

On Pacific Time

New Year's Eve

It was set to be the cruise of a lifetime. Certainly, for my parents that is. A well-earned vacation to mark and coincide with their 30th wedding anniversary. Tagging along; for my wife Brittany and I, it was less celebration, more resignation. Nearing our tenth long year together we both privately viewed it as a last gasp at saving our marriage; a fortnight cruising the beauty of the South Pacific in the hope of finding the kindling that would re-ignite a fading fire.

Mom and Dad had spared no expense of course. An Executive Suite on the Madre del Mar's final pacific voyage. Brittany and I had forensically studied the best and most cost effective options available for us travelling on the same ship, and settled on a cabin with balcony the deck below my parents. Similarly furnished yet providing few of the luxuries Mom and Dad would be admittedly paying through the nose for.

We flew into Sydney to meet up with my parents New Year's eve, a day before departure. Mom and Dad having spent the previous two weeks touring the land Down Under seemed overly thrilled at our arrival and I wondered if they hadn't grown weary of each other's presence. A poor time for it to happen on the eve of a long journey at sea, I mused.

"Isn't it wonderful!?" Mom enthused as she came back out onto the balcony holding two glasses of champagne.

Dad had his bare feet resting on the balcony rail laying back on a deck chair and looked over his shoulder as Mom passed me a glass. "What Gwen?" He asked. "The view or the complimentary alcohol?"

Mom laughed and clinked her glass against mine. Standing behind me as I reclined in a deck chair, she rested a hand on my shoulder, and I looked up into her face. "You do realize you're paying for it in your fare."

"Well, that's the beauty of having you and Brittany along," Mom countered as she left me and moved to the balcony alongside my wife. Britt turned and with her elbows resting on the rail, Mom slipped an arm around the small of her back. "You can both charge your drinks to our room. Even the four of us, we'll never go through the limit."

"Are you sure about that Love?" Dad chimed in. "That's the second bottle of champagne you've opened already."

"It's not champagne," Mom replied. "It's Australian sparkling. And it's delicious! And to answer your earlier question, I was talking about the view anyway."

A gust of wind swept across the deck and with my eyes currently on Mom and my wife it was impossible not to notice the breezes effect. Both of the women wearing dresses, Brittany in a black maxi and Mom a horizontal striped knee length, the wind pressed the material

to their bodies, highlighting the curves of breast, belly and most noticeably, the bulge of pussies.

Now I wasn't one to normally stare at my own mother's groin but with the security of wearing reflective sunglasses and her close proximity to my wife I felt it understandable that I would chance a look. The pronounced lump, the hint of her crevice below the mound. The wind changed and allowed their clothing to return to its natural position but left me in a surprising state of arousal. "Hey Britt," I stated, rising from my chair. "Fancy a walk around the ship?"

She drowned the last of her glass of bourbon and extracted herself from my mom's grip. "Oh Gwendolyn, you have to come down and see our cabin. Our entire floor plan could fit inside your bathroom!" She laughed and took my hand as I likewise finished my glass.

"When, now?" Mom asked.

"Mom," I quickly replied. "We have weeks, it can wait." My 'walk around the ship' suggestion had been a ruse. I was horny as hell and wanted to get Brittany back to our cabin. Failing marriage or not, we were still fucking and the sight of her pussy pressed tight against her dress had me hungry for more.

Outside my parent's room I wrapped my arm around Brittany's waist as we walked to the elevator, caressing her hip. "Are you wearing panties?" I whispered as I struggled to feel a pantyline.

She nestled her face into my neck, the smell of the bourbon on her breath as she kissed my jaw. "You'll just have to find out!" She giggled as the elevator doors closed behind us. She pressed the button for our level and I figured she knew our 'walk' would begin in our bed.

Stroking her ass, I strangely wondered if my mother had noticed Brittany's lack of underwear as well? The thought exciting me for some reason before the elevator shuddered to an abrupt halt between floors and brought me back into the real world.

"Oh, don't tell me," I moaned as I reluctantly removed a hand from my wife's ass to press the emergency button. We'd already had problems with the electronic door key to our cabin and this was the last thing I needed. Thankfully without any assistance needed, the elevator burst into life again and the doors opened on our floor, but I made a mental note to avoid it in future.

It must have been the excitement of the trip; the southern hemisphere summer; the alcohol. Whatever it was, Brittany and I had the best fuck we'd had in months. Dirty talking, she'd even hinted at the prospect of anal in the future and I was feeling on top of the world. How could things get any better, I wondered? We showered and as the evening drew on we walked out onto our own smaller balcony to look at the city. The ship was moored right in the heart of Sydney. Looking out it felt we were simply in a high-priced hotel as opposed to being on the water, such was the height of our vantage. I leaned against our balcony's railing and looked up to the rail above. Mom

and Dad's suite was on the highest level and was set back from the other cabins, even so I couldn't see them on the balcony.

"Hey, you up there?" I called.

Brittany slapped me on the arm. "What are you doing?"

"What? I just thought they could pass us down a bottle of that wine!" I explained.

"*Well*, they're not going to hear you from down here. You could just call their room."

It was only a few seconds later that my father, shirtless and adjusting his shorts peered over the edge and looked down upon us. "Your mother thought she heard something. Hello."

Dad had obviously made the most of his time in Australia, his skin darkly tanned. It wasn't often I saw him without a shirt on and it wasn't something I wanted to stare at much longer. He looked back over his shoulder after I asked him about dropping down a bottle of bubbles and my mother appeared alongside him. She was no longer wearing the striped dress, in the process of tying a short robe around herself as she looked over smiling.

"Oh goodness," she smiled. "You're right below us!"

"You knew that Gwen," Dad stated.

She looked at him. "Yes, but I didn't think they'd be exactly below us."

"It was the room we suggested." Dad countered.

I could see their conversation was headed nowhere and butted in to break up the inane debate. "So have you got another bottle?"

As I asked the question, my old friend the summer breeze again payed a visit. With Mom's hands firmly holding the railing she could do nothing about preventing the wind blowing up her robe. It flapped the front at first, exposing her upper thigh but then the real show began. As I looked up, my position allowing me to see her entire body from above her knees upwards, her white satin robe lifted. At first, that she wasn't wearing underwear wasn't entirely apparent. Flesh colored, my brain told itself. But as my eyes unwittingly focussed on her crotch, I could see her vagina. The complete absence of pubic hair is probably what threw me. How long it was exposed was difficult to say. No more than a second I supposed but it was enough time to take it in. The tops of her thighs, the line of her slit, even the darker area further back. My mother's asshole, hidden between the curve of her buttocks.

"Ooh!" Mom squealed as her hands went down to cover her nudity, pressing the satin firmly between her legs. From the distance, at least

ten feet above us I could see her blush and felt my own face redden. She moved back out of sight and I thought she'd gone to put on clothing before she reappeared holding a bottle. She handed it to my father and he knelt down to pass it through the railing. The perfect crime, I received the bounty and entered the cabin again with Britt.

"Did you see that?" Brittany laughed as I fetched glasses from the cabinet.

"I'm trying to forget it!" I grinned, opening the bottle.

"Well there's no prize for guessing what your parents have been up to!" She joked, falling onto our bed. She allowed her dress to fall to her pelvis, exposing her own pussy, the second I'd seen in a matter of minutes. "So who's is better?"

"Britt!" I challenged.

She laughed again as I mounted the bed holding the glasses, my cock rising and poking out the front of my shorts.

"I'm just wondering; who is that for?" She chuckled as she pointed at my erection. "Whose vagina are you thinking about right now Adrian? Your mother's, or mine?"

I placed the glasses on the bedside table and lowered my face into my wife's pussy without answering and as my tongue found her clit I was glad I couldn't speak. For stuck in my mind as I rubbed my cock against the sheets, I could see my mom's cunt.

* * * * *

The clock ticked over to five minutes to midnight. We'd spent the evening on the top deck with most of the other passengers, giving us a 360deg view of the city and harbour. Dad had gone back to the room to fetch another memory card for his camera and Brittany, although already drunk was paying another visit to the bar.

Mom was thankfully wearing more appropriate clothing, and I found myself paying closer attention to her attire for possibly the first time in my life. Her white pants looked to be linen and under the deck lights I could even see the line of her panties. From the front that is. When I happened to catch a look at her rear there was no pantyline. My mother was wearing a thong! Her sleeveless light blue top revealed plenty of cleavage, even enabling the flash of a white lace bra. I rebuked myself for looking and wondered why I was even so fascinated?

"Where is he?" Mom frowned as a countdown began in the crowd.

I felt the same about Brittany. We'd never been ones for going all out on New Years. To be honest, most years we slept through it. Being that we were in such a special locale for this one however I was

surprised, even a little disappointed she was more interested in getting drunk than being with me at the big moment.

"..8..7..6.." The passengers counted, joining the chorus of the million or so lining the harbour.

"Oh well," Mom held my hand as she gave up and turned to me. "Looks like it's just you and me."

"..3..2..1.."

"Happy New Year," came the cry before a deafening explosion of light, color, sound and vibration filled our existence.

Couples were kissing around us and spontaneously Mom and I came together, our lips meeting, one hand holding hers, the other pressed to the soft warmth of her hip. I kept my eyes open as I kissed her, not wanting to miss a moment and as our mouths parted I watched her eyelids slowly, almost reluctantly lift. Her eyes to look into mine, reflecting the light show behind me, her face illuminated by red, green and orange bursts. The moment seemed to last forever before as one we smiled and broke our stare, finally taking in the dazzling pyrotechnic dance being performed in the heavens above.

Coming from opposing directions, Brittany and my father re-appeared. My Dad had his camera trained on the sky and Brittany handed me a bottle of beer. Had either of them witnessed what had

just occurred between my mother and I? I doubted it. But what really had happened? I'd just innocently shared a New Years Eve kiss with my mom. Nothing more.

So why was I feeling so horny?

* * * * *

The blazing sun shone down on the deserted pool deck as I lowered myself into the respite of the cool water. My mother floated in an inflatable. A comical donut, her legs and upper torso protruding from the hole. Diving beneath the surface I opened my eyes to see her thighs and ass above me, her white swimsuit barely covering her sex and buttocks; the bulge of pussy and line of labia clearly visible.

I rose before her and held onto her legs for buoyancy, gently caressing the tanned skin of her shins. Water had splashed the front of her one piece turning it semi transparent, the dark of her hard nipples showing through. I allowed my lower body to float beneath her and my groin made contact with her ass, my erection pressing to her pussy, grinding.

We looked deep in each other's eyes and her red lipstick painted mouth slowly opened. "You were born to fuck me Baby!" She whispered.

"Jesus Christ!" I sat up in bed, my body slick with sweat. The sheet had twisted around my waist and pressed firmly against my hard-on.

Brittany moaned beside me at the movement before continuing on snoring. Carefully I extricated myself from the sheets and walked into the small bathroom, closing the door behind me. I looked pale in the mirror, the flickering light unflattering and pouring myself a glass of water I downed the much needed refreshment.

"What the fuck was that?" I whispered to my reflection. The dream of my mother in the pool still front and centre in my mind. Yes, I told myself. Just a dream. Freud would have a field day with it, but it was just a dream.

The room was hot when I walked back out and I fiddled with the air conditioner but it seemed to have failed. I checked the time before crossing the room and stepping out into the welcoming cooler air on the balcony.

There was no longer the noise of the New Years revelry and the wind had died down to a gentle breeze. With no outside light on our balcony, my presence was as yet unobserved as I looked up to my parent's suite. My mom stood looking out across the city. A light illuminated her from behind causing her body to form a silhouette inside her loose chiffon nightie. Did I say nightie? More a babydoll. Was it completely see-through? I couldn't tell. But I could clearly see the curves of her hips; her inner thighs where they met the bumps of

her vulva; the side of her breasts beneath her outstretched arms where they held the rail.

"Mom," I whispered. "It's four o'clock in the morning. What are you doing up?"

"Oh, Honey. How long have you been there!?" She whispered back, her voice strangely quivering.

"I just came out; you can't sleep either?" I asked

Her voice returned to its normal pitch at my words. "No. Excitement I suppose."

"Is your air conditioning working?" I asked. "Ours is on the fritz, along with the mini bar."

"Oh really? No everything is working fine up here, it's nice and cool inside," she offered.

'Cool,' I thought. I wondered if that meant her nipples were hard and immediately reprimanded myself for thinking such thoughts about my mother. Looking at her groin again, it made me aware of how little clothing I as well was wearing. My boxer shorts essentially all there was between her and my semi erect penis.

"Wasn't it a wonderful evening?" She continued. "Those fireworks. I've never seen anything like it."

"Yeah, it was beautiful," I agreed and wondered if I wasn't talking about her eyes and face reflecting the glow. I thought of our kiss. My hand on her hip. The earlier flashing of her surprisingly hairless pussy. And it happened. My cock swelled. I could feel it pushing out the leg of my shorts and wondered if she could see. I doubted it, only my upper body really lit by the light from her suite but I couldn't chance it. There was no way I was going to let my mother see I had an erection.

"Well, I'd better get back to bed. We're setting off in a couple of hours. I want to be up when we leave," I declared.

"I should too," Mom concurred. "That's if your father's snoring allows it!" She giggled and I wanted to climb up and kiss her.

"Alright, good night Mom."

"Good night Baby," she replied as I re-entered our cabin, leaving the doors open.

'Baby!' I thought to myself. Just like 'you were born to fuck me Baby' in my dream. I slid into bed behind Brittany and pressed my erection hard between the cheeks of her ass and a contented sleep came quickly.

* * * * *

No sooner it seemed had I closed my eyes, than I awoke to an empty bed and a sunlight bathed room. I could hear Brittany in the shower and ridiculously wondered if Mom was showering also. What the fuck was wrong with me? I slid out of my shorts and entered the small bathroom naked looking to join my wife.

"There's no hot water!" She stated as I opened the door of the shower.

"You used it all?" I asked.

"No. There's no hot water!" She matter of factly returned.

My plan of a romantic steamy shower with my wife was shelved as I felt the icy splatter and Brittany's cold wet body slide past me.

"You can have it!" She laughed as she wrapped a towel around herself.

"Fuck!" I screamed as the full flow of water hit me, quickly soaping myself to make it as quick an experience the better.

* * * * *

Sydney to New Caledonia

We ran into Mom taking photos on the upper deck. She was my mother of old. Wearing I noticed, unflattering shorts and a formless sweater. Her brown hair was in a pony tail and unlike her, she'd foregone making up her face. If I was honest, I'd say she'd gone out of her way to dress down her appearance. It wasn't until commenting on the glassy surface of the harbour and its azure tone, (likening it to her eyes) did I see her natural beauty. Why was I only now looking upon my mother as a woman? As an object of desire? Yes in the past I'd stumbled upon incestuous literature and for a time revelled in its titillation, but never as a prospect in my own life; well never with the fervour I'd plunged headlong into in the last day. Was it only a day? I fathomed. I still had weeks on board with her!

"Where's Graham?" Brittany asked Mom, noting his absence before me and the fact my mother was using his camera.

"Still in bed I'm afraid," she replied, frowning. "He's a little under the weather. Strange though, he didn't drink that much."

I noticed an elderly woman being helped down onto a bench by another passenger. Clutching her stomach she seemed to be in a great deal of pain. Doubting it would be sea sickness as we'd still not left the safety of the sheltered harbour.

"He's not sea sick is he?" I quipped referring to Dad. "What'll he be like when we actually get out on the ocean?"

"Oh no I wouldn't think so," Mom assured us. "He's always been fine with things like that. No it's probably just a tummy bug or something."

Brittany regaled Mom with her efforts to get the problems in our cabin seen to whilst I went off to find a bathroom to relieve myself. I'd over hydrated in an effort to stave off a hangover and was in desperate need of a piss. The state of the public toilet on the upper deck was troubling and without labouring you with the details, let's just say I was eager to get my business done and be out of there. A man hurried in almost bowling me over on my departure and I left him to it with worrying sounds following my retreat.

The open ocean was nothing like the tranquil harbour and six hours into our voyage the captain admitted over a ship-wide announcement there was a problem with the stabilisers. To me it went some way to explaining the amount of unwell looking passengers and I was surprised Brittany, (who could get seasick jumping a puddle) wasn't as yet affected.

Oh but her time would come.

By the end of the first day at sea, word was spreading amongst the passengers of illness. Nothing to do with the intermittently working stabilisers either. I'd seen evidence myself in the shared facilities and

closer to home, Dad was about as sick as I'd ever seen him. Mom was first to use the word and it wasn't until well into the next day that the crew of the ship admitted there was a problem.

Gastroenteritis was alive and well on the Madre del Mar.

There was talk of a quarantine. Cleaning staff were constantly disinfecting each and every surface visible. Debate raged whether the ship should in fact turn back to Australia, head to the next closest port or keep on to New Caledonia. My own admittedly basic nautical navigational skills told me we were in a no win situation. At an equal distance from Norfolk Island, Sydney and our intended destination. Ultimately the captain had no choice but to continue on, full steam ahead as they say.

* * * * *

"Your father wants me to stay onboard," Mom admitted.

We were on our balcony sharing a bottle of red wine when she came out with the confession.

Dad was adamant about disembarking on New Caledonia and checking into a hospital or at least staying in a hotel for the duration of his illness. He'd told me himself he couldn't endure spending another night on the ship, the rolling waves compounding the nausea. The medical staff had assured all those presenting, the virus

would be out of the sufferers system in a matter of days but the effects could last up to a week.

Dad's plan was to see us off after our time in New Caledonia and fly on to Vanuatu to meet back up with the cruise. Mom had been reluctant to leave him at first but he'd talked her around. She still had us with her and the ships operators had assured us the cruise wouldn't be cancelled. 'We've had this happen before!' Was a quote I heard from a senior manager which admittedly didn't fill me with much confidence as to their competency.

A day later and only hours out of New Caledonia, Brittany too became ill.

It was now officially the cruise from hell.

We gathered in Mom and Dad's suite to discuss the options and like my father, in an act of chivalry Brittany wanted me to stay onboard.

"We've paid for it, may as well make the most of it," she explained.

"Yeah but it's irrelevant, the ships line is refunding the first leg," I threw in.

"Should've been more!" Dad added.

"To be honest," Mom said, contradicting my father. "I think they're going above and beyond. It's not their fault this happened. They're offering to cover accommodation in New Caledonia and help with organizing the airfares. Not everyone on board's sick!"

Mom looked to me and carried on. "Why do you think Adrian and I haven't become ill?" She asked Brittany and my father, seated on the one sofa. "Because I drilled into him as a boy to wash his hands before eating." She took my hand as if to emphasize her lecture and I all of a sudden felt like a prop in a personal hygiene demonstration. To my surprise she didn't let go after her sermon and to be honest it grew to become uncomfortable. Not because I didn't like the contact, uncomfortable as I again began to nurture impure thoughts when my focus should have been on the wellbeing of my wife.

"Well whatever the reason this has happened, there's no way I could continue on to Vanuatu like this, not another night at sea," Dad proclaimed. He turned to Brittany. "You've only just started to feel the effects Love, you're making the right decision too."

"It'll probably be for the best," I stated. "There's the remnants of a tropical cyclone to the North, can't imagine the sea will be too friendly. So you guys are positive Mom and I should stay on the ship?"

My father and my wife answered in unison their agreement; their enthusiasm to be off the boat overwhelming.

We had two days scheduled in New Caledonia for sightseeing and optional day tours anyway. Mom mentioned the potential of them coming good before we departed but seeing how green around the proverbial gills my father looked, I doubted there'd be a miraculous cure.

* * * * *

New Caledonia was everything the guidebook said it would be and more. Picture postcard views from every angle. Dad and Brittany stayed on the ship whilst Mom and I toured the capital city Noumea. We had a lunch of the local delicacies, seafood steamed in banana leaves and went on to a French restaurant for dinner.

The second day Mom and I took a boat trip to an island and it was there she broke out the white swimsuit of my dream.

I hadn't even noticed it at first. She was wearing what I'd originally deemed to be the unflattering shorts from the day of departure. Shorts I'd come to notice didn't hide all her assets under a bushel. Light khaki in color with an offset fly which when her body was in the right position hugged her pussy mound; even, I noticed on more than one occasion the day before, formed a distinct and alluring cameltoe.

I'd taken a myriad of photos of the city and its surrounds. Having my mother pose before interesting features (to show to Brittany, I would explain) but my own nefarious reasons far outweighing the

legitimate when I realized her black shirt was essentially see through. Not in every light. Only when the sun was in a certain position. By the end of the day I had more than one hundred photos of my new found obsession; the majority of which showed my bra-less muse unwittingly flaunting her body all around Noumea. But I digress; the white one-piece.

We were offered snorkels when we landed on the island and setting up our picnic under a palm tree on a white sand beach, Mom took off her flowery red shirt. What I'd assumed was a white bodysuit was in fact her swimsuit; revealed completely to me as she pulled down her shorts. If there was a god in heaven, I thanked him for my mirrored sunglasses at that moment, enabling me to ogle my newly discovered familial fantasy. Her skin like my father's was deeply tanned and as she tied her long brown hair back in a pony tail, the material of her swimsuit pulled tight over her ample breasts allowing even the small bumps on her areola to show through. And I haven't even mentioned her pussy. Yes, only a few days before I'd seen it totally naked but now it was close. An arms distance from me. The folds of her labia nestled beneath the spandex, her mound of venus begging to be kissed.

For security I'd left the camera on the tour boat but amazingly I didn't care. The beauty of my mother's body was painted for posterity in my mind. Nothing would erase these moments of sheer ocular bliss.

"How does this work?" Mom asked, fumbling with the snorkel and eye-mask.

I took it from her and turned the snorkel the correct way.

"First spit into that," I suggested to her, pointing at the eye-mask.

"What?" She laughed. "Why?"

"Trust me, it'll stop it fogging up when we're in the water."

With a smirk on her face she attempted to spit onto the glass but failed. "My mouth's too dry. Hang on," she said. Using two fingers she pushed them into her mouth all the way to the back of her throat causing her to gag. Her eyes trailed up to mine as she performed the action, stabbing her digits over her tongue as though mimicking fellatio. Releasing, she allowed a trail of saliva to flow from her lips down into the mask as I looked on mesmerised. "Ooh too much," she giggled as a pool formed in the mask, swirling it around.

Looking as if she were about to tip it out, I put up my hand. "No wait," I stated and dipped two of my own fingers into her pool of saliva. Holding my mask beneath I dripped her spit onto mine and smeared it across its surface.

"Ooh yucky!" Mom laughed.

I looked back up to her and took off my sunglasses. "I don't mind," I admitted as I stared into her smiling eyes. Mom smirked, shaking her

head and we walked together toward the impossibly turquoise water.

I'd like to say we kissed in the water; that we declared each other's incestuous love and fucked under the blazing sun. But I can't. What we did do was just have a really great time. Oh of course I managed to get in positions to allow me amazing views of her body underwater; that special place between her thighs and those breasts, those beautiful breasts in her semi transparent swimsuit. But really we just enjoyed the experience. Seeing a stingray, the colorful coral and countless species of tropical fish. They were perfect moments and some of the happiest times I think I'd ever spent with my mother, including my childhood.

Oh. I forgot to mention my mom touched my cock!

I convinced her to take a ride on a jet-ski with me. Totally out of her comfort zone, I assured her she'd be safe and wearing a life vest she climbed on board behind me. I believe it was completely accidental. Her arm struggled to circle my waist with the mandatory vests separating us, and as she threw around her right arm to join, her hand went lower than the other. For comfort in my board shorts, I'd surreptitiously positioned my cock vertical and her hand managed to land directly on its underside.

There was that strange moment where nothing happened. I found it hard to fathom my mother had her palm pressed against my penis and it seemed she didn't really know what she was touching. Her hand lifted momentarily before pressing down again in a slightly

different position, still on my cock and it was then she realized what indeed she'd laid her hand upon.

"Oh!" She chuckled. "Sorry." Before moving it higher to hold onto my vest.

I didn't want to make a big deal about it to save her embarrassment and immediately started the jet-ski without responding. "Hold on," I shouted, secretly hoping she'd return her hand to my hardening cock which of course didn't happen.

Her squeals of delight in my ear were enough to tell me the ride for her was thrilling but she emphasized it as we walked back to the tour boat. Wrapping both arms around my own and hugging it to her body she looked up into my face, her sunhat shading her features but not obscuring the delight in her eyes. "I've had the best day Adrian, thank you," she whispered.

I wanted to kiss her. With her undoubtedly pulling my upper arm to the softness of her breast, I felt she would have accepted the kiss as well but I refrained. We were heading back to the cruise ship. In a matter of hours, my wife and my father would disembark and we'd be alone together. A mother and son with three days in international waters. There was no need to foolishly rush things.

Brittany and my Dad left with half their luggage and we helped them check into the cruise ship organized hotel. So many faces I recognized from the cruise were joining them and when Mom and I

finally boarded for our next leg, the atmosphere on the ship was entirely different. I would go as far to say, eerie.

Word spread around the ship that more than half the initial passengers we set out with had left and walking around the deck and inside hallways it was obvious. Staff had also been hit by the illness. A number of the shops were closed; an information pamphlet was dropped off to each room detailing the restaurants that would be affected and any changes in shipboard activities. A further note acknowledged the electrical and mechanical problems ailing the ship and assurances everything was being done to rectify the issues. When we finally left port in the early afternoon, our first night on vacation without our partners, Mom and I were sailing into uncharted waters.

* * * * *

New Caledonia to Vanuatu

Land slowly disappeared in the distance as we cruised into the open Pacific ocean. The wake trailing far below signifying the lengthening distance between us and our spouses.

"Well this feels weird," I admitted and Mom turned her face to me.

"What?"

"Us. Here. It's like we're vacationing together."

Mom furrowed her brow.

A lump appeared in my throat and I tried to expound. "I mean it's a bit strange; a mother and son on a cruise together."

Her mouth opened in an exaggerated look of comprehension. "Oh, I get it," she grinned. "My boy's embarrassed to be seen with his mother, is that it?"

She moved in close to me to take my cheeks in her hands, pinching them as you would a child.

"No, no, not at all," I stressed, smiling.

"Or what, you think your mother is going to cramp your style? Is that it? Hmmm." She dropped her hands down to my shirt, running them down my chest. "The other ladies might mistake us as a couple. If you were planning a romantic tryst behind Brittany's back, that might throw a spanner in the works!" She lifted my slack arms to embrace her waist and pulled her body into mine, raising her hands again to hug my neck. The feigned embrace of a couple complete, her belly pressing hard into my groin, she looked deep into my eyes. "So quickly you men forget your wives!"

The sundress she wore was thin and I could feel her underwear through the material. We'd never embraced like this, our bodies pressed together, her mouth so close to mine. I could feel myself on the verge of swelling, I felt we were seconds away from kissing.

"No Mom, I..."

Her eyes remained expectant as I fumbled over words before her expression changed from serious to mischievous. She threw her head back in laughter and allowed her body to detach from mine.

"Oh Adrian. Relax. I'm just playing with you Honey." She turned her face back to the ocean, a hand remaining on my arm as if reluctant to break the connection between us, or was I just reading too much into the situation?

"I wonder what our partners are up to right now?" She ended and again her expression changed as I noticed the faintest tinge of sadness.

* * * * *

As planned I arrived at Mom's suite just before 7pm and waited at her door after knocking. I looked left and right along the corridor and not a person was in sight. There wasn't even the hum of conversation and human presence coming from other cabins. We could've been on a ghost ship.

She opened the door a fraction before allowing it to swing fully in when she found it was me. Her hair was up in a towel and another strategically wrapped around her body. Cleavage above and bare thigh below. Her face was still red from the shower and she apologized for being late.

"I'll be five minutes I promise," she offered. "There's champagne open."

I watched her head back into the bathroom, the door not fully closing when she swung it behind her but I couldn't see anything therein.

"No problem, take your time," I stated walking through her suite. Her clothes were placed on the bed and I heard the hair drier start up as I noticed the long red dress she'd chosen to wear. Of course my eyes were drawn to the underwear along side. Shape-wear; I observed. Flesh colored high waisted panties, the Wonder Panties logo clear on the hem along with the matching bra. God, I thought. Is she going to get dressed in front of me?

I walked to the coffee table and poured myself a glass of the chilled sparkling, topping up my mother's in the process. She came back out of the bathroom and I got my answer as she hauled up her clothing in an arm and smiling headed back the way she came.

Dammit, I smiled to myself as I walked out into the pleasant evening air, the stars beginning to appear in the endless sky. As I'd noticed in

the hallway, the outside of the ship was equally as quiet. Whereas previously, laughter and conversation could be heard from adjoining balconies, now only the sound of the ship plying the waves far below came to ear.

"I'm going to need some help," my mother called from inside the suite and I quickly went to her aid.

The red dress wasn't that at all. Actually a jumpsuit; sleeveless it hugged her torso immaculately, enveloping the curves of her bust, her hips and yes, her crotch. She turned as I approached and I saw her problem. She'd managed to do up the rear zip to half way up her back and as I took hold I could see the top of her underwear, mid way up her spine.

I ran a finger over the rear of her bra strap as I pulled it to its zenith before doing up a couple of buttons that cinched the collar. She wore her long brown hair up in a bun and I could smell her perfume as I completed dressing her, thinking long and hard that she'd need help getting out of it as well.

"The reservation was for seven. I guess we're going to be late," Mom commented as she sat down on the bed to put on her heels. I went to get her glass and returned with it and my own.

"I wouldn't worry about it, there's no one to take our spot!"

"Mmm I know," Mom agreed as she took her glass and sipped. "It's spooky isn't it. It's like we're the only people on board."

"I like it," I stated. "No queues for anything, there was hardly anyone at the pool earlier. We have the ship to ourselves."

"It's a shame Brittany and Graham aren't here," Mom remarked and I rebuked myself for not having thought of them in hours.

"Mom. Feel," I stated, holding out my arms to emphasize the point I was making. "That rocking. It's only going to get worse. Trust me, they are happy they're not on board!"

The staff in the restaurant were apologetic they didn't have a full crew and asked for leniency for any delays in service but we didn't notice. We were dining in one of the more upmarket of restaurants on board and were one of only four couples attending. With the drinks flowing and Mom especially enjoying the wine, avidly seeking a second bottle, the night drew on and our conversation flowed as easily as the alcohol.

The head chef visited each table when all meals had been served and the dessert taken. With a waiter in hand he asked if we'd enjoyed the meal and would like tea, coffee or something harder, mistaking us for a couple as he did so. Mom made a joke that if she drank anything else she'd burst and I noticed didn't set him straight about our actual relationship.

"You're at sea madam," the chef began in a thick French accent. "It is accepted you lose yourself. We are in international waters you see. Rules do not apply. Eat, drink, make love. We have only one life, do not lose it to regret."

It was a strange moment. I could see Mom didn't quite know how to react to this impromptu lesson in philosophy, nor did I. We declined the offer of more drinks and the talk of liquid intake must have focussed Mom's attention on the fact she hadn't visited the bathroom the entire time we'd been dining and with her increased insistence we made a move to head back.

"Why didn't you go at the restaurant?" I laughed as we waited at an elevator. Mom pushed her clutch into her lower belly and bent forward at the hip, beginning the desperation dance.

"I'm not using the public facilities," she explained. "After all that's happened. Also, you saw me get into this, you have to basically get undressed to pee!"

It was a good point she raised. Although sexy, the jumpsuit wasn't entirely practical when it came to functionality. It was also alluring hearing my mother talk about peeing and knowing she was in desperate need to go was beginning to turn me on.

The lights flickered in the elevator when we entered and I suddenly recalled it was the same lift Brittany and I had problems with. "Actually Mom, we should take the stairs," I suggested.

"No!" She insisted, balling a fist and placing it between her tightly squeezed legs. "They're too far away. We're here now."

I pressed the floor for my parent's suite and the doors closed as expected. The elevator only had two decks to travel. It wouldn't pick now to malfunction again, I hoped. To my mother's frustration it stopped on my deck for no reason as there was no one waiting to get in. She concentrated on finding her room key card as I hammered the close door button in sympathy and we again took off.

I think we nearly made it as the elevator went through the motion of slowing down before shuddering to a halt.

"Oh God!" My mother looked at me with wide eyes.

"It's alright," I laughed taking too much delight in her predicament. "This is what happened with Britt and I. It'll start again."

She thankfully could see the funny side and smiled before slapping my arm. "You're getting too much pleasure out of seeing me like this!" She accused and had no idea how right she was.

I pressed the emergency call button and the phone rang and rang and rang. With three mirrored walls, I could see multiple angles of my mother, as with legs firmly crossed she bent forward and moaned.

"This is not happening...this is not happening," she repeated before hopping towards me and pressing the call button herself as if it would magically work for her. She tapped on the open door button, even the close door button. Finally stabbing the button for her floor over and again before giving up entirely.

"Oh God Adrian..." She placed a hand on my shoulder before backing away against the wall, "...don't watch!"

I had always considered myself a gentleman. Up until then I thought I'd always do exactly as my mother told me to. But if she thought I wasn't going to watch her wet herself in public. She was sadly mistaken.

She kept her legs together at first. Crossed at the groin in a last attempt to prevent the inevitable. The jumpsuit was a deep red, I noticed earlier, perfectly matching her lipstick but as her bladder released the inner thighs began to turn a darker burgundy. Initially she threw a hand over her eyes but this lowered to cover her open mouth as she stared down at her crotch.

"Oh God Adrian," she again stated. "I'm peeing!"

"Yep, looks like it," I chuckled as I watched the dark patch spread down her legs.

She looked up into my face, a pained expression tinged with humour. "I told you not to watch," she cried before again looking down at her groin. "Oh God this is so embarrassing!"

Without looking at me, she reached out and handed me her clutch before changing her position, uncrossing her legs. Seemingly accepting that her son was watching, she pinched the front of her pants legs and pulled up and out on the material. What she was attempting to do escaped me but it caused the jumpsuit to press firmly to her pussy mound which enabled the stream of pee to flow directly through the sodden fabric.

"Don't worry about it Mom," I attempted to soothe her as I was now witness to my mother standing before me pissing through her pants. Could she have stopped the flow? I guessed so. I mean we've all been there. Once the bladder is relieved of its pressure, you can halt the current mid stream so to speak. I was under the distinct impression she wanted to keep going. Maybe it was the alcohol, she was just drunk enough for her inhibitions to be lowered to such a debased level. Whatever the reason, it was one of the hottest things I'd ever seen.

Her hands formed a frame around her crotch, pressing the material to her groin as the stream of urine flowed from her; a waterfall of golden liquid straight from my mother's pussy. Biting her bottom lip her eyes lifted to mine as I too struggled to avert them from her crotch. We stared in each other's eyes and as if on cue, as her flow of urine ceased the elevator thumped to attention and completed its journey, its doors opening to an empty hallway.

"Of course!" Mom declared and released her hold on her sopping clothing. I held out a hand for her to step over her puddle of pee and she took it. The fact not lost on me her fingers now in my hand had just been pressed to her urine soaked pants.

Out of the elevator we looked back at the pool of pee on the floor.

"What do we do about that?" Mom asked me trying to prevent herself from laughing.

"It's probably not the worst thing the cleaners have seen on this trip but I'll report it from the room," I offered and with the door closing we made our way to Mom's suite.

The lights came on automatically when we entered and Mom made it clear she needed to shower. I had a great chance to admire her from behind when she turned from me and asked to undo her jumpsuit. Delighting in the wet patch that had spread half way up her rear and down each leg. I undid the buttons on her collar and slid the zipper slowly down her back to again reveal her underwear. I wanted to comment on them without being creepy.

"What's with the Wonder Panties?" I asked. "You don't need shape-wear!"

Mom turned with a surprised expression on her face. "How do you know about Wonder Panties?"

"Seriously Mom?" I laughed. "I doubt there's a guy in America that hasn't checked out the home shopping channel lately!"

"But why would you...?" She looked puzzled momentarily before realizing the reason, smirking and holding up a hand. "Oh, I don't want to know." She laughed as she made her way into the bathroom.

"What about a nightcap?" I called as she closed the door behind her.

"That'd be lovely Honey," she replied. "I won't be long."

A part of me. No scrap that, all of me was disappointed she hadn't invited me into the shower with her. I was becoming more and more enamoured by her by the minute and I was sure she was sending me similar signals. Nothing as clear as our eyes locking in the elevator mid pee. I called for room service when I found my parent's mini bar empty and alerted them to the 'spilled drink' in the elevator. While waiting I turned on the television and switched to a random channel. Jackpot. The in house streaming service had an adult channel and playing was what looked like a poor mans imitation of Miami Vice from the 80's.

Mom came out of the bathroom just as room service arrived with the sparkling wine I knew she had an affinity for. She wore the white

satin robe I'd been blessed with seeing beneath out on the balcony days before. Mom let her hair out of the bun as she came over to see what I'd ordered, again touching me on the shoulder.

"Ooh lovely," she commented. "I like that one."

The shower had gone some way to sobering her up which I was actually pleased about. If we were going to do this, I wanted her to be in her right mind. I certainly was.

"What are you watching?" Mom asked as she climbed onto the sofa, her feet up on the seat.

"No idea," I lied. "I just turned it on." I filled two glasses and brought them over to her. "I'll change it if you want."

Onscreen two women with big hair, short skirts and shoulder pads in their pastel colored suit jackets, held guns awkwardly as they made their way into a strip club.

"No that's alright," she thankfully replied, sipping from the glass I handed to her.

Topless women danced around poles as I sat down beside Mom. Whether it was my weight coming down on the cushion or she did

it on purpose, her bare foot slid slightly across to touch my outer thigh and I could feel the heat of her body through my pants.

There were extended closeups of the strippers and Mom scoffed at the screen. "Well they're fake!" She accused and drank again.

I didn't really know what to say so remained quiet, hoping she'd offer to show me what natural boobs looked like. I allowed my eyes to peep at her legs, the robe coming down mid thigh leaving a lot of skin exposed. Her hip so close to mine, it dawned on me she hadn't taken spare underwear into the bathroom. She wasn't wearing panties.

This and the action on the television led to the inevitable. I began to harden. Uncomfortable, I made a subtle movement and managed to angle it sideways, pointing it in her direction and relaxed somewhat. The women ventured backstage of the club and the dressing room was of course filled with naked or near naked women.

Mom continued to down her glass as we sat in silence. The movie only got worse, or better for that matter. Finding the managers office the 'agents' proceeded to seduce the owner to get the information. Mom moved her legs and I could see her robe part up to her crotch. Surely she was aware. I pondered doing the timeless move of placing an arm on the backrest of the couch behind her but deemed it too corny for even me. Instead I satisfied myself with surreptitiously peeking at her, it had to be her to make the first move. I couldn't blow this.

The sex onscreen was becoming softcore. The women down to their lingerie, ample pubic hair shaved into perfect triangles.

"Oh goodness," Mom giggled. "You certainly picked an interesting movie."

I looked directly at Mom, her robe open to the belt. An entire thigh exposed to the hip, the way her legs were positioned prevented me seeing her pussy but the bare skin above revealed to her navel.

"Yeah, look I can switch it over," I remarked, half heartedly reaching for the remote before Mom stopped me by placing a hand on my upper thigh. The edge of her palm came down on the head of my penis. The second time she'd touched my cock in the one day. Nothing was said about it and she didn't draw away. My mind reeled. I wanted her to acknowledge it. If I acted now and it was a misunderstanding the rest of our vacation would be hell. Unable to resist as more blood pumped into my erection, it twitched.

Her hand moved. Not away. So slowly she allowed her palm to creep further onto my hard-on until there was no denying between the both of us what was happening. Still she said no word. Her head remained fixed straight forward, her eyes on the screen. Was this how we'd proceed? Pretending nothing was really happening, plausible deniability?

As the lovemaking in the movie became more frenzied, her hand ever so gently rocked atop my dick, pressing firmly against my erection. I could smell her sex. She began to knead me, my cock feeling like a rolling pin beneath her small palm. It was happening, we were going to fuck. And then the scene changed in the movie. Unrelated and totally unsexy. It must have forced her to come to her senses and just like that her hand drew away rapidly.

"Mom," I sighed as she abruptly stood up, making sure her robe was covering her body. "It's alright."

"No," she quickly responded. "It's late. We should go to bed."

I followed her off the couch and she made a point of not looking at my erection tenting out my pants.

"I could stay here if you wanted," already believing it was fruitless but giving it a chance.

"No Adrian," she adamantly replied. "I think it's best for you to go."

I didn't put up a fight. I was drunk but not too drunk to see this surely wouldn't be the end. I wasn't going to sulk when we'd gone so far. She felt it too. She must. I'd let her sleep on it. We still had time. So much time.

Complying, I made my way to her door and opened with her close behind. I wasn't going to say anything but a simple goodnight but she grabbed my forearm as I entered the hallway.

"Adrian," she whispered.

I turned and looked in her glassy eyes.

"I had a wonderful day."

"Me too," I replied before letting the door close between us.

In the middle of the night I walked out onto my balcony and into the warm night air. Under a blanket of stars I looked up hopefully to see her but all was dark on her deck. Looking across the ocean, the milky way was reflecting in the water and I felt as if I floated in space. Right then everything seemed so clear to me. I felt an order to the universe. I was meant to be with her. My mother was the woman I'd waited my entire life for. I was born to fuck her!

* * * * *

I gave her ample time for a sleep in. I had breakfast at one of the buffets and after a quick visit to the gym and showering, went to her room. She wasn't there. I walked the deck and visited each of the restaurants to no avail. The pool deck was empty and the shops that

had remained open had only a smattering of browsers. None of whom were my mother.

Back at my cabin I called her room before doing another tour of the ship. Nearing lunch I began to worry. So many thoughts went through my mind. Many of them dreadful. Having a light lunch alone in a restaurant I made my mind up to have her paged and if that didn't work, alert the crew.

Making my way to the information desk I walked behind a short haired blonde woman in a tiny white skirt. Wearing high heeled wedges her tanned legs looked incredible; her ass, barely covered by the skirt, immaculate. Struggling with the shopping bags she held she stopped when she reached an elevator. Gentlemanly I reached out to press the button for her and asked, 'up or down?'

She turned to face me and my jaw literally dropped.

"Mom!" I gasped. "What the fuck?"

A beautiful smile spread across her face followed by a red hue as she blushed. "Hello you," she casually responded.

"Mom you look..." I struggled to take in her change.

"What?" She seemed to be anxious to hear out my opinion.

"You look amazing!"

And she did. I was now aware of where she'd been all morning. The hair was shorter than I'd ever seen her wear it and the blonde dye totally changed her appearance.

"Do you really like it?" She asked, obviously eager to hear more. "It's different isn't it?"

"It looks beautiful," I added. "You look beautiful."

"Thank you Sweetie; they say blondes have more fun!" She smiled. "And it's up!" She added referring to the elevator and not my swelling penis. "Let's just hope we don't have a repeat of our last venture!"

I laughed, wondering if she meant the lift breaking down or her wetting her pants. To be honest, I wouldn't have been upset with either.

I looked down at her shopping bags as the elevator set into motion. "So I can see you've been active. I went looking for you."

"Oh sorry Darling," she replied. "I should've told you where I was. I wanted to let you have a sleep in."

We got off on her deck and I took half of her bags as we walked the long hallway to the other end of the ship.

"I emailed your father," Mom stated after a moment of quiet between us.

The words were foreboding and I began to read so much into them. Had she contacted him out of guilt about what happened between us? Had she admitted what we'd done? Hang on, I stopped myself. What she'd done! Either way I nervously waited for her to elaborate, feeling a tinge of guilt I'd not contacted my own partner.

"Oh?" I replied.

"There might be a problem," she began and my heart began to sink.

"Oh?" I repeated.

"They cant find flights to Vanuatu that can get them there in time to meet the ship."

My heart began to soar.

"They've been put on standby but with the amount of passengers that were doing the same thing as us, it's not likely they'll make it."

"So what happens then?" I tried to contain my excitement. "They fly on to Fiji?"

"Most likely," Mom agreed as we reached her cabin. "Looks like you're going to have to make do with just my company for a few more days!"

"Oh I think I can deal with it," I grinned as we entered her suite.

Mom placed her bags down on the bed and I added mine to her bounty. There was still the awkwardness of last night to deal with and I wanted to get it out of the way. There was a fruit platter on the coffee table and what looked to be freshly squeezed orange juice, one of the many perks of the executive suite and as Mom made her way towards it, I stopped her.

The extra height of her heels made her taller than usual. Her skin looked radiant; her cropped blonde hair and impeccably applied makeup all made her seem a different woman. She was still my mother. Her mannerisms; humour; her speech, all distinctly Mom but now she seemed worldly. I felt almost in awe of her presence.

"Mom," I began. "About last night.."

She quickly put a finger up to cover my lips. "That was yesterday. I told you I had a wonderful day. Let's just leave it at that."

'Leave it at that,' I thought. What the fuck did that mean? I wanted to talk about it; how she'd rubbed my cock. I wanted to re-enact it for God's sake. I worked it up in my head to say something when she threw me a bone.

"I bought so many things I cant wait to try them on," she began. "And poor you, you have to be the audience for the fashion parade!"

I cooled my jets as I began to wonder what indeed she'd purchased and Mom walked around me to pour us the orange juice. Keeping my eyes on her, she bent forward and I felt my cock swelling as her skirt rode up high on her thighs. Yeah, poor me! I mused.

As instructed I took my juice and some grapes out onto the balcony. The sun was blazing; the sea, glassy, defying the predictions. I sat down on a deck chair just as Mom walked out wearing a large sun hat.

"Ta da!" She exclaimed and although she was beautiful, I'd been expecting something different.

"So what's new?" I asked. "The hat?"

"No. Well yes, everything!" She performed a turn and I again admired her ass.

"So everything you've got on is new?"

"Uh huh," she smiled under the shade of the hat.

Fuck it I thought, I'll go for it. "Shoes?"

She nodded.

"Skirt, top, hat?" I enquired.

"Of course silly."

"What about your panties?"

There was a moments pause before she answered and I held my breath hoping I hadn't spoiled it.

"Well yes but you don't want to look at your mother's panties do you?"

"I want to see everything you bought, that was the idea of the fashion parade," I reasoned.

Seemingly without a second thought she dropped her hands to the front of her skirt and raised it the short distance up her thighs. I'd thankfully swallowed the grape as I'd surely have choked when I saw the bulge of her pussy behind her white lace underwear.

"Do you like them?" She asked.

I twirled my finger in response and subordinately she turned to show me her rear. There was nothing of them to see. The string of her thong disappearing between the bare cheeks of her bottom.

"Yes," I finally replied, breathing out. "They're hot!"

"Great," Mom beamed, heading back inside I noticed leaving her skirt up around her waist.

I had an erection. How could I not have? Mom had just willingly lifted her skirt to show me her panties. I wondered what to do with it. Should I take it out? No, too crude. Just see where this was going I told myself. I satisfied myself with more grapes as I waited.

She returned with flip flops, denim shorts and a see through beach shirt. A bikini top showing underneath. As I watched she tied a knot in the shirt to further reveal the shorts.

"What do you think about these?" She asked, looking down at the shorts. "They didn't have my size so I had to go down one. They're not too tight are they? I was hoping to lose some weight anyway!"

I'd do all I could to prevent her from losing that weight. Her ass filled out the tiny denim shorts perfectly. Just the right amount of cheek exposed to be sexy and yet still relatively acceptable in public. I mean I wouldn't go wearing them to church or anything, but they'd pass on a cruise ship.

"Wow!" I gasped. "Just wow. That's all. Oh and they fit you perfectly."

She smiled again and undid the shirt revealing the bikini. A plain black that clung to her breasts. With my eyes glued to her she lowered the shorts to reveal the full back briefs to match. Her buttocks bulging out the material, her pussy mound snug and enticing.

If she had noticed my erect cock, she hadn't made it obvious. I was so hard that with every slight movement it felt as if I were masturbating. I could even feel the head moistened with pre-cum.

She came back out in a dark emerald sleeveless satin dress and my heart skipped a beat. Without shoes, she twirled for me and seemed to take delight in how it rose around her.

"Mom," I managed to say. "You look..." I fumbled around in my head for a word. "...stunning."

"I had to buy it when I saw it," she purred, running her hands over the material. "Don't ever tell your father how much it cost!"

"You have to wear that to dinner tonight," I suggested. "Everyone's heads will be turning."

"Oh, I thought we could maybe just have room service out here on the balcony," she in turn rebutted.

"Yes," I quickly agreed. "A way better idea. But you have to still wear that dress."

She made to head back inside and I stopped her. "Aren't you forgetting something?" I asked.

"What?"

"Ah, your panties?" I smiled now fully confident in our relationship.

"Oh," she laughed. "I'm not wearing any!"

She left me with that as she hurried back inside. "One more," she called and I doubted she could look hotter than she had already.

I was wrong.

My mother. My fifty five year old mother, walked back out into the sunlight wearing a bikini I'd only seen in porn. I tell a lie. Nothing in porn had looked this good. There were no cups, no gusset. The item consisted of pink string that merely sat around the nipples, not covering them. The thong if that was what it could be called, left the labia bare let alone offering anything to cover the pubic bone. My mother was in essence naked. She held in her hand a bottle of sunscreen, and this is how it would happen I realized.

The 'have the son apply sunscreen' trick. An oldie but a goody, I supposed.

"And finally," she hummed as she did a turn for me. "There's this."

I couldn't respond. I had no words that did her justice. To express how infatuated I was with her, how amazing I felt she looked and even she didn't seem to be expecting me to comment.

"Will you?" She stated, handing me the bottle and laying a deck chair flat in preparation of her laying upon it.

My hands were actually shaking as I removed my sunglasses. My cock bulged out the front of my shorts. This was really happening. She lay face down on the now flat deck chair, her arms along her sides, her head turned in my direction. The tan lines created by her swimsuit were pronounced now she was near nude. Who was I kidding? She was nude! I squeezed out a large amount of cream into the palm of my hand and pressed it to the top of her spine, smearing it across her shoulders. The string straps of her so called bikini were hardly even there and barely registered as I ran my hands across them.

"Mmm, that feels nice," Mom whispered. "Like a massage."

I took it as a suggestion and worked my thumbs into the muscles of her back; applying more cream and giving her arms the same treatment. With the sun beating down on us, her skin glistened and I began to sweat, stopping for a moment to remove my t-shirt. Mom sat up on her elbows to watch.

"Oh, I thought you were stopping."

"No, I was just getting too hot is all," I explained, throwing my shirt on the adjacent lounge.

"You know you should probably take off your shorts," she added. "They're your good ones, you don't want to get sunscreen on them. It stains."

She knew I had an erection. Even though Blind Freddy could see what was happening between us I still had a dilemma as to whether I remove my underpants along with them. That small part of my rational brain telling me not to fuck things up. I followed her instructions but left my briefs on. It didn't matter, my hard cock even more pronounced now, hidden only by the thin material of my tight black boxers.

Mom smiled, her eyes on my cock before laying as before and applying more sunscreen I went to work on her calves, massaging and kneading her skin. Making my way ever so slowly up. The backs of her knees and her parted thighs. I stared directly between her legs; her glistening labia framed by the pink string before it came together and disappeared between the cheeks of her ass.

Again she sighed as I massaged her thighs and more so when my hands made contact with her buttocks. With a palm on each, I worked the sunscreen into her flesh; spreading her cheeks to reveal her puckered asshole, the thin pink string laying upon it. I wasn't taking a chance. There was no denying we were in deep, but cinching the deal I applied a little more sunscreen to my finger.

"Just to be sure Mom," I said. "We don't want you to get burnt anywhere."

Pressing my finger to the crack of her ass I began at the top of her buttocks and slid it down underneath the string. With a hand parting her, I smeared the cream back and forth; my finger sliding over her anus, feeling the damp of her pussy and back. Over and again I rubbed. My mother sighing each time I pressed down on her sphincter which twitched, opening slightly almost begging for me to enter.

I took my hands from her. "Come on. Other side," I ordered and she willingly rolled to face me.

With an arm behind her neck to support her raised head, Mom looked me in the eye.

"Adrian," she whispered. "Take them off."

Well there it was. It was obviously now official. Apart from the fact I'd just rubbed her asshole, this was the final confirmation I needed. Mom and I were lovers.

I didn't waste any time. My cock sprang out as I lowered my shorts and I wasn't disappointed with its appearance. My shaved balls heavy with pent up sperm, my erection about as hard as I got and light stubble of pubic hair leading up to my belly button. I didn't wait for a reaction from Mom. I could only wonder at what she felt, seeing my cock for the first time in easily more than twenty years. I applied more sunscreen to my hands and dropped down to coat her feet. Her

toes were so small and as I massaged her feet with cream it dawned on me I didn't think I'd ever noticed them before, let alone touched them. The thought of a foot job came to mind and amazingly I think I further hardened.

I caressed her shins, up to her thighs and made a point of avoiding her pubis for the time being. When I reached her breasts, there was no hesitation. I pulled the string of the bikini away from them and set to caressing, gently pinching her nipples which hardened with my touch. Her soft belly followed until the time came. Working the insides of her parted thighs, the side of my hand touched the wet of her lips. Under her watchful eyes I eased up around her groin and pressed my palm to her pubic bone, the thin string of the bikini getting in the way.

"It'd be easier without this," I proposed and without seeking permission, slid the thong off down her legs, tossing it onto my clothing. Taking the opportunity, Mom stripped her top off over her head and now we were completely naked. Mother and son as nature intended.

Back to the pronounced mound of her smooth pubic bone, I ran my fingers down and along the sides of her vulva, stroking her plump outer lips. She glistened not with sunscreen but with the juice that flowed freely from her pussy and with this liquid I smeared her entire groin. When finally I parted the lips with one hand and dabbed at her clitoris, she threw back her head and surrendered to the pleasure.

Working away on her clit with my thumb I nudged the knuckle of my index finger between her labia and caressed her slick opening. Her hands reached out to hold something, one gripping the edge of the lounge, the other clasping onto my thigh. Increasing the speed of my thumb moving on her clit, I extended my finger and slowly entered her body.

"Oh God," Mom moaned, her fingers digging into my flesh. "Yes Baby, yes."

Her hand crept along my thigh, slowly inching towards my cock and I shifted position slightly to hasten its progress and take a firmer hold on her pussy. She found what she was looking for and her fingers wrapped around me, initially just squeezing, holding onto me for comfort or support.

Her vagina welcoming my penetration, I added another; still stimulating her engorged clitoris as I finger fucked my mother's pussy. Her hand began masturbating me before she stopped and squeezed tighter.

"Oh shit Adrian," she cried, obviously unconcerned about being heard by our neighbors. "I'm going to cum!"

The confession spurred me on. Renewing with vigour my assault on her dripping pussy, my thumb slipping and sliding around on her clit.

She let go of her hold on the lounge and raising her left leg, grabbed behind her knee exposing more pussy to light. Still she clung to my cock, the swollen head turning purple. I had three fingers inside her now, my little finger pressing to her twitching anus.

"Fuck," she yelled. A word I'd never heard her say. Again she cried out as I felt the inside walls of her vagina clasp around my fingers. "I'm cumming Baby. You're making Mommy cum!"

If anything, she squeezed harder on my cock and I thought I in turn was about to orgasm before she let go and in one swift move raised her hand to the back of my head and pulled me down into her pussy.

Wrenching my hand away and replacing it with my face, I caught the flood of my mother's orgasm in my mouth. Her thighs wrapped around my head cinching me in position, my ears muffled to the sounds of her pleasure above me as she ground her cumming cunt into my face.

"Kiss me; put it in me," she begged as her thigh's hold on my head decreased.

I slid up along her body and my wet mouth met hers. My dick homed its way to her vagina and pressed to her opening before, taking hold of my hips, Mom pulled me violently into her.

Our tongues entwined, I sighed into her mouth as my entire length filled her pussy. "I won't last long," I coyly admitted and wrapping her legs around my waist, Mom smiled.

"I don't mind. Just cum in me Adrian," she panted between my lips.

Ashamedly, it only took a matter of thrusts. With one arm around her neck, the other beneath her, I began to cum. "Oh Mom," I breathed.

"Yes Honey?" She replied, lifting my face to look her in the eyes.

"I'm cumming Mom," I confessed.

"Good boy," she praised me as if I'd brought home an exceptional report card. "Fill Mommy's pussy Baby. Give me all that cum."

"Ahh, fuck yes," I moaned as I released inside her. Spurt after spurt flowing from my balls with every waning thrust.

She pulled my face down onto her's and we again were joined at the mouth and sex, kissing as I slowed my movement to eventually cease. Our bodies locked in a post coital lovers embrace where we lay unspeaking for minutes.

I felt sweat dripping from my body as the sun blazed upon us.

"Are we good?" I whispered into her ear, kissing her lobe.

She turned her face to me smiling. "We're better than good Adrian," she replied before pausing. "Will you go get something for me?" She continued.

My cock had softened inside her and as I sat up on my elbow, slid from her body. "What?"

She smiled wickedly. "One of the martini glasses."

I had no idea what she needed it for but more than curious, rose from the lounge and quickly retrieved one from inside the suite.

When I returned she'd placed the chair back in its upright position and seated, she took the glass from me.

I didn't get the chance to ask what she was planning as she quickly spread her legs and placed it beneath her pussy. Fascinated; my jaw dropping, I watched as she squeezed my cum out of her vagina and into the glass, using a finger to encourage its flow

No, I thought. She wouldn't.

And she did.

With me looking on in awe, my mother raised the quarter full martini glass to her open lips and tipped it in, my cum slowly draining into her mouth. With her eyes on me she swallowed, before poking out her tongue and licking the remnants from inside the glass.

My dick swelled at her behaviour. How could my mother act so deviantly? She was so clean cut, so straight.

"There's more where that came from," I offered and she licked her lips.

"I hope so," she smiled and I held out a hand for her to come to me.

A mouth full of my cum or not, I kissed her on the lips and told her I loved her.

"We'll be in Vanuatu in a day," I told her. "What happens if Dad and Brittany are there?"

Mom smiled, seemingly not wanting to share my pessimism for the time being.

"We'll cross that bridge when we get to it Honey," she assured me between kisses. "There's a lot of ocean between then and now. So many onboard activities."

My cock, now fully erect, wedged between her upper thighs, touching her dripping pussy.

"Should we go for a swim then?" I asked, dropping my hands to her ass and squeezing her cheeks.

"That sounds lovely Darling," she replied, breaking our embrace and leading me by the cock back into the suite. "But maybe after another martini!"

* * * * *

One day from Vanuatu

My mother lay on her stomach facing the other end of the bed, the laptop before her. From my vantage point with my back against the headrest I had a clear view between her legs, her pussy and asshole on display. I looked through the viewfinder of my father's SLR and focused.

"Mom, turn around," I directed and she looked over her shoulder at me. Peering over the dark rimmed reading glasses resting low on her

nose, she smiled before poking out her tongue. I took the photo anyway and admired the image captured onscreen.

"Your father says there's a problem with the weather," she revealed the content of the email she was reading. "The ex tropical cyclone or something. He says that even if they can get flights to Vanuatu they might not be able to land. He's mentioning possibly meeting back up with us in Fiji." I looked out through the open doors to the weather beyond. There were clouds in the sky and the water had definitely become choppy but I saw very little evidence of a storm.

"Hmm, sounds like they're finding excuses not to get back on board," I joked.

"Oh you think that too?" Mom closed the computer and crawled over beside me, nestling into my side. I placed an arm around her and kissed her forehead as she took the camera from me.

"No, I was joking," I explained. "Why would they?"

"Why indeed?" Mom cryptically replied, pointing the camera at my face and taking a photo. "Oh it didn't work."

I took the camera and looked at the message on the screen. "The memory card's full."

She took it back and scrolled through the photos I'd taken in the last few days, predominately of her.

"Oh my God Adrian," she exclaimed, zooming in on the black shirt she'd worn in Noumea. "Why didn't you tell me you could see my boobs?"

I laughed and kissed her hair, my cock rising beneath the white sheet. "It's not the easiest thing to tell your mother her clothes are see-through! Besides, it was hot."

She continued skipping through the shots. "Is this when you felt it?"

I knew exactly what she was talking about. When I discovered I was sexually attracted to my mother. "No," I replied, stroking her bare shoulder. "Before."

She looked up into my eyes. "When?"

I could see she wasn't going to let it rest. "That first day onboard. Remember when you and Brittany stood together on the deck? The wind pressed your dress against your, well, your pussy. It made me start thinking about it. I dreamt about you!"

She discarded the camera and slid the sheet down my body to reveal my erection, her hand encircling.

"And then of course later when you came out wearing that robe and we saw you naked," I elaborated. "You must have just been with Dad."

"I wasn't!" She quickly rebutted.

"Mom, I don't care if you were, I..."

"We don't sleep together any more Adrian. We just watch!" She freely admitted and the comment raised many questions. "Graham has someone else."

She'd turned her face from me to look at my penis and I tilted her head back in my direction. "What are you talking about? This is your anniversary trip, I thought you were happy."

"I am happy. We still love each other. We're just together for convenience I suppose."

"But there's another woman?" I asked.

"I'd suspected," she replied. "Now I know."

My cock, despite her handling had begun to soften. "You know. Who?"

"Oh Adrian, really?" She stated, giving me an almost pitying smile.

I stated blankly at her a moment before answering. "No!"

Mom took her hand from my limp cock and rose from the bed. I watched as she poured a glass of chilled water and brought it back to me, sitting beside me on the edge of the bed.

"You didn't think it was strange they both got sick?" She began. "That they weren't with us at New Year's. That as you said, they're finding excuses to not get back onboard."

They were all revelations to me. "But Brittany and I are still having sex!" I feebly countered, aware it was probably the only surviving part of our relationship.

"Well that doesn't surprise me Adrian, no one could say Brittany wasn't always libidinous."

"What do you mean by that?" I questioned.

Mom paused and I could see she was struggling with something. To my surprise she stood up and walked out onto the deck. Naked, I

followed her and caught up as she leaned on the railing looking out to sea.

I ran a hand down her bare back to show we weren't arguing. "Mom, what is it?"

She turned and looked in my eyes. "You didn't ask me when I knew. When I knew about you and me."

I could sense a confession coming on and I asked her. "So what was it?"

"I used to hear you you know; fucking her."

It was possible; I was living at home when I first met Brittany but I presumed we'd kept our lovemaking relatively secret.

"It didn't bother your father and I. In fact it probably made us closer. Sexually that is. We both got something from it I suppose," Mom relieved herself. "We smelled her on you! Do you understand?"

I did have a pretty good idea what she was talking about and didn't feel the need to reply.

"I might have become a little obsessive back then Adrian," she began to blush and I wondered what she was about to admit.

"I just wanted to know you were being looked after by her. My son deserved the best, so I went out of my way to spy and to be honest, I was jealous."

The thought that my mom had been listening to me fucking Brittany was turning me on and she noticed my penis hardening, her eyes drifting down.

"I was jealous that she had your love. That it was her hand on my son's dick." Mom casually reached down and held my erection, her thumb running over the head.

"You should have said something," I offered.

"Oh yes, right!" She scoffed. "Your mother comes out and says she wants to sleep with you just as you're experiencing the love of your life. That would've gone down well!"

I conceded it didn't sound like a wise idea and laughed. "Well I hope after all these years it was worth the wait; my dick in your hand."

She bit her lip to prevent a cheeky smile and looked out to sea.

"Mom? What is it?"

"Well it's not exactly the first time!" She shamefully grinned.

"What do you mean?"

"Remember your bucks party?" She asked.

"Hardly!" I admitted. "I was way drunk."

"I know. Your so called friends leaving you on the front porch like that. Dressed like that!"

I remembered being made to wear the 'Borat' mankini. I remembered the strippers and being unloaded from a car outside our house. Very little else about the night remained.

"It was your father who found you out there when he heard the car drive away," Mom began to fill in the blanks of the night, ten years after it happened. "We both helped you up the stairs and into your bedroom." She again blushed and I became more curious.

"Your father didn't see you touch me!"

"What?" I exclaimed. "What are you talking about?"

A broad smile covered her face. "I know you had no idea it was me of course. You were mumbling about strippers and Brittany. We were half way up the stairs when I felt it; your hand on my bottom. I allowed it stay there of course, I mean it was possible you were just grabbing anything for support. But then you moved it."

Mom placed her other hand beneath my balls as she stroked the length of my cock, seeming to be becoming as turned on telling the story as I was hearing it.

"I was only wearing a little nightie," she looked up and to the left as if trying to picture it in her head. "It was satin for memory, pink. Your fingers ran up and down my crack through the material before diving beneath. I had panties on but you found your way into them, your fingers on my vagina...my other hole."

"Mom!" I exclaimed, shocked. "I had no idea. I have no memory of this at all."

"It's okay. You were drunk," she pardoned me.

"Yeah but to think I could've done that to you, to anyone!"

"As I said Honey, you at least had an excuse. What I did was done sober."

Mom used her thumb to wipe the ample pre-cum from the head of my cock and lifted it to her mouth. She ran it across her bottom lip like lip gloss before licking it off. Her eye caught by something in the water, she turned her face from me and looked at the ocean.

"Oh God look Adrian," she screamed. "A whale. Oh and it has a baby. Go get the camera."

I looked where she pointed and so close to the ship there swam a huge whale and calf. "There's no room on the card."

"Your father has others. In the camera case. There's a side pocket."

I ran back into the suite and found the camera bag atop a suitcase in the closet. Side pocket, I thought and unzipped an almost hidden compartment below the shoulder strap. There was one SD card inside and to the cries of my mother shouting to hurry up, I snatched the camera from the bed and again joined her on the balcony.

Quickly changing the cards I was able to zoom in with the powerful lens and snap away a few shots of them breaching before the ship overtook.

"Oh my goodness," Mom clapped. "That was wonderful. Did you get them Darling?"

I looked down at the screen, holding it so Mom could see and scrolled back through the photos I'd managed to capture.

"Oh they're great," she proudly stated.

The image clicked from my first hurried and blurry photo to a picture of my wife and for a moment I didn't quite know what I was looking at.

"Oh my God!" Mom gasped.

Before us, captured digitally on my father's pride and joy \$1000 camera was all the evidence my mother and I needed. The photos were taken on our first day on the ship judging by the clothing we were wearing. It was staggering that it had happened right under mine and my mother's noses. One shot was particularly daring as Brittany had the front of her dress lifted, showing her pussy to the camera while Mom and I stood behind on this very balcony looking in the opposite direction at the Sydney skyline.

There were others more graphic. What I expected was my father's cock in her mouth. She was wearing the black maxi dress and it amazed me she'd been able to find the time to do it all behind my back. Photos of her during the fireworks. And the clincher, a selfie of Brittany and Dad kissing, and not in a daughter/father-in-law kind of way.

"Oh Honey," Mom put her hand on my forearm, forcing the camera downwards. "I'm so sorry."

I didn't really know what to feel. Upset wasn't the word. I felt more anger at my father cheating on my mother than I did at Brittany cheating on me. Who was I to talk though? Here I was making love to my own mother behind their backs. What right did I have to be righteous?

I looked again at Mom. "You know what? I don't care!"

Her hand gripped my arm tighter.

"This just makes it easier for us Mom," I insisted.

Her eyes lit up and I placed the camera down on the outdoor table, wrapping my arms around her. My cock which had been resting, renewed its ascent and with Mom throwing her arms over my shoulders, I lifted her up onto my chest while her legs circled my waist.

"We've got some celebrating to do!" I stated.

* * * * *

There were only two other couples in the cinema and we'd chosen to sit close to the back row to avoid them. The film was some superhero extravaganza which neither of us was paying much attention to.

"You know you didn't finish the story," I leaned into my mother's ear and whispered.

"Hmm?" She looked at me furrowing her brow as the light from the screen illuminated her face before again plunging into darkness. "Oh, no I didn't did I!?"

We had decided to have dinner in the restaurant after all and seeing a movie following, Mom was still wearing her new green dress. With my hand resting on her leg, the satisfying texture of satin (and the fact I was caressing my mother's thigh) was turning me on, my cock rising accordingly.

Mom shifted slightly to rest her cheek on my shoulder, her mouth only inches from my ear. With the armrest up between us, our legs were touching and I felt her hand unzip my fly.

"I can remember it like yesterday Adrian. My poor drunk son; basically naked in that ridiculous costume."

Her hand deftly opened my pants wide, pulled my erection from my underpants and unseen by anyone else in the theatre, began stroking up and down my length.

"You had a finger inside me Darling. Your father supported most of your weight so he had no idea what was going on on my side. I supposed you thought I was Brittany and out of love for you I didn't want to dissuade you of that notion."

With my arm wrapped around her shoulder, I pulled her closer into me, kissing her forehead. My other hand delved beneath her dress until my fingers were against her pantyless pussy.

"We nearly fell over at the top of the stairs. All three of us, and your hand came out of my panties. I lost my hold on you and your father completed the rest of the journey with you to your room alone."

"But you said you did something?" I reminded her.

"Oh I followed. To be honest I laughed at you from behind. That fluorescent swimsuit between your muscly buttocks. You looked adorable," she kissed my ear and it sent goosebumps down my body. "Adorable but ridiculous," she elaborated. "Your father threw you on your bed and walked away in disgust but I stayed. I was your mother Adrian. I had to make sure my baby was okay."

Mom was quickly jacking me off and her pussy was slick beneath my fingers, dripping. I was protecting her new purchase when I pulled her around, lifting her leg up over my lap. She raised the satin dress and positioning my dick at the entrance to her vagina, slowly lowered herself fully down onto me.

"Ohhh," she sighed as my length filled her. "God you're bigger than your father!"

I met her mouth with mine, my tongue penetrating her along with my cock, before her lips were back beside my ear.

"I couldn't leave you there like that Baby. On top of the sheets, wearing that thing. Someone had written groom on your forehead and I went to the bathroom to moisten a facecloth in order to rub it off. When I got back you'd moved and your penis was exposed. I would've seen it when I took off the swimsuit anyway, this was just sooner than expected."

My hands were underneath Mom's dress, holding her ass as she gently rocked away on my cock. She was so wet I could feel it dripping into my pants around my balls.

"As I wiped the writing from your face you opened your eyes. You saw me Adrian. You knew I was there and you smiled. I know you had no idea, the state you were in, but for that moment you were happy you saw your mother. I pulled the swimsuit from you and as I lowered it over your hips, my hand brushed your penis. It was wrong. So wrong but I left it there. It felt so warm and was obviously so much bigger than when you were a boy."

There was a particularly bright section of the movie and Mom turned to be certain we weren't being observed. Satisfied, she kept on with the story, squeezing her pussy around me.

"And you hardened. Beneath my hand, you grew hard. You were breathing loud, almost snoring and I thought that any moment your father would come back in so I worked as fast as I could."

I raised my hands from her buttocks and lowered the dress below my mother's breasts, her nipples hard between my fingers as I kissed her neck.

"It looked so beautiful Adrian. Your cock. I needed to hold it. To feel its weight. I climbed up on the bed next to you and placed one of your hands under me, pressing it into my pussy as I wrapped my hand around your swelling dick. My son's dick. So hard for his Mommy."

Mom moved her mouth onto mine and our tongues danced. She bucked on my groin with renewed vigour, grinding her clit against my pubic bone.

"And you loved it Adrian," Mom continued. "You moaned. I told myself you knew it was me. That you were only pretending to be asleep. I whispered to you 'you were born to fuck me' I said. I was so wet and you were so hard. We were meant to be together like all mothers and sons. And then you came. It went everywhere Baby. Across your chest, your stomach, running down my knuckles. I had

to get rid of the evidence. What if your father had returned and seen us, what I'd done? I felt I had only one option."

"You licked it up," I completed her story, thrusting my groin up into her. Ten years later and about to cum again.

"I licked it up!" Only after did I realize I could've used the washcloth but it was irrelevant. I loved it. The taste, the thick milkiness. I even put my mouth around you, sucked your softening cock, squeezing your balls to extract every last drop of your beautiful cream."

"Oh fuck Mom," I gasped.

"Yes Honey?" She moaned, leaning back with her hands on the seats behind. Her bare breasts illuminated by the projection above us.

"I'm gonna cum," I admitted.

"Then cum my darling. Cum inside Mommy's pussy."

I lifted the front of her dress to see my dick penetrating her; my mother's bald pussy rapidly sliding up and down my slick pole. Finally I pulled her to me, wrapping my arms tight around her with my mouth over hers.

"I can feel it Baby," she breathed into me as I released inside her. "I can feel it spraying me."

Jet after jet of cum left me. My cock twitching with each pulse. Her vagina squeezed around me, sucking me inside, trapping my seed within.

"I love you Adrian," she stated as our eyes remained locked. "You're the love of my life."

She didn't allow me to respond, again kissing me, her dripping tongue in my mouth.

I was still hard. Still so horny. Reaching out I raised the next armrest along and with my mother still impaled on my erection, lifted her body and lay her on her back along the seats. A quick look at the other patrons before I again began thrusting. The cum, the juice flowing from her vagina, made it noisy; made it sloppy. There was a conversation taking place onscreen and I was sure we could be heard but I cared not. My balls slapped against her ass as I fucked her.

"I heard you Mom," I confessed between thrusts. "Back then. I heard what you said when I was sleeping. It came back to me in a dream. I've always known."

Mom threw her arms up around my neck and brought me down onto her chest, our mouths connected.

"Say it Baby," she begged as I ground my pubic bone into her clit.

"I was born to fuck you," I whispered in her ear as I came a second time; the walls of her vagina quivering as her own orgasm swept through her body.

"We're cu...cumming together Adrian," Mom stammered, breathing heavily. "Mommy's cumming Baby. You've made Mommy cum!"

Her legs wrapped around my exposed ass, locking me atop her as we kissed. Still thrusting, her pussy tightly squeezing around me I came again or was it the same orgasm prolonged? I no longer had any idea, it was just so pleasurable. I kissed her ear and wondered why it had taken so long for this to happen. We could've been fucking for years if she'd given me a sign; if I'd remembered 'that' night.

Slowing my thrusts, a thought came to mind.

"Why did you pull away when we were watching the movie? When you touched my dick?"

"I wanted to be sure," Mom replied gaining her breath. "We were both so drunk Honey. I wanted us to know what we were doing, to remember everything."

The explanation more than satisfied me. It was why she was the mother. Looking out for my best interests. I looked over the seats to see the credits rolling on the screen and the other patrons leaving. One looked back towards me, my face peering over the seats, it was obvious what we'd been up to.

"Mom, we'd better go," I suggested.

* * * * *

Vanuatu

I watched her as she sat on a stool at the bar sipping her drink through a straw, her red lips and tongue treating it as if it were a miniature cock. Her short blond hair slicked back, she ignored the men on either side of her attempting a pick up as she surveyed the bar. Her eyes finally alighting on me, she showed recognition but didn't approach.

Turning her head towards the man to the right of her she nodded and spoke something to him before looking back at me. One of the shoelace straps of her black slip of a dress fell from her shoulder and she did nothing to correct it whilst below she uncrossed her legs. From my vantage point seated across the room I had a clear view up her dress; her smooth tanned thighs and pantyless, bald pussy between.

A drink was placed behind her by the barman and the aforementioned man to the right motioned her towards its presence. My mother smiled at him and they spoke before she rose and picking up the drink, headed towards me.

She only became more attractive as she neared me. The satin dress barely covering her crotch; her clearly braless breasts swaying seductively as she moved, nipples pronounced. Even now, here in this public bar in Port Vila, Vanuatu I grew hard under her gaze.

Reaching my armchair she placed her glass down on the table and bending at the hip leaned forward to kiss me on the lips, her cold tongue flicking against my own, gin on her breath.

"I've missed you," she whispered into my mouth as she climbed onto my lap, knees either side of my hips and her pussy coming down directly on my erection.

"I've only been outside for ten minutes!"

"Mmm that's too long," she purred.

I laughed as her mouth kissed the side of my neck. I looked over her shoulder and the men remained staring at us. At her. Their mouths agape, no doubt they'd seen up her dress as she'd kissed me.

"Your fans are watching," I informed her. "What did you say to them?"

Mom ground her crotch against mine and looked me in the eyes. "One of them offered to buy me a drink and I accepted. He asked me what I was up to and I told him I was waiting for my son. I just told him you arrived!"

"Oh Jesus, Mom!" I exclaimed, now understanding their countenance.

"What?" She smirked.

I shook my head. "You're so bad."

"Are you going to punish me?"

I pushed my cock up hard against her. "Nuh uh. I'm going to reward you. I have news."

Late in the evening we walked back to the ferry that would return us to the ship tendered offshore. I'd spoken with Brittany via phone outside the bar and she'd informed with with regret her and Dad wouldn't be meeting us in Vanuatu but Fiji, five days later. It was music to my ears then and sounded better in the retelling to Mom.

When we reached the ferry we were arm in arm and on the short journey to the ship we couldn't keep our mouths off each other.

"I want to fuck five days straight!" Mom drunkenly admitted in my ear, loud enough for the many other mostly elderly passengers to hear.

I looked around at them and received disapproving looks from the retirees but Mom was unfazed, kissing my neck, her hand openly rubbing the front of my pants.

'Five days straight,' and then what? I wondered. How would we handle our situation when my wife and father were back on board?

"Mom," I warned her, gesturing to the audience and she looked into my eyes and then upon the frowning crowd.

"What?" Mom challenged the ferry. "He's my son!"

I felt my face redden as I witnessed their visages turn from displeasure to shock. Thankfully we docked with the cruise ship and to the tut tuts of grandmothers and surprisingly some thumbs up by their husbands, we boarded our vessel.

Mom couldn't wait until we reached the suite. In a corridor she stopped and pushed me against the wall. Without thought of being

seen she pressed her body to me, our mouths connected. Her breasts squished against my chest, her pubic bone grinding upon my growing erection.

"I was thinking," I confessed to her, my hands caressing her back and buttocks beneath the satin.

"About fucking me?" Mom whispered, her tongue flicking my ear.

"No, well yes. I mean about how to deal with Dad and Brittany," I explained.

She brought her face in line with mine and looked on intently.

"It was you," I continued. "What you said to the men in the bar. The old people on the ferry. You just freely admitted we were related. Why don't we just do that with Dad and Britt?"

"They know we're related!"

"No, just come straight out and tell them we're lovers," I elaborated. "They can be together. We can be together. We're just swapping partners; lives."

Mom's glassy eyes showed signs of joy, hope. "I love it," she confessed. "We'll do it the minute they get back on board."

My cock swelled with pride at how well she'd embraced my proposal and Mom clearly felt it.

"I love something else too," she confided, stroking the front of my pants. "And Mommy needs feeding."

Dropping to a squat, Mom deftly unzipped my fly on her way down and had my dick out before I had a chance to check the surroundings. Vanuatu had seen more than five hundred passengers return to the cruise and their presence was noticeable. Looking left and right however, the long hallway was deserted for the time being and I again returned my focus on the beautiful woman at my groin.

Her tongue slowly slid up the underside of my cock, followed by her hand as her eyes found mine. Reaching the head she licked up the clear pre-cum that was squeezed from my length, drawing it into her mouth to savour its sweetness before enveloping me with her lips. I closed my eyes and my head fell back against the wall as my mother's hot wet mouth pulled me into her, my cock clasped by her lips, her tongue and finally the tightness of her throat. I could hear her gagging and looked down at her watery eyes but she didn't pull away, instead reaching for my hand to place on her neck. I felt it. As she allowed my penis to further plumb her depths, I felt it pushing out her throat from the inside. She took me fully inside her, her lips meeting my pubic bone before her face, reddening pulled back off my engorged cock.

Her mouth came away in a flood of saliva and I was reminded of her spitting in her snorkel visor so many days before. Struggling to gain her breath, Mom was quick to take hold of my slick penis, using the saliva as lubricant to masturbate my length as she licked my smooth dripping balls. Again she had me in her mouth. Sucking the head as her hand milked the shaft, the other dropping the front of her dress to expose her breasts.

Saliva dripped upon her chest, ran down her neck. Her slurping and gurgling was unrestrained. Loud enough I presumed to be heard from inside the cabins around us but as yet we were undisturbed.

"Fuck Mom that feels so good," I admitted.

"Oh yeah?" She momentarily removed her mouth from me to answer.
"You like Mommy sucking your cock Baby?"

"Oh yes, you look beautiful," I praised her.

"Beautiful enough to cum on?" She asked.

"Oh fuck yes," I hissed.

"Then cum on me Adrian. Cum in my mouth. Cum on my face. I need my son's cum Baby!"

Her hand was working overtime along my length. Her mouth twisted around the head. An elderly couple rounded a corner to our right and headed towards us but I cared not. I could have stopped, I should've, but my mother had told me to do something and I was determined to fulfil her wish. They neared us. They halted not six feet away and watched. Not with the disapproving looks we'd received from the prudish old crones on the ferry but with fascination and I turned my attention back on my mother. Her eyes had momentarily strayed onto our audience but now focussed on the job at hand, or at mouth as the case would be.

With renewed vigour she sucked my cock. Her hand jerked me furiously and with her now squeezing my balls I could feel my orgasm approach.

"Shit Mom, I'm gonna cum!" I freely admitted and her response was a moan as she dropped a hand down to delve between her own legs. The couple hadn't reacted to my incestuous confession although in my peripheral vision they did seem to move closer together.

With her lips clasped tight around the head of my cock and her hand grasping my length, I began to cum. Her eyes locked on mine as I emptied my load in her mouth. Pulse after pulse of hot jism flowing over her tongue. I felt her swallow before she pulled me from her mouth to take the final spurts upon her face, my semen dripping from her chin.

"See I told you the entertainment was better on this cruise Iris," the old man stated to his companion.

Mom was smiling as she turned to acknowledge the couple, using a finger to scoop the excess sperm back into her mouth before rising before me. I placed an arm around her waist as we watched the man and woman resume their passage along the corridor.

"You have a little left on your breast there Honey," the woman added, winking at us as they passed.

Mom and I looked down at her cum and saliva slick breasts before we met eyes and embraced laughing.

I stroked the side of her face, my fingers running through her short gel filled hair.

"I love you Mom," I confessed and brought her lips to mine to seal the contract.

She tasted like cum, like incest, like love. She tasted like my mother.

* * * * *

Fiji

"The air conditioning still doesn't work!" Brittany noticed as she strolled our cabin. "The fridge is still out!" She added as she checked the mini bar.

"Yeah I didn't really need it," I replied. "I haven't been spending much time in here."

"Oh?" Brittany mulled over my words.

"Brittany. I know," I admitted, my heart beating rapidly.

She looked confused before something must have clicked and her shoulders slumped in a look of resignation. "It was the memory card wasn't it?"

I didn't answer.

"He was fretting about it the whole time we were in New Caledonia," Brittany continued. "'Don't forget the camera,' I told him. And what does he do? Forgets the camera!" She took a seat on the side of the bed and looked away from me. "I'm sorry Adrian. We couldn't help it. You can't chose who you love!"

Her eyes slowly drifted back to me and if she was expecting me to be enraged or broken hearted, she was mistaken. I offered her an understanding smile.

"Brittany," I began. "It's alright. I don't mind."

"What?"

"I can't mind. I'd be being a hypocrite."

She furrowed her brow as she searched my eyes for a meaning.

"You see I've found someone too," I admitted as a knock came at the door.

I left Brittany to open the door to my Mom and Dad. The latter looking especially sheepish as he tried to avoid my eyes as they entered. He didn't refrain from taking his place alongside my wife as finally we again all shared the one room.

"They know Love," Dad admitted to Brittany as he took her hand. I was surprised how well I dealt with the image. Another man showing such open affection for my wife but somehow it made me happy.

Mom was standing close beside me. She was wearing her cutoff denim shorts, her black bikini top. I couldn't help myself and what easier way would there be? Placing an arm around her I drew my mother into my side and likewise her arms encircled my neck.

The look of shocked comprehension came upon Brittany and my father's faces as one. There was an extended moment where I wasn't sure of the reactions. The silence in the room was overpowering, the tension like the humidity in the air, thick enough to cut with a knife. It was Brittany's eyes that gave away her emotion first. Filling with tears she left my father and surged towards me.

I was prepared to defend against blows but what happened next was nothing of the sort. Wrenching my mother from my grip, my wife took her in her own arms. Her embrace was one of love, of sheer joy and it brought tears to my own eyes at its unexpected warmth.

"I'm so relieved," Brittany exhaled. She brought her face away from beside my mother's head and looked in her eyes. "Gwendolyn I'm so happy. I never wanted to hurt either of you." She turned to me and reached out to take my hand. "I always knew this would happen between you two."

Brittany looked over her shoulder at my father, still seated and seemingly still dumbfounded.

"Graham. Come and congratulate your wife and son!" She commanded and her tone told me all I needed to know as to who wore the pants in their relationship.

My father, stunned, approached and finally managing to look me in the eye, held out his hand to shake my own.

"I, I'm happy for you both," he managed.

"Of course you are," Mom added and not forgetting their initial betrayal offered a sting in the tail. "And I'm sure you'll be happy for Adrian and I to have the upstairs suite for the rest of the cruise too, won't you Graham!"

My dad reluctantly nodded his approval.

* * * * *

Tahiti

My mother lay beside me on a beach towel as we watched Brittany and my father walk hand in hand away along the white beach. It was my mom and dad's thirtieth wedding anniversary and their last. Mom arched her back as she stretched in the sun, her nipples poking through the holes in the pink extreme bikini.

I turned her face back to me and she lowered her sunglasses to look in my eyes.

"Thinking about your anniversary?" I asked her and the sides of her mouth curled up. "Actually I was wondering if ship captains can actually perform marriages."

"Oh," I looked down at the engagement ring I'd bought her in Papeete. "I think that's a myth."

Mom rolled towards me and lifted her thigh up over my groin.

"Actually I don't think we can really get married back home either," I reluctantly admitted.

My mother edged her way on top of me until I was supporting her entire weight; her pussy strategically placed against my hardon.

"Then let's not go home!" She whispered as she kissed my mouth.

"What?"

"Let's keep going," she added. "Let's not stop travelling until we find a place for us. Just you and me, where we can be together. Where no one gives us disapproving looks. Where we can marry and fuck our days away."

"Ok," I immediately agreed; the thought of travelling the world with my mother, endless days like the last fourteen, a dream come true. "Let's do it."

"There's one more thing," she added, rising up off my chest and edging down along my torso.

"Oh, what's that?" I asked as her hands pulled my shorts down my thighs.

"Mommy's going to need a lot of feeding!" She grinned as her hungry mouth descended on my cock.

The End.

Thank you for reading.