

The Hottest Girl on Island X

Chapter 10

By Klrxo

Kathy staggered back to the boat, clutching her bruised ribs and screaming for Hugh and August. They came running out, taking in her battered, nude form with shock and horror.

"They took him!" Kathy sobbed, collapsing into Hugh's arms. "The native women, they ambushed us and dragged Pierce off into the jungle!"

"What?" Hugh asked frantically, his mind reeling. He wrapped his wife in a blanket, trying to calm her hysterical weeping.

"They're probably taking him back to their village," Kathy hiccupped. A cold, hard determination settled over her. "We have to go after him. Now!"

August was already gathering up the guns and machetes, a steely glint in her eye. "Those bitches picked the wrong family to fuck with," she snarled. "We're getting my brother back and making them pay."

Tiffany emerged from the cabin, a rifle slung over her shoulder and a bandolier of ammo across her chest. "I'm coming too," she said grimly. "Pierce saved my life. It's time I returned the favor."

Hugh looked around at the three fierce women, their faces set with resolve. He knew there would be no talking them out of it - and truthfully, he wanted blood too for daring to lay hands on his son. He grabbed his own gun and nodded.

"Alright. We'll track them through the jungle, guns ready. The second we spot the savages, we open fire. Our priority is getting Pierce back safely."

"And putting bullets in the cunts who took him," August added coldly, chambering a round in her rifle.

Kathy took a deep, shuddering breath, shoving down the guilt and panic threatening to overwhelm her. She knew her forbidden relationship with Pierce was the catalyst for his abduction - their passionate coupling had distracted them from the approaching threat. But she would have time to wallow in self-recrimination later. Now, she had to focus on rescuing her baby boy.

"Let's move," Kathy growled, marching towards the treeline with grim purpose. "We'll make those bitches regret the day they ever touched my son."

The others fell into step behind her, weapons at the ready, their eyes hard and glittering in the moonlight. They melted into the dense foliage, following the trail of trampled vegetation left by the retreating Amazons. The hunt was on.

Pierce thrashed and bellowed as the Amazonian women dragged him into the heart of their village, a collection of primitive huts encircling a roaring bonfire.

The flickering flames cast an eerie glow over the scene, glinting off the warriors' dark glistening skin and piercing eyes.

Despite the danger, Pierce couldn't help but gape at the sheer size of the women manhandling him. They towered over him, their bodies rippling with slabs of striated muscle. And their breasts - dear God, their breasts were massive, easily dwarfing even his mother's and sister's ample endowments.

The women hauled him to a large post near the central fire and roughly lashed his wrists above his head with coarse rope.

Pierce continued to struggle, but it was futile against their combined strength and the bite of his bonds.

"Let me go, you fucking bitches!" he snarled, still nude and vulnerable. His cock had long since wilted in the face of his terror, swaying between his legs.

The newly appointed Queen sauntered up to her captive prize, smirking as he tried to shy away from her. She trailed one calloused finger down his heaving chest, following the line of his quivering abs to prod at his flaccid member.

"Such spirit," she purred in her guttural native tongue. "I'll enjoy breaking you, pale boy. By the time we're done with you, you'll be begging to plow your seed into our wombs."

With that, she stepped back and barked an order to the gathered tribe. The women immediately broke into a primal

dance around the bonfire, their oiled bodies undulating hypnotically.

They cupped and squeezed their enormous breasts as they gyrated, pinching the fat brown nipples until they stiffened into long, thick points.

To Pierce's shock and disgust, he felt his cock beginning to swell and lengthen in response to the depraved display. He clenched his eyes shut, trying to will away his body's involuntary reaction, but it was no use. The sight of those huge, lush tits bouncing and swaying mere feet from his face had his young cock standing at full attention in no time.

The Queen noticed his growing erection and let out a bark of cruel laughter. She grabbed one of her pendulous breasts, lifting it to her mouth to suckle lewdly on her own teat, all while eyeing Pierce's bobbing hard-on.

The other women cackled and jeered, shimmying their gigantic racks as they closed in around him.

Kathy and the rescue party crept through the dark jungle, following the trampled path left by the jungle warriors. As they neared the village, they could hear the pounding of drums and the guttural chanting of the native women.

Peering through the dense foliage, they spotted Pierce bound to a post, his nude body glistening with sweat and his cock jutting obscenely.

The towering women danced around him, their massive breasts jiggling hypnotically as they drew ever closer to their captive prize.

Kathy's blood boiled at the sight, a potent cocktail of maternal rage and jealous lust surging through her veins. How dare those primitive bitches lay their hands on her son, her special boy! Only she had the right to worship his cock, to make him tremble and moan in ecstasy.

An idea sparked in her frantic mind. A dangerous, reckless gambit - but it was the only way to lure the warriors away from Pierce. She quickly explained her plan to the others in urgent whispers.

With a deep breath to steel her nerves, Kathy stepped out into the clearing, completely naked. "Hey, bitches!" she called out tauntingly. "Come get me...I dare you!"

The Amazons whirled around, eyes widening at the sight of the voluptuous MILF brazenly challenging them.

Kathy turned and darted back into the jungle, making sure they caught a good look at her bountiful ass as she fled.

With an outraged bellow, the Queen pointed after Kathy, ordering her warriors to give chase. The women abandoned their erotic dance and charged into the trees, brandishing their primitive weapons.

As soon as they were out of sight of the village, the sharp report of gunfire split the night. The tribal women screamed

as bullets tore through their unprotected flesh, sending them crashing to the ground in sprays of blood.

Hugh, August and Tiffany stepped out from behind the foliage, smoking rifles in hand. They systematically gunned down the stunned natives, cutting them to bloody ribbons before they could even think to throw a spear or loose an arrow.

"Spears and arrows can't compete with guns, bitches!" August snarled savagely, putting a final bullet between the dying Queen's eyes.

In a matter of minutes, it was over. The once fearsome warrior women lay strewn about the jungle floor, their incredible bodies shredded by the hail of bullets.

Kathy, Hugh, August and Tiffany rushed back into the village, stepping over the bodies of the slain warriors. They found Pierce still tied to the post, sagging against his bonds in relief at the sight of his family.

"Oh thank God," he sobbed as Hugh quickly cut him free, pulling him into a fierce embrace. "I thought those bitches were gonna..."

His words were cut off by a blood-curdling roar emanating from the jungle, so loud it shook the very ground beneath their feet.

The rescue party whirled around, raising their guns with shaking hands as an enormous shape burst from the tree-line.

It was the creature, the same horrifying beast that had been terrorizing them since they crashed on the island. Apparently drawn by the sounds of gunfire and death, it barrelled towards them on its thick, powerful limbs, its maw gaping to reveal rows of dagger-like teeth.

"RUN!" Hugh bellowed, shoving Pierce behind him and opening fire. But the bullets seemed to merely bounce off the creature's thick hide, only enraging it further.

Kathy shrieked as the monster changed course, its beady eyes locking onto her as she stood paralyzed by fear.

In a flash, it was charging straight for her, claws extended to eviscerate her where she stood.

"NO!" Pierce screamed, darting out from behind Hugh. Heedless of his own safety, he scooped up a rock and hurled it at the beast, striking it hard on its ugly snout. "Come and get me, you ugly fuck!"

Startled, the creature skidded to a stop, whipping its head towards Pierce. With an earth-shaking growl, it sprang after the naked young man now sprinting desperately towards the outskirts of the village.

"Pierce, no!" Kathy cried, snapping out of her stupor.

The others raised their rifles to fire at the monster's unprotected back, but stopped, terrified of accidentally hitting Pierce. They could only watch in horror as the beast quickly gained ground, its jaws snapping mere inches from the boy's pumping legs.

Just as it seemed the creature would overtake him, Pierce put on a desperate burst of speed, zigzagging towards a familiar tangle of vines and branches.

With a flying leap, he threw himself to the side just as the monster lunged.

Unable to stop its momentum, the creature crashed through the camouflage and plunged into the prisoner pit that had once held Tiffany.

The ground shook with the impact of its massive body hitting the bottom of the deep hole. An agonized roar echoed up from the earth as it thrashed impotently, trapped by the steep earthen walls.

Pierce lay panting on the ground where he'd landed, covered in sweat and dirt but miraculously unharmed.

Kathy reached him first, throwing herself on top of him and sobbing with relief. Her husband cleared his throat, drawing attention to the fact that they were both clinging to each other naked.

With all the tribal warriors slaughtered and the terrifying creature trapped in the pit for a slow death, a palpable sense of relief settled over the group. For the first time since washing up on this godforsaken island, they felt something resembling safety.

After washing the blood, sweat and grime from their bodies in the ocean, they retired to the boat, utterly exhausted but filled with a cautious hope.

Hugh insisted on taking first watch, just in case any more nasty surprises lurked in the darkness. The others were too drained to argue.

Below deck in the cramped cabin, Kathy, August and Tiffany crowded onto the narrow bunk with Pierce, draping a blanket over their entwined forms.

The women couldn't seem to stop touching him, their hands roaming over his chest and arms as if reassuring themselves he was really there, safe and sound.

"My brave, brave boy," Kathy murmured, peppering his face with tearful kisses. "You saved my life out there. Saved all of us."

"Seriously, bro, that was some action hero shit," August agreed, nuzzling into his neck. "The way you lured that fucking monster away and trapped it in the pit? Badass!"

Tiffany nodded, stroking his hair with a trembling hand. "I wouldn't even be alive if it weren't for you. You kept me safe when those savages had me. And now you rescued us again."

Pierce basked in their praise and affection, the horrors of the night slowly starting to fade. "I did what I had to do," he said, voice rough with emotion. "I couldn't let that thing hurt you, any of you. You guys were pretty damn brave yourselves."

Fresh tears spilled down Kathy's cheeks at his words. If only he knew the depths of her love, how she ached to hold him

and never let go. Her precious, courageous son, willing to lay down his life for her and she for him. The urge to shower him with more than just maternal kisses was overwhelming.

The mother gazed down at Pierce with adoring eyes, her heart swelling with emotion. "My darling boy, you've been through so much. Let us help you relax and unwind."

With a meaningful look at August and Tiffany, she gently tugged down Pierce's shorts, revealing his half-hard cock.

August and Tiffany understood immediately, shifting to kneel between his parted legs.

Pierce's breath hitched as the three women crowded closer, their faces hovering over his most intimate area. "All three of you?" he asked, even as his cock began to swell under their heated gazes.

"Shh, just lie back and let us take care of you," Kathy purred, wrapping her fingers around the base of his growing erection.

She pumped his tender dick-flesh slowly, coaxing him to full hardness. "You deserve to feel good after everything you've done for us."

August leaned in to lap at the weeping tip, her pink tongue swirling around the sensitive crown. "Mmm, you taste so good, little bro," she hummed, savouring his musky flavour. "I can't wait to feel this fat cock stretching my throat."

On the other side, Tiffany nuzzled into his heavy ballsac, breathing in his masculine scent before drawing one of his plump testicles into her hot mouth. She suckled gently, rolling the orb on her tongue as Pierce groaned above her.

Not to be outdone, Kathy bent to drag the flat of her licker along his thick shaft from root to tip, tracing the pulsing veins. She laved his smooth skin with broad, wet strokes, coating him in her saliva until he glistened in the low light.

"Oh fuck," Pierce gasped, head thrown back and fingers clenching in the sheets as the three mouths worked him over. The combined sensations of lips, tongues and hands on his most sensitive flesh was almost too intense to bear.

The women fell into a natural rhythm, taking turns suckling the swollen head of his cock into their warm mouths as they fisted his shaft and fondled his balls.

They passed him back and forth between them, exchanging sloppy kisses around his throbbing length.

"Such a perfect cock," Kathy moaned, rubbing the drooling tip against her cheek. "Mommy loves worshipping your beautiful dick, baby boy."

"We all do," August purred, dipping down to tongue his tight sack. "Nothing tastes better than this sweaty slab of man meat."

Tiffany hummed her agreement as she stretched her lips around his girth and sank down, taking him into the tight clasp of her throat.

Her nose buried in his wiry pubes as she held him deep, constricting her muscles around him.

"Holy shit," Pierce panted, grasping her by the hair to hold her to his dick.

Pierce gasped and writhed under the exquisite attentions of the three women orally pleasuring his throbbing manhood. Each of their mouths felt uniquely amazing as they engulfed his aching flesh.

Tiffany's throat was unbelievably tight, her esophageal muscles rippling and massaging his cockhead as she held him deep.

The slick, undulating walls hugged every ridge and vein, pulsing around him like a hot, wet fist. When she swallowed, her larynx compressed the sensitive head, making him see stars.

August's mouth was hotter and wetter, her soft oral cavity enveloping him in velvety heat. As she bobbed up and down his shaft, her tongue swirled and danced, fluttering against his frenulum and probing his leaking slit.

She lapped up the salty pearls of pre-cum that oozed from his tip, moaning at the taste.

But it was his mother's mouth that drove Pierce truly wild. She took him the deepest, burying her face in his crotch until her nose mashed against his pubic bone. Her pillowy lips stretched obscenely around his girth as she worked him in and out of her buttery soft throat.

Her masterful tongue flicked and curled, tracing the thick vein on the underside before twisting around to lave the sensitive crown. She paid special attention to the bundle of nerves under the head, lashing it with the pointed tip of her tongue until he saw fireworks behind his clenched eyelids.

The three women tag-teamed his cock with expert precision, their lips and tongues never leaving his fever-hot flesh for a second.

They moaned and slurped around him, saliva and pre-cum dripping down their chins as they worshipped every throbbing inch. Their throats contracted rhythmically, milking him with velvet heat, coaxing him ever closer to a bone-rattling climax.

When Kathy sealed her lips around his tip and hollowed her cheeks, sucking hard as August and Tiffany lapped at his balls, the triple stimulation pushed Pierce over the edge.

His abs clenched and his balls drew up tight to his body as the orgasm crashed through him like a tidal wave.

"Fuck, I'm cumming!" he roared, fisting his hands in Kathy's hair. "Swallow it, Mom! Drink my fucking load!"

Kathy moaned eagerly as the first jet of semen exploded across her tongue. She gulped and suckled greedily, working her throat muscles to milk every drop from his erupting cock.

Spurt after spurt of thick, salty boy-cream flooded her mouth, some escaping to dribble from the corners of her stretched lips.

August and Tiffany quickly moved in to help, licking up the stray ropes of nectar and cleaning his spent dong.

Pierce collapsed back onto the bed, his softening cock slipping from Kathy's lips with a wet pop. He panted harshly, sweat cooling on his skin as the aftershocks of his intense orgasm rolled through him.

The women snuggled up to his spent body, peppering his face and chest with soft kisses.

"God, that was incredible," he slurred, eyelids growing heavy. "I wanna return the favor, bury my face between each of your thighs until you cream."

Kathy shushed him gently, stroking his cheek. "Shh, it's okay baby. You're exhausted, you need to rest now. We'll have plenty of time for that later."

Pierce tried to protest, but his body betrayed him, already dragging him down into the welcoming darkness of sleep. The last thing he felt before he drifted off was the comforting weight of the women's breasts pillowing his head and the soft press of their lips on his skin.

Hours later, Pierce awoke in the gray predawn light, momentarily disoriented. But then the memories of the night came flooding back - the abduction, the daring rescue, the exquisite triple blowjob from his beautiful saviors.

He glanced around, taking in the sight of the three women curled around him like contented cats.

Kathy was pressed to his front, her head pillowed on his chest and one long, toned leg thrown over his thigh.

August spooned him from behind, her soft breasts mashed against his back and her hand resting low on his abdomen.

Tiffany was curled into his other side, her cheek nuzzling his shoulder as she slept.

Pierce's cock stirred, plumping up against his mother's silky thigh as a rush of desire burned through him. He'd never seen a more gorgeous sight than these three incredible women snuggled against him in nothing but their skin. The urge to taste them, to make them moan and writhe on his tongue, was suddenly overwhelming.

Moving carefully so as not to wake them, Pierce extracted himself from the tangle of feminine limbs. He gently rolled Kathy onto her back and settled between her splayed thighs, inhaling deeply of her tangy, slightly fishy musk.

His mouth watered at the sight of her plump, glistening folds framed by thin patch of pubic fuzz.

With a low groan, he leaned in and swiped the flat of his tongue through her juicy slit, savoring her unique aroma and flavor.

Kathy sighed in her sleep, hips canting up slightly as Pierce lapped at her like a man starved. He traced every fold and

crease, dipping into her drooling hole to lap up her free-flowing honey before moving up to encircle her swollen clit.

Pierce laved Kathy's plump nubbin with the flat of his tongue, flicking the sensitive bud rapidly as he worked two fingers into her clenching sheath.

He curled them just so, stroking along her G-spot in time with his lashing tongue. Kathy came with a sharp cry, gushing slick arousal over Pierce's chin as she shuddered through her climax.

Before her aftershocks even subsided, Pierce moved on to his sister August, burying his face between her athletic thighs. He groaned at the taste of her sweet, musky essence, lapping eagerly at her weeping slit.

His tongue danced and swirled, painting lewd designs over her hot flesh before spearing into her fluttering opening.

"Oh fuck, Pierce!" August gasped, fisting a hand in his hair to grind against his mouth. "Yes, eat that pussy! Make me cum on your fucking face!"

Spurred on by her filthy encouragement, Pierce doubled his efforts, sealing his lips around her throbbing clit and sucking hard.

August's powerful thighs clamped around his head as she peaked with a hoarse groan, her nectar flooding his mouth and chin.

Relentless, Pierce shifted to kneel between Tiffany's parted legs, admiring the pretty pink folds of her dripping sex. He nuzzled into her silky curls, breathing deep of her intoxicating cuntal scent before parting her with his fingers and diving in face-first.

Tiffany mewled breathily, back arching off the bed as Pierce's wicked tongue went to work. He alternated between long, broad licks from bottom to top and teasing flicks against her sensitive button.

When he nibbled gently on her clit, she came undone with a high, keening wail, her whole body trembling uncontrollably.

Pierce worked all three women through orgasm after shattering orgasm, not letting up until they were limp and boneless, gasping for air.

Their combined juices coated his face and dripped down his neck, the heady aroma of their lust thick in the cramped cabin.

Finally, Kathy tugged Pierce up to collapse on the bed beside them, his jaw and tongue aching deliciously. The women snuggled against his damp body, petting his hair and crooning praise for his incredible oral skills.

"Fuck, that was amazing," August panted, dropping a kiss on his slick chin. "You're a goddamn pussy eating prodigy, little bro."

"Seriously, I don't think I've ever cum that hard," Tiffany agreed breathlessly. "You certainly have a magic tongue."

Kathy just pulled her boy into a deep, filthy kiss, moaning as she tasted their combined essences on his lips. "My sweet boy," she purred, "such a talented little cunt licker."

As dawn broke over the horizon, painting the sky in brilliant streaks of orange and pink, the bedraggled group prepared to set out from the island that had been both their prison and an unlikely playground for forbidden passions.

With the extra fuel from the wrecked boat filling their tank, they had a real shot at making it back to civilization this time.

Hugh steered the small craft out of the sheltered cove, pointing the bow towards open water.

August and Tiffany busied themselves with the maps and compass, trying to chart the best course for rescue. But Kathy and Pierce stood at the stern, watching the lush green island recede into the distance.

A strange melancholy settled over the mother and son as the place that had borne witness to their taboo love affair disappeared on the horizon. Despite the ever-present dangers and horrors they'd faced there - from the rampaging creature to the murderous tribal women - in a twisted way, the island had also been a magical haven.

Here, away from the prying eyes and judgements of society, Kathy and Pierce had been free to explore the depths of their forbidden desires. They'd indulged in the most

depraved pleasures, reveling in the illicit ecstasy of each other's bodies without shame or fear of consequences. The island had given them a taste of a dark paradise, one they knew could never exist the same way in the "real world".

As much as Kathy yearned to return to the safety and comforts of home, a secret part of her also mourned the loss of this wild, untamed place that had allowed her unnatural love for her son to blossom.

She knew that once they were back in the bosom of civilization, they could never be together in the same way. The weight of propriety and taboo would come crashing down, forcing them to suppress and deny the incredible connection they'd forged.

Sensing his mother's inner turmoil, Pierce reached for her hand, entwining their fingers and squeezing gently. Kathy turned to him with a sad smile, her heart aching with the bittersweetness of it all.

"It's not goodbye, you know," Pierce murmured, his eyes holding hers with fierce intensity. "What we have, it's too powerful to ever let go of completely. We'll find a way to keep it alive, even if we have to steal our moments in secret."

Kathy felt tears prick at the corners of her eyes, overwhelmed by her son's devotion. "Oh Pierce," she whispered, "I want that more than anything."

He pulled her into his arms, uncaring if the others saw, and captured her lips in a searing kiss filled with longing and promise. Kathy melted into his embrace, pouring all her love and desire into the forbidden caress.

Hours turned into days as the small boat chugged across the endless expanse of blue, the castaways taking shifts to man the wheel and scour the horizon for any sign of rescue.

Supplies began to dwindle, tempers fraying as fear crept in that they might have escaped one hellish prison only to perish in another.

But just as despair threatened to overwhelm them, a shout from August pierced the air. "There! I see a ship!"

Everyone rushed to the rail, squinting against the dazzling sun glare off the water. Sure enough, the distant silhouette of a large vessel could be seen, a plume of smoke trailing from its stacks.

Whoops of joy and relief erupted as they scrambled to light flares and wave clothing, desperate to catch the attention of their potential saviors.

Agonizing minutes ticked by, the ship neither changing course nor seeming to notice their frantic signals. But just as they began to lose hope, the distant blast of a horn reached their ears. The ship was turning, steaming towards their position at full speed.

Tears streamed down the castaways' faces as they clung to each other, hardly daring to believe their ordeal was finally

over. As the massive freighter pulled alongside and crewmen tossed down lines to secure the small boat, it felt like waking from a surreal dream. They were going home at last.

The return to civilization was a whirlwind of media attention, tearful reunions with family, and endless questions from authorities. The story of their incredible survival against the odds made international headlines, though they were careful to leave out the more sordid details of what had transpired between them on the island.

Kathy and Pierce tried to pick up the threads of their old lives, but something fundamental had shifted. The freedom and passion they had found in each other's arms haunted them, an ache they could never quite shake.

They still came together in stolen moments - a quick fuck bent over the washing machine while Hugh was at work, a hushed coupling in the dead of night while August slept down the hall. But it wasn't the same as the uninhibited wildness of the island, where they could scream their ecstasy to the heavens without fear of discovery.

Kathy fretted for weeks, wrestling with the overwhelming urge to recapture what she and Pierce had found on the island. The taste of forbidden freedom called to her like a siren song, promising to soothe the aching emptiness that gnawed at her very soul.

Finally, unable to bear it any longer, she hatched a daring plan. Using her share of the media payouts and with a few shrewd investments, she had amassed a sizable nest egg, more than enough to purchase the very island that had borne witness to her darkest desires.

With a carefully crafted proposal in hand, she approached Hugh, painting a picture of turning their ordeal into a triumph. "Think about it," she urged, "we could build an exclusive resort on the island, market it as an escape for adventurous souls looking to test their mettle. We'd be providing a once-in-a-lifetime experience while reclaiming the place that nearly destroyed us."

Hugh was hesitant at first, but as Kathy presented the financial projections and potential for an exciting new start, he started to see the possibilities. However, with his busy schedule in the business world, he couldn't physically be on the island to help out. Yet, he gave his wife and son his full support.

What Kathy carefully omitted was her true vision for the resort - an ultra-discreet haven for mothers and sons looking to indulge their own taboo passions, far from the prying eyes of society.

She imagined bungalows tucked away in the lush jungle, each one a private oasis where family members could explore the depths of their forbidden lusts.

It would be a place where mothers like her could scream their ecstasy as their sons fucked them senseless, where the only rule was the pursuit of ultimate carnal pleasure.

She could barely contain her excitement at the thought of being able to love Pierce openly under the guise of this secret resort, to flaunt their depravity without fear of judgement.

With Hugh reluctantly on board, Kathy set her plan in motion. She reached out to a few like-minded acquaintances she'd met on the darkest corners of the internet, gauging interest for an exclusive "family-oriented" retreat. The response was overwhelming - it seemed there were countless mother-son pairs yearning for a safe space to act on their unnatural desires.

The private island resort quickly became the ultimate destination for mothers and sons looking to indulge their taboo passions in complete freedom and discretion.

Word spread through hushed whispers on fetish forums and invitation-only chat rooms, drawing an exclusive clientele of the most depraved, well-heeled incestuous pairs from across the globe.

As guests arrived by private yacht and helicopter, they shed their inhibitions along with their clothes. Hundreds of voluptuous, buxom mothers and their strapping, virile sons roamed the white sand beaches and lush jungle trails wearing nothing but sun-kissed skin and knowing smiles. Everywhere you looked, obscenely-large breasts swayed and

bounced, hard cocks jutted proudly, and sculpted asses flexed.

The resort offered a tantalizing array of erotic entertainments to cater to every mother and son's carnal appetites.

By the Olympic-sized pool, MILFs knelt between their boys' thighs, slurping hungrily on thick dicks as everyone watched and cheered.

In the open-air bar, sons buried their faces in their mothers' gigantic, jiggling tits, motorboating and suckling like overgrown infants while the women threw their heads back in ecstasy.

Everywhere you turned, the air was filled with the sounds of wet flesh slapping, cum-filled balls beating against upturned assholes, guttural moans, and cries of rapture as mothers and sons fucked with wild, public abandon.

On the beach, in the hot tubs, bent over the tiki bar - no hole went unfilled, no position untried as the resort guests reveled in their most depraved fantasies brought to vivid life.

For the more adventurous, there were naughty scavenger hunts through the jungle, with sons competing in teams to see who could make the most MILFs cum using only their mouths and hands. The grand prize - an all-night orgy with the losing team's moms, every dripping cunt and puckered asshole theirs for the taking.

Sensual couples massages in private cabanas inevitably ended in gooey, spunk-glazed finishes, masseuses expertly milking huge loads from the sons' balls all over their moms' massive, quivering jugs.

By the bonfire on the beach, MILFs kneeled in a row, mouths open and tongues extended, as their boys jerked off in a circle, competing to see who could frost their mom's face with the biggest facial.

The erotic symphony of mothers and sons in the throes of passion echoed across Island X, a carnal soundtrack of grunts, moans and ecstatic screams. Everywhere you turned, voluptuous MILFs and their strapping boys rutted like beasts in heat, indulging their darkest, most depraved incestuous urges with wild abandon.

On the beach, a busty redhead rode her son's thick cock in reverse cowgirl, her giant, freckled tits bouncing like fleshy wrecking balls. The creamy globes glistened with sweat, her fat raspberry nipples hard as diamonds. "Fuck Mommy's cunt!" she howled, slamming her plush ass back to meet his upward thrusts. "Harder baby, wreck my married pussy!"

Her son snarled and gripped her fleshy hips, pistoning up into her sopping folds with brutal force. His balls slapped against her engorged clit with each smack of their sweaty flesh, pushing her closer to the edge.

She came with a strangled wail, her greedy cunt clenching and rippling around him like a silken vise, squirting her release in a gush.

Deeper in the jungle, a raven-haired MILF was pinned against a tree, her legs wrapped around her muscular son's waist as he pounded into her.

Her colossal, milk-filled tits jiggled hypnotically with each jarring impact, drops of cream beading on her oversized chocolate nipples.

Her boy latched onto one bucking nipple, suckling greedily as his cock jack-hammered her weeping slit.

At the natural pool and waterfall, a statuesque blonde cougar knelt in the shallows on all fours, her immense jugs dangling heavily as her hung son took her from behind. The wet slap of his hips against her jiggling ass cheeks was obscenely loud, mixing with her high-pitched keens.

"Fuck me, baby! Pound Mommy's ass!" she shrieked. He grunted savagely and shoved her face down into the water, hammering into her rippling backdoor even harder.

Everywhere, massively hung sons violated their buxom mothers' holes, stretching them to the limit and fucking them into oblivion.

Huge, spit-shined cocks plunged into drooling pussies and puckered assholes, stirring up frothy cream with each lewd squelch.

Pendulous tit-melons bounced and wobbled, slick with sweat and spit, fat nipples suckled raw.

Bellies bulged obscenely with the sheer volume of potent seed pumped into unprotected wombs.

The air was thick with the musk of sex and the cloying sweetness of forbidden lust unleashed.

But for all the erotic games and kinky fuck-fests, the real magic happened behind closed doors, in the lavish bungalows dotting the jungle's edge.

Each one was a pleasure palace, stocked with every sex toy, lube and device imaginable to aid the mother-son pairs in their all-consuming quest to fuck each other senseless.

Perched on the rocks overlooking the cove where they had first consummated their forbidden love, Pierce and Kathy's private bungalow was the crown jewel of the resort.

As the visionaries behind Island X, they had become the de facto king and queen of this hedonistic paradise, revered and desired by all who visited.

After returning to the mainland, Tiffany found herself craving the forbidden excitement and passion she had experienced on the island. The men her own age just couldn't satisfy her the way Pierce had.

So dated a handsome 19-year-old boy toy named Jayden. He was hung like a horse and had the stamina of a triathlete, able to fuck Tiffany for hours just the way she needed. Within months, they were married in a humble ceremony.

Tiffany took to lounging around their home in skimpy bikinis and lingerie, her massive jugs always on display, tempting Jayden to bend her over the nearest surface and pound her pussy into submission.

She loved nothing more than teasing her young stud into a frenzy and then having him ravage her with his huge cock until she squirted like a geyser.

Meanwhile, August found herself a buff, 20-year-old boyfriend named Colton who worshipped her MILF body. She flaunted their relationship shamelessly, letting him grope her giant tits in public and finger her under the table at restaurants.

August got off on being a young cougar, devouring her boy toy every chance she got. Her favorite was when he would eat her pussy and ass for hours, his stubbled chin glistening with her cream, before August would shove him on his back and ride his enormous dong until they both exploded in ecstasy.

The young couple soon married in a beautiful ceremony on Island X and started a family. As their three strapping sons grew into their late teens, they developed an insatiable appetite for their mother's voluptuous, womanly body.

August, always the depraved slut, was more than happy to initiate her boys into the pleasures of the flesh, fucking their young, oversized cocks raw.

Whenever their father wasn't around, she would call them into her bedroom one at a time, her massively engorged breasts spilling out of tiny lace teddies, and teach them how to worship her body.

August showed them how to suckle her fat, puffy nipples, lick her dripping slit and tongue her puckered rosebud until she howled with pleasure.

In return, she schooled them in how to use their big, throbbing cocks, letting them fuck her face and stretch out her cunt and asshole.

August took immense pride in her boys' sexual prowess, knowing she had molded them into exceptional motherfuckers in every sense, just like their Uncle Pierce was.

Since August's hubby was an airline pilot, his overnight absence turned into incestuous orgies, with the mother gleefully taking on all three of her sons at once.

She loved being airtight, her mouth, pussy and asshole simultaneously stuffed full of their huge dicks as they grunted and panted above her.

The boys covered their mom in so much cum she was sticky for days, one of them eventually giving August her first baby girl.

After the resort on Island X's grand opening, Kathy's belly had swollen with the ripe fruit of their illicit union. Her pregnancy had only enhanced her already stunning beauty, her cheeks glowing and her tits ballooning to truly epic proportions.

She looked every inch the fertility goddess as she waddled around the island, her gravid belly proudly on display.

Inside their opulent love nest, Kathy rode Pierce's thick cock with wild abandon, her massively pregnant form undulating above him an overinflated beach ball. Her gigantic, milk-filled tits bounced hypnotically, drawing his eyes and hands like magnets.

"Fuck yes, baby! Fuck Mommy's pregnant cunt!" Kathy wailed, impaling herself on his throbbing pole over and over. Her hugely distended belly heaved and rippled with each roll of her hips, the taut skin glistening with sweat.

Pierce gripped her wide hips, pistoning up to meet her downward thrusts, her shaved flanges smacking wetly against his cock-root.

He couldn't get enough of fucking his mom's ripe, fertile body, knowing it was his seed growing inside her womb. The sight of her so round and lustrous with his child sent bolts of possession and dark pride surging through him.

"Take it, Mom!" he growled, pounding into her slick, tightly-ribbed channel with brutal force. "Gonna keep this belly full, fuck another baby into you as soon as you pop this one out!"

Kathy keened ecstatically, her cunt clamping down like a vise around him. "Yes, yes! Breed me forever, baby! Ahhh fuck, I'm cumming!"

Her whole body shook as the orgasm ripped through her, her juices gushing around Pierce's jackhammering cock.

Crying out in rapture, Kathy collapsed against Pierce, smothering his face between her monumental, milk-engorged breasts.

The warm, plush weight of her giant jugs consumed his world, surrounding him in warm, squishy fluff and her intoxicating, maternal scent.

Groaning, the boy motorboated her heaving cleavage, burying his face in her deep, rippling valley.

He lapped at her salty skin, tracing the faint blue veins and stretch marks that marbled her creamy flesh.

Zeroing in on one fat, rubbery nipple, he latched on like a starving infant, suckling for all he was worth.

"Oh fuck yes, drink Mommy's milk!" Kathy panted, cradling his head to her breast.

Warm, sweet liquid sprayed across his tongue as he sucked her nipple and areola deep into his mouth, hollowing his cheeks with the force of it.

He gulped down her rich, creamy nectar, the taste flooding him with a heady sense of bliss and perverse comfort.

All the while, he never stopped driving his engorged cock up into her fluttering sheath, grinding against her softened cervix on every thrust. The slick, squelching sounds of their coupling echoed obscenely through the room, punctuated by their grunts and moans of pleasure.

Releasing her dribbling nipple with a wet pop, Pierce moved to the other jiggling mound, engulfing as much of the huge, spongy areola into his mouth as he could. He suckled ravenously, milk overflowing his lips to drip down his chin as he worked to drain her generous tit.

Kathy's head lolled back, eyes rolling up in bliss as her very pregnant body was ravaged inside and out by her virile son. The dual sensations of him suckling her sensitive boob-meat while pounding her needy cunt were almost too exquisite to bear.

"Gonna cum again! Fuck, baby, your cock feels so good!" she keened. "Fill me up, shoot that hot load in Mommy's hungry cunt!"

Pierce released her nipple with a growl, hammering into her with wild abandon.

His balls slapped against her ass, tightening as his orgasm barreled down his spine like a freight train.

With a bellow, he slammed into her one last time, grinding his spurting cockhead against her baby-packed womb as he flooded her with yet another massive load of his potent seed.

Kathy wailed as she felt his molten cum filling her, triggering another body-shaking climax. Her inner muscles rippled and squeezed, milking him for every last drop.

Finally spent, Pierce collapsed backwards, pulling his mom down to sprawl on his chest. They panted harshly, pulses

gradually slowing as they basked in the afterglow of their explosive coupling.

Pierce latched to her tit again, his thirst for her tit-milk unquenchable.

Kathy stroked his hair tenderly, basking in the suckling sensation. "Drink up, baby boy," she cooed. "You'll need your strength today. Being this pregnant has got your mother super horny. I need you to fuck me over and over until I can't walk straight."

Pierce released her nipple with a wet pop, grinning up at her wickedly. "Don't worry, Mom. I plan on keeping you stuffed full of cock all day long. Gonna wreck this pregnant pussy so hard, you'll be feeling it for weeks."

"Mmm, promises, promises," Kathy purred, clenching her walls around his still-hard shaft buried inside her. "Why don't you flip me over and show me what you've got, stud?"

Pierce growled and rolled them swiftly, careful of her huge belly. He propped her up on her hands and knees, admiring the way her rounded butt-cheeks jiggled and swayed.

Gripping her wide hips, he plunged back into her soaked cunt, groaning at the exquisite heat enveloping his erectile flesh.

"Fuck yeah, take this dick," he grunted, sawing in and out of her slick folds with deep, powerful strokes. "Gonna pound this fat pregnant ass into the mattress."

Kathy wailed and pushed back to meet his thrusts, her meaty globes rippling. The obscene slap of flesh on flesh filled the room as they fucked like newlyweds. "Yes, baby! Harder! Fuck me like the slutty knocked up mommy I am!"

Pierce swiveled his hips with bruising force, grunting as he fucked into her harder and faster.

Kathy's huge tits swung beneath her, leaking milk with each impact. The headboard slammed against the wall and the bed creaked ominously as son savagely rutted into mother.

Pierce's engorged shaft pummeled in and out of Kathy's slippery pink folds, her swollen labia clinging greedily to his girth. Her humid vaginal walls rippled and fluttered around him, the friction of her spongy ridges and bumps caressing every throbbing vein and ridge.

The bulbous head of his cock plunged repeatedly into her deepest recesses, stretching her open and stirring up her creamy essence while smearing his own pre-nut along her spongy inner-lining.

Kathy's sopping wet pussy made obscene squelching noises each time Pierce's rock-hard erection speared into her, her abundant arousal frothing and foaming around his sawing shaft.

Her skilled inner muscles clenched rhythmically, milking his plunging manhood as if trying to suck him even deeper so he pierced the rounded ring of her cervical head.

The snug, wet heat of her heavily pregnant cunt was indescribable, gripping him like a silken fist. Pierce could feel every flutter and ripple of her vaginal canal as he stroked in and out, stoking the flames of his own impending release.

Their hips collided with meaty smacks, Pierce's heavy balls slapping against Kathy's engorged clit with each ferocious thrust. The electric tingles radiating out from that sensitive bundle of nerves combined with the delicious drag of his cock along her G-spot quickly pushed her to the brink.

"Oh God, Pierce, I'm gonna cum!" Kathy wailed, her slick walls starting to flutter and quake. "Don't stop fucking me, fill me up baby!"

Pierce redoubled his efforts, hammering into her with wild abandon. He reached around to roughly palm her dangling tits, tugging on her leaking nipples. That added stimulation detonated Kathy's climax like a bomb.

She came with a hoarse scream, her cunt clamping down viciously around Pierce's tireless boner. A flood of her creamy release gushed out around his shaft, soaking his balls and dripping down their straining thighs.

The feeling of his mother's pussy juices bathing his pumping cock pushed Pierce over the edge.

With a guttural roar, he slammed into her one last time and exploded, his cock erupting like a water-canon deep in her rippling channel.

Jet after jet of his hot ejaculate splattered against her cervix, mixing with her own release to create a churning cocktail of their combined essence.

The teen collapsed against his mom's sweaty back, both of them gasping and shuddering through the aftershocks of their intense orgasms. His softening cock slipped out of her drenched hole with a gush of their mingled cream, soaking the sheets beneath.

They lay entwined in the afterglow, basking in the forbidden bliss of their eternal love. On this island, they were finally free to be together as nature intended - mother and son, bound as lovers forever.

THE END