



High-Seas Captive

By Klrxo

Andrew stood frozen in the hallway, his breath hitching as he watched his mother through the gap of the living room door. She was a vision of pure, unfiltered temptation, posing before the floor-to-ceiling mirror with a confidence that bordered on predatory.

Evelyn wore a skimpy, emerald-green maxi-dress that seemed to be fighting a losing battle against her voluptuous curves. The neckline plunged dangerously low, barely containing her giant tits; the heavy, pale globes spilled over the fabric, their deep

cleavage creating a valley of soft, shimmering skin that Andrew couldn't stop staring at.

He felt a familiar, painful throb in his jeans. He was eighteen, but in her presence, he felt like a trembling child, caught in the gravitational pull of a woman who knew exactly how much power she wielded.

As Evelyn shifted her weight, the dress rode up, revealing the breathtaking curve of her meat buttocks. They were a shelf of rounded, juicy flesh, barely veiled by the thin material, shaking slightly with every movement.

She was perched on dainty, needle-thin stilettos that arched her feet perfectly, showcasing her meticulously painted toenails. She looked like a goddess designed for the cover of a magazine, and she knew it.

Suddenly, her eyes caught his reflection in the mirror. Instead of scolding him for spying, a playful, wicked smirk curled her lips. She didn't turn around; she simply held his gaze through the glass and gave him a slow, deliberate wink.

The gesture was a silent acknowledgment of his desire, a teasing invitation that sent a surge of heat straight to Andrew's groin.

He gasped, his face erupting in a deep crimson blush, and he jerked his head away, staring frantically at the floor like a shy five-year-old, though his heart was hammering against his ribs with adult longing.

The heavy silence of the room was broken by the sound of hesitant footsteps. Charles, Andrew's father, descended the

stairs, his presence a stark contrast to the electric tension radiating from his wife.

He approached her slowly, his shoulders hunched, looking less like a husband and more like a suppliant approaching an altar. He stopped a few feet behind her, his eyes darting from her towering heels to the expanse of her exposed ass.

"E-Evelyn, honey," Charles began, his voice cracking.

Evelyn gave herself one last long look before bothering to acknowledge him. "Christ, what?" she said, already turning back to the mirror.

He shifted from foot to foot, his stutter intensifying as he looked at the woman who dominated every room she entered.

"I... I w-wanted to t-talk to you about s-something. I've been th-thinking..."

Evelyn didn't move from her pose. She remained arched, her giant tits heaving slightly under the thin fabric, her expression shifting from playful to impatient.

She slowly turned her head, her stunning green eyes casting a sharp, piercing glare over her shoulder at her husband. The dominance in her gaze was absolute, stripping Charles of whatever meager confidence he had managed to muster. It was like she was doing him a favor even looking at him

"For fuck's sake, spit it out, Charles!" she snapped, her voice a commanding lash that made Andrew shiver in the hallway. "I don't have all day to listen to you stumble over your own fucking tongue. What is it?"

Charles jumped, nearly tripping over his own feet. He took a deep, shuddering breath, trying to steady himself under the weight of her scrutiny.

He looked at her, his eyes filled with a mixture of fear and desperate adoration, completely captivated by the bombshell standing before him.

"I... I was thinking..." he managed to blur out, his voice gaining a tiny bit of strength. "That l-luxury yacht I bought. I was w-wondering... what would you th-think about taking a y-year-long journey in it? Just us... and Andrew, if you w-want."

Evelyn let out a loud, theatrical scoff, the sound echoing through the living room. She shifted her weight, causing her massive breasts to bounce provocatively beneath the emerald fabric.

"A year?" she repeated, her voice dripping with disdain. "You expect me to live on some stupid fucking boat for a year, Charles? In the middle of the ocean with nothing but salt air and your stuttering for company? Absolutely not."

Charles winced, his shoulders slumping further. He stepped closer, his hands trembling as he tried to find the words to persuade her.

"B-but Evelyn, think of it as an e-escape," he pleaded, his voice thin and desperate. "No p-pressures, no schedules. Just the open sea, luxury, and... and the freedom to do whatever we w-want. It would be a r-romantic adventure."

Evelyn turned fully toward him now, her expression one of sheer boredom. She looked down at him from the height of her stilettos, her gaze cold and dismissive.

"I can't believe you even used that word with me. Romantic? Charles, you know I've never even come close to feeling that with you, and I have absolutely no interest in trying. The idea of being trapped on a floating coffin with you for twelve months sounds less like an adventure and more like a fucking prison sentence."

Charles swallowed hard, his face flushing. He knew he was losing her, and the desperation in his eyes grew.

"The yacht has everything. A full s-studio, a gym... you could pursue your own interests, Evelyn. Whatever you w-wanted. You could spend the whole year focusing on... on your own p-pleasures."

The atmosphere in the room shifted instantly. Evelyn's posture straightened, and the boredom in her eyes vanished, replaced by a predatory spark.

She didn't look at her husband; instead, her gaze drifted slowly, deliberately, back toward the gap in the door. Andrew felt his heart stop as her eyes locked onto him. He tried to shrink back, but it was too late.

Evelyn's gaze traveled down his skinny frame, sliding past his flushed face and chest, until it landed squarely on the unmistakable, rigid tent protruding from the front of his jeans.

"My own interests and pleasures, huh?" she purred, a slow, wicked smirk spread across her lips.

She didn't care about the yacht, the ocean, or her husband's desperate need for companionship. All she saw was the trembling, hard-on-clad boy in the hallway and the prospect of having him trapped in a confined space with her for an entire year.

"Fine," she breathed, her eyes never leaving Andrew's crotch. "Andrew and I will come with you."

She let out a soft, throaty laugh, her mind already racing with the images of the mind-bending orgasms she intended to wring out of the situation. For Evelyn, pleasure was the only currency that mattered, and she had just secured a year's worth of it.

The day of the departure arrived with a blinding sun that shimmered off the pristine white deck of the luxury yacht. Evelyn stood at the gangway like a pampered queen, her presence commanding every eye in the marina.

She was dressed in a sheer, flowing white cover-up that did absolutely nothing to hide the curves beneath; her massive breasts swayed with every breath, the nipples prominently poking through the thin fabric, while her high-heeled sandals accentuated the arch of her feet and her perfectly painted toes.

She didn't lift a finger, instead leaning back with a look of supreme boredom, her sunglasses shielding her eyes as she watched her husband struggle.

Charles was a sight of pure desperation. He was drenched in sweat, his face a deep shade of crimson as he hauled the

mountain of Evelyn's luggage toward the boarding ramp. Her baggage was extensive—dozens of designer suitcases, trunks of shoes, and specialized cases for her "personal" accessories.

He groaned under the weight of a particularly heavy trunk, his thin arms shaking violently. As he pivoted to step onto the deck, the corner of a luxury vanity case clipped the polished chrome rail with a sharp, metallic *clink*.

Evelyn's head snapped toward him, her expression shifting from boredom to instant fury. "You fucking klutz!" she shrieked, her voice cutting through the salty air like a whip. "Watch what you're doing, Charles! If a single one of my delicates is ruined because you can't handle a simple suitcase, I'll be absolutely irate!"

"S-sorry, honey! I-I'll be careful," he stammered, his voice trembling as he scrambled to right the case, looking like a scolded dog.

Evelyn rolled her pretty eyes and let out a sharp, dismissive huff, turning away from him. She didn't hate Charles—not entirely. He was a provider, born into a level of wealth that allowed her to live the life of a goddess, and that was the primary reason she had ever said 'I do.'

But as she looked at his slumping shoulders and his pathetic, submissive posture, a wave of disgust washed over her. He didn't come remotely close to her standards of male attractiveness. He was a whimpering shadow of a man, and in her mind, the most pathetic part of him was hidden beneath his trousers.

She shuddered, recalling the mere sight of his cock—a stunted, short thing that had always left her feeling nauseas. The thought of it actually entering her was repulsive. For years, she had maintained a strict boundary, refusing to let him touch her in any way that mattered.

While Charles lived in a state of perpetual sexual starvation, Evelyn's needs were met by an extensive, high-end collection of dildos that could do what Charles never could.

On the rare occasions she felt generous, or perhaps just bored, she would allow him to crawl behind her and eat her ass, letting him worship her flesh from a position where she didn't have to look at his inadequacy.

Even the conception of Andrew had been a strategic move to avoid the act of sex. She had insisted on in-vitro fertilization, paying the doctors to ensure she never had to endure the friction of Charles's tiny dick inside her.

Her thoughts shifted, and a slow, predatory smile returned to her lips as she caught sight of Andrew standing a few feet away. He was staring at her, his eyes wide and glazed with a mixture of nervousness and longing, his gaze locked onto the heavy swell of her tits.

Unlike his father, Andrew had the potential to be something far more satisfying.

The young man a stark contrast to the trembling wreck of a man beside him. Having just turned eighteen, he was the genetic antithesis of Charles. Where his father was soft and stunted,

Andrew was lean and handsome, possessing a natural, effortless allure that radiated from his shy demeanor.

His frame was lithe, but beneath his clothes, there were hints of a burgeoning masculinity—specifically the heavy, unmistakable bulge in his trousers that promised something substantial and powerful.

He was the kind of boy who didn't even have to try; every girl at school and every neighborhood mother who crossed paths with him felt a primal pull toward him. They looked at his timid expressions and saw a challenge, a beautiful, virgin canvas they yearned to ravage like feral animals.

In their fantasies, they imagined stripping away his modesty, pinning his lean body down, and using him as a personal fuck doll, soaking his cock with their release while ruthlessly fucking his shyness away.

Unaware of the predatory hunger he inspired in the women around him—especially the one currently eyeing him from behind oversized sunglasses—Andrew was focused on his phone. He was texting Chloe, a busty cheerleader who had spent the last few weeks aggressively pursuing him.

His thumbs hovered over the screen as he nervously tried to explain the sudden nature of the yacht trip.

I'm sorry I can't hang out this weekend, he typed, his face flushing. *My parents are taking me on this cruise for a year, and I don't know if I'll have much—*

Before he could hit send, a manicured hand with a sharp, red nails darted out with lightning speed. Evelyn snatched the phone right out of his grip, her movements fluid and dominant.

She held the phone up, her eyes scanning the screen with a cold, possessive smirk. She read the messages from Chloe, her lip curling in a mixture of amusement and disdain. The thought of some teenage girl claiming a piece of the prize that belonged to her was intolerable.

"A girl?" Evelyn purred, her voice dripping with a dangerous sweetness.

"Yes," Andrew uttered.

Evelyn didn't look at him as her thumbs flew across the screen, typing a response with brutal efficiency.

He's occupied for the next year. Don't bother him again. Fuck off!

Evelyn finally looked at him, her gaze sliding down from his cute face to the prominent tent in his pants, which had reacted instinctively to her sudden proximity and the scent of her sweet perfume.

Her smirk widened, her eyes darkening with a hunger that would have terrified him if he weren't so captivated by her.

"You won't be needing this for a while, my sweet boy," she whispered, her voice a low, commanding vibration.

With a decisive click, she powered the device off, plunging the screen into blackness. Without a second thought, she slid the

phone into the depths of her oversized designer bag, zipping it shut with a finality that sounded like a prison door closing.

"Come along," Evelyn said, her voice breezy and expectant as she extended her hand, the gesture both command and invitation.

Without protest, her son took it, their fingers entwining with the easy, unthinking obedience of habit. He followed her, gaze drawn irresistibly to the rhythmic sway of her hips—the way her ass jutted and bounced beneath the hem of her tiny skirt, every step sending ripples across that luscious shelf.

As the yacht glided away from the dock, the salt spray kissing the air, Charles stood at the helm, looking more like a terrified deckhand than the owner of a multi-million dollar vessel, despite his experience.

To ensure the trip remained a luxury experience, Charles had hired May, a quiet, efficient maid in her early twenties. Her role was simple: handle the cooking, the cleaning, and the endless demands of Evelyn, leaving Charles to focus on the technicalities of sailing and his wife to focus on her "new interests."

For the first hour on deck, Evelyn did nothing but stare at Andrew like a piece of meat. Her eyes tracked the way his body flexed beneath his clothes while her mind played out filthy, detailed fantasies of shattering his shyness.

She was going to use that fucking flawless body of his to stretch her open, carving out thousands of raw, unhinged orgasms until they were both completely spent.

With the vast expanse of the ocean surrounding them and plenty of secluded corners on the yacht, there was more than enough room for the kind of mischief she craved.

Once they reached open waters, Evelyn retreated to her master suite—a sprawling sanctuary of white leather and polished mahogany. The room featured a massive, floor-to-ceiling mirror that captured every inch of her vanity.

Evelyn stood in front of the mirror primping, every muscle in her body radiating a practiced, predatory poise. She was completely nude, gloriously so—her natural state, if she had any say in the matter.

Her breasts were enormous, verging on the unreal, jutting proudly from her chest, each capped with thick, dark areolas and plump, inviting nipples just begging for a greedy teenage mouth. Her pussy was bare and gleaming, the skin as smooth as glass, every inch meticulously groomed.

Behind her, May quietly folded Evelyn's discarded wardrobe, the pile of fabric almost insignificant next to the spectacle of Mrs. Sterling's physique.

"Beautiful, Mrs. Sterling," May said, her voice reverent as she tucked away the last hanger, not even attempting to mask her awe.

Evelyn smirked at her own reflection, tilting her chin with the confidence of a queen who never doubted her dominion.

"Yes, I know," she replied, voice thick with satisfaction. Her beauty, her body—that impossible, brick-house build—had brought legions of men to their knees, turned every head in a room, ruined composure and pride alike.

Evelyn was sheer carnality incarnate, a goddess walking among women, and she wore her perfection like a crown, fully aware of its power.

"Bring me my micro slingshot bikini, the pink one," Evelyn demanded, her tone leaving no room for doubt. May scrambled to obey, darting to retrieve the item at once.

"And my Italian stilettos, the ones that match," Evelyn ordered, her voice smooth with expectation as she admired herself in the mirror.

With a practiced sweep of her upper arms, she mashed her tits closer together, forcing the fat nipples to jut out, impossibly bold against the soft weight of her breasts.

She didn't break her pose for a second; instead, she bent one shapely leg at the knee, striking a posture that was pure exhibition, pure vanity, pure Evelyn. Every line of her body seemed to revel in the attention, hips cocked, a sultry smirk threatening at the edge of her lips.

When Evelyn slipped into the neon bikini, the effect was nothing short of explosive. Thin, snarling streaks of hot pink barely clung to her body, struggling heroically—and failing—to contain the sheer size of her tits.

Cleavage gushed over the narrow sling, heavy and outrageous, bulging at the edges where neon fought flesh and lost. She tugged up the bottoms, a mere whisper of fabric that vanished between her lush buttocks, caught tight in the deep groove of her rounded ass.

Her feet slid into matching pink stilettos. Instantly, her calves flexed, cords shifting under perfect skin as she posed, every inch of her body on display and demanding attention.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Sterling," May murmured, her voice discreet. "I've finished the wardrobe, but I didn't see any of your... personal accessories. Your usual collection of toys and dildos wasn't in the trunks."

Evelyn didn't turn around. She remained staring at her own reflection, arching her back to push her fat tits further out of the skimpy fabric, her eyes gleaming with a selfish hunger.

A slow, wicked grin spread across her lips as she thought of the eighteen-year-old boy currently wandering the deck, oblivious to the trap she was setting.

"I didn't bring them," Evelyn purred, her voice low and thick with anticipation. She shifted her weight, the stilettos clicking on the hardwood floor, as she admired the way her own body looked—ripe, ready, and completely dominant.

May looked confused, knowing how much Evelyn relied on her silicon collection to compensate for her husband's pathetic inadequacy.

"But... won't you miss them?"

Evelyn finally turned, her gaze sharp and commanding, though her smile remained playful. She thought of Andrew's heavy bulge, the raw, untapped masculinity that made Charles look like a stunted child. The thought of feeling that real meat, that pulsing heat inside her made her core throb with a sudden, wet ache.

"Why would I want a piece of plastic when I have the real thing on board?" Evelyn asked, her voice dripping with suggestive intent.

She let her eyes drift toward the door, imagining Andrew walking in. "There's only one cock on this boat that matters now, and it certainly isn't made of silicon."

"You don't mean Mr. Sterling's?"

Evelyn threw her head back in laughter, her giant breasts bouncing violently within the thin neon strips of the micro bikini, the heavy mounds of flesh threatening to spill completely free. The sound was mocking, devoid of any affection.

"God, no!" Evelyn gasped, wiping a tear of amusement from her eye. "The very thought makes me wanna gag. I wouldn't touch Charles's tiny, disgusting cock if it were the last piece of meat on the planet. That pathetic little nub is barely a suggestion of a penis."

"Have you ever had sex with your husband?" May asked curiously.

"Unfortunately, yes. The man has the sexual skills of a fucking snail—I knew that well before I married him. He's slow, he's clumsy, and frankly, he's nearly as ugly as he is inadequate in bed."

May blinked, slightly taken aback by the raw vitriol, though she didn't look particularly shocked. She glanced at the opulent surroundings of the suite—the gold accents, the rare mahogany, the sheer scale of the luxury they were floating on.

"He is very wealthy, though," May noted quietly, her voice neutral.

Evelyn turned back to the mirror, admiring the curve of her own hip and the way the pink string disappeared into the crease of her juicy ass.

"Exactly. Which is the only fucking reason I married him. Charles is a walking bank account with a stutter. He provides the lifestyle I want, and in exchange, I tolerate his existence. But tolerance doesn't satisfy a woman's hunger, now does it, May?"

"No, ma'am, which is why I was surprised that no toys were packed."

"I didn't come on this trip for the scenery or the sailing," Evelyn purred. "I plan on spending every single waking moment of this voyage chasing my orgasms on the young, hard muscle of my son's cock."

To Evelyn's surprise, May didn't gasp or look horrified. Instead, the maid let out a soft, knowing giggle, her eyes twinkling with a sudden, mischievous light.

"You know, Mrs. Sterling," May whispered, a playful smirk dancing on her lips, "incest is actually quite common in my culture. Back home, it's whispered about often—how the mothers always have a special craving for young dick. There's something about the vigor of a son that a husband simply can't match."

Evelyn looked at May with newfound appreciation, realizing she had an ally in her quest for pleasure.

"Tell me, May... are you good with words?" Evelyn asked.

"I, um... suppose I am, ma'am," the maid said with a shrug of your shoulders.

"If you were to witness a sexual act, for example... would you be able to describe it to someone else in explicit detail?"

"Well, I have dabbled with erotic story writing," May confessed with pride, "so I suppose I probably could."

Evelyn's lips curled with an evil grin. "Good to know. I'll expect lunch in a couple of hours," she ordered, quickly changing the subject as she sauntered toward the doorway.

Each tap of her dainty stilettos rang against hardwood, sharp and insistent, her feet arched so high it was a wonder she didn't simply glide through the air.

As she reached the bridge and stepped past Charles, who was gripping the steering wheel with white-knuckled intensity, she slowed her pace, ensuring her giant breasts bounced with every step, the heavy mounds of flesh nearly leaping out of the neon fabric.

"Charles," she purred, her voice dripping with a mock sweetness that made the man jump. "Have you seen Andrew? I can't seem to find my gorgeous boy anywhere."

Charles jerked his head toward her, his eyes widening as they landed on the sheer amount of exposed skin. He did a double take, his gaze sliding instinctively from her towering cleavage down to the sliver of pink fabric barely covering her juicy pussy, then back up to her face.

"I... I-I haven't s-seen him, Evelyn," he stuttered, his voice cracking. He paused, his eyes lingering a second too long on the way her nipples strained against the thin material. "T-that... that bikini... isn't it a bit... I-little too small? I mean, with A-Andrew around..."

Evelyn stopped dead in her tracks. She turned to him, her expression shifting from sultry to ice-cold in a heartbeat. She glared at him, her eyes narrowing as if she were looking at a particularly repulsive insect.

The look was a dare—a silent command for him to try and object to how she dressed around her son.

"Stop staring, Charles!" she snapped, her voice sharp as a razor. "This outfit isn't for you. I don't like you looking at my body that way; it's frankly nauseating. Now focus on the horizon before you run us into a fucking reef."

Charles shrank back into his seat, looking utterly defeated. "S-sorry, honey. I just—"

"Shut up and focus on sailing," she commanded, not even looking back as she turned on her heel and marched toward the upper deck.

She found Andrew exactly where she expected: tucked away in a secluded, sun-drenched lounge area of the upper deck. He was sprawled out on a plush outdoor sofa, completely absorbed in a handheld gaming device, his lean frame relaxed and his expression focused.

He was wearing a pair of thin athletic shorts that did little to hide the natural lines of his body.

"There's my gorgeous boy," Evelyn cooed, her voice returning to that low, honeyed vibration.

Andrew jumped, nearly dropping his game. He looked up, and his breath hitched. Seeing his mother in that micro bikini up close was an entirely different experience than peeking from a distance.

The sun hit her skin, making her bronzed flesh glow with a radiant, golden sheen. Her breasts were immense, spilling over the edges of the pink fabric, the deep valley of her cleavage inviting and warm.

Without waiting for an invitation, Evelyn stepped toward him and sprawled out on the deck directly in front of him. She arched her back, a move that pushed her chest upward and outward, making her breasts look even more mountainous.

She stretched her long, toned legs, the string of her bikini disappearing deep into the crease of her rounded, heavy buttocks.

"It's such a beautiful day for a tan, don't you think, Andy?" she murmured, closing her eyes and tilting her head back, exposing the elegant line of her throat.

Andrew felt a sudden, violent surge of heat rush straight to his groin. He tried to focus on his game, but the screen became a blur. All he could see was the undulating curve of his mother's

hips and the way her heavy breasts shifted as she settled into the deck.

With one slow, deliberate motion, she slipped her sexy feet from towering heels, letting them rest atop the smooth boards. Then she let her knees fall wide, baring the hammock of her lush thighs for him to admire.

The thick globes of her big buttocks were flattened against the floor, plush flesh battling the taut stretch of her slingshot bikini. The skimpy fabric was wedged deep between her plump cunt-lips, drawing the eye helplessly to the mouthwatering cameltoe swelling for attention.

Underneath his thin shorts, Andrew's cock reacted instantly, snapping to full attention. A thick, rigid tent pushed the fabric outward, a prominent bulge that signaled his utter helplessness in the face of her beauty.

He shifted uncomfortably, trying to hide the erection, but Evelyn's eyes flickered open. She didn't look at his face; her gaze dropped straight to the hardening pipe between his legs, and a slow, triumphant smirk spread across her lips.

"I... I need to..." he stammered, his voice cracking painfully. He looked everywhere but at her, his eyes darting toward the railing, the sea, the sky—anywhere but those heavy, jutting breasts.

Evelyn remained in her predatory pose, not moving an inch; she only watched him, eyes locked on the tent in his crotch with a dark, hungry gleam.

A low, melodious hum rolled from her lips, vibrating in the charged air. Slowly, deliberately, she slid her feet up his legs,

teasing him with the velvet-soft brush of her soles—a lazy, confident caress that promised more.

"You need to what, Andy?" she teased. "Go find a quiet corner to masturbate your hard, young cock?"

Andrew gasped, the sheer bluntness of her words sending a fresh jolt of electricity straight to his balls.

"No! I... I have to finish unpacking my things!" he blurted out. Without waiting for a response, he practically leaped from the sofa, nearly tripping over his own feet in his haste to escape.

Evelyn didn't chase him. Instead, she stayed lying on the deck for a moment, a soft, triumphant giggle escaping her lips. She watched his retreating form, noting that he wasn't heading back toward the main cabins. He was heading toward the lower utility decks.

"Run along, little rabbit," she whispered to herself, her smirk widening.

She rose slowly, her giant breasts swaying with a heavy, rhythmic bounce that would have hypnotized any man. She began to follow him, her exposed buttocks swaying and jiggling as her bare feet padding softly against the polished teak.

Andrew descended the stairs, his breath coming in ragged gasps. He bypassed the hallways to the living quarters and slipped into the small workout room, a cramped space filled with weights and a treadmill.

He didn't stop there; he ducked into the tiny adjoining bathroom, clicking the lock shut with a trembling hand. He collapsed onto

the closed toilet seat, heart racing. His cock was throbbing, pulsing with a desperate need for release.

He reached into his shorts, his fingers brushing against the hot, rigid shaft, but before he could even get a grip, the sound of the door clicking open echoed in the small space.

Evelyn stood in the doorway, a sly little smirk tugging at her lips, her tits glossy with sweat and jutting out brazenly—a shameless invitation.

"Hi," she purred, syrupy sweet, as if reminding him there was no hope of escape. Her perfect silhouette filled the frame, those sweat-sheened tits thrust forward as she stepped inside. She eased the door shut behind her with a soft click that sealed alone together.

"Hi," he breathed, voice tiny, trapped and trembling as he gazed up at her towering form. Evelyn's presence dwarfed him; she was everywhere at once—the gleam of her skin, the mountain of her breasts, the hungry spark in her eyes.

"I knew you weren't going to unpack, Andrew," she purred.

Before he could voice a single word, she was on him. Evelyn stepped forward, fluid and unstoppable, all that tanned power focused on him as she swung a perfect, bronzed leg over his lap, straddling him with a surge of dominance that brooked no hesitation.

Her breasts—a massive, sun-warmed softness barely encased by the flimsiest strip of micro bikini fabric—flattened against his chest, their warmth and sheer abundance overwhelming.

He breathed her in. The scent of expensive coconut oil tangled with something heady and purely female, a rich musk that seemed to wind around his senses until he felt dizzy.

Her arm curled around him, strong as rope, pinning him against the lush yield of her chest as she drew him in without mercy, until his cheek was pillowed against the softness of her tits.

Lips found his ear, feather-light but insistent, her breath hot and damp as summer dusk, warm enough to make his skin prickle.

"I knew exactly where you were going," she whispered, her voice dripping with a mix of maternal authority and raw lust. "You went somewhere private to fix your cock, didn't you? To let out all that hot, sticky cum building up in those fat, heavy balls."

Andrew let out a whimpering moan, his body trembling beneath her. He was trapped between the cold wall of the bathroom and the overwhelming, suffocating warmth of his mother's body, and he had never felt more aroused in his entire life.

"You think you're the only one feeling this, baby? Mommy has those same naughty desires," she whispered. "I've spent all morning watching you struggle with that pesky hardon. Why do it alone when we can masturbate together right here?"

The suggestion was insane, a total shattering of every boundary he had ever known, yet the sheer taboo of it sent a violent surge of pleasure straight to his groin.

"W-we... can we really do that? Now?" he stammered, his voice trembling with desperate longing.

Evelyn pulled back just enough to look him in the eyes, her gaze predatory and knowing. A slow, wicked smirk spread across her beautiful face.

"You just turned eighteen, baby. You're a man now," she purred. "And on this boat, we can do whatever we want."

To make her point, Evelyn mashed her overheated twat insistently against his hard cock, grinding in a slow taunting figure-eight. She relished the way his shaft flexed beneath the thin fabric, the thick ridge and pulsing vein jumping against her bare, swollen folds as heat radiated from her sopping fuck-tunnel.

Between their pressed bodies, Evelyn's manicured hand slid unerringly to the small metal clasp of her slingshot bikini. She flicked it open with a practiced motion—a soft metallic click, and the skimpy fabric snapped loose.

Now her pussy, slick and engorged, pressed directly against the front of his shorts. The heat and wetness soaked into the straining fabric, coating the outline of his cock with her arousal as she writhed and teased.

"Now, be a good boy and help me," she commanded.

She grabbed Andrew's trembling hand, her grip firm and guiding, and pressed his palm flat against the heat of her pussy. She guided his fingers upward, pressing them into her folds.

"Peel back my hood, Andrew. Find my fat little nubbin and rub it in tight, slow circles for me."

Andrew whimpered, his fingers shaking as he obeyed, feeling the electric heat of her grape-sized clitoris beneath his touch. As he

began to rub, a low, guttural moan escaped Evelyn's throat, her hips grinding instinctively against him.

While he focused on her pleasure, Evelyn used her free hand to reach down and seize the waistband of his shorts. With one swift, dominant tug, she pulled them down to his ankles, liberating his hard, veiny slab of cock flesh.

The sudden rush of cool air against his overheated flesh made Andrew buck upward, his face smashing deep into the bobbling warmth of her giant breasts.

Evelyn didn't let him move. She clamped her thumb and forefinger firmly around the base of his sinewy cock, her grip tight and possessive. Simultaneously, the other fingers of her hand cupped his sperm-bloated balls.

Her manicured nails dug slightly into the hairless, sensitive skin of his scrotum, stabbing possessively at the meat of his nuts.

"Mom!" Andrew gasped, his hips involuntarily humping against her grip, desperate for the friction.

"Shhh, let it throb... let it leak for me first," she hissed, fingers cinched mercilessly tight around the base of his shaft.

Blood raced and hammered beneath her grasp, feeding the angry purple of his swollen cock; she could feel the thick veins bunched and writhing beneath his fevered skin, as if drowning in the press of her fist.

She squeezed with a dominant intensity, restricting the blood flow just enough to make the bell glans of his cock engorge, swelling to a bursting point within the clamp of her hand.

Andrew let out a choked sob, his back arching against the cold bathroom wall as the pressure built to an unbearable peak.

"Your almost ready," his mother whispered.

Thick, gleaming beads of clear pre-cum welled up from the narrow slit of his glans, shimmering as they spilled over the swollen, flushed rim.

Each fresh droplet traced a slick, glistening path down the hard, throbbing shaft of his dick, where her fist clamped tight around the base—a merciless stranglehold that showed no intention of letting up.

Her fingers (and that gaudy, diamond-studded wedding ring) was now coated in slippery, sticky ribbons of adolescent pre-nut, oozing relentlessly beneath her knuckles and pooling right where her hand squeezed him the hardest.

Evelyn's fingers tightened on his balls, her manicure digging mercilessly into the tender, delicate skin of his scrotum. Each rhythmic flex of her grip left him shuddering, her nails kneading and teasing the flesh of his testicles, tugging at his spermatic cords with deliberate, controlled cruelty.

Maneuvering herself to the side, Evelyn shifted her weight, pinning him easily between the pillowy crush of her giant tits and the powerful vise of her thighs.

She hooked her sexy heels into his ribs for extra leverage, her body wrapped around his slim frame with predatory intent.

From this vantage, she could drink in the sight of his cock, the swollen length twitching and dripping, the flushed head ballooning with every throb. His arousal glistened on the angry

plum of his glans, fat and urgent, the evidence of her sadistic attention sparkling in the low light.

"You're such a mess for me, aren't you, Andy?" she purred, though her voice sharpened as she felt his fingers falter.

Andrew's hand had slowed, his focus shattered by the torture she was inflicting on his groin. He was rubbing her clitoris haphazardly, his movements erratic.

Evelyn let out a sharp, commanding hiss, her free hand snapping down to grab his wrist. She corrected his stroke with a forceful jerk, guiding his fingers back to the center of her heat.

"Focus!" she commanded, her voice a low, authoritative snap. "Do it exactly the way I showed you. Tight, slow circles. I want you to fuck my clit with your fingers."

Andrew snapped to obey, jamming his fingertip against Evelyn's grape-sized clit and circling the swollen nub with frantic, ruthless precision. She flexed her wide, maternal hips and drove her soaked pussy down onto his hand, grinding herself against his touch with a wild, cock-hungry rhythm.

The pre-cum leaking from his shaft slicked her palm with a perfect natural lube, so Evelyn began to pump along its steel length with fierce, twisting strokes. Her hand corkscrewed from base to tip, the slippery glide of pre-cum turning every motion into a dizzying surge of heat and pressure.

Andrew's vision blurred. Every nerve ending lit up at once—the ruthless pace of his own finger on her engorged clit, the wet blaze of her fist milking his cock with merciless expertise. Overwhelmed and mindless, he let himself be worked, utterly at the mercy of his mom's hungry grip.

Evelyn's reached up with a lightning-fast motion, the fingers of her free hand tangling deep into Andrew's hair and yanking his head back with a sharp, commanding tug.

Before he could even gasp, she crushed her lips against his in a fierce, wet kiss. Her long, experienced tongue lashed through his mouth, invading his space with a dominant force that left him breathless.

Andrew let out a series of desperate, muffled whimpers, but Evelyn swallowed every single sound, drinking in his submission as she explored every corner of his mouth.

The sensation of her tongue swirling against his like a slippery eel, combined with the electric friction of their hands, sent a shockwave through Andrew's entire nervous system.

Animal instinct seized on the knot of their tangled bodies, their overheated flesh pressed and grinding in the cramped, sweltering heat of the tiny bathroom—a makeshift arena of writhing, mindless flesh.

Limbs clawed, skittering against tile and door, heels thudding wall, elbows scraping porcelain, heedless of the damage done to the lavish fixtures as they stroked and tore at each other's throbbing genitals.

Their masturbatory orgy was frantic, uncoordinated, wild: hips snapped together with reckless force, breathless and slick, no trace of restraint.

There was no longer mother and son in that tiny, suffocating space, just two crazed, glistening animals locked in a bestial

struggle, cock and cunt slicked and yanked, desperate for the friction of their hands.

The air itself was heavy, hot and rank with sex, each grunt and gasp reverberating off polished marble and gold trim, all elegance drowned in the slap and grind of obscene physical need.

"FUCK! YESSS!" Evelyn snarled, mouth twisted—a feral sneer as the heel of her sexy foot dented the wall, then curled tight around Andrew's skinny back in a suffocating vise, her pedicured toes digging into his pale skin.

Once so vain, meticulous, obsessed with the perfection of her form, the mother was now a howling predator: a cougar in rut, mouth slavering, hand a blur on her son's swollen cock.

No glamour left, just desperation and sweat, fingers digging for grip in slick, feverish flesh, every beat of Evelyn's hand intent on wringing ecstasy from her boy.

Here, vanity was stripped bare—the only law now was friction, sensation, and the unyielding flood of pleasure that left them clawing, rutting, and shuddering together on the edge of release.

Andrew's fingers were a blur against his mom's engorged clit, matching the wild energy she unleashed on him.

She tightened her hold on his cock, zeroing in on the upper shaft. The fine-tuned rhythm of her grip built with a ruthless intensity, focusing every pump on the oversensitive band just beneath the glistening bulb of his glans.

Her thumb glided over his frenulum in relentless, wet passes—the slickness of his pre-cum turning each stroke into exquisite torture and winding Andrew tighter than he thought possible.

A guttural snarl ripped from his throat; his body shuddered, thrown into chaos by the unbearable pleasure. Evelyn's grip felt inescapable, his cock locked in her fist, his body enveloped by hers.

The world squeezed down to pinpoints: the spot where her thumb churned against his frenulum, and her mouth at his neck, her tongue and teeth branding him with each insistent bite.

Time fractured around those raging sensations, leaving Andrew gasping in the vise of her perfect flesh, utterly at her mercy.

Evelyn could feel the tremors racking Andrew's lean frame, the way his muscles locked up as he hovered on the precipice of total surrender. Sensing he was seconds away from breaking, she broke a kiss to his neck just enough to gasp into his ear, her voice a sharp, demanding whip.

"Faster, fucker! Rub my clit faster! Make me come apart right now!" she commanded, her nails digging deeper into his shoulders.

Driven by a primal need to please her, Andrew's fingers became a blur of friction. He hammered against her engorged clitoris with a desperate, frantic rhythm, his hand slick with her overflowing juices.

The sensation was electric, sending surges of heat straight to his core. Inside him, his prostate swelled to a bursting point, the pressure building into an unbearable ache. His cock throbbed uncontrollably in Evelyn's grip, the head purple and engorged, with thick beads of pre-cum dripping steadily from his slit, lubricating her palm as she continued to pump him with ruthless efficiency.

Evelyn clutched her son tight, feeling tremors shudder through his wiry body, his muscles snapping taut as piano wires as he hovered right at the edge.

She could feel it—the quick, helpless buck of his hips, the wild tension in his shoulders. Evelyn broke her kiss, dragging her lips across his throat so she could snarl straight into his ear, her words a hot lash.

“Faster, fucker! Rub my clit faster! Make me come apart right now!” she commanded, nails stabbing deep into his trembling skin.

That was all it took. Driven by raw instinct and the desperate need to please her, Andrew’s fingers became a blur, hammering her swollen clit with a furious, feverish rhythm.

His hand was slick, absolutely soaked with her dripping arousal, squelching audibly as he manhandled her most sensitive spot.

The sensation hit him like fire straight to the core. Inside, his prostate ached like it was about to split, the pressure brutal and insistent. Evelyn’s hand was relentless, pumping his cock with ruthless efficiency, skin stretched tight over the purple head, veins throbbing, pre-cum leaking out in thick ropes to slick her palm as she stroked him raw.

Suddenly, the dam burst. There was no warning, no pause—their orgasms collided, violent and unstoppable, a simultaneous, blinding release that shattered through them both.

Andrew let out a raw, wounded squeal, high and helpless, as his meatus erupted. Thick, creamy ropes of cum surged up and out in powerful, messy spurts, shooting across Evelyn’s bouncing tits,

splattering up her neck, soaking deep into the tiny swatch of her micro bikini.

His whole body convulsed against her, shuddering and twitching, every muscle straining as cord after gooey cord of hot semen pulsed free.

At that exact moment, Evelyn's body seized tight; her pussy imagined she was locked around him, muscles clenching madly, punishing and relentless. A wild torrent of fem-cum hissed out of her swollen urethra, a hot, clear spray that drenched Andrew's thighs and mingled immediately with his own slippery release.

Evelyn's screams rang off the tiles, sharp and triumphant, her voice breaking with bliss as she rode the crashing pleasure. Her head was thrown back, throat arched, every nerve alight and singing as wave after wave of orgasm tore through them both.

They clung together, bodies welded tight, the aftershocks lashing through them in wild, rolling waves. Every inch was slicked and saturated with the mingled proof of their union—a hot, sticky syrup clinging to their skin, fusing mother and son in a primal glue.

Evelyn thrashed, her heel slamming the wall with a hollow bang as another spasms took her; her teeth were bared, lips peeled back in a raw, wordless snarl.

She raked her son's trembling back with clawed hands, nails digging as if desperate to merge deeper, to break clear through skin and bone and be one creature.

They finally collapsed, spent, a heap of sweat-slick limbs tangled and knotted together. Andrew's breath came in hard, jagged gasps, his chest fluttering like a trapped bird's wings; his

forehead pressed to her shoulder, pulse hammering so fast each beat set their bodies shivering anew.

The following morning brought a blinding, golden sun that shimmered across the turquoise expanse of an exotic Mexican cove. The yacht sat motionless, moored in crystal-clear waters so transparent that the white sandy bottom and colorful reefs were visible from the deck.

Charles was lounging in a reclining chair, a tropical drink in his hand, finally feeling a sense of peace in the secluded paradise.

That peace was shattered the moment Evelyn stepped onto the deck. She wasn't alone; she was leading Andrew by the hand, her fingers interlaced with his.

Andrew looked dazed, his eyes wide and his face still sporting a lingering flush from having his cock milked dry by Evelyn below deck, twice already that morning.

"Isn't it just divine, Charles?" Evelyn purred, her voice dripping with a cocky confidence. "A perfect day for a swim."

Charles looked up, smiling timidly, but the smile froze on his face.

With a slow, deliberate motion, Evelyn reached for the knot of the sheer silk cover-up draped over her shoulders. She let it slide, the fabric gliding down her skin in a languid descent. As the silk pooled at her feet, she stood before them completely and shamelessly naked.

Her body was built for pure sin—a tiny waist, massive hips, and giant tits swinging completely free. Sticking out of her huge,

bumpy areolas were thick, rubbery nipples, hard as rocks and pointing straight at her husband like a massive "fuck you."

Charles gasped, his drink nearly slipping from his hand. He scrambled to sit up, his face turning a deep shade of crimson.

"E-Evelyn! Y-you're... you're n-naked!"

Evelyn let out a sharp, mocking laugh, her eyes dancing with mischief as she glanced at Andrew, who was staring at her bobbling udders with a hunger that was almost palpable.

"Yes, I am... so turn away until I jump into the water," she said sternly. "I don't want you looking at my naked body, Charles."

"W-what are you doing?" he asked, half-complying with her request.

"What the fuck does it look like I'm doing, Charles? I'm skinny dipping. And from what I've read, it's perfectly legal in these waters." She turned her gaze to her son, her voice softening into a commanding purr. "Undress, Andrew. Now. Come and swim with me."

"N-now wait a minute!" Charles stammered, his voice cracking. "T-this is... this is inappropriate! F-family members shouldn't be s-seeing each other n-naked! It's... it's not r-right!"

Evelyn stopped dead in her tracks, snapping her head around to look at her husband with total, unfiltered disgust. She slowly scanned him from head to toe—taking in his soft, flabby gut, his pathetic, cowering posture, and the miserable excuse for a bulge in his shorts.

"You're right, Charles," she spat, her lip curling into a vicious sneer. "Family members shouldn't have to look at each other

naked... especially when they're a sloppy, out-of-shape sack of shit with a pathetic little dick like yours. It's a fucking crime to force anyone to look at that sad excuse for a body."

Charles stood there looking like a complete fucking idiot, his mouth hanging wide open, unable to fire back. Evelyn didn't give him a single second to recover.

She stepped right up into Andrew's personal space, intentionally rubbing her bare, heavy tits hard against his arm, sending a violent, electric jolt straight down to the kid's dick.

"But for two gorgeous, fuckable people like Andrew and me," she purred, making damn sure her voice carried right over to Charles's pathetic ears, "it's perfectly fine. In fact, it's a total waste not to show off our naked bodies to the world."

Without waiting for a response, Evelyn whipped around, giving them both a prime view of her ass. She strutted toward the edge of the deck, her hips rolling in a hypnotic, rhythmic sway that had her juicy cheeks bouncing and jiggling over a pair of flawless, sexy legs.

Then, she dove, slicing through the crystal water with a graceful splash. When she broke the surface of the turquoise water, her brunette hair slicked back and clung to her neck.

She floated in the water, her head tilted toward the deck, gazing up at Andrew with a look of pure, raw horniness, practically begging to be fucked.

A small, knowing smirk played on her lips as she let out a soft, slutty moan that seemed to vibrate through the humid air. "I'm waiting, Andrew," she whispered, her voice a low, dirty invitation that left no room for hesitation.

Andrew stood frozen on the edge of the deck, his heart hammering against his ribs. Looking down through the shimmering, crystal-clear water, he could see her perfectly.

The sunlight penetrated the depths, illuminating her pale, naked body. Her massive tits bobbed just beneath the surface, two heavy jugs of flesh that swayed with every movement of the current.

He watched, completely mesmerized, as her long legs kicked lazily, sending ripples of gold and blue dancing across her thighs.

He cast a quick, nervous glance toward his father. Charles was still sitting in his chair, looking utterly defeated and bewildered, his mouth slightly agape.

Feeling a sudden surge of rebellious adrenaline and an overwhelming need to be near his mother, Andrew didn't hesitate. He ripped off his shirt in one fluid motion, tossing it carelessly onto the deck. Then, he reached for the waistband of his shorts and shucked them down.

"Good lord!" Charles gasped, quickly averting his eyes and shielding his face with his hand.

As his shorts hit the deck, Andrew's massive dick throbbed free with a violent snap, standing rock-hard and rigid out of his skinny loins, like only an 18-year-old's could.

Even though he'd just woken up to Evelyn wrapping her hands around his meat, jerking him off to another mind-blowing, cum-splattering explosion, seeing her had already reignited his filthy lust with a vengeance.

"Don't stand up there too long, baby," his mother shouted playfully, "you'll make your father jealous with that monster you're packing."

Andrew leaped into the air and sliced into the water with a loud splash. The cool water enveloped him, but the heat in his veins remained. As he surfaced, gasping for air, Evelyn was already there.

She swam close, the wake of her movement pushing her heavy breasts against his chest for a fleeting second. She reached out, her wet fingers gripping his shoulder, and looked into his eyes with a wicked glint.

"Go under with me," she commanded, her voice a breathless murmur.

She didn't wait for an answer. Evelyn dove, pulling Andrew down with her into the silent, shimmering blue. Beneath the surface, the world became a dream of light and salt.

Andrew watched, breathless and enthralled, as Evelyn began to glide around him like a graceful goddess of the ocean. She moved with a fluid, hypnotic elegance, legs kicking, tits bobbling as she circled him while keeping her eyes locked on his.

As she hovered just above him, Evelyn deliberately spread her sexy, matronly legs wide, framing herself against the backdrop of the light above. Andrew's eyes widened as he stared at the lewd display. He could see everything—the powerful curve of her strong thighs and the deep, inviting seam of her sex.

Her labial lips were puffy, glistening and perfectly waxed, separated by the thick, protruding hood of her clitoris that seemed to throb in the current. She was completely open to him,

showcasing her wetness in the saltwater, a silent invitation to the forbidden.

When Andrew finally looked up toward her face, he found her grinning back at him, a look of triumphant dominance etched into her features. She knew exactly what he was seeing; she knew exactly how hard he was for her.

With a playful flick of her hips, she kicked off from the water and swam gracefully back to the surface. Andrew scrambled after her, breaking the surface with a loud gasp. The moment he did, Evelyn launched herself at him.

She latched onto his body with a fierce intensity, her arms winding tightly around his neck and shoulders. She crushed her wet, naked tits against his lean chest, the heavy mounds of flesh molding to his skin.

Simultaneously, she wrapped her legs around his waist, her thighs locking him in a vice-like grip, caging his hips and pressing her soaking wet pussy firmly against the throbbing length of his cock.

Charles stood at the edge of the deck, his knuckles white as he gripped the railing. He looked down into the crystalline water, so transparent it was like looking through a sheet of glass, offering him an unobstructed view of the primal show below.

He could see everything: the creamy, glistening expanse of Evelyn's naked back, and the way her massive, heavy breasts were utterly crushed against Andrew's chest, flattening between them.

Her thick, powerful thighs were clamped in a vice-like grip around their son's waist, her soaking, dripping wetness sliding and rubbing hungrily against him.

Below the surface, Charles watched the rhythmic, strained kicking of his son's legs, trapped beneath her weight as Andrew struggled to stay afloat, completely consumed by the sheer, suffocating mass of her maternal flesh.

"E-Evelyn!" Charles stuttered, his voice cracking with a mixture of shock and indignation. "T-this is... this is completely inappropriate! You can't just... c-cling to him n-naked like that!"

Evelyn cast a venomous, sidelong glance up at her husband. She didn't let go; if anything, she tightened her grip, her nails digging into Andrew's shoulders.

A sneer curled her lips, her expression one of pure disdain. "Oh, shut up, Charles," she snapped, her voice dripping with mockery. "Just because our son has a gorgeous, athletic body that women naturally want to cling to doesn't give you the right to be so pathetic and jealous.

Before Charles could find the words to respond, Evelyn gave a powerful kick, gliding away from the center of the cove. She steered Andrew toward the side of the yacht, swimming beneath the overhang of the hull where the shadow of the boat obscured them from Charles's view.

The sudden disappearance only fueled Charles's suspicion, leaving him pacing the deck, glancing nervously over the edge.

Once they were shielded by the hull, Evelyn's pushed Andrew toward the side of the vessel, where a thick, rubberized plaster

bumper hung down from the railing, dipping just beneath the surface of the water.

"Grab onto that, baby," she commanded, her voice a low, demanding hiss. "Hold on tight. Don't let go."

Overwhelmed and trembling, Andrew reached up to grip the bumper with both hands, muscles straining to hold his weight. Evelyn didn't waste a heartbeat. She lifted her hips, guiding him directly to her opening, and let out a sharp, needy gasp as she sank down.

Andrew whimpered against her chest as the scorching heat of her cunt sheathed him completely. The sensation was electric—slick, burning friction met by an internal grip so tight it stole his breath.

"Oh... god, so big," Evelyn sighed, her voice trembling with pleasure. She sank further, her weight pushing him deep until his swollen glans crushed against her cervical ring with a blunt, satisfying thud.

As she bottomed out, her plump labial lips suctioned tightly to the root of his cock, sealing them together in a vacuum of wet, forbidden heat.

She leaned in, her giant breasts crushing around his lean frame, her breath hot against his ear as she began to grind her hips in a slow, agonizing circle.

Andrew's fingers dug deep into the rubberized plaster bumper. Every muscle in his lean arms and shoulders screamed with tension as he fought to support their combined weight. He wasn't just holding them up; he was the living pillar for his mother's lust.

Evelyn began to thrust downward with violent, rhythmic intensity. Each time she slammed her pelvis against his, the impact sent a shockwave of pleasure straight to Andrew's brain.

He let out a series of broken, high-pitched whimpers, his head lolling back against the side of the yacht. The contrast was overwhelming—the cool, salty water swirling around their lower halves and the scorching, suffocating heat of her cunt swallowing his boner whole.

His mother leaned in, her massive breasts crushing his chest, flattening against his ribs with every downward plunge. She began to feast on his neck, her lips biting and sucking at the sensitive skin, leaving a trail of hot, wet marks.

"Hold it... hold us up, Andrew," she whispered, her voice a commanding purr against his skin. "Just stay strong for Mommy. Keep us steady... and leave the nasty work to me."

The sensation of her internal walls pulsing around his penile flesh was driving him to the brink. He could feel her clenching, her muscles milking the length of his shaft with a greedy, rhythmic suction that made his toes curl in the water.

Suddenly, Charles's voice drifted down from the deck, sounding small and frantic. "E-Evelyn? Andrew? Are you two still... are you okay? You s-shouldn't be under the h-hull like that! It's... it's n-not safe!"

Evelyn stiffened for a second, a look of pure irritation crossing her beautiful features. She didn't stop her movement; if anything, she thrust harder, driving his cock deep into her womb. She tilted her head back and screamed toward the deck, her voice breathless and sharp.

"We're fine, Charles! Stop worrying so fucking much and go find something to do!"

As the silence returned, punctuated only by the splashing of water and Andrew's ragged breathing, Evelyn returned her focus to fucking him. She shifted her weight, transitioning from the vertical pounding to a slow, torturous grind.

She began to roll her powerful hips in a fluid figure-eight motion, stirring Andrew's cock like a spoon inside the tight, velvet grip of her cunt. The movement was agonizingly perfect. Every angle of his glans was rubbed, every nerve ending ignited as she swirled around him.

Andrew felt his cock flex and throb violently, pumping out thick ropes of pre-cum that mixed with the saltwater and Evelyn's own overflowing secretions. The cocktail of fluids created a slick, frothy lubrication that made every rotation of her hips feel like a slide into oblivion.

He was drowning in her—not in the ocean, but in the scent of her skin, the weight of her supple tits, and the relentless, dominating pressure of her pussy.

He gripped the bumper even tighter, his chest heaving, as Evelyn's eyes glazed over with pleasure, her smirk widening as she felt her son's erection pulse and swell even further inside her.

Evelyn felt the tremor in Andrew's arms, the way his grip on the bumper began to falter as he reached his limit.

"Don't you dare let go, Andrew," she hissed, her voice thick with lust and authority. "And DO NOT cum yet! Keep holding on for me!"

She wasn't finished with him. Using his lean body like a sexual scratching post, Evelyn shifted her focus entirely to her own escalating need. The orgasm was already swelling deep in her core, a tidal wave of heat that demanded satisfaction.

She stopped the slow rotations and began to grind her fat, swollen clit directly against his pubic bone with brutal efficiency. The friction was electric, a sharp, stabbing pleasure that made her toes curl and her back arch.

She became a whirlwind of selfish desire, her movements turning into a frantic, rhythmic jackhammering. She slammed herself down onto his cock over and over, her quivering pussy sleeve tightening around him with every impact, milking him with an intensity that bordered on violent.

Andrew was gasping, his eyes rolling back in his head, his entire body shaking under the onslaught of her weight and the sheer power of her thrusts.

"Yes... right there... oh, fuck!" Evelyn moaned, her voice rising into a scream of pure, unadulterated pleasure.

The climax hit her like a physical blow. Her internal muscles clamped down on her son's shaft in a series of violent, rhythmic spasms that felt like a vice tightening.

She shrieked, her body stiffening as a flood of hot fem-cum erupted from her urethral slit, washing over his cock and balls in a torrential wave of warmth.

The force of her release was so intense that Andrew's fingers slipped on the rubber bumper, his strength nearly failing as he was swept away by the sheer magnitude of her orgasm. The

sensation of her walls crushing him, combined with the warmth of her release, acted as the final trigger.

“Mom, I'm cumming!” he snarled.

With a choked cry of surrender, he erupted inside her. Hot, thick ropes of seed exploded from his cock, firing deep into the depths of Evelyn's vaginal canal.

He pulsed again and again, sending surge after surge of hot seed swirling and sloshing through her, mixing with the smoldering remnants of her own release.

The internal pressure was immense, a chaotic collision of fluids that left them both breathless and spent. They clung to each other in the crystal water, the only sound the distant, oblivious stuttering of Charles on the deck and the gentle lap of the waves against the hull.

Evelyn collapsed against Andrew's chest, her heavy breasts heaving, a triumphant, selfish smirk still playing on her lips as she felt her son's spent cock still twitching deep inside her.

They climbed aboard at the rear of the yacht, dripping and breathless, their skin glistening. Andrew looked completely shattered, his lean chest heaving and his eyes glazed with post-coital bliss.

Evelyn, however, looked like a predator who had just finished a feast; she looked radiant, her giant breasts swaying with every step as she grabbed a plush towel to dry her flawless, tanned skin.

As they towed off, Charles approached them. He wasn't stuttering as much as he was trembling, his eyes darting between his wife's smug expression and his son's flushed, guilty face.

"E-Evelyn," Charles began, his voice shaking. "I... I'm sorry, but I u-unfortunately, I have to ask a d-difficult question."

Evelyn stopped rubbing the towel over her hip and looked at him, her eyes cold and mocking. A cruel, sharp laugh escaped her lips.

"A difficult question, Charles? For fuck's sake, with that pathetic stutter of yours, *every* single question you ask is difficult. It's an endurance test just listening to you."

Andrew snickered at his mother's cruel words. He could still feel the phantom sensation of her tight walls gripping him, and the fear that his father had seen something through the crystal water made his stomach churn.

"T-this is s-serious!" Charles insisted, his face turning a blotchy red.

Evelyn rolled her eyes, completely unimpressed. She turned to her son, her voice shifting to a commanding, sultry tone.

"Andrew, sweetheart, go put some clothes on. Your father and I need to have a little chat."

Andrew didn't need to be told twice. He practically bolted toward the cabins, his wet feet slapping against the deck, desperate to escape the suffocating tension.

Once Andrew was out of sight, Evelyn turned back to her husband. She didn't look worried; she looked bored. She let out a long, dramatic yawn, stretching her arms above her head, which

pushed her massive tits upward, nearly spilling them out of the towel she had loosely wrapped around herself.

"Alright, Charles," she sighed, glancing at her wrist as if checking a watch. "I'll give you two minutes. That's it. Two minutes of my time, and then I'm going back inside because I actually have things to do. Spit it out."

Charles swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing. He didn't want to ask, but the image of them clinging together beneath the surface of the water had been too vivid to ignore. He cut straight to the chase.

"D-did you... did you and A-Andrew have s-sex? Under the b-boat?"

The silence that followed was heavy, broken only by the sound of the waves hitting the hull. Then, slowly, a smirk spread across Evelyn's face. It wasn't a denial; it was a challenge.

She stepped closer to him, the scent of sex and salt clinging to her, her dominant presence dwarfing his shrinking confidence.

"And what if we did, Charles?" she purred, her voice dripping with malice and amusement. "Tell me, what then? What are you gonna do about it? Are you going to divorce me?"

Charles gasped, his eyes widening. "I... I m-might..."

Evelyn laughed, a rich, mocking sound that echoed across the deck. "Oh, please. If you divorce me, I get half of your fucking wealth. I'd still live like a spoiled queen, only I wouldn't have to deal with your stupid bullshit. I'd spend my days lounging on a beach, getting fucked day and night by a man who actually

knows how to use his cock—unlike you and your pathetic little nub."

Charles swallowed hard, his voice cracking as he tried to find some semblance of authority. "T-then... then you d-did have s-sex with him?" he stuttered.

Evelyn's smirk widened. She didn't flinch or blink; she simply leaned in, her scent of salt and musk filling his nostrils.

"I didn't say that, Charles," she purred. "I only asked *what if* I had. What then?"

She stepped back, circling him like a shark, her towel barely clinging to her curves. "Would you actually have the balls to divorce me? Or would you prefer to live like a cuckold bitch, knowing your wife is getting railed on the regular by your own well-hung son?"

Charles recoiled as if she had slapped him, his chest heaving. "I... I have a r-right to know!" he shouted, though the shout lacked any real power. "I am your h-husband! I d-deserve the truth!"

Evelyn let out a melodic, cruel giggle, the sound vibrating through her massive breasts. She found his desperation intoxicating. The more he suffered, the more powerful she felt.

"Oh, Charles, you're so boring when you're serious. Where's the fun in the truth?" she teased, her voice dripping with mockery. "It's far more entertaining for me to keep you wondering. I love the idea of you piloting the boat, worrying and obsessing, wondering if your own wife is getting her brains fucked out just behind your back. It adds a certain... spice to the voyage, don't you think?"

"Evelyn, I am s-serious!" Charles cried, his voice trembling with a mixture of rage and impotence.

Evelyn stopped her pacing and looked at him with a cold, flat expression. The playfulness vanished for a split second, replaced by a sharp, dominant edge.

"And so was I when I said I'd give you two minutes, Charles. Which, by my count, are now up."

Without another word, she turned her back on him. As she sauntered away toward the cabin, her hips swayed in a slow, provocative rhythm, her rounded buttocks shifting beneath the towel. Her giant tits bobbed with every confident step, a rhythmic reminder of the flesh that Andrew had just been buried deep inside.

Just before she disappeared through the sliding glass door, she paused and looked over her shoulder, a wicked glint in her eyes.

"And remember, Charles," she called out, "the agreement for me coming on this trip was that I could pursue my own interests. I'm simply sticking to the contract. And believe me... I am enjoying my interests **very** much."

She stepped inside, leaving Charles standing alone on the deck, shivering despite the Mexican heat, haunted by the image of his son's youth and strength claiming the woman he could never truly possess.

The next morning broke with a brilliant, golden clarity, the sun reflecting off the turquoise waters of the Mexican coast. The

yacht glided smoothly through the surf, cutting a clean white wake behind it.

At the helm, Charles stood with a focused, almost desperate passion. Sailing was the only place where he felt a semblance of control, his hands gripping the wheel with a white-knuckled intensity as he steered the vessel forward.

He tried to lose himself in the mechanics of the voyage, attempting to push the image of his wife and son entwined beneath the boat out of his mind, though the phantom sound of Evelyn's screams of pleasure still echoed in his ears.

Inside the master cabin, the atmosphere was far more provocative. Evelyn stood completely naked in the center of the room, her skin glowing under the soft morning light. She was a vision of unapologetic carnality, her giant breasts swaying slightly as she moved, the dark areolas peaking like ripe fruit.

She ignored the distant hum of the engine, focusing instead on the array of skimpy bikinis laid out across her bed.

May, the young maid, stood nearby, her expression a mask of professional discretion, though her eyes couldn't help but wander over the sheer scale of Evelyn's curves.

Evelyn was currently holding a neon pink micro bikini against her body, the tiny triangles of fabric barely covering the undersides of her massive tits, leaving the vast majority of her cleavage and nipples exposed to the air.

"What do you think, May?" Evelyn asked, her voice a sultry purr as she shifted her stance, letting the pink fabric slide precariously over her hips. "Which one of these do you think would make Andrew's cock the hardest today?"

May blinked, her voice quiet but honest. "They are all... very striking, Ma'am. The pink is certainly bold."

Evelyn scoffed, tossing the pink set aside and picking up a black bandeau-style micro bikini. It was little more than a strip of dark lace that would squeeze her breasts together, creating a deep, inviting valley of flesh that seemed to defy gravity.

She pressed the fabric tight against herself, imagining Andrew's wide-eyed stare and the way his lean body would tremble at the sight of her.

"And this one?" Evelyn teased, arching her back to accentuate the curve of her spine and the swell of her rounded buttocks. "Too sophisticated for just a horny boy?"

May shifted her weight, her gaze drifting to the final option lying on the duvet. It was a garment that barely qualified as clothing—a micro bikini consisting of nothing but thin, neon yellow straps.

There was no fabric to cover the tits, no panel to shield her pussy; it was merely a frame of yellow string designed to highlight every inch of her nakedness while providing the illusion of being dressed.

"If you want to truly drive him wild," May suggested softly, "the yellow straps are probably the ones a teenager would like the most. It's... very direct."

May paused, a flicker of hesitation crossing her face. "Though, I imagine Mr. Charles would be absolutely furious if he saw you in something so revealing."

Evelyn let out a sharp, mocking laugh, the sound vibrating through her chest. She picked up the yellow strings, holding them

up to her flawless body. The contrast of the bright yellow against her tanned skin was electric.

"Even more reason to wear it then," Evelyn stated.

"You're not worried that your husband will disapprove?"

Evelyn looked at her reflection in the mirror, smirking at the thought of her son's reaction—the way his cock would spring hard against his shorts the moment he saw her in it.

"I don't give a flying fuck what my husband thinks," Evelyn declared, her voice cold and dismissive. "Besides, I don't plan on letting that pathetic worm see me in this anyway. His eyes aren't deserving enough to behold something like this."

She turned to May, her eyes glinting with a predatory hunger. "He can stay at the wheel and play captain. I have much more interesting things to manage on this boat."

Evelyn's gaze drifted to the maid's face, lingering there. "Which reminds me..." She let the words hang between them, expectant. "Do you remember our discussion yesterday? When I asked how good you were at describing sexual things?"

May nodded instantly. "Yes, ma'am."

"Well then, I'm going to do something. And when I'm finished, you'll describe exactly what you saw." Evelyn's tone brooked no argument, the command as bright and clear as a bell.

With no further preamble, Evelyn spread her thighs. One hand dove down, fingers finding her own clit—the motion swift, purposeful, urgent. She rubbed it hard and fast, hips shuddering as she worked herself with single-minded focus.

In moments, tremors wracked her body, face flushed, breath hissing out through clenched teeth as she brought herself to a quaking orgasm before the maid's unmoving gaze.

For a long moment, there was only the brisk rasp of Evelyn's exhale as she recovered, sitting up straighter, a faint sheen of perspiration on her brow. She fixed May with a look that brimmed with challenge, hungry for the girl's response.

"Well? I'm waiting."

May's cheeks burned, but her lips parted as she gave a meticulous, explicit account of what she had witnessed: Evelyn's feverish strokes, the way her thighs tensed, how her fingers slid relentlessly over her swollen nub, every shiver and gasp narrated with breathless clarity. Evelyn listened, lips curled in satisfaction as May laid it all out for her in filthy detail.

At the end, Evelyn's smile deepened, slow and approving. "Yes," she purred, "you'll do just fine."

"Ma'am?"

"When the time is right," Evelyn finished, slipping the bikini on.

She paused before the mirror, her gaze lingering on the neon yellow strings that barely clung to her curves. While she had no intention of giving Charles any real satisfaction, she craved the thrill of the game—the sadistic pleasure of knowing she was committing a scandalous act right under his nose.

With a smirk, she reached for a semi-sheer, white lace cover-up, draping it loosely over her shoulders. The fabric was gossamer-thin, acting less like a garment and more like a filter; it blurred the lines of her body but did nothing to hide the electric pop of

the yellow straps or the heavy, rounded weight of her enormous udders.

She stepped into a pair of dainty designer stilettos, the thin heels clicking sharply against the cabin floor. Each step was a calculated movement of power, her hips swaying with a rhythmic, predatory grace as she made her way toward the upper deck.

In her hand, she carried a chilled cocktail, the ice clinking softly—a peace offering that was nothing more than a cruel distraction.

As she stepped into the bright sunlight of the helm, the wind caught the sheer fabric of her cover-up, pressing it tight against her skin. Charles was there, his knuckles still white on the steering wheel, his expression one of strained concentration.

"I brought you a drink, Charles," she announced, her voice a smooth, mocking purr.

Charles jumped slightly, his shoulders hunching as he turned toward her. He looked at her, and for a moment, he forgot how to breathe. The sunlight streamed through the lace, illuminating the neon yellow strings and the unmistakable, dark circles of her huge areolas pressing firmly against the sheer white mesh. The contrast was obscene, leaving absolutely nothing to the imagination regarding the size and shape of her nipples.

"T-thank you, Evelyn," he stuttered, reaching for the glass with a trembling hand.

As he took a sip, his eyes remained wide, glued to the sight of her breasts. He could see the yellow straps cutting into her flesh, the micro-bikini clearly failing to cover any significant portion of her areola.

"Honey... are you... are you naked under there?"

Evelyn's expression shifted instantly, her eyes narrowing into a cold, sharp glare. She leaned in slightly, allowing the scent of her perfume and the sight of her heaving cleavage to overwhelm him.

"Don't be thick, Charles," she snapped, her voice dripping with disdain. "I'm wearing a bikini. A very special one that I purchased specifically for Andrew."

Charles nearly choked on his drink, his face flushing a deep, humiliated red. "For... for Andrew? B-but Evelyn, from what I c-can see... it hardly looks appropriate. It's p-practically... it's barely there!"

Evelyn let out a sharp, mocking laugh, stepping back and arching her back so the cover-up clung even tighter to her backside, teasing him with the glimpse of her rounded cheeks beneath the lace.

"Oh, look at you, trying to play the moral authority," she sneered, her voice cutting through him like a knife. "I go out of my way to bring you a drink, to be a 'doting' wife for two minutes, and this is the thanks I get? Fuck you!"

She turned on her heel, the stiletto clicking loudly on the wooden deck as she began to saunter away, her hips swinging provocatively. She didn't look back, but her voice carried clearly over the sound of the wind and the waves.

"I'm bored of you already, Charles. I think I'll go lock myself inside Andrew's cabin with him for a while. Try not to crash the boat while I'm busy."

Evelyn descended from the sun-drenched deck, her stilettos clicking a rhythmic, predatory beat as she made her way toward the lower quarters.

Beneath the main deck lay Andrew's cabin—a tiny, cramped space that felt more like a sanctuary of forbidden tension than a bedroom. As she approached, she paused, peeking through the doorway.

A single, round porthole allowed a shaft of brilliant morning sunlight to pierce the dimness, illuminating the scene like a spotlight. There lay Andrew, sprawled across his bunk in a deep, peaceful sleep.

He was naked, the blanket having kicked down to his waist, exposing his lean, smooth chest and the subtle definition of his abdominal muscles.

As Evelyn lingered in the doorway, the heavy, musk-laden aroma of teenage pheromones swept through her senses, hitting her like a physical wave. Her pupils dilated, her vision momentarily swimming as a surge of raw lust crashed over her.

Beneath the sheer lace of her cover-up, her fat nipples hardened into stiff pebbles, and a sudden, electric tingle sparked deep within her pussy, making her thighs ache.

With a smirk of pure dominance, she stepped inside and slid the door shut, the lock clicking firmly into place with a finality that signaled the start of her game.

The sound jolted Andrew awake. He blinked, his gaze snapping upward just as Evelyn allowed the semi-sheer cover-up to slide slowly off her shoulders.

The fabric pooled at her feet, leaving her standing in nothing but the neon yellow micro-bikini. She didn't face him immediately; instead, she left her back turned to him, arching her spine to emphasize the curve of her hips.

The bikini was practically nonexistent—two thin yellow strings sliced across the top of her rounded, pale cheeks, while a third disappeared deep into the cleft of her crack.

She looked back over her shoulder with a wicked, knowing smile, wagging her derriere teasingly. The movement caused the heavy meat of her buttocks to sway and jiggle with a hypnotic rhythm.

"Wake up, sweetheart," she purred, her voice a low, sultry vibration. "It's mommy-son playtime."

Andrew gasped, his heart hammering against his ribs. He was already sporting a massive case of morning wood, his cock straining against the sheets. He sat up abruptly, his eyes widening as Evelyn finally turned around.

Without fabric restrain them, her massive breasts were practically free. The yellow straps of the bikini were mere suggestions, failing utterly to contain the heavy wobble of her dangling tits.

The dark, wide areolas were entirely exposed, topped with nipples that were rigid and demanding.

Andrew's breath hitched. His gaze drifted down from the mountainous cleavage to her midsection, landing on the waxed, hairless vulva that was framed by a tiny triangle of yellow string.

"Mom..." Andrew stammered, his voice cracking. "That... that's some bikini. Or... or hardly one at all."

Evelyn let out a soft, triumphant giggle. She shifted her weight, striking a provocative pose by thrusting her enormous juggernauts forward, the weight of them bobbling enticingly. The sight was overwhelming—the contrast of the neon yellow against her flawless, glowing skin.

"Do you like it, baby?" she whispered, her eyes locking onto his with an intensity that made him tremble. "Don't just tell me with your mouth. Show me exactly how much you like it."

Flushed a deep crimson but driven by a hunger he could no longer suppress, Andrew gripped the edge of his blanket and yanked it aside. His rigid, nine-inch dick tore free, pulsing violently.

The heavy, vein-wrapped shaft stood dead upright, its oversized purple head already weeping wetly as it throbbed right in front of her face.

Evelyn's eyes locked onto his pulsing cock, her pupils blown wide with predatory hunger. With a slow, deliberate motion, she stepped out of her stilettos, her dainty, painted toes curling against the cabin floor.

The sudden absence of the heels didn't diminish her power; instead, it made her look more like a hunter preparing to strike. She didn't stand still for long, dropped to all fours, crawling onto

the narrow bunk with the fluid, dangerous grace of a cougar stalking its prey.

Andrew gulped, his throat dry, his heart drumming a frantic rhythm against his ribs. He lay there paralyzed, watching her approach. As she crawled over him, her giant breasts dangled, swaying heavily from side to side like massive, ripened udders.

"You're so hard for me, baby," she purred, her voice dripping with honeyed malice.

Suddenly, she pounced. Evelyn threw her entire weight forward, slamming down on top of him. Andrew let out a choked gasp as he was completely smothered beneath the warm, suffocating mass of her heavy tits.

The massive weight of her chest crushed against his lean torso, her soft, thick flesh molding hard against his face and neck. He arched his back instinctively, his body reacting to the overwhelming sensation of being pinned by her heavy, dominant bulk.

Evelyn didn't give him a second to breathe, transformed from a vain goddess into a ravenous, feral animal within seconds.

She let out a low snarl, almost a purr; distinctly feminine, and clamped her teeth onto his neck. The sharp pressure scraped and grazed his skin, a chain of hungry, insistent bites.

Andrew shuddered. Her tongue was next: long, nimble, alive as a serpent. She traced the delicate punctures she'd left, licking the salt from his skin in slow, drawn-out swipes that sizzled against the heat beneath his flesh.

Down she worked, lips laying claim to the ridge of his collarbone, then journeying lower to his chest. Her mouth hovered at his nipples, circling, before latching on to suckle, the flick of her agile tongue spiraling around each tight peak.

The sensation had Andrew whimpering aloud, desperate fingers twisting up and knotting in the bedsheets.

She kept moving, inexorable, and now the full softness of her udders dragged across the ridged terrain of his abs. The stiff peaks of her nipples scoured his skin, hot and insistent, twin embers striking up wildfire along his nerve endings.

The air burned with her scent—a heady riot of expensive perfume, laced through with an undertow of sweet, unmistakable pussy-musk. The cocktail of it filled his head, dizzying, intoxicating, until all that existed was her—the weight, the heat, the animal demand of her on him, dragging him helplessly down.

Andrew's hips bucked upward, his cock throbbing in time with the heavy thud of his heart. Finally, she reached her destination.

Evelyn shifted her weight, gradually sliding down until her face hovered just above his rigid shaft. A triumphant smirk curved her lips as she looked up at him, holding the moment—and then she opened her mouth, enveloping his cock with deep, assured expertise.

Andrew's head thudded back onto the pillow, a raw moan wrenched from his throat as the ring of his mother's lips descended to his nut-sack.

Evelyn's mouth was relentless: a molten, slick vacuum, her suction unapologetically powerful, her lips mashed up tight to his

thick pubic root before she eased back upward along the trembling column of his flesh.

His mother's tongue didn't merely lick – it danced, a sinuous entity all its own, curling and flickering with purpose around the engorged crown of his cock.

She mapped the swollen ridge, circled the tender band of his frenulum, teased the gaping slit at the tip with such tormenting precision that sparks detonated behind his eyes. He throbbed against her, every involuntary twitch a testament to her skill.

Then, without warning, she took him deep again, her soft throat flexing expertly as she devoured him. At the same time, her hand slid down, fingers wrapping around his swollen, cum-heavy balls, the pressure of her rhythmic squeezes making his hips jerk minutely.

The rhythmic, wet sounds of Evelyn's mouth working over Andrew's cock were suddenly interrupted by a faint *tap-tap-tap* at the cabin door. The sound was like a bucket of ice water thrown over the heat of the moment.

Evelyn froze, her lips still sealed tightly around the head of Andrew's throbbing shaft. She pulled back slowly, a string of glistening saliva connecting her plump lips to his leaking slit.

Her expression shifted instantly from predatory lust to fierce irritation. She didn't move from her position, remaining sprawled over her son, her massive breasts flattening against his chest.

"What?!" she snarled, her voice a sharp, commanding whip that echoed in the small room.

The door creaked open just a few inches. May, the young maid, peeked inside, her expression one of professional neutrality that shattered the moment her eyes landed on the scene.

Her jaw dropped, her pupils dilating as she took in the sight: the dominant, brunette bombshell practically naked in a neon yellow scrap of fabric, her giant tits spilling out, entwined with the lean, flushed body of the eighteen-year-old son.

Andrew felt a surge of embarrassment rush to his face. He tried to shift, but Evelyn's weight kept him pinned, his neck still partially swallowed by the soft, squishy valley of her cleavage.

"I... I'm so sorry, Ms. Evelyn," May stammered, her voice trembling as she stared at Andrew's rigid cock, which was still glistening from his mother's mouth. "I just... I wasn't sure if Andrew was ready to have his room cleaned yet. I didn't mean to—"

Evelyn didn't look embarrassed; if anything, she looked empowered by the intrusion. A cruel, playful smirk curled her lips as she glanced from the shocked maid back to her son's hardening member.

She liked the audience. She loved the idea of May seeing exactly how she dominated the young man. "Come in, May," Evelyn commanded, her tone leaving no room for argument.

May hesitated, her eyes darting between the two of them, but the authority in Evelyn's voice was absolute. The maid stepped inside and slowly closed the door behind her, the click of the lock sounding like a gavel.

"Sit in the corner," Evelyn ordered, gesturing with a manicured hand toward the small seating area of the cabin. "Sit there, stay quiet, and watch. Every single second."

"W-watch, ma'am?"

Evelyn's eyes flashed with a dangerous glint. "You have a very important job today, May. If you move, if you speak, or if you fail to follow my instructions exactly as I give them, you'll be fired and thrown off this yacht when we hit the next port. Do I make myself clear?"

May swallowed hard, her gaze drifting down to Andrew's pulsing cock and the way Evelyn's heavy breasts swayed as she shifted her weight. The forbidden nature of the scene was intoxicating, and the fear of losing her job was eclipsed by a sudden, sharp spike of voyeuristic arousal.

"Yes, Ms. Evelyn. Perfectly clear."

As May sank into the corner, her hands clutching her apron, Evelyn looked back at her son.

"Now, where were we, my sweet boy?" she whispered.

Without another word, she dove back down and wrapped her lips around his shaft with a wet, slurping sound that filled the silent cabin, making May gasp softly in the corner.

She used her tongue to swirl aggressively around the head, sucking with a vacuum-like force that made Andrew's hips buck off the mattress. She didn't stop at the shaft; Evelyn shifted her focus downward, lavishing his balls with eager, wet licks.

She teased the sensitive skin of his scrotum, her tongue flicking rhythmically, her teeth nipping at the seam running beneath the sack, treating him like a piece of gourmet candy.

Andrew let out a loud, broken moan, his head tossing back against the pillow as he felt the combined weight of his mother's mouth and the burning gaze of the maid watching his every spasm.

An hour passed, and when the door finally clicked open, May stepped out into the hallway, feeling as though she had just emerged from a sauna of ravenous sex.

Her skin was glistening with a fine sheen of sweat, her cheeks flushed a deep, permanent crimson. Beneath the fabric of her crisp maid's uniform, her nipples were painfully hard, poking through the material as a lingering reaction to the filth she had just witnessed.

Dazed and buzzing with a voyeuristic high, May made her way up to the top deck. The bright sunlight and salty breeze hit her, but they did little to cool the fire in her blood.

She grabbed a cleaning cloth and began wiping down the polished chrome rails, her movements slow and rhythmic, almost hypnotic. She was trying to appear professional, but her grip on the cloth was tight, and her hips swayed slightly as she fought to hide the pulsing ache between her own thighs.

Charles was at the helm, steering the yacht with a focused, nervous energy. He glanced over his shoulder, spotting the maid. He paused, his brow furrowing as he took in her appearance.

May looked completely undone; her hair was slightly mussed, and her breathing was labored, her chest rising and falling sharply beneath her uniform.

"M-May?" Charles stuttered, his voice hesitant. "Are y-you... are you alright? You l-look quite... f-flushed."

May smirked as though she was expecting that question. She looked at the man—the pathetic, stuttering husband who had no idea what was happening in the cabin below him.

"Oh! Yes, Mr. Charles," May replied, her voice sounding breathy and strained. "I'm fine. I just... I got a little warm going about my tasks. The cabins are quite stuffy today."

Charles nodded slowly, though he looked unconvinced. He shifted his weight, glancing toward the stairs. "H-have you seen Evelyn? Or Andrew? I h-haven't seen them s-since... well, since breakfast."

May hesitated, her heart hammering against her ribs as she remembered her strict assignment.

"They are... they're down in Andrew's cabin, sir."

Charles let out a small, relieved sigh, though it sounded more like a whimper. "Oh. I see. Just l-lounging around together, then? Reading or... or playing games?"

May stopped wiping the rail. She turned to look at him, her eyes wide and shimmering with a mix of guilt and excitement. She thought of Evelyn's warning about her job, which made the order to tease the submissive husband almost too strong to resist.

"Mr. Charles," May whispered, stepping closer, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial tone. "If I told you what they were actually

doing... would you promise, on your life, not to tell your wife? I... I couldn't risk losing my job."

Charles froze, his grip tightening on the steering wheel. His stomach twisted violently, a cold knot of dread and suspicion forming in his gut.

The way May was looking at him—flushed, aroused, and knowing—told him everything he feared. "I... I promise," he stuttered, his voice barely a whisper. "I p-promise I won't say a word."

May nodded, prepared to put her gift of providing explicit, naughty description to good use.

"They were fucking each other," May blurted, and she could barely keep the smile from her lips as she watched Charles absorb the blow—the unmistakable gut-punch of jealousy and betrayal, splashed plain across his face.

His wife, cheating on him, and not just cheating but rutting like wild animals with their own son in his cabin.

May launched into her lurid retelling. She didn't mention that she'd been summoned to sit and spectate; instead she spun her peek as a spontaneous act, an accident of curiosity.

She described the scene in shameless, vivid detail: how Andrew's heavy balls were slapping relentlessly against Charles's wife's asshole, her legs wrapped tight around his waist. Her massive tits undulated with every thrust, rippling between them as they collided over and over on Andrew's bunk.

"The way she howled—like she was being split open, like every thrust was carving her deeper—" May recounted, "then Andrew

would groan right back, his voice raw, and they'd slam together again, faster, harder, until his whole bunk was shaking."

Charles's jaw fell open as he listened.

"Her cunt was a vise," the maid continued, "clamping down so tight he could barely pull out before she'd yank her hips back, impaling herself on him all over again. The wet sounds were obscene—sloppy, greedy, the kind of noise that makes you ache just hearing it."

"You're s-sure you—"

"And then she'd cum," May blurted, cutting Charles off. "Her back arching like a bow, her thighs trembling, and that hot spray would splash all over them. The bunk was soaked, the sheets clinging to them both, the air thick with the smell of salt and sex."

Charles stood rooted to the deck, his knuckles bone-white where they gripped yacht's wheel. The wind stung his cheeks, but he barely felt it. May's voice droned on, each word another twist of the knife.

"Then she dragged him down to the floor," May said, her voice dropping to a purr. "Straddled him like a woman possessed, thighs splayed so wide the lips of her cunt peeled back, glistening and hungry. I could see every inch of him disappearing into her—her pussy swallowing his cock like it was made for it, sucking him deeper with every roll of her hips."

Charles desperately wished he could plug his ears, but sick curiosity kept him listening anyway.

"She rode him slow at first, grinding down until his balls pressed flush against her ass," May stated, "then lifting just enough to let the head of his dick catch on her entrance before slamming back down. The wet sound of it—flesh slapping flesh, her cunt slurping at him like it was starving—made my own thighs clench."

The image burned behind Charles's eyes: Evelyn, his Evelyn, with her knees hooked over their son's narrow hips, grinding down with that predatory rhythm like she never had with him.

"Then she made him carry her to the bed, her mouth latched onto his neck, sucking and biting as he staggered across the room," May continued, and Charles could hear the smile in her voice without needing to look.

"She had her legs locked around his waist, her arms coiled over his shoulders—she was clinging to him like he was the last solid thing in the world. They tumbled onto the mattress still joined, and she rode him like she meant to break the bed frame, slamming her hips down over and over. Her huge tits swung wild, smothering your son's face with every downward plunge. He was moaning into them, drunk on it."

Charles fixed his gaze on the empty blue ahead, but behind his eyes, May's words unspooled in jagged, living color. She hadn't lied—every detail she'd fed him was true, and that was the blade twisting in his ribs.

"She pulled his mouth to her tits like she was feeding him," May said, her voice gone thick, almost worshipful. "Made him suck them like a starving man, only he was still fucking her the whole time—hard, desperate thrusts, like he couldn't get deep enough. She had his head locked between her hands, fingers tangled in his hair, and she was whispering right into his ear: *That's it,

baby. Take it all. You're so much better than your father. So much bigger. So much hungrier.* She told him how pathetic you were. How you couldn't even make her cum. How your cock was a joke."

Charles's stomach twisted, humiliation burning in his cheeks. He could feel himself flush, the mark of a cuckold plain on his face—a hot, shameful bloom he couldn't will away.

"They kissed for so long," May went on, relentless. "Between positions, after orgasms, sometimes right in the middle—she'd grab his face and just devour him, tongue so deep he could barely breathe. She'd pull back just enough to let him gasp, then take his mouth again, like she was feeding on him. Like she owned the air in his lungs."

"May, ok, that—"

"Doggy style last," May interrupted, almost cheerful now. "She got on her knees on that narrow bunk, shoved her ass up high, and looked back at him over her shoulder. That look—Mr. Sterling, I've never seen anything like it. Pure command. Pure hunger. She told him to fuck her like he meant it, and he did. He grabbed her hips so hard, her big sweaty ass rippling as he just slammed into her, over and over, their bodies making that wet slap-slap-slap that—"

"Enough!" The word came out shredded, barely recognizable as his own voice as Charles stood there feeling like he could faint.

But May wasn't done with him. She leaned in, eyes glittering, her lips twisted in a taunting grin that practically throbbed with satisfaction at his misery, at the raw humiliation stamped on his face.

Evelyn was very clear that she wanted her husband to feel it, to squirm in it. "She squirted, Mr. Sterling. Ten times, maybe fifteen. No exaggeration. The last time, she was face-down, and he was fucking her from behind, pressing her so deep into the mattress she could barely breathe. And then she just—"

May made the sound: a loud, sloppy burst with her mouth, vivid and obscene. "She made a puddle underneath her. Soaked the bed, the sheets, everything. And afterward? She was laughing. Lounging there, lazy and blissed-out, like a pampered cat basking in the sun. She made him use his tongue to lick her clean."

"Why?" Charles managed. "Why t-tell me this?"

May's expression sobered, lips drawing tight as a piano wire. "Because you asked, Mr. Sterling. Because you needed to know where your wife was." Her voice trembled, truth ripe on her tongue. "Did you want me to lie to you?"

She swallowed, desperate to choke back the electric pulse of what she really carried: the memory of his wife's instructions, the way she made May promise every filthy detail would reach Charles's ears—the hot, slick sounds of fucking in their son's cabin, the naked truth slamming into him with every word.

"No, t-hank you. Thank you f-for being honest," Charles uttered/

"Just remember—you promised," May reminded him, batting her lashes. "You can't take it back. If your wife finds out I told you, she'll fire me in a heartbeat."

Charles nodded, stiff, jaw clenched, trapped in the aftermath of a confession he couldn't un-hear: his wife, rutting passionately with their own son below deck like a starved animal, slick and frenzied,

every inch a brazen, sweaty whore. And all he could do was sit, impotent, awash in the ugly truth.

"I'll k-keep my promise," Charles muttered, brow furrowed in misery.

Later that evening, the engines throttled down to a low rumble, then cut out completely, leaving only the lap of water against the hull and the distant cry of gulls.

Charles felt the subtle shift beneath his feet as the yacht settled against the mooring, the gentle rock becoming a static list that seemed to root him in place.

May moved between the galley and the deck with practiced efficiency, her footsteps soft against the polished boards. She carried silver-domed platters that hissed with steam, the smell of seared fish and garlic wafting behind her like a taunt.

The table on deck had been set with crystal and linen, the glasses catching the last bruised light of the sunset, but the elegant arrangement looked obscene to Charles—too pristine, too civilized for the rot beneath the surface.

When Evelyn strutted up from below, the sharp percussion of her dainty stilettos echoed over the deck, brazen and unhurried. Not a hint of modesty, not a scrap to shield her skin. The tiny scrap of a pink slingshot bikini clung to her, the neon fabric slicing deep into the seam of her pussy, barely concealing anything.

Her nipples strained angrily against the thin ribbons, jutting out stiff and needy while her massive tits bounced and shivered, every step sending ripples through the fleshy globes.

She sauntered into view like a living invitation, her tits jiggling for all the world to see. There was no shame, no hesitation—Evelyn just let it all hang out, every obscene curve on full display.

She moved past Charles without a glance, dismissing him as furniture, and slid onto the bench beside Andrew with a fluidity that made her heavy breasts sway.

“Mommy’s hungry baby,” she cooed, her voice dripping with a sticky sweetness that curdled in Charles’s stomach. She speared a piece of fish with her own fork, bringing it to Andrew’s lips with a steady hand. “Open wide.”

Andrew obeyed, his mouth parting, and Evelyn pushed the tines past his teeth, her eyes locked on his with a molten, unblinking hunger.

Her other hand wasn’t idle—it snaked up to his throat, her long fingers curling around his neck, possessive and claiming. Her thumbnail stroked his Adam’s apple as he swallowed, then her hand dragged down, raking her nails over his collarbone, digging into the thin cotton of his shirt until her fingertips found his nipple.

She pinched hard enough to make him gasp around the mouthful of food, and the sound hit Charles like a physical blow.

He cleared his throat, but Evelyn only threw him an amused sneer, sharp and knowing. Her cheeks, still flushed and radiant from a brutal, devastating fuck, broadcasted exactly what had gone on behind the door; she basked in it, glowing.

He had no escape from the details, either. Poor bastard—he'd been forced to endure every filthy, lewd fragment of the story as May recounted it, detail by juicy detail, and all at Evelyn's explicit instruction.

Evelyn held his gaze as she leaned in, pressing her massive, sweat-slicked tits against Andrew's arm, her mouth hovering at his ear. She whispered something Charles couldn't hear, something that made Andrew shudder visibly, made his jaw go slack. Then her tongue flicked out, fat and pink, tracing the shell of their son's ear in a slow, deliberate swipe.

She pulled back just enough to lock eyes with Charles again, a slow, cruel smile spreading across her lips. She knew exactly what she was doing—every touch a brand, every glance a knife twisting deeper.

She ran her hand down Andrew's chest, over the flat plane of his stomach, stopping just at the waistband of his shorts.

Evelyn's fingers worked Andrew's button loose. Just one. The pop was soft, almost drowned by the lap of water, but Charles heard it like a gunshot.

She let her nail drag along the zipper beneath, tracing the ridge of his cock through the fabric, and Andrew shifted on the bench, his hips lifting slightly toward her touch.

"Good boy," Evelyn murmured, loud enough for her husband to hear. "Mommy likes when you sit still for her."

She fed Andrew another bite, her own lips parting as she watched him chew, as if the act of feeding were somehow intimate, somehow more than the mechanical motion it pretended to be.

Her hand at his neck squeezed, then released, squeezing again—a rhythm, Charles realized with sick clarity, that matched the pulse he could see throbbing in Andrew’s throat.

May emerged from below with a wine bottle, the glass sweating in the cooling air. She poured for Evelyn without asking, the red liquid filling the crystal to a precise level.

When she moved to pour for Charles, Evelyn stopped her with a languid wave of her free hand.

“Not for him,” she said, not bothering to explain. “He needs to keep his head clear.”

Charles lifted his glass an inch off the table. “One won’t hurt.”

Evelyn’s gaze snapped to him, sharp as a blade. “Put. It. Down.”

Charles obeyed, knowing better than to challenge his stubborn wife.

Evelyn turned her attention fully to their son, her profile sharp against the bruising sunset. She cupped his jaw, her thumb dragging across his lower lip, smearing away a trace of sauce. Then she brought that same thumb to her own mouth and sucked it clean, her eyes closing briefly, her throat working with theatrical satisfaction.

Charles watched Andrew’s face—the slack wonder there, the helpless arousal. His son was drowning and didn’t know enough to want air.

“You’re not eating,” Evelyn observed, her voice pitched to carry. She didn’t look at Charles. “Is something wrong with May’s cooking?”

"It's f-fine," Charles managed.

"Then eat," she command.

Evelyn turned her head, those green eyes pinning him with a stare that held nothing of the warmth she lavished on Andrew. "Pretend you have an appetite. Pretend you're still a man who knows what to do with what he's given, even if its very little."

She reached across the table—not toward him, never toward him—and plucked a roll from the basket. She tore it in half, the crust crackling, and pressed one piece to Andrew's mouth.

He bit. She held the other half, watching him chew, and when he swallowed, she leaned in and kissed him.

It was not brief. Her tongue pushed between his lips, visible to Charles, wet and searching, and Andrew made a sound into her mouth that Charles recognized from May's description—that raw, helpless moan.

Evelyn's hand was still on his crotch, working now, the motion obvious beneath the table, her wrist flexing with deliberate rhythm.

She broke the kiss with a wet smack, her lips swollen, her breath coming faster. She looked at Charles.

"You're quiet tonight, Charles," she said. "Did something happen today? Something that might have upset you?"

The trap gaped open. He saw it, saw the teeth, and stepped in anyway.

"No," he lied.

“Good.” She turned back to Andrew, her hand resuming its work beneath the table, her fingers now unmistakably inside his shorts, the motion of her shoulder telling the story her words wouldn’t. “Because Mommy and her baby are having such a lovely time. Aren’t we, Andrew?”

Andrew’s answer was strangled, barely articulate.

Evelyn laughed, low and throaty, and brought her hand up from below. Her fingers glistened with teenage pre-nut, her gooey wedding ring flashing mockingly.

While she licked his spend from her fingers, her other hand clamped over his, forcing it under the flimsy scrap of her bikini bottom. She dragged his knuckles through the wet heat of her, then brought her slick mouth to his ear.

“Get your fingers on my clit,” she breathed, the words thick and obscene. “I want to cum all over your hand while he watches.”

Evelyn’s hand plunged back into her son’s underwear, fingers greedily latching onto his cock, jerking it with a smooth, urgent rhythm.

Charles stared, transfixed by the sight of Evelyn leaning in close to Andrew, her shoulder rolling in a deliberate cadence—the movement subtle, but absolutely unmistakable.

Every measured flex was visible beneath the narrow strap of her bikini, and her tits jostled in time with the steady work of her arm, each bounce a silent addition to the tension threading through the room.

He tore his gaze away and stared at the fish cooling on his plate, When he dared look up again, Evelyn was watching him. She

didn't even try to hide it: eyes locked on, waiting, mirth dancing around the corners of her mouth.

She knew he was watching. She wanted him to feel it—the helpless, gnawing suspicion twisting in his gut as he sat there, her meek little cuckold, unable to prove anything yet certain something was happening beneath the table.

Evelyn played the part of devoted mother, but beneath her calm exterior she stroked Andrew's cock in slow, hungry pulses, milking pleasure with every tight pump.

"That's it," she breathed, lips ghosting the shell of Andrew's ear, "tight circles on my clit, baby. Don't rush."

She locked eyes with Charles again, while her hand kept moving. The corner of her mouth lifted, not quite a smile.

"Andrew's learning to be such a helpful son," she said, her voice carrying across the table with deliberate clarity. "Aren't you, sweetheart?"

Andrew made a sound—strangled, helpless. Evelyn's gaze never left Charles's face as she leaned closer to their son, her mouth returning to his ear.

"Faster now," she whispered, the words barely shaped, meant only for him. "Follow the same speed that mommy is stroking your cock."

His fingers obeyed, finding the swollen bulb of her clit and circling it in the same urgent rhythm her hand used on his cock—a perfect, filthy synchronization that made her hips buck against his touch.

"Good boy," she murmured. "You feel how wet Mommy gets for you? That's all for you. Nobody else makes me this way."

Charles watching her shoulder roll, the motion traveling down her arm to where, just out of his sight, her hand worked beneath Andrew's shorts.

"So close," she panted, every syllable urgent in his ear. "You feel that? Mommy's about to soak your fingers, right here, right in front of Daddy."

She nuzzled him, the words pure fire. "He's watching us. Watching you. And he's not going to do shit to stop it."

Charles sat frozen, a captive audience, sure the two of them were tangled in wicked pleasure below the table. But proving it? Impossible. He already knew that if he even tried, Evelyn would just skewer him with her sweet, sharp tongue, leave him sputtering and outmaneuvered.

Evelyn purred into her son's ear, her hand pumping him with reckless devotion. "That's my good boy," she sighed, riding the edge as she worked him harder. "Making Mommy feel so fucking good. No one else can do it like you. No one even matters but you."

"Now finish me," she commanded, soft and fierce together. "Make Mommy cream."

Her body went rigid. Charles saw it—the arch of her spine, the way her breasts thrust forward, the sudden stillness in her shoulders before they began to shake.

She let out a sound—not quite a cry, more a release of breath that carried the weight of satisfaction, theatrical and controlled even in its performance.

Her hand never stopped working Andrew, the motion of her arm fluid and relentless even as she slumped against him, her head falling to his shoulder.

“Good boy,” she whispered, her lips moving against his neck where Charles could read the shape of the words. “Mommy’s perfect boy.”

Andrew’s body tensed. Charles saw it in the set of his jaw, the way his hips lifted slightly from the bench, the strangled noise he made into Evelyn’s hair.

She held him through it, her hand working steadily beneath the tablecloth, semen pumping onto her fist, her face buried against his throat where her smile pressed hidden against his skin.

“May, another napkin!” Evelyn ordered, glaring over at Charles with a satisfied giggle. “I think my gorgeous boy just spilled something on his lap.”

Charles woke abruptly that night, pulled from sleep by the unmistakable peal of giggling—a sharp, girlish sound punctuating the night’s hush.

He looked towards Evelyn instinctively, only to find her side of the bed empty, nothing left behind except the ghost of her expensive, sticky-sweet perfume. A wave of dread twisted sharply in his gut, violent and raw, impossible to ignore.

For a long moment, he just sat there, heart pounding, before forcing himself upright and creeping quietly to the cabin door. He hesitated in the doorway, pulse stuttering, when something flickered at the edge of his vision.

Out in the corridor, reflected off gleaming wood, two shadows flashed by in a quick, chaotic tangle. They were unmistakably naked. Massive tits bounced wildly, and an eager cock bobbed between clumsy, staggering steps.

They held hands, giggling and darting past—not in the direction of the deck, but straight toward the front of the yacht. Toward Andrew's cabin.

The sight hollowed him out. Charles hesitated. He knew he should turn back, let it go, but something ugly and insistent drove him on.

Careful as a shadow, Charles followed the giggling pair, keeping to the quiet edge of the hall. He reached Andrew's cabin moments later, just in time to hear Evelyn's breathy moan through the thin door—a sound he knew intimately, now twisted into something raw and greedy.

It was answered by a wet, rhythmic slapping, the unmistakable sound of flesh meeting flesh with desperate force. A low, guttural groan—Andrew's—cut through the noise, followed by Evelyn's high, keening cry.

"Yes—right there, baby, don't stop—" Her voice broke on a gasp, then dissolved into panting whimpers that climbed in pitch with every thrust. The bed frame began to knock steadily against the wall, a dull, driving beat that left no room for doubt.

May had painted such a vivid picture of what she'd witnessed the day before that Charles couldn't help but picture what was going on Andrew's bunk. His own son, pinned beneath Evelyn's writhing hips, her greedy thighs locking around his waist as he bucked upward with frantic, animal rhythm.

The wet slap of flesh echoed through the thin walls—the heavy, rhythmic smack of Andrew's balls against the sweat-slick curve of Evelyn's ass, over and over. Her massive tits swayed and jiggled with every thrust, nipples hard and dark against his heaving chest.

Charles could hear it all—the ragged, open-mouthed panting, the choked-off groans, the high, keening cries his wife made each time Andrew drove deeper, stretching her tight cunt around his thick young cock.

Their voices tangled into something raw and feral—grunts and whimpers and breathless snarls—the sounds of two bodies consumed, fucking like beasts in heat.

Charles's fingers closed around the knob, twisting—pointless, of course. The lock held fast—Evelyn had made sure of that. He stood there, the brass cold against his palm, while the sounds from inside the cabin coiled around his ribs like barbed wire.

He knew the script already: if he confronted her, Evelyn would only smirk, would say he was imagining things, reading filth into innocent moments spent between mother and son. They'd been down this road; he was powerless to change it.

So Charles turned from Andrew's door, the wet slap of their fucking and his wife's greedy moans chasing him back to his cabin.

He fell into his cold, empty bed, the sheets still smelling of her perfume and salt air. He was a helpless cuckold, yes, but in a way was still living his dream, sailing his yacht through tropical waters.

Evelyn was living hers—spread open on their son's bunk, taking that thick young cock like she'd been starving for it. This was the voyage they were each on.

Meanwhile, on the other end of the yacht, Andrew snarled, the sound ripping from his throat raw and animal, his young lean ass glistening with perspiration as it bobbed and flexed frantically. He drove up and down between the knot of tangled limbs, his hips pile-driving with a desperate, mindless rhythm that knew only the need to bury himself deeper, harder, faster.

His young body was crushed between his mom's giant rippling tits, the weight of them surrounding him, smothering him in soft, oppressive heat.

His tongue tangled with hers inside his mouth, wet and slippery and insistent, while they fucked mindlessly—just the slap of skin and the shared breath between their gnashing teeth.

Andrew was on a voyage also—one of mindless, grinding pleasure. His mother's cunt was a slick, experienced vise, milking his cock with every desperate thrust.

She might be a vain, heartless bitch, but goddamn could she fuck. Her body was a vessel built for sensation: the heavy ripple of her cushy tits against his chest, the greedy clutch of her thighs around his hips, the wet, rhythmic slap of their bodies meeting again and again. This was his paradise!

Evelyn's nails raked down his back, scoring red lines that burned and made him grunt into her mouth. Her thighs clamped around

his waist like a vise, heels digging into his ass to spur him on, to drive him deeper into the sucking heat of her.

He could feel her cunt gripping him, pulsing and wet, pulling at his cock with every withdrawal as if trying to keep him buried there forever.

The bunk creaked beneath them, the frame knocking against the wall in steady percussion that matched the wet slap of his balls against her meaty ass.

Sweat dripped from his chin onto her heaving chest, pooling in the valley of her cleavage before she dragged his mouth down to suckle at her nipples, her fingers knotting in his hair to hold him there.

“Don’t stop,” she gasped, the words shredded, barely recognizable. “Don’t you fucking stop.”

He couldn’t have if he’d wanted to. His body had taken over, some ancient machinery grinding beneath his skin, his hips working with piston efficiency while his mouth worked her tits in desperate, hungry pulls.

The taste of her skin—salt and musk and something uniquely Evelyn—filled his head until he couldn’t remember his own name, couldn’t remember anything but the wet clasp of her and the need to spend himself inside her.

She arched beneath him, spine bending like a bow, and he felt her clench suddenly, violently—her cunt seizing around his driving cock in rhythmic spasms that milked him, that demanded his own release.

He snarled again, the sound torn from somewhere primal, and drove himself to the root, his lean ass clenching tight as the first jet of hot cum ripped through him, spilling deep into her clutching heat.

Evelyn screamed, the sound sharp and triumphant, her body writhing beneath him as she rode out her own peak, her nails clawing, her teeth sinking into his shoulder where she bit down to muffle the noise.

He kept fucking her through it, jerky, desperate thrusts that spilled more of himself into her with every pulse, until he was empty, drained, collapsed against her heaving chest with his heart hammering a frantic beat he could feel against her ribs.

She stroked his hair, her fingers trembling, her breath still coming in ragged hitches that made her tits rise and fall against his cheek.

"Good boy," she whispered, the words thick with satisfaction.
"Mommy's perfect, perfect boy."

THE END

