

The Caribbean sun hung heavy over Shawn as he lounged on the striped beach towel, his bronzed skin glistening with sweat and sunscreen. The rhythmic crash of waves had lulled him into a half-dream when a familiar laugh cut through the salt air—sharp, throaty, unapologetic. He cracked one eye open just as Brandy emerged from the surf like some pagan goddess of the tide, seawater sluicing down the slopes of her E-cup breasts, nipples peaked tight from the ocean's chill.

"Like the view, baby?" she teased, shaking out her soaked brunette hair with one hand while the other skimmed down her own dripping stomach. Each step forward made the sand cling to her thighs, the microscopic beads highlighting the toned curve of her legs before vanishing beneath the scandalous triangle of her g-string. The black fabric—if you could even call it that—was so sheer it might as well have been painted on, the dark shadow between her thighs betraying every secret.

Shawn's cock twitched against his swim trunks, already straining. "Jesus, Mom. You're gonna start a riot."

Brandy's pouty lips curled as she straddled his lap, letting the cold droplets from her body fall onto his heated skin. "Only one man's allowed to riot tonight," she murmured, leaning down until her breasts brushed his chest. "And he's right where I want him."

The moment Brandy's lips crashed against his, Shawn tasted salt and coconut sunscreen—an intoxicating blend he'd come to associate with her skin after days under the Caribbean sun. His hands gripped her hips hard enough to leave fleeting crescents in her flesh before sliding lower, fingers sinking into the plush curves of her ass like he was kneading dough. "Fuck, Mom," he groaned against her mouth, and she swallowed the profanity hungrily, her tongue tangling with his in a wet, messy rhythm.

Between kisses that left them both breathless, Brandy rolled her hips forward, grinding the soaked fabric of her g-string against the obscene bulge in his trunks. "Feel how wet you make me?" she panted, biting his lower lip just shy of pain. "Even the ocean couldn't cool me down." Shawn's answering growl vibrated through her chest as he palmed both cheeks of her ass, spreading them slightly—just enough to tease—before dragging her harder against his cock. "Gonna ruin this swimsuit," he warned, but the way his fingers dug deeper into her flesh betrayed his lack of concern.

Brandy laughed, low and throaty, as she broke the kiss to trail her lips along his jaw. "Promises, promises..."

"You keep rubbin' up on me like that," Brandy purred against his ear, her tongue tracing the shell before nipping the lobe, "and we'll have the whole resort watchin' when you bust through those poor little trunks." She rolled her hips again, slow and deliberate, her slick heat pressing against him through the thin fabric. Shawn's breath hitched—she felt the shudder ripple through him, his fingers tightening possessively on her ass.

"Oh, you like that threat, don't you?" she teased, pulling back just enough to watch his pupils dilate. Her hand slid down his chest, nails scraping lightly over his abs before cupping him through the straining fabric. "Big, bad soccer star reduced to a panting mess by his mommy's—"

Shawn moved fast, grabbing her wrist and hauling them both upright in one fluid motion. Sand scattered from their towels as he stood, his free hand clamping on the back of her neck to drag her mouth to his for a bruising kiss. When he broke away, his voice was rough with restraint. "Cabana. Now."

Brandy's lips curved as he dragged her toward the private outdoor showers, her hips swaying with every step. "What's the magic word, baby?"

His grip tightened. "Don't push me."

She laughed, low and wicked, as the bamboo door slammed shut behind them.

The sharp *crack* of Shawn's palm against Brandy's ass echoed off the bamboo walls before she could even catch her breath. A gasp tore from her lips—half pain, half surprised pleasure—as the sting radiated up her spine. She barely had time to register the heat blooming across her left cheek before Shawn's fingers tangled in her damp hair, twisting just enough to make her scalp prickle as he forced her to her knees.

"Open that pretty fucking mouth," he growled, his free hand already shoving his trunks down past his hips. His cock sprang free, thick and flushed, the swollen head glistening with pre-cum as it bobbed inches from her lips. Brandy's breath hitched, her tongue darting out to wet her own lips—not from nerves, but anticipation.

"You gonna make me beg, baby?" she murmured, tilting her chin up just enough to let her hot breath ghost over his tip.

Shawn's grip tightened. "No," he said, voice dark as he nudged her bottom lip with his cockhead. "You're gonna swallow every inch like a good girl. Now *suck*."

Brandy's pouty lips parted without hesitation, her mouth engulfing him in one wet, hungry motion—no teasing, no preamble—just pure, carnal need. Her tongue swirled along the veined underside as she sucked hard, hollowing her cheeks until Shawn's hips jerked forward with a curse. "Fuck—just like that," he groaned, fingers tightening in her damp hair as she took him deeper, her throat fluttering around his tip.

Then she *attacked*—bobbing rapidly, lips stretched obscenely around his girth, her tongue working frantic patterns against his frenulum while her nails dug into his thighs. Shawn's breath turned ragged, his cock twitching against her palate. "Christ, Mom—" His voice cracked as she

swallowed him to the root, her nose pressed into his pelvis, her throat muscles spasming around his shaft.

Then control snapped. Shawn's big hands seized her head in a vice grip, hips pistoning forward to fuck her face with brutal precision. Brandy's gag reflex kicked in—wet, choking sounds vibrated against his cock as tears welled in her eyes, but she didn't pull away. Instead, her fingers clawed at his ass, urging him deeper as his balls slapped her chin with every thrust.

"Take it," Shawn growled, watching spit and tears smear across her flushed cheeks. "All of it." The slap of skin against skin echoed off the bamboo walls as he hammered into her throat, her choked moans only spurring him on. "Fuck—your mouth is *mine*."

Shawn's thighs trembled as he held Brandy's head in place, his hips stuttering with each savage thrust. "Oh fuck—oh *fuck*—" His voice shattered into a groan as his balls drew up tight, the pressure coiling at the base of his spine like a live wire. Brandy's throat convulsed around him, her nails scoring crescent moons into his ass as she gulped around his cock, *begging* for it without words.

Then he came—hard.

Hot ropes of cum pulsed down her throat, each thick spurt wrenching a ragged groan from his chest. Brandy's eyes fluttered shut as she swallowed greedily, her tongue milking every last drop from his slit while his hips jerked erratically. "Jesus Christ—" Shawn gasped, his fingers tightening in her hair as the last aftershocks ripped through him.

Panting, he finally eased back, his cock slipping from her lips with a wet *pop*. Brandy licked her swollen mouth, her voice husky. "Mmm. Salty." Her grin was downright filthy as she peered up at him through damp lashes. "Guess I *did* suck the ocean right out of you."

Shawn hauled her to her feet, his palm smacking her ass again—*hard*. "Keep talkin'," he growled, spinning her toward the shower wall. "See where it gets you."