tightly to her and screams as her orgasm explodes soaking her son's pumping cock.

"Oh god! Oh god I'm cumming! Yes, yes, yes put your cock deep inside me."

Jason is pumping furiously as he stares into his mother's face. Staring at a woman with an expression of abandon lust. A woman that has finally given into her desires. "I'm going to cum!"

"Yes baby cum in me, deep in me. I want your seed inside of me."

Jason explodes inside his mother as she pulls his mouth to hers sucking his tongue into her mouth. Mother and son cling onto each other their bodies locked together as they recover from their climax.

"Oh Jason, you are wonderful. I've wanted to give myself to you for the longest time. Now I'm yours."

"And I'm yours mom. We will always have each other. But...what about what happened before?"

Donna smiles as she lets out a small laugh. "Well every woman wants to be made love too. To feel special. And...well sometimes we like to be a little slutty. Would that bother you?"

"No, no I don't think so, as long as it's what you want and we can still be together like this."

"Always! Besides don't you like the thought of having two Lake House Sluts for the week?" Donna face is beaming as she teases her lover.

"As long as you are one of them." Jason teases back.

Meanwhile a similar encounter is happening in the other master bedroom.

Robbie is sitting on the bed. His mother is sitting on the floor between his legs. They are well into their talk admitting the feeling they have for each other.

"So is that why you keep all those picture of women that resemble me?"

"Yes." Slightly embarrassed Robbie continues. "I wanted to see you, be with you. That was the closes I could come to it happening."

"What about the time you were taking my picture? You know you could have taken me right then? I wanted you too."

"I wanted to but then Mrs. Rob...Donna called and you were going out. It didn't feel like the right time."

Claire's hand move up her son's thigh and inside the leg of his boxers finding his ridged cock. "Robbie now is the right time. I want nothing more than to please you. Do you want me to please you?"

Robbie's body stiffens at his mother's touch. "Yes, yes I want...ohh."

Claire releases her grip and pulls off her son's boxers. She raises herself to her knees, grabs his cock as her mouth covers it's head. She sucks it as her tongue swirls around. With her hand slowly jerking the base she move her head up and down taking more of his cock into her mouth. She is driving her son closer to the edge when she stops. Robbie looks down to his mother's stare.

"Tell me, tell me what you want so I can please you."

"I want to be inside of you."

"Lay back on the bed."

Robbie moves quickly as Claire stands and climb onto the bed. She mounts her son. Grinding back and forth she feels his hard cock between her pussy lips. The hot wet feel of his mother's pussy on his cock is like nothing Robbie has ever experienced. Claire remove her robe. Her nipples are hard and erect. She moves Robbie's hands to her breasts as she continues to grind him.

"Oh yes play with them. Yes! It's OK you can be a little rough with them. I like it that way. Pinch them."

Claire raises up and grabs Robbie's cock, pointing it at her waiting pussy. His cock slides in easily as she plunges it deep into her. Claire rides her son's cock hard and long lifting and plunging down over and over while her hand works her clitoris. Both are on the verge but it is Claire that has the first orgasm.

"Squeeze my nipples. Squeeze them HARD. Oh yes!"

Claire pull off Robbie's cock. Her hand working furiously as her cum streams from her. Robbie watches as his mother soaks him. He has seen squirting in porn but has never actually experienced it. He is even more turned on by the fact that he has made his mother orgasm so violently. In her weaken state he pulls her to him and flip her on her back like a rag doll. Quickly he mounts her holding her wrists and her legs spread eagle as he finds her opening. He thrust hard and quickly burying his cock deep in her. Again, and again he pounds his cock in her wet willing pussy. The slapping of their bodies is the only noise that drowns out their breathing. His balls tighten. He pushes hard till he cannot enter her anymore. His cock pulsates as he fill her with his cum.

Mothers and sons fall asleep in each other's arm.

Jason woke to find himself in bed alone. Rising he walks through the cabin looking for his mother. The only thing he finds is a note on the kitchen table. "Boys, we went out for a day in the country and shopping. We'll be home for dinner. Call you later. LHS."

As Jason makes the bed images flash through him mind of his mother's naked body, her taste as he brought her or orgasm with his mouth, and the tight, wet hot sensation as he shot he's semen inside her. While in the shower it was all he could do not to masturbate. He wanted to save himself for his mother.

Robbie sleepily entered the kitchen as Jason was making breakfast. "Smells good." Plopping in a chair, "Man what a night. It almost seems like a dream. Did you and your mom...you know." The two exchanged stories as the ate.

"Where are they now?"

"They went out for the day, shopping. They'll be back for dinner."

"Do you think they'll be as...you know...same as last night?"

"I'm pretty sure. Check it out." Jason handed Robbie the note. Robbie quickly read it and looks and Jason with a confused look. "What does this prove?"

"It's signed LHS, Lake House Sluts." A smile grows on each of their faces. They spend the day fishing, sunning and swimming when Robbie's cell rings late in the afternoon. "Hi honey, we're on our way home. We should be there in forty minutes. We're starving. Could you put some tuna steaks on the grill and make some salads? Oh and chill a couple of bottles of wine."

"Sure mom see you in a while."

The boys are waiting as the car pulls up. Laden with packages the mothers look the happiest they've been in sometime. Dinner is started and everyone is bright and cheery. Claire and Donna are extremely talkative about their day. The sun is setting as they finish their meal and the bottle of wine.

"Why don't you guys clean up while we shower. Then we can show you what we bought today." The mothers leave grabbing another bottle of wine and two glasses along the way.

The boys are anxious as they clean up not knowing what would happen next. A half hour later the mothers return with an empty bottle of wine. The boys stare mouths agape. "Well this is one of our purchases. Do you like them?"

Both mothers are wearing more make up than usual. They were dressed in miniskirts and light cotton sweaters with high heels and stockings.

Jason finally responded. "Oh yeah, you two look, look...outrageous."

"OK boys have a seat on the couch." As the boys sit and Claire and Donna sit in chairs facing them. "Here's the deal. Last night what happened was two different kinds of sex, lust and hopefully loving. We took the leap knowing full well what we were doing. Today Claire and I had a long talk about it. Making love to you last night is something we never imagined would happen. We both agree that it made us feel loved in a way we haven't ever felt. We don't want to give up the way we made love with you last night. The beginning of the night was something else. We don't want that to end either."

The boys gave each other a quick glance as their mothers stood and walk in front of them. Slowly they removed their sweaters and unzipped their skirts. The stockings were high lace top stockings. Donna was wearing a black cincher that held her large breasts up and out, ready to be played with. Claire wore only a red shelf bra and a gold body chain. They stood in front of their sons flaunting their naked bodies. "We want to also be the sluts we were last night. To have lustful sex. But for that to work you have to tell us that's what you want. You have to tell us that we are your two sluts and do what you want with us. Well is that what you want?"

Robbie mumbles "Yes." By the look on Donna's face it is obvious that she is disappointed with the response. Jason stands and quickly moves to his mother before she can say anything. He grabs her left breast as he sticks his tongue in her mouth kissing her hard and deep. He grabs her by the hair as they break the kiss.

"Get on your knees. Take my cock out and suck it like a good slut." Dropping to her knees Donna's eyes light up as she smiles at her son. She quickly drops his shorts releasing his stiff cock. There is no pretense, kissing, or licking. Like a good slut she immediately sucks his cock deep into her mouth.

"Claire stop staring at them and come over here." Claire walks to her son.

"Do you want to be my slut?" Claire nods. "Then say it. Say you what to be my slut."

"I want to be your slut. Make me your slut."

"Spread your legs." Claire obeys. Robbie wets his fingers and inserts them into his mother's pussy. "My god you are soaking wet. You are a little slut aren't you." Her eyes closed as her hands find her nipples. Claire's body starts to shake as Robbie's fingers probe her vagina fast and deep.

The sound of Jason fucking his mother's mouth fills the room. Her talent to deep throat is put to the test by the thickness of her son's cock. He is controlling the pace. Fucking her throat the same way he fucked her pussy last night. She gags as he pulled out giving her a chance to breathe. Saliva flowed from her mouth down her chin as a long thick rope of it clings from her mouth to his cock. Taking it in her hand she rubbed it on his cock and immediately swallowed him again deep into her mouth. Last night no one ever made love to her like her son and now no one had ever used her so or had her as sexually charged. She didn't think. She couldn't think. She would do whatever she was told. Allow whatever they wanted to do to her. As her son continued to fuck her throat the thought of this caused her to orgasm.

Claire was ready to orgasm she could feel a massive gush building when Robbie suddenly removed his fingers. Her eye snapped open looking at her son in surprise. "Now, now my little slut you're not to cum till I tell you to. Turn around and bend over with your hands on your knees."

On unsteady legs Claire did as she was told. Robbie had already removed his shorts and inserted the full length of his cock deep into his mother's cunt the moment she was in position. Claire let out a long loud moan. Grabbing her hips Robbie pounded his mother's pussy sending the noise of their slapping bodies echoing through the room.

Jason throws his head back as he stopped pumping his mother's mouth. Donna knew he was ready to cum. She takes his cock out of her mouth and jerks it violently. There is no surprise as the first rope of cum hit her in the middle of her face, two, three, four more splattering her. She has had cum on her face before but never had she had someone cum on her face like a common...a common slut. She had her second orgasm. It was stronger than her first one. When Jason's cock finally stopped spewing cum her face was awash. Releasing his cock she used both hands to scrape the cum from her face and into her mouth. As she devours her son's sweet musty cum she has her third orgasm.

Robbie called over for Jason and Donna to come over. "Donna get behind her and lick her clit. Jason put your cock in her mouth." Both did as instructed. Robbie knew it wouldn't be long now as Donna's tongue flicked his mother's clit and Jason muffled her moans as his cock started to harden again. Claire's body was uncontrollably moving in all directions. It was time. Three hard deep plunges before he quickly pulled out. Even with Jason's cock in her mouth Claire's scream could be heard throughout the house. Robbie grabbed Donna's head pulling it into the line of fire as the first streaming gush left his mother's pussy. Donna's face was immediately soaked. Claire continued to stream one gush after another making it impossible for Donna to breathe. She tried to pull away but Robbie would have none of it pushing her face closer to his mother's pussy. She had to drink it down if she wanted any chance to get some air into her lungs.

When Claire finally stopped she fell to her knees. Donna glistened from the combination of her son's and best friend cum bath. Robbie move Donna aside. Kneeling behind his mother he lifted her ass up in the air and again inserted his cock, pumping her again. His balls tightened as he started to fill his mothers pussy with his cum. His orgasm is intense. He pulls out slowly as the flow of his cum leaks from her. "Donna!" was all he said as he pointed at his mother's cum leaking pussy. She knew what was expected and complied eagerly. Lying on her back she pulled Claire down to her mouth to sucked her pussy dry of cum. She had her forth orgasm.

Jason again fed Claire his cock as his mother cleaned her pussy. His cock was again hard. When he felt she had been properly cleaned he stood grabbing Claire by the arm to lead her to the large cushion chair. Pulling her to his lap as he sat he pressed her lip to his, mouth open, tongue probing. He has had many a fantasy about Claire Blake. Now he was going to live some of them out. He was obsessed with her body. Often he wonders what it would be like just to make out with those pouty lips. Their kissing was passionate and lustful at the same time. Claire was impressed at how he kissed, making her feel warm and safe. While at the same time hot and slutty. Her arms went around his head and shoulders as she melted in his embrace.

Jason slid his hand up her thigh, over her taught stomach cupping her breast as two fingers pinch her nipple. He had fantasized about her breasts and nipples. Little did he know how erogenous they were. Claire moans in his mouth and slowly breaks their kiss. "Do you like my nipples? I've seen how you look at them."

"I love them. I've wanted to feel them and suck on them since I first met you." He

moves his hand around her breast holding it tightly as he sucks and bites her nipple."

"Oh god, my pussy is leaking." Jason feels her juices wetting his lap a sign that he can play with her breast for as long and however he wants.

As Jason leads Claire to the chair Robbie assesses Donna Robinson. She is laying naked on the floor, spent and dazed, reminisce of everyone's cum on her face, her legs spread looking every bit the slut she wants to be. Robbie's cock hardens. Laying on his side next to her his hand moves between her legs as he begins to rub her hot wet pussy. Donna's back arched at his touch. His fingers enter her."Looks like our little slut is enjoying herself. I have to say you are looking extremely slutty, even quite whorish. Is that what you are?"

Donna feels another orgasm coming. She has never cum this much before. Looking at Robbie she nods yes.

"No, no it doesn't count unless you say it." He starts to pump harder.

"I'm...I'm a slut...a whore...I'm a whore slut. Oh fuck, oh fucking whore slut."

"Very good! You know what else you've become tonight? You seem to have become our cum bucket. I think tonight you will have that honor eating everyone cum. Tomorrow will make Claire the cum bucket but tonight that is your job. Now say it."

"I'm a slut whore. A cum bucket. A cum eating slut."

Robbie stops fingering Donna. "I've wanted to eat your pussy for the longest time, to make you cum with my tongue. Now hold those legs high and spread so I can enjoy your pussy."

Like a good slut Donna pulls her knees to her chest and spread her leg as wide as they will go offering herself up for his pleasure. Robbie moves between her legs thinking to himself how a has longed to have this MILFs pussy. Her pussy lips were swollen and wet. Her clit exposed for him to enjoy. Donna stiffened and pulled her legs higher as his tongue flicked and gently licked her clit. He tease her relentlessly with his tongue till she begs. Donna reached out grabbing Robbie's head pulling it to her. "Please eat me. Lick me. Make me cum."

Robbie went to work making love to her pussy gently and determined. He inserted two fingers as he stimulated her clit. Donna was in a fit of passion mumbling something about sluts and cumming. Robbie inserted another finger and pumping faster, still working his tongue. Donna's back arched as she had her sixth orgasm soaking Robbie's hand and face. He continued to fingering and eating till she begged him to stop. Relenting he move next to Donna offering her is cum soaked hand. "Here's your reward my little cum bucket slut." Donna held his hand as she licked and suck it clean of her cum.

Claire is pumping Jason's cock as he continues to play with her nipples. He moves back to her lips to have their tongues dance in each other's mouths. "What else have you wanted to do to me? You can do anything you want."

Jason lifts Claire off his lap as he stands. He takes her by the hand to the kitchen area and has her bend over the table as he goes to the cabinet. Kneeling Jason eats her pussy sliding his tongue from her clit up her pussy lips. He spreads her ass cheeks as he continues to her rosebud. Claire raises her head as she moans. "Oh god Jason is that what you want, to eat my ass?"

Jason doesn't answer his action speak for themselves. Once Claire is relaxed enjoying the sensation of Jason's probing tongue he replaces it with his finger spreading the oil he took from the cabinet. Continuing to massage her rosebud he stands and drizzles oil down her crack as he easily insert his finger to the second knuckle. Claire continues to moan as her ass in entered for the first time in her life. One finger is replaced by two, more oil, moaning, then three. She is ready. Jason oils himself and positions his cock under his probing fingers. He replaces them with the head of his cock. Claire's sphincter closes around his head as he inserts himself a little deeper. "Oh fuck, oh fuck." Claire's screams get the attention of Robbie as his is fucking Donna. Looking up he knows Jason is fucking his mother's ass. He knows they will each get to fuck both mother's asses. The thought make him pound Donna's pussy harder. She is on the verge of her seventh orgasm.

Jason slide the full length of his cock in to Claire's ass as she let out a low loud guttural moan. "I feel like

"I'm being split apart!"

"Do you want me to stop?"

"No no please don't stop. Fuck me. Fuck my slut ass."

Jason pulls his cock out leaving the head in her ass as he plunges his length in her again and again. Then without warning he pulls out to witness her gaping ass. Quickly she stands up, turns her around and sits her on the edge of the table. He pushes her knees to her chest exposing her pussy and oil glistening asshole. Without hesitation he positions his cock and inserts his cock into her ass. Holding her legs spread wide he pumps Claire's ass.

Claire cannot believe the sensation of being ass fucked. The pain and pleasure all at the same time is not what she ever expected. She never thought it would make her orgasm but, she could feel it building. Claire grabbed the sides of the table to steady herself. She is so close. "Jason, Jason fuck me harder, pump me harder. Fuck me. Fuck my ass."

Claire explodes. With each deep thrust Claire's gushing orgasm hit Jason in the chest. Jason pumps harder wanting to pump this woman dry. Claire couldn't tell how long this lasted. It seemed like it went on forever till finally her body went limp. She was a rag doll for anyone to throw around as they wished. She may have lost consciousness for a short period of time. She was no longer sure of anything until she felt the hot liquid filling her bowels. Jason continued to cum as he slowly pulled out.

Robbie and Donna stood watching the final minutes of Jason and Claire's session. As she was instructed to by Robbie, Donna was holding Robbie's cum in her pussy with her hand. He instructed her to lay on the floor. Then with Jason's help they lifted Claire off the table to lay her in a sixty-nine position on top of Donna.

"Come on ladies let's see some good old pussy eating."

They tried as best as they could. Exhausted and spent they rubbed their faces in each other's pussies. Claire could smell, feel and taste the cum seeping from Donna. In the beginning there was no such taste for Donna till suddenly cum started to flow onto her nose and upper lip making it way to her tongue. It had taken awhile for her son's cum to flow out of Claire's ass. She realized what was happening her mouth filled with cum oozing from Claire's ass. She had her eighth orgasm.

The women rolled on their sides, heads resting on each other's thighs, faces inches away from each other's pussies. The room went quiet as they drifted off to a deep exhausted sleep.

The boy stood by assessing the two women that were passed out on the floor. Cum flowed from their pussies and ass. They had been taken and used. These women were their mothers laying on the floor like common sluts. The boys fulfilled their request. Maybe more than either woman expected.

"What should we do now."

"Let them sleep. The floor is a fitting place for their wish to be sluts, don't you think?"

"Yeah I guess so. I going to get my camera. After all they wanted us to document the weekend."

Click , flash, click, flash....

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 54 Birthday Trip. EP1

My name is Tom. This summer my Mom (41) and Dad (46) took me to a trip to Europe for my 18th birthday. I wanted to visit Europe for a long time, so my parents knew how much it meant to me. Although I wasn't thrilled that they bought three tickets. I wanted to go alone. Spending the summer with my parents didn't sound all that exciting. But they bought the tickets... and it was still a trip to Europe, so I couldn't say no to that.

Although, the timing of the trip could have been better, because about five weeks before the trip started, I had a minor knee surgery. I twisted and hurt my knee playing basketball. But the surgery went well, my knee was already feeling a lot better. I didn't need my crutches anymore, but I still brought my knee immobilizer, just as a precaution.

We planned on spending a month in Europe, go to different countries and places, do some sightseeing, but we started off with an ordinary summer vacation. Which meant that we spent the first five days in a hotel at the beach.

We didn't really sleep in the main building though. The hotel also had ten small huts. They were made entirely out of wood and were surrounded by trees and palms so that each hut had it's private area. These huts were also located far away from were all the other guests spent their time.

My parent's bed was located right in the living room, but I had my own little room. There was a bathroom in there, so we had anything we needed.

Of course, the beach was overcrowded with people, so we spent the entire first day at the pool. In the evening we walked into town, looked at the stores went to have dinner... we did pretty much the same thing all the other tourists did.

When we were walking back to the hotel, a guy on the street handed me a flyer. There were a lot of these guys trying to promote all kinds of things. But this one guy, told me about a trip to a private beach, which, apparently was the most beautiful beach in the area. He told me, that they would get you there by boat and that you could spend the entire day there on the beach and they would bring you back in the evening. He also told me that they were the only ones who were allowed to get people there, so it's never too crowded there. He handed me the flyer, which had a view of the beach on it. It looked amazing. I had to go there.

So, when we got back to our hut, I told my parents that I wanted to go there the next day.

"Are you sure that's a good idea? Going on a boat..."

"Your Mom is right, I don't think your knee would enjoy that all that much."

I held up my knee immobilizer.

"That's why I brought this thing. Come on. I have to go there."

After discussing the pros and cons for another ten minutes, I persuaded my parents. But of course, they planned on going with me. They didn't want me to go to a secluded island, on a boat, with my slowly recovering knee, all by myself. So I did what I had to do: I accepted the fact that they would come along, as long as I could spend the day at the beautiful beach.

So the next morning, I was wearing my swimming trunks, carrying my knee immobilizer and was ready to go. But when I came into the living room, I found out that my Dad didn't feel so good. He had a really bad stomach ache, apparently from something he ate the night before.

So I thought: "That's my chance!"

"Look, if Dad isn't feeling so good, I'm going alone."

"What? No way, Mister. We can go tomorrow. Or maybe the day after that."

"Look, Mom, we are only here four more days. What if Dad's sick for more than one day, and we can't go at all. I really wanna go today. Nothing is going to happen. I can go by myself."

It didn't look like Mom was about to agree.

"I'm sorry Tom, but I don't want you to go on that boat alone."

Mom had always been overly protective.

But then all of a sudden, Dad got in on the conversation.

"Look, honey, why don't you go with him. He obviously doesn't take no for an answer. Plus, it's HIS birthday trip. We said we wanted to give him a trip to remember..."

"But..."

"I'm fine. I'm just sick. Maybe I need to puke, or go to the bathroom, but other than that, I'm fine. I've got food and water. And I've got my meds. I'll be alright."

"I don't know honey..."

"Don't argue with me, Babe... I want you two to go. Have a great time, okay!?"

Wow. Okay. Now, even I felt bad. Leaving my sick father all by himself to go to the most beautiful beach ever... But Mom just said:

"Okay, honey."

So she got a big beach bag and threw in some clothes, sun cream, a few books and stuff like that. The she took two huge beach towels and put them on top of everything. And then she changed into her bathing suit while I waited in front of the hut. I was putting on my knee immobilizer when Mom came out. She was wearing her dark purple bathing suite and had a pink silky cloth tied around her waist.

"Come on, Mister. This has to be one hell of a beach. This day has to be amazing. After all, we are leaving your sick father behind."

I felt a little bad, but I wanted it that way. I wanted to go there.

So, after a ten minute walk, we got to the dock where the boat was set to take off. And as soon as I saw the boat, I was a bit confused. There were no seats.

We were a little early, so I walked up to the guy who was apparently responsible for the trip.

"Hello. I'm Tom. I'll take two tickets."

"Okay. No problem."

"But... is this the boat we're using?"

"Yes."

"Oh. Okay. Look, I kind of expected the boat to have seats."

I nodded down to my knee and the knee immobilizer.

"So apparently everybody's standing the entire ride... but as you can see... I might have a slight problem with that. Does that mean I can't go?"

"Oh yeah. I saw. What happened?"

"I was playing basketball. Long story."

"Look... it's no problem. We do have two seats in the back. In each corner of the boat. You need to

unlock it and take it down. Just choose one."

"Oh that's great. Thank's a lot, man."

"No problem."

He handed me the tickets and I waved Mom over.

"Oh, but make sure you'll be the first one back at the boat this evening."

"Yeah. I will. Thanks."

So when Mom came over, we were the first one's to get on the boat. To get on the boat, from the dock, was the hardest part. But I managed to pull it off.

"There is a seat in the back."

So, Mom and I walked to the back of the boat. Of course the boat rocked back and forth, so Mom took my hand and tried to support me as best as she could.

When we got to the back, I put down the seat and sat down. Mom put the beach bag down next to me. She stood in front of me and grabbed one of the handles which were mounted on the sunshine roof. And then we had to wait...

As time passed, more and more people entered the boat. A large, over-weight guy took the second seat, in the other corner of the boat. Twenty minutes later, fifty or sixty people were already on the boat. It got more and more crowded. So I took my knee immobilizer off. I realized that there would be no room for me to have my legs stretched out.

There were another fifteen or so people on the dock. Mom came closer and closer. She had to. There was no room on the boat anymore. And then finally, the engine started and the last guys got on the boat. Mom was so close to me, that her feet were actually between mine. She was wearing her big sun hat and she was already looking pissed off.

And then the boat started to move and everything got even more tense. I saw that a large, unattractive man with a beer belly hit Mom in the back with his elbow a number of times. Mom bent forward and over me as best as she could, but it was clearly very uncomfortable for her.

"Mom!"

She didn't hear me. The engine was pretty loud. Plus, there was the noise the motor boat made when it hit the waves and there was the sound of the wind. So I tipped her on the outside of her thigh.

Mom looked down on me.

"Sit down. It's too crowded in here."

But she just shook her head. But about five minutes later the unappealing beer drinker had hit her in the side three more times, so I tipped her on her thigh again.

It was my fault she was on this boat. We left Dad at the hotel. And now Mom was clearly pissed off.

"Come on. Sit down. I don't mind... You don't have enough room to stand..."

With my head I nodded to the guy who was hitting her constantly.

"You're right."

So Mom gave in, and sat down on my lap. Of course, naturally, I expected her to sit down on the edge of my right knee, but she couldn't, because of my injury. So she sat down, not on my thighs, but on my lap. She had her left leg between my legs and her right leg on the outside of my right leg.

But now everything seemed easier. The unattractive guy turned around for an instance, to check what was going on behind him. He smiled at us and then turned back around.

Mom looked back at me. She smiled, too.

"Thanks honey."

So now, Mom was sitting on my lap, and we could have a quiet and uneventful trip to the beach. Or so I thought.

Because, as time went by, I felt Mom's weight on me. But I didn't feel it on my thighs, but on my dick. My penis was lying to one side... on my right thigh... and that's exactly where Mom was sitting on. I had a bad feeling.

The guy I bought the tickets from, told me it would take up to forty-five minutes to get to the beach, which meant that it would probably take another half an hour to get there. Oh boy.

I tried to think of something else. But I couldn't. The rocking motions of the boat didn't help. Every second Mom's and my ass was lifted off the seat for a split second. And when the boat hit the wave, both our asses were slammed down back into the seat... Well my ass was slammed down into the seat. Mom's ass was slammed onto me. Onto my dick.

It was a strange feeling. The fabric of my swimming trunks was stroking and fondling my dick, and Mom's ass was massaging it. If it hadn't been Mom sitting on top of me, it would have been an amazing feeling. Strip clubs should build their establishments on motor boats, because the rocking motions of the boat would make any lap dance a hundred times better.

I needed to concentrate on something else. But how could I?

And then I felt it. I felt my dick move. Oh fuck. I was starting to get hard.

Without my intention my leg twitched. It was my way of my brain telling my dick not to get hard. But Mom obviously didn't feel my dick, because she misinterpreted the twitching of my leg.

"Does your knee hurt honey?"

I could barely hear her. It was so loud on the boat.

"A little."

"Do you want me to stand up again?"

Oh boy. What now? I didn't want Mom to sit on my dick the entire ride, but I definitely didn't want Mom to be pissed off.

"No. But could you maybe shift your weight around a little bit?"

Mom didn't say anything. She just nodded and lifted her pelvis slightly and sat back down. For a moment I thought that everything was okay now, but it turned out, now my dick was exactly between Mom's cheeks. Before, she was sitting on it, with her cheek and thigh, but now my dick was placed between her ass cheeks.

And as soon as she sat back down, the rocking motions of the boat were taking effect again. Mom's ass was now sliding up and down on my dick. And every wave ensured that the position of my dick changed a little bit and that Mom's ass would land on it.

Plus, it was weird, the soft, ripped material on the inside of my swimming shorts felt absolutely amazing on my naked skin. By now, my dick was already semi-erect. I tried to see Mom's face. She was looking out of the boat and onto the ocean. She was looking calm and normal, like nothing was happening. Maybe she didn't feel me? Oh boy, I hoped so.

But the longer the ride lasted, the harder my dick got. By now, it was pointing up. And then, the boat hit the next wave and all of a sudden Mom froze. It lasted just a split second. Then she looked up at the guy in front of her and to her side. And then she unclenched and turned her head again. She continued to look to the left... out to the ocean.

I didn't know what to do. Mom must have felt my dick between her legs. But she didn't say anything. She didn't stand up. I was freaking out. My heart was beating so fast. I tried to find a clear thought. But I couldn't. Every two seconds the boat hit another wave and Mom's ass cheeks were massaging my dick again. It was a nice rhythm, too. Which resulted in enormous pleasure. My dick got even harder.

And then something weird happened. The rhythm of the boat pretty much stayed the same... Hitting a new wave every two seconds or so, but then all of a sudden I felt Mom's pelvis press down, when I didn't expect it. It must have been between two waves... What happened?

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 55 Dic*k Massage. Birthday Trip. EP2

It felt like Mom didn't want to wait for the next wave. Was that possible? I didn't know. All I knew was, my dick was now hard as a rock. There is no way Mom didn't feel it. My shaft was placed right between her cheeks.

Very thin swimming trunks and Mom's bikini panties were the only things between my hard dick and her pussy. I looked around. Nobody noticed anything.

Most of the people on the boat were facing away from us. Pretty much everybody was looking out onto the ocean. I saw some lips move, but I couldn't hear what they were saying. Nobody looked in our direction. Plus, our heads were at the same level as everybody else's groins. Nobody could really see us.

And I don't think anybody would have noticed anything, even if they were looking in our direction. We didn't really move. Our upper bodies remained pretty still during all of this. The only parts of our bodies that moved, were our hips.

I was so ashamed and at the same time, turned on. Mom was basically dry humping me. I didn't know if she really pushed down, but it didn't matter. It felt absolutely amazing, having my dick massaged by her ass cheeks.

She was sliding up and down. And with every wave, her pelvis was pushed onto my hard dick. And since it was detained by my swimming shorts, it slid between Mom's legs, poking her. Mom must have felt my dick between her cheeks, on her pussy and between her legs. She didn't say anything. She just looked out of the boat.

The pleasure was overwhelming. I thought I might cum soon. I tried not to gasp. I didn't want to make any noise. Mom's ass was sliding down my shaft and I thought I couldn't hold back any longer. But then all of a sudden, the boat slowed down. I looked up, and saw the beach approach.

I was so fucking relieved. But now I had a new problem. I had a raging hard on. How could I possibly get off the boat? I had no idea. I panicked.

And then the boat had reached its place at the dock and stopped. I saw that some people were already moving, getting off the boat. I had to think. But then all of a sudden Mom, without standing up, or turning around, said:

"Could you take the beach towels, honey. The bag is too heavy for me."

I mumbled something which sounded like: "Yeah."

And then more and more people got off the boat and Mom finally stood up. Slowly. She didn't turn around. And while she stood up, I took the beach towels and placed them on my lap to hide my erection.

I put on my knee immobilizer and somehow, while waiting for everybody to get off the boat, my dick got limp again. As soon as everybody got off the boat, Mom took my elbow and helped me to get off the boat as well. It was a strange feeling to feel her fingers on me, after what just happened.

Mom didn't say anything. We just quietly followed all the other people. And then we saw the beach. It looked amazing. The water was bluish-green and the sand was almost white.

It looked beautiful. Mom and I walked on the beach for a while, to find a nice spot for us and then we put our beach towels down on the sand and lay down.

We didn't do much, the entire day. We just enjoyed the sun and the view. Mom spent most of her day reading a book, while I was listening to music on my ipod. From time to time we cooled off in the ocean. The water was absolutely perfect. But I couldn't really relax.

I thought about the ride on the boat. I knew it was sick to get a hard on with your mother on your lap. But it felt too good to be true. My dick didn't care who it was giving him the lap dance. But I did. Mom must think that I'm sick.

I was so embarrassed. And what was even worse: we had to get back on the boat again. Oh god, I hoped that Mom wouldn't sit on my lap again. I couldn't think about anything else the entire day.

Plus, I was so close to an orgasm that morning, that I was extremely horny the entire day. I needed another dip in the ocean to cool off.

At some point Mom got us sandwiches from the beach bar, that was located right there at the edge of the beach.

"Here you go honey."

"Thanks."

"You were right... It is really beautiful here."

"Too bad Dad couldn't come. I hope he's alright."

Mom didn't respond. All she said was:

"Just enjoy your day. It's your birthday surprise. We wanna make you happy."

She didn't really look at me. And I couldn't look at her either. So we just lay on the beach next to each other the entire afternoon. On the evening Mom went into a changing booth. She came out wearing a white tank top and a pair of pink, wide hot pants.

After that, we went to the beach bar to have dinner. After we finished, we headed back to the dock. The guy told me we had to be the first ones there, so we got there early.

Again, Mom helped me to get on the boat and to the seat I had in the morning. I sat down and took off my knee immobilizer. Mom placed the beach bag next to me and remained standing. She didn't sit down.

I was relieved. Or was I? The entire day I hoped that Mom wouldn't sit on my lap again. But now... as I was sitting there again, horny as I was, I was wishing she would sit down on my lap again. But she didn't.

By the time we got to the boat, it was already getting dark. And while we were waiting for everybody to get on board, it got darker and darker. Everybody seemed to be really tired from their day in the sun, because I saw nobody talking or anything. Everybody moved very slowly.

But about twenty minutes later, everybody was back on the boat. This time, Mom was standing next to two other women. The unattractive guy with the beer belly was nowhere to be seen. So I guess this time nobody would hit Mom in the back. I realized that Mom wasn't going to sit down this time.

When the engine started, the noise seemed even louder than this morning. And then the boat slowly started to move away from the dock. As before, everybody was facing to the inside of the boat, with their heads turned, looking out onto the ocean.

And then slowly, the dock disappeared and with it, the light of the bulb, which was mounted on the dock. And soon we were surrounded by darkness. We did see the dark waves and the lights coming from the shore, but on the inside of the boat, it was pretty dark.

Like everybody else, I was pretty tired. I thought about closing my eyes, but then I saw that Mom was moving.

"I have to sit down again, okay?"

I didn't know what to say.

"Yeah, sure."

I quickly rolled up the legs of my bathing shorts. I thought, if there was more material between Mom and me, I wouldn't feel all that much. And then I leaned back.

Mom slightly turned and then sat down on my lap. Nobody around us cared. And then Mom took off her huge sun hat, it was dark, so she didn't need it anymore, and put it down on her lap.

And then, the boat picked up speed.

That morning, almost fifteen minutes passed until Mom sat down on my lap. This time, it didn't even take two minutes. So we pretty much had the entire ride ahead of us.

And this time, it was even harder to think about anything else. It was so dark, that I couldn't watch the other people. There was only one thing I could concentrate on: Mom's ass on my lap. And what can I say... I was horny all day... it was completely dark out... and I had all day to think about what happened that morning... so within three minutes, my dick got hard. The rhythm of the boat hitting the waves started, and with it, the bump and grind. Mom's ass cheeks were doing a great job massaging my dick. I knew Mom felt it already. But she didn't say anything.

And then there was another problem: with every time Mom and my pelvis left the seat and gravity pulled us back down, Mom's ass slid the legs of my trunks higher up. And then, another push later, I realized that my dick was freed from the inner part of my swimming trunks and was now about to poke out.

And then it happened. The tip of my penis made contact with Mom's leg. No material was between the two.

I felt Mom freeze. But she couldn't. There was nothing we could do. The boat rocked us back and forth. So with the next wave, my dick poked out of my trunks even more, sliding along Mom's thigh.

It felt electrifying. I felt pre-cum ooze out of my dick. And with the next wave, I felt that Mom's thigh was moist from my pre-cum. Which made it much easier for my hard dick to slide up and down Mom's leg. Not only did it make it easier, but it made it even more pleasurable as well.

Of course Mom felt it. All of a sudden she had a moist thigh. But still, she didn't say anything. She kept still. Actually... she didn't keep still. So far, the waves were responsible for all the movements. They pulled us up and slammed Mom down on my dick. But then I saw Mom adjusting the sun hat a little bit. She slid it a little more to the side where all the other passengers were. And then I felt her hips move. Not up and down, but she moved forward and then backwards. Which had the effect that my dick wasn't slammed into her thigh, but it slid back and forth between her legs.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 56 Mom's Hot Pants. Birthday Trip. EP3

And by doing that, the legs of my bathing shorts were pulled up even further. Five or six waves later, my bathing shorts was pulled all the way up to my groin. By that time, even my balls sprung free. I was now basically naked. My dick was sliding between Mom's legs and now, with my bathing shorts all the way up, it made contact with Mom's hot pants as well.

But they weren't tight hot pants. They were cotton hot pants which left a lot of room. Soon the short legs of the hot pants were sliding up and down as well.

And then it happened. When Mom moved her hip back and then forward again, my hard dick moved into one of the legs of the hot pants and got trapped there.

Now something felt really different. My dick had made contact with something besides Mom's leg. The shaft of my dick was sliding along Mom's pussy lips. And all of a sudden it got really moist.

Oh my god. Mom is wet. She's turned on. A lot.

She continued to move her hip back and forth, with my dick now rubbing against her pussy.

And then I saw Mom look to her left and her right. And after a second she leaned back. Her back was now touching my upper body. I froze. But then Mom tilted her head back a little bit and whispered:

"Hold the hat for a second."

I didn't know what she had in mind, but I did what she told me. I grabbed the sides of the sun hat and waited.

And then Mom lifted her pelvis slightly. And with one hand, her left, the one that was at the side of the ocean, away from all the other passengers, she reached under the sun hat. I didn't really know what she did, but I felt it a second later.

Because when her hand came back up, and she was slowly sitting back down, I felt her hot pants down on my mid-thigh. Mom must have pulled them down.

So now, after some adjusting, my dick slid right between Mom's ass cheeks. My entire dick made contact with her skin. And then Mom continued to slide back and forth on me. Soon my dick was wet all over. And it transferred the fluid between Mom's cheeks as well. So with every new wave, my dick buried himself more and more between Mom's ass cheeks.

The feeling was incredible. My entire dick was now being massaged by Mom's cheeks. And when she moved backwards, I felt her pussy lips.

It was so hot. I didn't know why Mom participated. But she did. And she did more than that. Because now with every new wave, she lifted her pelvis up a little bit. Resulting in the fact that my penis didn't stay down, but wanted to push up.

And then there was no wave coming when Mom lifted her pelvis again. This time a little higher. My dick was so hard, it was now pointing to the sky. And then Mom slowly lowered her pelvis. And then I felt my dick enter my Mom's pussy.

Oh god. I was about to explode. All of a sudden my dick was surrounded by this warm and wet pussy. And it belonged to my mother. Oh my god, how did I get here?

Mom left me no time to think. She was pushing down on me, even when the boat wasn't hitting a wave. And then suddenly she reached back with her left arm and rammed her nails into the side of my stomach. I felt juices flooding my dick.

Damn. Mom just came. She scratched me, so she wouldn't scream. It was so hot. I couldn't hold it any longer myself. And then I came inside Mom's pussy. I came and came, shot my load inside her, I thought I was passing out.

I don't know how exactly, but somehow, we managed to get off the boat, without anybody seeing or noticing anything. We didn't talk on our way back to the hotel. But boy, what a start to my birthday vacation. After our special trip to the beautiful beach Mom and I walked quietly back to the hotel. I was walking a few steps behind her the entire time. I couldn't really look at her. I thought what happened on the boat was my fault; it was my dick that got hard when Mom sat on my lap; I was embarrassed; I was confused; and I felt bad that I hadn't been able to stop myself.

I mean the s.e.x was amazing... It was out in public, with people all around us and I don't think my dick has ever been this hard before... but I fucked my own mother, dammit.

When we came back to our private hut, Dad was already asleep, but of course he woke up when we came in.

"Hey you two. How was it?"

I didn't respond. I didn't know what I could or should have said.

"It was quite nice. How are you honey?"

"I'm a lot better, thank you."

Mom sat down on the edge of the bed next to my father.

"Look, guys, I'm going straight to my room. I'm pretty tired."

Dad looked confused and Mom didn't look at me at all.

"Okay. Good night, Tom."

"Good night, Dad. Night, Mom."

And then I walked back to my room and closed the door behind me. Of course I couldn't really sleep that night. I didn't know how to get through the rest of the vacation.

The morning after when Dad came in my room to wake me up, I told him that I wouldn't join them for breakfast and that I wanted to sleep for two more hours. About three hours later I decided that I had to leave the hut eventually. So I put on my bathing shorts, took a big beach towel and started to wander through the pool area. And then I saw Mom and Dad. They were lying on beach loungers next to the pool. Normally I would have joined them, but I couldn't really be around both of them. So I told them I would hang out on the beach instead.

The day went by and I didn't really do all that much. I tried not to think about what happened the day before, but that was almost impossible.

On the next day, I hung out with Mom and Dad. It would have been too suspicious if I would have spent another day all by myself. Also, we planned on leaving the hotel that afternoon anyway.

Mom and Dad had planned the entire trip to Europe months ahead. So that day, at 4 p.m., we left the hotel. We took all of our luggage and then took a bus to the nearest train station. It took us almost three hours to get there. So after three hours sweating inside an old and rusty bus, we got to the train station.

The plan was to go to the next city and therefor our next destination by train. So after we had dinner at a restaurant next to the train station, we walked back there and waited for our train to arrive. Dad had booked a train compartment for us. It actually was more like a sleeping berth. It was a small compartment with two beds. So when you got in, there was a bed on the right side, about 3 feet wide. Right next to the head of the bed, there was a ladder which led to the second bed, which was mounted above the other one. The upper bed was a bit smaller than the other one, so I knew that I had to sleep up there. I was pissed off right away.

The compartment was so small, you couldn't really do anything at all, besides sleeping and looking out the tiny window.

I didn't really know what to do. Mom and Dad decided to walk through the train and look for the dining car to get a few drinks. I had no intention at all to join them. I was tired from the bus ride anyway, so I stayed in our compartment all by myself.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 57 Turned On. Birthday Trip. EP4

As soon as Mom and Dad left, I undressed, put on a pair of boxers and a shirt and climbed up the ladder. My knee really improved in the days and weeks before. I thought I would, but I had no problem to climb up the tiny ladder. Once I got up there I realized that not only was it the smallest bed I had ever slept in, but it was extremely uncomfortable as well.

The only good thing was, I could look out the window while lying there. So I lay there, looked out the window and hoped that I could fall asleep before Mom and Dad would come back.

I woke up about half an hour or so later. I started up in my bed and almost hit my head on the train

ceiling above me. I felt nauseous and sick to my stomach. The entire room was spinning. I lay back down and closed my eyes again.

When I woke back up, another ten minutes or so later, Mom was standing in front of the two beds. She was stripping out of her jeans when I opened my eyes. Although I couldn't see him, I knew Dad was already in bed, because Mom was looking at him and whispering something I couldn't understand.

The compartment was pretty dark. Mom and Dad must have turned off the lights when they saw that I was already sleeping. There was a small source of light right under my bed. I figured it must have been Dad's flashlight he brought on the trip with him. When Mom stepped out off her pair of jeans and unbent, I quickly closed my eyes. I didn't want Mom to know that I was awake.

A couple of seconds later I heard noises which indicated that Mom got in bed, so I opened my eyes again. And another ten seconds later the flashlight was turned off.

So now as I was lying there, I felt even more nauseous than before. And I couldn't fall back asleep. I almost felt like throwing up. I didn't want to tell my parents that I couldn't sleep up there. I didn't want to tell them that I felt sick to my stomach and that I got seasick without actually being at sea.

So I turned from one side to the other and then a few seconds later I turned around again. I couldn't tell whether or not my parents were already asleep. If I would have known that they were indeed asleep, I would have gotten out of bed to take a walk. But I didn't want to climb down the ladder. I tried to fall asleep.

But after turning around five or six more times, the flashlight was switched back on.

"Is everything alright up there, Tom?"

I thought about not saying anything back. I thought about faking to be asleep.

"Not really."

"What's going on?"

"I can't sleep."

"I know, the bed's are pretty uncomfortable, ha?"

We were both whispering. Apparently Mom was already asleep.

"It's not just the bed, Dad."

"Then what is it?"

"It's the moving train... and being so high up above the ground... I'm getting dizzy up here."

"Oh. Do you have to puke?"

"No. It's not that bad yet."

"Alright. Let's switch beds. I don't mind sleeping up there. I can sleep everywhere."

"No, Dad, I don't wanna wake Mom."

"Don't be silly..."

I heard Dad move around in the bed below me.

"Honey," Dad whispered.

And then I heard Mom move as well.

"What's going on? Why is the light back on?"

"Tom can't sleep. He gets nauseous up there."

"Oh. Are you alright, sweetie?"

"I'll be fine, Mom."

"Let me get up, babe."

"What are you doing?"

"Switching with Tom. I don't mind sleeping up there. It's only for one night anyway."

"Alright, but..."

And then Mom stood up. She was wearing her blue pj's. And then seconds later Dad stood up as well.

"Come on. Get down here."

"But I told you Dad... I'll be fine..."

But it was pointless to argue with him. So I sat up and moved to the ladder. And then I climbed down. Seconds later we were all standing next to each other in that small compartment. And then Dad moved passed me and climbed up the ladder. Mom and I watched him lay down.

"Uh. It's pretty snug up here, babe. I don't know if we both fit in here..."

Mom looked at him, smiled and then shook her head.

"I'm not getting up there anyway."

Dad laughed out loud.

"Well okay... then you'll have to share the bed with our son tonight."

"I don't care. I'm not sleeping up there."

Oh jeez. I didn't like how that one was turning out. I couldn't possibly share a bed with Mom... not after what happened a few days before. But I had no choice.

"Come on. Get in. And let's turn off the lights again. It was a long day."

So I got in bed and moved all the way to the wall. And then Mom got in bed as well. And as she switched off the flashlight, I realized that there was only one pillow and one sheet. So I turned to my side and moved even closer to the wall. I lay on my side, with my butt almost touching the wall and tried to be as far away from Mom as possible. I didn't want to touch her at all.

So as Mom tried to get comfortable, I whispered: "I'm sorry."

"Don't worry about it."

About three minutes later I noticed that Mom was already asleep. She was lying on her back next to me and I was lying on my side, facing her. My stomach felt a lot better and I didn't feel nauseous anymore, but now I felt weird about sharing a bed with my mother. My heart was racing as I watched her sleep.

Every time Mom moved a little bit, I moved as well. Every time Mom came an inch closer, I moved further to the wall. I thought the possibility for me to fall asleep was pretty slim. But the longer I watched Mom, the harder it was to keep my eyes open. And then I dozed off.

When I woke up, I knew I hadn't slept long. It was still dark in the compartment. The soft light of the moon was coming in through the window. I already came to terms with the fact that I wouldn't get much sleep that night, but the night turned out even worse. Because when I woke up, I realized that Mom had also turned to her side. And what was even more alarming: she moved dangerously close to me. Her head and back were still a few inches away from me, but her butt was pressed against my groin.

And to make matters even worse: my dick was hard as a rock when I woke up.

Mom was sleeping. She was breathing calmly. But me on the other hand... I panicked. Not only got my dick hard because of Mom's ass for the second time within one week, but Dad was there in the same

room with us.

I freaked out. I was already so close to the wall, that I couldn't move at all. And when I tried to move, my dick got rubbed against Mom's ass. And that didn't help. Because not only did my hard-on not go away, but now I got aroused as well. I couldn't help it. It was dark; I was lying in bed; and a warm and round ass rubbed against my hard dick.

I tried to move. I had to move my hip further to the wall. But I couldn't. And then my left arm started to hurt. It rested on my hip and thigh, but all this not being able to move at all, made it feel numb. I tried to move my fingers a little bit, but that didn't help. So I lifted my arm up. That actually helped a bit, but I knew I couldn't stay like that for ever. I thought about moving my arm forward, but that way, I had to put it on Mom's hip.

I couldn't risk that. I mean, okay, Mom apparently didn't feel my hard dick pressing against her behind, but she might feel my hand on her hip. I didn't want her to wake up.

I was alone with my thoughts. I was wearing a thin, wide pair of boxer shorts, which wasn't much material at all. Thank god, Mom was wearing her pj's, so at least there was some material between my dick and Mom's ass.

But when I thought about that, I also thought about how Mom's ass would look like naked. I thought about our trip on the boat. And I got even more turned on. Fuck. Why am I not able to think clearly when I'm horny?

I had to move. I had to shift my weight around. The muscles in my arm and in my legs hurt from not being able to move. And my dick hurt from being so hard.

And then it happened. Mom woke up. She didn't move all that much and she suddenly stopped to move entirely, but I knew she had woken up. And I knew she felt my hard dick, which was still pressing against her ass. And right at that point, I couldn't take it anymore... I had to move my arm. So I lifted my arm up from my hip and placed it on Mom's hip instead. I just couldn't stay like that any longer.

Mom suddenly turned her head and looked at me. And then she pointed her finger up in the air to point to the upper bed and silently shook her head.

I wanted to say something. I wanted to explain myself. I didn't put my hand on her hip to try anything... But as soon as I opened my mouth, Mom moved away from me. She then placed her index finger on her lips to signal me to remain quiet.

I didn't say anything. I didn't want to wake Dad. And I didn't really know what to say anyway. Mom quietly slid away from me. And that was a total relieve for me. I moved away from the wall. I had to move my arms and feet... and my ass cheeks...

But Mom apparently misunderstood my actions for the second time. She thought I was moving closer to

her, when all I wanted to do was move away from the wall.

Again, she looked at me and shook her head. I was pissed off. I didn't want to try anything. So I turned and lay down on my back. By then, Mom was lying on her back as well.

I looked over to her and saw that she was looking straight up... to the upper bed. And then she lifted her head up a bit, looked at me and for the second time she placed her index finger on her lips. I looked at her and silently nodded.

I continued to look at her and in the dimmed light I saw that Mom was closing her eyes again. So I rolled my head and looked straight up as well. I looked at the underside of Dad's bed and tried to figure out how I could possibly fall asleep now.

And then it happened: I felt Mom's hand on the side of my hip. For a split second she let her hand rest on my boxers and then she slid them up just a little bit. And then I felt that my shirt was being lifted just a little bit. And seconds later I felt Mom's fingertips on my stomach. She pressed them softly into my flesh and slid her hand into my boxers.

I turned my head to look at her, but she remained completely still. She still lay on her back and had her eyes closed. So I looked up to the bed above us. I didn't see Dad. I knew that there was no way he could see what was going on in the bed below him. The only way he could have seen what was going on below him was if he would have leaned all the way out of the bed.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 58 Cumming Hard. Birthday Trip. EP5

I had no time to think about that, because then I felt Mom's fingers on the tip of my penis. I know I fucked her a few days earlier, but feeling her fingers on my dick was something else entirely. For some reason I thought it was a lot more intimate.

I rolled my head to look away from Mom and face the wall. And then I closed my eyes. Mom didn't grab my dick right away. Instead her fingertips wandered around just the head of my penis. I didn't know what she was doing. Why was she doing that? Dad was right there in the same small train compartment with us.

I couldn't concentrate on that. It was too overwhelming to feel Mom's fingers on my dick. I wanted her to grab it and stroke it. I was so horny and aroused.

The fact that Dad was right there, only a few feet away from us, and we had to be careful, was so fucking exciting. And the fact that Mom was the one who was fondling me, was even more of a turn on. I couldn't believe it. An hour ago I wanted to do anything to try and prevent that anything like what happened on the boat, would happen again... and now... I wanted Mom to grab my dick with her entire hand and stroke it.

But she didn't. She was still playing with just the head of my dick. Her thumb was sliding back and forth over the opening. It was an amazing feeling. And then, all of a sudden, she grabbed the tip of my dick... very hard... two or three times. And then I felt the pre-cum ooze out of my dick.

And then Mom squeezed the head of my dick a couple more times and let the pre-cum drip on her fingers. And then with one motion, I felt her fingers glide over my entire shaft. And when they came back up to the head of my dick, Mom squeezed it again. Again, pre-cum was oozing out of my dick. And then Mom lifted my dick up from my stomach and let her fingers glide over the other side of my shaft.

It felt absolutely amazing. I remained still the entire time. I had my head on the side, facing the wall, with my eyes closed. Mom, other than her hand, didn't move at all either. But my breathing was getting heavier and more intense. And then Mom actually grabbed my dick for the first time. She let her fingers glide over the entire length of my shaft. I honestly never felt that hard before.

And then suddenly the bed above us made a noise. The grid, the mattress was mounted on, cracked and squeaked softly, but definitely noticeable. Suddenly Mom's hand froze. Her fingers still surrounded my shaft, but she let them rest on my stomach, without moving them anymore.

I turned my head to look up to the edge of the bed above us. Out of the corner of my eyes I saw that Mom's eyes were open as well. She too was watching the bed above us. For the first time in a long time, we heard noises other than the train going. Dad was definitely moving. But we didn't know if he had woken up or not.

And then there was another squeak and then there was silence again. Mom and I both had our eyes on the edge of the bed above us, but then I felt Mom's hand move again. Very, very slowly her hand moved all the way down my shaft. And then it came back up until it reached the tip of my penis.

Mom's hand moved so slowly, it could have been a slow motion movie scene. She didn't want to make any noise at all. But it was weird... even though Dad was moving in his bed just seconds earlier, Mom was stroking me again. Slowly and carefully, but she was stroking me.

Mom knew that these slow strokes weren't doing anything at all for me, so she tightened her grip around my shaft. She really clenched her fist around my shaft. It hurt a little, but it also felt extremely great at the same time.

Once Mom picked up her pace again, I rolled my head to the side and closed my eyes again. Mom's tightened grip again made pre-cum ooze out of my dick. This time it was a lot more than before and within seconds, Mom's hands were very slippery.

Of course that almost pushed me over the edge. A moist, slippery hand is the most important thing when giving a hand job. And Mom did an amazing job. Of course it's always better to receive a hand job from somebody else, than to stroke your own cock. But usually I know what I like more than the girls who are giving me the hand job. Sometimes they are concentrating too much on the shaft or using the wrong kind of grip, but Mom's hand job felt better than I ever thought it could feel with fingers around

my dick.

And she kept moving her hand up and down my shaft. She changed her tempo from time to time. She also changed the intensity of her grip from time to time. I knew I couldn't hold it much longer. My breathing got more intense. I knew I wasn't allowed to make any noise at all, but my breathing was getting pretty loud.

So Mom slowed down. She knew I was close to an orgasm. But she couldn't risk waking Dad up. She started stroking me as slowly as when she thought Dad had woken up. And then she loosened her grip entirely. She placed her index finger on the tip of my dick. By doing that, she pressed my dick against my stomach. Now she started to move her wet index finger over the head of my dick. So her finger glided over what was actually the underside of my penis head, but what was now up in the air.

So now Mom wasn't stroking me anymore, but slid and glided just one finger over the most sensitive part of my penis. My dick was still moist from all the pre-cum, so by implying pressure on the head of my penis with her finger, the shaft of my dick was rubbed against my stomach and slid over my stomach a little bit as well.

It was more than I could take. The tip of my penis was already over sensitive from Mom's hand job and from being so close to an orgasm before, but the constant touch of Mom's finger was almost unbearable. I didn't breathe as heavy as when Mom was stroking me though. So Mom continued that technique.

Her finger glided from the opening of my dick down at my stomach, to the edge of the head. Every now and then her finger opened the hole of my penis up a bit and touched the inside. It hurt a little, but at the same time it was an overwhelmingly good feeling. And Mum knew I liked it. She sensed that my orgasm was close. So her finger moved over the head of my penis faster now. And she also pressed down harder. I tried to hold still as best as I could, but Mom's finger got faster by every glide. And then I came. I shot my load over the inside of my shirt and over my stomach.

Mom must have felt me cum, but she continued to move her finger over the head of my dick. I shot cum out of my dick four more times. I think it was the most I had ever cum.

The movement of Mom's finger didn't stop from one second to the other. Instead she slowed down more and more until it was so slow that she stopped. And then she took her hand out of my boxers and shirt.

I didn't move at all. I was exhausted. I didn't even move my head. And then I fell asleep.

When I woke up, both Mom and Dad were gone. I was alone in the small train compartment. I sat up in bed, folded back the sheet and realized my shirt was full of stains. So I got up and quickly undressed. I stuffed my dirty underwear in my backpack and put on fresh clothes. And then I waited for Mom and

Dad to return.

It wasn't even 7a.m. at that point. I didn't know what was happening to me. That vacation turned out to be a lot different than I expected. Actually, it turned out to be something I never could have imagined in my wildest dreams. I never even fantasized about my Mom before. So what was all of this?

Half an hour later Mom and Dad came back. The train stopped shortly after. So after we got all of our luggage we took another bus to get to our hotel. This time it only took us thirty minutes to get to the hotel. The train took us away from the beach and far into the European continent. So after the bus ride we arrived at a pretty small town, which is mostly known as a winter holiday resort. There were mountains all around us. The buildings were built as a mixture of concrete and mostly wood. It was a huge difference from the last destination.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 59 Horny Feelings. Birthday Trip. EP6

I felt so weird the entire day. I woke up in the train pretty early in the morning, yet I felt rested. Not only did I feel rested, but I felt horny as hell. After our boat trip, I couldn't really look at Mom at all. But this time, I looked at her from time to time to see how she would react. She didn't say anything. She just smiled at me, or sometimes she would blink and wink at me. It was strange.

Other than "good morning" I didn't say much the entire mid morning. Mom and Dad both seemed to like that vacation destination a lot more than the first one. They walked from the bus to the hotel looking in every direction. They were staring at the mountains and the buildings and everything.

The hotel was a pretty small one, but the interior looked quite inviting. The first thing we did was to check in and go to our rooms. I had a separate room this time, which was good news. So Mom and Dad went into their room and I walked straight into my room. My room was right next to my parent's room. It actually had a door connecting the two rooms directly, but that door was closed and locked the entire time. I needed my privacy, especially after what had happened so far during that vacation. So after I took a shower and changed into fresh clothes again, I walked out on the balcony. It was made completely out of wood. From there I had a pretty good view over the small town, but also the mountains. The air there was very refreshing. I took a deep breath and tried not to think about anything for a split second.

But then I heard a knock on my door. It was Dad. My parents wanted to explore the town and walk around for a bit.

So we walked through the town and looked at the stores and the restaurants and the architecture. And then I saw the sign of a shop that said: "Rafting and Canyoning Tours".

Oh fuck. And then I remembered something. Mom and Dad were still walking in front of me, but I froze.

"Hey guys. I just remembered something."

Mom and Dad stopped and turned around.

"What is it?"

"I booked a canyoning trip for me for tomorrow."

Dad looked confused.

"Yeah, I completely forgot about it, until I saw that sign over there."

I had totally forgotten about that. When Mom and Dad told me about the trip to Europe, they had already booked all the hotels and things like that. So I already knew where we would be at all times. So I did some research over the internet about all the vacation destinations. And that's when I stumbled over this canyoning thing. Apparently they have the best and most exciting canyon and tour in all of Europe. So I booked it. The only problem was: my knee was still okay back then.

"Well you can't do that with your leg."

"Obviously..."

"So just don't go..."

"Well... but I booked a private guide. It's supposed to be the greatest tour you can go on. And I already paid it with my credit card."

Dad looked at Mom and shrugged his shoulders. It was Sunday, so we couldn't just go to the guy and cancel.

"Maybe I can go there tomorrow and tell him about your situation and try to cancel," Dad said.

"Yeah, okay."

But then Mom turned to Dad and said: "Honey, why don't you go?"

"What?"

"Why don't you go on that tour. I mean... if it's as great as they say it is... and you always liked to hike. And you can swim, too."

"Hm. Well... I could..."

Great. Now I was really jealous. I remembered the pictures on their website. It looked really great. But I couldn't do it with my leg. There was no chance. There was a lot of climbing involved... walking over big rocks... jumping down into a river... swimming...

"Okay why not. Come on... Let's go get something to eat."

So we went to a nice looking restaurant. The rest of the day was pretty boring. We walked around the town and returned to the hotel in the evening. We all went to bed pretty early, because the night in the train had been pretty stressful.

On the next morning, we got up at nine. We went to have breakfast and then we all drove to the place where we were supposed to meet the tour guide. He was a thirty-five year old blond guy. He and another guy led us to their car. They both got in and Mom, Dad and me climbed in as well and sat down on the back seats.

After twenty minutes going uphill mostly through the woods, the guy stopped the car and everybody got out. Then the blond guy stripped out of his clothes until he was only wearing his underwear and a shirt. And he commanded Dad to do the same. Then the other guy handed both of them a wet suit and a pair of rubber boots. It looked pretty funny to see Dad wear the wet suit.

"Alright, I'm going to tell you anything you need to know and then we get down there," the blond guy said and pointed down to a canyon. It looked so narrow that I couldn't imagine that anyone could actually go down there.

Then the second guy got back in the car. So Mom gave Dad a quick peck on the mouth.

"Have fun, honey. See you later..."

So Mom and I got in the car with the second guy and drove away.

"So you two didn't want to climb through our beautiful canyon?"

"I wanted to, but I had a knee surgery not too long ago."

"I see. What about you? You don't wanna hike? Or is it the water that scares you off?"

He turned to Mom.

"I don't mind to get wet. It's the narrow canyon that scares me."

Mom grinned.

After fifteen minutes or so, the guy pointed to a parking space.

"I'm picking both of them up right here in three hours. If you wanna join me, you have to be at the store at 1:30."

"Alright. Thanks."

"You have to keep yourself busy for three hours..."

He smiled at Mom. Mom was sitting in the front-passenger-seat. She didn't turn around to me the entire ride, but now she wasn't smiling anymore. Her look became serious, like she was trying to think about something... like she was trying to imagine something... like she was trying to figure out what to do.

"Well, it's my son's birthday vacation, so he gets to decide what we're going to do. I'll do whatever he wants on that trip."

Oh boy. What did she just say? That sounded very strange. What did she mean by that? I tried to look into her eyes, but Mom kept her eyes on the road. And then we came back to the rafting and canyoning shop. The guy who drove us said goodbye and then I was alone with Mom in the centre of the town. So what now? I didn't know what to do or where to go now. And for a split second, Mom looked like she didn't know either.

But then she smiled at me and said: "Come on... let's go shopping."

Mom apparently saw a store she liked the day before, so I let her lead the way. But as soon as we started walking Mom slipped her arm through mine. So we walked arm in arm from store to store. And then Mom finally went into a tiny clothing store.

Mom let go of my arm and went straight to a table in the middle of the store. She took a summer dress with lots of flowers on and picked it up from the table.

"I saw that one yesterday... I have to try it," Mom whispered.

We were the only two people in the entire store. Like I said, it was a pretty small store.

"I'm sorry, is there a place where I can try this on?"

The old lady behind the counter looked up from her newspaper and pointed to the back of the store.

"Back there, Ma'am."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome. Do you need any help?"

"No. We'll be fine on our own. Thank you."

Mom walked through the small aisles and I followed her. I looked left and right and examined the clothes

from afar. The store was strictly for women only. So I couldn't even look if they maybe had nice clothes for me.

Thank god there was a tiny cushioned stool right in front of the fitting room. Fitting room might be a bit exaggerated. It was actually just one tiny booth. Anyway... I sat down and Mom disappeared inside the booth and closed the curtain behind her.

I looked over to the counter as I sat down. The old lady continued to read the newspaper. Actually, you could barely see her from back where we were.

I looked around to examine the shirts next to me, but to be honest I was already pretty bored. But that changed when I looked up to the fitting booth... On the one side, the one that was closer to the back of the store, Mom didn't really close the curtain all the way. So I had a clear view of the mirror. It wasn't really a clear view, but I saw an area of about four inches wide.

And that was enough to see a good portion of Mom's backside. When I looked closer I saw that she was bent forward, taking off her shoes. She was facing away from the mirror, therefore there was no way Mom could have known that I watched her. She probably not even knew that the curtain wasn't fully closed.

Again, I looked over to the counter. The old lady didn't care at all what we did back there. She didn't even look up once. So I looked back into the mirror. Mom had already taken off her shirt and was about to take off her pair of jeans as well. I just saw her left leg, so I slid to the right side on my chair. I didn't want to make any noise. And when I looked up again, I saw that Mom already stepped out of her pants.

And then she reached back and opened her bra. The position I was now sitting in allowed me to see her bra clasp. So I saw exactly the centre of Mom's back... And then, to my surprise, Mom pulled her panties down as well.

I looked away for just a split second. It's not like I was ashamed... it was more like I didn't know if it was okay to spy on Mom like that. But I couldn't resist anyway. So I looked up again. Mom was completely naked. She was holding the dress and was about to put it on. So for about four seconds I saw Mom's beautiful round ass.

And then Mom got ready to put the dress on, so I looked away and I even slid away to the left side on my chair, because I knew Mom was about to turn around to look at herself in the mirror. And I didn't want her to know that I watched her.

So when Mom opened the curtain and came out of the changing booth, I tried to look as bored as I could. Mom smiled and showed me the dress. She turned to one side and then to the other.

"So what do you think?"

"Looks good."

"Yeah. I think so. If I were twenty years younger, I would definitely buy it."

"So you're not actually going to buy it?"

"No. I just wanted to try it on."

Mom smiled and went back into the changing booth. The old lady, who looked up for just a split second when Mom came out of the changing booth, was now reading her newspaper again.

Again, I looked around in the store and then I looked back to the changing booth. And like before, the curtain wasn't closed all the way. In fact, it looked like the opening was even wider than before. So I slid to the right side of my chair to get a chance to look into the changing booth again, but this time, Mom wasn't facing away from the mirror. Instead I saw the reflection of Mom's front. So from Mom's toes, I slowly looked up her beautiful legs to her knees and then even further up.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 60 Have Sex With Me Birthday Trip. EP7

But when I looked all the way up to see if Mom was looking, she was staring right at me. I had no chance to quickly slide away on my chair or even look away. Mom's eyes were directly on mine. So I looked at her. She didn't smile, but she didn't look angry either. She just looked at me. And I just remained completely motionless. I couldn't move and I didn't want to look away.

And then, without taking her eyes off me, Mom grabbed the dress and took it off over her shoulders with one fluid motion. I couldn't believe it. My heart was racing so fast. Mom was now completely naked. She let the dress fall to the floor and it didn't look like she was about to get dressed right away. She stood there and let me look at her naked body.

I was so nervous. And this trip was getting so crazy I couldn't believe it. I looked at Mom's body. She had an amazing figure, given her age. I didn't really see her breasts or her nipples, the opening wasn't wide enough, but I saw her pussy. There was a tiny, trimmed bush, which looked absolutely gorgeous.

And then Mom saw that I was looking at her pussy and she took a step back. I thought she didn't want me to look at her private parts and that she would probably get dressed now, but instead she sat down on a small stool in the corner of the changing booth. Given the fact that she was now further away from the mirror and sitting in the corner of the changing booth, I could still see the centre of Mom's body.

I realized that I was getting hard and my heartbeat got faster from second to second. And then Mom slowly spread her legs wider. She saw that I had my eyes on her pussy, so she slid her hand down between her legs. I couldn't believe it. That was so fucking hot.

I became so turned on and nervous at the same time. I quickly looked over to the counter. I had to check if we would get caught, but the old lady was still reading her newspaper and didn't care about anything else.

So I quickly turned my head back to the changing booth, but when I looked back over there, the curtain was closed all the way.

I didn't know what happened, but thirty seconds later, Mom came out of the changing booth. She was fully dressed in her own clothes and she was carrying the dress.

"Come on. Let's go."

And then Mom took my hand and we walked through the store, she stopped for a moment and put the dress back on the table and then she turned to the old lady behind the counter.

"It didn't really fit. Thank you. Good bye."

The old lady smiled but didn't even respond. So Mom and I left the store. Mom was still holding my hand and made a right turn in front of the store. She was walking with me and I only followed her. I didn't really know where she was headed. I thought she would probably go into another store, but after a minute she said: "I have to get back to the hotel, before we pick up your father."

I didn't say anything. Although I thought it was pretty strange, because the visit to the store took us only thirty minutes, so we had at least another two hours left, before we had to be back at the canyoning shop.

Mom and I didn't talk. We both didn't say anything on the way back to the hotel. And the both of us didn't say anything once we got in the tiny elevator at the hotel. Once we arrived in front of my parent's room, Mom just smiled at me, opened the door and walked in. So there I was, alone in that small hallway. I was still turned on, but furthermore I was still very confused.

So I walked the three steps to my room and got in as well. I sat down on the bed and thought about everything that had already happened during that strange vacation. I thought about having sex with Mom on a boat; I thought about sleeping in the same bed with her; I thought about her hand job; and I thought about her naked body.

All that was too much for me. I got hard again. So, as I sat on the edge of my bed, I opened my pants button and pulled my zipper down. I was alone in my room and I was horny. I had to jerk off.

But as I was sliding my hand in my boxers, a sheet of paper was pushed into the room. Like I said before, there was a door directly connecting my parent's room with mine. The door was usually closed from both sides, but I guess it could be opened to transform the two rooms into one huge suite. The door was still closed, but there was an opening under the door, where the sheet of paper was pushed through.

The door was right in front of the bed, so with my pants still open, I stood up, bent down and picked up the sheet of paper. Then I unfolded the paper and started reading the note, which obviously came from Mom.

"This vacation is really getting out of hand... but I meant what I said in the car... I'll do whatever you want on this trip (as long as your father doesn't find out of course)... but once we're back home, it has to stop."

Oh my god. I didn't know what to do or think. Mom wanted to continue to... have sex with me? Well... it looked that way. She said she wanted to do anything I want.

Oh fuck. I had to get a pen. With my open pair of pants I hopped to the walk-in cupboard. I wanted to look through my backpack. But then I saw a pen on the table next to the window, so I turned around and hopped over there. I put the note on the table and picked up the pen. But I didn't really know what to write... It took me twenty seconds and then I wrote:

"I want to see you naked again. I want to watch you touch yourself."

I put the pen back on the table and realized that my hands were shaking. I looked at Mom's note again and then I looked at the stuff I had written. I wasn't sure if I should really do that, but I was too horny not to do it. So I folded the paper and pushed it through the door and into Mom's room.

A small portion of the paper was still on my side of the room. So I sat back down on the bed and watched it. About five seconds later it disappeared... Mom took it. Mom received my note and was reading it.

I had to wait almost five minutes until I heard the lock being opened on Mom's side of the door. So I stood up and waited. I looked at the door. I thought Mom would open it and come in, but thirty seconds later, the sheet of paper re-appeared under the door.

I jumped forward and picked up the paper. I folded it up and read Mom's second note:

"Open the door... but stay on your side of the door... stay in your room!"

Oh boy. My heartbeat got faster again. I didn't know what to expect. I slowly walked to the door and placed my hand on the doorknob. I opened the lock and then I opened the door.

As soon as the door was open, I saw that Mom was lying on the bed. She was already naked. She didn't look over to me, she had her head rested on the mattress and her eyes were closed. She had her knees bent and up in the air, her feet resting on her heels. Her legs were spread wide and she was already touching herself.

I couldn't believe it. It was too much for my senses. I didn't know where to look. I saw her entire body, along with her breasts, for the first time completely naked. It looked like her nipples were hard. But I had to look between her legs. Mom's fingers moved up and down on her clit. And then it looked like she applied more pressure to the area and started to twirl her fingers around.

I couldn't take it any longer. My knees already became weak. So I stumbled back and sat back down on the edge of the bed. I could still see everything. I could still see Mom masturbating. She now moved her fingers downwards. She spread her pussy lips a little bit. And then all of a sudden Mom let her middle finger glide into her pussy. She let out a soft moan and shortly after her middle finger slid in and out of her pussy.

I looked up at Mom's tits and then to her face. I wanted to see her facial expressions as she was playing with herself.

And then I couldn't take it any longer. My pants were still open anyway, so I slid my own hand into my boxers, grabbed my hard dick and started pumping it.

Mom on the other hand, moved her finger out of her pussy and continued to massage her clit with three fingers now. After a minute or so, she moved them lower again and this time her middle and index finger disappeared inside her pussy.

I thought I was about to explode. My balls and dick were too constricted. It was too uncomfortable with my boxers and pants on. So I stood up and stepped out off both of them. I also pulled my shirt over my head and sat back down. Now I was completely naked, too.