

The Hottest Mom on Island X – Part 4

By Klrxo

"You two are insane!" August exclaimed as she and Tiffany emerged from the lush vegetation and inky darkness of the night. "I woke up and you were both gone. Tiffany told me you had wandered off together."

"Relax. We just wanted to sit on the beach for a while," Kathy defended, shooting an annoyed glance at Tiffany, who she knew was desperate for her son's attention.

"With a group of angry native women searching for us? That's incredibly foolish, mom."

"If anyone was gonna attract the attention of the natives, it would be you with your big mouth. Now keep it down," Kathy scolded, nervously scanning their surroundings.

"I think we should head back to the cave," Pierce interjected uneasily. "Especially since I left the gun behind."

The four of them went back to the cave to get some sleep. This time, however, Kathy switched spots with her son so that Tiffany was forced to keep her hands off of him.

"I have a plan," said Pierce the next morning. "A way that we can get dad back."

"Let's hear it," Kathy replied, eager to see what her son had in mind.

"I charge in there to get him, guns blazing. Anyone who stands in my way gets a bullet," he said with confidence.

"Your not John Wick, idiot," blurted his sister. "This is real life."

"She's right," his mom agreed. "We do have a gun, but those native women are probably pretty damn good with those spears."

"Well, we can't just leave dad there, so if you guys have another idea, let's hear it," said Pierce.

Tiffany chimed in. "When I was a prisoner in the camp, I noticed that most of the natives would leave to bathe in the river at the same time each afternoon. That would definitely be the best time to sneak in and rescue your dad."

"Well, that certainly sounds more promising than taking them all on at once," Kathy added, her voice betraying a hint of nervousness.

Pierce nodded thoughtfully, his eyes scanning the group. "We should split into two teams - two of us will go in and two should stay back. We can't risk putting everyone in danger."

Tiffany quickly stepped forward, placing a hand on Pierce's shoulder. "I'll go with you," she offered eagerly.

Kathy couldn't help but raise an eyebrow at Tiffany's sudden enthusiasm. She suspected that it had more to do with wanting to be alone with Pierce than a genuine desire to help. "I think I should be the one to go with him," Kathy spoke up firmly. "After all, it's my husband who's being held captive in there. It should be me helping to rescue him."

August rolled her eyes, growing increasingly annoyed at her mother and brother's habit of sneaking off together. "Can you guys actually keep your hands off each other long enough to focus on rescuing dad?" she sarcastically interjected.

Tiffany snickered at August's comment, but Kathy couldn't find any humor in the situation. "You know, finding comfort in someone's

arms during a stressful time is not a crime, honey," she stated defensively.

"I'm just saying. Lately you guys have been acting more like lovers than mother and son," August remarked, casting a knowing glance at his mother and brother.

Kathy's eyes narrowed in a sharp reprimand. "August, that's quite enough."

Pierce fidgeted with nervous energy, eager to dodge the awkward conversation. "If we wanna be at their camp during bath time, we better get moving now."

He was grateful for the distraction of planning and preparing for the task ahead. The truth was, he was secretly enjoying the tender sexual affection Kathy had been showing him, and didn't want his nosy sister to ruin it by guilt-tripping his mom.

Tiffany fed Pierce a seductive smile. "Good luck," she teased with a flirty wink.

Pierce and Kathy disappeared into the lush jungle.

"I hope you don't feel guilty about what's been happening between you and I here, lately," Kathy stated to her son.

"No, not at all," Pierces replied.

"Good. It's not something I'm ashamed of either. And I think it's brought us closer together. I mean, we've been through so much on this island, it's only natural that we'd find comfort in each other's arms."

Pierce raised an eyebrow at his mom's candid admission. "You're right. But I just don't wanna cause any more drama with August. She's already so damn judgmental."

Kathy chuckled and squeezed hand. "Don't worry about her. She's just upset and projecting her own insecurities onto us."

As they battled through the dense, tangled jungle foliage towards the native camp, Kathy's heart raced with a mixture of excitement and unease. This journey was essential to save her husband, but a small part of her couldn't help but relish the opportunity to be alone with Pierce.

As they forged ahead, weaving through the thick underbrush, Pierce noticed an odd pattern etched into the trees around them. "What do you think caused this?" Kathy inquired nervously.

"I'm not sure. It almost looks as though a giant T-Rex stomped its way through here," Pierce mused.

"Don't even joke about that," Kathy laughed shakily. "We're already dealing with lustful native women, we don't need to add dinosaurs to the mix."

Pierce followed the peculiar clearing in the vegetation. "I see something over here," he announced, ducking under low-hanging branches and pushing through new growth on the forest floor.

"Oh my God, it's a plane!" exclaimed the boy.

"A plane?" repeated Kathy incredulously, struggling to keep up with Pierce's quick movements.

The midsize plane lay in ruins, its wings sheared off and entangled in thick, overgrown vines. The once sleek exterior was now corroded and faded, a testament to the years it had spent abandoned in this remote jungle. Pierce's keen eyes scanned the wreckage, searching for any sign of life or hope.

"Let's see if we can find a way inside," he suggested, determination etched on his face. "There might be some supplies left that we can use."

Kathy's worried voice broke through his thoughts. "Honey, please be careful."

"I will," he promised, gingerly stepping along the shattered remains of the wing. The ground beneath him creaked and shifted, a warning of its instability.

"It looks like the door is slightly open," Pierce called back to her. "I think I can squeeze my way through." Despite Kathy's anxiety, he couldn't help but feel a spark of excitement at the prospect of uncovering the secrets this abandoned plane held within its battered walls.

Pierce pushed his way through the narrow opening, his heart racing as he caught sight of the gruesome scene inside. The skeletal remains of the pilot lay slumped over the controls, impaled by sharp branches that had pierced through their chest in the crash. Dried blood stained the walls and floor, evidence of the violent impact.

"What do you see, honey?" Kathy asked, her voice tinged with worry as she cautiously made her way to the door.

"A dead pilot," Pierce replied, his eyes fixed on the haunting sight before him. "But it's just a skeleton. This must have happened a long time ago."

Without hesitation, Kathy squeezed through the breach in the door and joined her son inside. She too was taken aback by how well-preserved the interior of the plane was despite its tragic fate. It was like stepping back in time, frozen in a moment of chaos and destruction.

"I know it's not paradise, but this plane would sure be a better shelter than the one we have now," Pierce observed, looking around at the well-preserved interior.

"You're right. It might be a little grim, but it could keep us safe until we find a way to leave this cursed island," Kathy agreed, then looked towards the cockpit. "As long as we can close that cockpit door. That dead pilot isn't exactly a welcoming sight."

"Come take a look at this," Pierce anxiously exclaimed, hurrying to the cargo area of the plane.

Kathy followed closely, her curiosity piqued. "What is it?"

Pierce's face was a mixture of shock and excitement as he answered. "I think it's drugs. Cocaine, and lots of it. No wonder this plane was never found. They must have been transporting this stuff illegally."

As Kathy surveyed the interior of the plane, she couldn't help but admire its luxurious furnishings. "Well, they sure picked a nice plane to move this stuff in," she remarked, sinking into one of the plush seats. However, her eyes were drawn to a poster taped to the wall featuring a naked centerfold model. "Although the decor leaves something to be desired."

Pierce grinned mischievously as he joined her sitting down, his gaze fixed on the seductive image before them. "I kind of like it," he admitted, taking in every detail of the woman's body as she provocatively spread her legs.

Kathy rolled her eyes playfully. "Of course you do. But let's be real, that much pubic hair down there is just not practical."

Pierce nodded in agreement, his eyebrows raising in surprise. "I couldn't agree more. I mean, who wants to pick hair out of their teeth after giving oral sex?" he chuckled.

"I don't mind a neat landing strip or a well-groomed Brazilian triangle," Kathy added, "but I would never want that much hair around my vagina."

Curiosity got the best of Pierce. "What do you have now?" he boldly asked.

Kathy let out a playful laugh. "Wouldn't you like to know."

"In all honesty, I would," Pierce admitted, leaning in closer.

"Well, if it's that important to you, I shaved it the morning before we got shipwrecked on this island. So now it's growing back and I have some stubble," she confessed.

Pierce's gaze flickered between the poster on the wall and Kathy's face. "Is your clit as big as hers?" he brazenly inquired.

"Pierce!" Kathy exclaimed with a blush, playfully swatting at him.

"What? I'm genuinely curious," Pierce defended himself with a smirk.

Kathy hesitated before answering, her eyes flickering to the girl in the centerfold and then back to her son. "Mine is actually bigger than her," she revealed with a sly smile.

Pierce's eyes glinted with curiosity as he looked down at Kathy. "Can I see it?" he asked, a sly smile playing on his lips.

Kathy returned the smile mischievously. "It's an odd time to make such a request, don't you think?" she teased.

Pierce shrugged nonchalantly. "Not really," he replied. "We're all alone in this cozy plane together."

"We should be focusing on rescuing your father," Kathy reminded him, "now showing you my clitoris."

"Yeah, I know," Pierce said with a chuckle, "but Tiffany said the natives don't bathe until the afternoon and it's still morning. We have plenty of time to find their camp."

Kathy couldn't help but smile at his playful nature as she shook her head. "Why do I have such a hard time saying no to you lately?"

"Maybe because I'm cute and irresistible?" Pierce suggested innocently, a twinkle in his eye.

"I won't argue with that," Kathy agreed, standing up from her seat. She hooked her thumbs beneath the waistband of her bikini bottoms and slowly peeled them over her wide hips, revealing smooth skin and toned muscles. As they slid off her legs and onto the floor, Pierce's heart skipped a beat as his gaze fixed upon her naked vulva. A small patch of pubic stubble crowned her mons; delicate folds of skin formed well-defined labial lips that were separated by a dark, inviting cuntal fissure.

"Will you spread your pussy open, like the girl in the poster is doing?" Pierce asked.

"I suppose I'll have to...since you're so dead set on seeing my clit," Kathy smiled, then sat back down in the seat. She scooted her rounded buns to the edge of it, then drew her knees back, bowing open her smooth, thick thighs.

Pierce couldn't believe his eyes as he stood there gawking at the sight before him. He watched with bated breath as Kathy splayed her legs even further, revealing the prize he had been longing to see. Her labia minora were partially engorged, glistening with arousal, leading the eye to her plump, grape-sized clitoris. It was slightly protruding from its hood, the tip of it beckoning him closer. His erection strained against his shorts, aching for release.

"Wow," he breathed, his words barely audible as he dropped to his knees in front of her. He couldn't tear his eyes away from the sight before him, so mesmerized by the sheer beauty and sensuality of her pussy. "You are so incredibly sexy, mom."

"Thank you, honey," she said, then gave him a stern look, making sure he understood the gravity of their situation. "Like everything else we've been doing since we got on this island, this stays between us, got it?"

Pierce nodded eagerly, still unable to take his gaze off of her crotch. "Of course," he murmured, feeling like he was in a dream as Kathy slowly spread open her coral pink inner flanges with two fingers, revealing her fully engorged clitoris.

The desire that coursed through Pierce's body was almost too much to handle. "Can I...um, lick you?" he mustered up the courage to ask.

Kathy hesitated for a moment before meeting his gaze with uncertainty. "Pierce, I know I've been helping you release some tension, but oral sex is—"

"Just this once," he interrupted, trying to contain the burning desire within him. "I mean, we're risking our lives to save dad today. This could very well be the last time either of us get to experience something like this."

Kathy knew he had a point and despite having helped him find pleasure yesterday, it seemed like forever since the last time she herself had experienced any sexual release. With a soft whisper, she gave in. "Alright," she said, giving him permission to continue.

Without wasting a second, Pierce leaned forward, dragging his tongue from her asshole to her clit in one long swipe. He gasped at the sweet flavor and aroma of her pussy. Craving more, he began to whip his tongue through her moist folds, then across the blood-swollen bulb of her love-nubbin.

Kathy let out an audible gasped, tossing her long, dark hair back as she felt him begin to devour her cunt.

Pierce's face was buried between her legs, his tongue expertly working on her clit. He knew what he was doing, and Kathy moaned louder and louder as he continued. She could feel herself becoming even wetter, her arousal only growing with every passing moment.

"Oh, my God," she cried out, her hands clenching the sides of the seat. She could feel the muscles in her thighs and stomach tightening with each pass of his tongue. It felt like an electrical current was running through her body, every nerve ending sparking to life.

Pierce couldn't help but smile as he noticed her reaction, his gaze traveling across her pubis and up her torso. He watched as she squirmed, her giant tits heaving with each movement. The creamy softness of their undersides spilled out from beneath the snug cups of her bikini top, a tantalizing sight that made his mouth water. But his attention was soon drawn back to the main event, as he sucked her fat clit into his mouth. She arched her back and moaned in pleasure, locking eyes with him through the haze of ecstasy.

"I'll stop if you want me to," he mumbled against her wet flesh, his voice slightly muffled.

"No, don't stop," she gasped out, her breathless voice making his own desire intensify. Without hesitation, she locked her strong legs around his head, trapping his face against her horny twat. "Keep eating me," she demanded, her hips bucking against him as he hungrily complied. The intense scent of arousal filled his nostrils as he devoured her, lost in the euphoria of pleasing her in this intimate way.

With his face masked in aroused, pink pussy, Pierce snarled like a hungry dog. His tongue lapped through her vestibule, soaking up the hot nectar that seeped from her fuck-hole.

His tongue danced voraciously, methodically tracing the outline of her gushing slit, before diving deep between her slick, pink lips. Kathy cried out and pressed her hands against the back of his head, grinding her hips into his face, demanding more. His rough stubble grazed her sensitive skin, sending shivers down her spine.

"Oh Pierce, oh yes!" she groaned, her voice thick with passion. "Keep going, Fuck me with that tongue!"

Pierce was more than happy to oblige. He lapped ravenously at her wet center, his eyes locked on hers, their expressions matching the intensity of the situation. His hands gripped the back of her thighs as he worked his magic, his fingers spreading her open even wider, granting him access to all her most sensitive spots.

Kathy's breath came in short, ragged gasps.

He could feel her pussy tightening around his tongue with each thrust, sucking him deeper into her. Her clit was so sensitive - each touch sent a shock wave of pleasure through her body. "Yes, suck my clit," she moaned, her hips bucking against his mouth.

Pierce's tongue darted across her plump clitoris, causing Kathy to cry out in ecstasy. "Oh, fuck!" she gasped, her hips bucking wildly.

In response, he increased his pace, his tongue flicking and dancing across her swollen, pink bulb. Kathy's moans grew louder, her body trembling with pleasure. She could feel the orgasm building deep within her, the tension coiling like a spring. "I'm gonna cum," she warned, her voice thick with arousal. "Oh, fuck, baby!"

Pierce's eyes widened in surprise, but he didn't miss a beat. He continued to lap at her, his tongue probing deeper, his fingers digging into her flesh as she convulsed. He wanted to drink every drop of juice that her ejaculation would provide.

Kathy's body convulsed with each wave of her climax. Her hips gyrated wildly, her thighs quivering as she rode Pierce's face. He

could feel the wetness between her legs pulsating with each throbbing beat of her climax.

"Oh, God," she whimpered, her body writhing as she reached her peak. "I'm cumming, oh fuck, oh God!"

Pierce could feel her juices gushing from her pussy, coating his face and tongue. He licked at her, devouring her sweet, salty essence, drinking in her nectar like a man dying of thirst.

Her orgasm peaked and she collapsed back against the seat, gasping for breath, her entire body trembling. Her legs slowly released Pierce's face, and he let out a satisfied groan.

"Holy fucking shit," she panted, her voice shaking with both exhaustion and pleasure. "That was amazing."

Pierce grinned up at her, his face dripping with her juices. "You have no idea," he replied, wiping a finger across his mouth to lick off the remnants.

Kathy looked down at him, her expression a mixture of shock and desire. "I'm sorry, honey...I squirted all over you," she said, her voice thick with lust.

Pierce's eyes met hers, his pupils dilated with unmistakable lust. His gaze bore into her own, mirroring the fiery desire burning inside her. "Do you hear me complaining?" he asked, his grin wide and mischievous.

Kathy's eyes flicked down to the obvious bulge tenting his shorts, the sight only fueling her own primal urges. With one swift motion, she extended her leg out and grasped the waistline of his trunks with her toes, pulling him closer to her. In a rush of passion, she sat up and eagerly started undoing his shorts. "Get these off," she whispered, her tone dripping with desire.

Pierce's boner caught on the elastic waistband of his briefs, then sprang upward when finally freed. A bead of precum traveled up and splattered across Kathy's lips and chin, the sticky essence glistening in the light. Without hesitation, her thick, pink tongue darted out to eagerly clean it off.

A satisfied sigh escaped Kathy's lips as she stared down at his long, vein-encrusted baby-cannon in adoration. The mere sight of it sent shivers of excitement through her body. Pierce groaned as she clasped onto his dangling nuts with her hand, her nails digging against their tender flesh.

In a voice dripping with lust, she whispered, "I bet you love getting that big dick of yours sucked, don't you?" Pierce's breath hitched as he nodded, his boner twitching with excitement.

"And IT IS soooo big," Kathy cooed, tracing her fingers along its length. "I bet you've never been with a girl who could take all of you in her mouth and throat." Her words caused Pierce to shudder with anticipation.

With an eager shake of his head, he watched as Kathy lowered her lips to the root of his shaft, engulfing him in warmth and wetness. He couldn't believe the sensations coursing through his body as she expertly deepthroated him.

Pierced watched in fascination as his boner glided back out of her mouth. "Your father may not have as much meat as you do, but I've had my fair share of big dicks in my younger years," she purred, her tongue flicking along his sensitive tip. Pierce could only moan in response as she skillfully worked her mouth over every inch of him. It was like nothing he had ever experienced before.

"Grab my hair, honey," she whispered after kissing his knob. "Use my lips, mouth and throat like a pussy and take out all your pent-up sexual energy on me."

Pierce's hands shook as he reached down, grabbing a fistful of her hair. He groaned in pure bliss as she deepthroated him once more, sucking and bobbing her head with practiced ease.

The sensation was unlike anything he'd ever felt before. Her warmth enveloped him, her wet mouth moving up and down his shaft, her tongue tracing a path along the underside with every stroke. It was enough to make his knees buckle.

He pulled her head tightly against his crotch, feel the ring of her lips taut around his hilt as he pushed every bit of cock as he could deep inside her throat and held it there.

"Goddamn!" he shuttered, the wet heat and snugness surrounding his erection, causing his shaft and knob to swell with even more blood.

Kathy gagged slightly from being stuffed so full and deep, her nose pressed against his coarse pubic hair. She wanted to let him bask in the balls-deep pleasure for as long as he needed to. She felt his knob balloon with more blood in her gullet and a trickle of semen began to run from Pierce's meatus and run down her throat.

She had told him to use her mouth like a cunt and he did exactly that, smashing her pretty face with his groin, pushing his cock deeper than he ever thought possible.

Kathy loved the sensation of having a huge slab of cock plunge through her mouth and throat. It thrilled her that her own handsome son was able to use her body this way and she wanted more.

"Harder, Pierce," she urged, her voice gasping as she came up for air. "Use my throat. Make me feel it. Exhaust every drop of energy into me. I want it all!"

Pierce obliged, thrusting his hips forward with more urgency, his balls slapping against her chin. He had never felt such a primal

connection with anyone before. The raw power of his orgasm increasing with every cock-thrust. He let out a guttural grunt, his nuts tightening in his scrotum as he felt a torrent of semen prepare to race up his shaft.

Kathy's eyes rolled backwards, her body tensed as she felt the first wave of hot cum hit the back of her throat. She gagged some as Pierce unloaded his balls, the warmth and salty flavor of his semen overwhelming her senses. She tried her best to swallow it all, the taste filling her mouth and dribbling out from the corners of her lips.

Pierce continued to fuck her throat, his hips jerking in short, sharp thrusts as he squeezed out every last drop of cum, while tightly gripping her hair. Kathy could feel her own arousal building once again, the sensation of his cock in her throat sending waves of pleasure through her body.

When Pierce finally finished, he removed his cock from her mouth and stepped back, panting heavily. Kathy licked her lips, the salty taste of his semen still lingering in her mouth as she stared at his huge, wet, teenage dick, still twitching stiffly with post-orgasmic spasms.

"Damn," Pierce gasped, taking a gulp of air. "That was the best blowjob ever."

Kathy couldn't help but smile at his words, her own heart pounding with the rush of adrenaline. "I aim to please," she replied, a twinkle of mischief in her eyes.

"In that case, can I get another one?" He asked with a greedy grin, his eyes filled with desire.

She let out a playful giggle, her eyes sparkling as she nodded in agreement. "You were the one who pulled away and left me wanting more," she teased, before sinking down to kneel in front of

him on the floor. "So if you want to feel the pleasure of my lips wrapped around your big, delicious cock again, just stick it back in and I'll gladly oblige."

Pierce couldn't resist watching as she leaned forward, her lips forming a perfect puckered ring, beckoning for his throbbing member. With a satisfied smirk, he eagerly pushed himself back inside her mouth, ready for round two of their steamy encounter.

"Ahh, Goddamn," he gasped, spearing his steely prick through her mouth. He was used to girls showing some resistance as he plunged the length of his prick into their throats, but not with his mom. She was clearly a pro. Her throat muscles were like a vice, gripping his cock and squeezing it with each thrust. He could tell she was enjoying this, too. The slurping sounds and the way her eyes rolled back in her head told him everything he needed to know.

As he pounded into her mouth, her could feel her tongue tracing a path along the underside of his shaft, then swirling around his glans with every bob of her head. Pierce couldn't help but wonder what it would be like to have her beneath him, her legs tightly twined around his body as he pounded her delicious pussy like a savage.

Kathy grasped his boner beneath the balls, making his scrotum bulge up along side his boner as she sucked it feverishly.

She removed her mouth from his prick and began to lick and suck on his nuts.

"Oh, fuck," Pierce gasped as she sucked one of his balls into her mouth. He felt her tongue swirl around his nut, her cheeks providing just the right amount of suction, pulling exquisitely on his spermatic cord.

Then she began to suck on both his balls at the same time, framing them into her mouth and causing him to moan and thrust his hips

forward. Kathy's tongue darted back and forth between his tender nuts, while her hands massaged his shaft gently.

With each suck, Pierce could feel a new wave of desire rush through his body. His balls tightened, and he knew it wouldn't be long before he would reach his peak again.

He groaned, his voice echoing through the airplane as she released his balls from her mouth, and began to lick up his shaft, her tongue tracing along the length of his vein-laced skin.

Pierce watched, mesmerized as she engulfed his cock once more, her mouth bobbing up and down in a rhythm that was driving him wild. He gripped her head, guiding her movements as she deep-throated him.

Her throat muscles clenched around his shaft, massaging him with each stroke, her saliva pouring down his balls in a steady stream. Pierce's hips pistoned forward, his cock sliding effortlessly in and out of her warm, wet mouth.

Kathy moaned softly, the vibrations from her throat reverberating against his shaft. She rubbed his balls gently with one hand, while using the other to massage his perineum. He could feel his climax building, the pressure in his balls growing stronger by the second.

"Oh, fuck," he groaned, his voice hoarse with arousal. "I'm getting close!"

Kathy didn't miss a beat, her mouth never leaving his throbbing member. She pushed her tongue into the slit at the tip, tasting his precum and swallowing it eagerly. Her beautiful eyes locked onto his, daring him to cum down her throat a second time.

Pierce thrust harder, his hips driving forward, impaling her throat. He could feel his orgasm rising from his groin and surging up his spine, his heart pounding in his chest. He gripped her head tighter, his fingers digging into her scalp as his climax built.

Kathy moaned around his cock, her throat muscles clenching and releasing, milking him with each thrust. She knew exactly what to do to drive him over the edge, and she was enjoying every second of it.

He forced his cock deeper into her throat, feeling it throb with pleasure as she worked her magic. Her hands gripped his ass, pulling him closer, and he could feel her nails digging into his flesh, but it only fueled his desire.

"Fuck, mom," he moaned. "You're amazing. I'm gonna cum."

She hummed her approval, her lips vibrating around his cock, and he knew he was about to lose control. His balls tightened, and he felt the heat spreading through his loins. He could feel the wave of pleasure building, a surge of ecstasy that threatened to consume him.

He thrust harder, his hips slamming against her face, her mouth making wet, slurpy noises as she deep-throated him. He moaned loudly, the sound echoing through the deserted airplane.

"I'm cumming!" he announced.

He could feel it building, a tidal wave of ecstasy crashing down upon him. His body was tensing, his muscles rigid, his mind lost in the pleasure of the moment.

Kathy, sensing his impending climax, increased her efforts. Her tongue danced around the sinewy meat of his shaft, licking and stroking it, while her throat muscles clenched and released, milking him like a pro.

Pierce's hips bucked wildly, his cock sliding in and out of Kathy's mouth with a wet, slurping sound. He could feel the first jets of his cum erupting from his piss-hole, coating the back of her throat with his salty, hot seed.

Kathy gagged slightly, but continued to swallow every last drop, her watery eyes locked onto his, daring him to give her more.

Pierce's orgasm was intense, the root of his prick flexing and pulsing powerfully as he blasted wave after wave of his sticky ball-goo into her. He could feel her throat spasming around his pulsating member, sucking every last drop from him.

"Oh fuck, that was... that was amazing," he gasped, his breath coming in short, ragged bursts. He could feel his heart pounding in his chest, his body flushed with heat and need.

Kathy slowly pulled off his cock, her eyes sparkling with triumph as she looked up at him. "I told you," she said with a smirk, her voice ragged with pleasure. "I aim to please."

Pierce could only nod, his mind still reeling from the intensity of his orgasm. He knew he would never forget this moment, and he couldn't help but wonder if he would ever find anyone else who could suck his cock as intensely as his mom just did.

Kathy's eyes followed the sensual movements of his hard, wet dick as it bobbed on his loins, still throbbing with desire. The crown of his cock seemed even more swollen now, its pink head glistening with moisture. Veins pulsated along the length of his shaft, creating a web of blue lines beneath the taut skin.

Her mind suddenly conjured up images of them entwined on the bunk at the back of the airplane, lost in a passionate fuck-frenzy that left them both drenched in sweat and cum. Kathy quickly banished such thoughts, knowing that was a line that should never be crossed. She also couldn't forget their urgent mission to rescue her husband.

"We should get going, honey," she urged, standing up and slipping her bikini bottoms back on over her damp skin.

After trekking through the dense, humid jungle for another hour, they finally reached the tribal camp. A short time after they arrived, a majority of its female members swiftly disappeared into the lush green trees, just as Tiffany had predicted. It was clear that this was a routine for them - their daily bathing in the nearby river.

Pierce carefully inspected his gun one last time, ensuring that it was fully loaded. He turned to his mom with a confident whisper, "Alright, stay close to me. Let's do this."

They cautiously made their way through the camp, approaching the largest hut which appeared to be the tribal queen's dwelling. The rhythmic sounds of panting and grunting filled the air, unmistakably sexual in nature.

Pierce and Kathy froze in sickened shock as they peered inside the hut. In the center of the room, buried under a heap of sweaty black flesh, was Hugh - Kathy's husband. The tribal queen's massive body hovered over him, her huge ass bouncing up and down wildly as she rode his cock with insatiable hunger. A constant flow of female ejaculate soaked Hugh's lower half as he writhed beneath her.

Clawing and thrusting with primal ferocity, the queen clung to Hugh's naked body which lay helplessly tied back on a frame made of bamboo. His head disappeared between her colossal breasts as she ravaged him without mercy - it was like nothing Pierce and Kathy had ever witnessed before, a savage display of pure carnal desire.

Kathy's blood boiled with anger as she looked over at her son. "Give me the gun," she whispered.

With a trembling hand, he passed the weapon to his mother who marched over to the edge of the bed. "Get off him, you bitch!" Kathy shouted.

The queen quickly rose from atop Kathy's husband, Hugh, his frazzled and sweat-drenched face peering out from beneath her massive, wobbling udders. The scent of sweat and sex filled the air as the two women locked eyes in a fierce battle of wills.

The tribal queen scowled and let out a deafening roar, her voice echoing through the hut. But before she could make a move, Kathy pulled the trigger and a bullet shattered through her skull.

Relief flooded Hugh's gasping breaths as he saw his wife and son standing over him.

"It's okay, Dad...we're going to get you out of here," Pierce said, rushing over to untie Hugh's wrists and free him from his restraints. The sound of their hurried footsteps echoed through the large hut as they made their escape.

When they got outside, Pierce's heart stopped as several fierce tribal warriors appeared in front of them, their spears raised and ready to strike. The rustling of leaves announced the arrival of more tribal women, drawn to the camp by the echoing gunshot. Suddenly, Kathy, Hugh, and Pierce were surrounded by dozens of furious warriors, their faces twisted in anger.

Pierce frantically searched his gun for more bullets, but knew there wasn't enough to take down all of their attackers. "What do we do?" he asked, fear creeping into his voice.

"Fire a warning shot into the air," Hugh suggested desperately. "Maybe that'll scare them off."

Pierce followed his father's advice, but instead of fleeing, the tribe's women only grew angrier at the threat.

"This is not good," Kathy cried out in terror.

The tribal warriors closed in on them with alarming speed, when suddenly a loud horn blast echoed through the jungle. The tribe

scattered in fear, leaving Pierce and his parents stunned at their unexpected luck. He turned to look in the direction of the mysterious sound. "What was that?" he asked incredulously.

"I don't know, but let's not stick around to find out," urged his mother as they made a hasty retreat before their attackers could regroup.

After a treacherous journey back, Tiffany and August were relieved to see Hugh still alive and with them. As soon as she saw her father, Tiffany ran towards him with open arms, overcome with emotion. "Daddy, thank God you're not hurt," she exclaimed, squeezing him tightly.

"I'm fine, honey," Hugh reassured her.

"How could you be fine, Hugh?" his wife questioned. "You were...raped by that savage woman. Look at the deep claw marks covering your body."

"I know, but I survived thanks to all of you," Hugh replied gratefully.

Pierce chimed in. "While we were out searching for supplies, mom and I stumbled upon a much better shelter. It's also in a safer area in case those native women come hunting us again."

"Please tell me it has a real bed and hot shower," August pleaded.

"Well, it may not have all the luxuries, but it's definitely an upgrade from our current situation," Kathy stated.

On the way to the wrecked plane, Pierce told Tiffany all about the rescue and how the mysterious horn sound in the jungle had scared the native women away just before they attacked. "Thank God you got away, Pierce," she stated, smiling over at him. She hugged him from the side as they walked, mashing her big tits against him.

"I don't know what I would do if I didn't have a hot guy to look at on this island."

Kathy and her husband brought up the rear of the group. The mother's watched Tiffany flirt with her son in disgust and jealousy. Every naughty encounter the mother had shared with her son only made her that more possessive of him. "This woman is clearly throwing herself at Pierce and I don't like it," she told her husband.

"He's an adult, honey," Hugh stated. "If it makes him feel uncomfortable then it's up to him to tell her."

Kathy's gaze shifted awkwardly to Hugh. She hesitated before changing the subject, knowing it was a necessary conversation they had to have. "I know this may be uncomfortable to talk about, but it's important," she stated firmly. "How many of them...raped you?"

Hugh visibly tensed at her question, his discomfort evident. "Honey, I don't think we should—"

"I'm your wife," she cut in, her voice rising. "I have a right to know, Hugh. How many women in that tribe did you have sex with?"

Running his hand through his hair, Hugh struggled to find the words. "A few," he finally confessed.

"You're lying," Kathy accused, her voice laced with anger and hurt. "You always run your fingers through your hair when you lie. How many of them fucked you?"

With shame written all over his face, Hugh hung his head and answered in a barely audible whisper. "All of them."

Kathy stopped in her tracks and turned to look at him with horror in her eyes. "All of them?" she repeated loudly, causing August to pause and glance back at them.

"All of them what?" their daughter asked.

"Nothing, just keep walking, honey," Hugh advised.

Kathy stood rooted to the spot, unable to believe what she had just heard from her own husband's lips.

"I was tied down," he explained desperately, trying to justify himself. "What was I supposed to do?"

Her stomach churning with disgust and disbelief, Kathy waited until the others were out of earshot before turning on Hugh with a scowl. "And now I'm supposed to kiss you and make love to you?!" she exclaimed incredulously. "Hugh, forgive me for sounding like a bitch but you could have any number of sexually transmitted diseases. Who the fuck knows what those savage women were carrying!"

With a heavy sigh, Hugh hung his head in shame. "I'm sorry, Kathy. I promise I'll get thoroughly checked out as soon as we get back to civilization."

Despite her anger and disgust, Kathy tried to show some understanding. But the thought of her husband possibly having contracted some nasty venereal disease from these unknown women sickened her. "Until then," she said firmly, "I think it's best if we keep our displays of affection strictly to hugs. Just as a precaution...I'm sure you understand."

Nodding sadly, Hugh knew she was right. "Yeah, I get it," he replied with a heavy heart.

As they finally arrived at the crashed plane, their spirits lifted with the promise of a new shelter. Eagerly, they stepped inside and began to explore their surroundings, marveling at the wreckage that now served as their home. "I bet some drug boss had a real bad day when he realized his shipment was lost," August speculated, holding up one of the bricks of cocaine they had found.

"Good thing I stopped snorting coke years ago," Tiffany remarked with a wry smile. "I'd be in real trouble otherwise."

Pierce chimed in with excitement. "Maybe if we do get off this island, we can become drug dealers and get rich off all this stuff."

"I don't think so, kiddo," his mom interjected firmly, giving him a scolding glare.

Suddenly, August shouted in disgust. "What the fuck? I just stepped in something wet and slimy."

"That's weird," Tiffany noted, looking around at their relatively dry surroundings. "It's actually pretty dry in here."

Curiosity getting the better of her, August swiped some of the substance off her foot and brought it to her nose. "Gross, it smells like sperm!" she exclaimed in disgust, before scowling and turning a suspicious eye towards her mother.

Kathy flashed her a guilty look before glancing nervously over at Pierce. They both knew exactly what it was - remnants from Pierce's ejaculation earlier that day.

"Just exactly how much time did the two of you spend together in here earlier today?" August asked, her eyes narrowing suspiciously as she glanced between her mother and brother. The air was tense, like a storm brewing just below the surface.

Kathy shifted uncomfortably under her daughter's piercing gaze and looked over at her husband, who was thankfully focused on searching the plane for useful items. She could tell from his expression that he didn't quite catch the meaning behind their exchange.

"August...outside," Kathy commanded through gritted teeth, shooting her daughter a deathly glare. "Now."

They stepped outside, but before Kathy could even begin to address her daughter's accusatory tone, August threw out another speculative question. "What did you do, mom...jerk him off? Or was it a blowjob?" she asked with a sly smirk. "Who knows, maybe the two of you are fucking each other by now."

Kathy gasped in shock and embarrassment, looking around frantically to make sure no one else had heard. "Would you keep your voice down please?" she scolded in a hushed tone before taking a deep breath to compose herself.

"Oh, sure...I'll keep my voice down so dad doesn't find out that you're getting a dose of cock from someone else, right?" August sneered, her tone dripping with disdain and anger.

Kathy's face flushed with embarrassment and she hung her head. "Honey, it's not like that," she said softly.

"Well then what is it like, mom? Explain yourself," August demanded.

Kathy hesitated before finally looking up at her daughter with a guilty expression. "Maybe I would if I knew I had a daughter I could trust not to shoot her mouth off," she replied.

"I never said I would blab to dad or anyone else," August retorted. "I'm just tired of being lied to and treated like a little girl. There's obviously something going on between you and Pierce. Tiffany sees it too. Just be honest with me."

"Fine," Kathy sighed, feeling defeated. She took a deep breath before making her confession. "Pierce and I...like everyone else, have been under a lot of stress. We've been finding...comfort...in each other."

August raised an eyebrow skeptically. "Define 'comfort' for me," she said.

Kathy's cheeks turned red as she sheepishly answered. "We've been helping each other...get some release." She couldn't believe she was having this conversation with her teenage daughter.

"You guys are fucking each other?" August clarified, her eyes widening in shock and amusement despite her suspicions.

Kathy shook her head vigorously. "No, we ARE NOT doing that, nor will we ever," she declared firmly.

"What were you doing in the plane earlier?" Kathy's nosy daughter whispered, leaning in closer.

"Honey, we were helping each other get off. Let's just leave it at—"

"Just tell me, mom," August insisted. Her bright blue eyes were filled with curiosity and a hint of mischief. "I won't say anything to anyone, I swear."

Kathy took a deep breath before deciding to be honest. "We were pleasuring each other orally," she admitted, her cheeks turning pink.

"Oh my God," August gasped, trying to contain her laughter. "You let Pierce go down on you, and you returned the favor..."

"August, please lower your voice," Kathy pleaded nervously, glancing back towards the wreckage.

"Did you swallow it?" August asked with a strange fascination. "His...you know?"

"Excuse me?" Kathy was taken aback by her daughter's brazen question.

"You know, his chodesauce," August clarified with a smirk. "The slang for sperm."

“No, I didn't swallow all of it because you stepped in some, remember?” Kathy replied, trying not to laugh at the absurd conversation they were having.

“How did it taste?” August pressed on.

“How did it taste?!” Kathy repeated in disbelief, shocked that her daughter was asking such personal questions. “August, come on.”

“It must have been sweet, right? Or was it disgusting like most sperm is?” August persisted.

“If you must know, then yes...it was sweet, now can we please go back inside and drop this conversation?” Kathy pleaded with her daughter, her voice filled with a mix of amusement and frustration.

“Not quite yet,” August answered with a curious grin, her eyes sparkling with naughty mischief. “I just have a couple more questions.”

“What?” Kathy asked, her smile widening at her daughter's uncontainable curiosity.

“How big is it...his dick I mean?” August blurted out without hesitation. “I saw it at the waterfall yesterday, but it was flaccid. How big would you say he is...fully erect?”

Kathy couldn't help but giggle at her daughter's directness. “Why is that so important for you to know?”

“It just is, mom,” August replied nonchalantly. “Is it this big?” She held her hands about six inches apart.

Kathy shook her head, a mischievous smirk playing on her lips. “Bigger.”

“This big?” August asked, separating her hands a little more.

“Still bigger than that,” Kathy said with a teasing glint in her eye.

August drew her hands apart even further, giving her mom a questioning stare.

"That's about right," Karen confirmed with a mischievous twinkle in her eye.

"Are you serious?!" August exclaimed, unable to contain her shock. "Fuck, mom, that's like ten inches long!"

Her mother simply shrugged nonchalantly. "Obviously, what you and I have in boobs, your brother has in cock-size. Now, let's go inside."

"One more question," August blurted eagerly, barely able to contain her excitement.

"What is it?" Kathy asked with a mix of impatience and amusement. "If I agree to keep my mouth shut... can I watch... the next time?" she asked, her cheeks turning a rosy pink at the thought.

Kathy's eyebrows shot up in surprise. "Watch... your brother and I?" she repeated, her tone slightly incredulous.

"Yes," August confirmed with determination. "And don't lecture me on how perverted that is, not after what you two have been doing."

Kathy paused for a moment before responding. "I'll have a chat with your brother and if he doesn't have an issue with it, then yes... you can watch," she stated firmly. "But you better not tell a soul about what we discussed today, August. I mean it."

Her daughter nodded eagerly, making the motion of zipping her lips shut with her hand. "My lips are sealed," she promised with a mischievous twinkle in her eye.

As the sky darkened and the moon rose, its pale beams of light filtered through the plane's windows, casting a peaceful glow over

the interior. The new occupants, wrapped in blankets and comfortably sprawled out, were bathed in ethereal moonlight.

Kathy sat up next to her husband, her eyes narrowed as she watched Tiffany snuggled up against her son. "I don't like how close she's cuddled up next to him," Kathy whispered, her voice filled with suspicion. "She's trying to seduce him, Hugh...I can tell."

"Honey, lay back down," her husband advised calmly. "Pierce is old enough to make his own choices."

"That doesn't mean I have to like it," Kathy huffed.

Suddenly, a loud horn echoed through the night air, making everyone jump in alarm. It was the same mysterious sound that had sent the natives into a frenzy earlier that day. Pierce sat up, his brow furrowed. "There it is again," he said. "That's the sound we heard near the native's camp."

"Do you think it's an animal?" August asked nervously.

"It could be made by other humans...perhaps ones who are more civilized than these natives," Tiffany mused.

With uneasy thoughts swirling in their minds, they reluctantly lay back down, wondering if they would encounter whatever was making the strange noise during their time on the island.