

Wrecked Together

KingB

Chapter 1- The Crash

At thirty-eight thousand feet, nothing felt real.

The hum of the private jet was low and constant, smoothing over silence like a hand across silk. The sun had begun to dip behind the curve of the world, casting the cabin in a honeyed glow. Everything—every word, every glance—was touched by it.

The space was beautiful, curated. Cream leather seats, dark wood panels, a stocked bar. They were halfway between California and Japan, but somewhere above the Pacific, the atmosphere inside had shifted.

It wasn't tension exactly. More like heat that hadn't found a place to land.

Noah sat furthest from the cockpit, alone in a wide seat with his legs stretched toward the aisle, headphones around his neck, not playing anything. He wasn't reading. He wasn't sleeping. He was watching.

Not obviously. Just enough to catch the edge of his sister Tessa's leg, where it draped over the armrest across from him—bare and smooth, twitching to some internal rhythm.

His mother Vivian sat closer to the centre, a novel in her lap, sunglasses perched on her head, her posture impossibly relaxed for someone so clearly alert. She turned pages slowly, but her eyes flicked up every so often—to the window, to Tessa, once to Noah.

His Grandmother Evelyn was at the table near the bar, cross-legged, barefoot, a drink in hand. Her hair was tied loosely at the nape of her neck, and her blouse was unbuttoned just enough to show that she didn't care what anyone thought. She said the least, but seemed to know the most.

The patriarch of the family and Noah's father Richard was on a call in the front. He hadn't said much since takeoff. Keeping himself busy with his work as usual.

Outside, the sky was smooth. But Noah could see some clouds in the distance

Inside, the air buzzed with something else entirely. A glance. A stretch. A line unspoken. The flight wasn't long, but it was long enough for truths to start circling the edges. And Noah, quiet and still, had already picked up every one of them.

Noah shifted slightly in his seat, not enough to draw attention—just enough to uncross his ankles and roll his shoulders once. He felt everything. The slow glide of Tessa's thigh, bouncing lightly with her foot as she swung it in the aisle. The curve of his mother's neck, exposed where her silky blouse dipped. The way his grandmother's voice had just enough rasp to make everything she said sound like an inside joke meant only for him.

None of it was overt. That was the worst part. They weren't trying. That made it harder to ignore.

He was used to tension. He could sit in silence longer than most people could hold a thought. But the cabin was warm, and the air recycled too slowly, and his jeans weren't helping. Noah ran a hand through his dark hair and reached for a bottle of water. It was cool against his palm. He didn't drink it.

Across from him, Tessa stretched.

Of course she did. One long, lazy arch of her spine, arms over her head, tank top rising just enough to expose a strip of skin along her ribs and handful boobs trying to pop out. Her oversized shirt was slipping off one shoulder again—she hadn't fixed it in hours. Her shorts were cut high, her legs catching the fading light, all angles and softness.

She caught him looking.

Smirked.

Tessa knew exactly what she was doing. And she knew her big brother saw all of it. She stretched again, slow and deliberate—arms up, spine arched, her boobs lifted toward the cabin lights, oversized T-shirt sliding higher on her thighs. The hem barely covered her shorts, and those barely counted as shorts to begin with—soft cotton, cut high, hugging her hips and nothing else.

No bra. She never wore one on long flights.

Her EE-cup breasts shifted freely beneath the thin fabric, the weight of them more visible than covered, nipples brushing softly against the cotton. The shirt hung off one shoulder, baring the smooth slope of her skin and the hollow where his eyes kept landing.

He didn't look for long.

Tessa turned in her seat, drawing one leg up beside her and folding the other across his line of sight, just enough to frame the inside of her thigh, smooth and warm and lightly flexed. She draped her arm over the seatback, letting her shirt fall just a little more, just enough to tease.

And she smirked. "Comfortable over there, big brother?" she said, voice light, but curling at the edge.

Noah didn't answer. That was his thing. Always quiet. Always unreadable. But she saw the little things. The way his thumb tapped once against the armrest, then stopped. The way his chest rose slightly deeper on his next inhale. The way his gaze flicked to her legs and then didn't quite make it back up.

Tessa leaned forward a little, crossing her arms under her chest—not modest, just cantered—the motion lifting and pressing her breasts together, making the shirt cling tighter.

“You don’t have to be so noble,” she murmured. “We’re not kids anymore.”

Still nothing. But he was listening. She could feel it. That awareness in the air between them, electric and low. She let her body settle sideways again, curling into the seat. The movement tugged her shirt higher, baring more thigh. Her skin was warm, flushed from the heat of the cabin, her breath still a little shallow—not from altitude.

Her eyes stayed on him. Noah’s hand now rested on his leg—close to where his jeans stretched a little tighter than they had before. She noticed. Of course she did.

Her lips curled. She didn’t need him to say it. She wanted him to feel it. Wanted him to snap. Not out of anger but out of need.

She glanced around the cabin. Their Mother sat with her legs crossed elegantly, but her eyes hadn’t been on her book for the last ten minutes. Tessa knew that posture—the composed, chin-lifted kind that meant everything was under control, even if your chest was rising just a little too fast beneath silk.

And her grandmother? she wasn’t even pretending. She was sipping slowly from her glass and watching the entire cabin like she was enjoying a private show. Tessa wasn’t afraid of any of it. She wasn’t afraid of being seen. Wasn’t afraid of wanting her own brother. And she was definitely done pretending her body wasn’t already tuned to his—every curve, every pulse, every inch of her skin aware of him across the aisle. She bit her lip lightly. Let him stew in it.

The altitude wasn’t what made the cabin feel tight. It was the fact that he hadn’t touched her yet.

Vivian turned another page of her book, eyes scanning the same paragraph for the third time. She wasn’t reading. She hadn’t been for the last fifteen minutes.

From where she sat, she could see both of them — Her Daughter Tessa, sprawled with intentional carelessness, her limbs folded into teasing shapes, and her son Noah, stretched long and quiet across the aisle, all calm and restraint, his hands still, his eyes anything but. Vivian’s breath had changed without her permission. It came deeper now, slower. Her body was warm, the silk of her blouse clinging to her just slightly under her arms, across the curve of her voluptuous breasts, down the slender taper of her waist. She shifted in her seat, uncrossing and recrossing her legs—not out of discomfort, but to move. To feel the flex of muscle. The stretch of thigh. The pulse between her legs that wouldn’t entirely go away. She blamed the altitude. But she knew better.

Her son had grown into something impossible. It wasn't just the height. Or the sharp lines of his jaw. Or the way his eyes didn't flinch when they met hers. It was the stillness. The coiled calm, like a man holding the edge of something he hadn't yet released. She'd seen it building over the past year—since he went for his training, since the move, since the last time he'd looked her in the eye and said "yes, ma'am" with the slightest edge of challenge in his voice.

He was her blood, she had birthed him, cared for him. And that made everything worse. Because when her eyes drifted over him now—the slope of his neck, the muscle under that fitted T-shirt, the casual sprawl of his long legs—it didn't feel like guilt. It felt like curiosity getting heavier.

She let her eyes close for a second. Tried to center her breath. But her body didn't lie. Her G-cup maternal milkers lifted with each inhale, the open top button of her blouse gaping a little more each time she leaned forward. She could feel the breeze of the cabin against her skin there, feel the low ache of tension settling deeper between her thighs.

From the corner of her eye, she caught him looking. Not for long.

But long enough.

He didn't stare. He didn't blush.

He looked like a man who already knew what she felt—and was giving her time to say it first. That, more than anything, made her thighs press tighter together.

Tessa laughed suddenly, tossing a comment over her shoulder—something flirty, borderline shameless. Vivian didn't catch the words. She was too busy noticing how Noah didn't even react.

Didn't laugh. Didn't tease. He was looking at her now.

Direct. Still.

Vivian blinked once and looked away. Back to her book. To the same page. The same paragraph. Her finger slid down the margin of the paper like a secret. Her knees pressed together again. She didn't say a word. But she wondered—if this flight was longer... if the cabin lights dimmed just a little more...

Would she stop pretending?

Would he?

Evelyn didn't shift. Didn't stretch. Didn't tease. She didn't need to. She simply sat at the edge of the cabin's table, cross-legged, one bare foot hooked under the opposite thigh, her body draped in loose linen that fell open just enough to say: *I choose to be uncovered*. The soft white fabric clung in places—across the curve of her hip, just below the line of her stomach. And it fell completely open elsewhere: along her thigh, down the inside of her arm, across the deep valley of her unapologetically full boobs. She held a short tumbler in one hand, the other resting lazily across her knee. Her lips were painted with a tone that matched her stillness—muted, but entirely intentional. She hadn't spoken in a while.

But she didn't need to. But She watched.

Her Grandchildren and her daughter. All tangled in their own quiet performances. The heat between them was almost boring in how obvious it was. Almost. Evelyn had been watching them circle each other for months. Tessa, throwing sparks like a girl who didn't yet know the kind of fire she was lighting. Vivian, too elegant for her own desires, suffocating under the weight of her own stillness. And Noah... Noah, that boy, now fully a man, so tightly wound in silence it was a miracle he didn't explode every time someone so much as laughed near him. Evelyn had seen the way he looked at them. And more importantly, she'd seen the way they looked back.

She swirled the liquor in her glass and took another sip. Her tongue grazed her bottom lip, slow. The cabin was warmer now. Not from the sun. From breath and from restraint. Her eyes landed on Noah again—the way he lounged, one ankle over his knee, broad chest rising with every patient breath. The cords in his forearms shifted as he moved. There was nothing boyish left about him. He had the body of a man who knew how to take. And the eyes of someone who was still deciding when to do it. That was the part she liked.

Evelyn tilted her head slightly toward her daughter. She didn't speak. Just smiled. Vivian didn't smile back—but she looked. And that was enough. Then Evelyn looked at Tessa. The girl was practically wrapped around her own legs, the hem of her shirt barely grazing the tops of her thighs now, one shoulder bare, one cheek pink from warmth or thrill or both.

She was bait.

Evelyn smiled at her too. And then... she looked at Noah. Held his gaze across the cabin for just one second longer than polite.

And winked.

Vivian's throat moved, like she'd swallowed something too large. Tessa glanced between them. Noah didn't blink. The silence after that stretched long. And Evelyn, satisfied, leaned back, finishing her drink, her linen robe falling even lower across her thigh.

She didn't cross her legs. She didn't cover her chest.

She simply sat in the open, breathing slow, as the plane hummed toward something no one could name yet. She knew what was coming. She just wondered who would stop pretending first.

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 greying 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 early 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 as, 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.

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, His Family he now had to keep alive.

Chapter 2 – First Shelter, First Shift

The island was quiet. Too quiet. Some 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 centre 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 brooding."

"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, 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 when 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 centre 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 in 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”—gasped 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 centre. 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 centre 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 maternal boons 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 leaf 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 deepthroted 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 cum," 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.

Chapter 11 – Tessa Breaks the Silence

She didn't go far. Just far enough for the trees to swallow her. For the rest of the camp to fade behind vines and shadow. Noah followed the heat she left behind. The faint crush of leaves under bare feet. The thrum in his blood that hadn't slowed since she looked at him like she was ready to burn the jungle down. He found her in a small clearing where the light filtered sharp and gold through the trees. She stood still, back towards him, arms folded tight across her chest—her chest, full and straining under the stretched fabric of a sweat-damp tank top. The outline of her EE-cup breasts was impossible to miss, the fabric clinging like it wanted to come off. Her nipples were sharp against the cotton, her breath fast.

When she heard his footsteps, she turned. Blue eyes blazing. Lips parted.

She didn't speak at first. She let him look. Let him see what he'd been avoiding. Her flushed cheeks. Her wild, dark curls. The sharp rise and fall of her chest. The way her thighs squeezed together beneath short shorts that barely hid the heat pooling between them.

She stepped closer. Just once. "So that's it?" Her voice was low. Flat. But underneath it—fire. "You already gave it to her. You fucked Grandma"

Another step. "What about me?"

Now she was in front of him. So close he could feel the heat rolling off her skin. Her chest brushed his—soft, heavy, hot.

"I want you more than she does."

The words hit like a slap. Not pleading. Not shy. Demanding. Starving. Honest.

And Noah saw it all. Not jealousy. This was Hunger.

The kind that's been waiting too long.

And doesn't ask nicely anymore.

Noah didn't answer right away.

He just stared at her—at the fire building in her eyes, at the rise and fall of her chest, at the way her tank top stretched tight over those perfect, high EE-cup breasts, nipples still hard, still begging for attention. She was flushed, panting, wound like a spring, and so close.

Tessa didn't wait. She grabbed the front of his pants, yanked him forward, and crashed her mouth into his. It wasn't soft. It wasn't careful. It was everything she'd held back for days—teeth, tongue, breathless sounds and wild hands.

Noah staggered back a step, and her body pressed against him—warm, full, hungry. Her chest flattened against his bare skin, and he could feel the weight of her tits pressing into his ribs, her nipples stabbing through the thin fabric like they were trying to cut him.

She moaned into his mouth, tongue sliding against his, hands in his hair, gripping tight. He tried to pull back. He meant to. But her body rolled into him, her hips grinding just enough to make his cock grow hard. She kissed like she meant to ruin his self-control.

And it was working.

"You kissed Grandma in front of me," she breathed against his lips. "Now kiss me like you mean it." Noah growled and spun her around—pinned her back to a tree, one hand catching her wrists, the other gripping her thigh, hiking it up against his hip.

Then he kissed her back—deep, rough, claiming.

Tessa gasped, then melted. Their mouths moved fast—wet, messy, uncoordinated but perfect. She bit his bottom lip, and he pressed harder into her, letting her feel exactly what she was doing to him. Her hands slid under his waistband, fingers splaying across his lower back, nails dragging. Her breasts pressed up against him with every breath, the soft curves spilling out of her top, sweat beading between them.

He kissed down her jaw, her throat, stopping just above her neckline. She arched, offering more. Begging silently.

But he didn't go lower.

Not yet.

"This isn't how you get it," he murmured against her neck, voice gravel and heat.

"Not yet."

She blinked, dazed. Furious. "Then make me earn it," she spat.

His grip on her hip tightened.

She felt his cock—hard, pulsing against her thigh and she smiled.

Tessa stood against the tree, chest heaving, her lips swollen from the kiss, hair wild around her flushed face. Noah stepped back half a pace. His eyes dragged down her body—the way her breasts strained against her tank top, the way her thighs trembled, the way her need hung off her like heat.

And then—

She dropped to her knees. No hesitation. No flirting. Just smooth, quiet surrender. Her hands stayed at her sides. Her gaze rose to meet his.

“Tell me what I have to do Big Brother.”

Her voice was low, rough—wrecked with want. She looked up at him with wide, blue eyes, lips parted, chest rising and falling just fast enough to give her away.

Noah didn’t speak. He just stood over her, letting her feel his silence.

She shifted slightly—knees pressing into the dirt, thighs parting just enough for him to see she wasn’t wearing a bra... and maybe not much else.

“I don’t care if Grandma had you first,” she whispered. “I’m not leaving until you want me more.”

The words hit like a wave hits sand.

And he saw it: she meant it. All of it.

Noah reached down, wrapped one hand around hers, and pulled her up—slow, firm, dominant. Her body slid against his, and she let it. Her hands pressed to his chest, her breath brushing his throat. He kissed her again. But this time...

It was slower. Deeper.

A seal. Not a climax. When he pulled back, his hand stayed at her jaw.

“Good,” he murmured. “Now you’re talking like a grownup.”

Chapter 12 – A Lot of Firsts

They came back just after nightfall.

Noah and Tessa. Together. Hand in Hand. Silent, but charged—like they were carrying the aftershocks of a storm still humming under their skin. Noah walked a half-step behind her,

shirt slung over his shoulder, torso still slick with a layer of sweat. His jeans hung low on his hips, and his jaw was tight—not with restraint, but with control. Claimed control.

Tessa's curls were damp. Her skin flushed. Her tank top clung to her like it had been pulled on in a rush—slightly twisted, slightly stretched. Her full breasts bounced freely beneath it, nipples still stiff under the thin fabric, chest rising in shallow breaths that hadn't quite calmed. Her thighs glistened in the firelight. And every step she took said one thing

She was different now.

Vivian saw it instantly.

She sat near the water barrel, arms folded beneath her chest, her cleavage framed perfectly by a low button-up she hadn't bothered to re-fasten. Her gaze swept over her son first, then down at her daughter's body.

Her lips parted—then closed again. She knew. The bite of it hit deeper than she expected. And it settled in her stomach like a knot she couldn't untangle. But she said nothing.

Evelyn didn't need to ask.

She lounged by the fire, one knee bent, robe falling open across her lap, one breast fully exposed, nipples soft and heavy with satisfaction a few mark of teeth along it. She didn't cover it. She didn't flinch.

She just smiled.

"Well," she murmured, voice lazy and amused, "someone's finally tasting what she's been begging for." Tessa didn't respond. Her eyes flicked toward her mom—but only for a second. Noah stopped beside the fire, grabbing some water from the cup, chest rising slow as he downed half the cup.

Evelyn watched him the whole time. Not jealous. Not insecure. Just... pleased.

Like a queen watching her chosen weapon sharpen with every woman who gave herself to him. Tessa sat on the far side of the fire, cross-legged, arms loose at her sides, her chest still rising and falling with unresolved heat. She didn't look at her mom again. But Vivian was still looking at her.

And the silence between them was louder than any scream.

The fire had settled into quiet orange glow, casting flickers across the camp as the sounds of the jungle took over again. Tessa sat with her knees pulled up, arms loosely wrapped around

them, her hair falling in soft, messy waves over one shoulder. Her cheeks were still flushed, but the fire in her eyes had softened into something else.

Her Grandmother watched her from across the circle—calm, unreadable—until she finally stood.

She didn't approach with drama or purpose. She just walked over and eased herself down next to Tessa, hips brushing, robe slipping at the shoulder but left untouched. Her presence was warm. Solid. Womanly.

They sat like that for a moment, the night humming around them, the fire cracking low. Then Evelyn spoke, voice quiet. Smooth.

"That look on your face," she said. "It's familiar."

Tessa blinked. "What look?"

Evelyn smiled, not teasing—fond.

"The aftershock. The hunger mixed with confusion. Like your body just figured out something your mind wasn't ready to say out loud."

Tessa looked away. Her throat worked, but she didn't speak. Evelyn reached over, gently tucking a wild curl behind her granddaughter's ear.

"It's not a competition, sweetheart."

Tessa's eyes flashed. "Feels like one."

"Of course it does. You think I didn't feel that the first time he kissed me back? When he stopped waiting to be told what to do and started taking what he wanted?"

She exhaled slowly, her gaze drifting toward the fire. "That kind of man doesn't belong to one woman. He *changes* the women around him." Tessa was quiet, her body still, but her breathing betrayed the storm still running under her skin.

Evelyn leaned in just a little, voice soft now. Sincere. "He's going to change you, too. Just don't lose yourself trying to impress him."

"You don't have to become me. You just have to be *his*."

Tessa's eyes glistened, but she didn't cry. She just nodded once. And Evelyn—ever in control—kissed the side of her head gently. "You'll be good for him. Just... don't be afraid to let him wreck you and your pussy a little first."

She stood and walked away, robe falling fully off one shoulder as she disappeared into the shadows. Tessa stayed seated by the fire, heart thudding, her thighs pressing together. And this time, when she closed her eyes, she wasn't thinking about competing.

She was thinking about what came next.

The scent of seared fish drifted over the camp, mixing with ash and salt and the thick, humid breath of jungle air.

Noah sat at the fire, barefoot, bare-chested, forearms glistening from the cleanup. He'd caught the fish himself earlier that day—stripped it, cleaned it, skewered it across a crude spit. Now it crackled above the embers, golden skin blistering as it popped and sizzled.

Vivian sat at some distance feeding Richard. Trying to ignore the world around her.

Tessa sat opposite to her brother, legs tucked under her, hair pushed back in a messy bun, but still loose and wild. Her cheeks were red from the heat—or from what she knew was coming. She barely touched her food.

Her gaze drifted to Noah's hands when he tore the meat free from the skewer—strong, rough, stained from ash and salt—then to his mouth as he bit into it.

Their Grandmother noticed everything. She watched them both from her spot beside the water Bottles, reclining like she didn't have a care in the world. Her robe was still parted low across her chest, the deep swells of her breasts glowing orange in the firelight, soft and natural and unapologetically on display.

But her smile tonight was smaller. Quieter.

And every so often, she glanced at Tessa with something like... approval.

Vivian said little. She ate slowly, eyes darting between them—between her mother's lazy comfort, her son's quiet ownership of the camp, and her daughter's obvious tension.

When Tessa reached for the bowl, her hand trembled slightly.

Vivian noticed. She clenched her jaw. Said nothing.

But the shift was undeniable.

After the meal, Evelyn rose first.

She crossed the fire slowly, then leaned down beside Tessa—just enough for her breath to graze the girl's ear. "He's waiting," she whispered.

Tessa looked up. Evelyn kissed the top of her head again, softer this time.

"Go and don't be afraid"

Tessa stood. Didn't look at anyone. Just turned and disappeared into Noah's tent. Noah waited a few seconds longer, letting the silence settle. Then he stood too.

No words.

Just one last look at Evelyn, who was already curling into her blanket. Her smile deepened.

And Noah walked into the dark.

The tent was dim and quiet, warmed by the day's sun, the air thick with the scent of leaves, sweat, and faint smoke. The jungle pulsed just outside—crickets buzzing, distant animal calls echoing in the dark—but inside, it was still.

Tessa sat on Noah's blanket with her legs folded beneath her, back straight but tense. Her long black hair hung loose around her shoulders, clinging slightly to her skin from the heat. Her tank top was off, balled in her lap, but she still clutched it like a lifeline. Her bare breasts—round, full, soft EE-cups—rose and fell with each breath.

She looked up as Noah stepped inside.

Barefoot. Shirtless. Silent.

His eyes found hers immediately—dark, steady, unblinking. She held his gaze, lips parted, breath shaking. "I want this," she said, almost whispering. "I want you Big Brother"

Noah didn't speak. He knelt in front of his sister, slow and controlled—not to intimidate, but to level with her. He reached up and tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, then leaned in and pressed a gentle kiss to her forehead.

Tessa exhaled, some of the tension draining from her spine. He eased her backward onto the blanket, and she let him guide her without resistance. Her shorts still clung to her hips, but she didn't move to remove them. She watched him. Trusted him.

Noah undressed with quiet purpose—no rush, no dramatic show, just confidence. He unfastened his pants and slid them down, revealing the length of him. Eight inches, thick and heavy, already stiff with need. He let her see all of him. Not just the cock. His chest. His scars. His soul.

He came down over her slowly, bracing his arms on either side of her body, letting her feel the warmth of him, the strength. He kissed her mouth first. Soft. Reverent. Like he was telling her without words that this mattered.

Tessa responded, shy at first, then deeper. Her hands trembled as they touched his shoulders. Noah's palms slid along her sides, her ribs, his thumbs skimming the base of her breasts. She shivered. He cupped one breast with both hands—worshipful, like it deserved full attention. Then the other.

"Beautiful," he murmured. "So fucking beautiful my dear sister."

He took his time. His mouth closed around one pink nipple, sucking gently, then more firmly, his tongue circling, flicking, teasing. Tessa arched. A moan escaped her lips—sharp, surprised, real.

Noah switched to the other, tongue and teeth grazing, sucking deep and slow. His hands kneaded the weight of her chest, pressing, squeezing, thumbs rubbing circles around the swollen peaks. “Please Noah” she whispered, voice barely audible. “Don’t stop Big Brother”

He didn’t. He spent long, drawn-out minutes kissing and sucking her breasts—greedy but controlled, never rushed. Her nipples glistened, taut and reddened from his mouth.

When he finally pulled back, she was panting, eyes glassy, thighs shifting beneath him.

He looked into her face.

“You ready my dear sister?”

Tessa nodded. Her voice caught. Then she steadied. “Yes, Make me yours Big Brother.”

Noah kissed her again—deeper this time, more possession than softness. Then he reached down and hooked his fingers in her shorts, dragging them slowly down her legs, revealing every inch of her.

She was already wet. Visibly. Her pussy eager to have him in her. Without any delay he lined himself up, the head of his cock brushing her entrance.

Tessa inhaled sharply and gripped his forearms. He paused. “You okay Tessa?” worry evident in his voice. She nodded, eyes wide. “Don’t stop.”

He kissed her neck, her collarbone, her lips again—and then pushed inside. Slowly. Carefully. Stretching her inch by inch. Her breath hitched, her body tense, thighs trembling. She winced as she felt her pussy stretching but didn’t pull away. She just held his forearm and looked at his face.

Noah held still, fully buried in her, giving her time to adjust. His hand found hers, fingers lacing together. “You’re doing perfect Dear sister” he whispered. “Your pussy feel fucking incredible.”

Her eyes met his—and something in them softened.

She nodded. “Move. I want to feel you in me.” He began to move. Measured thrusts, smooth and deep, letting her feel the full length of him. She gasped at every roll of his hips, clutching his back, nails dragging down his skin. Her legs wrapped around his waist, pulling him closer, taking him deeper.

Noah groaned low in his throat. Tessa’s pussy was tight, wet, pulsing around his cock, her body practically milking him. He kissed her again—slow, full, possessive—and whispered against her mouth, “You’re mine now Dear Sister.”

Tessa's lips parted. Her voice barely broke through the moan: "I always was Big Brother."

The rhythm built gradually, never frantic. His control held tight, but the intensity grew—the weight of his body, the heat, the sounds of skin and breath and need. She clung to him, every inch of her open, her body surrendering to the pace he set. His cock was knocking on her womb with every thrust. Her first orgasm hit without warning. She gasped, back arching, a soft cry spilling from her throat as she clenched around him.

Noah didn't stop. He groaned, hips stuttering, and came deep inside her, releasing in long, heavy ropes of his cum. He stayed inside her, thick ropes of cum filling her pussy. panting, arms trembling slightly as he held himself up.

Tessa was quiet. Spent. But her eyes were wide and shining. Noah lowered himself gently onto her, their bodies pressed chest to chest, still joined. He didn't pull out.

He kissed her temple.

Their breathing slowed together. Their skin slick, their pulses syncing in the warm dark.

She touched his cheek. "Thank you."

He smiled. "Don't thank me. You gave yourself to me. I just took care of it."

And Tessa knew, he meant every word.

The fire had burned low. Just embers now—slow pulses of red heat beneath crumbling black. Evelyn sat alone, knees drawn in beneath her robe, her shoulders bare, her hair loose around her face. She didn't look tired. If anything, she looked sated. Proud.

From the other side of camp, muffled by canvas and jungle, she could hear the faint rhythm of motion. Breath. Soft sounds, barely there—except she knew exactly what they were.

And whose voice that was, whispering his name like a prayer. She closed her eyes and smiled. Not from jealousy. Not from loss but from completion. This was what she'd wanted all along.

To awaken it in him.

To witness him take.

To teach the others how to fall.

A little farther away, on her mat under the tarp, Vivian lay stiff and silent, eyes open. She heard it too. She heard her daughter's voice—high, breathless. She heard her son's low groan. Felt it like heat beneath her skin.

And she didn't turn over. Didn't cover her ears.

She just lay there—still, breathing slow but shallow—one hand curled tight into the blanket between her thighs. The camp didn't sleep that night.

Not really. Because everyone knew something had changed. And no one—not even the ones who pretended not to care—could stop hearing Noah's name in the dark.

Chapter 13 – Vivian Watches

The camp was already warm when the makeshift flap of Noah's tent lifted. Tessa stepped out first. Her legs were bare, skin still flushed from the night before. Her tank top clung to her chest, stretched thin, her nipples dark against the cotton—bold, unapologetic. Her curls were loose and wild, cheeks still pink with heat, and a sleepy, satisfied grin curved her lips.

She looked like a girl who had finally gotten what she wanted—and planned to keep it.

Her Brother followed behind her, shirtless, low-slung pants riding dangerously down his hips. His hair was tousled, neck marked faintly where Tessa had kissed or bitten too hard. He didn't look tired.

He looked claimed. Fed. Cantered.

Tessa reached for his hand and laced their fingers together. Then—without hesitation—she lifted his knuckles to her lips and kissed them, right in the middle of their camp. Noah let her. He smiled and didn't pull away. Just looked at her, then let his gaze sweep across camp like nothing needed to be explained.

Vivian stood near the water catch, washing a pot. She froze mid-motion. The cloth in her hand dropped into the makeshift basin, splashing water across her wrist—but she didn't move to pick it up. She just watched. Watched Tessa lean into him, pressing her body against Noah's side, her chest smearing sweat against his ribs. Watched him drape an arm across her waist, fingers slipping just beneath the waistband of her panties.

Tessa caught Vivian's stare and smiled. A slow, knowing curve of her lips.

"Morning Mom" she said sweetly.

Vivian said nothing. But her grip on the edge of the basin tightened.

Later that morning, the camp settled into its usual rhythm—if you could call it that. Noah was skinning another fish by the firepit, sweat sliding down his chest as his knife moved with

practiced ease. Evelyn dozed in the shade, robe hanging dangerously open, completely unbothered. Tessa moved through the camp like she'd never belonged anywhere else. Barefoot and Confident.

Wearing nothing but her weathered tank top and panties, hips swaying, thighs brushing. Her nipples were still visibly hard beneath the fabric, but she didn't care. Didn't cover them. If anything, she pushed her shoulders back more when Noah looked up.

She hummed to herself as she walked. There was a bounce in her step, a looseness in her limbs, like her body was still humming from being touched, stretched, filled. Vivian found her near the water stream, crouched down to splash her face.

"Tessa," she said, her voice low, controlled. Tessa turned, blinking water from her lashes.

"Yeah Mom?"

Vivian hesitated—just long enough to betray the conflict behind her calm.

"I just want you to be careful," she said, keeping her voice neutral.

"I know things feel... intense. But this place, this situation—it can confuse what's real and what's impulse."

Tessa stood slowly. The water ran down her thighs, catching on the hem of her panties. She didn't move to dry herself. She just stepped a little closer.

Close enough that her breasts nearly brushed Vivian's breasts.

"You think this is impulse Mom?" she said, tilting her head.

"No. This is what I've always wanted. I wanted Noah to be my first and only for years now"

Vivian's jaw tightened.

"He's not just yours," she said, quieter now.

Tessa smirked. "No. But he's mine enough."

And with that, she turned and walked off, hips swaying, bare cheeks peeking beneath the curve of her panties, tank top clinging to her back.

Vivian stood frozen. Her heart was racing—and she hated that it was. Because Tessa was right and she could already feel what that meant.

Later that night-

The island was thick with heat, even after dark. Leaves hung low and still, the air damp, heavy with scent—sweat, smoke, sex. Vivian moved quietly through camp, barefoot and half-asleep, a tin cup in hand. She needed water. That was all. Just water.

But when she passed near the shelter, she heard it. A sound that didn't belong to the forest.

Low, rhythmic grunts. Wet slaps. A moan—high-pitched, drawn out, unmistakably her mother's. Vivian stopped cold in her tracks. She should've kept walking. She knew that. But her body betrayed her. She turned, heart pounding, and took one cautious step toward the tent.

The flap wasn't fully closed. And that was the moment everything changed. Inside, lit by a dim camping lantern and the pale blue wash of moonlight, Her son lay on his back—naked, powerful, sprawled out like a man born to be worshipped.

And worshipped he was.

Her Mother straddled him, riding his cock slow and deep, her back arched, hair swinging wild around her shoulders. Her large full breasts bounced with every grind of her hips, nipples tight and glistening with sweat. She was moaning openly, shamelessly, like she wanted the whole jungle to hear.

Her thighs flexed with every stroke. Noah's cock disappeared into her again and again—eight thick inches driving into her from below, making her shudder and gasp. But that wasn't what made Vivian gasp. Even if she thought Noah's cock is even bigger than his father's.

It was Tessa. Her Daughter.

Beside them. Also naked. Pale skin glowing under the heat lamp, body flushed with arousal. She was straddling Noah's chest, her round DD-cup breasts swaying freely, her back to Evelyn as if this was routine—as if they'd done this before.

She leaned forward, guiding one of her beautiful soft boob into Noah's mouth. He sucked eagerly, hungrily, like a man who couldn't get enough. His hands gripped her ass, squeezing, guiding her as she rocked slowly against him, his tongue circling her nipple while she moaned his name under her breath.

It was primal. Messy. Beautiful.

Vivian froze in place, body locked, breath held. She should have walked away. Should have yelled. Should have done *something*. But all she did was stare.

Evelyn leaned down, kissing Tessa's back before sitting back upright and grinding harder, her tits bouncing wildly as she rode him. Noah groaned into Tessa's chest, his hands spreading wide across two bodies—one gripping Evelyn's thigh, the other still lost in the softness of Tessa's curves.

The sounds were obscene—wet, rhythmic, real. Skin on skin. Lips on skin. Breath on breath.

Tessa whimpered as Noah pulled her closer, his mouth moving to her other breast, sucking hard now. She bit her lip and rutted against his chest, her slickness gliding over the muscle of his abs.

Evelyn was close—Vivian could tell. Her cries got louder, sharper, her pace faster. She slammed her hips down, bouncing hard on Noah's cock while her hands gripped his shoulders.

Noah broke away from Tessa's chest just long enough to growl, "You want it, Grandma? Take it. Fucking take it."

Vivian's knees nearly buckled.

Her Mother threw her head back and came, screaming, her body shaking, tits bouncing as she lost control completely. She slammed herself down one last time and collapsed onto Noah's chest, breath ragged, skin glowing.

But the night wasn't over.

Tessa leaned down and kissed her. Slow. Deep. The two women melted together, bodies tangled, as Noah reached up and ran his fingers through both of their hair. He was still hard. Still inside his grandmother.

Vivian's thighs pressed together involuntarily. This wasn't a performance. It wasn't for attention. It wasn't even planned. It was real. Raw. Carnal.

And they didn't care who heard them.

Vivian should have run. She should have screamed. But she stood in the dark, silent, eyes wide, pulse racing. Watching. She didn't see how it ended. Didn't wait to watch him fuck Tessa next—though every part of her wanted to.

Instead, she stepped back into the trees. And as she walked to the water, the heat between her legs pulsed with every step.

Vivian lay on her back beneath the tarp shelter, staring up at the dark blur of leaves above. Her husband slept next to her. The night now was humid and quiet, except for the insects and her own breathing—shallow, uneven. Her blanket was tangled around her thighs, her tank top clinging to the sweat along her spine.

She hadn't spoken since slipping back from the edge of the camp. She hadn't closed her eyes. She couldn't. Every time she blinked, she saw it again—Her mother's hips grinding down onto Noah, Tessa's bare chest rising and falling as she gasped his name, Noah's hands gripping both of them like they were his to command.

And the worst part wasn't the shock. It was how her body had responded.

Her thighs were still tight. Her skin still tingled where the air touched it. She shifted on the blanket, closing her eyes, trying to slow her breath. But the image wouldn't leave.

Noah's mouth on Tessa's boobs.

Her Mother's voice breaking.

His name, whispered like worship.

Vivian turned onto her side, face buried in the crook of her arm. Her hand slipped under the blanket—not fast, not deliberate—just... seeking. Her fingers hesitated at the waistband of her own weathered panties.

She swallowed hard.

"Just once," she whispered. "Just to quiet it."

Her palm slid lower. Her breath caught. She moved slowly, ashamed and aching, her mind locked on what she wasn't supposed to feel.

She imagined his mouth.

His hands.

The weight of him, the heat, the way he made them beg. And for the first time, she let herself think—

What if it was me?

Her breath hitched. Her spine arched and she came quietly, face hidden in her pillow, biting her lip until it hurt.

Afterward, she didn't move.

She just lay there in the dark, body trembling, skin damp, heart pounding. And hating that it wasn't enough.

Chapter 14 – Emotional Fractures

The sun was barely over the trees, light slanting through the leaves in pale, fractured beams. The jungle outside hummed with heat, but inside the shelter it was quiet—too quiet.

Vivian sat cross-legged beside Richard's bedroll, a small wooden bowl in her lap. She spooned soft fish into his mouth, one bite at a time, careful not to spill.

He chewed slowly. Watched her.

Her blouse was loose, half-buttoned. Hair pinned back but frizzing in the humidity. She looked tired—tired in a way that had nothing to do with sleep.

She held the next bite in front of his mouth, but he didn't open it.

"Viv," Richard said, voice hoarse but steady. "What's going on out there?"

Vivian blinked. Lowered the spoon a little.

"Out where?"

"With the Kids & your mom."

She looked down at the bowl. Stirred it unnecessarily with the tin spoon.

"It's just the heat. Nerves. Everyone's on edge."

"That's not what I mean."

She gave him the spoon again. This time, he took it.

Chewed. Swallowed.

"I heard them last night," he said quietly. "More than one voice. Tessa. And Evelyn."

Vivian's hand stilled. The bowl dipped slightly in her lap.

"Don't," she said. Not sharp. Just... *tired*.

"You knew already, didn't you?" Richard asked.

Vivian didn't answer.

Richard stared at the roof of the shelter, then turned his head slightly toward her.

"You've been lying to me."

She set the bowl down beside her.

Wiped her hands on her skirt. Avoided his eyes.

"They're adults," she said finally. "They're not doing anything... dangerous."

"But it's not just them," Richard said.

His voice was soft. Not accusing. Just... *sure*.

"It's him."

That word hit her harder than anything else.

Vivian closed her eyes. Took a breath.

"I don't want to talk about Noah."

"But you're thinking about your own son" Richard said gently. "Right now."

She opened her eyes—sharp now, suddenly burning.

"Eat your food."

Richard said nothing else. But his silence felt louder than anything she'd heard in days.

The midday heat pressed down heavy, and camp moved in slow, sticky rhythms—quiet rustling of leaves, soft crackle of fire, the occasional clatter of tin bowls or sticks underfoot.

And then there was Tessa. She didn't move like the rest of them anymore. She didn't drift through the heat. She owned it. She strolled barefoot between the tents, completely nude, her curves catching the light like she wanted it to follow her. Her skin gleamed with sweat, chest high and full, tits bouncing freely with every step. Her hips rolled like she was still being touched—still filled. She wasn't even pretending to hide it.

Vivian watched from the corner of the camp, lips slightly parted, heart hammering in her throat. She'd been trying to focus on rewrapping a bundle of herbs. But the second she saw her daughter's body, loose and glowing and shameless, the task dissolved into background noise.

Tessa walked straight to Noah.

He sat beneath the shade of the canvas, working a fishing spear against a whetstone. His chest was bare, muscles flexing as he moved—slow, confident, relaxed. She didn't ask. She just climbed into his lap.

Straddled him.

Her tits pressed flush against his chest, her thighs wrapping around his waist. She kissed him—open-mouthed, deep, slow, moaning lightly as her hands threaded through his hair. Noah's grip slid to her hips without hesitation, grounding her there. They didn't look around. They didn't care who saw.

Vivian's mouth went dry. She couldn't tear her eyes away.

Tessa leaned back slightly, grinding gently, her head tilted back, throat exposed. Noah's hands slid up her sides, palms grazing her waist, then cupping her tit with full, deliberate confidence.

Tessa laughed softly—low and breathless—then whispered something against his neck that made him smirk. From her distance, Vivian couldn't hear it. But she saw everything. The ease & the ownership.

The way Noah didn't ask permission and Tessa didn't need it.

Vivian swallowed hard. Her thighs pressed together. And still—she watched.

Evelyn lay stretched out on her mat beneath the thickest part of the canopy, half-shaded, half-glowing in the honey-gold of the late afternoon sun. Her robe was draped around her hips, one leg bare to the thigh, her chest rising slow beneath the open collar.

She wasn't asleep. Her eyes were open—watching.

From across the camp, she saw Tessa in Noah's lap again, giggling, flushed, her bare skin pressed against his like she couldn't breathe without him.

And Evelyn smiled. Not with bitterness and certainly not with jealousy. But with something closer to pride. She didn't interrupt. Didn't hover. She let Tessa ride that power high—let her explore the attention, the worship, the dominance Noah gave freely but firmly.

Evelyn's hand drifted across her belly, her fingers resting just below her navel as she sighed quietly.

He's learning and She's falling.

There was no need to chase what she already knew was hers. Because Noah didn't belong to just one woman—and Evelyn had no interest in caging him. She had touched something in him weeks ago—something wild and possessive and primal—and now it was blooming. Watching Tessa experience it was... satisfying.

Still—

Her eyes lingered on the sharp line of his jaw, the way his hand gripped Tessa's thigh like he'd never let go.

She bit her lip softly. She still wanted him. Would always want him. But she would wait.

Let her granddaughter have her turn. Let Noah see what it felt like to truly hold someone in the palm of his hand. And then—when the moment was right— She'd remind him who showed him how to close his fist.

By late afternoon, the camp didn't move unless Noah did.

He sat near the firepit, legs wide, chest bare, sharpening the spear again—its polished tip glinting in the sun. His presence was quiet, but anchored. The kind of stillness that made everyone else unconsciously adjust around him.

Evelyn didn't interrupt. She brought him water when he asked. A hand on his shoulder, brief but warm, before returning to her corner of the camp.

Tessa didn't ask permission anymore. She just climbed into his lap or leaned against his back, letting his hand rest casually on her bare thigh. She followed his gaze like it was instinct. She giggled when he spoke. And when he told her to wait—she waited.

But his mom, Vivian noticed everything. She noticed how no one argued with him anymore. She noticed how he gave orders in quiet tones—*Check the traps. Clean the knives. Bring me more water.* And everyone listened.

No hesitation. No pushback. Just gravity. He didn't posture. He didn't push. But when he stood, everyone shifted. And when he touched someone, they leaned into it like they couldn't breathe without it.

Vivian sat across the clearing near the edge of the tarp, pretending to sort supplies. But her eyes kept drifting. Noah was different now. He didn't hid his dominance. He didn't apologize when his hand slipped under Tessa's waistband—or when she moaned softly into his neck with everyone nearby.

And maybe what scared her most wasn't the boldness. It was how natural it looked. How he made this wild, lawless thing feel like it had always belonged to him.

Night fell with weight. The fire cracked low in the pit, casting amber light over sweat-slick skin and half-glimpsed glances. The air was thick, heavy with woodsmoke, and something else—something feral.

The camp sat in loose silence, bowls passed between laps, hands dipping in and out. Crude spears leaned nearby. The jungle buzzed at the edge, but here... the noise was internal.

Tessa was pressed into Noah's side, one leg draped across his lap, her hair damp with humidity, her lips stained from fire-roasted fruit. She wasn't wearing much—just a long tank top, damp with sweat and so thin it was useless. Her bare thighs gleamed in the firelight, shifting against his leg as she whispered something in his ear that made him smirk.

Vivian sat across from them, trying to eat. Trying to breathe. But she couldn't stop watching.

Tessa's hand slid into Noah's lap.

Slow.

Like she wasn't doing anything unusual. Like she'd done it a hundred times. Noah didn't stop her. Didn't even blink. His arm stayed slung across the back of her hips, relaxed. He chewed, swallowed, then reached for another bite—as if her fingers weren't already moving beneath the fabric of his shorts.

Vivian froze mid-chew.

Her jaw tensed. Her eyes locked on the subtle movements in his lap—on the way Tessa shifted slightly, leaning forward to adjust her grip.

Then the fabric moved.

Just enough.

And Vivian saw it. Noah's cock. Her own son's cock. Thick. Heavy. Resting across his thigh like it belonged there.

Vivian's breath caught. Her makeshift spoon hovered in the air, forgotten. Her daughter giggled quietly, leaned in, and whispered something as she gave him a slow stroke.

And Evelyn saw everything. She sat on the other side of the fire, knees drawn up, robe hanging open around her waist. Her bare leg glowed in the low flame, her breasts spilling from the open front with deliberate carelessness.

She watched the exchange with calm satisfaction.

Noah.

Tessa.

Vivian.

All falling into place. She didn't speak. She just smiled. Like a queen watching the last piece of her game slide into position.

Vivian's eyes never left her son's lap. She knew she should look away. She knew this wasn't just inappropriate—it was madness. But she couldn't stop staring. Couldn't stop wondering what it felt like to have him inside her. To feel that weight. That pressure and that ownership from her own son.

Tessa's hand moved again. Slow. Confident.

Vivian's thighs clenched. Her fingers curled tighter around her bowl. Her cheeks flushed with heat that had nothing to do with the fire.

And then—Tessa looked up. Met her eyes across the flames.

"You're staring Mom" she said sweetly. "Want a closer look?"

Vivian opened her mouth—but nothing came out. She couldn't look away.

Not from her son's body.

Not from her daughter's hand.

Not from her mother's smug, quiet approval.

And in that moment, something inside her cracked. Not loudly But fully.

Chapter 15 – Tessa’s Surrender

The moon was high and white over the ocean, spilling silver light across the water like it had been poured from the sky. The beach was quiet except for the slow pull of the tide, waves curling gently over sand still warm from the day’s heat.

Tessa walked barefoot beside her brother, silent for once. Her tank top clung to her body, damp from the night air, and her thighs brushed with every step. The hem of the tank top swayed around the tops of her legs—nothing underneath it, and she knew he knew.

Noah hadn’t said a word since she asked him to follow her.

But he’d followed.

And now they stood at the edge of the water, waves kissing their toes, the scent of salt thick in the air. Tessa turned to face him, her curls wild and loose down her shoulders, the curve of her boobs visible beneath the thin cotton. Her nipples were hard—whether from the breeze or what she was about to say, she couldn’t tell.

She licked her lips, searching his face. “I need to tell you something Big Brother.”

He didn’t move. Just watched her. His chest was bare, his body cut in shadow and moonlight. Strong. Still. Waiting.

Tessa’s breath shook as she continued. “It didn’t start here. On this island.” She stepped closer—just enough that the tips of her breasts brushed his chest. “I’ve wanted you for a long time, Noah. Back home. When we lived under the same roof.”

His breath deepened.

Her eyes searched his—not begging for permission, just needing to be seen.

“I used to lay in bed and think about you. Wonder what your mouth tasted like. What your hands would feel like on my body. How will your cock feel in me. I touched myself to the sound of your voice through the wall.”

Her voice cracked. Her thighs pressed together instinctively. “I was scared it made me sick. But I didn’t stop.”

She looked down, ashamed—but still proud. Still standing. “I always wanted you to be my first. I just didn’t think I’d ever be brave enough to tell you.”

The wind picked up slightly, brushing her top against her body. It clung to her hips, the dip of her waist, every curve a confession. She looked back up. “But I’m not scared anymore.”

Noah didn't speak right away.

He just looked at her—really looked at her.

At the way her chest rose and fell, nipples pressing hard against the fabric of her tank.

At the tension in her legs, the way her thighs squeezed as if trying to contain what was already pouring out of her.

She had just given him everything.

Not just her body—her secrets. Her shame. Her want.

And she waited—breath held, teeth on lip—for what he would do with it.

Noah stepped forward, slow and deliberate, until there was no space between them. Then he reached up and took her chin in his fingers—firm, but careful.

Tilted her face up. “You’re not broken Dear Sister” he said. His thumb brushed her lower lip.

“You’re honest. Brave. And exactly what I always wanted. You were not the only one who wanted someone forbidden.”

Tessa blinked. Her lips parted. She leaned into his hand without meaning to.

He stepped closer, chest brushing her breasts through the thin top, and bent down—kissing her softly. Not like a tease.

Like a vow.

She melted into it, sighing into his mouth, her hands sliding over his chest, fingers tracing the hard ridges of muscle. His hands went to her waist, pulling her closer until her bare thighs met his, and she whimpered softly at the contact.

He broke the kiss—just barely. “You’re mine now dear Sister” he murmured. “And I take care of what’s mine.” Then he kissed her again—harder this time, slower, deeper.

Like he had all night.

And all of her.

Their mouths were already on each other, hungry and slow, the kiss tasting of salt and heat and need.

Tessa pressed herself against her brother, her bare feet sinking into the warm sand, her tank top clinging damp to her skin. His hands gripped her waist, sliding beneath the thin cotton to trace the bare curve of her back, fingertips hot and insistent.

He kissed her deeper—tongue slow, deliberate—while the ocean whispered behind them, waves lapping the shore like a steady breath.

Tessa moaned softly into his mouth as he tugged the tank top upward. She raised her arms, letting him strip it off her. The fabric fluttered to the ground, forgotten. Her breasts spilled free, full and high—EE-cup, perfectly heavy, nipples already peaked from the breeze. Noah stepped back just slightly to look at her, and his breath caught.

“Jesus,” he murmured. “You’re unreal dear sister”

He reached out and cupped both tits in his hands, thumbs dragging across the swollen tips, and she gasped. Then he leaned in and sucked one into his mouth, slow and greedy, his tongue swirling around her nipple as his other hand squeezed and lifted the soft weight of her chest.

Tessa’s head tipped back, her lips parted in a soundless moan.

His mouth moved to the other breast, kissing, biting gently, then pulling deep again, his groan vibrating through her skin. He was obsessed, taking his time, tongue worshiping every inch as her knees went weak beneath him.

She reached for the button of his jeans with shaky fingers, tugging it open, then unzipping him. His cock sprang free—eight inches, thick and hard all of it for her, the head flushed, already leaking for her.

He shucked his jeans the rest of the way off quickly and stepped out of them. Now they were both naked under the moon, nothing between them but heat and anticipation.

Noah pulled her close again and kissed her hard. His cock pressed against her belly, thick and hot. She reached down and stroked him—slow, wet from her own arousal—and he groaned into her mouth.

Then he dropped to his knees and laid her back on the sand.

Tessa stretched out, hair fanning around her, skin glowing silver in the moonlight. Her thighs parted easily, willingly. She looked up at him with nothing but want.

He moved over her—slow, sure—his body warm and heavy above hers, the tip of his cock gliding through her slick folds of her pussy. Her breath caught. He kissed her again, then pulled back, forehead resting to hers.

“You want me dear sister?”

She nodded, eyes wide. “I’ve always wanted you big brother and only you.”

He pushed inside—slow and steady, letting her feel every inch. She gasped, legs tightening around his waist, one hand gripping his back, the other pressed to the sand.

“God, you feel good,” he groaned. “So fucking good.”

Tessa whimpered as he filled her completely, her pussy stretching to take him. Her hips rolled instinctively, pulling him deeper.

Noah began to move. Not fast. Not rough. Just deep, steady, possessive. Every thrust landed with purpose, hips grinding into hers, their skin sticky with sweat and salt air.

She moaned into his shoulder, her voice soft but wrecked. "Use me big brother."

He slowed and asked "What?"

"I want to belong to you," she whispered. "I want to be yours."

His next thrust went deeper. He stilled inside her.

"Say it again."

"I belong to you big brother" she breathed.

"Louder."

"I belong to you big brother" she cried, her voice breaking, her body arching up into him.

That undid him. He kissed her hard, deep, tongue claiming her mouth as his cock claimed the rest of her. His rhythm built—slow but harder now, more insistent. His hands tangled in her hair, then slid down to her waist, gripping her as he thrust deep again and again.

Tessa's breasts bounced beneath him, heavy and flushed, nipples dragging across his chest. He leaned down and sucked one into his mouth mid-thrust, making her cry out beneath him.

"Fuck," she moaned. "Don't stop."

"I'm not going anywhere," he growled. "You're mine now. I will fuck you for rest of our lives"

Her nails raked down his back. Her legs locked tighter. She was close. He could feel it.

Her orgasm came in a wave—tightening her walls around him, her body shaking, her mouth open in a silent scream. She clung to him like she'd fall apart if he let go.

He followed, groaning deep into her neck, filling her pussy with everything he had, thrusting until there was nothing left but shaking limbs and shallow breaths.

He stayed inside her, chest to chest, their hearts pounding against each other. The waves whispered behind them.

The tide crept up slowly as they lay tangled together on the sand, breath still uneven, skin slick with heat and moonlight.

Tessa was curled against Noah's chest, one leg draped over his thigh, fingers lazily tracing circles across his ribs. Her eyes were half-lidded, lips parted in a sleepy, satisfied smile. Her pussy leaking with their mixed juices.

She looked wrecked but radiant.

“I meant it,” she whispered, her voice thick with exhaustion and pleasure.

“I want to belong to you Big brother”

Noah’s fingers slid through her hair, gentle but firm.

“You already do dear sister”

He kissed her forehead, then her jaw, then lower—not rushed, just marking territory. Her body responded instinctively, hips shifting, breath catching.

Tessa giggled softly against his skin. And felt his cock rising next to her thigh.

“Already?” she teased.

“You think I’m done with you dear sister?” he murmured.

She shivered—not from cold.

The waves kissed their toes. The stars pulsed overhead and somewhere in the dark, they both knew

The night wasn’t over yet.

Chapter 16 – Evelyn Pushes Vivian

The sun hadn’t fully crested the trees yet, but the camp was already warm—humid, heavy, and quiet, save for the occasional rustle of leaves or the distant chirp of jungle birds.

No one spoke. Because everyone had heard.

All night long, the sounds had filled the dark—gasps, moans, the low slap of skin against skin, and Noah’s voice, low and guttural, carrying just far enough through the trees to be unmistakable.

Vivian hadn’t slept. Not really.

She had curled on her bedroll with her back to the fire, eyes shut tight, but every moan from her daughter, every deep, hungry groan from Noah, had seared itself into her skin. She’d clenched her thighs, her fists, her jaw—trying not to feel what her body insisted on feeling.

She’d never heard anything so raw. So real.

So... *unapologetic*.

Evelyn had heard it too. But she hadn’t flinched. She’d just stretched out on her blanket and p[layed with herself with a smile on her face.

And now, morning. The flap of Noah's tent hung loose, fluttering gently in the breeze. Inside, tangled in the mess of their blanket, Tessa and Noah lay naked and asleep. Her body draped across his, one leg thrown over his hips, her cheek on his shoulder. His arm cradled her close, hand still resting possessively on her bare thigh.

Their skin was flushed and marked—faint bruises blooming on hips and collarbones, the ghost of fingers on thighs and ribs. Her breasts rose and fell in slow, even breaths, one nipple brushing his chest with every exhale. His lips were slightly parted, jaw relaxed, utterly spent.

They looked ruined but completely at peace.

Evelyn stood nearby, watching the two of them with a slow, amused smile. There was no judgment in her eyes. Only satisfaction.

Vivian stood a little farther back, arms folded tightly across her chest, lips pressed in a thin line. She didn't speak. Didn't move. Just stared at them.

And even though the noises had stopped hours ago... The ache hadn't.

The stream was shallow that morning, curling around smooth stones and over fallen leaves. Birds chirped softly overhead, and the air smelled of damp moss and ash.

Vivian knelt at the edge, rinsing a tin bowl in slow, absent motions. Her blouse was damp at the hem sticking to her sides, her G cup boobs barely staying in it. Her brow furrowed—not from sun, but from something turning inside her.

Footsteps behind her. She didn't look up. But she knew. Her mother crouched beside her, robe loose, her skin still marked from the nights before—neck flushed, thighs blooming with faint fingerprints. She wasn't hiding the aftermath.

She didn't need to. "Why are you still pretending?" she said softly.

Vivian flinched—just barely. "Pretending what?"

Evelyn scooped water in her hands, let it fall through her fingers. "That you don't want him. That you haven't been watching him. That every sound from that tent last night didn't make your thighs squeeze together."

Vivian stiffened. Her hands stilled in the water. "You're imagining things mother"

Evelyn chuckled—low, knowing. "I'm not the one who lies awake biting my lip in the dark."

Vivian shot her a look—sharp, wounded, defensive. "He's my son." The words came out hollow. Weak.

Evelyn didn't blink "And?"

Vivian opened her mouth. Closed it. The heat of shame curled up her neck.

Evelyn leaned in, voice quiet but cutting. “And you want him more than you ever wanted your husband.”

That one landed.

Vivian jerked her head back slightly. Her lips trembled, but no words came.

Evelyn watched her—calm, unflinching. “You don’t look at Richard the way you look at Noah. You never touched yourself over Richard’s voice. But him? You’ve been trembling for him since the second night.”

Vivian’s eyes welled, but she didn’t cry. She stared into the water like it might drown her.

Evelyn reached out—not to comfort, but to steady. Her hand rested lightly on Vivian’s wrist. “What are you more afraid of—being judged... or being satisfied?”

Silence.

Only the stream whispered back.

The fire had burned down to a soft orange glow, flickering low beneath the night sky. The air was heavy with heat and ash, the kind of thick stillness that pressed against the skin and refused to let go.

Vivian sat alone near the fire.

Blanket pulled over her legs, arms folded tight across her chest, like she could hold herself together just a little longer. Her gaze was locked on the fire—not blinking, not moving—because if she turned her head, if she even shifted slightly, she might have to admit what she was listening to.

But the sounds didn’t stop.

They came from the tent just a few yards away. Rhythmic. Low and carnal. Flesh against flesh. Breath against breath.

And over it— her mother’s voice.

Not screaming. Not loud. But soft and raw, like every sound was being pulled straight from her chest, broken up by slow, heavy gasps. The kind of sound no one could fake. The kind that slipped under the skin and stayed there.

Vivian’s nails dug into her arm. Her jaw clenched. She hadn’t meant to listen. But now she couldn’t stop. Every pause, every sigh, every shift of weight inside the tent sent heat crawling between her ribs, low and unwelcome. She could see the shape of Noah’s silhouette moving behind the canvas. Could hear the way her mother exhaled when he thrust his cock in his grandmother’s pussy.

Vivian squeezed her eyes shut. But it didn't help. Because the images were already there. Burned behind her eyelids. The curve of his back. The strength in his hands. His cock standing ready to claim. The way his voice had sounded wrapped around Tessa's name just two nights ago. She shifted on the blanket. Her thighs pressed together before she realized she'd done it. Her lips parted. And her breath hitched. The noises from the tent didn't stop. They only got slower. Deeper. Fuller. Vivian stared into the fire like it was the only thing keeping her grounded. But the heat licking up from the coals felt no different from the one curling low in her belly.

The fire cracked low, a whisper beneath the weight of the jungle night.

Vivian hadn't moved. She was still seated where she'd been for what felt like hours, staring into the embers, her body tight and locked like a wire drawn too close to snapping. The sounds from the tent had faded, but the echoes lingered—in her chest, in her ears, between her thighs.

And then—

Bare feet padded softly across the dirt. Vivian didn't turn at first. She felt the presence before she saw it.

Tessa.

Naked, Glowing.

Her skin shimmered faintly with sweat, legs streaked with cum, her hair a wild tangle of damp curls down her back. Her thighs bore faint imprints—fingers, maybe—and her lips were swollen, kissed raw.

She looked like she'd just been devoured. Because she had.

Tessa crouched down beside Vivian without a word, then folded her legs beneath her and sat close—too close. Their arms didn't quite touch, but heat rolled off her, humid and ripe with the smell of skin, sweat, and something unmistakably recent.

Vivian didn't look at her daughter. But she could feel her there. Breathing slow. Calm. Wrecked in the most serene way.

"I can hear it in your breathing Mom" Tessa said softly.

Vivian flinched.

"You think you're hiding it, but you're not." Tessa leaned in, lips just shy of Vivian's shoulder
"Your body's already said yes. Your mind's just being stubborn."

Vivian swallowed hard.

The fire cracked again.

“It’s not wrong,” Tessa whispered. “Not here. Not with him.”

“You think you’re keeping something sacred, but all you’re doing is starving yourself.”

Vivian still didn’t speak. But she didn’t pull away.

And when Tessa finally turned her head and pressed a soft, knowing kiss to her shoulder, she shivered.

Chapter 17 – Richard’s Blessing

The shelter was dim, lit only by the flickering glow of the campfire outside. Shadows played along the fabric walls, and somewhere in the trees, a low wind stirred the branches.

Vivian sat beside Richard, cross-legged on the ground, her blouse loose, sleeves rolled up, hair tied back in a messy knot that had started to fall apart.

He lay on the bedding they’d built together—his leg still unmoving, his back propped up just enough to breathe without pain. His skin was pale beneath the firelight. Older. Weaker than she remembered.

Fifty-two days.

That’s how long they’d been here and every day, the guilt had grown heavier. She held a damp cloth in her hands. But she hadn’t touched him with it. Not yet. “I need to say something Richard” she whispered.

Richard turned his head slowly. His expression was unreadable.

Vivian stared down at the cloth. “I haven’t been okay for a while.”

Silence.

“I thought I could hold it. Push it down. Be... better than it. But I’m not.”

Her throat tightened. The cloth trembled in her hands. “I think about him. All the time. Not just what he’s doing with them, but... what I want him to do to *me*.”

Richard exhaled slowly, but didn’t interrupt.

“I hear the way he touches them. The sounds they make when they fuck. The way they look at him.” Her voice broke. She bit the inside of her cheek, then pushed on. “And I hate how much I feel it. In my chest. In my legs. In my pussy I hate that I *want* him. I want my own son.”

She finally looked up, her eyes glassy. "I tried to pray it away. Tried to shut it down. But it's eating me alive."

Silence again.

And then, brokenly— "I love you Richard. But I need something you can't give me anymore."

She wasn't crying. But her voice was so soft it was barely there.

"And I don't think we're getting rescued."

The silence between them stretched long.

Outside the shelter, the fire cracked softly. Distant laughter echoed from the trees—Tessa or Evelyn, maybe both—but in here, there was only stillness. Vivian sat with her hands clenched in her lap, eyes low, breathing shallow like she expected him to break.

But Richard didn't yell. Didn't screamed.

He just looked at his wife for a moment. His face was drawn. Pale. Resigned. "You don't have to explain," he said finally, voice hoarse but calm.

"I've seen it. I've known for a while."

Vivian blinked. "Known what?"

He smiled—a tired, broken smile.

"That you've already left me. Not with your feet, but with everything else."

"You're still here. You cook. You clean. You care for me. But your heart is... somewhere else now. It belongs to our son."

Vivian tried to speak, but nothing came out.

Richard shifted slightly on the bedroll, pain flickering across his face as he adjusted.

"He's a better man than I've ever been," he said.

"You think I don't see it, but I do. He keeps this place together. He keeps *all of you* together."

Vivian's breath hitched.

"You need fulfilment I can't give you anymore. And I'm not going to pretend that doesn't hurt. It does."

He looked her straight in the eye.

"But I want you to be happy. Even if it's not with me."

The words landed like a blow and a balm at once.

"I can't stand. I can't touch you. I can't even hold you the way he could if you asked. But I can still give you this."

He reached for her hand. His hand shaking.

Vivian Took it.

Held it with what little strength he had.

"Go to him, Go to our son, Viv. If that's what your body's screaming for, if that's what makes you feel alive again..."

"...you don't need to carry me to your grave. I release you."

Vivian didn't sob. But she crumpled inward and leaned her forehead against his, closing her eyes as the weight of what he gave her finally settled.

The firepit glowed low and steady, its flames no longer wild—just strong, consistent. The coals pulsed orange beneath flickering tongues of heat, casting soft shadows across the clearing.

Noah sat at the centre of it all. Bare-chested, legs stretched wide just in his weathed shorts, shoulders loose, his body gleamed faintly with sweat. A smear of ash darkened his forearm from where he'd been tending the fire. The curve of his throat glistened in the light, jaw shadowed with the start of a beard.

He looked completely at home. And he wasn't alone. His sister lay against his right side, her head resting on his thigh, one arm draped lazily over his knee. Her bare body was half-covered in a blanket, but her breasts were exposed, rising and falling with her slow, satisfied breaths. There were faint marks along her hips, deepening down toward her thighs—the kind of marks no woman hid when she was proud of how she got them.

His grandmother sat at his left, upright and poised, robe parted carelessly around her waist. Her skin glowed like copper in the firelight. She sipped slowly from a tin cup, one hand resting lightly on Noah's shoulder as she listened to him speak. Her touch wasn't possessive. It was grounded—like she had nothing to prove because she already knew her place.

They weren't performing. They were simply... his.

And then—

Vivian stepped out of the trees. Her blouse clung damp to her sides. Her hair was down, loose for the first time in days. Her cheeks were pink—not just from heat.

She paused. For a long moment, she just stood there.

Noah looked up. Evelyn did too. Tessa stirred but didn't move.

And no one said a word.

Then—without asking, without explaining—Evelyn touched Tessa’s hand, and the two of them rose. Quiet. Graceful. Unbothered. They left their blankets where they were, and drifted into the shadows—leaving Vivian and Noah alone by the fire.

Vivian approached slowly. Her breath was tight. But she didn’t stop. She sat beside him, not quite touching, her hands folded in her lap.

Noah didn’t reach for her. He didn’t need to. After a long silence, he just turned his head slightly, gaze warm and calm.

“You don’t have to say anything Mom.”

Vivian nodded once. Eyes still on the fire. Her body was tense. But she didn’t run.

And for the first time, that was enough.

Chapter 18 – Vivian’s Collapse

The fire had burned down to a steady, amber glow. A low breeze stirred the coals, and above, the moon hung swollen and watchful through breaks in the trees.

Vivian sat beside Noah, just inches away from her son—but it felt like they were separated by miles of silence. Her knees were drawn up, her hands clasped around them. Her blouse clung to her from the heat and sweat, loose at the collar, sleeves rumpled.

She hadn’t spoken since she arrived.

And neither had he.

Noah leaned forward, elbows resting on his knees, gaze fixed on the fire. The flicker of it lit half his face in gold, the other in shadow. His bare chest rose and fell with slow, patient rhythm.

He didn’t look at her. But he didn’t need to.

Vivian’s fingers trembled. She had tried to still them—tried to mask the quickened rise and fall of her chest, the tension in her thighs—but her body wasn’t listening to her anymore.

Finally, the words came, scraped raw from her throat. “I don’t think I can come back if we cross that line.”

Noah blinked once. Slowly. Still not looking at her.

She swallowed hard.

"If I let go..."

"If I let you have me... We won't come back from it."

Another breath. Like it cost her something. "I won't be who I was before. I won't just be your mom anymore"

Noah turned his head. His eyes were calm.

Grounded.

"Then don't," he said softly.

The fire popped. The wind shifted. And in that silence, something cracked open between them—not loud, but *final*.

Vivian's mouth parted. But for once, she had nothing left to argue.

Noah didn't move at first. He just watched her—not demanding, not even coaxing—but like he was reading every shift in her breath, every tremble beneath her skin. Vivian sat frozen, but her chest rose faster now. Her lips were parted. She couldn't look away from his eyes.

They didn't speak. They didn't have to.

Then—slowly, deliberately—Noah reached up and touched her chin with his fingers. Not possessive. Just... steady. Like he was offering something. Something she didn't have to take. But she leaned in. She didn't even realize she was doing it until their foreheads brushed.

Her breath hitched. And then he kissed her.

Not roughly. Not sweetly.

But *completely*.

Vivian inhaled sharply through her nose, and her whole body leaned forward into him like it had been waiting for this single point of contact for weeks. Her hand found his chest, flat against the warm, hard plane of muscle, feeling the slow, strong rhythm of his heart.

His mouth moved over hers with heat and purpose—slow, deep, anchoring.

She melted. Bit by bit, the tension in her spine loosened. Her legs shifted. Her knees fell open just slightly as she pressed closer, fingers curling into his shoulder like she was holding onto the edge of something dangerous.

When he pulled back, just barely, their lips still touched.

Vivian's eyes fluttered open.

Noah's thumb brushed across her cheek, and he looked at her like she was already his—not because he'd taken her, but because she'd offered herself and hadn't even realized it.

“You’re shaking, Mom” he murmured.

Vivian nodded. But she didn’t move away and she didn’t stop him.

The fire crackled behind them, casting warm gold light over Vivian’s skin. The jungle breathed quietly in the background, as if in anticipation of what’s to come but here—on this side of the camp—it felt like the world had narrowed to just the two of them.

She stood still in front of him, chest rising and falling, eyes dark with something between tension and hunger. Her blouse clung to her body, damp with heat and anticipation.

Noah stepped close. He didn’t ask. Didn’t need to.

His fingers found the first button of her blouse. He undid it slowly—then the next, and the next—until the fabric parted down the centre, loose and ready to fall. But he didn’t tear it away. Not yet. He slid the blouse off her shoulders one inch at a time, letting it slip down her arms, watching every inch of skin emerge with reverence. Her mommy milkers rose as the fabric peeled away, exposing the full, heavy swell of her G-cup tits, flushed and trembling slightly with her breath.

She wasn’t wearing a bra. They spilled free—round, soft, mouthwatering, her nipples already peaked, dark and stiff with arousal.

Noah exhaled slowly, eyes devouring her. “Jesus, Mom.”

She shifted under her son’s gaze, but she didn’t cover herself. Not this time.

Noah reached for her, hands sliding up her torso—large palms smoothing over her waist, then up to cup her tits, lifting their weight into his hands, letting his thumbs roll gently across her sensitive tips.

Vivian gasped, her lips parting in surprise at how gentle and hungry it was all at once.

He leaned in and pressed his lips to one nipple—soft at first, then fuller, deeper. He drew it into his mouth and sucked, slow and deliberate, his tongue swirling over the tight bud.

Her knees threatened to give. She gripped his shoulders for balance as he moved to the other tit, biting softly, then kissing the sting away.

“You’ve belonged to me Mom” he murmured against her skin, “since the moment I was born.”

Vivian’s breath hitched. Her eyes closed. She didn’t argue. She couldn’t.

Because it was true.

Noah kissed a slow path between her mommy milkers, down her sternum, hands sliding around her back, guiding her gently to the ground. There was already laid out a blanket

beside the fire—thick enough to cushion, warm from the heat. He lowered her onto it with care, like placing something rare, something breakable.

She lay back, skin glowing in the firelight, her boobs rising and falling, hair fanned out, fully exposed. Vulnerable. Powerful.

Noah stood above her, eyes dragging over every curve. His chest was bare, jeans low on his hips, but his control never slipped. He knelt beside her and let his fingers roam again—down her sides, across her hips, back up to her chest.

Vivian trembled—not from shame. But from the intensity of being seen like this.

His mouth returned to her breasts, kissing, sucking, worshipping her with his tongue until she was writhing beneath him, moaning his name into the firelit dark.

He didn't rush. He wanted her to feel every second of being wanted. Every second of finally being touched the way she deserved.

Vivian lay stretched out on the blanket beside the fire, skin flushed, chest rising and falling with shallow breaths. Her blouse was gone, her tits slick with his attention, her body thrumming from the slow, reverent way Noah had worshipped her boobs like no one ever has.

But he wasn't done.

Noah's mouth left her breasts with a soft, wet sound. He kissed her sternum, her ribs, then her stomach, moving lower with deliberate slowness. His lips traced down her belly, warm and open-mouthed, tongue flicking over sensitive skin.

Vivian arched, just slightly, her thighs shifting apart in anticipation. Her eyes fluttered shut, hands fisting in the blanket beneath her.

Noah's hands slid over her hips, then coaxed her thighs apart, slowly, silently. He kissed the inside of one leg, then the other, lingering at her knee, her inner thigh, right at the crease where her body trembled.

She let out a shaky breath. "Noah..."

He didn't answer. He licked her slowly—just once. Long and flat and deep.

Vivian cried out, the sound raw and unguarded, echoing over the soft crackle of fire and jungle hum.

Noah's tongue circled her clit, patient, unhurried. Then he kissed it—gently, almost reverently—and moved lower, slipping his tongue down to taste her fully. Her Pussy was soaked. Hot. Open. Already unravelling.

One of his fingers joined his mouth, teasing at her entrance. Then another, sliding in with slow, precise pressure as his tongue returned to her clit.

Vivian bucked. “Oh my god—Noah—”

He didn’t let up. He curled his fingers inside her, searching for that perfect spot while his mouth kept working her—slow, steady, never too fast, never rough. He was patient. But cruel in his control.

Vivian gasped, moaned, twisted beneath him. Her hands found his hair, clutching tight, but he didn’t let her grind or rush the rhythm. He held her open with one hand and used his mouth like a slow-burning fuse.

She begged.

Soft at first. “Please...” Then louder. “Noah, I need—please, I need your cock inside me.”

He didn’t move. Just pulled back slightly and blew cool air across her wetness, making her cry out again.

“You want to cum Mom?” he asked, voice low, rough.

She nodded, frantically. “Yes. Please. I can’t—”

“You don’t need to think anymore,” he whispered. “Just give it to me.”

Then his mouth was on her again—sucking hard now, tongue flicking her clit with precision, his fingers curling deep and hitting her just right.

Vivian shattered. Her body arched off the blanket, hips jerking as she came hard, sobbing into her own arm, gasping his name like a prayer. Her thighs clenched around his head, but Noah didn’t stop—not until her whole body was trembling, her orgasm crashing through her in waves. She collapsed back onto the blanket, limp and flushed, tears at the corners of her eyes.

He moved up beside her, kissed her shoulder, and pulled her into his arms.

Vivian didn’t speak. She just clung to him, undone and unguarded, letting herself be held. She’d never been taken like that—without being taken at all.

Vivian lay across his chest, her breath still shaking. Her skin was flushed, damp with sweat, her hair a dark halo fanned across his shoulder. Her thighs still trembled now and then with aftershocks she couldn’t quite suppress, and her nipples brushed lightly against his ribs every time she shifted — sensitive, swollen, claimed.

Noah held her in silence. One hand splayed across the small of her back, fingers curled possessively against her skin. The other traced idle, slow circles over her hip. His chest rose

beneath her cheek in calm, steady rhythm — like he hadn't just unravelled her down to the bone.

And he hadn't even taken her.

Not yet.

But he didn't need to. He had her now.

Completely.

Vivian blinked up at him through half-lidded eyes, still wrecked, still trying to gather herself from wherever she'd fallen. "I've never felt like that," she whispered.

Noah looked down at her, gaze warm and quiet. "That's because you've never been with your son before."

She didn't answer. She didn't have to. She just pressed herself closer, wrapped around him in the glow of the dying fire — no guilt, no doubt, no hesitation — and let him hold her like something he'd earned.

Because he had. And she wasn't coming back from it.

Chapter 19 – The Final Submission

The fire had burned to a soft bed of embers, glowing faint orange beneath the early grey of dawn. The camp was still. Only the sound of the jungle waking slowly filled the air—birds in the trees, a distant breeze curling through the leaves.

Vivian stirred first. She blinked against the pale light, her cheek pressed to warm skin, her breath caught between the steady rise and fall of someone else's chest.

Noah. She was sleeping naked with her own son.

His arm was wrapped around her waist, heavy and sure, fingers splayed across the dip of her lower back. Her bare legs were tangled with his, one knee hooked over his thigh. Her body still hummed from the memory of the night before—not from sex, that has not happened but from the intimacy, the ache, the tension that had finally come undone in his hands.

She hadn't just surrendered. She had collapsed. And now... she was still there. Still wrapped in him. Her skin felt too aware of itself—her tits pressing lightly against his ribs, the cool air brushing across her exposed shoulder, the heat of him surrounding her like a second skin.

He hadn't moved. He slept like a man who had nothing to prove—completely unbothered, completely in control.

Vivian's heart beat harder than she wanted it to. She didn't pull away. Didn't cover herself. She just lay there, letting the stillness stretch. Then she saw movement.

Just beyond the tent flap, near the firepit.

Tessa. Curled on a blanket, awake, smirking as she bit into a piece of fruit. She made no attempt to hide her amusement—or her eyes, which flicked from Vivian's bare shoulder to the way Noah's hand gripped her hip.

Vivian's cheeks flushed.

Tessa winked. Then took another bite and looked away.

The sun rose higher than usual before anyone moved with purpose. The air was thick and damp, the kind of heat that clung to the skin and slowed every breath, made bodies feel heavier, closer.

Vivian spent the day moving—gathering leaves, boiling water, sorting supplies—anything to keep her hands busy. But her focus slipped often. Her body was still humming from the night before, and every time she caught a glimpse of Noah, her chest tightened.

He was shirtless again. His back slick with sweat as he worked at the edge of the trees, driving a stake into the ground for new shelter lines. His muscles flexed with every motion—not showy, just steady, carved into competence.

She wasn't the only one watching. Her mother caught her eye once, while refilling a pot at the stream. Just a glance. Then a slow smile. Not mocking. Just... knowing.

And Tessa?

Her daughter was bold. She floated around camp wearing little more than a cropped top and nothing beneath it, her skin glowing with sun and salt. She whispered in Noah's ear when she passed him, fingers dragging along his shoulder as she went.

Vivian saw the way Noah's eyes followed her, but not hungrily. Like a man who already knew what was his.

And it wasn't just Tessa.

It was all of them. And now... Vivian too.

Every time she came near him, her pulse sped up. Every time he looked at her—just looked—her stomach tightened, her thighs shifted, her breath caught for no good reason at all.

And he knew it.

He never said a word.
Never touched her.
But his eyes never let her go.

The fire was little more than a glow behind her now—coals pulsing quietly in the dark. The camp had gone still, nothing but insects humming softly in the trees. Everyone else had turned in.

Everyone but her. Vivian stepped through the soft flap of Noah's tent.

Inside, the air was warmer, close with the scent of leather, sweat, sex and smoke. A lantern burned low in the corner, casting amber light across the rough canvas and his bare back.

Noah sat cross-legged on the blanket, shirtless, focused. He was sharpening a blade, slow and methodical, his arm flexing with each pass across the stone. He didn't look up. Didn't speak. But she saw the tension ripple through his shoulders the moment he sensed her.

Vivian didn't say a word. She stepped forward and began to undress—gracefully, deliberately, without a hint of hesitation. The soft sound of fabric slipping from her shoulders broke the silence. She let her blouse fall first, baring the soft swell of her G-cup breasts, full and heavy, her nipples already hard from the memories of last night and the weight of her decision. Her skirt came next, gliding down over her hips to pool at her feet.

Noah looked up. His breath caught. He rose slowly to his feet, tool forgotten, his eyes dragging over every inch of her—curves like sculpture, skin flushed, hair loose down her back. His arousal was obvious. His shorts tented sharply, her son's cock thick and ready, restrained only by fabric.

They didn't speak.

Noah stepped toward her, hands open, reverent. He didn't reach for her right away. He let her close the space.

Vivian did.

Their bodies met—bare chest against soft, full breasts, her skin hot against his. She tilted her head slightly, lips parting just enough.

He kissed her. No hunger. No rush. Just heat and reverence. His hands slid up her sides, thumbs grazing the base of her breasts, slow and aching with control.

Vivian pressed closer, her curves molding to his frame, eyes locked on his. She had walked in. She had chosen.

And now, they both knew—there was no turning back.

Vivian didn't say a word. She only moved—slow, sure, burning with quiet purpose. Her body, warm and flushed, pressed fully to Noah's as she leaned into him, straddling his thighs.

The tension between them had thickened to a silence too loud to break. His hands instinctively found her waist as she climbed into his lap, skin against skin, her bare thighs sliding over his, her heavy G-cup breasts brushing his chest.

She wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling herself close, her breath coming faster now. Their foreheads touched. Her mouth hovered over his. Then she reached down between them, wrapped her hand around the base of his cock, and guided him to her entrance. The entrance he once came out from. He was about to go back in.

That moment—the second before—was electric.

Noah gritted his jaw as the head of his cock pressed against her folds. Her pussy was hot. Wet. Trembling. Their eyes locked.

He didn't move.

She did.

Vivian lowered herself onto him in one smooth, breathless motion. Her mouth parted in a silent gasp, the stretch filling her all at once. Her thighs tensed. Her hands clutched at his shoulders. His cock pushed deep, thick and full, opening her slowly, until she was seated completely in his lap, her hips pressed tight against his.

"Fuck," she breathed, voice barely audible. "It's too much— You are stretching my pussy once more Noah"

But she didn't stop. She didn't pull back.

Noah slid one hand around her waist, the other to her breast, cupping the heavy swell, thumb circling her nipple slowly. "You're taking it Mom you are taking your own son's cock" he said low. "And you feel so fucking good."

She moaned—not from pain, but from how much it *was*.

She began to move, just slightly—a slow grind, hips rolling gently as she adjusted to the thick fullness inside her. Her breaths came quicker, sharper. Her nails dug into his shoulders. He was letting her set the rhythm, hands gripping her firmly, holding her to him while she worked herself open around him. Her hips rocked, shallow at first, but building. The tension started in her belly, and it spread fast. Her movements grew more urgent—less controlled, more desperate with every thrust.

Her Mommy milkers bounced with the rhythm, heavy and perfect, one still cradled in his palm. He squeezed it, rolled her nipple between his fingers, and her hips stuttered. She sobbed. Soft, wrecked, uncontrollable. Tears welled in her eyes—not from sadness, but from the sheer, overwhelming release of it. Of finally letting go. Of doing the holiest of the taboo.

Her body rode him hard now, thighs clenching, ass grinding against his lap with every thrust, her wetness slick between them. His cock pulsed inside her, thick and steady, letting her take him, use him.

But he never let go. His hands stayed on her—guiding, holding, claiming, even as she lost herself in the motion.

“Don’t ever stop Noah” she whispered through her sobs, forehead pressed to his.

He didn’t. He held her tighter. Fucked up into her now, slow and deep, meeting every roll of her hips, never rushing, never letting her fall apart alone.

She came hard, body trembling, mouth open in a silent cry, walls tightening around him in rhythmic pulses. But still she rode him, gasping through the waves, taking him through it like she needed it to break her fully.

He kissed her—deep, full, possessive—his hand still at her left boob, still wrapped around her hips like he’d never let her go.

Time blurred.

She didn’t stop. Neither did he. They moved together for hours—sweat-slicked, breathless, wordless. Sometimes she collapsed against his chest, panting, only to rise and start again. Sometimes he held her hips still, grinding into her until she moaned into his neck, shuddering with another release.

There was no end. No rush. Only her body riding his. His hands holding hers. Their eyes locked through everything. When she finally fell still in his arms—used, undone, and full—he kissed her hair, her shoulder, the corner of her mouth. And for the first time in years, she didn’t feel older. She didn’t feel ignored.

She just felt his.

Her skin was slick with sweat, thighs trembling on either side of his lap, her breasts soft and heavy against his chest, still rising with shallow, ragged breaths. Her heartbeat thundered against his.

Noah didn’t speak. He just wrapped his arms around her, one hand stroking slowly down her back—palm wide, firm, grounding. The other slid up into her hair, fingers threading through the damp strands as he pressed a kiss to her temple.

She melted into him, skin flushed and hot, mouth parted against his neck. His cock, still buried inside her, twitched once more—but he didn’t move. Neither did she.

Not anymore.

Her breathing slowed. Her body softened, tension draining from every limb. Her hands stayed curled around his shoulders, as if even now she couldn’t let go.

But she didn't need to go anywhere. Because this was it—the stillness after the storm, the silence after surrender. She'd given him everything. And he had never let her fall.

She didn't speak. She didn't move. Because now, she was exactly where she belonged.

The tent was humid with sweat, sex, and the soft rustle of the wind outside. Moonlight leaked through the canvas in thin silver streaks, casting shadows on Noah's skin — taut, glistening, powerful. Vivian lay draped across his chest, her breath ragged, her skin flushed. She had just unravelled around him, trembling and wild, her thighs still trembling where they straddled his hips.

He held her like something precious but claimed — one hand tangled in her damp hair, the other splayed low on her back. His chest rose slow, deliberate. Beneath her, she could feel the weight of him still hard, still ready, pressed against her thigh like a silent promise.

She shifted, sensitive, spent, but aching for more. She barely had time to breathe before he moved.

Noah rolled them smoothly, like a wave cresting and breaking, pinning her beneath him. His body hovered above hers, arms braced beside her head. His black hair was damp, messy, falling into his eyes — eyes that burned straight through her. Dark. Focused. Possessive.

"We are not done," he said, voice low and rough, like gravel soaked in honey.

Vivian's lips parted. She didn't argue. She couldn't. Her body, her heart — everything in her had already surrendered.

He kissed her — not soft, but slow and deep, devouring. He took her mouth like he took her breath, like he owned every gasp she made. His hands slid down her sides, palms wide and sure, memorizing every curve as if he didn't already know them by heart.

When he nudged her legs apart, she opened willingly, eagerly, a silent offering. He knelt between her thighs, dragging his hands up along the soft flesh of her pussy, worshiping her with a reverence that somehow made it all the more carnal.

"You feel that Mom?" he murmured, brushing [his length] against her entrance, teasing.

"You belong to me like this."

Vivian arched toward him, breath hitching. "Yes, I belong to my son" she whispered, barely audible, voice thick with need.

He entered her in one slow, commanding thrust — His cock deep into her pussy — and the world narrowed to heat and stretch and the sound of both their moans tangled in the air. Her back arched, her fingers clawed at his shoulders, but he didn't rush. Not yet. He wanted her to feel every inch, every deliberate stroke of his dominance.

He began to move — a steady rhythm, deep and anchored, pressing her into the earth beneath them with each thrust. Every time his cock sank in, it was with a possessive growl in his throat and fire in his eyes. Vivian took all of it, eyes wide, mouth open, hair a wild halo around her flushed face. She looked wrecked. Beautifully, completely wrecked.

"Look at me Mom, Look at your own son as he fuck your needy pussy" he commanded.

She did. Their eyes locked. And there, in the rough rhythm of their bodies, something unspoken passed between them — raw and vulnerable. It wasn't just about the sex. It was about being seen, known, claimed in the most human way.

He kissed her again, this time with bruising intensity. One hand slid under her knee, hitching her leg higher as he drove deeper — His cock now bumping to her cervix — forcing a sharp cry from her throat.

Her nails raked down his back, her body rising to meet his every motion. She wasn't just taking it, she was giving herself over entirely, melting into his rhythm, letting her own son use her, guide her, love her in the way only he could.

"I've got you Mom" he murmured into her neck, voice cracked with emotion. "You're mine. Every part of you."

"Yes," she gasped, her voice breaking on the word. "Please—don't stop."

He didn't.

He fucked her like a man starved, like her body was the only thing that had ever made sense. His thrusts grew harder, more desperate, dragging raw moans from her lips as her body tightened around him, building again toward the edge.

"Come for me," he ordered, panting now, sweat dripping onto her chest. "Let me feel you fall apart."

And she did — her pussy milked his cock as her walls trembled in joy — breaking under him with a cry that tore from her soul, nails digging deep as she clung to him. Her release hit like a wave, shattering, soaking, shaking.

Noah wasn't far behind. With a growl and a final thrust, he followed her into the sweet abyss, spilling his taboo seed into her cunt with a force that made the whole tent seem to tremble.

Afterward, they lay tangled together, hearts pounding, bodies slick, breath coming in broken waves. He pressed soft kisses to her forehead, her jaw, the hollow of her throat. One hand stroked her hair, slow and calming.

"You're safe," he whispered. "And you're mine Mom."

She didn't answer. She just curled into him, utterly spent, utterly his.

Chapter 20 – A New Hierarchy

Morning spread slow and golden across the treetops, filtering through the canopy in soft shafts of light. The jungle breathed around them — damp, rich, and alive — but inside the clearing, everything was quiet. Settled.

They moved together now. Not in formation, but in harmony.

Noah sat at the centre of the fire circle, one arm resting across his knee, the other holding a sharpened branch he'd been carving into a new spear. His torso was bare, skin tanned and marked — not with wounds, but with the kinds of signs that came from touch. From hands, mouths, devotion.

His mother passed behind him, hair tied loosely, the curve of her hip visible beneath the light wrap she still sometimes wore. But she didn't cover herself fully anymore. She didn't need to.

She leaned in just enough to brush her lips over his shoulder — a brief, grounding kiss — then continued on to the food prep station, where Evelyn was already stacking cleaned roots in woven leaves. Evelyn gave Vivian a look. Something like approval. Something like respect.

Nearby, Tessa danced barefoot through the grass, pulling down fruit from the low-hanging branches. She wore nothing but a knotted cloth around her chest, more for habit than modesty, and her laugh rang bright through the clearing as she dropped mangoes into a bowl near Noah's feet.

"Caught you watching me again," she teased.

Noah didn't deny it. He just gave her that slight smile — the one that always made her flush and push her luck. And she did, brushing her hand across his thigh as she passed, her fingers lingering longer than necessary.

But no one scolded her. No one had to. Because the balance was intact. He was the centre. And they had each chosen to orbit him.

The stream babbled softly nearby, moonlight rippling off its surface like scattered silver. The jungle breathed around them—alive, distant, and watching—but here, on the smooth rock beside the water, everything was still.

Noah leaned back, legs spread, shirt open and forgotten. Evelyn sat close—robe loose, intentionally undone, her skin bare beneath it, warm from the humid air and his presence.

She glanced up at him with a knowing smile, then leaned in. There was no ceremony to it. No hesitation. Her hand wrapped around the base of his cock—already thick and hard, throbbing with need—and she lowered her mouth onto him with slow, deliberate hunger.

Noah groaned low, hips twitching as her lips slid down his shaft, inch by inch, until he hit the back of her throat. She didn't gag. She took him all in her mouth. Her throat worked as she swallowed around him, her hands braced on his thighs, robe slipping down her shoulders, exposing the full, swaying weight of her G-cup breasts.

Moonlight glazed her body, painting her in cool silver and shadow.

Her mouth moved with rhythm—deep, wet thrusts, cheeks hollowing, spit slicking the base of his cock as she sucked with a kind of calm intensity that only came from knowing exactly what she wanted.

Noah's hands slid into her hair, guiding—not forcing—his jaw tight with restraint. "Fuck... Grandma."

She moaned around him, the vibration making his breath hitch. Her pace quickened, sloppier now, wetter. Her lips stretched wide, her tongue working, throat tightening around him as she sucked him deep, deeper—until he cursed again and held her still.

"I'm gonna cum" he warned, voice rough.

Evelyn didn't pull back. She held him there, moaning as he spilled down her throat, pulse after pulse of heat, her throat working to swallow every drop. Nothing spilled. She pulled back only when he'd finished, licking him clean like it was a gift.

She sat back on her heels, wiping the corner of her mouth with her thumb. Still smiling. Still glowing. And then she leaned into him again, her boobs brushing his arm, her head resting lightly on his shoulder.

The silence between them was warm. Natural. "Noah," she said softly, her voice smooth and unhurried, "you've changed."

He glanced down at her.

"You're not being pulled anymore," she continued. "Not following. Not reacting."

"You're choosing."

Her fingers traced lazy lines on his forearm. Her robe had fallen open completely now, but she made no move to close it. She wasn't exposed. She was in control.

"I'll be stepping back," she said, voice steady. "Not leaving. Not vanishing. I'm still yours when you need me—or when the hunger hits and I can't stay away."

Noah stayed quiet, listening.

“But Vivian...” she smiled, slow and knowing. “Tessa. They still need to be claimed. To be made sure of.”

She tilted her head and looked at him. “I don’t need that anymore. You already ruined me—in all the best ways.”

The words landed with a quiet finality, but no sorrow. Only clarity and strength.

“I got what I wanted” she added. “Now they get their turn.”

He didn’t answer right away. Just let it settle.

Her hand rose to his face. She cradled his jaw gently, then leaned in and kissed him—soft, full, and slow. Not possessive. Not desperate. Just right.

Pride glimmered in her eyes when she pulled back. “You’ve become the man they were waiting for,” she whispered. “And the one I always knew was buried in there.”

Noah nodded—quietly, deeply. His hand reached for hers. Held it. Didn’t let go. They stood together, slow and unhurried, the night around them thick with heat and change.

The hunger would return. For both of them. But for now, this was enough.

Three days later-

Clothing had stopped mattering days ago. Now, under the jungle canopy and the constant hum of heat and life, they barely wore anything at all. Skin gleamed in the sun and moonlight alike—slick with sweat, dirt, water, desire.

Modesty had burned off like morning mist. What remained was raw, unfiltered intimacy.

Vivian braided her mother’s hair one morning while Tessa stirred the cook pot, her bare breasts swaying gently with every slow turn of her wrist. Noah passed behind her, one hand casually sliding over her ass, giving it a possessive squeeze as he kissed the side of her neck.

She leaned into it, smiling, without missing a beat. Touch had become a language. Constant. Casual. Craved.

They bathed together in the stream, bodies pressed side by side. Noah would wash Tessa’s back with slow circles of his palms while Evelyn knelt beside him and ran her tongue over the curve of his hip. Vivian would slip in behind, her G-cup breasts soft against his back, mouth close to his ear.

Sometimes it led to more filthy acts and wet splashes and someone screaming his name into the trees. The air between them was always thick with tension—the good kind. The kind that buzzed on skin and lived in glances.

At night, they curled into one another like animals—naked and tangled, sweat-slicked limbs and steady breath. Noah didn't choose anymore.

He was chosen.

Sometimes Tessa would crawl onto his chest in the dark, guiding him inside her while Evelyn watched, touching herself softly beside them. Sometimes Vivian would slide between them all, take his cock in her mouth before he was fully awake, then ride him slow while the others whispered praise into his neck.

There was no jealousy. No possessiveness. No shame.

Just need.

Shared, spoken, taken.

They worked together in the daylight—building, hauling, gathering food—but the sensual never disappeared. Vivian might bend low to tie something and find Noah's hand sliding between her thighs. Evelyn might climb a tree topless, calling back to Tessa, who watched her with parted lips and heat in her eyes.

They were a unit now. A true Family. A body made of many, pulsing with hunger and trust and something deeper than just sex.

The jungle was no longer the wild part. The wild part was what they had become. And how *natural* it felt.

Chapter 21 – Morning in Paradise

The sky was still pale when Noah stirred.

The fire had burned down to a slow, orange glow, just enough to light the clearing in flickers and shadows. Smoke curled up lazily into the thick canopy above. He didn't need to open his eyes to know they were there.

His sister lay across his chest, her breath warm against his throat, one leg hooked around his waist. Her hair was a damp, dark halo against his skin, her soft DD cup breasts pressing against his ribs with each slow inhale.

His mother was curled at his side, her hand resting over his stomach, thumb tracing absent shapes over the faint trail of hair that led downward. Her lips were close to his skin, just under his ribs, where she'd pressed a kiss hours ago and never moved since.

They were warm, bare, tangled around him like silk and heat. The stillness was perfect. Not the kind that asked to be broken—but the kind that waited, expectant. From across the clearing, Evelyn sat beside the firepit, one knee drawn up, her robe hanging open but unnoticed. Her eyes were on them—not possessive, not envious—just steady. Watching. She looked radiant in the rising light. A little wild. A little worn.

Noah met her gaze, barely lifting his head.

She smiled faintly, then spoke without getting up. “I’ve fed your dad,” she said softly. “He’s resting.”

Noah nodded. The mention of his dad didn’t shatter anything. Not anymore. There were no illusions left between any of them.

Evelyn stirred the coals absently with a stick, then leaned back on her hands, letting the firelight kiss her chest.

“Don’t worry,” she added with a wry smile, “he didn’t ask where you were.”

Noah let out a low breath. Tessa shifted slightly in her sleep, her thigh pressing between his legs, skin-on-skin, her lips brushing his jaw. His mom was already awake—he could tell by her breath, the tension just beneath her touch. But she didn’t speak. Not yet. She simply moved her hand lower, possessively over his hip.

There was no tension. No shame.

Just this bliss of three bodies in the sweat and the smoke and the dawn, breathing the same air, moving toward something that didn’t have a name anymore.

It didn’t need one.

By the time the sun crested the canopy, the camp was already moving. There were no clothes to pull on. No shame to cover. Just skin. Browned and flushed by heat and work and each other.

Noah stepped out of the tent first, barefoot, jaw unshaven, his chest scratched faintly with signs of affection. He stretched, cock still half-hard, not bothering to hide it.

Tessa was walking next to him, hair wild and eyes soft from sleep. She wore nothing but a thin necklace she’d woven from jungle twine. Vivian was just behind her, lazily stretching one leg at a time, her curves thick and glowing, a smirk already on her lips.

They didn’t speak much in the mornings. There was no need. Evelyn passed him a tin cup with water. Her fingers brushed his. The touch lingered—not sexual, not urgent—just full of memory.

She pressed her lips to his cheek as he drank. “You’ve got two hungry ones today,” she murmured, nodding toward Tessa and Vivian. “I’ll gather wood. Feed the fire.” Noah’s hand slid briefly down her waist before she turned and walked off into the trees, naked and unhurried, hips swaying like a woman who didn’t need to be chosen anymore to feel complete.

Around the fire, breakfast was already underway. Nothing complicated. Just hot roots, fruit, some small fish cracked over the flames. Tessa leaned over the pot to stir—her breasts swaying heavily, her thighs still marked with faint red where they’d wrapped around him hours before.

Vivian crouched beside her, cutting something with a blade Noah had sharpened the night before. Her G-cup tits hung loose and full, utterly unbothered by their exposure. She looked over her shoulder and met Noah’s gaze with a heat that didn’t need words.

Touch was constant now. When Noah passed behind Tessa, he let his hand slide between her legs, two fingers tracing the slick he’d left there earlier. She moaned softly and didn’t stop stirring.

Vivian reached back and palmed his cock casually, already hard again from nothing but the air and the scent of their skin. Her thumb brushed the tip. Her smile widened.

There was no jealousy here. No positioning. No competition.

They bathed together in the stream—rubbing oils into each other’s skin, mouths finding soft spots between collarbones and thighs. They worked together in rhythm—a single body made of sweat, desire, and shared need.

Noah didn’t lead them. He was simply claimed, again and again. Surrendered to, worshipped, used. And in return, he gave them everything—his body, his strength, his hunger.

By midmorning, the sun was high, the air thick, the tension unmistakable. Vivian stepped into his arms first. Tessa followed close behind. They didn’t ask. They just took his hands and pulled him toward the shaded grass behind the firepit.

And Noah just smiled. Because this wasn’t about permission anymore. This was the new normal.

They led him past the firepit to a patch of shaded grass, soft underfoot, still damp with morning dew. The jungle heat clung to their skin, making it glisten—breasts, hips, thighs slick with sweat and want.

Noah stood between them, bare, hard, ready. His cock twitched with each heartbeat, thick and heavy, already glistening at the tip.

His mom dropped to her knees first, her full breasts swinging slightly with the motion. Tessa followed, sinking beside her, both women naked, heads bowed—not from submission, but from focus. From hunger.

They looked up at him together. Then, as if drawn by the same need, they leaned forward and began kissing along his thighs, their lips brushing his skin on either side, warm, soft, claiming him inch by inch.

Vivian took the base of his cock in her hand, gave it a slow stroke, and guided the head toward Tessa's waiting mouth. Tessa moaned as she took him in, her lips parting around his shaft. Her throat opened beautifully, welcoming him deep, slow, controlled.

Vivian kissed along his hip, then leaned in and licked along the side of his cock, tongue meeting her daughter's lips as they shared him—wet, messy, perfect.

Noah groaned, one hand in each woman's hair, watching them work in rhythm. Tessa deepthroated him, her eyes watery, her moans vibrating around him. Vivian kissed her jaw, encouraging her daughter. Then she turned to Noah and sucked one of his balls into her mouth, tongue swirling.

It was worship. Filthy, reverent worship. When he couldn't take it anymore, he pulled them back gently.

"Turn around," he said, voice low but demanding. They obeyed immediately.

Both bent forward onto their elbows, side by side, asses high, thighs parted, dripping and waiting.

He decided that sister shall be first. Noah stepped behind her and ran his cock through her folds, smearing her slick along his shaft. She whimpered, body trembling as she braced for him.

He pushed in slow—a deep, steady stretch that made her cry out. "Fuck, yes..."

Vivian, still on her knees beside her, reached over and kissed Tessa's open mouth as Noah began to move. Slow strokes at first, letting her adjust, then faster, harder. His hips slapped against her ass, his cock slick and thick, stretching her deep.

With one hand gripping Tessa's hip, Noah reached out and slid two fingers into their mother's pussy, teasing her soaked pussy as she moaned into Tessa's mouth. Her legs shook. She rocked against his hand, her back arching.

"More," she panted. "Don't be gentle baby."

Tessa came first—a sudden, sharp cry, her body clenching tight around him as her arms gave out beneath her. Noah pulled out as she collapsed onto the grass, still twitching, her cunt dripping with her juices.

Then he turned to his mom. He didn't tease now. He stepped behind her and drove into her in one hard thrust. Vivian gasped—not from pain, but from exactly what she wanted.

"Fucking ruin me," she hissed.

And he did. Noah gripped her hair in one hand, her ass in the other, and fucked her hard, cock slamming into her with savage rhythm, her body rocking forward with every thrust. Her tits bounced violently beneath her, sweat dripping from her spine. She looked back at him, eyes glazed, mouth open.

Tessa crawled back to her knees, leaned forward, and kissed Vivian again—slow, open-mouthed, their bodies moving in sync, lips wet with each other's moans. Vivian came loud—screaming into Tessa's kiss, her thighs shaking, Noah buried deep inside her as her orgasm crashed over them all.

Noah held still, gritting his teeth, and spilled his cum inside her—deep, thick, endless, his body pressed flush to hers as he groaned against her back. They stayed like that, trembling, tangled, the air thick with sweat and sex.

No one spoke for a long moment. Then Tessa curled against his side. Vivian collapsed beside them, one leg over his thigh, her hand draped across his chest.

Noah lay between them, breath shallow, spent and satisfied, claimed and adored. And for the first time in his life, he didn't feel alone.

He felt home.

The world was still.

The jungle hummed in the distance, alive but indifferent. The fire had burned low, just embers glowing quietly behind them. Overhead, the sun filtered through the trees in slivers, warming skin already flushed from sweat and sex.

Noah lay between them—his sister curled against his left side, his mom draped across his right, her thigh hooked over his hip, one hand resting gently on his chest. Their breathing had slowed. Their bodies had cooled. But the scent of them—of arousal and heat and salt—still hung thick in the air. Noah blinked up at the canopy, too spent to speak. His arms were around them both, his body loose and heavy, utterly used. He wasn't thinking. He didn't have to.

Tessa murmured something unintelligible into his shoulder, nuzzling closer. Her fingers trailed lazy circles along his ribs, the soft curve of her breast pressed to his side, skin still damp and glowing.

Vivian exhaled a soft laugh and kissed the hollow of his throat, her hand brushing down his chest, resting just above his heart. "I think we broke you," she whispered.

Noah smiled faintly but didn't answer. They didn't need words. Not anymore. The camp was quiet. Nothing stirred but the wind and the warmth of shared breath.

Evelyn appeared briefly at the edge of the clearing, naked, arms full of gathered kindling. She took one look at the three of them sprawled in the grass and just smiled—soft, knowing, proud. She didn't interrupt. She laid the wood gently by the firepit, stirred the embers to life with a few quiet movements, and disappeared again into the trees. There was no jealousy. No awkwardness. Just understanding.

Vivian shifted slightly, letting out a slow, satisfied sigh. Tessa closed her eyes, fingers now tracing Noah's jaw.

He looked between them—one woman who had taught him surrender, and one who had pulled him deeper into himself. Both had taken him. And both had given him something back.

He didn't feel claimed. He felt *kept*. Owned in the best way. The sex was raw. The pleasure had been intense. But this—this peace—was what broke him open. Noah let his eyes close, his arms tightening around them both. The jungle could have swallowed them whole and he wouldn't have moved.

Because this was paradise. And for now, he was exactly where he belonged.

Chapter 22 – The New Normal

Ninety days. That's how long it had been.

Three full months since the crash. Since the world they knew cracked apart and dropped them into heat and sand and fire. And now, somehow, this jungle—this wild place they had once feared—felt more like home than the life they'd left behind.

The old world had receded like a fading bruise.

Noah barely thought about it anymore. The noise. The clocks. The guilt. Now he woke up to breath against his chest, thighs tangled with his, skin slick with sweat from the night before. Their camp had changed too. No longer makeshift, no longer temporary.

There were structures now. Raised beds lined with woven leaves. A proper cooking pit, lined with blackened stones. Small gardens they'd carved out of the forest floor, sprouting with roots and green shoots that eventually will feed them.

Everything worked because they did. Together. The sky overhead was soft with morning haze. The heat was coming, but for now it was gentle.

Noah sat near the stream, sharpening a blade with practiced ease, the sound of stone on steel soothing and steady. He was naked. So was everyone else. Modesty had died weeks ago. Now their skin was just another surface—another way to communicate, to feel, to *belong*.

Behind him, laughter. Tessa stood waist-deep in the stream, her long legs shimmering under the current, water clinging to her breasts, hair slicked back. Vivian lay on a flat rock nearby, sunning her tanned skin, one arm draped over her eyes, her full chest rising and falling with slow, unbothered breath.

Evelyn was gutting a fruit by the fire, her body relaxed, robe untied and useless. She popped a piece in her mouth, licked the juice from her fingers, and didn't glance up when Noah passed behind her and kissed her bare shoulder in thanks.

This was the new rhythm. Sex wasn't eventful anymore—it was elemental.

Sometimes he woke with a mouth around his cock and hands teasing his chest. Sometimes he reached for Tessa while she stretched in the sun and pulled her onto his lap before they said a single word. Sometimes all three women touched each other before they ever touched him.

And sometimes it was nothing but a glance across the clearing, a look that said: *Come. I want.*

And he did. They didn't keep secrets. Didn't play roles. They survived together. Fucked together. Cried together. Ate from the same fire and slept in the same sweat-soaked beds. And now—90 days later—the jungle wasn't the dangerous part anymore. The wild part was them.

By midmorning, the camp pulsed with movement—but none of it rushed. Bodies moved like they'd been doing this forever.

Tessa hauled a water jug from the stream, droplets running down her arms, her nude frame catching the light as she tipped it into the wooden basin. Her breasts swayed with each lift, nipples flushed and soft from the cool splash. She didn't bother covering them. No one did.

Vivian crouched nearby, grinding herbs with the base of a carved rock, her thick thighs parted for balance, her G-cup breasts resting gently on her knees, sweat gleaming in the curve of her cleavage. Noah passed behind her and ran a hand over her ass—firm, slow, proprietary. She smirked, never breaking rhythm.

From the firepit, Evelyn watched it all unfold. Her robe lay draped over a log, untouched. She sat cross-legged, eating from a bowl of fruit, eyes steady but soft. She'd already had Noah that morning—taken him with quiet authority in the tall grass before dawn, riding him slow and deep until she came around him with a cry muffled into his neck.

There was no awkwardness. No lines to manage. Sex lived here the way air did. Constant. Vital. Unashamed.

Noah wiped his forearm with a rag and sat near the fire, back straight, cock still semi-hard from nothing but watching them move. There was no urgency to it—only readiness.

Tessa dropped beside him, straddling his thigh, wrapping her arms lazily around his neck.

“You’re staring at my tits again,” she said, smiling.

“You’re giving me things to stare at.”

She rolled her hips slightly against his leg. Just once. Just enough to make him shift under her. Vivian glanced up from her work and caught the motion. “At least wait until after lunch.”

“I’m not hungry Mom” Tessa replied, nuzzling into Noah’s neck.

Vivian snorted. “Not for food, anyway.”

Even teasing was slow here. Warm. Earned. Later, while preparing the midday meal, Evelyn walked behind Noah and ran her fingernails down his back—just lightly, just enough to make his eyes close and his cock swell again. No announcement. No ask. Just connection.

At dusk, someone would take him again. Or two would.

Sometimes, all of them. There had been nights when Vivian rode him while Tessa kissed his chest, and Evelyn sat on his face with quiet grace until they all collapsed into one sweating, shaking heap.

But it wasn’t about indulgence. It wasn’t even about lust. It was about gravity. How they held each other. How they survived together in touch. Even when there was no fucking, there was closeness. Tessa brushing sweat from his brow with her breast pressed to his arm. Vivian wrapping herself around him in sleep. Evelyn handing him a sharpened stick, their fingers brushing for just a second longer than needed.

They cleaned each other. They braided each other’s hair. They moaned, and they whispered, and sometimes they just breathed together in the dark.

A living rhythm of hands, mouths, shared air, and silent understanding.

And beneath all that—growing, waiting—was something deeper still. A hunger he hadn’t touched yet. But Evelyn had seen it. And that night, she would finally say the words.

The fire had burned down to glowing embers. The others were asleep in a lazy tangle of limbs, bodies slick from the long, humid day.

But Noah wasn’t tired.

He lay with his head in his grandmother's lap, eyes half-closed, lips wrapped around her nipple, slowly sucking—not out of hunger, but reverence. Her G-cup breasts were full and warm, her skin tasting like salt and smoke, her fingers threading through his hair with quiet focus.

She sat cross-legged, bare, her spine straight, gaze fixed on the coals. "You've changed my sweet boy" she said softly, the first words spoken in a while. "You don't even realize how much."

Noah didn't reply. His mouth was too busy. He sucked gently, tongue circling the tip of her breast, teeth grazing just enough to make her exhale.

"I remember the first time I touched you," Evelyn continued, stroking his scalp. "You flinched."

He groaned quietly and sucked harder. Her nipple slipped past his lips, wet and reddened, before he moved to the other breast and took it just as slowly, tongue dragging over the soft swell as she shivered beneath him.

"But now..." she said, voice deeper, darker. "You're being careful. You're holding back."

He paused. Lifted his head.

Evelyn looked down at him, her face soft but certain. "There's more in you. I see it in the way your hands hover before they grip. The way you look at Tessa like she's breakable—when what she really wants is to be *used*."

Noah sat up slightly, resting on his elbow between her legs, his hand cupping one breast, thumb stroking lazily over her nipple.

"She hasn't asked," he murmured.

"She won't," Evelyn said. "She'll beg while you're inside her without words, and you'll hear it—but she won't say it."

Her legs opened a little wider. Not a challenge. Just ease. Invitation. "You think dominance means pushing them. It doesn't. It means reading them." Her voice dropped lower. "It means *knowing*."

Noah's fingers found her again, stroking down her thigh, spreading over her mound without pressing. Just holding her there.

Evelyn exhaled. "They trust you. All of us do. You've *earned* it. But trust isn't the end of it, Noah."

He looked up at her.

"It's the beginning," she said.

He bent again, this time taking her whole nipple into his mouth, sucking slow and deep, groaning as his hand pressed tighter between her thighs.

She let him take what he wanted. Her head tilted back slightly, her lips parting as his tongue swirled over her nipple, teasing and claiming.

"I've had my share of rough," she murmured. "But what you have in you—it's not just rough. It's *control*. Real power."

His mouth left her breast with a wet sound. His hand stayed on her. His fingers pressed deeper now, just grazing her slit.

She shivered.

He spoke low, against her skin. "So what are you saying?"

"I'm saying..." She leaned forward, cupped his jaw. "Push them. Start with your sister. Give her what she really wants"

He stared at her, heat blooming under his skin.

"And if I go too far?"

Her eyes didn't flinch. "You won't. That's the thing. You've always been careful. Now it's time to be cruel—with love."

She kissed him then—slow and full, her lips tasting like smoke and fruit and the past. Not claiming. Not goodbye.

Just a queen passing the torch to her king.

She pulled back, smiling slightly. "They all want to be owned," she whispered. "You've been giving them love. Now give them what they *ache* for."

Noah nodded slowly. He didn't have to speak. The decision was already made.

Tonight, it would begin.

The tent was dim, quiet, thick with heat and breath.

Tessa stood at the centre, naked but not shy—her skin flushed, breasts rising and falling with anticipation, nipples tight, thighs already slick with need. Her EE-cup tits bounced slightly with every slow breath, the moonlight outside catching the soft curve of her hips, the delicate sheen of sweat across her chest.

Noah was behind her—bare, silent, coiled with intent. He took his time tying her wrists. Two strips of torn cloth—soft but strong—looped around her arms, secured to the central post inside the tent. Not tight enough to hurt. But firm enough that she couldn't pull away.

She didn't try. She stood still, arms above her head, spine arched, back exposed to him. Waiting. Trusting.

Noah stepped closer and dragged his hands down her sides, pausing to cup her waist, then trace his thumbs just beneath the under-curve of her breasts.

Tessa trembled.

He kissed her shoulder. Then her neck. Then whispered, "Safe word?"

"Red," she breathed.

"And you'll use it?"

"If I need to." She replied with a smile.

His hand slid between her legs, cupping her pussy from behind. She gasped—already soaked, already aching for him. "I think," he said, his voice low and rough, "you want to be ruined tonight."

"I want to be yours Big Brother" she whispered. "Fully."

That was all it took. Noah grabbed her hips, turned her gently to face the post, and dropped to his knees behind her. His hands slid up her thighs, spreading them wider. Then he leaned in and licked her, long and slow, from slit to her clit.

Tessa cried out, arms tugging at the bindings, head falling back.

He sucked her gently at first—teasing licks, soft kisses, building her with unbearable patience. His tongue circled her clit, then pulled back. Returned. Denied her again.

She whimpered. "Please..."

"You'll cum on my cock," he said.

He stood behind her, lined himself up—and then, with one steady push, slid inside her deep. Tessa's whole body shook. She was tight. So tight it made him groan, burying himself to the hilt, her walls stretching around every inch of him.

"Fuck—Noah..."

"You're taking it dear sister" he growled, thrusting slowly, his cock thick and pulsing inside her. "Every fucking inch."

She gasped, her wrists straining, tits bouncing wildly as he started to move. Noah gripped her hips with both hands and slammed into her, again and again, rough and deep, the sound of skin on skin echoing inside the tent. Her moans turned into cries, broken and breathless.

"Is this what you needed?" he hissed in her ear.

"Yes—fuck, yes—harder—"

He took her like he owned her—rough, relentless, but never cruel. He kissed her shoulder even as he fucked her hard. One hand came around to grab her bouncing tit, squeezing it, twisting her nipple while he pounded into her from behind.

Her legs shook. She was unravelling. “Don’t stop—don’t stop—”

He didn’t. He shifted his angle, found her spot, and ground into it with sharp, deliberate strokes. Tessa sobbed—fully undone, fully taken, her voice cracking as her orgasm hit like a shockwave. She came screaming, body convulsing, wrists jerking at the restraints, her pussy clenching around him so tight he nearly lost control. But Noah wasn’t done. He pulled out just long enough to spin her around, her wrists still tied, her breasts heaving. He kissed her—deep, desperate, full of fire and devotion—then lifted one of her legs over his hip and pushed back into her in one smooth, punishing thrust. Tessa cried out, her head falling forward against his chest.

He held her there, fucked her hard and fast, her tits bouncing between them, her moans turning to whimpers. He came with a growl, buried inside her, hips grinding, cock pulsing deep, filling her. They collapsed into each other, breath tangled, sweat dripping.

Noah untied her wrists slowly, kissed each one. She didn’t speak. Just pressed her forehead to his and whispered: “I’ve never felt more yours.” He kissed her, gently now, and laid her down in the nest of blankets. Tessa curled against him, spent and smiling, his cum leaking down her thigh. And Noah held her—The man she begged for, the man she trusted to break her open.

Chapter 23 – Evelyn’s Submission

The sun was high and relentless, filtering down in thick golden beams through the canopy. Noah walked barefoot up the trail toward camp, spear in one hand, three gutted fish strung through the end, blood dripping steadily behind him. His chest gleamed with sweat, every muscle lined in shadow and light, his jaw tight, his eyes unreadable.

He didn’t move like a survivor anymore. He moved like he owned the land beneath his feet. The jungle no longer fought him—it fed him. And every step he took back toward camp felt quieter. Sharper. Tessa and Vivian’s laughter floated from the streambed to his left—light, distant, echoing off the rocks. He didn’t stop. Didn’t look.

He already knew where they were. Where they’d stay for a while longer. Which meant he knew who would be waiting. The clearing opened around him, and the camp came into view.

Shelters. Firepit. The soft hiss of flame and his grandmother.

Evelyn sat in the shade, half-reclined against a carved log, nude, calm, and watching. Her legs were folded beneath her, skin kissed golden by the sun, her dark hair pulled up, neck bare and elegant. A half-eaten bowl of fruit sat beside her. Her lips were still wet from it.

She didn't move when he stepped into the light. She just looked up at him. That look wasn't casual. It held the weight of something unspoken between them. Something that had been building for weeks. Maybe longer.

Her gaze travelled down his chest, over his stomach, to the bulge in his pants—already stiffening from the heat, the walk, the sight of her. Then to the fish. Then back to his face.

Noah set the spear down next to the hut. Not rough, not slow.

Just final.

Then he straightened to his full height. And Evelyn... didn't move. She didn't rise. Didn't speak. Didn't smile. But her legs shifted slightly. Her posture opened. Her breath deepened. Noah stepped forward, bare feet silent against the packed dirt. For the first time, he didn't approach Evelyn like a man being invited. He came to her like a man ready to take what had always been his.

Noah said nothing. He closed the distance between them, his body taut with heat and intent, the weight of him heavy in the space around her.

Evelyn didn't look away. She watched him the way a woman watches a storm she's finally ready to walk into—not with fear, but with need. Her lips parted as he came to stand in front of her. She was still sitting, legs folded beneath her, her G-cup breasts hanging full and natural, soft and flushed from the heat, nipples already stiff. He stared down at her for a long moment. Then reached for her hair. His fingers slid into the thick, slightly damp strands and gripped—not to hurt, but to command. He tilted her head back, forcing her to look up at him.

Her breath hitched. Still, she didn't flinch. He lowered his mouth and kissed her—not tender, not slow—*claiming*. His tongue pushed past her lips, and she moaned into it, her hands coming up instinctively to grab his forearms. But he didn't let her lead like she usually did. Noah broke the kiss, grabbed her by the waist, and pulled her roughly to her knees.

"Bend over" he said. His voice was low. Controlled. A warning. A promise.

She hesitated for half a second—not out of resistance, but out of shock. This was different. And then she turned. On her hands and knees now, knees wide in the sand, her hips angled up, her ass round and high, her breasts swinging beneath her with each breath, Evelyn braced herself.

Noah knelt behind her. Ran both hands over her ass, squeezing, spreading, his cock pressing hard against the seam of his pants. She gasped as his hand came down in a firm, open slap—not brutal, but decisive.

Then he leaned over her back, lips close to her ear. “You’ve taken control of everything your whole life,” he growled. “But today...” He grabbed her hips, lined himself up. “Today, you’re mine.” He pulled his cock out and lined it on her slit. And he thrust into her in one smooth, devastating motion.

Evelyn cried out—a sharp, open sound as he buried his cock to the hilt. Her pussy was hot and dripping already. Noah gritted his teeth and began to move—hard, deep strokes, his hands gripping her hips like he might never let go. Her breasts bounced with every thrust, skin slapping skin, moans pouring from her throat, raw and unguarded.

“Yes—fuck—Noah—” she gasped, her nails clawing into the blanket beneath them.

He reached forward, grabbed her bouncing maternal tit in one hand—cupping the heavy swell, then pulling her back against him with each thrust. Her body shook under him.

“You’ve wanted this,” he said, panting. “Needed to be fucked properly.”

“Yes—yes—harder—don’t stop—”

He didn’t. His cock slammed into her, again and again, his thighs slapping her ass, the sound of it echoing off the firepit stones. Her breath was ragged now, her hair falling into her face, tears already brimming in her eyes.

“Say it,” he demanded, hand sliding to her throat. Not choking—just holding.

She moaned, voice shaking. “I didn’t know I needed this,” she whispered. “I didn’t know—until now...” He bent over her again, one hand in her hair, the other gripping her tit, fucking her with everything he had, grinding deep as she started to unravel. Her orgasm ripped through her—violent, uncontrollable. She collapsed forward, her body still twitching, her cunt clenching around him in pulsing waves.

Noah followed with a groan, burying himself to the root, his cum spilling deep inside her as his grip tightened one last time. They stayed like that for a moment—fused, trembling, breathing each other in. Then slowly, Noah pulled out, breathing hard.

Evelyn collapsed onto her side, face pressed into her arm, and began to cry. Not from pain. Not from fear. From finally letting go. Noah knelt beside her, pulled her into his lap, and wrapped her in his arms. He kissed her temple, her shoulder, the top of her spine. She clung to him, silently sobbing into his neck.

Evelyn trembled in Noah’s lap, her body slack, skin still flushed and marked from where his hands had held her, taken her, worshipped her. Her breath came in broken waves against his

throat. And then the tears came—not quiet, not dainty. Deep, wracking sobs pulled from a place she hadn’t touched in years.

He didn’t ask her to stop. He didn’t shush her. He just held her tighter, one hand splayed over her bare back, the other cradling her head gently against his chest. His cock, still wet and softening, rested against her thigh, forgotten. His heartbeat thundered beneath her cheek, steady and calm.

Evelyn’s hands clung to his shoulders, her nails digging in just enough to anchor herself.

And when she could finally speak, her voice was low and cracked. “I didn’t know I needed that,” she whispered. “Not like that. Not that much.” Noah pressed a kiss to her damp temple. “You’ve been carrying everything alone grandma” he murmured. “Too long. Too hard.”

Her fingers curled tighter. “I didn’t know how to let go,” she admitted. “Not until you didn’t give me a choice.” He pulled back just enough to look at her. “You trusted me to take it,” he said softly. She nodded, swallowing hard, eyes shining. “I’ve never let anyone see that part of me. Not even when I wanted to.” He cupped her face then, both hands gentle but firm. His thumbs brushed the tears from her cheeks. She was still beautiful like this—more so. Raw. Stripped bare in every sense.

“Even you,” he said, voice quiet but final, “belong to someone now.”

Evelyn’s eyes closed at the words. A single breath slipped from her lips—shaky, but calm. “I’ve always known I needed a man strong enough to hold me down,” she said. “I just never thought I’d find one in my own grandson.”

He kissed her. Slow. Deep. A kiss that said *you’re safe now*. They stayed that way for a while—bodies cooling, skin still damp with sex and tears, but something new settling between them.

Not power. Not possession. Peace. When she finally pulled back, she looked him over—truly saw him, not as her grandson who had arrived on this island, but as the man she’d let inside her in every way.

“You’re not becoming who you were meant to be,” she whispered. “You already are.”

Noah’s hand slid down her spine. “We all are,” he said. “Now.”

Nearby, the fire crackled softly. Birds stirred. The wind shifted in the leaves. And in his lap, Evelyn exhaled for the first time in years.

Chapter 24 – The Rain Ritual

The heat was oppressive. Even in the shade, the air stuck to their skin—thick, wet, heavy with the kind of tension that didn't just cling to flesh, but seeped into it. Every movement felt slower, more deliberate. Breath shallow. Sweat pooling in every crease.

Noah stood near the edge of camp, chest gleaming, arms slick from the weight of the day. His *8-inch cock* rested half-hard against his thigh, already stirred from watching them—always watching them. His gaze moved across the camp like a hand.

Tessa was by the water barrels, skin flushed, the curve of her *EE-cup breasts* glistening with sweat, the swell of her hips shifting with each careful step. She poured water slowly over her arms, letting it cascade between her thighs, her lips slightly parted as if the touch of coolness was almost too much.

Vivian knelt beside the firepit, hair tied up, curves on full display as she worked the stones. Her *G-cup tits* hung full and heavy beneath her, swaying gently with every movement. A sheen of sweat coated her chest and throat. She paused to brush hair from her face, her hand dragging across her own breast with a slow, unconscious stroke.

Evelyn sat cross-legged near the food stores, nude and unbothered, a sliver of fruit between her lips. Her body was mature and effortless—*G-cup breasts that sat soft and wide on her chest*, thighs strong, stomach kissed with the years she wore with pride. She chewed lazily, watching the sky without speaking.

No one said a word. The sky darkened suddenly—thick clouds rolling low, stealing the color from the leaves. Then, the wind shifted.

One drop. Then another. Noah looked up, and the first splash hit his cheek. Warm. Thick. Then came the downpour—not a sprinkle, not gentle, but a heavy, tropical storm that crashed into them like a wall.

And no one moved.

Tessa tilted her face up and moaned softly as the rain hit her—rivulets racing down the curves of her breasts, catching between her thighs as she spread her legs slightly, letting the heat and sweat be replaced by something cleaner. Wilder.

Vivian exhaled sharply and pushed up to her knees, letting the rain drench her hair and chest. She reached behind her neck and undid her tie, letting her thick curls spill down her back. Water poured over her body, tracing the arc of her hips, the dip of her back.

Evelyn remained still, letting the fruit drop from her fingers. Her eyes closed. Her lips parted.

The storm became a presence—not violent, but consuming. Primal. Cleansing. Noah stepped forward, letting the rain soak him. His cock was already stiffening, bobbing with weight as he moved. The water clung to his skin, ran in lines down his chest, his stomach, over the head of his cock and down the shaft.

His sister walked toward him first—naked now, hair stuck to her skin, her nipples tight, her thighs slick with rain and arousal. She pressed her body to his, arms winding around his neck, her breasts flattened against his chest.

Their lips didn't meet. They just breathed each other in.

His mother came next, circling behind him, her hands sliding over his back, her mommy milkers pressing into his shoulders, her lips brushing his neck. One hand reached down, wrapping around his cock slowly, a possessive stroke in rhythm with the rain.

His Grandma rose last—graceful, slow, powerful. She moved toward him like a storm of her own. She didn't touch him at first. She just stood there in the rain, letting it wash down her body, her eyes locked on his.

Three generations of this family. All of them drenched and waiting. The thunder cracked above them. Noah's voice was low. Steady. A growl under the sky. "Don't run from it," he said. "Let it take you." And they did. The storm wouldn't be waited out.

It would be worshipped.

The rain didn't stop. It came down harder—soaking skin, drenching hair, drumming against the earth—until the jungle disappeared in mist and heat and noise.

Noah stood at the centre, surrounded. Tessa pressed to his front, her body slick and soft, her EE-cup breasts flattened to his chest, nipples hard under the rain. Her thigh curled around his hip as she kissed his throat, her mouth open, moaning softly against his skin. Vivian circled behind him, her palms trailing down his back, her body hot even beneath the downpour. She kissed his spine, then dropped lower, kneeling in the mud, her hands gripping his thighs. She leaned forward and kissed the underside of his cock—slow, reverent, her tongue dragging up the thick length while her fingers wrapped around the base.

Noah groaned, his cock now fully hard, pulsing between them. Thunder cracked overhead. Evelyn came last. Her eyes never left his. She moved in front of Tessa, reached out, and cupped her granddaughter's face—pulling her into a deep, wet kiss right there on Noah's chest, breasts sliding together between them, tongues colliding while his cock throbbed between their stomachs.

"Fuck," Noah whispered. "You're going to kill me."

Vivian looked up, rain running down her face, eyes bright. “Then die like a king baby boy.” And with that, they pulled him down. Into the mud. Onto the soaked grass. Into the heat of three bodies that didn’t just want him—they worshipped him.

Tessa straddled his lap, lowering herself against his cock, grinding just enough to tease. Not yet taking him—just rubbing along his length, her pussy soaking, slicker than the rain could explain.

Vivian kissed down his chest, sliding between his legs again, licking along the shaft as Tessa rubbed herself against the tip. Evelyn dropped to her knees behind him and pressed her breasts to his back, her lips finding his ear.

“You’re not just leading us anymore,” she whispered. “You are us.”

Noah’s hand gripped Tessa’s hip, guiding her, his cock now gliding between her folds, teasing her clit with each upward push. Tessa whimpered, body trembling. “Please...”

Vivian leaned up and kissed her daughter as she hovered over him, their mouths sticky with rain, teeth and lips and tongues. It was chaos—sweet, wet, filthy chaos.

Noah sat up. Wrapped his arms around Tessa. Lifted her slightly. And whispered, “Take me.” She sank onto him with a cry—his cock driving deep in one smooth, desperate thrust.

“Fuck—Noah—yes—” Her nails dug into his shoulders as she rode him, thighs slapping wet against his, her breasts bouncing violently with each thrust, rain dripping from her nipples onto his chest. Vivian slid behind her, kissing her neck, squeezing her tits from behind, whispering praise into her ear.

Noah groaned, hands gripping Tessa’s ass, fucking up into her hard, the sound of their bodies clapping together louder than the storm now. Evelyn dropped to her knees between his legs, her hands on his thighs, watching them move like she was watching gods collide. Tessa screamed through her orgasm—full-body, head-back, shaking—and Noah held her as she collapsed against him, breathless. He laid her gently on the mud-slicked ground beside him, her legs still twitching.

Vivian didn’t wait. She crawled onto his lap, facing him, her G-cup breasts pressed to his chest, nipples brushing his skin. She kissed him hard, her tongue demanding, and reached down to guide him back inside. She sank down with a growl—wet, hot, needing it rough.

Noah grabbed her hips and thrust up, hard enough to make her moan into his mouth. Evelyn joined them, kissing Vivian’s neck, then Noah’s shoulder, her fingers between her own thighs now, watching them both.

The rain kept coming. And so did they.

Vivian rode him like she needed to forget everything. Rain plastered her hair to her face and neck, her dark curls clinging to Noah's cheeks as her hips rolled, fast and relentless, his cock buried deep inside her, hitting her just right on every bounce.

She leaned into him, moaning into his mouth, her G-cup breasts slick and wild between them, sliding with every grind of her hips. He gripped her ass with both hands, pulling her down hard, the slap of skin on skin lost beneath the thunder.

Beside them, Tessa lay in the mud, eyes half-lidded, lips parted, her thighs still trembling from the orgasm that had left her limp. She reached out blindly and found Noah's hand, lacing their fingers, holding tight.

Evelyn was behind Vivian now, her own body soaked and glowing, her mature curves pressed to Vivian's back, her hands cupping those heavy tits, thumbs circling the nipples while her mouth grazed Vivian's shoulder.

"You're so fucking beautiful my dear daughter" Evelyn murmured against her skin, and Vivian cried out, shivering under the compliment, the pressure, the hands—so many hands.

Noah bit his lip to keep from losing it too soon. Vivian felt too good—tight, wet, perfect—her motherly body was built for this, grinding with practiced rhythm, owning her son's cock like it belonged to her.

And yet, she whispered, "Take me. Don't be gentle."

So Noah gave her what she asked for.

He grabbed her hips and fucked up into her, hard, fast, each thrust shaking her moans loose. Evelyn held her in place, kissing her mouth, tongue deep and dominant, guiding her through the chaos of sensation.

Tessa moaned softly beside them, eyes locked on the show. She touched herself lazily, two fingers between her thighs, her other hand still clinging to Noah's thigh.

Vivian screamed when she came—a high, cracked wail, her body shaking violently, eyes wide, her cunt clenching tight around Noah's cock as he kept driving into her, riding out every pulse. He eased her off him slowly, gently, laying her down next to Tessa in the thick, wet grass. The mother and daughter duo, spent and smiling, tangled together, rain pouring down their bodies, their breasts rising and falling in unison, lips brushing as they kissed softly.

And now Evelyn stepped forward. Still calm. Still steady. But her eyes burned.

She didn't speak. She just straddled him—her G-cup breasts dripping rain, her thighs strong, her cunt already slick as she guided his cock to her entrance.

Noah grabbed her hips. And when she slid down—slow, all the way, to the hilt—they both groaned like it had been building for years. "Fuck, Grandma..."

“You’re not done yet,” she growled. She started to ride him—grinding slow, then rising and falling with brutal, steady rhythm. Hertits bounced with every thrust, her mouth open, eyes locked on his. His hands slid up her body, thumbs teasing her nipples before grabbing both tits and squeezing hard. Rain ran between them. The mud sucked at their knees. Thunder crashed. She leaned down, kissed him hard—biting his lip, breath hot despite the storm.

“I want you to fuck me like you own every part,” she hissed. “Because you do.”

He flipped her before she finished the sentence—slamming her into the wet earth, grabbing her wrists and pinning them beside her head as he drove into her from above.

Evelyn’s cry echoed through the trees. He fucked her hard. Deep. Dirty. The sound of their bodies crashing together louder than the rain now. And she loved it. Her orgasm hit mid-thrust, her entire body arching off the ground, her mouth wide, her eyes glazed.

“I belong to you sweetie” she gasped. And Noah gave in—grinding deep, groaning as he came, spilling inside her with a final thrust, forehead pressed to hers. They collapsed. All four of them—soaked, tangled, gasping, spent. The storm still raged overhead, but here in the clearing, nothing was louder than their breath and their silence. Noah lay in the centre, mud coating his back, his cock still twitching against Evelyn’s thigh. Tessa curled up on one side, kissing his shoulder. Vivian rested her head on his chest, hand sliding lazily over his stomach.

Evelyn wrapped an arm around all of them, eyes closed, her body still pulsing. And somewhere between the thunder and the rain, one of them whispered:

“We weren’t made to survive. We were made for this.”

And no one disagreed.

Chapter 25 – Conflict Revisited

The rain had stopped hours ago, but its echo lingered.

Mist clung low over the clearing, rising in lazy tendrils from the warm earth. The leaves glistened. The firepit steamed quietly, barely holding onto its embers. A few birds stirred in the trees, calling out like they were trying to remember their own voices.

The camp was still.

Noah sat on a log near the edge of the clearing, shirtless, hair wet, eyes sharp. His body still bore the marks of the night before—scratches, smudges of mud, the dried curve of teeth on his shoulder.

But the wildness was gone. Now, he was still.

Tessa was curled in the survival blankets, sleeping deeply, a leg slung across Vivian's hip. Their bodies were tangled in a way that had nothing to do with sex—just comfort, the kind only shared heat could give. Tessa's lips were slightly parted, one hand resting on her own stomach.

Evelyn moved slowly, kneeling near the fire, feeding it twigs and damp leaves with practiced care. Her hair was loose, wild, and she didn't speak. She didn't need to. Her G-cup breasts hung relaxed, wet from the dew, her skin glowing faintly in the soft morning haze.

Noah stretched his back. Rolled his shoulders. Something tight sat behind his ribs, but he didn't name it. He stood, walked the perimeter, checked the shelters. Gathered three fallen mangoes from the trees beyond the trail and returned to camp, shaking water from his fingers.

He didn't touch the women. Didn't kiss them awake. Didn't need to.

He sat again. Ate slowly. Watched the sky shift from pale grey to gold and that's when he heard it. Two short coughs. From the far tent. Then a third, harsher. Then silence.

His body tensed. He didn't move yet. Waited. The jungle was still. The women still asleep.

Then a voice—Vivian's—cut through the quiet: "Noah."

The tone wasn't urgent yet. But it was close.

Noah stood. The mango fell from his lap, forgotten in the dirt.

"Noah."

Vivian's voice again—sharper now. Breaking.

By the time Noah reached the tent, she was already half inside, kneeling over his dad's cot. Her back was tense, shoulders hunched, and her voice cracked when she spoke.

"He's burning up."

Evelyn appeared next, breath shallow, eyes wide. "What do you mean burning—"

"Feel him."

Tessa pushed past them, still pulling on a wrap, hair sticking to her cheeks. Noah didn't say a word. He stepped inside the tent, crouched beside his dad who was lying in the centre, and placed two fingers to Richard's neck.

The pulse was too fast. Too weak. Noah's hand moved to Richard's chest. The heat radiating off him was wrong—damp, feverish, heavy with rot. His breathing was shallow, lips dry, eyes flickering behind shut lids.

"He was coughing earlier," Vivian said, voice thin. "Just once or twice."

"He hasn't eaten since yesterday," Evelyn added.

Noah nodded once. Still calm. His eyes were calculating. "Get water," he said. "Boil some. Tessa—herbs, the cooling ones. Mint, if we have it. Crushed leaf and stalk. Fast." They scattered. He heard them moving. Not running—because of his voice.

Because he didn't sound afraid.

Noah peeled back the makeshift blanket from Richard's chest. Sweat clung to the man's skin like oil. His muscles were slack. His jaw twitched once, involuntarily. Vivian knelt across from him, holding Richard's hand. "What do I do?"

"Hold him down if he starts shaking. Talk to him. Keep him here."

"Here?"

"Present. Alive."

She nodded, blinking hard.

Noah pulled a strip of cloth from the corner of the tent, dipped it in the water basin beside him, and began wiping Richard's forehead, neck, and arms in slow, rhythmic passes. He needed to bring the fever down before it burned through his brain. He moved without hesitation—measured, grounded. Every motion counted. Every breath was quiet, controlled.

Evelyn returned first, handing over the pot of steaming water. Tessa arrived next, breathless, palms full of torn leaves.

"Grind it," Noah said. "With your teeth if you have to. I need pulp." She nodded and dropped to her knees without a word. Noah took a sliver of clean cloth, dipped it into the cooling tea, then let it cool further until only warm, and began wiping Richard's lips. "You need to drink this Dad" he murmured. "Slow. Swallow. Don't choke."

The first attempt failed. Richard sputtered, throat tightening. Noah tilted his head carefully, then tried again—just a few drops at a time, waiting between each, watching Richard's throat for movement.

Vivian's hands didn't stop holding. Outside, the sky had lightened fully. The storm was gone, but the humidity remained—pressing against the tent like another fever. Eventually, Richard's breathing eased. The muscle in his cheek stopped twitching. The pulse, still fast, started to slow. Not enough. But the direction was right. Noah nodded once and exhaled. "He's past the peak."

Vivian broke. Her hand covered her mouth as she fell forward, burying her face in the edge of the cot. Her shoulders shook with silent sobs.

Noah didn't touch her. Not yet. He stayed where he was—kneeling beside the man he nearly replaced, listening to the soft, rasping breath of someone who was no longer slipping away.

It took hours.

But by the time the sun hit its peak, Richard was asleep—not comatose, not burning—just sleeping. And Noah was still by his side.

It was nearly dusk by the time Richard stirred again.

Noah was still seated beside him, knees pulled up, arms draped over them. He hadn't moved in over an hour. He'd watched every breath, counted every swallow. And now, when Richard shifted beneath the blanket, blinking into the amber light bleeding through the canvas, Noah was already watching.

Richard's voice was rough, cracked. "Still here?"

Noah nodded. "Didn't feel like walking away."

There was a long pause. The only sound was the low drone of insects outside and the occasional pop of the fire.

Richard's eyes, glassy but aware, turned toward him. "They still with you?"

Noah didn't have to ask who he meant.

"Yes."

Another beat.

"I knew it," Richard said quietly. "I've known it for a while."

Noah waited.

"I heard them. First couple nights, I thought I was dreaming. Then I realized I wasn't." His throat flexed. "Your mother stopped touching me a long time ago. Even before the crash."

Noah didn't speak.

"She came alive again here. I saw it. In the way she moved. In the way she looked at you." Richard paused. "She wasn't mine anymore. But she was still something. She was still... *herself*."

He coughed, but softer this time. Then settled again.

"I thought I'd resent you. I thought when I saw you walking around camp like you owned it—like you *deserved* them—I'd hate you for it."

Another pause.

"I don't."

Noah's jaw clenched slightly, but he said nothing.

"I envy you son"

The words dropped like stones in still water.

Richard's eyes were clearer now. Honest. "You're strong. Not just in the arms. In the silence. In the way they look at you. You lead like someone who never wanted to—but stepped up because no one else could."

Noah looked away for a second, then back. His voice was low. "I never meant to take her from you dad."

"You didn't." Richard smiled, dry and broken but real. "I lost her long before you touched her. You just reminded her she was alive and still wanted."

They sat in that truth. No anger. No apology. Just understanding. After a while, Richard reached out—hand shaky, thin—and Noah took it without hesitation.

Their grip was brief. Firm. Nothing more needed to pass between them. When Noah stood to leave, Richard didn't stop him.

"Take care of them," he rasped.

Noah nodded once. "Always."

The fire was low again. Its glow lit the clearing in warm pulses, throwing long shadows across the ground, over the sleeping bodies of Evelyn and Tessa, curled close under the open sky.

But Noah wasn't with them.

He sat alone on the edge of the log where he'd gutted fish just days before—shoulders bare, arms resting on his knees, back damp with sweat that hadn't come from heat. His chest rose slow. Deep. Controlled. But his face was still tight.

The storm was gone, Richard was getting better now, the camp had survived again. But the quiet had teeth tonight. He didn't hear her at first. His mom moved like she always did now—graceful, barefoot, and without hesitation. Her full curves caught the firelight as she approached, hair loose down her back, skin bare, her G-cup breasts moving softly with every step.

She didn't speak. She just walked up behind him, slid her hands over his shoulders, then lowered herself into his lap—straddling him, thighs warm around his hips, body folding over his like a second skin.

Noah didn't move. Not at first. She guided his face between her breasts, held him there—soft flesh cradling his cheek, her hands threading through his hair, slow, steady strokes like she was calming something wild in him.

And he let her. His arms slid around her back, holding tight. His breath caught. Released. Caught again. Vivian said nothing. But her skin spoke for her—warm, wet with the dew of night, her nipples brushing his lips as he turned into her chest, kissing softly, reverently.

Not arousal. Not need. Just connection.

She rocked gently in his lap—not to tease, not to fuck—but because her body wanted to be part of his rhythm. He kissed her breast again. Then again. Open-mouthed, tongue tracing the underside, his cock twitching to life between them, thick and hard against her heat.

Still, she said nothing. She kissed his hair. His temple. His ear. Her hand gripped the back of his neck like she was anchoring him to the earth. Noah exhaled into her skin.

“Thank you,” he whispered.

She kissed the corner of his mouth—slow, full, her hips now grinding against him, heat building between them, not for climax but for comfort. They didn't rush. He slipped a hand down, cupped her ass, pulled her tighter to him.

She reached between them and held his cock against her, not guiding him in, just letting him feel her warmth, her wetness—a reminder that he was wanted, even now. Especially now. He groaned softly against her neck. But didn't fuck her. She didn't ask him to. They just moved together—sweat, breath, skin, the subtle promise of what could be, but didn't need to be finished.

Not tonight. She held his head to her chest again. And he let himself break a little more. Beneath the moonlight, Vivian's curves wrapped around him like armor, like home. And Noah, for the first time that day, let himself feel safe.

Chapter 26 – Tessa's Awakening

The morning was quiet in a different way. Not lazy. Not sensual. Just still. The storm had passed, the fever had broken, but something heavier hung in the air now—a silence that felt like waiting.

Noah sat on a stump near the edge of camp, shirtless, blade in one hand, smoothing wood with slow, even strokes. His jaw was tight. His shoulders stiff. The tool wasn't just shaping the wood—it was calming him.

He hadn't spoken since the fire last night. Since Richard's words. Since the grip of mortality had brushed too close again. Behind him, the women moved quietly. Evelyn brushing Tessa's hair. Vivian stirring the coals. The usual rhythms of camp. But Noah was outside of it, a shadow a few paces removed.

Until Tessa walked over, barefoot and bare-shouldered, a loose cloth tied low around her waist. She didn't speak. She sat down beside him, knees pulled in, and watched the edge of the blade slice smoothly into the wood. He didn't look at her.

But he didn't pull away when her hand found his. It was a simple touch. Palm to wrist. Fingers sliding into his. His hand was bigger. Wetter. Rougher. But hers held tight. "You need to come with me Big Brother" she said softly.

Noah's thumb flexed against her hand. "Why?"

She met his eyes for the first time. There was no playfulness in her now. No flirtation. Just clarity. "Because I need to give you something," she said. "And I think you need to take it." He blinked. Looked at her for a beat longer. Then he stood.

No questions. No hesitation.

Tessa led him into the trees, away from camp, past the stream, deeper into the green silence where the air felt wetter and the light filtered in soft and gold. She didn't speak again until they reached the pool. The one they always swam in. Fucked near. Bathed in.

But this time, it wasn't about sex. Not just. It was about something else. She turned to him. Hands still holding his. And for the first time since yesterday, Noah looked like he was really there.

The clearing by the pool felt untouched. The water shimmered under filtered light. The stones around it were warm, smooth from months of bare feet. A few birds called in the distance, but even they seemed quieter here—like the jungle understood that something fragile was about to be spoken.

Noah stood still, letting the silence settle. Tessa didn't look at him right away. She knelt near the edge of the pool, dragging her fingers through the water, watching the ripples stretch out and disappear. Her hair hung in damp waves over one shoulder. The cloth around her hips clung to her curves. Her chest rose and fell slowly, like she was rehearsing every breath.

"I used to think..." Her voice was soft. Not broken. But real. "I used to think I'd never be enough for anyone."

Noah didn't interrupt.

"Not because of something that happened. I mean—I've never... before you..." She swallowed. "I've never even been kissed."

Now she looked up. Her eyes were wide, but not ashamed. Just exposed.

"I waited. Maybe too long. Maybe I was scared. I kept thinking... if I did it wrong, I'd lose it. Or if someone touched me and didn't mean it, I'd just become a body. A girl they liked for a minute. A warm hole. A nice rack."

She gave a soft, short laugh—but it didn't reach her eyes.

"I've always had this body. These tits." She cupped her DD-cup breasts briefly, almost like she was mocking them. "Everyone assumed I knew what to do with them. I didn't. Not until you."

Noah stepped closer but didn't speak.

Tessa continued, voice trembling now, but stronger with each word. "I used to feel invisible and too much at the same time. Like people looked at me but never saw me." She met his gaze. "But you... you don't just see me. You hold me. You remember me. Even when I don't say anything."

Noah's eyes softened.

She stood then—slowly, gracefully—and walked to him. Bare chest rising, skin flushed, hands gentle as she took his. "I want to give you everything," she said. "The parts I don't know how to give. The parts I've been too afraid to explore. My whole body. All of it."

She took a breath. And then, finally: "I want you to take me fully. Every way. However you want. My ass, my mouth, tied up... all of it."

Noah's jaw flexed. Still, he said nothing. Just listened. Let her finish.

"Not because I think that's what I'm supposed to do," she added. "But because I trust you. And I'm not scared anymore." A silence stretched between them. The kind that wasn't empty. The kind that carried weight.

Then Noah stepped forward, cupped her jaw, and kissed her. It wasn't rushed. It wasn't soft. It was *right*. When he pulled back, his thumb brushed her lower lip.

He took her hand, and led her to the grass. Time slowed. Because what she had just given him wasn't her body. It was permission to own it—completely.

And he would. With care. And without mercy.

The grass was still wet with morning, but neither of them noticed. Tessa stood before him, barefoot, breath unsteady, the only thing between them a thin cloth tied at her waist. Noah reached for her slowly—no demand, no command—just gravity.

His fingers brushed her hips, and she untied the knot herself. The fabric slid down her legs and pooled at her feet. She stepped out of it and into his arms.

Naked. Willing. Brave.

Noah kissed her—not hungrily, but like he had all the time in the world. His hands cradled her face as their mouths opened, their breaths merged. Her body softened against his as he lowered her onto the grass, laying her down gently like something sacred.

He knelt over her, admiring the way her chest rose, how the curve of her DD-cup breasts caught the light filtering through the leaves, how her thighs parted instinctively when his hand brushed down the inside of one.

“You’re sure dear sister?” he murmured, lips close to her ear.

Tessa nodded, breath catching. “I want all of you. I want to feel everything big brother.”

Noah didn’t answer. He kissed down her throat, across her collarbone, then lower—his mouth worshipping her breasts, tongue circling her nipples until she arched up into him, already shaking. His hand slid between her thighs, finding her pussy warm and wet, her body open and eager for him. But he wasn’t in a rush.

He touched her slowly. Deeply. Letting her feel the rhythm of his fingers, the weight of his presence. He kissed her stomach. Her hip. The soft place inside her thigh. Then he turned her carefully, guiding her onto her side, facing away from him. He curled his body behind hers, their skin pressed together—his chest against her back, his cock hard and ready between them.

Tessa gasped as his hand cupped her ass, spreading her gently, his breath at her ear.

“I’ll go slow,” he whispered. “Tell me if you need anything.” She nodded, and his hand slid lower—his fingers slickening her first, teasing the tight ring of muscle until she gasped into her arm, half nerves, half need. When he pressed the tip of himself against her now gaping anus and began to enter, her whole body tensed—then melted. He went slow. Inches, not thrusts. Breath by breath.

Tessa’s fingers dug into the grass. Her lips parted around a shaky sound that wasn’t quite a moan. He kissed her shoulder. Her spine. Whispered, “You’re perfect dear sister.” When he was fully inside her, both of them were trembling. Noah didn’t move at first. He just held her.

One arm across her waist. The other cradling her breast. Their bodies tangled. Their heat impossible. Then he began to move—a slow, deep rhythm, more pulse than motion. He

stroked her with one hand while he moved inside her, letting her body feel all of it at once. Tessa sobbed. The kind of sound that had nothing to do with pain. It was release.

It was *finally*.

She turned her face into the grass, eyes wet, mouth open, her body convulsing as the orgasm hit—raw, guttural, unstoppable. She came around him, every muscle clenching, every fear burned away in the heat of what he gave her.

Noah followed with a groan, holding himself deep, his hand gripping hers as he spilled into her ass, their bodies locked together in something too big to name. After, they didn't speak. He stayed inside her, wrapped around her, until her breathing slowed and her body went soft in his arms.

Tessa turned to face him, hair stuck to her cheeks, eyes full and shining. "You make me feel real," she whispered. Noah kissed her forehead, pulled her close, and didn't let go.

Chapter 27 – Vivian's Devotion

The fire crackled low, more glow than flame now, casting orange across bare skin. Vivian sat on a smooth stone, legs tucked beneath her, nude and exposed, her G-cup breasts resting heavy and relaxed, chest rising in deep, unhurried rhythm. She watched Noah from across the clearing—his back bare, muscles shifting under his skin as he crouched near her mother, repairing a woven basket.

He didn't speak. He didn't notice her watching. But she didn't stop. Something about him—calm, direct, entirely in command without trying—unravelling her slowly, more thoroughly than hands ever could.

She thought back to the first days on the island. The way she'd carried herself: poised, reserved, always the observer. The woman who didn't need anyone. But that woman felt far away now. She wasn't smaller. She was more real. And she knew what she wanted.

When the basket was done and Evelyn walked off toward the stream, Vivian rose and crossed the clearing—hips swaying naturally, her hair loose and damp down her back. The night air clung to her skin. Noah turned as she approached, but didn't speak. Just waited. Vivian stopped in front of him. "I want to ask you something," she said. His eyes didn't flinch. "Then ask Mom." She looked up at him, holding his gaze. "I want to wear something. For you."

His brow lifted slightly.

“Not jewellery,” she continued. “Not decoration.” She stepped closer, placing a hand flat on his chest. His heart beat steady beneath her palm. “I want to be marked. Not just with bruises or moans in the dark. I want something that says—I belong to my own son. Always. Publicly. Silently.”

He didn’t blink.

Vivian took a breath, her voice softening. “I want a collar.” The word lingered in the air like smoke. “I want to kneel for it,” she added. “Not because I’m weak. Because I finally feel strong enough to give myself away.”

Noah said nothing. He stepped forward, just once, until her body was almost pressed to his—his cock stirring between them, already thickening at her honesty. He cupped the back of her neck, his thumb grazing the side of her throat.

“Do you know what that means?” he asked.

She nodded. “It means I don’t get to pretend anymore. I’m yours.” His fingers pressed slightly tighter. Not painful—just enough to make her exhale. “I’ll make it myself,” he murmured. “It won’t come off unless I take it off.”

Vivian smiled slowly, the kind that came from the center of her chest. “Good,” she whispered. “That’s exactly what I want.”

Noah sat cross-legged near the fire, the scavenged leather bag across his lap, its weathered surface softened by sun and salt. He ran his fingers along the seams, selecting a strap, already imagining how it would sit snug at the base of his mother’s throat.

His Grandmother stood beside him, silent at first. Watching. Then, without asking, she lowered herself behind him—her bare thighs framing his hips, her arms sliding around his waist. Her chin rested on his shoulder, breath warm against his ear.

“You know what it means, don’t you?” she murmured.

Noah nodded. He began cutting, slow and deliberate strokes of the sharpened blade, working through the thick leather with care.

“She’s not giving you her body,” Evelyn whispered. “She’s giving you her will.”

He didn’t answer.

Her fingers trailed down his stomach, tracing a line just above his pelvis, lingering. Not distracting—just there. Present. Claiming space, she no longer had to ask for.

He threaded the strip of leather through the brass ring he’d salvaged from the bag’s buckle. It was a small detail—but it mattered. He smoothed the inside edge with a scrap of cloth, his breath now a little heavier, though his hands stayed steady.

Evelyn shifted behind him, subtly—her hips pressing against his lower back, her hand slipping lower. She held his cock now and jerked him in a slow rhythm.

They said nothing but she continued without a word. The fire crackled. The collar took shape. Noah worked with focus—cut, fold, bind—while Evelyn’s body curled around his, her stokes growing bolder, more certain and faster. as if pleasure was part of the ritual, not separate from it. She kissed his neck. Once. Then again, slower.

“You’re not just shaping leather,” she whispered. “You’re shaping her. You’re claiming your mother every time you run that blade.”

He didn’t speak.

But his jaw tightened, and the next pull of the strap through the buckle was just a little firmer. When he finally finished, he held it in both hands—simple, raw, purposeful. A symbol. A promise. Evelyn reached forward, kissed his shoulder, then his temple, her breath steady now, but her voice a little rough.

“She’s going to fall apart when you put that on her.”

Noah looked down at the collar one more time. “No,” he said quietly.

“I won’t let her, she is mine.”

The fire was down to a soft burn. The clearing was quiet, untouched by wind or urgency. The jungle around them hummed low and steady, like it was holding its breath. Vivian stepped into the light.

Nude. Unhurried. Sure.

She didn’t glide. She didn’t seduce. She simply arrived—back straight, feet bare, her curves glowing bronze in the firelight, her dark hair trailing loose down her back.

Noah stood waiting. He held the collar in one hand—dark leather, wide enough to mark, soft enough to wear, with a single braided loop in front. Nothing ornamental. It didn’t need to be.

When Vivian reached him, she didn’t touch him.

Not yet.

She met his eyes, her voice low. “May I kneel?”

He nodded once.

She lowered herself slowly—knees sinking into warm earth, thighs parted just enough, her huge mommy milkers rising and falling in deep, controlled breath. Her hands rested behind her back, exposing the long, vulnerable line of her neck.

She bowed her head. "I know what this means."

Noah stepped forward. He crouched in front of her, reached out, and traced a single finger from her collarbone to the hollow of her throat. "You don't belong to anyone," he said. "You choose who to give yourself to."

She looked up at him, eyes steady. "Then I choose you."

His hand rose—slowly, deliberately—and he slipped the collar around her neck. The leather brushed her skin like a second pulse. He buckled it tight—not choking, but close.

Personal. Irrevocable.

When he fastened it, Vivian exhaled like she'd been holding that breath for years. She didn't speak again. She didn't have to.

Noah leaned in and kissed her—not her mouth, not her cheek, but just below the buckle, where her throat pulsed under his lips.

Her body trembled. Still kneeling, still offering, she pressed her boobs forward slightly, the firelight catching the curve of them, her nipples tight, exposed. Her thighs quivered—not from fear, but from release.

Noah straightened. "You're not less than you were before this, You are still my mom." he said.

"I know," she whispered. "But I'm more."

He extended a hand. She took it. And when he led her away from the fire, into the shelter of their tent, her head was high. Because this was not submission as surrender. This was devotion. And it had never looked more powerful.

Inside, the glow was softer.

Noah stopped her in the centre. His hand slid up her ribs, across her side, to her shoulder. He pushed—just enough to make her turn. She faced away.

"Hands on the post."

Vivian stepped forward. Braced herself.

Noah's hand trailed down her spine. His fingers spread along the curve of her back, then lower—gripping her ass firmly. Possessively. He leaned in, speaking directly into her ear. "Tonight, I don't want your words mom."

She nodded. Her breath caught.

“I want your moans.” Then his mouth closed over the side of her neck—teeth, pressure, not gentle—and his hands roamed freely now, down her front, filling his palms with the weight of her mommy milkers, pulling her hard nipples from her with every squeeze and stroke.

He turned her around. She faced him now, her boobs exposed, her nipples already firm, the collar resting proud at the base of her neck. He kissed her like she was already his. Claiming. Deep. Possessive.

And she melted into it.

He walked her backward, their mouths never parting, until her legs hit the bedding covered by the blanket. She dropped slowly, lying back, spreading her legs wide open for her son.

Not teasing. Showing.

He knelt above her, one hand pressed between her pussy lips, the other sliding under her ass to lift her toward him. She arched into him instinctively. His mouth lowered again—first to her throat, then her boob, sucking hard enough to leave a mark.

Vivian gasped—not in surprise, but in hunger. Her thighs flexed. Her body pulsed with need. When he lined his cock up, she locked eyes with him. She didn’t ask. She didn’t flinch. She was already his. And when he entered her pussy slow, deliberate, all the way in her forbidden hole her mouth opened in a silent cry, her fingers gripping his arms. He didn’t stop. Didn’t pause. His hand wrapped around her throat—not tight, just there. Reminding her.

Her breath shortened. Her legs curled around his waist. He rocked into her with purpose now—not violent, but deep, the kind of rhythm that said: *this is mine. And I’m going to keep it.*

Vivian didn’t speak. She moaned. She whimpered. She let herself be completely unmade, breaking beneath him without apology. He fucked her raw and passionate. Their bodies covered in sweat. Her mommy milkers jumping and heaving with his every thrust. Her cunt walls clenched to milk his cock. Her womb feeling his cock at its door. She climaxed with his name on her lips—high, breathless, hands digging into his back. But he wasn’t done.

His mother’s body arched beneath him—legs tight around his waist, hands gripping the blankets, the collar snug at her throat as if it had always been part of her. Noah’s rhythm never faltered. He thrust into his mother’s pussy. Deep. Slow. Absolute.

Each motion was deliberate, not rushed—a full press, a slow pull, his body pushing into hers with weight, with purpose. She met him every time, hips rising, back flexing, breath catching like she was being unravelled from the inside out.

The tent was thick with sound—skin meeting skin, breath layered with gasps, the low hum of Noah’s voice when he spoke against her neck. “You’re mine Mom,” he murmured, just above the buckle at her throat. Vivian whimpered in response, her voice stripped of language, reduced to breath and need.

He lifted her leg higher, tilting her open. The angle made her cry out—sharp, uncontrolled. His cock was now hitting all the right spots. Her feet now resting on his shoulders. Noah leaned in, mouth at her ear. “More?” She nodded. Frantic. “Yes. Yes. Don’t stop.”

He didn’t. He drove deeper, pressing her into the bedding, her body pinned between the weight of him and the heat rising beneath them. His hands held her wrists now, stretched above her head, his mouth dragging down her milkers, between her large boobs, tongue flicking, teeth grazing. Now they bore mark of their passion.

Vivian bucked beneath him, eyes wide, tears welling—not from pain, but from fullness, from surrender. She wanted this.

All of it.

She turned her head into his arm, moaning into his skin as his pace shifted—faster now, a slow build turning toward fire. Her nails raked down his back. He growled low in his throat and grabbed her jaw, holding her gaze.

“Keep your eyes on me.”

She did. And that was what undid her. Her body clamped down around him again, a shuddering release that tore through her like a wave, hips lifting, legs trembling, the collar taut at her throat as her cry spilled from deep in her chest.

Noah didn’t stop. He rode her through it—never breaking rhythm, letting her fall apart in real time, giving her no escape from being fully seen. When her body went limp beneath him, he slowed. But only for a moment. He flipped her onto her stomach, her breath catching again as his hands slid beneath her hips, pulling her up onto her knees. Her ass in air, waiting for what’s to come.

Vivian gasped, cheek pressed to the bedding.

“Noah—”

He entered her again from behind, with one firm push that made her whole body jolt. All 8 inches of his cock buried in her pussy again. She moaned—long, low, desperate. One of his hands gripped her hip. The other wrapped loosely around the front of her throat—not tight. Just enough to say: I own this.

He moved like he had all night to claim her. He kissed her back, between her shoulder blades, then higher, lips brushing the edge of her ear. “You’ve never been taken like this.” Vivian sobbed. “No—never—God—don’t stop— Keep fucking your mother.”

She wasn't asking anymore. She was *pleading*. Her pussy responded before her mouth could—tightening, pulsing, clenching around him as she shattered again, a second release flooding through her with a raw, broken sound. Her pussy milked his cock all the way.

Noah wasn't far behind.

His breath caught, then dropped into a growl as he thrust deep—once, twice, then held—his body stiffening, fingers digging into her thighs as he let go. His thick cum ropes filled her cunt, she can feel the warmth and realizing that it was her own son's cum. Made her body shudder.

For a moment, everything went still. There were no words. Just the sound of two bodies breathing in sync, the scent of sweat, salt, leather, and skin.

He didn't pull out immediately. He stayed inside her pussy, his chest to her back, arms wrapping around her waist until she was covered, cradled, anchored. She collapsed onto the blower, and he followed, half on top of her, half beside her, one hand stroking the inside of her thigh near her dripping pussy. The collar was still snug around her neck, the buckle slightly askew from the way her body had moved beneath him. She reached for him blindly, found his hand, and kissed his knuckles. He said nothing. He didn't need to. She whispered into the silence. "I wanted to kneel for you. But I didn't expect to feel this free." Noah rolled onto his back, arm still around her, and pulled her against his chest. Her huge tits fluttered into his chest. "I didn't take anything from you," he said. "You gave it." She nodded and closed her eyes.

Next Morning

The light came slowly. Not bright or insistent—just warm. Soft. Filtering through the tent walls in quiet gold. Noah stirred first. His body ached, in the good way—that satisfied burn of spent muscles and remembered the feeling of his mother's pussy around his cock. His hand was still wrapped around her waist. His face nestled against the curve of her back, breathing in the scent of skin and salt and something distinctly hers.

Vivian hadn't moved. She lay with one leg hooked over the blanket, her torso bare, the collar still snug at her throat, slightly askew, dark leather warm from the heat of her body. Her G-cup breasts rose and fell with each slow breath, her fingers curled loosely in the fabric beneath her.

She looked like she belonged to the earth itself. Noah traced a lazy line across her hipbone, then up to the back of her ribs, feeling her skin rise beneath his touch. She didn't flinch. She never did with him. She sighed. Not tired—settled. "I'm not sore," she whispered. He smiled into her shoulder. "That's surprising." "I said I'm not sore," she repeated, turning her head just enough for him to see the edge of a smile. "I didn't say I wasn't wrecked."

He kissed her back, right between the shoulders. “You are.” Her hand reached behind her, sliding over his thigh, her touch slow, languid. Not wanting more—just staying connected. He shifted, slid his palm to her boob, covering her heart with his hand from behind. She covered his fingers with hers.

The fire outside was dead. The camp was still. For a few more minutes, the world didn’t need them. And that was enough. “I don’t want to pretend anymore,” she said, quieter this time. “I’ve done it too long.” He kissed her once more, lower this time—just beneath the collar’s edge, his lips brushing the spot he’d claimed a dozen times the night before.

It wasn’t rough. It wasn’t dominant. It was devotion answering devotion.

She rolled to face him finally, one arm draped over his chest, her body pressing close. Their legs tangled again like instinct. “I never wanted to kneel for anyone,” she whispered. “But for you?”

She smiled softly. “I never felt so loved.”

Chapter 28 – The Storm

One Week Later

The air felt off. It wasn’t the heat—they were used to that by now. It was the silence. The kind of stillness that pressed down, thick and wet, as if the trees themselves were bracing for something.

Even the birds were quiet.

Noah stood shirtless near the edge of the clearing, rope wrapped around one forearm, his other hand gripping the side of the shelter frame. His back glistened with sweat. Dirt streaked across his ribs. His chest rose slow, steady. But his jaw was locked. Something was coming. He looked up once, toward the sky. Then back at the others.

“Tighten every anchor,” he said. “Now.”

No one argued. Tessa moved fast, barefoot and bare-chested, the loose wrap at her waist tied high to keep out of the mud. Her skin shone with effort, legs pumping as she hauled a bundle of branches toward the lean-to. Her boobs bounced slightly with each step, but her eyes stayed sharp.

She didn’t smile.

Vivian was at the firepit, hair twisted high, body streaked with ash and damp leaves. She crouched low, The leather collar still in her neck G-cup breasts resting lightly on her thighs,

fingers moving quickly as she packed up supplies into a basket. Her lips were tight. Her breathing even.

She knew the signs too.

Evelyn worked silently, her mature frame moving with practiced control. She carried a stone basin, her arms strong, the muscles in her thighs flexing as she lowered it into the earth. She didn't waste words. She didn't ask for help.

She'd been through worse.

Noah crossed the clearing and joined her, grabbing another rope, wrapping it around the central post. His body moved with strength and efficiency. Nothing wasted. Everything focused. The muscles in his back shifted under strain as he braced and pulled.

The women watched. Then they moved again. This wasn't the rhythm of camp life anymore. This was preparation. Every hand on task. Every eye on the sky. Sweat slicked down their spines. Skin stuck to skin. Breaths came louder than usual. But there was no panic. Just urgency. The kind that came from knowing—truly knowing—that nothing lasts forever.

It started with the wind. A single gust, violent and sudden, tearing through the trees like a warning. Then came the sky—darkening in seconds, bruising from gold to iron, swallowing the light.

Noah looked up. "Now," he barked.

And then it hit. The rain didn't fall—it slammed. Sheets of water crashing sideways, ripping leaves from branches, soaking every inch of skin in seconds. Thunder cracked overhead, close enough to shake the ground. The camp became a blur of bodies and movement.

Tessa sprinted to the eastern wall, her feet slipping in the thickening mud. Her hands moved fast, tying down cloth with fingers that shook but didn't slow. Her boobs heaved, soaked through, hair plastered to her shoulders. Vivian was on the other side, dragging a stack of kindling into the lean-to, body hunched low, her legs streaked with mud. Her hair was undone now, soaked and wild. She shouted something, but it was stolen by the wind. Evelyn stood firm, holding a beam in place, her body arched into it like a brace. Her boobs strained against the weight, muscles in her back taut as she anchored it with nothing but will.

And at the centre of it all, Noah moved like instinct.

He pulled rope, tied, lifted, shouted. His bare chest gleamed with rain, arms slick and corded as he wrapped a line around the shelter's frame. His voice was deep, grounding. "Tessa—other side! Evelyn, back corner—brace it!"

He didn't look back. But if he had, he would've seen his dad, curled beneath the tarp, tucked against the far post. His body was shivering, more than cold—eyes wide and lost, shoulders trembling. He stared at nothing.

Noah saw him. Just once. But he said nothing. There was no time. The wind howled louder. The trees bent low. Branches cracked. Rain hammered.

Vivian slipped. Noah was there in two steps, gripping her wrist, hauling her upright. Their bodies slammed together, her huge boobs slammed to his chest, her legs sliding against his as she gasped for breath. She didn't say thank you. She didn't have to.

Their eyes met—wild, locked, real.

Then they moved. The shelter groaned under the weight of the wind, the fabric stretched so tight it whined like an animal. The post in the back right began to lean.

Noah saw it. "Together!" he roared.

Tessa and Evelyn flanked it, hands bracing the wood, backs arched, breasts pressed tight to the beam as their feet dug into the mud. Noah pushed from the other side, shoulder to the wood, sweat and rain mixing down his spine. His face twisted with effort. His whole body shuddered.

And the post held.

For now.

The storm screamed above them—nature's fury full and feral, crashing across the island in chaos. The rain stung. The cold hit bone. But they didn't stop.

They held it down.

After hours the storm broke all at once. No slow fade, no trailing whisper. Just... gone. One moment the sky screamed, the next it exhaled. Rain tapered to a mist. Wind dropped into nothing. And in the clearing—wrecked, flooded, shivering—they stood.

Breathing.

Noah was the first to move. He lowered his hands from the post, arms shaking from hours of tension, chest rising and falling hard. His hair clung to his forehead, his body streaked with mud, leaves, and blood from a shallow scrape across his side.

He turned, eyes scanning.

Evelyn leaned on the frame, arms slack, head bowed. Her skin was slick with rain, hair matted to her shoulders, her heavy chest heaving with slow, deliberate breaths. Her thighs trembled slightly, but she was still upright. Tessa was crouched nearby, her wrap long gone,

bare skin coated in wet earth. She looked up at him, lips parted, chest rising fast. Her hands shook where they gripped her knees, but there was no panic—just exhaustion. Her body looked carved from storm light. Vivian sat on the ground, legs sprawled, arms draped over her thighs. Her shoulders were covered in welts where something had hit her—a branch, maybe. Her collar was gone, torn free in the chaos. But the look in her eyes was clear.

They were alive.

And in the corner, still beneath the tarp, Richard hadn't moved. His eyes were wide, distant. His breathing shallow, barely audible. But he was breathing.

Noah stepped forward, extending a hand. Vivian took it without a word. Tessa rose herself. Evelyn followed them. They didn't speak. They didn't need to. One by one, they turned from the shelter, from the torn canvas and scattered tools, from the place that had barely held. And they walked toward the beach.

The sand was wet and uneven beneath their feet. Their bodies—mud-streaked, scratched, dripping—glowed under the clearing sky. The clouds parted just enough to reveal the stars.

Noah dropped to his knees first. Then Tessa. Then the others, folding down beside him, one after another, until they were a tangle of limbs on the sand—naked, quiet, skin pressed to skin. No one reached for anyone. They just held. Arms over chest. Legs tucked into thighs. Fingers brushing ribs.

They didn't need to speak. They had held the storm. And now, they held each other.

Their bodies—bare, scraped, streaked in mud and salt and effort—lay tangled together in a loose, breathing heap. Nothing choreographed. No positions. Just instinct.

Noah on his back, arms outstretched. Tessa's head on his chest, her breath syncing slowly with his, one leg draped over his hips, her fingers resting at the base of his ribs. Vivian curled under his other arm, her face tucked into his shoulder, hair damp and heavy against his skin. Her hand moved in idle circles across his stomach, the faint arc of it glowing under the stars. Evelyn lay beside them, one knee pressed into Noah's thigh, her back against his side, her arm slung over Tessa's waist.

Their bodies bore it all—scratches across shoulders, bruises blooming along thighs, strands of wet hair plastered to flushed cheeks. Their skin was coated in rainwater and grit, but it didn't matter.

There was nothing left to clean. Nothing left to hide. They were quiet for a long time. The ocean moved a few feet away, steady and rhythmic, brushing the shore in slow, even sighs. The wind had softened. The stars overhead burned clearer than they had in weeks—clean sky, quiet light.

Noah blinked up at them. He didn't feel like a man. He felt like something stripped bare. Not broken—revealed. The women pressed closer, their warmth holding him still. He felt their chests rise against him, their weight grounding his own.

No one reached for more. No one needed anything but this. After a while, his grandmother shifted, pressing a kiss to Tessa's shoulder. Not a lover's kiss. Just touch. Just thanks. Tessa sighed, her breath feathering over Noah's chest. Her fingers tightened around his wrist. Her body relaxed a little more.

Vivian's voice, when it came, was barely above a whisper. "We held." Noah didn't answer. But he turned his face toward hers, and let his lips brush the crown of her head. The storm had taken almost everything. But it had left them.

Together.

Chapter 29 – The Wedding

The storm had stripped the island bare. But in the days after, something new settled in its place. The air was clearer. The silence quieter. The camp, rebuilt from what remained, felt smaller and more sacred—not a structure, but a bond. A skin. A breath they shared.

Noah sat with his back against a tree, legs outstretched, his arms resting loose around Tessa, who sat between them, her back pressed to his chest. Her skin was bare, warm from sun, her legs stretched over his thighs. Her head tilted back against his collarbone, eyes closed, mouth soft.

Vivian lay nearby, her body half-covered in a woven cloth that had slipped down her hips. One leg bent. One arm over her boobs. Her hair spread around her like something wild, her lips parted slightly in that way that always suggested she was either thinking too much—or not at all.

Evelyn crouched at the edge of the firepit, her knees bent, thighs relaxed, body coated in ash and confidence. The slope of her back arched slightly, her breasts low and soft against her chest, streaked with the last of the charcoal she'd used to draw patterns on the new shelter wall. She turned, slowly, her eyes tracing over the three of them.

And then she said it. Quiet. Direct. "We should mark this."

Tessa opened her eyes. "The storm?"

Evelyn shook her head. "No. Us."

Vivian sat up. Slowly. Let her cloth fall completely. "You mean like a ceremony?"

"I mean something that says we didn't just survive," Evelyn said. "We stayed. We chose each other. We keep choosing."

Noah didn't move. But he didn't look away.

Tessa shifted in his lap. "You mean like a wedding?"

"Not like they meant it," Evelyn said. She stood now, brushing ash from her thigh. "Not contracts. Not rules. Just a vow. Not for them. For us."

Silence stretched. Only the fire cracked. The ocean whispered in the distance. Vivian stood too, slowly, stretching long and slow, her chest lifting, her fingers sliding through her hair.

"I'd kneel for that," she said. Not coy. Not playful. Just true. Tessa turned, straddling Noah's lap now, her thighs spread across his, her arms draped around his neck. Her hips pressed into his, lazy, but deliberate. "So would I."

Noah's hands slid down her back. He met his grandmother's eyes. "You're serious," he said.

"I've never been more," she replied. Tessa kissed the corner of his mouth—not a tease, not foreplay. A promise. Vivian crossed the firepit and knelt beside them, placing her hand on Noah's thigh. "Not just to you," she said. "To each other. To all of us."

He looked between them. Three generations of women. Nude, unashamed, marked by dirt and love and storm. Their bodies bore everything they'd been through—scratches, bruises, sun-kissed skin, and the heat that still lived in the space between each breath.

They were not asking. They were offering.

Noah exhaled. "Then we do it right," he said. "We make it. We build it. And when you kneel, it's because you want to be kept forever."

They nodded. Vivian leaned in and kissed the inside of his wrist. Tessa rested her head on his chest again, eyes wide and still. And Evelyn simply smiled. Because this was not about survival anymore. It was about belonging.

They spent the day making the sacred from scraps. There was no altar. No priest. No script. Just sun on skin, fire on wood, hands moving slowly across the bodies they already knew by memory—and now wanted to mark.

Evelyn was first to start. She sat cross-legged in the dirt with the old leather scraps spread across her thighs, her fingers moving with practiced control as she cut and twisted. Her boobs were bare, skin streaked with sand from the beach, her G-cup breasts resting soft and heavy, occasionally shifting when she leaned forward to tug at the hide. The beads she'd saved—carved from shell—were scattered beside her knees.

Noah watched her from the shelter doorway, his hands wrapped in rope as he braided a strip of fiber into something thicker. His arms flexed as he worked, and Tessa—kneeling beside him—kept glancing up at the way his stomach tensed with each pull. “You’re doing that on purpose,” she said, voice low.

“Doing what?”

She didn’t answer. She just grinned and bit her lip, then reached over to dip her fingers in a pot of dark pigment, smearing two lines across his chest without warning.

He blinked down at the marks. “What is that?”

“Mine,” she said.

Noah chuckled. “Not part of the plan.”

“Too late.” Her tongue flicked briefly at the corner of her mouth, and she returned to her task—tying a cord around two tiny shells, her fingers nimble and a little shaky from the closeness.

On the other side of camp, His mother stood with her back to the sun, arms lifted, long hair twisted into a knot at her crown. Evelyn circled her with a strip of vine—wrapping it slow around her waist, pulling it snug just above her hips.

“Too tight?” Evelyn murmured.

“Not yet.”

Vivian’s skin glowed, her spine long and bare, her curves shifting subtly with each breath. Evelyn reached for another piece—this one thinner, braided with small stones—and began binding it around Vivian’s thigh very near to her neatly trimmed pussy.

The knot sat high. Too high to ignore. Vivian didn’t flinch. She turned her head slightly, voice cool. “You’re enjoying this.”

“I never claimed otherwise.”

Noah called over. “Is that decoration or distraction?” Evelyn grinned without looking back. “Both.” They kept working. The objects weren’t just adornments. They were markers.

Tessa wound red cord around a short-polished bone, tying it into a band for Noah’s wrist. Her hands were small, but sure. She added a carved symbol at the centre—something that had no name, just meaning.

“I made this for your dominant hand,” she whispered. Noah looked down at her. “Because I use it most?” She raised an eyebrow and smiled. “Because it’s the one that holds me when you fuck me.”

He took the band and tied it on. She leaned in. Not a kiss. Just a breath at his neck. Then moved away. Later, his mom came to him with her hands full of dark cloth, the last clean pieces they had. She knelt between his legs and began wrapping one slowly around his neck—not tight, just enough to rest in the hollow of his collarbones.

He didn't speak.

Her fingers brushed his jaw. Down his chest. She held his semi hard cock and stroked it twice. Then stopped. The knot sat flush against his skin.

"You'll wear it until I take it off," she said.

"You?"

Vivian smiled. "Someone has to make you work for it." Noah exhaled through his nose. Said nothing. They gathered near sunset. Their bodies now bore more than skin.

The fire burned low on the beach. It wasn't heat they needed now—just light. The sky was indigo, stars sharp and wide above them. The waves whispered behind the circle they'd formed, not crashing now, but steady—like breath.

Noah stood in the centre, barefoot in the sand, his chest painted with the lines Tessa had drawn, the cloth at his throat tied neatly, the cord at his wrist tight. He wore nothing else.

Around him: silence. And then Tessa stepped forward. She moved slowly—nude but dressed in intention, the red wrap around her thigh trailing behind her like ribbon. Her beautiful boobs rose high as she breathed, her eyes locked on him.

She knelt in front of him without hesitation. Her knees pressed into the sand. Her hands opened, resting palms-up on her thighs. Her back straight. "I was untouched before you," she said, voice soft but even. "Not just my body. All of me." She looked up. "You didn't take. You waited until I gave. Now I belong to you Big Brother in body and in my soul." Noah reached down. Brushed his thumb along her cheekbone. She closed her eyes and leaned into it. Then rose, slowly, and stepped to his left.

Vivian followed. Her hair was braided down her back, her hips wrapped in black cloth, her wrists adorned with dark feathers and bone. Her expression was unreadable. But her body told the truth—shoulders loose, her mommy milkers high, thighs marked with thin charcoal lines drawn by her mother's fingers earlier that evening.

She didn't kneel right away.

She approached Noah and lifted her chin. "I wasn't lost," she said. "I was in hiding." Her fingers reached for the tie around his neck. "You didn't demand. You didn't break me open.

You stood still and let me take off my own mask.” She lowered herself slowly, bowing her head at his feet. But when she looked up, her eyes burned. “I want to be kept,” she whispered. “By you. By them. Forever.” Noah nodded once. She stood and moved beside Tessa, on his right.

Then came Evelyn. She walked slowly, like she was walking through water, her full form wrapped in smoke and firelight, rope across her chest, vine at her waist, and nothing on her feet but dirt and salt. She didn’t stop until her body was nearly touching his. “You think I was always strong,” she said. “I wasn’t. I was just in control.” Her hand rose to his chest. “You didn’t take that from me. You asked me to lay it down.” She smiled. A little sad. A little free. And she sank to her knees—not with fragility, but power. “I’m not kneeling because I’m less,” she said, voice low. “I’m kneeling because I finally know where I belong.” She rose and stood behind him, completing the triangle.

Noah looked at all three. Each woman bare. Not just in skin—but in choice. In certainty. He stepped back. Tessa, Vivian, and Evelyn turned inward. He held out his arms. “You’re not mine because I claimed you,” he said. “You’re mine because you stayed. And because I’m staying too.” He looked at each of them. Stepped to each in turn. Pressed his hand over their heart. “You belong to me,” he said softly, “and to each other.” They answered—each with their own vow: Tessa: “I serve with love.” Vivian: “I stay with you forever.” Evelyn: “I follow with my whole body.”

He reached into the pouch beside the fire, pulled three corded bands, and fastened one to each of their wrists—tight, final, permanent. They didn’t cry. They smiled. And when they stepped into him, together—hands on his chest, lips on his shoulders, thighs brushing thighs—he closed his eyes and let their warmth wrap him whole.

No sex. Not yet. But every inch of his body felt them. The release hadn’t come. But it was already promised.

The fire dimmed to embers. The air hung still, heavy with salt and heat and the weight of promises made. They moved as one. Noah lay back on the woven mat they’d laid in the sand, the lines painted across his chest smudged by sweat and reverence. His body was open, waiting—not passive, but ready to be received as much as he would take.

Tessa came first.

She straddled him with quiet certainty, knees pressing into the soft edge of the mat, thighs parted wide. Her beautiful EE cup tits jiggled as she took her place. Her fingers trembled only once as she reached to guide him—his cock thick, alive between her palms, the weight

of him pulsing against her before he ever entered. She lowered herself slowly—inch by inch, her breath catching, her lips parting. His cock stretched her pussy slowly.

Noah didn't thrust. He let her sink on his cock.

He held her hips as she took him fully—her body stretching, wrapping around him like a vow made in muscle. He fits in her perfectly like he was born to be with her. Her Boobs flattened to his chest as she began to move—not with rhythm, but with gratitude. She whispered his name once. Then forgot to speak at all. Vivian knelt behind her, watching—one hand gliding across Tessa's back, the other moving to Noah's jaw, turning his face so she could kiss him. Their mouths locked, slow and full, as Tessa rode him deeper, faster. She was in a dance of ecstasy her boobs danced with each thrust into her. When her release came, it was silent. She shook against him, her body folding forward, her breath caught between his lips. Their mom pulled her gently aside, cradling her like something sacred. Then she took her place. Vivian didn't hesitate. She climbed over Noah, her thighs tight, her hair falling down her back, and guided him into her pussy with one firm motion—no build, no delay. She was eager to feel her son's cock in her pussy. Her hands pressed into his chest as she moved—full-body strokes, her hips circling slowly, claiming every inch of his hard cock as he stretched his mom's pussy. She didn't look away. She didn't blink.

Noah cupped her mommy milker with one hand, his thumb brushing the mark she'd made earlier, and brought the other to the back of her neck, pulling her down to kiss her collarbone. "You're mine Viv, my mommy" he whispered against her throat. Vivian shuddered—her whole body tightening.

"Yes. I belong to my own son."

She was riding his cock harder now—wet, confident, completely in control while surrendering everything. Her climax was not gentle. It rolled through her with a growl in her throat, her teeth grazing his shoulder as she came, hips jerking in raw waves. His juices flowing freely. He held her through it. Making sure she is held as she experiences her nirvana.

When she collapsed beside her daughter, her body twitching, her mouth open to the night air, Evelyn was already moving forward. She didn't ask. She didn't speak. She mounted him like she'd been waiting her whole life to do it again. Noah's cock was still thick and pulsing, his skin streaked in the marks of the others. He was covered in juices of his mom and sister But Evelyn didn't slow. She sank down onto him in one stroke—her pussy was already ready, dripping and waiting, her hands planted firm on either side of his head.

Their eyes locked. Her lips curled into a knowing smile.

And she moved—grinding, pressing, taking him deeper with every thrust, her breasts heavy above his face, the rope across her chest tightening as her back arched. Noah groaned. His hands gripped her thighs, dragged down to her hips, then slid around to her back, anchoring

her. “You’re still the strongest,” he said. “No,” Evelyn whispered, rocking harder. “Now I’m yours.” Her release came suddenly—a gasp, then a cry, then silence as she collapsed against his chest, nails dragging across his shoulders.

All three surrounded him now. Tessa curled into his left side, her breath warm against his ribs. Vivian spooned from behind, her fingers tracing lazy shapes on his back, lips grazing the edge of his jaw. Evelyn pressed close on him, hand resting low over his stomach, her fingers still twitching with aftershock.

Noah’s cock was still inside her. Still pulsing waiting for more. He kissed the top of his sister’s head. Then turned and kissed his mother’s temple. Then his grandmother’s shoulder.

They were slick with sweat. Marked with sand. Filled with each other. There was nothing left to prove.

Only stillness. Only breath. Only the weight of all of them wrapped around one another, bound by blood and ceremony—and now by the choice to stay when the world had already fallen apart. They didn’t say I love you. They didn’t need to.

They’d already carved it into each other.

Chapter 30 – Eden

Two months later, the island had a name. They called it Eden.

Not because it was perfect. But because it was theirs. The storms had passed. The fear was gone. And in its place stood a home—a real one, hand-built from palms, bark, rope, and trust. The shelter was now wide and open, cool in the heat, dry in the rain. Handmade Tools hung where they should. Beds were layered in woven mats and warm skin.

They no longer just survived. They lived. And not everything survived those two months.

Richard was buried on the hill. The night of the wedding ceremony, while Noah lay wrapped in limbs and vows and breath, Richard’s heart gave out quietly in the dark. No one noticed until morning. When they found him, his face was peaceful.

They cried for him. All of them. They dug with bare hands and laid him to rest where the sunrise hit first. Then they lit a small fire. Sat in silence. Let the grief pass through them like wind. That was the last thing they buried.

Now, the mornings were slow. Not empty. Not idle. But soft.

The sun had only begun to touch the sand when Noah stirred, Tessa's body already wrapped around his, her breath a slow rhythm against his throat. She moved without speaking—hips rolling, thighs tightening, her beautiful perky EE cups pressed flush to his chest as the first light caught her skin.

His cock was already hard. She smiled against his neck. Not a seduction. A ritual. A start. She climbed over him, lips brushing his jaw, guiding his cock where he belonged—into her pussy, inch by inch, until her breath hitched and his hands found her hips. They moved together like breath—no rush, no noise, just motion and heat and muscle. Not long after, Their mom stirred nearby, stretching out on the edge of the bedroll, her bare form arched like a stretch of warm silk. One eye opened. Then a smile.

She didn't interrupt. She watched. Then she reached between her own thighs and started rubbing her pussy—lazy, unbothered, as if pleasure was just another way to wake up.

Noah caught her gaze. She held it. When Tessa sighed and slowed, folding against his chest in the afterglow of an intense orgasm Vivian slid forward, straddling his other side, grinding low against his thigh as she kissed him long and slow. Noah let his fingers trail down her back, following the curve of her spine.

"Not yet," she whispered. "Let it build."

And so they stayed. Touching. Breathing. Wanting. But not rushing.

Evelyn entered like she always did. Quiet, confident, full of presence. She carried a bowl of fruit in one hand, her body still slick from the stream, hair tied, hips swaying slightly with each barefoot step. She wore only a wrap tied loosely at her waist—not to cover, but to tempt.

Her eyes scanned the room. She didn't ask what had happened. She knew. She set the bowl down, walked to Noah, and leaned over him, pressing a slow kiss to his temple, her huge maternal boobs brushing against his shoulder.

"Eat soon," she said. "Then I'll have my turn." She didn't wait for permission. She never needed it.

Vivian didn't need to be asked. She moved next to him with confidence born of knowing exactly what she wanted—her legs wide open inviting him, and he didn't make her wait he got in between her legs and lined his cock on her mother's pussy, her breath already deepening before their bodies even met. And he pushed his cock in with one persistent

thrust Noah cupped the back of her thigh, holding her close,. Her arms slid over his shoulders. Her mouth found his neck.

They moved together, slow at first—not just rhythm, but weight. Stretch. Fullness. Her hips jumped to match his long hard thrusts. His hands gripped lower.

She whispered something against his ear—something soft, half-laughed, half-serious. He smiled. And thrust deeper and harder. Vivian’s body tightened around him, not with tension, but total surrender. She didn’t cry out. She didn’t need to. She let him feel her breaking around him, every part of her drawing him in tighter, needing him deeper.

When it was time, Noah wrapped his arms fully around her and held her there—bodies locked, breaths crashing together, both of them finishing like it was a beginning. When he collapsed on her mommy milkers, sweat-slick and smiling, her lips grazed his jaw.

“I like mornings,” she murmured.

“I noticed,” he said.

The shelter buzzed with movement now. Tessa was up again, crouched at the firepit, still nude, hair tied high. She was slicing root vegetables with a stone blade, humming something tuneless.

Vivian wrapped a wrap loosely around her waist and joined her, stealing a slice of something raw, grinning as Tessa slapped her wrist.

Evelyn appeared from behind, brushing sand from her thighs, and handed Noah a cup of cold water. He drank slowly, eyes moving over her — the way her skin caught the light, the curve of her hips in motion, the ease of her bare body in the morning air.

“Hungry?” she asked. His eyes never left her. “Always.”

This was Eden now. Not a place. A rhythm. A life built from wreckage and choice, skin and fire, hunger and peace. And it had only just begun.

Breakfast became play. Tessa fed him by hand—holding slices of cooked fish to his lips, watching his mouth as he bit.

Vivian dipped her fingers in honey and let him lick them clean, her eyes daring him with each slow drag of his tongue. Evelyn sat behind him, legs wide, her maternal boobs pressed to his back, arms around his ribs, occasionally biting his shoulder when the others got too bold. They weren’t competing. They were worshipping.

And Noah received it with a kind of quiet authority—relaxed, cantered, completely present.

Later, they rinsed off at the stream together. Vivian dragged a cool cloth down her boobs. Teasing Noah with a smirk on her face Tessa swam naked, hair loose, calling for him to join her every few minutes. Evelyn combed her fingers through her curls and said nothing, just watching him from the bank, waiting for her moment.

Their life was rhythm now.

Work and pleasure. Skin and safety. Chores done with hands still sticky from touch. And Noah—centre of it all—was no longer just leading. He was kept.

The sun hung low behind the trees, painting the beach in a warm, golden hush. The air was quiet—not silent, but satisfied. The kind of quiet that didn't need to be filled.

They moved together like they always did now—unclothed, unhurried, unashamed. Noah lay in the sand, arms stretched wide, his body marked by the day—scratches, sun, the imprint of hands, lips and teeth. His chest rose and fell steadily, his eyes half-lidded against the setting sun. Tessa curled in his lap, her legs tangled with his, her cheek resting against his stomach, fingers idly tracing patterns along his side. Every now and then, she pressed a soft kiss to his skin, like a secret she wasn't ready to say out loud. Vivian lay beside him, one hand on his thigh, the other curled under her own cheek. Her eyes were closed, her body warm and still. She looked like she was dreaming with her eyes open. Evelyn rested against his other side, her hand across his chest, fingers gliding slowly over his skin, up to his shoulder, down to his ribs. She didn't speak. She didn't need to. Her presence said enough: *I chose to be here. And I'll keep choosing.*

The ocean breathed beside them, soft and endless. Waves met the shore and retreated, like the island itself was exhaling after a long, beautiful ache. They had built something. With skin. With fire. With breath.

Not just shelter. Not just survival.

A life.

Tessa shifted in his lap, her body fitting against his like memory. Noah dragged his fingers up her back, slow and possessive, then down again to her hip. Vivian sighed softly and turned her face toward his thigh, brushing her lips just above his cock. Evelyn hummed something low, eyes closed, her hand still moving in that same, deliberate rhythm. They didn't need to speak anymore.

Their language was touch. Was nearness. Was *yes, I'm here. Still.*

Above them, the sky softened to lavender. Stars blinked in, one by one. The island was quiet. They had no idea what day it was. They didn't care. There were no walls between them. No clocks. No roles they hadn't written themselves. They had lived through the wreckage. They had chosen one another in the aftermath. And now... they rested.

Together.

Noah exhaled, long and full. Tessa stirred and looked up at him. Vivian opened one eye. Evelyn pressed her lips to his collarbone. He smiled. And then, quiet—almost to himself, but loud enough for them all to hear—he said:

“We were wrecked... but we were never broken.”
