

"Well", Nigel hooked his thumb into the waistband glancing at the twins. "We came here for some family time, you two can bond, else where, while your mom and I hit the beach".

"I want to take a look at the missionaries", Molly chimed moving away from Nigel's side, quickly taking Noah's arm, gently dragging him with. "Come on Noah".

"I would like to visit the beach", Irma said walking away.



Noah really does not like the sun, and was feeling really sorry for not putting on a shirt as his fur felt a bit sun burnt. Skunks were never meant to be in the sun of Sao Paoso, in fact anywhere outside might be a stretch. Molly did not seem too bothered even though her skimpy bikini barely covered the bare essentials, fabric so sheer one could see the faint outline of her tits.

Molly had one arm around his, looking around at the town's oblivious tourist front, the old world flare that did not exist a decade ago, the country's government had dumped money in to dupe vacationers to fall in love with the phony charms. It seems like some kind of party in the streets was happening, confetti was raining down from the balconies and most rooftops as people blared music. It was pretty civil in the more public area, had to as stern rent a cops was walking around stiff lipped. Pulling him towards some busy cafe where the title read, "chewed cow cunt" in butcher French. Being seated near the window by a very crisp looking fellow, some thirty something Dingo who had a very thick, possibly fake, accent took their orders of the house specialty, which happened to be lobsters stuffed with tacos.

"Here you go," the Dingo brought the plates while giving a sly smile, "I hope your date work out, slugger". With a wink he was gone.

Noah blushed as Molly kind of giggled, they ate for a bit. Molly spoke up, "Must be embarrassing"? The skunk boy only could make a noise, head tilted. "These people think I'm here to get my, groove, back".

"It, does not bother me". Noah rubbed his neck, eyes kind of falling on her breasts. than to her eyes. "Not like anyone knows who we are, mother and son taking in the town or a woman and a man setting for a fuck mood". Noah took another bite, "not like it matters to them, we're just a couple leaving behind money".

"Quiet the philosophy major", Molly lean into the table, hands under her chin squeezing her tits together, "Fuck mood"?

Noah nearly choke, "I, just random words, to make an example".

"Ha, just playing with ya, Noh". Molly laughed, leaning back she waved down the waiter for the check. "I got the head to the bathroom, you pay the man", she pulled a small wad of bills from her bikini thong, leaving it on the table walking away.

The waiter came around, "you're going to get lucky", the dingo reach into his shirt pocket to

produce a condom. Noah inspected it after the waiter left, he could see there was a hole poke into it. Without thinking he hid it the short's pocket.

Back home Irma was a wallflower, the frumpy girl who stood in the corner never joining in, the girl who nobody give a second look. Of course back home the weather is cold, not mild chill and jacket but full five layers of thick sweaters just to sit inside so it is very rare for her to show off, she felt like it was over due to flaunt it. Walking along the boardwalk catching the attention of a few men, a few whistles, catcalls and a couple of "come 'er baby"s made her smile a little. Often her father would give a dirty look, few instantly look away or snorted.

"This place sucks", Nigel muttered, handing the deer man a ten. He just wanted to be alone with his wife, the two of them snuggled on some beach. Naked and returning to their playful youth, spend two week having sex like no tomorrow without a care in the world. He knew wife of twenty years was not interested in him anymore, it was her idea of dragging the kids with, she got the wild hare up her ass about family dynamic needing a repair but in reality she wanted buffers so she and he won't spend one week getting ready, two days standing in line for airport security, several days worth of jet lag before the five hour cramp bus ride to the roach motel alone.

That should scare him, that the thought of being alone with his spouse would reveal their marriage was over and done. Instead he just felt horny, maybe he'll just fine some beach bunny, or bunnies, and fuck their brains out.

Like a genie was listening his wish came true, there stood a very lovely skunk girl. Ass firm and good size tits, a solid build, young too. Nigel's shorts pitched a massive tent, he wants to not just have sex with this girl but to fill every available hole with his cum. The girl turn, much to his surprise it was Irma, her tail was blocking her face but to his surprise the feeling of wanting to mount her and his hard on was not going away.

"Thanks, pop". Irma cheerily said, handing Irma the cone he watch the ice cream drip down her fingers and onto her breast. Vanilla rolling down, a few drops. Her finger scooping them and licking them caused a little moan from Nigel. "Want to feel them"?

Nigel step back, eyes wide and feeling all the air in him just being sucked out. "What the hell"?

Irma blush a bit, shaking her torso causing her breasts to jiggle. "Come on, I can see your interest", looking down at his tent before coming eye to eye. More ice cream falling on her chest, her fingers playfully scooping it up and licking it. Nigel was unable to think, rationally at least.

"Uh, oh boy. Sweetie", Nigel was stumbling over each word. "Look it's, you're my"-

"For this vacation, let's pretend we're just two strangers on the beach looking to break out of our rut". Irma's tail lowered, flicking a bit.

Nigel looked away, failing to will his cock to obey, "I don't have any condoms on hand, and if something happens".

Irma shrugged, "just say some random guy did it". Nigel took a gulp of air, heart hammering and palms very sweaty. He took her hand, leading her towards the beach, to find a nice quiet place for some father daughter "bonding".



They skipped the Missionaries instead heading alt rock concerts in the streets, Molly faint disappoint, but the party was very lively. It was a blast, the energy and being pressed up against so many young teens had made something in the skunkette wake up, she was enthralled and was very wild. Noah had noticed the chubby woman was more awake, getting more into the scene, more willing to try things from foods to challenges. At the New Juicy party where a contest was being held, who could sling their bottoms the farthest Molly was having tons of fun here as they were more, adult, about it. Molly had slingshot her thong the farthest leaving them to walk home with him staring ahead and her covering her crotch.

Sun going down made the night cooler and the lights come on, there was special ones casting everything in a multicolored hue. Noah trying hard to keep his eyes forward as his mother try to cover her crotch, feeling awkward about the contest.

"That was, fun", Molly lean against the skunk. Noah was not thinking, he reached around and grip Molly's shoulder holding her tight. "This is a date"?

Noah shrugged, "I guess so".

In a moment Molly stopped, wanting to freak out her son she lean close near his ear to whisper, "wanna fuck?"

Noah almost let go causing her to laugh, "Okay". Molly blinked as the laughter stopped, finding him kind of serious. "How about behind those bushes", he nod towards some tall brush that was a clear spot for sexual activity. Noah moved his shocked mother, leading her towards the area.

"Incest chicken"? Molly said. "You're on, Noh".

Behind the bushes looking over the spot they can see several panties, underwear, pants and various booze bottles littering the grassy area. Noah help lowering the woman down, generally aroused by the woman's slightly plump body, the mom pugde gave her a bit of character. Her hair had been undone hours ago, spilling over her shoulders and back. His cock was pretty hard, his stomach really tight and mind racing through millions of wrongs while his body was screaming to fuck her.

Molly grip her son's balls, giving them a squeeze through the shorts as her tongue flicked at the head poking from the waistband as her own fingers worked on her sex. Her body shaking, revolted at the incestuous act, her mind was overriding it to teach him a lesson. What lesson, she'd think of one later.

Mouth over taking the head Noah shivered, hands on her shoulder trying to keep himself steady. The tongue glide down the bottom, down most of the shaft taking it. He could feel teeth gliding gently on the skin nearly causing him to shot off too early.

Pulling back, saliva dripping from the hard cock she lead back and lift one leg over his shoulder, posing her wet pussy right before his head, daring him. They both just took a moment, both of them trying

hard to win at a game of incest chicken, on the verge of the point of no return.

Noah push in, Molly squealed. It feel pretty awesome on both sides. Noah pulled back, thrusting in to build a rhythm as she bucked her hips, her body tightening around his cock. Noah was panting, moving frantically, leaning nearly face to face with his mother as they moan and began intertwining with each other. Molly clutched at his back, moaning and moving with him. She felt an orgasm flush over, he was not done until the third orgasm had caused her eyes to roll up a bit.

Cum dribbled from her pussy, he kind of shocked at what they done. "Mom"?

"You can call me Molly", she sucked in air, "jeez. I, we must do this again".

Noah smile as he close in, "really"? Molly laugh as they engage in a night of love making.

Nigel was really having second thoughts, being lead to some stretch of empty beach, behind some rocks out of sight of many beach goers. Irma teasing by lifting her sarong revealing she was not wearing any bottoms, her pussy rubbing against his covered cock as the thumbs hooked the waistband freeing it. Lifting her, Irma shiver and moaned into his ear. Breathing hard and quick, pushing into his daughter's pussy while holding her ass to get in a better position.

Irma use her legs to lift herself as her father thrust his hips, she grunt as his cock slid out a bit and it was a bit rough in her body causing her to wonder if this was a mistake. Nigel took a moment to readjusted, the heavy breathing between the two cause them to lock lips for a moment, her hands press into his back. With a few more moments of clumsy movement, Irma felt insides become warm as her father unleashed a few ounces of seed into her body. Legs a bit weak Irma had trouble standing, cum rolling down the inner thigh. Nigel's stomach had several boulders weighing him down, looking at her a bit stressed. Irma turn as bending over, spreading her legs and lifting her tail until it fell on her head. Nigel move in, his cock hard again and eager for more. Irma felt her dad's cock thrust in, pumping furiously and making her grunt and moan, he unleashing years upon years of pent up frustration into her creating a small pool of cum beneath her. Nigel finally unleashed his last load finally as Irma manage to achieve an orgasm. Both collapsed into the sand, tired and sweaty. Irma picked up her sarong as her father just laid on his back catching his breath.

"Want to head back"? she asked.

"I'll just regain my strength, sweetie". Irma walk away, leaving him alone on the beach. For Nigel it was one of the best lays he ever had, including his cousin on prom night. For Irma it was her first time it was kind of disappointing and does not compete with her vibrator.

