

## **CRAZY 81**

### **CRAZY PLEASURE**

#### **Chapter 81 Forbidden Attraction: Water Canoe Area 2**

**\*\*\* Day 5 \*\*\***

As usual, Jake was up with the son and had coffee and breakfast ready for his mother by the time she stumbled out of the tent an hour later.

"We're in the back-country now mom," said Jake over breakfast. "Now we get to relax and enjoy the peace and quiet."

Still sore from the first 2 days of paddling, Amber almost cheered at the news.

"So, you're going to paddle me around while I work on my tan?" she asked her son.

"Sure will," Jake answered, "it's your vacation too."

By 9:30 they had packed up the camp and were shoving off into the waters. The sun was already warm and temperatures were climbing into the 80s. Amber used her paddle and the spare to span the distance between the bow of the canoe and her seat then put a blow-up raft on top of them to fashion her sunning spot for the day.

Jake's dick never went flaccid while he paddled his mother around the clear waters. While her first swimsuit was athletic and made for activity, the one she wore now was a tiny bikini style so she could maximize her exposure to the sun's bronzing rays. It was light green in color and barely concealed the full round mounds of his mother's breast which parted toward her sides with their weight. Likewise, the bottoms did little more than conceal his mother's forbidden sexuality. When wet they did that poorly, providing an outline of her beautiful pussy lips and landing strip.

Around midday, Jake spied a rope swing someone had tied to a tree which stretched over the water. Jake directed the canoe to the shoreline and started to climb the shore. After a few minutes he reached the rope and launched into the air. The swing took him over the water and when he released he was 15 foot above the cool waters.

After watching her son swing and splash 3 times, Amber found the courage to try it for herself, while Jake cheered for her still in the water just outside of the landing zone. With a joyful scream, Amber swung through the air and released at the top of the arch, her body accelerating with exhilarating speed toward the water.

"Shit!" exclaimed Amber when she came up to the surface.

"What's wrong mom?" Jake inquired.

"I lost my top," admitted her mother. "Help me find it."

The two dove and felt around for Amber's bikini top for 15 minutes before finally admitting defeat.

"Will you go get my other swimsuit top," Amber asked her son.

"Nope," taunted Jake. "You've got nothing I haven't seen before."

"I'm your mother," she answered.

"I'm topless and, I'm sorry, but your tits need some sun," Jake spat back.

He had a point. If she wore the other suit, her tan lines would be similar to wearing a sleeveless shirt and would look terrible under summer dresses when she got home.

"OK," Amber conceded, "but you can't look."

"Mom, you have better tits than most of the girls my age," Jake protested. "I won't be able to help it."

"Well," his mother paused, "Just try not to stare." Her son's complement of her breasts did not go unnoticed or unappreciated. It felt good to be desirable to a younger man, even if he was her son.

"Deal," replied Jake.

They climbed back into the boat and paddled around for a couple more hours, Jake's eyes trained on his mothers, pink-tipped, silky smooth globes.

The summer heat seemed relentless and finally Jake decided to jump in for a dip. His previous swim in shorts had caused some chaffing as they dried so he decided to shed them before jumping in. His mother was laying on her front so he was able to do this without her noticing.

Amber felt the canoe shift beneath her body and heard the splash a fraction of a second before she felt the cool water spray across her back. The splash was refreshing and beckoned her into the water. Standing she faced her son in the water, no longer burdened by modesty, breasts exposed for his viewing pleasure. The lustful look in her son's eyes made Amber feel weak in the knees, she could tell she aroused him and the guilty pleasure was enchanting.

Diving from the canoe, Amber swam, eyes closed under water towards her son. She embarrassingly misjudged the distance and she smashed into him while still underwater. In the confusion she felt his erection on her face and then somehow she grasped it in her hand.

"What the...?" Amber gasped coming up from beneath the water. She felt angry and embarrassed at the same time.

"I'm sorry son, I didn't mean..." Amber stammered.

"Its fine, you didn't know," answered her son. "I'm not wearing shorts."

"Really..." quirked back his mother.

"Wet shorts caused chaffing that I'd rather avoid," Jake continued.

"Got it," smiled his mother.

Mother and son splashed playfully in the cool waters before starting a game of Marco Polo. The first time her son grabbed her breasts Amber knew this game was not appropriate for a topless mother to

play with her naked son, but the touch was probably accidental. Throughout the game, Jake's groping became more deliberate to the point where he would boldly pinch his mother's hardened nipples. Amber knew this was forbidden, taboo in society, but it was just for fun, so she let it continue.

The sexual attention and its forbidden nature was making Amber hot with envy. Most of the touching had been by her son, but now she was joining in, letting her hand graze his cock a few times and even occasionally giving it a playful tug.

In the heat of the moment, Jake pulled his mother in and began to kiss her. Amber's womanly instincts reacted first, welcoming his kiss, opening her mouth to receive his tongue. Then, like on a delay, her motherly instincts resurfaced.

"Stop," she exclaimed pushing away from her son in the water. "That's too far."

"I'm sorry," called Jake after his mother as she swam towards the canoe. "I just got caught up..."

Amber didn't reply. She was the parent, it was her responsibility. She was angry at herself for allowing it to go too far.... as a mother. As a woman, Amber had never desired anything more than to feel her son's young cock inside her. She almost came thinking about it on her swim back to the canoe.

By the time Jake crawled back into the canoe, his mother had found and donned her athletic swim top concealing the temptation from him. They canoed in silence, Amber torn between mother and woman and Jake hoping his impetuosity hadn't ruined any future chance he had with the woman of his fantasies. Their silence continued through making camp and dinner and they even went to sleep without saying anything to one another.

Their forbidden attraction and taboo play hung in the tent like a thick, steamy cloud.

\*\*\* Day 6 \*\*\*

"We should start heading back today," Amber told her son when she rose for breakfast the next morning. "I don't think I can handle another paddle parade like the one we took to get this far out."

"Sure, that's fine mom," Jake answered. "Listen, I'm sorry about yesterday, it's just you're so fucking hot I couldn't help myself."

"We just can't let it happen again," his mother answered. "We need to respect the lines."

Within an hour they had cleaned up camp and were back on the water headed back to the launch site. They were crossing a large lake when Amber pointed out the storm clouds on the horizon. The two paddled hard, but still had several hundred yards to shore when the winds and driving rain hit them like a hurricane. As the rain fell so did the temperatures dropping from the upper 70s to the low 50s. They couldn't stop paddling long enough to put on their rain gear for fear of losing ground, capsizing or worse. For at least an hour they battled trying to gain the last 200 yards to shore, their bodies

exhausted, aching and numb from the cold.

Amber wasn't sure they were going to survive this storm. Jake had similar thoughts.

Somehow, they finally pulled their canoe on shore and even more amazingly managed to set up their tent in the driving winds and rain. Fortunately their gear was all safe in waterproof bags and their sleeping bags were warm and dry.

Even in the relative safety of the tent, Amber and Jake were wet and cold, dancing dangerously close to hyperthermia. Their classes had primed them for this situation. Without saying a word, both mother and son peeled off their cold wet clothes. Jake zipped together the sleeping bags and both damp chilled bodies crawled inside. Jake wrapped his arms around his mother and pulled her tight hoping to preserve whatever body heat still remained between them.

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Chapter 82 Fuc'k Me Boy: Water Canoe Area 3

Jake held his mother for survival, but his cock still began to swell with the knowledge their naked skin was pressed together.

Amber felt her son's growing enthusiasm harden against the bottom of her ass. Everything was cold, except that glorious warm erection. Amber turned in her son's arms to face him.

"Kiss me," she told her son.

Ice cold lips met and bit by bit massaged warmth into their companion. Tongues twirled, exploring the forbidden mouth of the would-be lover. Slowly the illicit lust pushed out the cold until a raging forbidden fire grew inside the mother for her son and the son for his mother. Amber felt her son's heated breath, wanted his fire inside her.

A near death experience does better than alcohol at relieving inhibitions, and both mother and son knew the reality of their perilous situation.

Amber rolled on top of her son straddling him. Slowly and deliberately she began to grind her pussy on her son's swollen cock, coating it with her wet arousal. Jake's hands explored her naked body, firmly grasping her ass, pulling her into him. Up and down his shaft she slowly slid her opening wetness, preparing it to accept the thick snake.

Jake's mom reached down and grasped his cock in her hand, raising it into the air then lowering the wanting mouth of her aching pussy. Her son felt the heat of his mother's desire as his thick cock slowly parted her and inch by inch she took him inside.

The pressure of her son's cock splitting her was incredible. Very carefully, at first, Amber impaled her wet pussy repeatedly onto her son's pole, each time letting it reach deeper inside her.

Jake looked up at his mother who was sitting on top of his shaft, letting it slide in and out of her warm, dripping pussy. Her face was focused and distant, biting down on her lower lip. He watched his mom's heavy cantaloupe breasts bounce with every joyful thrust. Reaching up he felt their great weight in his hands and the silk like skin beneath his fingers. Jake quickly found his mother's hard pink nipples poking into the cold air and rolled them gently between his fingers.

Amber moaned at his touch.

His mother's noises encouraged Jake's fingers to pull and twist more fervently at his mother's pink buds. The more he tugged, the louder his mom moaned.

Amber started to feel the hint of an orgasm from somewhere deep inside her and each pull on her sensitive nipples sent erotic flames between her legs.

Jake watched his cock sliding in and out of his mother's pussy, saw it coated with his mother's juices. Above her pussy he admired the triangular patch of curly blond hair which now seemed to point at her opening. He could feel an orgasm building and knew he wouldn't last much longer.

Amber sensed her son getting closer to his climax and wanted to share the moment with her son so she started really attacking his cock with her pussy, slamming down hard on top of it each time moaning

when it touched her deepest parts.

"I'm cumming!" she heard her son yell beneath her and then felt the warm spurts of their forbidden lust shower against the wet walls of her pussy. She was close to her own orgasm and continued her aggressive fucking of her only son.

"I can't," yelled Jake beneath her, grabbing her hips and stopping her from moving.

"I'm sorry, just too sensitive, I can't handle it," he continued.

"It's okay honey," Amber whispered before laying down on her son's chest.

Amber felt her son's cock slowly shrinking from her warmth, felt the combined liquid lust dribble out of her wetness. Then, she felt Jake's cock slip out of her. She was still hot with lust and thought about reaching between her legs to bring about her own climax, then about sucking her son's dick back to life.

Jake may have finished a bit too early, but before his mother could decide how to finish her own orgasm, she felt his cock begin to grow beneath her. "Young resiliency is impressive," she thought.

In a single movement Jake rolled his mother onto her back and knelt between her thighs. In a second movement he pushed his cock into the wet mix of their incest and began pumping it in and out of his mother like a jack hammer.

Amber was astounded by her son's stamina and rhythm. She felt trickles of s.e.x in her extremities pool then form small streams, all being drawn deeper inside her soul. The streams became raging rivers violently rushing toward her now aching pussy.

"Harder, fuck me harder," Amber yelled at her son, lustful eyes demanding sexual fulfillment.

She fought hard to contain her building orgasm knowing that the longer she could hold back its force, the better her release. Every muscle in her body was straining, holding back the inevitable.

"Fuck me boy, make mommy cum!" she finally screamed as the orgasm hit. Beneath her son her body rocked with shudders of spastic pleasure, moaning and screaming uncontrollably.

Jake watched his mother shaking with ecstasy, breasts bouncing wildly beneath him.

Amber nearly lost consciousness, but Jake continued to ram his cock into his mother's pussy. Amber wasn't able to hold back her second orgasm, which gently rippled through her body like an aftershock to an intense earthquake.

Jake saw his mother shudder for a second time just before his second orgasm forced more hot s.e.x from his balls into her. When he had emptied his reserves, Jake rolled off his mother and lay beside her.

Outside the wind was still howling and the rain was still pouring down, but inside the tent mother and son were warm, protected from the cold by their forbidden and heated hunger for each other. Jake gently stroked his mother's soft skin.

Amber knew they had crossed a line. There was no going back, but she didn't want to. Thinking of her son's thick cock immediately caused sparks of lust to tickle the lips of her pussy. Instead of hoping for an end to the storm, she began to wonder how many times her son's cock would bring her back to orgasm before the storm ended. She was hoping for a long day.

Jake watched his mother lift up and bring her mouth to his. They kissed passionately until he watched her kiss down his chest and stomach then suck his still soft dick into her warm mouth.

Jake's mom savored the flavor of their shared forbidden desire in her mouth and coaxed her son's cock back to life, feeling it grow in her mouth. Jake's hands gripped the hair on his mother's head and used it to guide her movements, fucking her face with his hardening shaft.

By the time the rain stopped, Ambers pussy was stretched, quivering with exhaustion and her talented mouth was no longer able to revive her son's cock. Amber was already fearing Jake's departure for college, it was only 2 weeks away. Rather than dwell on the coming loss, Amber chose to fantasize about the 2 more nights on this trip and then the 2 on their travel back home. She was sure that those nights would last her at least until Jake came back for Thanksgiving break.

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Chapter 83 Ohhh...Mommy: Water Canoe Area 4

"Do you think they've been doing it?"

"Doing what?" her mother asked.

"Cathy and Bobby. Do you think they're ...well, you know...having sex?" she asked blushing.

"PATTY!"

"What? Look at them mom...she's all over him."

"They're far too young."

"Gina thinks they're doing it. Her sister was in their class this year."

"He's still a virgin," the mother insisted as she watched her son Bobby and his girlfriend Cathy kissing through the kitchen window. "When did you see Gina anyway?"

"She got home from school on Sunday. She says her sister told her that Bobby's the hottest guy in her class. All the girls like him."



"That doesn't mean he's sleeping with anyone. Cathy's a nice young girl."

"She's a cheerleader, a blond."

"So that's why you're mad," Patty's mom said laughing. "Gosh, you're the prettiest girl in town and you're jealous of your little brother's girlfriend," she teased her daughter.

"I'm not...it's just he's having s.e.x and I'm still..."

"There's no hurry sweetie," her mom said as she put her arm around her shoulders, "you'll find Prince Charming one of these days."

"Yeah right, like when I'm a thirty year old "old maid"."

"Stop complaining, you've got more boys chasing after you than any of your friends."

"I know ma," she sighed. "But I still think those two are screwing."

"They're not! And your vocabulary certainly hasn't improved since you went off to University."

"I'm going to ask Bobby."

"Don't you dare."

"And I don't think Bobby's that little...I mean it was just something Gina said," Patty replied, blushing again.

"What'd she say now?" her mom interrupted.

"Do you think Bobby's big? You know...his penis."

"That's disgusting! Talking about your little brothers penis."

"I know... its gross," she said with a grimace. "Still, Gina's sister told her that Bobby's got a reputation. A beeeeeg reputation," Patty added grinning as she held her hands a foot apart.

"In my day girls didn't talk about boys penises."

"Hah! You had me when you were seventeen. You must have known something about them back in the old days," Patty answered with a big grin.

Blushing back, the tall, dark haired thirty-six year old mother answered, "Not enough. I was pregnant before I knew what was happening."

"Yeah, but look, you had me," her daughter smiled in response.

"Luckiest day in my life," her mom laughed, hugging her daughter tighter.

"I love you ma. Gosh, I really don't want to go back to school next fall...I missed you so much this year."

"I missed you too Patty...at least we'll have the summer together. Now come on, let's have lunch; it's time to leave the lovers alone."

"So you don't know if he's big," Patty persisted as they turned away from the window.

"I haven't seen your brother naked since he was about eight," her mother lied. "And it was teensy then," she laughed as she wiggled her little finger. But she knew she'd never forget the image that was burned into her brain. Her son, asleep, naked on top of his sheets, his blood filled cock thrusting angrily upwards.

"I don't think it's that size now," Patty answered laughing.

"His dad... your dad... was big," her mom finally admitted, still thinking of the recent morning when she'd found her son's door open when she went to wake him. His huge erection had mesmerized her for minutes before she'd finally slipped away.

"What? He was? How big? Mum."

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"Hi Mrs. Coursey, hi Patty," Bobby's girlfriend said with a big smile when she and Bobby came into the kitchen fifteen minutes later.

"Hi honey," "Hi Cathy," the two women answered.

The three women talked for minutes as Bobby hovered in the background. And he couldn't stop the thought that came to him as he watched his blond girlfriend standing between his mom and sister. It was an idea that had insidiously invaded his conscious mind when he'd first become aware of females as sexual creatures years ago. It was a thought that had never left him completely since. Simply stated it

was an acknowledgement that he found both his sister and mother more exciting than any other woman he'd ever seen.

He'd hoped that maybe with Patty away at school, and that with his recent sexual explorations, that his sexual desires, shit, his lust, for his mom and sis would fade. But just watching Cathy next to them, even as he remembered the ecstasy he always felt when buried deep inside of his girlfriend, he knew she simply couldn't compare.

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"No date tonight?" Bobby asked his sister when he entered the den and found her curled up under a blanket on the sofa later that night.

"No...I'm just going to watch a movie. You see Cathy off?"

"Yeah...they're gone. Where's mom?"

"She went over to see Millie, said she'd be back by midnight. Are you all packed?"

"Yup. Watcha watching anyway? You mind me joining you?" he asked as flopped down on the sofa next to her.

"Sure, c'mon on," she offered as she lifted the blanket that was covering her.

"Sexy...very sexy!" Bobby said with a whistle when he saw his sister was just wearing a low cut tank top that reached down to just cover her waist.

"Yeah right. Miss Sexy with no boyfriend," she grouched as she nestled comfortably against her brother, her full breasts leaking from their thin cover.

"Poor girl," he answered as he tousled her hair, his eyes watching the movement under her shirt.

"You'll miss Cathy a lot, won't you?" Patty asked her brother wistfully. The Coursey's were leaving the next day for their annual four week vacation at the family cottage on the ocean.

"Not so much," he finally answered softly. "Besides, I'll have you and mom all to myself for a month. What man could ask for more," he teased.

"Yeah sure....Bobby, do you two do it?" she asked timidly.

"What?"

"You know."

God, had his older sister had just asked him if he was having sex. He could feel the blood rushing to his cock, could feel Patty's breast against his arm, could feel her leg curled against his.... "Yes," he finally answered, whispering in her ear.

"I knew it," she mumbled almost inaudibly. "God, you're so young."

"I'm eighteen. I'm a man," he insisted as he put his arm around her and hugged her.

"Yeah right. How long have you been..."

"Doing it?" he interrupted. "A while."

"Do you like it?"

"You must know," he answered as he caressed her arm, his eyes furtively sneaking more looks down her top. His cock was rock hard as he caught a glimpse of her nipples, thick, hard, dark stubs so unlike his girlfriends. "So?" he asked when she didn't respond.

"I'm a virgin," she whispered.

"Liar," her stunned brother spat out.

"I am," she insisted.

"But what about all your boyfriends...Johnny, Ricky... Sid? Christ you two went out for months. You're almost twenty."

Seeing her slowly shake her head he added, "We all thought you were the hottest girl in school...everyone..." he sputtered.

"Who did?"

"All my buddies. When we were sophomores and you were a senior...they were always asking about you...who you were sleeping with...what you looked like nude...had I ever..."

"Those perverts! What'd you tell them?"

"Bobby!" she insisted when he started grinning.

"I may have exaggerated, made up a bit," her brother finally said chuckling.

"What'd you say?"

"Oh...that you walked around the house in your bra and panties... that I'd seen you in a little skimpy

yellow lace bra...that I saw you making out with your boyfriend...that I'd seen your breasts, your nipples...that I saw you naked after a shower...your hair, down below," Bobby answered grinning, ticking off each of his points on his fingers.

"You pig!"

"They loved it. You were the most popular girl in the whole school for my friends. They always wanted to hear my latest story. They were always staring at you in the cafeteria or when they saw you in the hall...wondering."

"How'd you know what my underwear was like?" she demanded.

"I checked...from time to time," he admitted blushing, but with a cocky grin.

"You went in my drawer? You touched my underwear?"

"I didn't say that," he answered but she knew he had.

"You didn't show anyone...do anything with them, did you?" And then, after not getting any answer from her brother, added, "You're horrible." But even as she said the words she wondered if he'd ever put a pair of her panties on his penis, rubbed it, put his cum on them. Felt a little shudder between her legs.

"Was it Cathy's first time too? When you did it for the first time?" she finally asked. What?" she added when he didn't answer.

"Cathy wasn't my first," he answered hesitantly.

"WHAT!" Who was?"

"Just someone. You probably don't know her," he said, not wanting his sister to know his first had been one of Patty's best friends.

"So you've slept with two girls?" Seeing his blush deepen, she demanded, "More?"

"Three," he finally admitted.

"Who?"

"I can't say...it's a secret...I promised."

She could see his cock straining against the front of his shorts as he talked. Yearned suddenly to put her hand on it, grab it, milk it, suck it...Jesus...he's my brother, she thought, then begged, "C'mon Bobby, tell me...please."

## CRAZY PLEASURE

### Chapter 84 They're So Nice & Big: Water Canoe Area 5

For seconds he hesitated, then finally admitted, "Cathy's mom...it's why I'm glad we're getting away from them for the summer."

"CATHY'S MOM? Mrs. Brown?... oh my gawd...that's disgusting!" And yet as she said the words she felt a jealousy for this woman who'd seduced her brother. "She's like forty."

"Thirty-eight, she's just a little older than mom."

"And you seduced your girlfriend's mother? What about poor Cathy?"

"It was sorta the other way around," Bobby said blushing.

"That's revolting. Sleeping with her daughter's boyfriend. Does Cathy know?"

Shaking his head he said, "It's been driving me crazy. I'm tired of both of them. I'm afraid Mrs. B's going to tell Cathy. Christ, I got so I was scared to even go over to their house. You won't tell mom will you Patty?"

"No. I should though. You've become a pervert."

"They're not even that good looking."

"Cathy's nice, cute...but yuck, not her mother."

"You're much better looking than Cathy. Whenever I see her with you, like today in the kitchen, I wonder what I'm doing with her."

"I'm not. Besides I'm your sister."

"You and mom. You're so beautiful. Your hair. Your legs. Your smiles. Your breasts," Bobby said admiringly.

"What about my breasts?" she asked. "You've never seen my breasts...Bobby!" she screeched as her brother put his hand on her top and pulled it away from her body.

"Your nipples are much nicer than Cathy's...or her mother's," Bobby said grinning as he let her top snap back. "Your breasts too."

"You're sick," she accused as she shuffled back from her brother on the couch. "Why are they nicer anyway?"

"They just are," her brother answered, his eyes intently watching the thin, white panties now exposed to his eyes as her tank top rose up her thighs. "You're beautiful."

"I'm not," she protested, then saw where he was staring. Blushing, she stammered, "I'm going to bed...goodnight."

"Night sis...do I get a kiss goodnight?" he asked as she started to stand.

When she bent to kiss her brother's cheek she saw his eyes drift to her now fully exposed breasts, then realized she didn't care, in fact she wanted him to look...wanted him to desire her. She quickly kissed his lips instead of his cheek, then looked down and saw his shaft clearly outlined.

"I'm glad you're home Patty," her brother said to her back as she hurried confused from the room.

She dreamt of her little brother's prick all night. His big prick, and she was now sure it was big, penetrating her. Tossed and turned as images of her deflowerment raced through her mind. What does it look like she wondered? What would Bobby's cock feel like when it was inside her?

Bobby stayed in the den after his sister had fled, simply sat and fondled his thick cock as he thought of what had just happened. "God, I saw her tits," he mumbled out loud as he moved his hand up and down his shaft. Could Patty really be a virgin? She must have seen his penis tenting his shorts...she really didn't seem that angry when he looked down her top.

"I'll be her first, he finally realized just as he felt the first tightening in his balls. I'll have all summer to seduce her, seduce mom too he suddenly thought as the fist string of sticky cum blasted outward from his bucking cock.

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It was a two hundred mile drive to get to the five acres of land that sat isolated on a remote barrier island and faced the Atlantic Ocean. It was a drive the three of them had made together for the last eighteen years.

It was ten miles from the nearest town and only accessible by an old wood bridge that spanned a wide creek that separated their spit of land from the rest of the sandy island. It had been in the mother's family for two hundred years but the only building still standing, after a fire had destroyed the main house twenty-five years earlier, was a small sleeping cabin that had escaped the conflagration.



They spent every summer there. The mother of course had spent her childhood summers there with her parents. With cousins and aunts and uncles all crowded into the big house. Now the land was hers, and since the fire she had returned each summer with her children. Just the three of them.

They had electricity on the island and after the fire she had converted the three hundred square foot sleeping cabin into a small cottage, one with a small washroom, an open, tiny kitchen, a small sitting area and a bed the women now shared.

Bobby had finally been exiled to a tent he had set up thirty feet from the cabin when he was fourteen, giving the two women their privacy and he his freedom.

The front of the cabin faced the breaking waves of the ocean across a swath of white sand. A small covered porch ran around the front and south side of the cabin, a place the three often congregated in the early evening as they b-b-q-ed their dinner.

They'd always been happy there. It was their true home. They swam and fished, read side by side, played board games and cards at night, sang old songs and even danced, talked easily. The three had formed a bond in their summer isolation that was perhaps the essence of their lives. They'd always been comfortable together and, though popular and with many friends when at home in the city, the quiet comfort they found in each others company reflected their true nature.

There had always been a physical casualness between them. And although they wore bathing suits during the day, shorts and summer tops at night, there had never been any embarrassment about their bodies. When young the children had often swum and played naked on the warm sand, and all three had seen each other naked under the outdoor shower that sat attached to the north east corner of the building.

It had only been in the last few years, as the children had matured sexually, that the easy near nudity and casual physical contact they'd always shared, had been slowly lost.

They arrived late on that Saturday afternoon but within minutes were comfortably ensconced, their lifetime familiarity with the place making the transition from city person to seaside resident easy. And they all felt the happiness that seemed to envelope them the second they got out of the car and smelled the ocean all around them.

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"Will you spot me?" her brother asked her after breakfast their first morning at the beach.

"I want to swim...then Mom and I are going to town to shop," Patty answered impatiently, her body, clad in just a skimpy yellow bikini, almost irresistible to her horny brother.

"We're not going for a couple of hours honey," mom interjected. "Help your brother."

"I'm in my bathing suit."

"Pleeeeee Patty," her brother mock begged, sinking to his knees in front of her.

"Oh, all right."

He led her over to where he had set up his bench and weights on the north side of the sleeping cabin, a site protected from the hot summer sun by the shade provided by the large banyan tree his grandfather had planted fifty years earlier.

"You've got bigger," Patty couldn't help saying admiringly when Bobby had peeled the sweatshirt over his head and stood standing next to her in just a pair of shorts.

"I lifted all winter. I want to get stronger for football season."

"Your chest, your biceps...they're nice...so big," she said as her fingers lightly traced his pecs and then ran over his nipples.

"I'm a man," he boasted, then flexed his arms and chest in the classic weightlifters pose. "Feel my biceps," he ordered.

"It's not fair. I used to be much bigger than you. You were just a shrimp," she said as her fingers tried to circle his bulging muscle.

"Hah! Anyway, you're pretty tall...for a girl...much taller than Cathy," he said as he put a hand on top of her head. "She's only, like five-two, a midget, I prefer someone taller, like you. You're what....five-nine?"

"Yes," she said proudly, her sparkling, dark eyes staring into his.

"And you're pretty big yourself," he laughed as he cupped her breasts, squeezed once and then jumped back.

"JIMMY!"

"Well, you touched my chest," he said, a broad grin on his handsome face.

"Pig," his excited sister replied.

"They're much nicer than Cathy's," he said as he lay back on the bench and looked up at his sister hovering above him.

He was wearing a pair of those thin, school grey, cotton gym shorts that come with an inner mesh that keeps a man's cock and balls from spilling out and down his leg. But as he lay on his back, repeatedly lifting the heavily loaded bar up and down above his chest, her eyes continually strayed to his groin, to his thick penis that was clearly outlined each time he arched his body off the bench to lift the weight.

He touched my breasts! My little brother touched, gosh, squeezed my breasts, she thought as she watched him. Her skin was still burning where his fingers had been, she could feel her nipples straining against the thin cloth. Don't look at it, you're becoming a slut, she continually admonished herself as she imagined putting her hand into his shorts and seizing his manhood.

As he pressed the heavily laden bar up from his chest he looked up at his sister standing above him, her hands ready to catch the bar if he needed any help. Her legs were spread and as he strained to lift the bar his eyes were continually drawn to the small patch of yellow cloth that sat at the juncture of her legs just inches from his eyes.

He could see her little slit outlined under the thin cloth, felt himself getting harder and harder as he

watched the three or four rogue, curly, dark black pubic hairs that peeked from under the cloth.

After twenty-five minutes of heavy lifting he finally stopped. "You're sweaty," Patty grimaced even as her finger traced Bobby's six pack stomach.

"C'mon...lets go swimming...I'll carry you," he announced, then lifted her effortlessly in his arms and started running towards the breaking waves.

"Bobbbby!" she squealed in protest even as she put an arm around her brother's neck and leaned her cheek against his muscular chest.

He threw her out into the surf and then as she surfaced coughing felt him pull her against him. Felt his cock hard against her mound. "Don't!" she ordered as he lifted her and again tossed her into the swirling sea.

She surfaced six feet away from him, laughing now, knowing a breast had slipped from its cover, then watched as her brother's eyes latched on to her dark, hard nipple. She took her time covering her jiggling orb, even stretched her nipple before slipping it under the yellow cloth.

"Much nicer than Cathy's," he finally said.

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A powerful thunderstorm blew in off the ocean late their second night at the cottage, one of those summer storms that can deliver a deluge of water in just minutes.

## CRAZY PLEASURE

### Chapter 85 Bobby's Body: Water Canoe Area 6

"Poor Bobby," Patty said to her mother as they lay side by side in the one bed in the cabin, a queen size brass bed that dominated the small space. They'd both woken when the thunder had started to roar.

"I'm going to check on him, he may be drowning out there," her mom answered, hopping out of bed just as another peal of thunder crashed overhead.

Her daughter, clad in just a thin t-shirt that barely reached mid thigh, quickly followed her mom out the screen door and joined her on the covered porch. They both peered through the darkness and the pounding rain towards the little clearing where Bobby had set up his tent.

"Oh my god! He'll drown," Patty shrieked when a bolt of lightning lit up the area and the two women saw the pond of water that was forming around the tent.

"BOBBY....BOBBY!" his mother yelled, her breasts moving under the thin cloth of the short nightgown she wore.

"Ma?" they finally heard and when the next flare of lightning hit they saw his head peering through the flap of his tent.

"Come up to the house. You can't stay out there," his mom ordered. Five seconds later they saw him again, momentarily lit up by another flash from the sky, moving towards them, naked, water dripping from his muscular young body.

"Patty, go get Bobby a towel, he's naked," her mom directed, but for seconds her daughter waited, waiting for the next illuminating flare.

"You're soaking," mom almost scolded when Bobby finally reached the haven of the porch's overhang. "You should have come in earlier."

"I thought it was okay...just raining...I was asleep...then I woke up...there was water everywhere...my sleeping bag...my clothes were all soaked," Bobby gasped as he stood dripping in front of the two women.

"Towel Patty," mom ordered as she ran her hand through her son's soaking hair.

"Yes ma," Patty answered as she rushed inside, then was back seconds later with a small bath towel.

"Patty, he needs a beach towel...something to cover himself," her mother complained, but the eyes of both were hungrily locked on the shaft swinging freely between his legs as he dried his hair with the small towel.

Eventually another couple of towels were found and Bobby was escorted into the small cabin, and ended up sitting on the couch, surrounded by the two fussing women.

"I'm okay. I'll just sleep on the couch...you guys can go back to bed," he finally told them.

"No, you'll sleep on the bed...with us. There's lots of room, isn't there Patty?"

"Yes ma," he daughter agreed, her whole body tingling in excitement from what she'd seen.

"Put on some shorts, then come to bed."

"Yes ma. I gotta go pee first though." God, they were both staring at my cock, he thought to himself as he held his streaming hose over the toilet. Felt himself hardening as he thought of their thinly clad bodies that would be lying next to his. They'll have to feel it tonight, he thought.

The two women were lying in bed when Bobby returned from the washroom, and they silently watched when he let the towel fall from his waist and then moved to the clothes closet where he finally located a pair of boxers. They couldn't help but notice how his penis had hardened, and then, as he pulled the

shorts up his legs, saw it momentarily caught before Bobby shoved its straining length under the cloth.

"Here, sleep between us," mom directed as she patted the bed between she and her daughter.

"You don't have enough room ma," Bobby said as he snuggled between the two. "I can take the couch."

"Don't be ridiculous. It's three in the morning. Let's just get some sleep," his mom answered even while feeling her son's hardness touch her thighs.

"Do you snore?" Patty asked as she snuggled her breasts against her brother's back.

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"Ohhhh, I'm tired," Patty muttered when she finally woke the next morning.

"You're finally awake," mom sang out from across the room.

"What time is it? Who...," she started to say as felt the body against her. "Bobby?" Then remembered the night before.

Lifting her head so she could see over the muscular chest just inches from her mouth, she saw her mom across the room standing at the stove. "He hogged most of the bed," she complained, but even as she spoke she was aware of something poking against her stomach.

Jesus, she thought, as she looked down between their bodies and saw the long pole sticking out from the fly of Bobby's shorts.

"He takes a lot of space doesn't he? When I woke up I was almost on the floor," her mom answered in a clearly happy tone of voice.

"Well, I guess it wasn't too bad for one night," Patty answered as she watched her hand move of its own will towards the waiting shaft. Don't, she mumbled to herself, then felt the smooth hardness of a man for the first time.

"What honey?" her mom asked.

"Nothing ma," she answered, lost in the feelings coursing through her. She slowly ran her hand up his cock as her insides opened, lightly fondled his balls as her nipples tightened in desire.

She felt him stir but still held him lightly in her palm, then saw his eyes pop open but still was reluctant to release him. Slowly she finally let her fingers open and pulled her hand back, and then in a complaining tone said, "You're finally awake. Now at least I can escape."

"Are you awake Bobby?" his mom shouted across the room. "C'mon you two, get up, breakfast is almost ready."

"I'm trapped," Patty protested, then started to climb over Bobby's body. Half way over him she suddenly felt his hand between her thighs, momentarily cupping her mound through her damp panties.

"What're you cooking ma?" Bobby asked as she hovered for second after second on his hand, then he lifted his head and gave her a quick kiss on her lips. "Morning Patty," he cooed in her ear.

"Let me out," she ordered, then slid her body slowly over his. "Do I have time for a swim mom?" she asked as she headed to the washroom.

"No. And you get going Mr. Lazybones," she directed at her son. "You've got to hang up the tent and organize all your wet stuff once you've eaten."

"Yes mommy," he laughed as he jumped out of bed and hugged his mother.

"Get on with you," she smiled. "And put some pants on...you're not very modest like that," she said as her eyes dipped downward.

"Whoops," he laughed when he looked down and saw his semi-stiff prick sticking out of the fly.

Christ, he mumbled to himself later as he hung the soaked nylon tent on the clothesline, I showed mom my cock. And Patty touched it! How long had she been holding it he wondered as he hung up his wet clothes? She let me touch her mound, feel her slit.

~~~~~

It was a beautiful day, and after their late breakfast and after finishing their chores the two women prepared for a day tanning and reading on the beach.

"Are you going to be late?" Bobby's mom asked him as he grabbed the car keys.

"The game's at one...I probably won't get back til six or so," he answered, eager to go.

"Drive slowly honey," her mom ordered as she gave him a kiss before he fled out the door.

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Patty was surprised when her mom unsnapped her bikini top and let it fall to the sand.

"What?" her mom asked when she saw the surprised look.

"Nothing...I forgot, we used to swim topless all the time."

"With Bobby growing up the last few years I thought I better not," she said laughing.

"They're so beautiful mom," Patty said as she undid her top. "Big and round, soft..."

"They're starting to sag," her mom complained as she put her hands under her full breasts and lifted.

"Yeah right mom. I wish mine were like yours," she said in admiration.

"Mine used to be like yours...firm and high...proud..." she said remembering.

"Yours are bigger."

"Just a bit...they got bigger when I had you two," she said as she moved so that the two women's breasts were just touching. "See, your nipples are above mine, your breasts stand up more."

"Yeah, like a quarter of an inch," Patty laughed. "Our nipples look exactly alike though."

"We both have long, fat ones don't we?" her mom asked laughing as she moved her breasts so their nipples touched. "I used to get so embarrassed when I was young and they'd pop out like this."

"Me too," her daughter answered. "Everyone knows when I'm cold...or...," she laughed.

"Here, put some sunscreen on my back honey," her mom asked as she handed Patty the tube and turned.

Patty slowly oiled her mom's back, then moved around and started on her front. "What's it like mommy, when you're full of milk, when a baby sucks on your teat," she asked as her hand caressingly applied sunscreen to her mother's full breasts.

"It's nice, you'll like it honey," her mom promised as she took the tube from her daughter and squeezed a big drop into her palm.

"Gosh, no ones even kissed my breasts yet; I don't think I'm going to have a baby anytime soon."

"Here's a quick preview," her mom said as she dipped her head to her daughters left tit and then enveloped her taut nipple between her lips.

"MOMMMMY!" Patty squealed as her body arched towards her mothers mouth.

"Now the other one," her mom giggled and then ran her moist tongue over Patty's other engorged nipple. "You have puffy nipples just like mine," her mom said when she finally released her squirming daughter.

"They feel like they're ready to burst...oh god, what'll it feel like with a man?"

"You'll find out honey," her mom laughed. "Now c'mon, lets go for a swim."

Fifteen minutes later the two tall women, both with long, thick black hair, and looking more like sisters than mother and daughter, emerged dripping from the ocean. Before lying on her beach chair Patty bent and pulled the wet panties from her legs.

"He won't be back for hours...we're all alone, they're so clammy," she rushed to explain to her bemused mother.

"I agree," her mom answered as she quickly shucked her bottoms.

"We look alike there too," Patty said as she looked at her mom's full, but trimmed pubic triangle.

"God, I'm glad you're not one of those girls who shave everything."

"I tried it once. I looked like a little girl...I prefer some hair."

"Me too," Bobby's mom answered.

## CRAZY PLEASURE

### Chapter 86 So Sexy....Water Canoe Area 7

They read silently for twenty minutes, both of them luxuriating in the feel of the sun's rays on their bodies, before Patty finally said softly, "I saw it this morning."

"You saw what?"

"Bobby's thing. It was poking me when I woke up. It was hard and he wasn't even awake," she said with a question in her voice. "Sticking right through his fly."

"Boys...well men...they often have erections in the morning...even when they're sleeping...he woke me up too...it was poking my bum," her mom laughed. "My nightie was almost at my waist, he was right against my bare skin."

"He did?"

"Uh huh."

"It's gross."

"Oh, it's not that bad."

"They're sort of ugly aren't they? ...And how does he get it all inside of Cathy anyway? She's so small."

"We don't know he and Cathy are doing it."

"He told me," her daughter told her mom.

"He did?" Seeing her daughter's insistent nod she added, "Well, they usually fit honey, somehow."

"He's big though, isn't he? I mean, what's normal anyway?"

"Well, your brother is definitely full sized Patty, in fact we could probably call him an extra large."

"Is it better...when it's bigger?"

"Yessss," her mom answered, a big grin on her face, remembering what Bobby's father had felt like.

"I touched it...with my hand...it was different that I thought it would be. Hard...but smooth. I know I shouldn't have, but it was just sitting there, I couldn't stop myself," she hastened to explain to her now laughing mom. "Bobby woke when it was in my hand."

"I think I'm getting horny mom."

"Oh Patty," her mom said as she hugged her daughter.

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"WHAT'S THIS? Nude day at the Coursey's," the two naked women suddenly heard shouted from behind them.

"BOBBY!" Patty squealed as both women's hands flew to cover their bare thighs.

"What are you doing home?"

"They cancelled the game. The other team couldn't get here, apparently the storm last night washed out a road," the excited teen said as he sat at the foot of his mother's chair. He'd actually been watching them for the last ten minutes from a distance, drinking in their naked beauty.

"Don't look," Patty ordered, trying now to cover her breasts with one hand and her pubic pelt with the other.

"Why not? I sorta like the look," Bobby said leering, "and just think of how much you're going to save not having to buy clothes."

"Bobby," his mom warned, but she couldn't hide the amusement she felt. Nor not feel the excitement.

"You could be Patty's big sister mom...or her twin," he said as his eyes roved over her nudity.

"Yeah sure," his mom responded, but he sensed the pleasure she got from the compliment, and couldn't help but notice that his mom hadn't covered her breasts like Patty had.

"You two are so beautiful...so sexy. Patty and Chrissie, two beautiful twins, naked sirens trying to lure lost sailors to their shores," he teased.

"Hah," Patty interjected, but she did let her hand slip away from her breasts. Both women's nipples were straining outwards towards him.

"Well, Chrissie does have slightly larger breasts," her son finally admitted as his eyes flicked from one to the other.

"Bobby!" his mother warned again, then added, "And you shouldn't call your mother Chrissie."

"I told you you're breasts were bigger, better," Patty complained to her mom.

"No one said mom's breasts were better than yours my dear sister. In fact I must say your breastworks are simply magnificent. Extraordinary in fact. One in a million," he enthused.

"You're crazy," his suddenly beaming sister said.

"And I gotta say, you two have the biggest, longest, most exciting nipples I've ever seen."

"Whose nipples have you seen anyway young man," his mom asked, but her preemptory tone couldn't mask her obvious excitement from her son eyes.

"So, anybody want to go swimming?" Bobby asked as he stood and dropped the shorts he was wearing.

"What are you doing?" his sister asked as the two women stared at the three quarters erect penis just inches away from their eyes..

"I sorta like this idea of a nudist colony," he laughed, posing for seconds in front of his mom and sister, then turned and ran laughing into the white-capped surf.

"He's impossible," Patty said smiling at her mother. "And I still don't know where it all goes. It's huge!"

"Bigger than his father," his beaming mom agreed.

"Does it get you excited too mommy?" her daughter asked innocently when Bobby slowly emerged from the ocean. He was fully erect as he slowly toweled himself off fifteen yards down the beach from where they sat. He could feel their hungry eyes on him.

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"Did you ever smoke mom?" Bobby asked after they'd eaten their bar-b-q"ed fish dinner later that night and were sitting in the small cabin, Bobby and his mom on the couch while Patty lay stretched on her stomach on the bed. Their mom, who believed in introducing her children intelligently to alcohol, had uncorked a bottle of white wine with the meal and the three of them were perhaps just slightly high. The radio was playing oldies softly in the background.

"It"s a disgusting habit. No, of course not. And if either of you," his mother started to warn.

"I mean a joint...you know...marijuana."

"Bobby!" his sister said angrily.

"I just wanted to know. Chrissies not that old...everyone tries it at least once."

"I didn"t," Patty protested.

"Liar."

"Well, maybe once or twice," Patty admitted.

"Have you Bobby," his mom asked, a clear concern evident in her voice. "You"re so young," she started to add before Patty interjected.

"He"s not too young for you know what."

"Patty!"

"Did you mom," Bobby asked again.

"Just because I did something once upon a time doesn"t mean you should do it," his mom answered blushing. "Okay, yes, I"ve tried it."

"Mother!" a scandalized Patty interjected.

"I never really talked to you two about drugs...I probably should have. You guys aren"t doing anything bad are you? Ecstasy or that awful Oxy stuff?"

"God no. That's for losers. Once in a while at a party we might smoke up...not often...it's better than getting drunk," Bobby admitted.

"Patty?" her mom asked.

"Once in a while. It's around at school. I did it maybe three or four times this year."

"Me too," their mother said.

"What! This year? You're a mother...you're not supposed to," Patty protested even as her mom and brother broke out in broad smiles. "You two are impossible."

"I've got one...a joint," Bobby blurted, "maybe the three of us could..." he said, his voice trailing away in invitation.

"But mom's here," Patty protested again, a protest that probably produced her mother's next words.

"Yes maybe that's a good idea Bobby. Better than doing it behind my back. You're adults now."

"Bobby isn't," his shocked sister muttered.

All three of them were nervous when Bobby reappeared with a fat joint in his hand.

"Maybe we shouldn't," Patty said as her brother struck a match and inhaled deeply. "Oh god mommie," she protested when her mom took the roach from her son and drew a lungful of smoke deep into her lungs.

Still, she took the proffered smoke when her mother passed it, inhaled, coughed, giggled, pulled another lungful, passed it on.

They were all feeling pretty mellow by the time it was down to a half inch long butt.

"That's a song from my day," Mom said as another oldie came on the radio. "I used to dance to that one with your father when I was fifteen or sixteen," she said as she swayed her body to the music.

"I took you for more a rapper, maybe goth...or dance hall," Patty giggled as she mimicked her mom's slow moves. "Not this."

"Yeah, but at the end of the night, when we wanted to close dance," she said, then stood and took her daughter's hand in hers, "then we played these slow ones. Do you want to dance handsome?" she asked her son, holding out her other hand to him.

"Really? Oh yes mom...I mean Chrissie," Bobby said as he jumped to his feet and took his mom's hand.

At first they danced conservatively, their bodies apart, Bobby's left hand extended and holding his mother's right.

"You're a good dancer mom."

"You sound surprised. I was like the best dancer in my high school young man," she said as she dropped his hand and put both her arms around his neck.

"You fit me...Cathy's so short," Bobby whispered as his mother nestled her head between his shoulder and neck. And when he'd put both arms around her back and gently moved her so they were lightly touching from breast to groin, he added softly in her ear, "you smell so nice mommy, so nice."

Suddenly he felt her lips on his neck, hungry, wet bites that sent blood coursing madly up his cock, and then he moved his hands to her firm bum, pulling her against his urgent need. They danced two dances plastered together, swaying as one, his prick proudly poking his mom....

"My turn," Patty demanded as the second song ended. Chrissie conceded her place to her daughter but Bobby could see the reluctance in his mother's eyes, and for a second had to fight the urge to simply throw her on the bed and have her.

"Can you dance big sister?" he finally asked Patty as she moved into his arms.

"Noooo, of course not, I'm just dumb Patty," she pouted as she melted against her body.

"You're beautiful," he whispered back.

"Don't make fun of me."

"You've always been the one."

"I have?"

"I'll be your first," he promised.

"What?" she whispered liquidly in his ear, of course knowing exactly what he meant.

"Your first man. In you, filling you...this," he said hoarsely as he grabbed her hand and forced it between them, forced it under the elastic belt of his shorts.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 87 I'm commmmmming!: Water Canoe Area 8

Don't Bobby," she protested as she tried to pull her hand away. And over Bobby's shoulder she could see her mom watching them from the couch. He held her wrist for seconds, not allowing her to

withdraw her fingers. Slowly her resistance faded, then tentatively she started to move her hand up and down his length, exploring, arousing, caressing, promising....

"Gosh Bobby, it's so big, so hard, so long," she whispered in his ear. "It'll never fit."

She stroked him for two dances. Gasped when he slipped his hands under her shorts and cupped her firm butt. Moaned when his finger caressed her anus. Almost melted when his finger pushed into her pussy.

The three of them continued to dance for a couple of hours. Their bodies made clear promises to each other that didn't have to be articulated in words. They all knew what the future held. The women finally staggered to bed around two...their son and brother passed out on the couch. All three dreamt of forbidden pleasures.

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"You know Patty's a virgin?" his mom asked as she and Bobby watched his sister swimming in the surf as they sat side by side on the beach the next day.

"Are you going to stop us? Only you can," Bobby said as his eyes searched his moms.

"I don't want Patty hurt."

"You know I'd never," he protested.

"I know honey," his mom answered as she put her hand on his thigh for a moment.

"I have your permission? To make love with your daughter?" Bobby asked.

"Yes."

"To marry her?"

"Oh Bobby, you can't," but then conceded, "Yes honey."

"You too. After," he promised, his eyes ordering, beseeching.

"I'm your mother."

"I love you. Want you. Do you want me Chrissie?" he asked as his hand cupped her head and drew her towards him.

"Yes. Yes baby," she cried, then felt his tongue penetrate her mouth.



He's kissing mom, Patty gasped as she looked up and saw her mom and her brother intertwined. Oh god I love him, she thought as she watched Bobby finally break away from her mom and stand. Mommy wants him as much as I do, she suddenly realized.

"Ya coming swimming?" Bobby asked his mom as he stood over her.

"No, maybe later," she laughed, "go swim with your sister. Bobbbby, leave your suit on," she tried to order him as he slipped his suit down his legs and turned toward the ocean.

Will he really want his older mother after he's had Patty, she asked herself as her eyes followed his tight, muscular bum as he ran toward his sister?

"God, you are a pervert," Patty accused as Bobby splashed up to her and stood just feet away from here in the knee high water.

"You're the one looking at her brother's penis."

"Well, you've got it flapping up and down so much...how could I miss it? Anyway it's an ugly little thing...men aren't nearly as pretty down there as women," she said.

"You liked touching it the other morning, seemed to like it last night too," he teased.

"I'd never seen one before. Or touched one. I was just checking."

"Wait til you feel it tonight...in another place," he laughed as he lifter her in his arms.

"I won't. You're terrible."

"Your breasts are beautiful."

"Hah," she said as her face lit up in pleasure.

"Will you marry me? Have my babies?"

"You're crazy," she laughed. I won't have to find anyone else she thought as he lifted her and then tossed her out into the deeper water. My brother's the one I've been waiting for. "Yes," she yelled when she surfaced from her dunking. "If you really want me."

"Yesssss," he yelled back, knowing that the two women on this beach were his only future.

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"I'm going to sleep in the tent tonight," Chrissie said at about eleven that night.

"What? Why?" Patty asked.

"I want some fresh air for once. Bobby can sleep on my side of the bed."

Patty understood immediately. She knew her mother was okaying this union of her children, not only okaying but also giving her blessing. There would be no hiding, no lies between them ever.

"No," she shouted just as her mom reached the door. "I want you here," she said as she felt both their eyes on her.

"But," her mother started.

"I want you with us mommy," she insisted, "When we make love," she added, letting them both know she understood.

"Bobby?" she asked as she turned to her brother with open arms.

"You're trembling," he said as he felt her shiver against his chest.

"I'm scared."

"You don't have to be."

"I know...but I am," she said as her soft hand found and seized his surging manhood.

"I'll be gentle," he promised as their mouths meshed together.

"That's not what I want," she panted when she finally pulled her lips off his. "Be a man, all man," she demanded as she stroked him.

He marveled again at her beauty after he had quickly stripped her top and shorts from her body. He pushed her back onto the bed and saw the moist, pink gash open between her dark curls. Then spread her knees even farther apart and brought his round cockhead to her gates.

"Bobbby," she gasped as he split her engorged s.e.x in one, long, hard thrust. Oh Jesus, she thought as she wrapped her legs around her young brother, it's so much better than she'd ever imagined. She felt impossibly full.

Nothing had prepared himself for this overwhelming sensation of completeness that hit him as he felt her ankles digging into his buttocks. Every nerve in his cock was somehow being awoken by his sister's tightening insides. He was in heaven. Her pussy was the promised land. His other women had been nothing like this.

"Patty...I can't hold it...ohhh...ohhh," he yelled as her insides clenched his suddenly erupting cock. He

looked up as he felt his penis flooded by their combined juices and saw his mother sitting on the couch, naked, her fingers moving urgently on her mound.

"I love you Bobby," Patty whispered as her brother started to move again inside of her.

"I'm sorry," he started, "about how quickly..."

"It feels so good," she answered as she put her finger on his lips to quiet him.

"I'll be better," he promised.

"It couldn't be any better than this," she cried as her body started to spasm in orgasm under his urgent, pounding, thrusting hardness.

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"Let me kiss him," she said when he finally pulled out, his cock coated and sticky.

"Later," he answered as he turned her over on her stomach and then lifted her to her knees.

"Again?" she asked as she felt his cockhead run along her ass.

Just as he shoved his prick into his sister's oozing channel he saw his mom stand and move toward the door.

"Mom?"

"I'm just getting some air...I'll be back," she said softly, then slipped from the cabin.

He rode Patty hard this third time, holding and squeezing her breasts as he pounded into her from behind. She was noisy now, yelling, screaming her pleasure as her brother's penis quickly transformed her into a writhing slave.

"Ohhhh god," she finally moaned, her whole body thrashing as her womb orgasmed her acceptance of the first explosive delivery of sperm. They were so tightly interjoined that she could feel it as his cum started up his long shaft, had a second of anticipation before she felt it burst liquidly inside her. Then she could feel her insides draw his seed deep inside, sucking it down to her centre. Then she sensed the next load of sperm starting up his shaft.

Again and again his bucking cock discharged.

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"Where's mom?" a panting Patty finally asked after their fourth frantic coupling.

"She just went out to get some air."

"Go get her Bobby...she shouldn't be alone."

"When you're asleep honey...I'll go then," he promised his wife.

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"Are you cold?" he asked when he saw his mom standing naked at the edge of the sea.

"Bobby. Why aren't you with Patty?" his mother asked as he engulfed her naked form from behind in his arms.

"She's asleep. I brought you a blanket."

"It's warm out here," she said as she leaned back against him.

"I'll warm you," he whispered in her ear as his hands moved to cup her full breasts.

"Honey...don't," she moaned even as she wiggled her bum and captured his hardening shaft between her ass cheeks.

"I love you Chrissie," her son insisted as he slowly moved one hand across her stomach and towards her s.e.x.

"You won't be able to...you'll be too tired," she protested even as she pushed back against him. "Ohhh Bobbbby," she groaned as he slipped a finger inside of his mum. She arched her head back and turned her face to meet his as a second finger penetrated her slippery channel.

Their lips clashed together in a hungry lust and then their mouths opened as they tried to force their tongues together. "Oh baby...yes," Chrissie moaned as Bobby moved his lips to a quivering breast and sucked a taut nipple into his moist mouth.

"No Bobby...noooo," she cried as he slipped to his knees and brought his tongue to her s.e.x. He had to hold her ass cheeks in his strong hands or her trembling body would have collapsed under the onslaught of his tongue.

Her cries of pleasure seemed to echo around the island as he moved back and forth between her erect clit and her increasingly moist crack. She wailed a long, whimpering, "Bobbbbbbbbbbby," when she finally shuddered and discharged her orgasmic juice onto his lapping tongue.

"Now baby...now...please...fuck mommie...hurry," she demanded as she slid down his body and lay panting on her back on the blanket, her moist thighs splayed open in urgent need.

He simply marveled to himself as he pushed inside his mother, was actually trembling as her vulva closed around him and squeezed his throbbing shaft. I grew in there, he thought, as he repeatedly thrust his burning rod towards his mother's womb.

Again and again he thrust inside of his mom, and each time felt how her body rose off the blanket to eagerly meet his probing penis.

It lasted and lasted. His time with Patty had taken the urgent edge off his lust. He made love to his mother unhurriedly, again and again bringing her to the edge before backing off.

Loved it when she finally erupted under him, orgasming her need of him even as he continued to move his swollen shaft inside her engorged pussy.

"Please baby...hurry, hurrrrry," she cried. "I'm commmmmming!"

He put her heels on his shoulders when her first orgasm had passed, and then when he started to deep fuck her he knew he was reaching places no other man had ever been with her, knew from the almost supernatural wail that was escaping her lips that she'd never want anyone but him.

It was only when she'd slipped into a state of continuous orgasm that he felt the tightening in his balls and the first strand of cream rush up his penis, knew somehow that it was she and not Patty who'd have his first child.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 88 Water Canoe Area. THE END

"You're crying!" he said as he watched tears falling down both her cheeks.

"I'm happy...oh Bobby," she cried as he licked the salty drops from her skin.

"I love you mommy," he said as he started to slowly pull his still hard penis from her overflowing sheathe.

"No...no honey...leave it in...please baby."

He pushed back in, deep, right to the hilt, felt his sticky cum everywhere. "I'm full...full of my baby," his mom laughed as he turned her so that they lay on their sides facing each other.

"I don't know how I ever got out of there...or Patty did...when I was born...you're so tight," he said as he felt his mom's birth channel clench even tighter on his engorged cock.

"You're so big baby," she teased and then licked wetly in his ear.

"Ohhh mommy," he groaned as his whole body arched in need.

"It's never been better Bobby...no one...ever. You're the best man, the very best...I never dreamed I'd feel this," she told her son as the two of them moved sinuously in a slow sexual rhythm.

He understood immediately. His mom was telling him he'd surpassed his father, that he was now her man. He continued to move his big cock inside of her, her only sounds now urgent pants of primal need, then felt the start of her orgasmic opening of her womb as he shot strand after strand of hot sperm inside of her.

"I want to have your baby," his mom said as he kept his penis in her, plugging his seed deep inside of her.

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"Wake up honey," penetrated his consciousness as a hand gently shook his shoulder.

"Mom?" Bobby asked as he slowly opened his eyes. "What time is it anyway?" he mumbled as he peered into the darkness.

"The suns just coming up sweetie," his mom answered then said, "I love you baby," after she'd given him a soft kiss.

"Luv you too mom," he said as he arched his body in an awakening stretch. "Can't we sleep a little longer though?"

"I don't want Patty to wake up alone. C'mon," she said as she stood and grabbed his hand, "you can sleep inside."

He followed his mom towards the cabin and then yelled, "Hey wait!" just as she reached the porch.

"What?"

"This," he said as he bent and lifted his naked, sticky mother into his arms.

"BOBBY!" she squealed as he carried her towards the door.

"You're my wife now," he said as he carried her across the threshold.

"You'll have two wives, Patty and me," his mom whispered as he let her slip down his body and onto her feet.

"You won't mind sharing me?"

"You're my husband. I love you Bobby."

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"Unh...what...what is it?" Bobby mumbled four hours later.

"Patty, I think our little boy has finally awoken."

"Mom?" Bobby asked as he opened his eyes. There was a long tongue flicking over each of his nipples.

"Patty?"

"Hi," his sister said and then kissed him gently.

"What time is it?"

"Almost eleven. Mom's been giving me lessons," his sister said with a grin.

"Lessons?"

"Un huh, like this," Patty said as she licked across his chest and down across her stomach.

"Jesus Patty," he groaned as she moistly thrust her tongue around his belly button.

"And this," she giggled as he felt her tongue lick over his cockhead. "Mommy, help me," she demanded.

"Oh god," he moaned as he felt and saw two sets of hungry lips meet at his cock.

"Do you like this baby brother," she asked as she ran her tongue from the base of his hardening cock to its tip. Then, as her mouth moved over him, each lick, each suck, each little nip from his sister was answered by one from his mom.

"It's too big," her mother warned Patty as the young girl opened her mouth and popped Bobby's fat, round cock between her lips.

Pulling off for a second she answered, "I want to try," and then dipped her head again.

As he hardened and lengthened in his sisters mouth Bobby grabbed his sisters legs and pulled her so that her hips were positioned over his mouth.

Her mouth stuffed full, Patty's only response when her brother's tongue found her pink clit was a muffled groan as she tried to take even more of him into her throat. As his tongue probed inside his sister he suddenly felt his mom's tongue on his balls.

"Ohhh mommy," he screamed, his cry of ecstasy muffled by Patty's pussy, as he shot explosively down

his sister"s throat.

They didn"t dress that first day. Nor often in the following four weeks. Naked together, touching, they slept together...made love morning, noon and night...

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They planned their future! They all knew they"d found what they needed, found what they wanted. Why look for something you already have? Something never to be replicated with anyone else. They were hopelessly in love.

Two days later, with the three of them naked and wearing wild flowers in their hair, Christine, standing ankle deep in the warm ocean, held a bible in her hand and married her children, blessing their union. Then Patty took the bible, the minister"s place, and married her mother to her brother and now husband.

And Bobby"s first baby started to grow in his mother"s womb.

Patty transferred to the local University that fall. She refused to leave her husband or mother.

Bobby didn"t have to break up with his girlfriend; Cathy"s mother told her over the summer that she had slept with Bobby.

Bobby graduated the next spring. One month after his daughter Stephanie was born.

Of course they summered the next year again at the ocean. Patty and Bobby both drank from their mother"s milk laden breasts. All three made love endlessly.

Patty missed her period that July.

They didn"t return to their city home that second fall. Instead, the three of them moved to a new town, a smallish Midwestern town half way across the country. A town with a good university. Where they weren"t known. They became just a normal family – a man and his wife, living with her mother, a baby...more to come...and perhaps not so strangely they lived happily ever after...

THE END

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 89 Uncle Bob: EP 1

Discoveries

"What are you watching, Uncle Bob?"



Shit! I grabbed for the remote, but the damned thing wouldn't respond. I knew I should have replaced the batteries sooner.

Stacey was standing in the doorway in her short nightshirt, staring at the screen. On it, a big-titted blonde was taking one guy's cock into her throat while some black guy was fucking her from behind with a dick that must have been a good nine inches long. I had the sound turned down so as not to wake her.

I realized that I was still holding my own dick in the other hand, and quickly tried to slip it back inside my pants. Stacey stepped into the room and plopped down beside me on the couch.

"Mommy won't let me watch porn at home. This looks real good. Can I watch it with you?"

"I – I ..." I didn't know what to say.

"It's okay. You can jack off while you're watching if you like. I won't mind." She smiled at me sweetly, pulling her long, skinny legs up on the couch.

To be truthful, Stacey was the main reason I was sitting there, jerking off to a porn movie at nearly midnight. See, she's just eighteen, skinny and lithe, and heart-breakingly, dick-achingly pretty as only teenage girls can be. Whether she realizes it or not, and I'm sure she does, she's the most accomplished cock-teaser I have ever met. She runs around in tiny shorts or even tinier skirts over miniscule thong panties (I have looked, of course) and skimpy little tops. She has such a cute, innocent little face with a button nose and big baby-blues. Long, pale blonde hair that she ties up in little bunches. Skin so silky you could make stockings out of it. Whenever I have to baby-sit her – which is quite a lot of weekends because my asshole big brother, her dad, is seeing some new broad and her bitch of a mommy is trying to trap a new man, when they're not both working 24-7 – I tend to walk around with a boner you could use to drive nails in.

She's my fucking niece, for fuck's sake! And just a kid. I've known her since she was a baby. My bro and my sis-in-law trust me to look after her and protect her. And now when she's around, I fantasize about systematically fucking every little hole in her sweet little body. Am I depraved, or what?

So, this is really the biggest fuck-up in my entire fucked-up life. Stacey's sitting on the couch beside me in a little pink t-shirt top that just – only just – makes it past her hips, some cute pink socks and what appear to be little pink panties, which she's making no attempt to hide.

And I was sitting there with a big pink boner in my stupid pink fist, watching a movie in which a hot blonde was getting a big dick pushed between her pink-lipsticked lips and another shoved into her wet pink pussy. Nobody would ever trust me with the little cutie again.

The fucking remote still wouldn't work, but Stacey took it out of my hand, flipped it over, and waggled the batteries around, then turned the TV sound up. The guys were grunting and the girl was moaning and I was feeling very embarrassed.

"Do you like girls with big boobies like that, Uncle Bob? I think they look a bit gross."

Actually, no. I prefer skinny little teens with pert little titties and... and all that stuff, but I could hardly tell her that. Or, come to that, anyone.

"Look, Stacey," I finally managed to say, "I'm sorry you have to see me like this. It's just not... appropriate. Look, you need to get back to bed and we both have to pretend like this never happened, or your Mom and Dad are gonna kill me – probably very slowly and painfully. Is that okay?"

"Sure," she said brightly with a sweet little smile. "Only, can I stay up and watch this with you for a while? See, I try to watch my dad's porn when he's out, but I've only been able to find two DVDs and I've watched them both. They suck; just fat guys with, like, moustaches and stuff and girls with huge fake titties. This looks much better." Then she gave me the soulful eyes – she knows I'm a sucker for that look. Shit, what was going on here?

"Stacey, sweetie, I really don't think we should be doing this. Look, you should go to your room right now!" I tried to sound strong and resolute, but Stacey could see right through me. I was pretending I had a will of iron. Actually I had a rod of iron and a will of putty.

She turned the eyes toward me again. What was worse, she turned the little pink panties toward me as well, her legs lifted onto the couch with those long, smooth, skinny thighs open in a V in front of her, her feet tucked under. Oh my god!

"It's okay, really, Uncle Bob. I won't tell a soul. I'll jerk you off while we're watching if you like?" Looking at her sweet smile, you could imagine she'd just suggested fixing us milk and cookies. And then she reached out and unfastened my pants.

My expression must have been a picture of confusion. On the one hand, I was terrified of what I was getting into here. On the other hand – actually, by now in her other hand – I had a rampant boner that I had always fantasized about using on my niece. Oh fuck, what was I going to do?

"Ooh, this is a nice one, Uncle Bob!" she said, looking at my dick like it was a pretty new toy for her to play with. "Not too small, not too big. And a nice shape. I like it." Like it was some new fashion accessory. She started stroking it up and down.

I let out a moan. So did the big blonde on screen.

Stacey looked up. "Ooh, now that's gotta smart!"

I dragged my eyes away from my view of Stacey stroking my cock to glance at the screen. The big black guy had now transferred his cock to the blonde's ass.

"Ricky says that all girls really enjoy anal s.e.x, but I don't believe him. I can't see how having something that size shoved in your butt like that could feel good, can you, Uncle Bob? In fact, I think that guy would

be too big even for my little cooze."

I could hardly comment, now could I?

"Uncle Bob. Have you ever – you know – put it in a girl's butt?"

Now, what sort of question was that for an eighteen-year-old to ask her uncle, even if she was jerking him off at the time?

"I – I ..." I decided it was best to change the subject. "Who's Ricky?"

"Oh, he's, like, this boy I know in school. We've been making out once or twice, but he's always wanting me to try new stuff, and I'm like, "whoa, how's this gonna feel good for me?"" And while she was telling me this she was stroking my dick, spreading the pre-cum around. Whoa!

"You've been... making out with him?" I felt a pang of jealousy, alongside the delightful sensations from my dick. "What... what have you been doing?"

"Oh, nothing much. He fingers me up and I jerk him off. Sometimes I suck his dick a bit. Trouble is, he's way big, so it's hard to keep my mouth open, and he keeps trying to shove it deeper when I'm not ready. Like, euch! And he keeps wanting to put it in me, but, like, I'm really not sure if I'm ready, or if I want it to be him. And now he's talking about anal all the time. So, Uncle Bob, you must know. How does it feel for a girl?"

"Er – well – it depends..."

"I figured as much. But, like, you've done a girl "up there" before, right? Did she like it?"

My mind was immediately filled with an image of Cheryl. We'd dated for around six months. She was a bitch but a great fuck, and she loved anal. I didn't have to beg her for it as I'd done with previous girls. She suggested it, offered it even. And she clearly loved it and got off on it.

"I – I knew a girl once who really enjoyed it. One or two others – well, not so much."

That was just a slight understatement. Alice screamed when I stuck it in her ass, then she shouted at me for about an hour afterwards and left me two days later after a lot more shouting. Leanne made all the right noises while we were doing it, then told me she hated it and never wanted me to try it on her again. Chicks, eh?

"I could see how it might feel good if the guy wasn't too big, and he, like, stroked your pussy while he was doing it, but – I dunno. A boy'd have to spend like hours eating me out before I'd think about letting him do that."

The whole time she had been stroking my cock, talking about blowjobs and pussy licking and anal s.e.x.

It was like I'd suddenly dropped through some sort of wormhole in the space-time continuum to a world where sick fuckers like me get to fuck whoever they like. My brain could barely believe it, even though my cock was totally convinced.

Then the noise from the TV distracted us both for a moment. The blonde was now straddling the white guy and the black guy was reaming her ass, and abusing her loudly in this half-intelligible jive shit. (Why don't guys just shut the fuck up in porn movies and leave the dirty talk to the chicks? It always sounds better from a girl's mouth. Which reminded me...)

"Uncle Bob, this movie's made me real hot. Would it be okay with you if I touched myself too?"

Oh fuck! This was getting way out of control. I should – I should...

Without waiting for me to answer, she jumped up off the couch, pulled her panties down, and sort of snuggled in beside me like we were watching "the Simpsons" or something together. One hand went back to my cock, the other into her pussy, and I watched spellbound as her finger slid back and forth in her sweet little slit, the soft blonde curls of her pubic hair already glistening with her juices.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 90 Uncle Bob: EP 2

Her eyelids fluttered as her fingers found the spot. For a moment, I just watched like some stupid dumbass as my cute little niece stroked her pussy, right before my eyes. Then I could take no more – I had to act!

As I slid my hand across her smooth, concave little belly and under her own hand, she let out a little moan and leaned in against my shoulder. I turned to her, and she looked into my eyes, and then we kissed.

I've kissed my niece on many occasions, held her close when she was frightened, kissed away her tears when she was devastated by her parents' divorce. Like all kids caught up in that spirit-mangling machine, she blamed herself. How could I tell her that her daddy was an asshole and her mommy was a bitch, and as two hot-shot lawyers, their main pleasure – apart from making shit-loads of money – seemed to be savaging each other in court?

But this kiss was different. It started as an "I love you because you're my lovely niece" kiss, and slowly it transformed into an "I think you're sweet and incredibly desirable, and I really, really want to fuck you" kiss. Totally appropriate for the situation – except the situation was totally inappropriate.

And she responded. Boy, how she responded. It was as if no-one had ever properly kissed her before, and she was moving into this kiss as if it was some magical new country she was longing to explore. Before long we were locked into a soft, delicate, sensuous and very erotically-charged exchange of lips and tongues. And all the while I could feel her slim little body responding to the touch of my fingers in her sweet, wet pussy, and her little delicate fingers gently stroking my throbbing dick.

When at last we separated, she looked at me wide-eyed. "Wow, Uncle Bob, that was way rad! No boy's ever kissed me like that before. Can we do it again, please?"

We did, and I changed hands so I could hold her while I played with her pussy. Her mouth was unlike any other that I remember kissing. Cheryl had been so hungry, Alice's kisses hard and rather cold, Leanne's absent and distracted. Stacey's kisses were unlike any others I'd experienced, so innocent and yet so sexual. Oh shit, I can't explain it. It was just like the oral equivalent of how I'd imagined taking a girl's virginity would feel – not that I'd ever had that privilege.

This time when we broke, she suddenly jumped up, and I thought, "Shit, it's over!" But no, instead she pulled off her t-shirt in one smooth movement, leaving on only her little pink socks, and then she grabbed the TV remote so she could hit the OFF button.

"Uncle Bob, we don't need that porno any more when you can kiss like you do. Would you – would you please lick me "down there", Uncle Bob? I'm creaming like crazy and I like have to come sooo soon! I'll suck you off after, I promise!" Her tone was almost pleading, and this was the point where my resolve finally snapped.

Fuck morality, fuck responsibility, fuck my stupid brother and sister-in-law. All I really wanted to do was to fuck Stacey, or do as much with her achingly-sweet body as she would allow. If her dad ever found out, I was a dead man, so can't a dead man have fun?

I stood up and stripped off my t-shirt, pants and shorts in record time. I just held her for a moment before gently laying her down on the couch.

She spread her legs and let out a long "Oooooooh!" as my mouth made contact with her sweet slit. And I mean sweet: smooth, silky, beautifully shaped, surrounded by the softest blonde curls, juicy and oh-so delicious. I went slow, using all of the skills I've learned over three failed relationships and a whole mess of one-night stands. But hey, Cheryl used to come like Old Faithful (quite literally; she would squirt all over me) when I spent some time eating her out, so I must've learned something. Every little gasp, every sweet little sigh that I extracted from Stacey's cute little mouth by licking at her cute little snatch was like music, and my boner throbbed even harder.

They say that guys should write the alphabet on a girl's pussy with their tongues. I used a Gothic font with serifs. Sometimes I went into bold type. Once or twice I underlined, then went back, rubbed it out and just penciled in lightly with italics.

When she came, it sounded to me like angels singing. She was pretty vocal, and I froze for a moment before I remembered I'd shut the windows when I put the porno on. I adored the way her slim little ass bounced up from the couch as she tried to shove her clit deeper into my mouth. And then her thighs clamped hard on my head and blocked out the angel-song for a chorus or two before she collapsed back onto the couch.

I gazed up the narrow expanse of her skinny, pale body, at her sweet, angelic little face, and was filled

with tenderness for her. Then she said, "Uncle Bob, that was sooo fantastic! I came and came for like, ages! Can I please suck that nice big cock now? Pleeese?" And those big baby blues hit me hard, and the force of that blow hit me right in the crotch.

She sat up and kissed me again. "Ooh – I can taste my pussy on your lips, naughty Uncle Bob!" And then she was on her knees and her sweet, soft lips made contact with the knob of my cock and I was like – okay, officer, slap the cuffs on me now, I confess!

She slowly rocked her head up and down on my cock, taking me just a little bit deeper each time. Then she looked up at me with those sweet, innocent eyes and THIS WAS UNREAL! I've seen all the "just 18" websites, the amateur "point-of-view" blow jobs, the cute "audition" videos, and they can be hot, but when you're watching them you don't generally get the sensation of a hot, sweet and remarkably skilled mouth on your dick. When she slipped me out for a tip-to-balls-and-back-again lick, she smiled up at me and said, "Do you like that, Uncle Bob?"

"You're – you're amazing, Stacey. How'd you learn – ah – to be so good?"

"Practice, Uncle Bob. I have sucked dick before, you know! And I've practiced on bananas and stuff. Hey, see what you think of this."

Then she opened wide and engulfed about half my cock, and then, to my amazement, kept going. I could feel the back of her throat. She slid up and down a few more times, from lips to throat, taking a large portion of my cock at each gulp.

"Like it, Uncle Bob?" she asked when she came up for air.

"Fantastic, Stacey. But I mean ..."

"Hey, I haven't shown you the best bit yet!" she interrupted. She went back down on me, and with some hoarse, gagging noises, took me further. I couldn't believe it when that button nose nudged my pubes. Then she pulled back about halfway and did it again. Then again! And then, as she worked my cock head around in her throat, I felt her tongue come out and lick my balls. On the very edge, I looked down and saw her straining to look up at me. Those cute, innocent blue eyes met mine. And I came.

Not one of those short, dribbly little cums, you understand. It felt like the end of my dick exploded. I must've squirted maybe a quart of cum down that little girl's throat – that's what it felt like. And she just held on, still licking my balls until I was trembling with the release of so much orgasmic energy.

And when I finally pulled back, she grabbed hold of my dick and licked and sucked the end clean of cum. Well, that triggered another spurt and sensations on the verge of pain. She just smiled up at me. "Thank you, Uncle Bob," she said with this wise-ass grin, "I love the flavor of cum, but when a guy comes down my throat like that, I don't usually get to taste it much. Yours is yummy!"

Then she stood up and kissed me, now not so shyly, letting me taste my own cum on her lips. I held her

so close, feeling her firm little titties pressed against my chest, her gorgeous skinny body so tiny, I felt my arms would go round her twice.

"Uncle Bob," she said softly in my ear. "Can we please go to your room now? I need to lie down for a while."

We collected up our clothes; I checked the DVD player was off and grabbed us some water, and we headed upstairs. She ran into my bedroom and jumped onto the bed, bouncing on the mattress. I was suddenly reminded of an eight-year-old Stacey bouncing on my bed, hitting me with a pillow at around seven in the morning and yelling to me to "Get up, Uncle Bob. I want to go to the beach!" And an even younger Stacey running into my room, squealing and terrified of a loud thunderstorm, falling asleep in my arms, sucking her thumb.

And here was a very different Stacey. She was no longer in cute pajamas and holding a teddy-bear, being my innocent little niece that I just wanted to protect from all the shit that the world throws at kids. And it wasn't her thumb she'd just been sucking. But she still had that same "naughty but nice" smile that had melted my heart, almost since I'd first cradled her in my arms when she was a new baby and I was just fifteen. Only now it was also stiffening my cock.

Oh God, this is wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong! But then she said, "C'mon Uncle Bob. I need you to cuddle me for a while," and all I could do was climb onto the bed beside her.

Moments later she was resting in my arms, her beautiful, slender body pressed up close to me, her head on my shoulder. She was my lovely niece, who I'd doted on since she was tiny, who had confided in me, and cried on my shoulder when she was upset or hurt, who always let out a delighted shriek of "Uncle Bob!" and ran to hug me whenever I arrived. It often seemed to me that she was the only person in the world who was always pleased to see me.

Basically, Stacey's parents should never have had her. They're selfish, focused on "success" as they see it – which means money and status above everything else. Privately I think of them as A and B – Asshole and Bitch – though I never admit this to Stacey. Me, I get by as what you might call a software geek, but I think relationships and people are more important than money.

Having said that, my relationships have all gone pretty pear-shaped – except for Stacey. She'd call me nearly every day to tell me about what she did at school. She used to show me the presents her parents had given her – to make up for the lack of love, I felt. And it was to me she had turned when she found out about the divorce. I remember holding her close as she sobbed and sobbed. "Please, Uncle Bob, please say you'll always be there for me?" she begged. How could I not be? I loved her.