



# **On an Island With Mom**

***DDMarshall***

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“This is it?” I asked as I threw my bags down in the hut that was to be our home for the summer. It was two rooms, a kitchen with a sitting area, and a closet-sized enclosure that I assumed was the privy. Closed off by a curtain was a bedroom with two twin beds.

“I’m afraid so.” My mother answered without a care in the world. I imagined my mother, Ms. Sara Wilson, is used to places like this. Me ... I liked Boston, the Red Sox, the Museum of Fine Arts, Copley Square and partying at Boston University. What the hell was I doing on an island with my mother in the middle of the Pacific Ocean?

Let me tell you what I am doing here. I am my mother’s slave for the summer. Her dorky intern got lime disease, helping his mommy cut brush down on Cape Cod. A goddamn tick bites this guy and he gets to stay on the Cape for the summer. He cancels at the last minute and I have to go to nowhere land to study Mollusks for three months instead of hanging with my friends.

I was not the ideal replacement, but I knew enough from when I accompanied Mom on her local expeditions around New England to be able to sort, catalog, measure and run the simpler test for her.

I was agitated and felt clammy in this sweltering heat after the grueling plane ride and the boat ride to the island, “I need a shower, Mom.”

I could see my mother smirking as she gave me directions. “It’s around back, but don’t expect hot water.”

“Holy crap the place didn’t even have indoor plumbing.” Fifteen minutes later, I was back cursing and complaining about how unfair it was that I had to be here. Mom just smiled as she checked out the small kitchenette, microwave, and refrigerator. I’ll be damned, the place had electricity. Hallelujah.

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I have a single mom, and I'm her only offspring. And I admit it, I'm a little spoiled. I turned nineteen a few months ago, which makes my mother forty. How she managed to get a Ph.D. in Marine Biology and raise me at the same time is a mystery to me. I could just about handle my first year at B.U. Mom tells me it gets easier after the first two years.

The hut we were staying in is separated from the main village by a beach and the docks. I have to admit the beach looked great with its white sand and palm trees. It was late evening, and I was watching a few kids playing on the beach when Mom said, "We should get some sleep." It had been a long trip, and Mom wanted to get started early the next morning.

I put my hands over my head, stretched my back and yawned. Mom went behind the curtain that separated the sitting area from the bedroom and told me to wait until she changed. When she told me the coast was clear, I went in. Mom was in a twin-size bed and had her back turned to me. I stripped down to my boxers and slipped under the sheet of the other bed on the opposite side of the room. I asked the question that had been on my mind ever since I saw that there was just one bedroom. "Hey, Mom, where would Greg have slept if he had come with you instead of me?" Greg is a twenty-seven-year-old, over-educated geek graduate student who has accompanied Mom on several expeditions.

"Most of the time, he would sleep right where you are, Phil. Now, let me go to sleep. I'm tired."

"Most of the time." What the hell kind of answer was that? I know my mother is not celibate. But Greg? Okay, I may have exaggerated Greg's geekiness. What if he is six-one, has wavy hair, and looks like he spends a few hours at the gym each week? He is certainly much too young for my mother.

After breakfast, my mother said, "It's time to get going." I took her bag with her iPad, logbook, swim goggles, snorkel, and snacks she had packed. We were met at the docks by a gentleman about my mother's age and two teenagers. He smiled and greeted my mother like they were old friends.

It is so good to see you again, Ms. Wilson. You remember my daughter Amista and my son Aldrix. They are two of the best divers on the island right now. Come, let me show you the craft I have made ready for you.

I stood there with my mouth open. Amista and Aldrix wore a sarong around their waist like their father. Amista looked to be about seventeen or eighteen years old, standing about five feet five inches in her bare feet: large brown eyes and coal-black hair held in a ponytail that hung halfway down her back. Full smiling lips, She was naked from the waist up, seemingly unconcerned that she was showing me her B-cup tits with dark brown areola and nipples—the perfect picture of a Polynesian beauty.

Her brother Aldrix looked to be about fourteen or fifteen. The same height and eyes as his sister. His black hair was a little shaggy around the ears, but it looked right on him.

I kept my greeting to a minimum as I stared at Amista. Mom hugged everyone and told them how happy she was to be back and looking forward to a productive summer. I know my mother's work is important. She often describes the ocean as the great human toilet and decries the pollution that is destroying the coral reefs and the sea beds. By studying the condition of the mollusks, she can tell how the pollution is affecting even this area of the ocean that appears to the eye to be pristine and unaffected.

We went down to the dock and boarded a 25-foot catamaran with a pilot's cabin, flat deck and twin 40 horsepower Evinrude outboards. After Mom familiarized herself with the craft, Aldrix powered up the craft as Amista's father cast off the lines for her.

Aldrix guided the Cat west for about an hour. Mom checked her satellite map and GPS and told him when to shut down the engines. Amista threw out the anchor. If we were in the right spot, there would be a reef here that should yield some good specimens. Mom started making notes as she signaled to Amista and Aldrix. I got my second surprise of the day. They took off their sarong, and they were completely naked. They didn't even wear

underwear. They put on swim goggles, took a mesh bag, put a knife between their teeth, and jumped over the side.

Mom was writing in her journal, not looking a bit surprised, “You will get used to it, Phil.” They are uninhibited when it comes to their body.”

“I don’t think I will ever get used to her. She is gorgeous.”

“Still sorry you came.” Mom teased.

We had been going out every day for over a week to gather samples from the various reefs in the area. I had gotten over my initial shock of seeing Amista and Aldrix casually remove their sarong and dive naked. That didn’t mean that I did not get an instant hard-on every time Amista took off her sarong to dive and when she came back on board to deliver the samples to my mother. Because I did, every damn time. Thankfully, Mom often stayed out late to visit with old friends. Then, I could take that opportunity to relieve myself back in our hut.

My mother seemed to cope with the mores of the island with little difficulty. Even when Aldrix came aboard a few times with an erection to deliver his samples, she didn’t even look surprised. She thanked him and told him what she wanted him to look for on his next dive, just like she always did.

The first time that happened, I looked at her afterward as if to say what the hell was that all about? All she did was smile, wink and say, “Cute.”

It was Saturday night, and Mom told me there was going to be a party on the beach and that I should relax and have fun.

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A bonfire was lit at dusk. Food and drink were laid out on tables. Native music was playing in the background. It looked like there were over 400 to 450 people at the party. Mom and I were greeted with smiles and offered food and drink.

Mom explained that this was a bi-weekly event. All of the women, young and old, were either nude above the waist or had tied their sarongs a little more fashionably. Some showed one breast, and some showed none. A boom box was playing native music, and people were dancing. Adults and teenagers were running in and out of the surf in the nude. Most of the men and boys were sporting erections, which the women and girls seemed to be unconcerned with as they frolicked with them. Of course, I was constantly getting a hard-on as I gazed at the lovely, topless women and young girls. However, I no longer concerned myself with it. It may have been a little uncomfortable, but I was no longer embarrassed by it. At least I kept mine covered.

I couldn't get over how friendly these people were. Of course, I didn't make it any secret that I liked hanging with Amista. We had become what I liked to call friends over the last week and a half. I stuck close to her whenever I could. My mom had wandered off to mingle with old friends.

I watched couples flirt and leave holding hands. As the night wore on, couples were making out as they danced. I smiled when I saw a woman kissing a young boy as he felt her up. She must have had a few too many pineapple punch drinks. As I looked around, it looked like she was not the only one that had been at the punch.

Amista and I were sitting close together enjoying the festivities when she suggested we find her brother, "Come, Phil. Let's find my little brother." I held Amista's hand as we ran up from the beach and through the palm trees. We came to the edge of a clearing, and there was her brother lying on his back as a light-haired woman sucked his cock. We were in the shadows at the edge of the clearing, but there was plenty of moonlight to clearly see what was happening in the clearing.

Holy crap, the only light-haired woman on the island was. No, it couldn't be.

My mother looked up from the light chocolate cock she was sucking and said a few words I could not hear from where I was standing. I went into a momentary panic. I whispered to Amista, “Holy shit, what the hell does she think she is doing? Is she crazy? What if your mother and father find out she is molesting your brother.”

Amista squeezed my hand to get my attention. When I turned to her, she looked me straight in the eyes, put her hand on my cheek, and explained that I need not concern myself about what was happening in the small clearing in front of us. “Your mother is not molesting Aldrix. He is almost fifteen years old. Don’t you think it’s a good that they can enjoy each other? Some boys and girls start having sex even younger than my brother. I’m sure you will not deny your mother and my brother this simple pleasure while you are our guests.

I was reminded that the mores of this island were so different from back home. The uninhibited nudity of the old and the young. The open display of sex on the beach. Amista’s reassurance as she touched my arm that what my mother was doing was acceptable behavior seemed to calm me. I don’t know why, but seeing my mother performing oral sex with an adolescent was no longer that disturbing.

All my thoughts and attention turned to Amista, “Are you?” I let the question hang in the air.

“Yes, I have sex when I want it,” Amista answered without hesitation.

“I’m surprised you’re not married or pregnant,” I responded much too quickly.

“No, not pregnant. I take my pill every morning. I’m going to the University of Hawaii next year. My mother said it’s too much trouble being married with a baby and going to school, too.

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I looked left and right and waved my hand around, “Where did you go to high school?”

Amista laughed as she pointed to the sky. “Satellite and my laptop.”

“Duh, of course.” I was learning that they may live in paradise and ignore what is thought of as promiscuity in our society, but they were by no means backward or ignorant.

“Do you want to have sex with me?” Amista asked as bold as could be.

I could hardly believe she just said that. Where I come from, beautiful girls don’t just ask guys to fuck them. They usually make us work for it. “Well, sure,” Was all I could get out.

Amista undid her sarong and laid it out on the ground in the shadows at the edge of the clearing.

I quickly glanced over to my mother and Amista’s brother, “Right here? My mother might see us.” I asked in a bit of a panic.

Amista laughed at my lack of understanding of the customs of these island people. “You don’t see your mother hiding what she is doing over there.”

Again, I looked over at my mother and Aldrix. My mother was standing up and taking her blouse off. A naked Aldrix was on his knees, helping with her shorts and underpants.

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Amista was working on my shorts, but I hardly noticed as I watched my mother and the young boy. Soon, my mother was as naked as Aldrix. I could not take my eyes off them as my mother laid down on his sarong, and Aldrix knelt between her legs and took his cock in his hand and guided it into my mother. My mother's arms went around the boy. As she was kissing him, I watched his ass pumping his cock into my mother.

I felt a hand around my cock. I pulled my eyes away from the sight of my mother getting fuck by a kid younger than me.

“You like watching my brother fuck your mother? Your mother is very pretty. Many boys from the village have fucked her. Your mother has many friends here. Come, Phil, you fuck me now, and maybe someday we make love.”

Amista lay down, and I knelt between her legs like her brother was between my mother's. I took one last look at my mother and Aldrix. Mom had her legs and arms wrapped around him, with her face buried in his shoulder as he pumped his hips. I had never seen my mother naked, never mind having sex with a fourteen-year-old. My cock was starting to hurt it was so hard. Somehow, I instinctively knew my mother was enjoying herself, and even my presence would not have deterred her from indulging in sex with Aldrix.

I took my cock in my hand and rubbed it up and down Amista's slit. She was wet. Once I entered her, I could not think of anything but how beautiful she was and how being with her like this felt like the most natural thing in the world. I felt her shudder, and her pussy contracted around my cock. A minute later, I again felt what seemed to be her second orgasm, then a third. Her legs tightened around me and held me deep in her pussy as I gasped, and my cum poured from my cock. My whole body shook with a pleasure I had never felt before. I rolled off of Amista into the grass and watched Amista get up and put on her sarong.

You are a pretty good fuck, Phil Wilson. Maybe we do it again. Amista tied the final knot in her sarong and was gone. I was still pulling my shorts up and looking for my sneakers. I looked around. My mother was nowhere to be seen.

That night, back in our hut. Mom and I were lying awake in the dark and not saying anything. Tonight in the palm groves with Amista was a new reality for me. Seeing my mother naked and having sex with Aldrix was surprising but still did not seem all that troubling to me.

I could no longer stay silent, “Mom, Amista, and I saw you with Aldrix in the clearing.

“And what did you see?”

“You were having sex with him.”

“I thought we had an audience for a time there. Are you upset with me?”

“I don’t know why, but no, not really. Amista told me that it is acceptable down here. Do you do this a lot when you come to the island?”

Mom rolled onto her side and propped her head up with her hand. “Yes, Honey, I do. There is always someone wanting to fuck the white lady. I have to admit I have come to like the younger boys. They are usually older than Aldrix. But not always. I know I take advantage of their willingness to share their young boys with me. Back in the States, I would never have thought of doing such a thing out of fear of reprisals. Here, it’s an accepted norm. I’m sure I am not the first older woman Aldrix has fucked. Did you notice how they paired up after the party on the beach?”

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“No, I did not pay much attention.” My mother had just confirmed what Amista had told me about her sexual activities on the island. Why wasn’t I shocked or ashamed of her?

“Amista’s mother and father went off with a couple of kids about Amista’s age. Don’t be surprised if you find out Amista is fucking her father. I know she fucks her brother.”

“How do you know that?”

“Aldrix told me when I asked him if his sister liked you. He said she likes fucking him and two or three other boys. He was not sure if you were too white for her taste. But apparently, you’re not from what you just told me.”

This is another piece of news that should have had me dialing 911, but it was only filed away as new information to be analyzed at a later date.

“So everyone in this village is fucking whomever they want? Mom, I didn’t ask Amista to have sex with me. She asked me. And I did.”

“Good for you, Phil. She is very sweet. And yes, the sex is pretty free-wheeling here. We have another two and a half months here, so have fun. If one of the girls or older women approaches you during or after a party, don’t insult them by turning them down. It is considered bad form, and her family and friends will ignore you at future parties. Considering this is a small village, she will have a lot of family and friends. If there is a party, only the women are allowed to choose who they want to have sex with. It’s kind of like our Sadie Hawkins day, but they have it every other week. That’s why Amista didn’t have a problem asking you to have sex with her. The rest of the time is more traditional. Either sex can ask. A refusal is not taken to heart if they know you are sweet on someone else.”

“Mom, when you came with Greg...”

Mom didn't hesitate to answer. “Yes, dear, he had a good time with the natives and me on more than a few occasions.”

“Oh, okay, I should have guessed.”

“Go to sleep now, and let me dream about Aldrix. Damn, but he is one sweet little love bug.”

“Goodnight, Mom. Pleasant dreams.”

“Goodnight, Phil.”

I fell asleep dreaming about Amista's tits and my mom's ass.

We had been here for a month and went out every day that the weather permitted us to collect mollusks for mom to examine, photograph and catalog. The differences were that I stripped naked and dived for mollusks with Amista and Aldrix. I could not hold my breath for the two and a half minutes as they could, but I loved it. The marine life and coral were beautiful to see. Of course, watching Amista swimming naked never ceased to amaze me. Her grace and beauty, enhanced by the sun shining through the clear water, never failed to give me a boner.

Mom's light skin prevented her from going completely native even though she had a good tan. She usually wore cargo pants, a short-sleeve white blouse, a sun hat, and plenty of sunblock while out on the water. She didn't bother with a bra. She said it made her sweat too much. However, she didn't hesitate to discard her blouse, shorts,

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and panties when she snorkeled and dived to examine the coral and mollusk beds herself. Between my mom, Amista and the other half-naked and often naked girls from the village, when they came to swim at the beach, I was in a constant state of arousal. No one seemed offended that I was semi-hard or had an erection most of the day, including my mother. I caught her checking me out the first few times when I had an erection and came back aboard the catamaran after diving for mollusks with Amista and Aldrix.

Almost every night, my mother was making the rounds. She would go off with someone at night and be gone for nearly two hours. Sometimes in the palm groves. Sometimes, she would take them back to our hut. The boys seemed older than Aldrix. Usually in the range of sixteen to nineteen. Although, I did see her leaving last Saturday night's party with Amista's dad. A few times, I saw her take older men to our hut. I figured she would have done the entire teenage population and whoever else caught her eye by the time we left. Aldrix was still her favorite. I think she sucked his cock and fucked him at least once a week. Amista and I even caught her sucking off Aldrix when we came up from a dive one time. We just hung onto the side of the Cat and waited until she finished him off to deliver our mollusks.

More than a few times, when I saw my mother heading off into the palm groves with one of the boys from the village, I felt the urge to spy on her, but I never did, at least not intentionally. Kiri, an older woman, asked me to be with her during one of the bi-weekly festivals and we headed into the palm groves. Kiri spotted my mother first.

“Look, Phil, your mother is with my son. Let's join them.”

“So there we were, my mother about to fuck the woman's son, and his mother was about to fuck the son of the mother he was fucking. The woman I was with had to be in her late thirties or early forties. Her son looked to be about nineteen. Kiri removed her sarong and laid it out, not three feet from my mother and her son. She lay down with her knees pulled up and her legs spread. Although a little thicker around the middle than the teenage girls, she was still a handsome woman: full breasts and nearly flawless skin.

Her son, whose name I learned was Keoni, was kneeling between my mother's legs. He reached over and touched fingers with his mom as she lay on her sarong. Then he turned his attention back to my mother. I watched, unconcerned, as he slid his rather large cock into my mother. I heard my mother moan in pleasure as she wrapped her arms around him. My mother stole a moment to look over at me and smiled, also unconcerned that I was seeing her naked as her lover eased his cock into her pussy.

My mother and Keoni seemed to be past the opening preliminaries. I kissed Kiri and worked my way down her body to her nipples, kissed her belly and licked her pussy. The island girls taught me well. They never shied away from telling me what they wanted from me.

Kiri moaned as I licked her clit, "Yes, you good lover Phil Wilson. I tell my daughter, you nice boy. Maybe she will be with you next time."

It wasn't long before Kiri's legs quivered as I tasted the cum. I licked her slowly until she smiled and settled down. I moved up and pressed my throbbing cock into her wet pussy. Her arms and legs went around me, welcoming me. I heard my mother moan. I knew she was having an orgasm. I know my mother and Keoni were watching as they waited for Kiri and me. Kiri had another orgasm before I finished and rolled off of her.

Kiri and Keoni walked back to the beach, holding hands. The party was far from over. Mom and I would take a dip in the ocean and get something to eat. Maybe Kiri's daughter will ask me to go for a walk. Later that evening, my mother left with a young boy that she had been dancing with.

Kiri was not the first older woman to ask to have sex with me. More often than not, they asked me in the presence of their husband. I never turned anyone down at those Saturday night parties. The older women were just as passionate and pleasing to be with as their young daughters. After our first time, Amista never again chose me at the bi-weekly parties, and my mother never chose Aldrix.

Another month passed, and Mom and I seemed to grow closer to Amista and Aldrix. Although it was not exclusive, we were spending more time with them as sexual partners during the week than anyone else on the island. It was not unusual for Amista and Aldrix to come and knock on our door late in the evening.

We had gotten to the point that my mother and I thought nothing of seeing each other naked or having sex. It never ceased to turn me on to see my mother suck Aldrix's cock and fuck him. She would smile at me if she caught me watching just before she slipped his cock in her mouth. It was like she was encouraging me to watch. All the while, I was putting on a show on the other side of the tiny room on my bed with Amista.

I will never forget the night that changed everything. The four of us were resting after having sex. I was sitting on my cot with my arm around Amista when she whispered in my ear, "Look, little brother's cock is still up."

I took it as informational, and maybe my mother would get another round with the little stud, and I could watch without being distracted by Amista's lovemaking. What Amista did was get up and go over to her brother. She took his hands and helped him off the bed. She dropped to her hands and knees on the floor. Aldrix knelt behind his sister and guided his cock into her, and started fucking her.

Mom and I watched these two beautiful kids having sex. I had an instant hard-on. Amista turned her head to my mother and, loud enough for me to plainly hear, "Phil will have sex with you now. You want him. He wants you."

I looked at my mother, and she was looking at me. I stroked my cock harder with the thought of it. Mom licked her lips as she tried to watch me stroke my cock and the kids at the same time. Mom was sitting on the edge of her cot. She spread her legs. I had a wonderful view of her pussy and bush. It felt as if she was offering it to me and not just putting on a show that I could stroke myself off too.

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Mom put a hand between her legs and covered her pussy, “I’ll suck it for you, Honey. I’m a little messy down there.”

I stood up and stepped over Aldrix’s legs as he fucked his sister. I stood in front of my mother with my cock in my hand like it was something I did every day. Mom spread her legs a little more. I moved in closer. Mom grabbed my cock and leaned in, and took me into her mouth. I could not resist playing with her tits, which have been driving me nuts.

Mom had one hand on my hip and was slowly jerking me off with the other as she sucked and licked the glans.

I heard some sounds behind me that let me know Aldrix and Amista were getting close to a climax. “Yes, my brother, do it. I am going to cum again.” With a final grunt from Aldrix, it was over. They collapsed on the floor, panting.

My mother never stopped sucking my cock when Aldrix kissed her cheek and said goodnight. Amista put her arm around me and kissed my cheek, “It’s good that you make love with your mother. Mothers love their sons very much.” And then they were gone, and I was alone with my mother.

It was like a spell was broken. I backed up, and my cock came out of my mother’s mouth. Mom put both hands over her mouth. “Holy shit, Phil, I was sucking your cock.”

“I’m so sorry, Mom. I don’t know what made me come over here.”

Mom looked confused as she explained how she felt, “All I can tell you is it seemed like I was compelled to do it. Once you were within reach, there was no stopping me. I had to have your cock. It’s something about this place

and those kids. Back home, I would never think to let you watch me have sex or let you have sex in the same room as me. But here, it just seems to be okay that you see me naked, sucking off and fucking this young boy right in front of you.

“It’s a real turn-on for me to watch you have sex,” I confessed to my mother.

“It’s a turn-on watching you too.” My mother admitted.

I was feeling guilty about what we had done. I tried to give my mother some assurance it would not happen again. “It seemed that as soon as Amista and Aldrix left, I came to my senses. I swore I would control myself if we were ever in this situation again. But right now, I have to do something to relieve myself. It wasn’t going to go down by itself after what we did.”

“Come over here, Honey. I want you to do it right in front of me.” There was something different in my mother’s voice.

I know I just told her I would control myself, but I walked up to her anyway. I got between my mother’s legs as she sat on her bed. My cock was right in line with her face. She held my hips when I took hold of my cock and started pumping it no more than three inches from her face.

Jerking off like this didn’t seem awkward or unusual, even when my mother stuck out her tongue and started licking the end of my cock as I masturbated. Mom’s tongue was certainly helping. “Oh jeez, Mom, I am going to cum.

“In my mouth Phil, cum in my mouth.”

I don't know why, but I was expecting Mom to say just that. Once again, my mother took my cock in her mouth. Mom sucked and licked as I jacked off and shot my load onto her tongue and the roof of her mouth. My knees felt weak, and I went down and knelt on the floor. I threw my arms around my mother's legs and rested my head on her knees as I waited for my heart to slow down and catch my breath.

"What is it with this place, Mom? I can get all the sex I could ever want here. Why am I suddenly so drawn to you? As soon as Amista said you wanted me, I wanted to fuck you so bad.

"I know, Honey, I know. I wanted you to. I'm not sure we can avoid it while we are here. My God, I sucked you off twice, and I don't even feel guilty about it."

"I can't believe I stood here and felt no guilt letting you do that either. What are we going to do? I'm still feeling the urge, and damn it, I have another hard-on."

"I'm feeling it too. You need to fuck me, Phil. It's the only way. Otherwise, we will be aroused and torture each other and masturbate until we do."

"Really, Mom. Are you sure that's what we need to do?"

"Yes, damn it. That's what we have to do. I want to do it. I need to do it. Please, Phil, I need a cock in me. I sucked your cock. I deserve a good fucking for doing that for you. Now get over here and fuck me just like Aldrix did to his sister." Mom got on her hands and knees on her bed. I let out a groan as she presented her anus and pussy to me. I could see the moisture on her pussy.

I got on the bed behind my mother. She crossed her arms and lowered her head down onto her arms. Her ass stuck up in the air beckoning me to stick my cock in her pussy.

“Damn it, Phil. Stop staring and fuck me.”

I eased my cock into my mother’s pussy. I put my hands on her hips and thrust my hips forward, burying my cock deep in her.

“Yes, Phil, yes. That’s what I need. Fuck me. Fuck my cunt, baby. God, I can never get enough when I come here.”

I knew exactly what Mom meant. During the day, it was all work and no play. But as soon as the sun went down, we were seeking someone to have sex with. If Amista and Aldrix were not going to join us in our hut, we went to the beach. There were always seventy or eighty boys, girls, men and women swimming or just sitting around talking. No one hid that they were there to hook up with someone. Couples would run off toward the village or the palm trees. I saw Amista leave, holding hands with a teenager who looked about my age. I admit I was a bit jealous even though I was taking a girl every bit as sexy and willing as Amista back to our hut.

Mom came fast and violently. I had cum with Amista and in Mom’s mouth, and unbelievably I was going to cum again. I shoved my cock deep into my mother and got off for the third time tonight. My balls should be aching from overwork.

“Oh my god, Phil, that was so good.”

“Yes, it was fantastic.”

Mom and I lay in each other's arms. The irresistible urge to have sex was gone, although we were still naked and had our bodies pressed together. I looked at my mother completely differently than I had a few minutes ago. She was my mother again. Not the alluring, seductive woman I was uncontrollably drawn to.

I knew she felt the same when she told me, "I think it would be best if you went back to your own bed." As good as it felt to snuggle with my mother, I knew she was right. I stood up and decided I needed a shower. I put on my shorts and went outside. I saw some movement as I came around the side of our hut. I thought I saw Amista scurrying off into the dark.

The cool water of the shower no longer bothered me. It felt refreshing in the hot weather of the island. I was all soaped up when my mother stepped into the shower enclosure with me. My mom being nude no longer shocked me, but it still sent the blood rushing to my cock more often than not. Sure, seeing her sucking cock and fucking did it too. But being nude on this island was so familiar. None of the islanders ever wore clothing to swim in the ocean. Sarongs were quickly discarded at the party by men, women, boys, and girls. The island girls were the exotic turn-on for me. The island boys were indeed a turn-on for my mom. I rinsed off and then washed Mom's back. I left her to finish up. I dried off, put my shorts back on and went back inside.

I was lying down on my bed when Mom came in after she finished her shower, wearing just her shorts.

My mom did have nice tits. Just that bit of sag that let you know she was a grown woman and not a teenager. I would guess a C-cup with light pink puffy areola about the size of a silver dollar and prominent nipples. I thought I had gotten somewhat used to seeing them now that she had them on display so often. I think she would not have worn anything on top all day except her complexion was too light to take all that tropical sun. Now that I felt refreshed, my cock was starting to react to the sight of mom's breasts.

“Mom, are you feeling anything peculiar right now?”

“Yes, my pussy is tingling, and I have this urge to see your cock.”

I unzipped my shorts and took out my cock. Mom dropped her shorts to her ankles. Sat on her bed and spread her legs.

“Jerk off, Phil. I want to watch you play with your cock. Can you do that for me while you watch me? I don’t know why, but I need you to watch me get myself off. That’s it, Phil, pound that cock. It’s been a long time since I watched a guy jerk off. For some reason, that’s what I need you to do for me right now.”

Mom was playing with one of her tits as she fingered herself. I could tell she was totally focused on what I was doing with my hand around my cock. We were both breathing hard and masturbating. It was like a race to see who could get off first. My eyes were riveted to what Mom’s fingers were doing between her legs. The way she would put a finger in her vagina and finger fuck herself for a few seconds, then take it out and play with her clit. Yes, I needed to masturbate, and I needed to see my mom masturbate.

I was getting close when Mom laid back on her bed and let out a groan. Her ass was lifted off the bed as she continued to masturbate her clit. “Hurry, Phil, cum with me. I want to see you cum.”

“Yes, Mom, I’m cumming.”

“Yes, Honey, I see it. God, I don’t think I am ever going to stop cumming.”

## **On an Island With Mom**

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**DDMarshall**

I shot my load. What there was of it. It was nothing like what I had done in my mother's mouth. But the pleasure of doing it with my mother was nonetheless exhilarating.

Mom got out of bed and came over and knelt by my bed and started licking the cum from my cock. "Can you get it up again, Honey?"

"Keep licking it just like that, and I will." It didn't take long for Mom to get my cock ready.

Mom climbed on my bed and straddled me, and slowly settled herself down on my cock. "We are going to do this a lot while we are here, Phil. All the parents have sex with their children when they are old enough. It's their way. Aldrix's father told me it's as if they are drawn to each other as soon as their son or daughter reaches puberty. He said all the mothers have fucked their sons, and all the fathers have fucked their daughters at least once. Honey, I not only want to fuck you, but I need to fuck you. I love you, my baby."

"I know, Mom. I need to make love to you. I need you to show me you love me unconditionally. I want to please you in every way that I can." Mom had an orgasm, and I fell asleep before she finished and got off of me.

About once a week, my mother and I would feel the urge to have sex with each other. Sometimes, it was just an uncontrollable urge to get off. Mom would suck me off, and I would go down on her and lick her pussy. Then we could get some sleep. But we were no longer shy about having a good old fashion fuck. Three more times, my mother and I had wonderful sex while Aldrix and Amista were with us in our hut. I had sex with Amista, and Mom had sex with Aldrix before Amista would suck her brother's cock and invite him to fuck her. My mother and I would feel that uncontrollable urge to fuck and have oral sex. Our lovemaking would last long after Aldrix and Amista left.

A couple of times a week, Mom sought out other young boys and men to have sex with. I had many wonderful encounters with young girls and older women. Despite all the sex we were having, Mom never missed a day of doing her research or cut our expeditions to the reef's short. I must admit that I looked forward to working with my mother when I wasn't snorkeling and diving for mollusks with Amista and Aldrix. It was important work that gave me a sense of purpose that I had never had before.

The End.