

Wrecked Together

KingB

Chapter 1- The Crash

The private jet hummed like a sleeping beast, smooth and powerful, slicing through clouds as if the sky belonged to it. Lux leather seats. Chilled champagne. Enough space for comfort, but just tight enough for friction.

Noah sat near the back, legs stretched out, fingers tapping on his phone screen though he hadn't sent a message in hours. He didn't talk much—especially not on days like this. Too many eyes. Too many games.

Across the aisle, His sister **Tessa** had one leg propped on the armrest, her toned thighs bare beneath an oversized tee that wasn't fooling anyone. No bra, just the light bounce of freedom with every shift. She stretched lazily, like a cat in heat, her mouth twisting into a smirk as she caught Noah glancing.

"Careful, big brother," she said, voice like honey poured over mischief. "You keep staring like that, you're gonna make me blush."

Noah didn't answer. Just leaned back, jaw tight.

She bit her lip—on purpose—and adjusted her shirt to "cover up," pulling it lower while making damn sure her nipple brushed the fabric. Tease was an understatement. It wasn't a game. It was a hunt.

"Relax, I'm just bored," she said, shifting toward him. Her bare foot nudged his leg. "Can't a girl flirt with her favorite brother at 30,000 feet?"

"You've got issues," Noah muttered.

"And you've got a hard-on you're trying real hard to hide."

He glared at her. She giggled.

Up front, His mother **Vivian** shot them a disapproving glance over her book. She sat prim and perfect, ankles crossed, blouse buttoned up high. But even buttoned-up couldn't hide the way her silk clung to curves built for sin. Every movement was elegant, calculated—yet somehow erotic, without meaning to be.

She cleared her throat, eyes cold. "Tessa, don't be vulgar."

"I'm not," Tessa said sweetly. "I'm just affectionate."

Noah caught it—Vivian's eyes lingered a second too long on the curve of his bicep as he adjusted in his seat. She looked back to her book, face unreadable.

His Grandmother **Evelyn**, sitting across from Vivian, poured herself a scotch without asking. Her eyes—cool and dark—tracked everything. The teasing. The glances. The undercurrent everyone else pretended wasn't there.

She sipped, lips barely wet. "Some families fly first class," she said quietly, "others fly closer to the truth."

No one replied.

Richard, in the forward seat, finished a call on his satellite phone. His voice was booming, his presence loud even when seated. "Christ, that project's behind again. If I have to fly back next week—"

"You're not flying anywhere," Evelyn cut in. "You're on vacation, remember?"

Richard chuckled, running a hand through his graying hair. "If that damn resort isn't built by the time we land, someone's losing their job."

He glanced back toward Noah. "At least you've got your head on straight. The only one in this group with discipline."

Tessa snorted. "You mean he broods in silence instead of acting out loud."

"I'll take brooding over your bedroom playlist echoing through the cabin," Richard snapped. "Turn it down or put on pants."

"Jealous?" she shot back, spreading her legs just a little too wide.

Noah shut his eyes for a beat. He could already feel the heat building—on his skin, in his blood. Tessa was always like this, but something about the cabin made it worse. Tighter air. Closer quarters. And no way out.

Then came the first jolt.

Subtle at first—a dip in altitude that made everyone pause.

Noah's eyes flicked toward the window. The clouds were darker now. Thicker. Fast-moving.

The second jolt was harder. Turbulence that tossed a drink from its cupholder and sent a purse sliding across the floor.

Vivian sat up straight. "That didn't sound normal."

Richard hit the intercom. "Captain?"

Silence.

Another lurch. This time violent. The whole plane dropped, then corrected sharply. The engines roared louder now, not smooth, but strained. Tessa reached for Noah without thinking, gripping his arm.

“Noah—”

“I know,” he said, already unbuckling. He stood, steady on wide legs even as the floor began to tilt beneath them.

“Everyone, strap in,” he ordered.

“What's going on?” Vivian asked, rising, panicked.

“**Sit down.**” His voice cut like steel. She obeyed without arguing.

Evelyn didn't flinch. “You feel that?” she murmured. “That shift? Nature reminding us we don't control a damn thing.”

Noah moved toward the cockpit, but the cabin lights flickered. The plane screamed.

And then—everything dropped.

The plane screamed like it had something to confess.

It shook hard—violently, like the sky had grabbed the fuselage with two fists and started shaking the truth loose from everyone inside.

Tessa let out a sharp cry, her hands clutching Noah's arm. Her body pressed against him now, soft and shaking—bare legs tangled with his as she struggled with her belt. His hand found hers, steady.

“Sit,” he barked, guiding her back into the seat.

The cabin pitched left, then jerked back. Champagne spilled, books launched, Vivian's wineglass shattered at her feet. She stood half up, trying to keep balance, her blouse soaked in white wine that clung to the heavy swell of her breasts like second skin. The sheer fabric went nearly transparent.

“Get down!” Noah snapped, grabbing her waist—full, firm, and all heat—pulling her toward the seat beside him.

Vivian gasped, chest pressed against his arm. “Don't touch me—”

“You'll thank me when you're breathing Mom,” he growled, shoving her down and strapping the belt across her lap.

Her thighs tensed beneath the fabric of her pencil skirt, breath rapid, lips parted. She stared at him like she didn't know whether to slap him or straddle him.

Evelyn, somehow still composed, buckled herself in slowly, her hands smooth and unshaken. Her silk blouse clung to her aged but still commanding frame—sharp cheekbones, lips

pursed, breasts proud beneath thin fabric. She looked out the window, eyes calm. “Brace,” she said softly. “Now.”

The plane dropped again—sickening, a freefall that pulled the air from their lungs.

Richard was thrown sideways into the wall. A loud thud. His shout cut off as his head slammed into a panel. His body crumpled in a twisted sprawl. Not moving.

“Dad!” Noah shouted, trying to rise.

Tessa grabbed his chest, nails dragging across him. “Noah—NO!”

She was in his lap now, clutching him. Her hips pressing into his thigh, her body shaking so hard he could feel her nipples—hard through the thin fabric of her oversized shirt—press against his chest.

He gritted his teeth, held her close. Not out of lust—but out of instinct. Out of heat. Out of something ancient and brutal inside him.

The cabin lights flickered again. One engine choked, stuttering like a dying animal. The other roared harder.

Vivian reached across him, hands trembling, trying to hold onto something—anything. Her cleavage pressed into his arm, soft and full, her breath hot against his neck. “Please,” she whispered. “Make it stop.”

“I’m trying,” he hissed, but he wasn’t sure who he was saying it to—her, Tessa, or himself.

The cockpit door slammed open. Pilot laid unconscious.

Just flashing red lights. Beeping alarms. Wind now howling through a crack along the wall.

“Noah,” Evelyn said, louder now, voice cutting through the noise like a blade. “Hold them.”

The plane nosedived.

Noah gripped both women—Tessa in his lap, Vivian against his shoulder—as the plane went black. The sound of tearing metal filled the air. Baggage flew overhead, a panel broke loose, smashing into the window. Cracks spiderwebbed across the glass. Pressure dropped. Someone screamed.

Everything twisted.

Weightlessness, then pain, then nothing but noise and crashing light and water.

Then—

Silence.

Something wet lapped at his face.

Noah coughed hard, spitting seawater, lungs burning. The sun was blinding. The sky was too blue. And the silence—it was deafening.

He dragged himself upright, palms sinking into hot, wet sand. The beach stretched endlessly in both directions, jungle creeping up behind him. A few shattered pieces of the jet's fuselage scattered nearby. Smoke curled up from a twisted piece of metal still hissing in the sun.

But that wasn't what caught his eye.

It was **Tessa**, sprawled in the sun—shirt ripped, soaked, clinging to every curve. Her legs were bare, thighs smeared with sand, dark hair tangled over her face. She looked like sin had been shipwrecked and washed ashore.

He stumbled to her, dropped to his knees beside her, turned her over. Her eyes fluttered open.

"Noah...?"

"You're alive." He pressed a hand to her cheek, breathing hard.

"You look like shit." She smiled weakly, then whimpered as she sat up. "I think I swallowed half the ocean."

"Can you move?"

"Depends. Will you carry me like a damsel?"

He almost smiled. She was still her.

Behind him, another cough. A woman's moan.

Noah turned—**His mom** lay just beyond the tree line, tangled in jungle vines and debris. Her blouse was gone, replaced by a soaked lace bra that barely held her full, round breasts. Her skirt was shredded, riding high up her thighs. She blinked, dazed, face scraped and hair wild.

He moved fast, crouching beside her.

"Mom—Mom, are you alright?"

She looked at him, eyes glassy. Her lips were parted, wet. "You... you found me."

Her voice cracked, but there was relief under it. Or maybe it was surrender.

"You're okay," he said. "Stay still."

Her hands clutched his arm—fingers digging in, breasts heaving. She was trembling. But not from cold. Not entirely.

“I thought I was dead,” she whispered. “I dreamed I was back in college. Woke up to this jungle... and you.”

Their eyes locked. His hand brushed her rib as he checked for wounds. Her skin was hot, wet, slick beneath his fingers. She didn’t pull away.

A rustle in the trees—**Evelyn** stepped into view, barefoot, blood running down her leg from a shallow cut. Her white blouse was open, soaked through, revealing the swell of her still-impressive chest and the lace of her underwire bra beneath. For a woman in her sixties, she looked like she’d walked out of a myth.

She looked at the three of them with eyes sharp and calm.

“We’re the only ones I’ve seen so far,” she said simply.

Noah stood slowly. “Dad?”

She nodded toward the wreckage. “Alive. Barely. Crushed spine. Can’t move his legs. I stabilized him, but... he won’t walk again.”

Tessa sat up straighter, a tremor running through her. “Shit.”

Noah’s jaw clenched. He turned to his mom, who’d pulled herself upright and was hugging her arms around her soaked chest. Her breasts pushed together as she breathed hard. She looked at him like she didn’t know whether to thank him or cry.

“He saved me,” she said softly. “He found me first.”

Tessa’s eyes flicked to her mother’s body. The curve of her hips, the way she leaned into Noah without even noticing. Her jaw tightened. Then she laughed, bitter and low.

“Of course he did.”

Evelyn watched all of this—the closeness, the glances—and smiled.

Only slightly.

Noah looked around at the wreckage, the jungle, the people he now had to keep alive.

Chapter 2 – First Shelter, First Shift

The island was quiet. Too quiet.

No birdsong. No engines. Just the rustle of thick jungle leaves in the wind and the soft hiss of waves kissing the shore.

Noah stood barefoot on the hot sand, shirtless, his jeans torn at the thigh, blood dried along his ribs. Salt clung to his skin. His muscles ached from the crash, but he moved like he wasn't feeling it. He was scanning the treeline, calculating.

Behind him, the others stirred—weak, hungover from adrenaline. Bruised, but alive.

The island was a green beast. Lush jungle, thick with palms and tangled vines. The hills in the center were like sleeping backs of giant animals, rising out of the earth, their slopes steep and mysterious. There were cliffs on the far end. Sharp rocks in the surf. Coral reef just beneath the waterline. He noted it all.

Ten, maybe fifteen miles across.

No signs of other humans.

Just them.

He ran a hand through his soaked hair, then turned toward the wreckage—a torn-open hunk of the fuselage, half-buried in sand. Scattered luggage. A few unbroken supply cases. Wires. Seat cushions. Tarps.

It wasn't much, but it was a start.

"Noah," came Tessa's voice behind him—hoarse, needy.

He turned.

She was standing just a few feet away, wearing nothing but a soaked Oversized t-shirt and boyshorts, both clinging like second skin. Her nipples stood sharp beneath the thin cotton, her toned stomach dusted in sand, thighs thick and glistening in the sun.

"Can you help me with this?" she asked, holding a rolled-up survival blanket she'd found.

He nodded, took it from her. Their fingers touched. She didn't pull away.

She bit her lip. "You always this calm when the world ends?"

"Only when people are watching," he muttered.

"I'm always watching," she said, voice low.

He ignored the heat that sparked in his gut and turned toward the broken shell of the plane. There was shelter to build, firewood to gather, water to find. No time for teasing.

But Tessa followed.

He rigged a basic tarp lean-to between the plane and two trees, propping up seat frames to hold it. Tessa crouched beside him, handing him wiring from the wreckage, her ass sticking out as she bent forward, back arched just enough to be deliberate.

Her shirt had slid down one shoulder, revealing the edge of a sports bra strap already halfway snapped.

“You're bleeding,” she said, reaching for his side. Her fingers brushed just below his ribs—slow, lingering longer than they needed to. “Does it hurt?”

“I'll live.”

She smiled. “You always this dramatic when you're shirtless?”

He glanced up. “Are you always this annoying when you're turned on?”

She blinked.

He stood and walked off toward the trees before she could answer.

Further down the beach, **Vivian** sat in the shade of a palm, her chest rising and falling as she tried to catch her breath. Her skirt was torn, exposing one long, powerful thigh. Her blouse was soaked, see-through, clinging to breasts that were far too full for a woman her age to be so insecure about.

She was trying not to cry.

Noah knelt beside her without speaking. She looked up at him, eyes glassy.

“I'm fine,” she said, voice too fragile to believe.

“You're not mom,” he replied. “But that's okay.”

She laughed once, bitter and short. “You're not allowed to be the stable one. You're supposed to be the kid.”

He shrugged, handed her a blanket. “The island doesn't care how old we are.”

Vivian stared at him for a second too long. Her eyes trailed down—across his chest, his stomach, the V of his hips where his jeans clung low. Her face flushed, but she said nothing. Just pressed the blanket to her chest and looked away.

He rose and walked off again.

Evelyn was already up the slope behind the beach, collecting long sticks and dry leaves with her shirt tied at the waist. Her legs were surprisingly toned for her age, calves flexing as she moved with grace, her blouse clinging to her frame—wet and half unbuttoned, the lace of her bra visible beneath.

She dropped the pile of wood at Noah's feet.

“Fire,” she said. “We’ll need it before dark.”

He nodded, already bending to arrange it.

She stayed there, watching him work.

“You’ve taken to this quickly,” she said. “Like it’s already yours.”

He paused, meeting her eyes.

“It will be.”

She smiled—sharp and slow.

“I believe you.”

The fire caught just before dusk.

Noah crouched beside it, shirtless, smoke curling around the shape of his back as he adjusted the woodpile. The muscles in his shoulders rolled beneath sunburned skin, his hands blackened with soot, jaw lined with focus.

He didn’t notice **Tessa** watching him.

She stood a few feet away with a handful of small fruits Evelyn had found growing just beyond the ridge—round and red, tangy when bitten. She’d peeled a few, their juice sticky on her fingers, running down her wrist.

She crossed the space slowly, bare feet pressing into soft sand.

“You should eat something,” she said, kneeling beside him.

He glanced at the fruit, then her—hair still damp, The tank top now she was wearing low enough now to show the edge of one nipple through the stretched fabric. Her legs were folded beneath her, thighs slick and kissed with bruises, skin still glittering with salt.

He took a piece of fruit from her hand. Bit into it. Juice ran over his lip.

Tessa watched it like it was something obscene.

“You’ve changed Brother,” she murmured.

Noah wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. “You mean I stopped smiling.”

“No.” She leaned in a little, voice softer. “You stopped hiding.”

For a beat, neither spoke.

Then she shifted closer—so close her thigh touched his.

He looked at her sideways.

"You're not subtle," he said.

Tessa smiled. "Neither are you."

And then she stood and walked away—hips swaying just enough to say *you'll come to me later*. Maybe not tonight. But soon.

Their mother, Vivian had seen it all.

She sat under the tarp they'd rigged for shelter, watching from the shadows with arms crossed under her chest. The firelight danced off her curves, casting them in gold and shadow. Her skirt had been replaced with a blanket around her waist. Her bra had dried, barely—now it hugged the heavy swell of her chest like it belonged there. Her blouse, torn down one side, clung to her like silk wrapping something fragile but dangerous.

When Noah came over to her, she didn't look up at first.

"How's your dad?" she asked, voice low, distant.

"Still breathing. Still can't move." Noah sat beside her on the soft sand. "We'll build him something tomorrow. A frame, or maybe a stretcher."

Vivian nodded.

"Thank you," she added, after a long pause. "For earlier."

He looked at her. "I didn't do much."

"You did more than anyone else. You found me. Carried me. Took charge." She looked over at him now—eyes slightly wet, but clear. "You didn't hesitate."

"I didn't have time to."

"You touched me like you weren't afraid to." Her voice was quieter now. "Most men are."

His jaw clenched slightly. He said nothing.

Vivian's gaze dropped to his hands. Strong. Calloused. Blackened from fire and work. She reached out—slow, tentative—and brushed her fingers along the back of his wrist.

"I don't know what's happening to me," she said. "I'm shaking inside."

"You're not weak."

"But I feel... *stripped*. Like everything I was before this is falling off."

"It is."

Her hand stopped on his forearm. "You don't say much, but when you do..." She looked at him, really looked. "You sound like someone I've never met before."

Noah held her gaze for a long second.

Then he stood and walked away again—**leaving her wanting more.**

As darkness fell, Evelyn emerged from the treeline carrying long green vines, already stripped of leaves. She set them beside the fire and sat cross-legged beside it, near where Noah had laid out some clothes to dry in air.

“You know,” she said casually, “they’re all looking to you now.”

Noah, crouched near the fire again, glanced at her. “I didn’t ask them to.”

“You didn’t have to.”

She pulled a strand of wet hair behind her ear. The firelight hit her sharp features, casting her in bronze and shadow. Her blouse still clung to her frame—open at the collar, revealing the gentle hang of her breasts beneath lace. The wrinkles in her skin made her no less powerful—if anything, more so.

“Women,” she said, “don’t follow orders. They follow presence.”

Noah said nothing.

She watched him carefully. Her eyes didn’t leer—but they *lingered*.

“They’re testing you,” she added. “Each in their own way. Your sister wants to make you chase. Your mother wants to be taken.”

He didn’t move.

“And me?” she asked, voice softer now. “Do you know what I want?”

He looked up. The fire crackled between them.

“No,” he said. “But I’ll figure it out.”

Evelyn smiled—not sweetly, but like a queen watching her general find his edge.

“I’m counting on it.”

The fire crackled in a slow, hypnotic rhythm—pops and hisses filling the air as night crept over the island like a silk sheet.

The four of them sat in a loose circle near the edge of the shelter. Richard was laying in the makeshift shelter. The jungle pressed in just beyond the firelight, humming with insects and rustling leaves. The sky above was ink black, pierced by unfamiliar stars.

Their faces flickered in the light—sweaty & scraped.

Clothes hung loose. Skirts and shirts had been tied up, rolled down, or abandoned entirely in the heat. Skin was everywhere—bare legs, exposed shoulders, chests heaving beneath threadbare bras and tank tops.

Survival didn't care about modesty.

Tessa had stretched herself out beside Noah, head resting on his thigh like it belonged there. Her tank top had twisted up, exposing the smooth line of her waist and one full, perfect breast nearly spilling free. Her skin glistened in the firelight, her breath slow.

She wasn't asleep.

She just liked laying on him.

Vivian sat across from them, sipping slowly from a salvaged bottle of wine they'd found in a case by the wreckage. Her legs were folded beneath her, and she'd wrapped herself in a thin blanket—but her chest was still damp and visible beneath her half-buttoned blouse, the lace of her bra peeked from the side.

She hadn't spoken in a while.

But her eyes kept drifting—to Tessa curled into Noah... and then to Noah himself.

Evelyn sat upright, back straight, staring into the flames like they were speaking to her. One knee bent, blouse undone to the center of her chest, the dark slope of her cleavage visible beneath lace and shadow. She looked calm. Knowing.

The silence between them wasn't awkward. It was heavy.

Like the air before a storm.

Noah stared into the fire. His muscles ached. His hands were cut. But none of that mattered.

What mattered was this: they were all looking to him now.

They were scared. They were unsure. And they were *waiting*.

For what, none of them could say.

But the current had shifted.

Later, when the others lay down on makeshift bedding—blankets stretched across dry sand, a few salvaged pillows stacked under heads—Noah remained sitting upright by the fire, blade across his lap, shoulders tense.

Tessa curled herself around a blanket close to him. Her ass stuck out slightly, shirt rolled up her back, just enough skin exposed to blur the line between innocent and invitation.

Vivian slept across from him, or pretended to. Her thighs tangled in her blanket, chest rising and falling fast—like her dreams weren't quiet.

But **Evelyn didn't sleep.**

She sat near the fire, legs crossed, one elbow resting on her knee, chin on her hand.

Watching him.

Just watching.

The flames lit her face in gold and shadow, caught the silver in her hair, danced across the quiet smirk on her lips. She didn't speak. Didn't move. Just kept her eyes on Noah like he was something she'd summoned—and now, she was waiting to see what he'd do with the power he didn't yet realize he held.

After a long stretch of silence, she leaned in closer, her voice a low whisper only the fire could hear:

"They'll all come to you. Sooner or later. One already has."

She looked at Tessa's curled form.

"Another will fight it. But she'll break."

Then her eyes met his.

"And me? I'll be watching. Making sure you become the man they all *need* you to be."

Noah didn't answer. He just sat still, the firelight flickering in his eyes.

But something inside him shifted.

And he knew—**the island had taken more than just their past. It was already starting to reshape the future.**

Chapter 3 – Roles Take Shape

By the third morning, the island had started to speak in a language they were all beginning to understand.

The jungle was louder at dawn—chirps, howls, distant rustling like something big shifting in the trees. The tide pulled in closer now. Everything felt heavier. Thicker. Like even the air wanted skin exposed.

And there was a lot of skin.

Clothes had stopped being modest. They were now just tools—torn, re-tied, layered or peeled back depending on the heat. Vivian had knotted her blouse at the waist, cleavage on

constant display without meaning to. Tessa wore the same tank top and boyshorts, now too loose from drying and wringing, riding up her thighs with every step.

Noah moved through the sand like he belonged to it. Shirtless, sweat-slicked, jeans rolled at the ankle, blade tucked at his side. His body was scraped, bruised, baked in sun—but he didn't slow down.

He was already building again. Reinforcing the shelter, tying palm leaves with wreckage wiring, setting a pattern. **Move. Fix. Think. Lead.**

Evelyn watched him from under the shade, legs crossed. She hadn't lifted a hand all morning.

Vivian had.

She'd tried to coordinate some kind of breakfast—pulling together fruit, trying to keep track of what they had left—but no one was listening. Not really. Not even Tessa, who had tossed a mango at the sand and wandered off to refill the water catchers instead.

When she came back, Noah was bent over one of the lash points, tying it tighter. Tessa dropped to a squat beside him, the bottle of water forgotten.

"You're really going full jungle daddy on us," she said, grinning. "All broody, all muscle. Very hot."

He didn't respond. Just kept working.

Tessa leaned closer. Her leg brushed his arm. Her breath was sweet with fruit.

"You're not even gonna *pretend* to flirt back?" she teased.

"Don't have time to play games," Noah muttered, tugging the wire taut.

"Oh come on," she purred. "If the world hadn't ended, we'd still be on a beach somewhere and I'd be in a bikini small enough to get banned."

He looked at her now—just for a second.

Her tank top was soaked again, stuck to her like a second skin. Her nipples were hard. She wasn't hiding it. Her thighs were open just a little wider than needed for balance.

He stood.

Tessa's smirk wavered. She looked up at him.

"You want attention, Little Sister?" he said flatly. "Then Start helping."

Then he walked off.

She exhaled sharply.

But smiled.

Later, Vivian stood near the water catch, arms crossed under her breasts, glaring up the hill where Evelyn sat beneath a tree, completely unbothered.

“You could help mother” Vivian called.

Evelyn opened one eye. “I could.”

“You think watching is going to keep us alive?”

“I think *he* is going to keep us alive,” Evelyn replied calmly. “I don’t need to get in his way.”

Vivian’s mouth twitched. She turned back to the shelter, jaw set, eyes flicking—again—to Noah’s back. Broad. Sweaty. Covered in smears of sand and ash. His hands were wrapping cord, muscles flexing.

The sight made something twist in her gut.

She looked away, cheeks flushing.

Then she started peeling fruit with more force than necessary.

By late afternoon, the heat was smothering. The air pressed down like a jealous hand, thick and damp, clinging to skin and stretching tempers thin.

Noah hadn’t stopped moving.

He was reinforcing the shelter walls now, sweat pouring down his back, jeans damp and hanging low on his hips, the muscles in his arms flexing with every pull of vine. His body was battered, scratched, bronzed in sun. He didn’t speak unless necessary, but every movement commanded attention.

And everyone noticed.

Especially **Vivian**.

His Mom sat just inside the shade of the tarp shelter, legs pulled up under her, blouse damp and partially unbuttoned, trying to stay cool. Her skin shimmered in the light, dark curls clinging to her neck and collarbone. The lace of her bra peeked from the gap in her blouse, and she made no effort to hide it.

She told herself it was the heat. The stress. The fear.

But her eyes kept drifting.

To the way Noah's back moved as he worked.

To the way his hands gripped thick vines and pulled them taut.

To the way **her daughter** hovered around him like a moth begging to be burned.

Vivian hated that. Hated how casual Tessa was—bending over in front of him, stretching like a yoga model, every movement calculated to draw eyes. Her daughter wasn't shy. And she wasn't subtle.

Vivian clenched her thighs, as if trying to stop something from rising inside her.

She'd never looked at Noah like this before. Not until the crash. Not until he took control.

Not until he *made her feel* like she was the one following orders now.

And now she couldn't stop.

Across the camp, **Tessa knelt by the makeshift tent**, pretending to dig through the dry leaves Evelyn had gathered earlier. She wore the same loose tank top—now hanging low off one shoulder—and a pair of cutoff shorts she'd adjusted tighter that morning. The edges frayed against the curve of her ass.

She glanced up at Noah as he passed her, brushing a damp curl off her forehead and flashing that sweet, not-so-innocent smile.

"I don't think it's fair," she said.

Noah didn't stop walking.

"What's not fair?" he asked.

"That you get to be the hot one *and* the one in charge." She grinned. "Usually guys only get to be one."

Noah shook his head but said nothing.

Tessa stood and followed him. "Come on. Admit it. You like having three women follow you around while you sweat and grunt and fix everything."

He turned toward her, finally.

His body was close now. Big. Firm. Sun-drenched. His voice was calm.

"You keep pushing dear sister"

Tessa smiled wider. "You haven't pushed back."

He stared at her.

And for one long second, she thought he might grab her. Pull her close. Take her the way she wanted him to.

Instead, he said, “Go check the waterline.”

Then he walked past her again.

Tessa stood there, flushed, chest rising and falling. And smiled like a girl who knew she’d win eventually.

Back at the tarp, **Vivian was still watching.**

She didn’t move. Didn’t speak. Just sat there, legs slightly parted, one hand curled into the blanket draped over her lap.

The other hand... lingered on her thigh.

Slow. Unthinking.

Until she realized what she was doing—and yanked it back like she’d touched fire.

Later, while Evelyn rested under the tree and Tessa washed herself in the shallows, Noah passed by Vivian’s side of the camp. She looked up at him, startled—like she’d been caught doing something private, though she hadn’t moved.

Their eyes met.

She opened her mouth to speak. Closed it. Then tried again.

“You’re working too hard.”

Noah answered “I don’t mind.”

“You’re doing more than anyone else.”

He shrugged. “Someone has to.”

She hesitated. Then added, softly:

“You remind me of your father. But... stronger.”

Noah said nothing. Just nodded and kept moving.

Vivian watched his back again.

But this time, she didn’t look away.

The night was thicker than the ones before.

The fire popped and spit, casting gold across bare skin and tangled limbs. The women slept in pieces—Vivian curled under a blanket near the tarp with her husband, her blouse hanging open, one strap of her bra pushed halfway down her arm; Tessa wrapped around her own leg like a cat, her tank top twisted high enough to bare her stomach and one breast, fully exposed in the flickering light.

Noah sat alone, back to the fire, knees up, arms resting on them. The heat from the flames didn't touch the chill under his skin.

He hadn't slept since the crash. Not properly.

Not with all of them *moving* in their sleep. The moans. The sighs. The way they stretched in the dark like their bodies were loosening in ways they'd never let happen back home.

He tried not to look. But they were always there.

And he was only human.

That's when he heard her footsteps—**soft, measured**, like someone who never stepped anywhere they didn't mean to.

His Grandmother.

She sat beside him without a word. Not too close. But close enough.

He didn't move.

"You don't sleep," she said after a moment.

"Not much."

"Because you don't trust them?"

He looked at the fire. "Because they trust me."

She smiled faintly, the flames flickering in her silver hair. Her blouse hung loose again, cleavage exposed just enough to distract—but that wasn't what made her dangerous.

It was her eyes.

"They're leaning on you," she said. "All of us. And not just for protection."

He said nothing.

She leaned back slightly, one leg stretched, the line of her thigh illuminated by the firelight beneath her unbuttoned skirt. Her skin was aged but elegant, the kind that came with **power**—not youth.

"You feel it, don't you?" she said, softer now. "The shift."

He nodded. Just once.

“The way your sister touches you. The way your mother *watches* you. And the way your father lies there, fading into silence.”

A pause.

Then—

“You’re not their son. Not their brother. Not anymore.”

He turned to her. “What are you saying?”

“I’m saying...” She reached toward the fire, letting its warmth touch her wrist. “This island doesn’t care about marriage licenses. Or blood. Or the rules men wrote to keep themselves from becoming animals.”

“I’m saying... those rules are gone now.”

Noah’s breath tightened. His hands curled slightly.

Evelyn looked at him again. Fully. Calmly. Like she was **giving him something**.

“You have instincts. You’re fighting them. But you won’t for long.”

He met her gaze. “And you want that?”

She chuckled—low, warm. “It’s not about what I want. It’s about what’s already happening.”

Then she leaned in. Not to kiss him. Not to touch. Just to whisper:

“You can take what’s already being offered. Or you can keep pretending this world still gives a damn what’s appropriate.”

She stood slowly, brushing sand from her legs. Her blouse hung open now, swaying with the movement, revealing the full curve of one breast for just a moment before she turned away.

She looked over her shoulder.

“Sleep if you can. Tomorrow, they’ll start testing you harder.”

Then she walked off, hips swaying—not like a temptress, but like a queen who knew exactly what she’d just set in motion.

Noah sat still.

But inside, something uncoiled. Something that wouldn’t go back.

Not now. Not ever.

Chapter 4 – The First Touches

The morning sun hit harder now. Less gentle, more invasive. Even the light on the island felt like it wanted to strip everything away.

Noah crouched near the far edge of the camp, beside the spot they'd set up for Richard—a raised bed of blankets and leaves under a partial canopy, angled to catch shade from the trees. The older man barely moved anymore.

His breath was shallow. Labored. Eyes dull.

Noah gently lifted the rag near his father's neck, soaking it in the water bowl beside them. He wrung it out and laid it back on Richard's forehead, watching the man flinch faintly at the cold.

There was a time, not long ago, when Richard filled every room with his voice. Orders. Lectures. Advice no one asked for.

Now... barely a whisper remained.

"Dad," Noah said quietly, "you need to drink."

Richard didn't respond.

Noah slid a hand behind his head, raised it just enough, and pressed the rim of a coconut shell to his lips. A trickle of water touched his tongue. Some of it went in. Some slid down his cheek.

His lips moved. Dry. Cracked.

"...doing fine, son."

Noah paused.

It was the first thing he'd said in hours.

Now it was a whisper. A surrender.

"I've got it," Noah said, voice low. Steady.

Richard blinked slowly. One hand shifted—barely a twitch—like it wanted to reach out but didn't have the strength. Then it settled on his chest, still.

Noah adjusted the blanket higher across the man's waist, shielding his legs—the ones that hadn't moved since the crash.

He looked older than ever. Smaller. As if the wreck hadn't just broken his body—but peeled away his place in the world.

Noah stood.

His shadow fell over the older man's chest. And for the first time, he realized:

There was no one left to ask permission from.

No one above him.

Just the women of his family. The jungle. The fire. And the part of himself that was done waiting.

The sun was beginning its descent, turning the island gold.

Noah stood near the treeline, arms streaked with dirt and sweat, twisting thick vines around a half-finished support beam. The structure was crude but strong—three angled poles with lashings running tight between them. It would hold another tarp, offer more shade, more cover.

Every movement hurt now. Muscles tight, hands raw, back aching. But pain kept him focused.

He didn't hear Evelyn approach—he just *felt* her.

The brush of her presence.

Then the actual brush of her fingers.

“Hold still,” she murmured from behind.

He froze.

Her hand reached out and gently brushed sand from his shoulder. Not rough. Not casual. A slow stroke—across the slope of his deltoid, down to his bicep, as if she were smoothing oil into him rather than dirt away.

“You carry too much tension here,” she said, thumb pressing slightly into the muscle.

Noah didn't respond.

She stepped closer.

He could feel the heat of her body behind him, just inches away. Her breath hit his neck, subtle and warm.

Then her hand slid higher—fingertips grazing the edge of his jawline, tracing it like she was sculpting something new.

“You lock it all in your face,” she said softly. “That's where control lives.”

Her fingers hovered at his cheekbone, then down toward his mouth. Just shy of his lips.

“I wonder what would happen,” she whispered, “if you stopped controlling it.”

Noah’s jaw flexed. His nostrils flared.

But he didn’t move. Didn’t stop her.

He didn’t *invite* the touch—but he let it happen.

And Evelyn noticed.

She smiled, just slightly, and dropped her hand.

She stepped around him—graceful, calm—and walked toward the fire pit like nothing had happened.

Like she hadn’t just peeled another layer off the tension between them with the pads of her fingers.

Behind her, **His Mother stood in the shelter’s shadow**, arms crossed, face tight.

She’d seen it all.

Noah glanced at her. Their eyes met.

Vivian didn’t say a word.

But the jealousy in her silence was loud enough to echo.

The stream was hidden behind a rise in the hill, where the jungle grew thick and close. The water was cold—colder than the sea—and it rushed over smooth rocks in a narrow ribbon of silver.

Noah knelt at the edge and dipped his hands into the current. The chill bit at his palms, but he welcomed it. For the first time in days, he let himself exhale.

No fire. No tarp & No eyes.

He stripped slowly—boots first, then jeans, peeled down over scraped thighs. His boxers were last, dropped and folded neatly on a dry patch of moss. His body ached, covered in bruises and streaks of sweat and dirt.

He waded in.

The water hit his thighs like ice, shocking but clean. It surged over his waist, across his stomach, and when he ducked under, it stole the heat from his skin in a single sweep.

For the first time since the crash, he felt alive and *alone*.

But he wasn't.

Tessa had followed him.

She'd seen him head off from camp with a towel slung over his shoulder, shirtless, hair wild and back taut with strain. She didn't even think. She just... moved.

Now she crouched behind a low wall of brush, eyes wide, heart hammering. She hadn't meant to get so close—but once she saw him in the water, *naked*, strong, silent—she couldn't look away.

He stood under a natural fall of water, rinsing his arms, hair plastered to his face, droplets running down the lines of his chest, between his abs, down farther—

She squeezed her thighs together, breath caught.

Then he turned.

Not all the way. Just enough. But he saw her.

Her body jolted—but she didn't run. She didn't hide. She stepped out from the brush, fully in view. She wore only her tank top, no shorts. Bare legs. No shame.

Their eyes locked. Noah didn't speak. He didn't cover himself.

He just stared at her, chest rising and falling, cock heavy and half-hard beneath the water.

Tessa's lips parted.

She tilted her head. And then—she smiled.

A slow, knowing, wicked smile.

She turned without a word and walked away, hips swaying, ass bare under the hem of her shirt, as if the moment hadn't meant anything.

But it did.

It meant **everything**.

Noah stood frozen in the stream long after she disappeared, water rushing around him, heart pounding harder than it had since the crash.

The jungle hummed softly around them that night.

The fire had died to a low glow, casting long shadows across the sand. Crickets chirped. Wind whispered through the tarp shelter. Most of the camp had gone quiet—**but no one was really sleeping**.

Especially not Tessa.

She lay on her side near the edge of the shelter, wrapped in a thin blanket, sweat slick on her skin. Her tank top clung damply to her breasts, twisted halfway around her ribs. One leg was bare. The other bent, twitching restlessly beneath the blanket.

She'd tried to sleep.

She couldn't.

Not after what she saw.

Not after seeing **Noah**, soaked, naked, standing like some half-savage god under a waterfall, cock swaying, eyes locked on her like he *knew* what she wanted.

And hadn't stopped her.

She bit her lip, her hand already sliding down.

Slow. Soft at first.

Just a brush at her clit. Then a press. Then lower. Her breath caught. Her legs shifted under the blanket. The jungle noise seemed to fade, replaced by the pounding of blood in her ears.

Her hand slipped inside her waistband.

She found herself soaked—*already*—as if her body had been waiting for this since the crash, since the first time he grabbed her wrist and barked an order, since the first time he lifted something heavy without asking for help.

She closed her eyes, lips parting, hips starting to rock gently into her own hand.

Noah's name didn't leave her lips.

But he was in every moan.

Every flick of her wrist. Every clench of her thighs. Every silent cry she bit into her knuckles to hide.

Then—

She felt it.

Not the orgasm. That came in a wave that hit her so hard her toes curled and her body arched under the blanket like a bowstring pulled too tight.

No—

She felt **eyes**.

Her breath hitched.

And she opened her eyes.

Her Grandmother stood just beyond the tarp, half in shadow, arms folded across her chest. Silent. Unmoving. Watching.

Tessa froze—panting, hand still between her thighs, body trembling.

She couldn't speak. Couldn't explain.

But Evelyn... didn't ask.

She stepped forward slowly, just close enough that the fire's dying glow caught her face.

She was **smiling**.

Not cruelly. Not mockingly. Almost like a mother watching a child take their first steps.

And then she spoke—quiet, slow, certain:

“That wasn't shame you felt. That was truth. Let it in.”

Tessa blinked, dazed.

Evelyn turned without another word, and walked off into the night.

Leaving Tessa sprawled out, breathing hard, her fingers still sticky with her own need.

Alone—but not unseen.

Chapter 5 – The Rules Break

It began with simple things.

A request to check the traps with her.

A suggestion to walk the southern ridge to “gather palm leaves.”

A glance. A touch. A perfectly timed silence.

Evelyn was weaving something.

And Noah knew it. He didn't stop her—but he didn't chase her either.

That morning, she found him at the edge of the jungle, hammering a sharpened stick into the ground with a flat rock. He was shirtless again—always now—his shoulders streaked with dirt and sun, jeans slung low on his hips, sweat dripping down the curve of his spine.

“You're going to ruin your hands,” she said casually, stepping beside him.

“I'll live.”

“I know,” she smiled. “That’s what makes it interesting.”

She handed him a second pole without being asked—just appeared beside him like she’d always been part of the work. Her fingers brushed his as she passed it off. She didn’t pull back.

They worked silently for a few minutes.

Then she stepped in front of him. Bent over to tie a bundle of cord.

Her skirt rode up high, exposing the full shape of her ass beneath the thin fabric, the curve of her thigh leading to smooth calves. She didn’t wear panties. Not today.

She didn’t say a word about it.

Neither did he. But he watched.

Later that afternoon, she called him to the stream. She had a plan in her mind but she knew she had to be careful. So, she has grudgingly worn a pair of panties.

“I need help washing,” she said, standing barefoot by the edge. “I won’t go in alone. In case something’s in the water.”

He followed.

When they reached the pool, she turned her back to him and peeled off her top slowly—untied the knot at her waist, let it fall. Then she reached behind and unclasped her bra, letting it slide from her arms and drop onto a rock.

Her breasts were full and heavy G Cups, natural, faintly veined from age, their weight soft but proud. Her hips flared below a slim waist. Her skin bore time and strength—stretch marks across her hips, a few scars across her ribs. But she moved like a woman untouched by shame.

She stepped into the water, her panties still on—black, lacy, clinging.

“Most men your age would be terrified of a body like mine,” she said, glancing back over her shoulder. “They’d only want softness. Perfection.”

Noah stood at the edge of the stream, eyes steady.

“I’m not most men.”

She smiled.

“I know.”

She didn’t ask him to undress. Didn’t touch him.

She just let the water roll across her curves, down between her thighs, over her nipples now hard in the cool current—and gave him permission to *see* her.

He didn't move.

But he watched.

And she left the water slowly, walking past him with her wet bra in hand, the lace dragging across his knuckles as she passed.

The next time she asked him for help, she didn't need to explain why.

He came.

And he looked.

Because **she wanted him to**.

The walk back to camp was quiet. Evelyn moved with that same calm confidence, damp hair loose down her back, robe clinging to her hips in the humid air. Noah followed behind her, jaw tight, eyes forward—but even in silence, there was something different about the space between them now.

Something charged. Something claimed.

They didn't touch.

They didn't speak.

But it was *obvious*.

And they weren't alone.

Tessa sat cross-legged by the fire pit, chewing slowly on a slice of mango she'd cut in half with Noah's blade—**his blade**, which she'd snuck while he was gone.

She saw them first.

Her eyes locked onto them as they emerged from the trees—Noah bare-chested, face unreadable, Evelyn moving like a woman who'd just done something important.

They weren't smiling. They didn't have to.

Tessa froze mid-bite.

Her eyes narrowed slightly. She tilted her head like a predator that had just sensed another predator near the edge of its territory.

She'd followed Noah before.

She'd watched him bathe.

She'd *touched herself* to the memory.

But **he hadn't looked at her like that.**

Not the way he was looking at Evelyn now—even if he wasn't touching her.

That subtle, silent pull. That invisible string between them.

Something had happened. And it **wasn't fair.**

Vivian stood under the shelter, one hand resting on the pole Noah had reinforced days ago. Her blouse hung loose, unbuttoned down the front, cleavage glistening with sweat. She'd stopped caring who saw her anymore—she told herself it was the heat.

But when Evelyn and Noah entered the clearing together, **her body stiffened.**

Her mother said nothing—just dropped her bundle of fruit beside the tarp and disappeared into the shade to dry off.

Noah moved toward the stream catch, rinsed his hands. Quiet. Controlled.

Vivian watched him.

And for the first time since the crash, she *felt something ugly* curl in her stomach.

Jealousy wasn't something she allowed herself to feel. Not as a wife. Not as a mother. Not as a woman who'd spent her whole life **pretending desire was beneath her.**

But it was there now.

Hot. Sharp.

She stepped toward Noah—just one step—and said, almost casually:

“You were gone a while.”

He looked at her. “We took the long way back.”

Vivian held his gaze. She didn't say what she was really thinking: *What did she show you? What did she give you that I haven't?*

Instead, she turned and walked off—hips swaying just a little more than usual. Enough to make him look.

He did.

And she *knew* it.

Later that evening, as the sky began to bleed orange and the jungle settled into its low, haunting rhythm, the tension hung heavier than ever.

Tessa avoided everyone. Vivian lingered in the shadows.

Evelyn sat near the fire, polishing a fruit knife slowly, like she was waiting for something to begin.

And Noah?

He didn't speak much. But when he stood, moved, or even shifted his weight... **every pair of eyes** found him. He was no longer just the center of the group. He was becoming the **center of gravity**.

The fire was low. Just embers now, pulsing orange in the darkness like a slow, steady heartbeat.

Noah sat beside it, elbows resting on his knees, eyes unfocused. The jungle whispered all around him—crickets, distant wind through palm leaves, a low rhythm of unseen life. But inside the camp, it was still.

Tessa was curled under her blanket, turned away from him. Her breathing steady, but her body too tense to be asleep.

Vivian lay on her back, one arm over her eyes, blouse unbuttoned halfway down her chest. Her legs slightly parted under the blanket. She wasn't asleep either.

But they were pretending.

Only **Evelyn moved with purpose**.

She stepped from the shelter without sound, barefoot, her robe tied loose at the waist. The slit at her thigh gaped with every step, revealing long, powerful legs and the soft press of her inner thighs as she walked.

She stopped beside him. Didn't ask. Just **sat down**, close.

The firelight touched her skin like it remembered her younger. It flickered across the tops of her breasts, exposed through the open lapels of her robe, the thin lace of her bra visible beneath.

She didn't speak right away. Just breathed.

Noah didn't look at her.

But he felt her.

"Still pretending?" she asked softly.

He glanced at her. "Pretending what?"

"That you don't feel it. That you're still in control."

He didn't answer. She smiled faintly. Her fingers reached out, brushing a bit of ash from his arm. Then slowly, deliberately, her hand slid to his thigh—resting there. Possessive, but calm.

"They're waiting," she whispered. "Every night. Watching you. Wondering who you'll break first."

He said nothing. His chest rose once, slow and tight.

Evelyn leaned closer. Her breath warm at his jawline.

"But you won't have to break them, Noah."

"They'll offer themselves. When they see they're not the ones in charge anymore."

She kissed him.

It wasn't sweet. It wasn't soft.

It was **brief**, firm, and **utterly without hesitation**. A mouth that had spoken truth now taking something it had already claimed. Lips pressing into his like a promise—one made without asking.

He didn't kiss back. But he didn't stop her.

When she pulled away, her eyes were dark with firelight—and something older than desire.

"I see you," she whispered.

"I know what you want."

"And I'm not afraid of it."

She stood slowly. The robe parted as she rose, revealing the full curve of her thigh, the round hang of her breasts beneath lace, the shadow between her legs.

Noah watched her go.

She paused at the edge of the firelight, turned back one last time—and gave him a smile that wasn't seduction.

It was **invitation**.

Then she disappeared into the dark.

And Noah... stayed by the fire.

Jaw clenched.

Fist curled.

Breathing shallow.

The rules were gone.

And she was *the first to say it out loud*.

Chapter 6 – Tessa Watches

By late morning, the heat was already making everything feel wet—skin, air, even thoughts.

Tessa didn't bother with the usual cutoff shorts. Just a loose tank top—worn thin from days of sweat and sun—hung low over her chest, no bra underneath. The fabric clung when she moved, shifting to reveal glimpses of soft, tanned skin, the curve of her breasts, the line under her ribs. She wanted to be seen.

She needed to be.

Noah was fixing the frame of the food rack, tying down the corner lashings with vine. His back was bare, sun-browned and tight with tension. The muscles at his sides flexed each time he pulled—shoulders broad, forearms corded, veins raised from the heat.

Tessa wandered over casually, fruit in hand, pretending to snack.

She leaned down beside him, pressing one arm to his as she reached to pass him a tool. Her breast grazed his shoulder. Not by accident.

“You always work this hard,” she murmured, “or is it just because we're watching?”

Noah didn't look at her.

“I work because someone has to.”

She smiled, bit into the fruit, juice slipping down her thumb. “I'd work harder too if I had arms like that.”

She made sure he saw her licking it off slowly—tongue tracing her knuckle. Her knee brushed his thigh. Her breath was sweet and hot against his ear.

Still, **he didn't move**.

But he didn't stop her either.

Later, as he sat sharpening his knife on a flat stone, Tessa came behind him and sat close—so close her knees pressed against his back.

She laid her chin on his shoulder, arms draping around his torso like it was casual. Her chest pressed firm to his spine.

“You’re really good at ignoring things,” she said.

Noah paused. The blade shimmered in the sun.

“Maybe I’m just patient.”

She smiled, but something in her tightened. She stayed there a few seconds longer—feeling the heat of his body, his strength.

Then he shifted.

She let go.

And watched him walk away again.

Only this time... she didn’t smile.

The afternoon had cooled just enough for the wind to slip in from the coast—soft, humid, brushing over bare skin like a teasing hand. Tessa had taken a makeshift bucket down to the stream to rinse her hair, mostly just to be alone.

But the quiet didn’t last.

As she climbed the slope back to camp, barefoot, tank top clinging to her damp chest, she slowed. She could hear them before she saw them.

Voices. Low & Close.

She crept up to the edge of the tarp shelter, careful not to crunch the dry leaves beneath her. Her fingers curled around the post as she leaned in just enough to see—

Evelyn was kneeling behind Noah.

He sat shirtless as usual, legs stretched out, shoulders rolled forward like the weight of the day was finally starting to show. His back was raw and tanned, muscles hard, carved by effort.

And **her grandmother’s fingers were trailing down her brother’s spine.**

Not massaging. Not soothing. **Touching.**

Slow strokes, the pads of her fingers brushing over each dip and ridge. She traced the line from his neck to the small of his back, then skimmed sideways, across the deep V of his waist, just above his jeans.

Noah didn’t speak.

He sat still, jaw locked, eyes focused on something in the dirt.

But he didn’t pull away.

Evelyn leaned in closer. Her lips brushed near his ear. She whispered something low, indecipherable—but whatever it was, Tessa saw it:

His hand clenched.

She froze.

The knot in her stomach coiled tight. She should've backed away. Said something. Laughed, maybe. Instead, she stood there—**watching**.

Watching another woman's hands **on the man she wanted**.

And just as she turned to leave—

Evelyn looked up.

Their eyes met.

Only for a second.

But her grandmother saw it all: the **jealousy**, the hunger, the need Tessa was too proud to name. And She... **smirked**.

Not cruel. Just *certain*. Like she already knew how this would end.

Tessa said nothing.

She walked away. But her heart was racing.

And her thighs pressed tighter with every step.

The fire was a low, pulsing heart in the center of the camp—casting flickering waves of gold and shadow across the shelter.

Noah sat where he always did. Still. Focused. His jaw clenched like he was trying to hold back a flood.

But he wasn't alone.

Evelyn moved through the night like smoke.

Barefoot, her robe tied just loosely enough to drift open with the breeze. A sliver of her thigh exposed. The soft curve of one breast barely concealed behind lace and silk.

She didn't speak. She just knelt in front of him, settling between his legs like she'd done it a thousand times. Her hands rested on his thighs. Her thumbs stroked once.

Then twice.

Noah didn't move.

Until she leaned in. Her mouth brushed his—not a question, not a tease, but a slow, deep kiss that took **ownership**. Her lips parted. His did too. And then her tongue slid into his mouth like a secret being told without words.

He kissed her back. This time, **fully**.

His hands found her waist. Pulled her closer. She straddled his lap, robe slipping, her breath caught between their mouths. A low sound escaped her. Almost a moan. Almost a prayer.

The fire popped beside them—but they didn't flinch. And neither did the girl watching.

Tessa lay in her blanket, turned toward the edge of the tarp. Eyes wide open. Breathing shallow.

She hadn't meant to look. Not at first.

But the moment she saw her grandmother kneel, she couldn't stop.

Now she watched through the small tear in the tarp—**just wide enough to see the kiss**, the hands, the heat.

And she didn't move.

She didn't blink. Her thighs pressed together under the blanket. Her breath hitched. She watched longer than she meant to. Much longer than she should have. And when she finally turned her face into the pillow, she didn't close her eyes. She couldn't.

Because that image—**Her Brother's mouth on Her Grandmother's, Evelyn's hips shifting in his lap**—was now hers.

Burned in.

Claimed.

Chapter 7 – Evelyn Takes Control

The morning started like the others but something was different—sun heavy, air wet with jungle heat—but there was something different about how **Evelyn moved**.

She wasn't watching anymore.

She was **directing**.

“Tessa,” she called lightly, standing barefoot near the fire pit with her robe clinging low on her hips, “do me a favor and check the trail near the ridge. I think I saw wild ginger growing there yesterday.”

Tessa blinked, then nodded. “Yeah. Okay Grandma.”

It was a pointless task. Evelyn knew it. Tessa would be gone nearly an hour.

Then she turned to **her daughter**, who sat washing fruit near the tarp, her blouse damp and loose from sweat. She looked tired. Guarded.

“Can you help me sort the water rations? The main bucket is leaking again.”

Vivian hesitated. “Didn’t Noah fix it?”

Evelyn smiled. “He did. But I want a second eye on it. Just in case.”

Vivian glanced at her, then at Noah—who was at the edge of the clearing, shirtless again, stacking wood for the fire. His back rippled with every movement. Tessa had been staring at him all morning.

Now it was **Evelyn** who was moving in close.

Vivian finally nodded. “Fine.”

She walked off toward the water catch.

Evelyn stayed.

She approached Noah without hurry. Her hips swayed beneath her robe, and the fabric clung to her skin where it was still damp from rinsing off.

He didn’t look up as she approached.

He didn’t need to.

She stood beside him. Quiet for a moment. Watching the way his forearms flexed, veins rising as he lifted a heavy log and dropped it near the fire pit.

“Shoulders tight,” she said, voice low. “You’re burning yourself out.”

“I’m fine Grandma” Noah muttered.

“You keep saying that.”

She reached out and placed a hand on his lower back—**not gentle, not casual**. Her palm pressed firmly, her thumb brushing just above his waistband.

His body tensed.

But he didn't move away.

"I told you," she whispered, "I see you."

Her hand lingered. Then slowly slid away.

But not before she let her fingers trace the shape of his spine—**downward. Intentional. Public.**

From the corner of the camp, **Vivian turned slightly.** She'd felt that touch even if she hadn't seen all of it.

Her jaw tightened. She said nothing.

Tessa returned to the edge of the ridge twenty minutes later, empty-handed and glistening with sweat.

She slowed as she stepped back into the clearing.

And saw Evelyn leaning against the tree behind Noah, **his arm casually resting beside her,** as if he were guarding her.

He wasn't even looking at her.

But Evelyn was already looking at Tessa.

And smiling.

The sun had dipped below the hills, casting deep orange shadows through the jungle. Most of the camp had gone quiet. Tessa was still out by the stream, sulking. Vivian stayed at the fire, peeling fruit she wasn't eating.

Evelyn found him alone at the edge of the trail, kneeling beside a half-finished trap. He was shirtless again, back slick with sweat, muscles coiled tight from a full day of tension.

She didn't announce herself.

She just stood behind him.

Watching. Until she spoke.

"You're burning a lot of energy pretending, Noah."

He didn't turn.

"Pretending what?"

"That you're not starving for more."

Her voice wasn't seductive. It was cool. Even. Inevitable.

She stepped forward and crouched beside him. The silk of her now robe brushed his skin, and he finally looked at her—eyes hard, jaw locked.

"I see it every time I touch you," she said. "Your breath changes. Your pupils shift. And your cock—"

Her hand slid between them. Bold. Sure. She pressed her palm to the front of his jeans.

He was already hard.

Not halfway. Not tentative.

Full. Thick. Ready.

She held him there—warm pressure through worn denim. His body twitched beneath her touch. His eyes didn't close, but his breath hitched.

"You want me," she whispered, her thumb stroking along the bulge. "You've wanted me since the moment I undressed by the stream."

He didn't answer. But he didn't stop her either.

She leaned in closer, pressing her breasts to his arm. They were heavy, full, barely contained in the loose silk of her robe. The curve of her G-cups flattened slightly against his skin, soft and hot, nipples grazing the side of his chest.

"You can keep pretending you're strong because you *wait*," she said, her lips near his ear. "But real strength is knowing when to take."

Then she kissed the corner of his mouth.

Just once.

Quick.

But deep enough to taste him.

She pulled back. Her hand still on him. Squeezing, slow, firm.

"Soon," she said. "You'll stop holding back. And when you do..."

She smiled.

"You'll stop pretending this isn't already yours."

Then she stood.

And walked away—hips swaying, robe open just enough to show a long line of bare thigh, glinting with sweat in the dying light.

Noah sat frozen. Chest rising. Jaw locked.

Hard as stone.

And completely under her hand—even after she let go.

Noah's tent sat deeper in the brush, away from the main fire, shadowed by thick palm leaves and half-covered in tarp and tied branches. He'd built it for space. For air. For nights when he needed to be away from the eyes of the others.

But **tonight, she followed him.**

He was sitting shirtless, cleaning his blade by lantern light when **His Grandmother pulled back the flap** and stepped inside like she belonged there.

She didn't spoke.

She didn't ask.

She **entered.**

And when he looked up, his breath stopped.

Her robe was gone.

She wore **nothing.**

Not even her silk robe.

Just her body—**soft, full, unapologetic.**

Her **G-cup breasts swayed** slightly as she moved, heavy and round, the nipples dark and stiff from the cool night air. Her waist curved gently into wide, maternal hips, her stomach soft but firm with age and pride. Her thighs were thick and strong, her mound neatly trimmed and visibly slick between her legs. He wondered how she was able to trim it here.

She let him see **all of it.**

She didn't rush. She let his eyes drink her in.

"I want you to touch me," she said.

"Properly. No pretending."

Noah stood slowly.

He stepped forward, breathing hard—but not like a boy overwhelmed. Like a man trying not to explode.

She took his hands. **Guided them.**

First to her hips.

Then up—to the sides of her stomach, the softness of her waist.

Then higher—until he cupped her breasts, filling his palms completely.

He groaned but held her firmly.

Her nipples were thick, hard under his thumbs, and she moaned softly when he squeezed—**a raw, breathy sound** that sent blood surging straight to his cock.

“Yes,” she whispered. “That’s it. Hold me.”

She stepped closer, pressing her body to his chest, her breasts flattening against him. Her hands slid down between them, fingers undoing the button on his Jeans, freeing him with ease.

His sprang free, thick and flushed and ready.

She wrapped her hand around it—**skin to skin**—stroking him slow, her thumb circling the pink head, teasing a drop of precum from the slit.

He grunted, hips jerking forward.

Her hand was firm, practiced, knowing exactly how to drive him mad without letting him go over. Then she pulled away.

He growled.

“Not yet,” she said, eyes calm but breathless.

“I’m not something you *fuck* to get off. I’m something you *take* when you're ready to command it.”

She kissed him again—longer this time, deeper. Her breasts crushed against his chest, her thigh sliding up between his legs.

And then she pulled back, lips wet, eyes sharp.

“You’ll take me,” she whispered, “when you’re ready to own it. Not before.”

She left him standing there—**cock hard, dripping**, hands clenched, chest rising like he’d just survived a storm.

The flap dropped behind her.

And he was alone again.

Worse off than before.

Because now he’d tasted everything...

Except the final piece.

Chapter 8 – Noah’s Breaking Point

The morning broke slow and sticky. Jungle heat pushed in thick waves through the clearing, but it wasn’t the weather that changed the air.

It was **Noah**.

He moved differently now. Not rushed. Not stiff. Just... controlled. Heavy with intention.

When he walked across the camp, barefoot and shirtless, the tension didn’t come from the others watching him. It came from how freely **he watched them back**.

Tessa was sitting near the water catch, washing a shirt that clung to her chest like a second skin. She stretched her arms over her head, her tank top rising high enough to flash a hint of hip.

Noah didn’t look away.

His eyes dragged down her waist, over the curve of her ass, slow and blatant.

Tessa noticed. Froze for a beat.

Then turned her face slightly to hide the flush climbing her throat.

She wasn’t used to that from him.

Not that boldness. Not that hunger.

And **definitely not that silence**.

When **Vivian** passed by him near the food tarp, her blouse undone three buttons too many, Noah let his gaze slip straight to the swell of her breasts, full and sweating under the fabric.

She noticed.

Paused mid-step.

“Everything okay?” she asked, guarded.

Noah nodded. “Just noticing things.”

His voice was deeper today. Rougher.

Vivian didn’t answer.

But later, when she crouched to sort rations, she didn't fix her blouse. If anything... she loosened it more.

At the fire, **Evelyn watched it all unfold**—sitting cross-legged on a folded blanket, bare feet tucked under her, robe parted casually at the thigh.

She didn't speak.

She didn't smile.

But her eyes were proud.

Like someone admiring the statue they'd carved from stone.

Tessa passed close to Noah as he lifted a bundle of sticks onto his shoulder.

She brushed his arm. On purpose.

"Looking like you own the place today," she said.

He didn't stop walking.

"Maybe I do." And he smiled at her.

She stood there a second too long after he passed.

Breathing hard. Biting her lip.

The fire was low again. Just embers, licking the cool night air, casting everything in flickering orange and shadow.

The camp had gone still.

Tessa curled under her blanket, turned away but breathing uneven.

Vivian lay on her side, one leg thrown over the other, her blouse half open, a bare thigh glinting under the moonlight.

Richard slept silent, forgotten.

And **Noah sat alone**, at the edge of the flame.

Sweat glistened on his chest, on the carved ridges of his abdomen. He wore nothing but low-slung pants, loose at the waist, his broad shoulders moving only when he breathed.

His jaw was tight. His fingers curled against his thigh.

And his cock throbbed against the inside of his jeans—**hard since sundown**.

He wasn't hiding it anymore.

He *couldn't*.

Then she came. His Grandmother.

Evelyn.

Barefoot. Silent. The firelight caught the edge of her ankle, the long line of her calf, and then the sweep of her thighs—**thick, strong, unapologetic.**

She wore only a **thin cotton wrap**, tied lazily at her waist. It slipped open as she walked. One of her **heavy breasts** had already spilled free, the **full curve swinging slightly** with every step. Her nipples were dark and swollen from the cool air, **taut and begging for touch.**

Noah watched her come toward him, jaw flexing.

She didn't stop. She **sank to her knees** in front of him.

Slow. Controlled. Like a ritual.

"You're there now," she said quietly. "I can feel it on you."

She untied the wrap and let it fall from her shoulders.

Her G-cup tits dropped heavy, round and full, her body glowing with firelight and moonlight, skin marked with age and pride—stretch lines across her hips, soft belly, thighs slick from heat and something more.

"I've been waiting for you to stop asking permission."

She crawled closer. Her hands pressed to his thighs, sliding up. Slowly. Possessively.

Noah stared down at her. Breathing rough. His cock straining against denim.

"You don't have to pretend anymore," she whispered.

She leaned in.

Her breasts brushed his knees—**soft, warm, weighty.** Her hand slipped over the bulge in his pants and **squeezed.**

He exhaled, sharp. Groaned.

"You've been walking around with this," she purred, "like you don't know what to do with it."

"Let me remind you."

She began unbuttoning his jeans, slow and deliberate, her face never leaving his.

“Let me feel how bad you’ve wanted this.”

Noah didn’t move.

But he didn’t stop her.

And when she finally freed him—**thick, heavy, already slick at the tip**—she smiled like she’d just uncovered buried treasure.

She wrapped her hand around the base.

Hot. Hard. Hers.

“Good,” she said softly.

“Now let me taste what patience has earned me.”

She stroked it slow at first, her thumb dragging over the slick head, spreading the bead of precum around the ridge. His breath caught. His hips twitched.

“It’s beautiful,” she whispered, almost reverent. “God, you’ve been aching for this.”

“You have no idea,” Noah growled his eyes roaming on her mature body.

She leaned in—**lips parting**, eyes on his—and wrapped her mouth around the pink tip.

Warm. Wet. Perfect.

Noah groaned deep, his hand slipping into her silver-streaked hair. She took more of him, inch by inch, her tongue circling, flattening, teasing him while her hand stroked what her mouth couldn’t reach.

He let her work him for a moment—**watching the way her heavy tits bounced gently**, how her throat tightened when she swallowed deeper.

But then he snapped.

“Enough Grandma.”

He pulled her up by her arm—rough, commanding—and spun her around.

She gasped as he bent her over a fallen log near the fire, her palms slapping down on the warm bark.

“You want to open me up now?” she panted, looking back at him, eyes blazing.

“Then do it.”

He grabbed her hips—**those full, wide maternal hips built for this**—and slid the head of his cock through her soaked folds.

She was dripping. Ready. Open.

“Look at you Grandma” he muttered, lining up. “Wetter than a goddamn storm.”

“Don’t hold back Noah” she growled. “I can take everything.”

And he gave it to her.

One long, thick thrust.

She cried out, body arching, her back bowing under the stretch.

“Fuck—yes. *Just like that.*”

Noah set a rhythm fast—**deep, heavy strokes**, hips slamming against her ass, the sound of flesh on flesh echoing off the trees. Her heavy breasts bounced with every thrust, nipples grazing bark, moans breaking from her lips like prayer and sin.

“You feel this?” he grunted, slapping her ass.

“This is what you fucking built.”

“Yes,” she moaned. “It’s yours and You’re mine.”

She pushed back against him, greedy for more, her voice wrecked.

“Harder—Noah, fuck your grandma, fuck me like you need it. Like you’re *starving.*”

He grabbed her hair, pulling her head back. His other hand gripped her dangling huge breast—**tight, squeezing that perfect, heavy weight** while he rammed into her.

“You love being used like this,” he snarled in her ear.

“Like a dirty fucking gift.”

“I love it,” she gasped. “I fucking love it—use me, own me—*come in me. Fill my pussy up*”

His pace broke, ragged. He drove in hard, deep, and stayed there—**cock throbbing, unloading inside her in thick, hot waves**, his whole body tight, growling low against her skin.

She groaned with satisfaction, pushing back into him as she took every pulse, every drop.

When he finally stilled, panting, she reached back and touched his thigh.

“That,” she said, voice hoarse, “*was worth every minute* of making you wait.”

He pulled out slowly, cock wet and swollen, and watched her lean against the log, legs shaking, **his cum dripping slowly down her thighs mixed with her own juices.**

She looked back at him, sweaty and glowing.

“You ready to stop pretending now?”

Noah didn’t answer.

He just grabbed her again.

And kissed her like a man who had no more fear left in him.

Chapter 9 – Afterglow and Consequence

The fire was out, but the heat hadn't left.

Not from the air. Not from the ground. **Not from what they'd heard last night.**

The jungle held its breath as the sun cracked over the horizon, mist curling around the edges of the camp. The birds were louder than usual—but not loud enough to drown the sounds still **echoing in everyone's heads.**

The *moans*. The *grunts*. The *rhythmic slap of skin on skin*.

The name—**“Noah”**—gasp and growled like prayer.

It wasn't a mystery. They all knew exactly what had happened.

And with **Evelyn's space empty**, and **Noah's tent still sealed**, no one had to guess.

Tessa sat near the edge of the shelter, legs pulled close to her chest, shirt sticking to her skin. Her curls were tangled, eyes distant.

She hadn't said a word since waking.

She hadn't even looked at Noah.

But she didn't need to. **He could feel her.**

That silence? It wasn't just quiet—it was punishment.

Vivian moved around camp with cold efficiency. She didn't comment. Didn't scold. But her mouth was a flat line and her movements clipped. She avoided her mother entirely. And her son... she didn't so much as glance at him.

Once, she passed by his side while carrying a bucket and muttered, low enough to be missed by most:

“Hope it was worth it.”

He didn't answer. But his silence wasn't shame.

It was **owning it.**

Then there was **Evelyn.**

Glowing. She stood at the fire pit, slicing fruit with one hand, hips swaying, hair loose down her back. Her robe hung open at the thigh, and every movement of her body screamed **satisfaction**.

She was lit from inside—flushed, fed, and fearless.

“Funny how quiet it is,” she said lightly, not looking at anyone.

“Boy becomes a man, and suddenly everyone forgets how to talk.”

No one answered.

But the energy in the camp **shifted**.

She turned and looked straight at Noah. “You hungry, sweetheart?”

He nodded once. “Starving.”

Tessa looked up—finally—and met his eyes.

He didn’t flinch. He didn’t explain. He just **stared back**.

And that was enough to say it all: **He was done pretending**.

The fruit was overripe. Soft and too sweet, but no one complained.

They sat close under the tarp’s edge—bare knees brushing, sun creeping through the gaps. The atmosphere was heavy, not with heat, but with **everything unspoken**.

Tessa sat cross-legged, picking at a mango, lips slick but unmoving. Her tank top was still twisted from sleep, her thighs dusted with sand, hair messy from a night of restless tossing. Her eyes never left her food.

Vivian sat straighter, a little apart, arms folded under her chest. Her blouse clung damp against her breasts, and she kept glancing at the jungle, as if she might rather be in it.

Noah sat in the center.

Relaxed. His arms resting across his thighs, fingers sticky with fruit juice, the cut of his abs visible beneath a sheen of sweat. He didn’t say much—but he didn’t need to.

He was no longer just present.

He was **the center of gravity**.

And Evelyn—goddess of aftermath—was glowing beside him.

She finished slicing a banana with her fingers and leaned over—slow, graceful, dominant in her softness—and pressed her lips to Noah’s.

Open. Full. Possessive.

It wasn't just a kiss. It was a claim.

Noah kissed her back, one hand sliding to her thigh, gripping it just tight enough to say: **I know what this is. I'm not hiding anymore.**

Across from them, **Tessa froze mid-bite.**

Her jaw tensed. Her nostrils flared. She didn't look at them directly, but her eyes cut sideways, burning holes into her grandmother's head.

The kiss ended with a wet sound. Evelyn licked her lips and turned back to her fruit like nothing had happened.

Vivian? She didn't flinch.

She just stood up, wiped her hands on her weathered skirt, and walked away—back straight, jaw tight.

But **Noah didn't follow.**

He watched her go.

Then turned back to their grandmother like **he didn't owe anyone anything.**

And that, more than the kiss, made Tessa's hands **clench into fists.**

The jungle never slept. It breathed. It sweated. It whispered. And that night, it watched.

Camp had gone silent—just the occasional creak of canvas in the wind and the far-off rustle of leaves. But Noah waited outside his tent, shirtless, barefoot, lit only by the low red glow of a dying fire. His muscles were slick with sweat and streaked with dirt, jaw tight, heart already pounding.

She came for him. His Grandmother quiet. Intent. The robe she wore barely clung to her frame, loose at the waist, the fabric damp and thin, clinging to curves that didn't need help to be noticed. Her full G-cup breasts moved with every step—heavy, hypnotic.

He didn't ask what she was doing there. He didn't need to. He knew and he was expecting her.

She stopped in front of him and slowly untied the robe. One tug, and it fell open. She let it slide off her shoulders. It dropped at her feet, soft against the rough ground.

Naked. Bare. Waiting.

Noah let out a breath he hadn't realized he was holding. He reached for her, but didn't kiss her—just grabbed her by the hips and forced her down to the ground, hard enough to hear the breath leave her chest.

She didn't flinch. She lay back, eyes locked on his, spreading her legs like she wanted him to tear her apart.

"You want this Grandma?" he asked. His voice was low, nearly a growl.

"I came for *you*," she said. "Don't hold back."

That was all he needed.

He dropped to his knees and pushed her thighs open with both hands, spreading her wide until she gasped. He didn't start with his cock. He leaned down and licked her first—slow, flat tongue dragging up her already soaking slit.

She cried out and lifted her hips, but he shoved her back down with one hand on her belly, holding her there while he devoured her.

His mouth was relentless—tongue flicking over her clit, lips sucking, then fucking her pussy with his mouth until she was writhing on the mattress he had made with leaves, hands in his hair, pleading.

"Noah—fuck—please, I need—"

He pulled away, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and unbuckled his pants.

"You want your grandson's cock, Then you ask for it."

"I want your cock Sweetie" she panted. "I want it inside me. I want it deep."

He lined up and drove into her in one brutal thrust, and her scream split the stillness of the camp.

She was tight— more tight than she had any right to in this age and wet and greedy. He sank into her like he belonged there.

He didn't ease in. He pounded her from the start, hips snapping forward, balls slapping against her ass. The sounds of their fucking filled the clearing—skin on skin, wet and savage.

She met every thrust with her own, legs wrapped around his waist, heels digging into his back to pull him deeper.

Her breasts bounced wildly with each stroke, nipples swollen and slick with sweat. He leaned down and sucked one into his mouth, biting just enough to make her cry out.

Her nails dragged down his back, marking him.

"You proud of laying down and getting fucked by your own grandson?" he hissed against her throat.

"I'm proud of you," she gasped. "You fuck like you were born to ruin my pussy."

He flipped her over without warning, pressing her face into the leafs as he drove back into her from behind. She cried out again, but arched her back and took him like she wanted more.

He gripped her hips, bruising tight, and slammed into her harder than before.

She came like that—screaming into the night, her body shaking, thighs trembling as her orgasm ripped through her.

But he didn't stop. He pulled her up, chest to back, still buried inside her, and reached around to rub her clit.

"Again," he growled into her ear.

She was already moaning, eyes fluttering, jaw slack.

He kept his rhythm brutal and steady, cock driving up into her as his fingers worked her raw.

Her second orgasm hit fast—violent, all-consuming. She bucked hard against him, gasping, sobbing his name.

Only then did he let go. He slammed into her one last time and came with a deep groan, pulsing inside her, holding her tight as his release spilled out, thick and hot ropes inside her.

They collapsed together, tangled and slick with sweat, sand stuck to their skin, breathing ragged.

For a long moment, neither of them spoke.

Then she turned her face to his, lips brushing his jaw, voice rough but satisfied.

"Now let the others wonder," she whispered, "what it'll be like when *you* take them too."

Noah didn't reply. He just smirked into the dark, already knowing none of them would sleep tonight.

Chapter 10 – A New Order

The morning moved slower than usual.

The heat was already pressing in, but the real weight was in the air—**thick with what had changed**. What could no longer be denied.

Noah sat at the edge of the shelter, bare chest slick with a light sheen of sweat, hair damp, body sprawled in a way that **took up space without apology**. His pants were loose at the

hips, the curve of his V-line cutting deep into his waist. He didn't speak much. He didn't need to.

His presence did all the talking.

Tessa watched from across the camp.

She was chewing something—fruit, maybe—but it didn't reach her throat. Her eyes didn't leave him. Not for a second.

They trailed up his legs, over the way his thighs stretched wide.

They paused at his abs, the way they tightened with each slow breath.

Then higher—to his chest, his arms, his jaw.

And then his **mouth**.

She licked her lips without thinking.

When Noah glanced her way, her breath caught—**visibly**.

And she didn't look away.

Her legs shifted slightly where she sat, the thin cotton of her shorts riding up. One thigh rubbed against the other. Her shirt clung too tightly to her chest now, nipples slightly peaked beneath the fabric.

She didn't try to cover it.

She wanted him to see it.

Vivian moved near the water catch, bent over to scrub something unnecessarily. The angle pushed her breasts forward beneath her blouse, and it had gone nearly translucent with sweat. Every time she shifted, **the fabric pulled tight across her curves**, and her breath faltered when Noah passed behind her.

She didn't turn her head.

Didn't speak. But her **spine straightened**, body subtly presenting.

When she stood, she brushed hair from her face, lips parted as if she were about to say something—but didn't.

Instead, she stole a glance toward her mother and her son.

And her jaw set.

Richard, off in his usual corner, didn't say a word.

But his eyes were open. And they followed the tension like it was smoke.

He saw Noah.

He saw Tessa.

He saw Evelyn, humming to herself as she peeled fruit with a knife and watched the camp like she **owned it all**.

Which, in a way... she did.

Evelyn caught Tessa's stare. And smiled.

No mockery.

Just **knowing**. Then she turned and leaned against Noah's shoulder, whispering something into his ear that made his eyes darken.

Tessa's legs squeezed together. Vivian's hands fumbled the fruit in her palm. And the balance of the camp shifted one notch further. No one said a thing.

But **everyone's body was already speaking**.

The jungle heat never let up. Even at dusk, the air felt **thick enough to drink**.

The group sat scattered around the camp, **pretending not to notice** when Noah and Evelyn rose and slipped away into the trees. No one said anything. But no one missed it either.

They **knew**. Everyone knew what's happening.

The stream lay quiet beneath the low canopy, water glinting silver in the fading light. It was **secluded**, private. Just far enough from camp that their moans wouldn't carry—**not clearly, anyway**.

Evelyn reached the edge first. She didn't speak. Just looked back at him over her shoulder, then untied her robe with **slow, deliberate fingers**.

The fabric slipped down, revealing her **full breasts**—huge, heavy **G-cups** that bounced gently as she moved. Her **nipples were already hard**, tight little peaks on her broad chest.

Anticipating what's to come.

She removed her weathered panties and slid them down, hips swaying, teasing her grandson with the bare view of her **thick ass** before stepping into the water.

Noah didn't hesitate.

He stripped fast, tossing his jeans onto the rocks, cock already **thick and heavy** between his legs. **Eight inches of hard, pulsing need**.

Evelyn stood waist-deep, water lapping at her curves, hair damp and wild. She gave him that **smirk**—the one that always meant **you're mine now**.

Noah waded in, eyes locked on her chest. He didn't even try to hide it. His gaze was glued to her **tits**—round, perfect, glistening in the fading light.

She moved to the shallows, then knelt in the water, letting it rise just above her thighs. Her **breasts jutted out** above the surface—wet, glistening, **nipples poking forward** as if begging for his mouth.

Noah dropped to his knees in front of her, then leaned in and **sucked one deep** into his mouth.

Not a kiss. Not a tease. A full, **greedy pull**.

She gasped sharply, fingers tangling in his hair, **pulling him closer**.

He licked and sucked, tongue dragging around the soft flesh, then locked his lips around her nipple again—**harder** this time.

His hands gripped both breasts, **kneading them**, lifting their weight like he wanted to **own them**.

He moved to the other, sucking hard, **biting gently** at the edge before pulling back and doing it again. Over and over. Like he was **starving for them**.

"Fuck," she whispered, grinding her hips slightly in the stream. "You really **are obsessed** with **your grandma's tits sweetie**."

"Can't help it," he growled. "They're **fucking perfect**."

He sucked again, even **deeper** this time—his mouth wide, lips stretched around her **fat tit**, tongue flicking at her nipple while he **groaned into her flesh**.

Evelyn's eyes fluttered closed. Her breathing turned ragged.

Then she **pushed him back**, hand to his chest, grinning.

"Lie back," she said. "Let me **return the Favor**."

Noah didn't argue. He leaned into the rock behind him, half-sitting, legs spread beneath the water, his cock **jutting up proud and thick**.

Evelyn crawled through the stream, water sliding off her curves as she moved between his thighs. She took his cock in one hand and gave it a slow, **deliberate stroke**—wet, smooth, teasing.

Then she leaned down and **wrapped her lips around the head**.

Noah groaned instantly.

She took more, lips gliding down the shaft inch by inch, tongue swirling under the head. Then **deeper**. Her jaw opened wide, and she pushed past her gag reflex, sliding him **all the way in**.

He felt her moan around him—**vibrations tight and wet**.

Water rushed around her back as she bobbed her head, steady and slow, **working him** like she wanted to leave a mark on his soul.

He looked down at her—hair dark and soaked, cheeks flushed, her **heavy tits swaying** under the water with every motion.

Her lips stretched wide around his cock, eyes locked on his, **full of hunger and heat**.

She depthroated him again, **nose pressed to his base**, moaning with his entire length buried in her throat.

“Fuck, Grandma” he gasped, hand tangling in her wet hair. “You’re gonna make me **lose it**.”

She pulled back slowly, **spit and his precum dripping** from her mouth as she stroked him with one hand.

Then she sucked him deep again—**wet, obscene sounds** filling the air.

Her **breasts brushed his thighs**, soft and warm under the water, nipples dragging across his skin. Every time she pushed down on him, they swayed, jiggled—**those perfect tits driving him wild**.

Noah couldn’t take his eyes off them. He reached down and **grabbed one**, squeezing it as she **moaned around his cock**.

“Gonna come,” he grunted, muscles tensing.

She didn’t stop. She took him deeper, tongue working, hands gripping his thighs as he **bucked into her mouth**.

He came hard, moaning low and rough, **thick spurts spilling down her throat** as she **swallowed everything**.

Only after she pulled off, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand, did she speak again.

“It’s not just about lust anymore,” she said softly. “You know that, right?”

Noah leaned forward, **cupped her breasts**, and kissed her—**slow and deep**.

“I know,” he said. “You’re **mine** now.”

“And you’re theirs,” she whispered. “They just don’t know it yet.”

They stayed in the stream long after, wrapped in the wet silence, both of them knowing the rest of the camp wouldn’t be sleeping easy tonight.

The jungle buzzed low with heat as dusk settled in—soft amber light stretching through the canopy like melted gold. The camp was quiet, but not calm.

They came back just before dusk.

Noah and Evelyn, side by side—bodies still damp from the stream, skin glistening with heat and something more. She wore her robe loosely draped, tied only at the waist. One side had slipped just enough to flash the heavy swell of one bare breast, and she didn't bother to fix it.

Noah walked beside her like a storm about to break. His hand holding his grandmother's ass possessively.

His chest was bare, water still trailing slow down the cut lines of his abs. His jeans rode low, almost recklessly so, every step daring the fabric to slip farther. His eyes were darker than before. Hungrier. *Finished—but not satisfied.*

And everyone saw it.

Tessa, sitting on the edge of the shelter, froze mid-bite.

She watched them like prey watches predators—caught between fear and fascination. Her gaze dragged from her grandmother's smug smile to the lazy flex of her brother's shoulders... then lower. Her breath caught.

There was no point pretending anymore.

He'd **been inside their grandmother.**

He'd **touched every part of her**, sucked on her, filled her—and now he walked back like nothing could touch him.

But it was Tessa his eyes found.

Across the camp, past the quiet, the sweat, the unsaid tension—**he looked straight at her.**

And she didn't look away.

Her legs shifted, slow. One thigh slid over the other. Her lips parted just slightly, breath unsteady, body reacting before her brain caught up.

She stood. Not quickly.

Deliberately.

She held his gaze for three seconds that felt like lightning under the skin. Then she turned. And walked into the trees.

No words. No hesitation. No doubt about what she wanted him to do next.

Noah followed. Not like a man chasing tail. But like a man already invited.

Already chosen.
