

The Hottest Girl on Island X

By Klrxo

Chapter 2: Searching Island X

As the sun rose over the horizon and painted the sky in shades of pink and orange, the Gregory family began to piece together a better understanding of their dire situation. Their biggest hope was that they were not alone on this dauntingly large island, someone else must surely be living amongst the lush greenery and pristine beaches. Someone who could provide them with guidance and assistance in this strange and foreign place.

"Here's what I think we should do," said Hugh, knowing it was up to him to take charge of the situation. "We'll split up and explore the island, covering as much ground as we can and meet back here in a few hours and share what we've found. Do you think that's a good plan, Kathy?" Hugh asked his wife.

Kathy nodded. "It's worth a try. We can't just sit here and wait for something to happen."

"August, you'll come with me, and Pierce you'll be with your mother," Hugh directed. "We all need to be careful. We have no idea what kind of dangers we might encounter on this island."

As the morning sun began to warm their skin, the family set out in different directions. August and Hugh explored the dense jungle, searching for a sign of civilization. Meanwhile, Kathy and Pierce made their way along the beach, hoping to find someone, perhaps even boat to flag down.

Pierce found himself struggling to keep up with his mother, who seemed to have an almost supernatural energy that buoyed her steps. Despite his fatigue, he couldn't help but be struck by her beauty – the way her dark hair flowed in the breeze, the way her hips swayed with each step. Her luscious ass was more than half exposed in the bikini she was wearing and her exposed ass cheeks were hard to ignore as they undulated deliciously with every step she made.

Pierce watched as his mom effortlessly climbed over rocks, picked fruits from trees, and gracefully stepped over fallen branches. It was as if she were some kind of ethereal being, completely at home in this wild, untamed landscape.

Pierce couldn't help but comment, "Did you grow up in the jungle or something, mom? You seem so comfortable and at ease here."

Kathy smiled at her son. "I was a wild child," she replied coyly, "always exploring and discovering new things in nature. This place reminds me of my younger days."

In the aftermath of last night's events, Pierce could feel a palpable tension in the air between them. It crackled and hummed with raw, unbridled sexual energy, causing his body to tingle with arousal. His eyes were drawn to Kathy's enormous tits, straining against the tight fabric of her bikini top, as they bobbed and swayed with each movement. He couldn't help but feel his desire for her growing stronger each day.

Pierce smirked as they strolled down the beach, the waves gently lapping at their bare feet. "When you said you were a 'wild child,' I thought maybe you meant you slept around when you were my age," he teased, his eyes sparkling mischievously in the warm sunlight.

Kathy laughed heartily at her son's comment, but there was also a hint of seriousness in her expression. "Well, maybe I did sleep around a little bit. You know how it is when you're young and curious."

"Yeah, I know how it is alright," he replied. "I think my curiosity may get me in trouble if I'm not careful."

His mom's eyes sparkled with curiosity as she tilted her head, flashing him a smile that displayed her intrigue. "Why's that?" she asked.

"I tend to be attracted to people that I'm not suppose to be," he replied.

Kathy's eyes widened in surprise, but her smile didn't falter. "I see." She paused for a moment, taking in his words. "Well, honey, we all have our desires, and sometimes they take us down paths we never thought we'd tread."

"Yeah, that true," Pierce said, feeling a sense of relief wash over him. "But it's not always that easy to navigate those paths."

"It's definitely not," Kathy agreed. "But sometimes, taking a chance can lead to something wonderful."

Kathy carefully plucked ripe, juicy berries from the prickly bushes that grew along the border of the jungle and the sandy shore. The vibrant reds and purples stood out against the lush green foliage, tempting her with their promise of sustenance. She knew every bite they could find in this harsh wilderness would be crucial for their survival until they could find help.

"We've been walking for ages. Let's find some shade and rest for a bit," Kathy gasped between breaths, her voice tinged with exhaustion.

As they found a shady spot beneath a large palm tree, Kathy collapsed onto the soft sand, her heavy chest heaving with her ragged breaths. Pierce couldn't help but stare at her, taking in her beautiful bikini-clad body, the sweat glistening on her skin, and the way her hair fell in dark, tousled curls around her face.

"I wonder how your dad and sister are coming along?" Kathy expressed as her body cooled off in the shade.

Pierce plopped down beside her. "They're probably enjoying that luxurious island resort you were joking about last night," he replied.

"One can only hope. Speaking of last night," Kathy began, her voice low and sultry. "I wanted to say I'm sorry for infringing on your private time. I hope it wasn't too awkward having your mom there with you while you found some relief."

"It was awkward, but awkward in a good way," he blushed.

Kathy's eyes twinkled with amusement as she asked, "Why's that?" A sly smirk played on her lips, betraying the façade of innocence. "Could it be because I'm on that list of people you're attracted to and shouldn't be?" Her words carried a hint of teasing and challenge, daring her son to reveal his thoughts.

"I'll be honest, mom, you're probably at the top of that list," he confessed.

"Probably?" Kathy teased, raising an eyebrow.

His voice quivered as he nervously avoided meeting her gaze. "No, not probably," he replied, his heart racing. "You are undeniably at the very top of that list."

Kathy laughed, taken aback by Pierce's confession; she had already suspected his attraction to her. She could feel their connection had changed, becoming more sensual and intimate.

"Don't be embarrassed, honey. I find it endearing that you have a bit of a mom-crush on me."

"You do?" Pierce asked, his eyes widening in disbelief.

Kathy nodded, a mischievous grin playing on her lips. "Of course. I mean, I'm not complaining, it's rather flattering. After all, you're a handsome young man and I'm sure lots of women wouldn't mind you doting over them."

"Thanks," he blushed, his heart racing to think his mom thought of him that way.

After a short silence, Kathy spoke again while laying back on the sand right next to her son. "So, honey, tell me...what part of me are you attracted to the most?"

It was a tough question for Pierce to answer since he was attracted to every part of his mother's beautiful body. But he knew the one thing that stood out at the moment was her gorgeous legs. "I love your legs," he confessed, staring intently at the smooth, tanned expanse of her calves and thighs.

"These legs?" Kathy playfully asked, extending her naked legs upwards towards the sky, arching them with a grace that seemed almost regal. From Pierce's vantage point, they appeared to stretch on forever, smooth and toned with an underlying feminine power. The curves of her calves and thighs were accentuated by the golden glow of the sun, making them appear even more alluring. Her bare feet, caked with a sprinkle of sand,

added to the carefree beauty of the moment as she pointed her toes towards the sky in a playful display.

"Yes," Pierce answered, his eyes widened at the sight, his breath catching in his throat. "I get tingles every time I look at them."

"Tingles, huh? Do you really like them that much?" Kathy asked playfully, her eyes twinkling with amusement and maybe a hint of something more.

"They're incredible," Pierce managed to say, his voice hoarse. "They don't just look sexy, but strong too."

"I suppose all those years of dedicated Zumba practice have finally paid off, huh?" Kathy asked with a playful smirk, her toned legs gracefully scissoring open, like a graceful dancer doing a split, to display her impressive flexibility. The smooth glide of her movements drew a soft gasp from Pierce, who couldn't help but be entranced by the sight above him. He had only ever imagined her luscious legs spread apart in his most intimate and wild fantasies, but seeing them in person was a whole new level of arousal.

"They're amazing," he whispered, doing nothing to hide his fascination for them. "Just like other parts of you."

Kathy laughed, lowering her legs and quickly turned towards him on the sand. "Such as?" she asked, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

Pierce turned his head to the side, his gaze drawn immediately to her heavy mountainous breasts. As Kathy laid on her side, their fullness was accentuated as they stacked one on top of the other, creating a seemingly never-ending cleavage that threatened to spill out of her skimpy bikini top at any moment. The soft curves and contours of her bosom were impossible for Pierce to tear his eyes away from, and he found himself mesmerized by their enormity.

"Your legs are awesome, but I think your boobs are my favorite things about you," he confessed, his eyes still fixated on them.

"I admire your honesty, honey," Kathy grinned, seeming flattered, "but you really didn't tell me anything I didn't know about you already."

"Really?" Pierce asked, his interest piqued.

"Yes, really. You were fascinated with them when you nursed as a baby and you're just as fascinated with them 18 years later," she teased, ruffling his hair with her hand.

"What I'd give to be a baby again," the teen admitted, drawing laughter from his mother.

Kathy quickly became somber again. "Well, if I could go back in time, it wouldn't be to breastfeed you," she stated. "It would be to tell your father to turn the damn boat around so we wouldn't be in the predicament we're in."

She slowly rose to her feet, feeling the gritty sand sticking to her buttocks. With a playful shake, she brushed off the grains from her rounded cheeks, causing them to jiggle slightly.

"We should continue our search of the beach," she said with determination, glancing around at the vast expanse of land and sea surrounding them.

Pierce's voice was low and tinged with excitement as he spoke, his eyes locking onto Kathy's. "Before we go any further, could I ask a favor of you, mom?"

Kathy arched an eyebrow inquisitively, her curiosity instantly piqued. "Sure, what do you want me to do?"

"I once stumbled upon this video of a girl with voluptuous breasts jogging on the beach in a tiny bikini... it was mesmerizing. Would you mind reenacting that for me?"

Kathy couldn't contain her laughter. "You really have a thing for my boobs, don't you?" she teased, giving him a knowing look.

Pierce chuckled, unable to deny her words. "Can you blame me? They're just so... perfect." His eyes trailed up her ballooning chest before meeting her gaze once again.

"Alright, you boob-aholic. Let's get this done so we can keep searching the beach." Kathy's voice was playful, but determined as she spoke to Pierce.

"Stay right there for a second," Pierce said, his eyes fixed on Kathy's figure as he ran down the sand a short distance. He positioned himself to get a better view of her as she started to jog, her toned legs carrying her effortlessly across the soft sand. Her gigantic breasts bounced in perfect rhythm with her strides, their weight causing her swimsuit top to strain against its ties. Pierce watched in awe as they swayed and rippled, mesmerized by the twin mountains of flesh and their tantalizing movements.

As Kathy continued to jog, her long hair whipped behind her and her sweat-slicked skin glistened in the sunlight. Pierce couldn't tear his gaze away from her, feeling his heart beat faster with each move she took.

"That was amazing!" he exclaimed, trying to prevent the boner from forming in his trunks.

"Thanks," Kathy grinned with pride. "Now put your eyeballs back in your head and let's keep searching."

On the other side of the island, Hugh and his daughter, August, were trying to make their way through the dense foliage, sweat pouring down their faces as they navigated the tangled vines and thick underbrush.

"Dad, I'm starting to think this wasn't such a great idea," August panted, her face flushed with exertion.

"We don't have a choice, honey," Hugh replied. "We have to find out if there's anyone else on this island and unfortunately this is the only way."

They continued to push through the overgrown vegetation, battering their way through the thick foliage and overgrown vines that seemed intent on slowing them down. August stopped suddenly, looking out into the jungle. "Wait, do you hear that?" she asked.

"What?"

"Listen!"

Hugh listened intently, his heart pounding in his chest as he heard it too – faint, muffled, but unmistakable. It was the sound of drumming.

As they pushed further into the dense jungle, the sound of the drums grew louder and more distinct. Hugh and August exchanged an anxious glance, knowing that they were getting closer to whoever was making the music.

The sound seemed to be coming from a small clearing ahead, and as they approached, they found themselves surrounded by a group of female natives, who were dancing around a fierce-looking bonfire, their huge, naked tits bouncing up and down.

In the center of the circle, an older female sat cross-legged on a mat, her eyes closed as she beat a large drum. The natives were wearing colorful loincloths and bracelets made of shells, and their faces were painted with intricate designs in black and red.

Hugh took a step forward, waving his hands in a gesture of peace. "Hello, we're lost and are looking for someone who can help us," he said, his voice trembling slightly.

The steady rhythm of drums and stamping feet suddenly came to a halt, the silence punctuated by the sharp clang of spears being raised in a threatening manner. Hugh and August stood frozen, surrounded by a sea of fierce female warriors, their expressions twisted with anger. "I don't think they understood you, dad," August spoke in a tense tone.

Desperate and fearful, Hugh made a second attempt to communicate with the locals, using his hands to gesture frantically. His words were lost in the crashing waves and the harsh cries of seagulls. "Our boat," he exclaimed, miming the motion of crashing into rocks, "we need help!"

One of the females ran her tongue over her full lips, her gaze fixed on Hugh with a hungry, almost primal desire. "A male!" she exclaimed in a guttural tone, her words a foreign language to Hugh and his daughter. The other females joined in with curious looks, their attention solely focused on Hugh.

The tribe of all women behaved as if it had been a long time since they had encountered a man, possibly due to their own male members being taken by some mysterious illness.

Hugh's heart raced as he realized what was unfolding before him. These women, these feral beauties, were not interested in gathering information about their situation; they were lusting after him, his manhood a sight they could hardly resist.

The woman who had been beating the drum, her fierce energy radiating from every movement, rose to her feet. Her body was adorned with colorful beads and feathers, emphasizing her powerful presence. As she stood, her gigantic tits heaved, drawing attention to their size and weight. Her eyes were fixed on Hugh's body, sizing him up as if he were a piece of meat. "Take him to my tent and tie the female up," she commanded loudly, her voice echoing through the clearing like a lion's roar.

The fierce warriors sprang into action, their movements swift and calculated as they seized hold of Hugh and his daughter. They were like a pack of wild beasts, their muscles rippling under taut skin as they dragged the two captives towards a cluster of primitive huts in the distance. August screamed, her limbs thrashed against their powerful grips, but the native women were relentless and far stronger than she was.

"Please, don't hurt my daughter," Hugh pleaded desperately as he was forced into the largest tent, his mind racing with thoughts of escape.

As the evening sun dipped below the horizon, casting a warm glow over the rugged terrain, Kathy and Pierce found themselves back at the same cave where they had spent their first night together. But this time, instead of feeling safe and content, they were filled with growing worry for Hugh and August who were still missing.

"Your father said three hours. They should have been back well before now," Kathy stated, her voice trembling with concern.

"Maybe they just got lost and couldn't find their way back," Pierce suggested, trying to remain hopefully. "Or maybe they found help and are just taking a while to get back to us."

"I would say let's go looking, but it's starting to get dark," said Kathy. "I have some matches that we salvaged from the boat. Let's try to get a fire going. Maybe they'll see the smoke and it'll lead them back to us."

"Good idea," Pierce agreed, setting out to collect some wood.

A short time later, as the sky turned to complete darkness, a roaring fire was already ablaze, providing much-needed warmth to their tired bodies.

Kathy's voice was barely a whisper as she spoke, her words laced with worry. "I'm going to try not to be concerned," she said. "Your father is a skilled survivalist. Even if this island is uninhabited, he'll know what to do. If they're not back by tomorrow, we'll venture out and search for them."

"You're right, worrying isn't going to help anyone," Pierce agreed, trying to sound strong for Kathy's sake. "Like you said, we just need to stay here and keep the fire going until morning. That way, if they're nearby, they'll see the light and know we're here."

Pierce and his mother gathered a stack of broken wood and tossed it onto the crackling fire, sending sparks dancing into the crisp evening air. They retreated to their cozy cave, and huddled under the warmth of a large, thick blanket they had salvaged from the remnants of a sunken yacht. The sound of the ocean waves crashing against the shore echoed through their hidden sanctuary, adding to the comforting atmosphere as they settled in for the night.

"Keep me warm," whispered Kathy, her voice soft and pleading as she scooted closer to Pierce, her body pressing against his in the spooning position beneath the warm blanket. As he wrapped his arms around her, Pierce couldn't help but sigh at the feeling of her round buttocks pressed against his groin, sending a surge of arousal through him. The gentle rise and fall of her breathing against his chest added to the intimate moment, making it feel like they were the only two people in the world.

"This is nice," Kathy whispered, nuzzling next to Pierce. She obviously knew about the fascination he had with her body, so Kathy wasn't at all surprised to feel an erection poking up against her ass.

"What's with the boner, mister?" she teased. "My ass wasn't one of the things you mentioned being attracted to earlier today."

Pierce chuckled lightly, his voice a low murmur beside her. "I didn't say I wasn't attracted to it. I just didn't specifically mention it," he reasoned.

Laughter bubbled from Kathy's lips as she coyly moved her hips against him. She couldn't help but revel in the sensation of his well-toned body pressed against hers. "Oh, you sly dog," she playfully teased, a mischievous glint in her eye. "I suppose I better start getting used to this, huh?" she asked, nudging his cock-tip with her ass-crack. "It doesn't seem like it'll be going away anytime soon."

"Sorry," Pierce blushed. "I'll...um, try not to focus too much on how good you feel."

"Good luck with that," the mother snickered.

Kathy was used to cuddling this way with her husband, but as she lay in Pierce's embrace, she couldn't help but notice the stark difference in Pierce's erection compared to Hugh's. It felt bigger and more rigid, pressing insistently against her ass-crack through the fabric of his shorts. The thought of his throbbing member straining against the material made her pulse race with desire.

Kathy knew it was a terrible time to feel arousal, with her husband and daughter missing and possibly in danger. But she couldn't deny the primal urges that coursed through her body. As a hypersexual woman, she was used to satisfying her needs through either sex or multiple sessions of masturbation each day. Yet, for almost two days now, she had been deprived of both, and she could feel the desperation building inside her like a pressure cooker about to explode.

Kathy spoke softly, her voice barely audible. "Pierce?" she whispered.

"Yeah, mom?"

"Remember last night when I suggested that maybe next time we could find a way to release some of our tension together?" Kathy asked anxiously.

Pierce's heart skipped a beat. "Yeah, I remember," he responded nervously.

"Do you think we could do that now? After this long, exhausting day, I feel like we could both benefit from getting some release."

"Sure," Pierce whispered, his breath warm against her ear. "I'm all for it."

Pierce felt like he needed to pinch himself to make sure he wasn't dreaming. First, he was getting to snuggle alone with his bombshell of a mother and now she wanted to masturbate along side him. It was a surreal feeling and definitely thrilling.

"You have to promise to keep it between us though. I don't want your dad and sister finding out," Kathy implored.

"I won't say a word to anyone, mom. I promise," Pierce said reassuringly.

For a moment, their minds buzzed until Kathy's voice, soft and hesitant, cut through the silence. "Um...maybe we should undressed and get comfortable," she suggested. Her eyes flickered to Pierce, her cheeks flushing with a rosy hue. "I think it would make it easier to...you know, masturbate...if we were naked."

Pierce's heart raced as he tried to process her words. He could hardly believe what she was proposing. "Uh, yeah. Definitely easier," he stammered, his own face turning red. Their eyes met for a brief moment before they both looked away, feeling a mixture of excitement and nervousness.

With the dim fire casting a warm glow over them, Kathy and her son stripped off what little clothing they had on beneath the blanket. Their faces glistened in the flickering light as they laid side by side under the soft fabric. The night air was cool, but the heat from the fire kept them warm. The crackling of the flames mingled with their quiet breathing, creating a peaceful symphony in the stillness of the nighttime sky.

Kathy remembered that Pierce was right-handed, while she herself was a lefty. With this in mind, she reached over and tightly clasped their free

hands together, interlocking their fingers. "Are you ready?" she whispered, her voice barely audible.

"Yeah," Pierce answered, his heart racing with nervous excitement.

Kathy's hand slowly trailed down her body, stopping at the soft folds of her shaved pussy. Pierce's hand followed suit, his fingers wrapping around his big throbbing cock. They began to work their genitals in unison, the sound of their breathing and stroking blending with the crackling flames.

Kathy's grip on Pierce's hand grew tighter as their passionate act of self-pleasure began. Their hands moved with frenzied desire, each working their love organs in perfect rhythm beneath the blanket. The smell of sexual arousal filled the air around them, a pheromone-laced scent that seemed to heighten the sensations they were experiencing.

Kathy's voice was a soft whisper, barely audible in the darkness. "Oh God, I really needed this."

"Me too, even though I did it last night."

"Well, you're young. A guy your age should be indulging in self-pleasure at least once a day," Kathy advised, her voice low and full of concern. A minute passed, the crackling of the fire and the soft rustling of the blanket the only sounds in the still night air. Their hands moved rhythmically, each lost in their own fantasies and pleasures. Finally, Kathy broke the silence with a question. "What do you think about?"

"What do I think about?" Pierce repeated, confused by what his mom meant.

"What do you think about when you masturbate?"

Pierce paused, his mind consumed with desire. "Sex," he finally answered.

A thrill of excitement rippled through Kathy's body as she whispered back, her voice quivering with anticipation. "Me too. Are you on top of a girl or is she on top of you?"

Pierce's breath caught in his throat at the thought of his mom touching herself while asking him intimate questions. "She's on top of me," he

admitted, feeling a surge of heat between his legs. He could imagine every detail – the girl's weight pressing down on him, big tits bouncing, her movements driving them both to ecstasy.

Kathy turned her head to the side, a coy smile playing on her lips as she looked over at Pierce. He mirrored her actions, turning his head to meet her gaze. Their eyes locked and they could each see the pleasure reflected in the other's depths.

"Is that your favorite way to fuck?" Kathy breathed, shifting her position slightly and spreading her legs a little wider. She slid her smooth calf over her son's and ran her soft bare foot across his skin, sending shivers of anticipation through his body.

"Uh-huh," Pierce nodded, a small smirk tugging at the corner of his mouth.

"Mine too," Kathy confessed, meeting his intense gaze with one of her own. The need to cum was building inside her, desperate and urgent.

Kathy couldn't ignore the heat and need pulsing through her body, but as she lay there pleasuring herself with her son and asking him intimate questions, a twinge of guilt crept in. Her husband and daughter were somewhere out there on the island while she brazenly indulged in this private moment that most would view as improper.

"Do you mind sharing secrets with me, honey?" she asked her son.

"No, not at all," Pierce replied.

"I hope you don't judge me for what we're doing. It's just that both of us have been dealing with so much stress today, I feel like this is something we both need," Kathy explained, feeling the weight of her actions lift off her shoulders.

"I couldn't agree more. I'm already starting to feel more relaxed," replied Pierce, his voice calm and soothing.

After a few minutes, Kathy's seductive voice filled the tiny cave again, laced with desire and temptation. "Would you like to feel my body against yours, honey?" she asked, her words dripping with sexual innuendo.

Pierce's heart raced as he struggled to respond, his body already pulsing with excitement. He could only nod in response.

With a mischievous grin, Kathy wasted no time rolling over pushing her plush body against him. Her bare skin pressed against his, sending waves of pleasure through him. He let out a contented sigh as her giant stiff-nippled tit-melons squished against his chest, their softness a stark contrast to his own chiseled physique.

Kathy's leg draped across his, teasingly close to where he was stroking his pulsating erection. She continued to rub her clit, her own arousal evident in the way her body moved against his.

"Is your fantasy girl still riding you?" Kathy whispered, her lips at his ear. She was so horny for an orgasm it was driving her insane. "Is she still fucking your cock, honey?"

"Yes," he answered, stroking rhythmically on his boner to the sound of his mom's voice.

"Roll her onto her back and fuck her as hard as you can," Kathy squealed, her breathing growing more and more intense, causing her tits to slosh against him. "Make her cum!"

Pierce increased the rhythm of his strokes from the intensity of her words, his body tingling deliciously.

Kathy moaned softly, her voice filled with desire. She could feel her orgasm building inside her, the anticipation of it making her wetter and wetter. Her hand moved faster, her fingers dipping into her slit, coating her fingers with her own juices.

"Do you wanna feel her cum on your cock, honey?" Kathy asked, her voice husky with need. "Is that what you think about when you jerk off?"

Pierce was beyond words now. His entire being was focused on the hand stroking his cock and the feeling of his mother's body pressed against his. He let out a low growl, his entire body tensing.

With a final surge of pleasure, Kathy's orgasm exploded through her, her pussy clenching and unclenching as she cried out in ecstasy. Her body

shook and writhed against Pierce's, her nipples standing turgidly against his chest.

Pierce felt his own orgasm building, the pleasure surging through him until he could take no more. With a final series of strokes he came with a guttural grunt, his cum shooting up across his chest as he bucked his hips against Kathy's body.

The air was thick with the musky scent of their secretions, their genitals still warm and pulsating with the remnants of their intense pleasure. Their chests heaved with heavy breaths, their hearts still racing with the rush of adrenaline and desire. They lay entwined, their bodies basking in the afterglow of their passionate pleasure-session, their hands tightly clasped as they basked in the euphoria of their shared release.

"We'd better put our clothes back on, honey," Kathy whispered with a deep sense of relief in her voice. "If your dad and sister do make it back here tonight they'd get quite the shock if they found us cuddling naked together."

"I suppose you're right," her son replied, feeling exhausted yet satiated. He wished his mom wasn't being so careful not to expose her nude body to him as she put her bikini back on beneath the blanket, but he was certainly grateful that he got to at least feel her naked body against his while they were masturbating together.

On the far side of the island, deep in the heart of the tribal camp, August was unceremoniously thrown into a dark, dank pit. The putrid smell of decay and sweat filled her nostrils as she landed on a bed of straw and dirt. A bamboo lattice barrier was quickly placed over the top, sealing her fate and preventing any chance of escape. As tears streamed down her cheeks, she could hear the raucous laughter and jeers of the vicious female tribe above. For what felt like hours, she had remained tied to a rough wooden post, her mind racing with fear and uncertainty about what horrors awaited her and her father at the hands of these savage women.

The darkness was thick and suffocating, broken only by the voice of a woman as she emerged from the shadows. Her blonde hair was matted and tangled, her clothing dirty and tattered. "Don't worry," she said, her words dripping with bitter sarcasm. "They won't kill you. They'd rather use you to perform menial tasks around the camp, like they do with me."

August's heart sank at the thought of being trapped in this place, forced to serve these savages just to survive. "But your father..." the woman continued, her voice filled with fear. "He may not be so lucky."

August's stomach churned at the mention of his father's possible fate. "What do you mean?" she asked, his voice trembling. "What are they going to do to him?"

"They're a tribe of sex-starved bitches," the woman spat out, her hatred clear in her tone. "Their men must have been wiped out by some disease or something. My husband did his best to pleasure them, which by the way, was NOT fun to watch. But when he began to lose his sexual desire, they killed him in a fit of sexual frustration and rage."

August's blood ran cold as he realized the true horror of this place and what could potentially happen to his father. "How long have you been here?" she asked the blonde prisoner.

"I'm guessing about three month. We were on our honeymoon and our boat got lost in a storm, washed ashore on this stupid fucking island. We were taken captive shortly after," the blonde woman's voice was tinged with sadness, the weight of their situation heavy on her.

August introduced herself and the other prisoner, Tiffany, followed suit. The two stood facing each other, both weary and uncertain of their fate.

"Is it just you and your dad or are there others?" Tiffany asked tentatively, breaking the somber atmosphere.

"My mom and brother," August replied, his tone somewhat more hopeful. "My brother, Pierce will come looking for us. He'll get us out of here, I just know it."

Tiffany's expression darkened as she spoke again. "You better hope they don't capture him too. A young guy with a high libido is as precious as gold around here," she explained grimly. "Let's just hope your old man can get it up and keep it up or he'll meet the same fate my husband did."

The weight of Tiffany's words hung heavy in the air as they both contemplated what horrors may lay ahead for them on this strange island.