Sylph Island Milf Resort

Chapter One: Arrival

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Mark stepped off of a boat. He stretched his arms and yawned, taking care not to bump his arms or head into anything. People bustled behind him on their way out of the ferry, chattering to themselves and each other. He tried to drown it out by listening to music in his head, but it worked about as well as it usually did- not at all. He paused and glanced over his shoulder to see his best buddy Jacob, who stood right next to him with his hands in his pockets. Mark let a silent little puff of air escape from his mouth without knowing he'd been holding it. The two walked along a path, Mark's brochure clutched tightly in one fist. He consulted it and tried to ignore the sound of Jacob’s little chuckle.

“Mirage Island’s ferry is on the left,” Mark muttered just loud enough to be heard, “so we go that way-”  
   
“I thought the convention was on Sylph Island?” Jacob cut in. Mark groaned in annoyance. Jacob was right.   
   
“Dumb similar-sounding resort islands, dumb naming conventions,” he grumbled and rolled his eyes, “yeah, you’re right. Still on the left, just…you know, more north-west than west.”  
   
“Dork,” Jacob sniped with a coy grin.   
   
“If it crashes, I’ll be better prepared with my boat facts!” Mark replied before he could realize how ridiculous that sounded. The fear of that realization slackened a bit, though, when his comment made Jacob laugh. The sound helped a lot. He looked around as the two continued to walk, guided mostly by their brains’ autopilot. Or rather, they were guided by *his-* Jacob was just following him around. It didn’t take long to find the right terminal, follow the guidelines, get on the ship, and all that. They’d fortunately gotten a package that came with baggage being handled separately without your involvement or needing to carry them, but that still left Mark’s eyes occasionally snapping backwards to make sure Jacob had his stuff and then dropping his body temperature half a degree when he saw the answer was no. Had he misread? Was there a chance they’d have to blow a bunch of money buying two or three new outfits and then doing the laundry mid-vacation? He beat those thoughts back. He had to. One went on vacation to have *fun,* after all.

The trip from Station Island to Sylph Island went by quickly. He and Jacob walked onto a small craft and occupied it alone aside from the staff for a few minutes, Mark sitting in the lower compartment while Jacob leaned on a railing to admire the sea, before it pulled up to their actual destination. Mark took a deep breath as he walked up the stairs to the deck and opened a single eye he’d kept closed to discover…nothing. He sighed, hoping he’d be on a ship with a dark area for longer at some point, and tried not to look disappointed as he walked on bouncier feet towards the dock. Sylph Island stretched out ahead of him, grabbing his attention as he approached and forcing his gaze upwards. True to its name, lots of lush plantlife covered much of the island in green. A big forest occupied the majority of the left side of the island and extended a little bit into the territory of the right. Somewhere on that right side, too, was the actual resort facility. He couldn’t see most of it from where he stood, but- as he had his suitcase hoisted onto him and accepted it without thinking- he did spot a few clean silver building’s tops poking out from above trees and cliffs.   
   
“This way to the trolley, sweethearts~” trilled a girl about the same age as them. She wore a badge that identified her as Sylvia Sylvia the Seventh. It also had her pronouns- she/her- and her age: nineteen. This struck Mark as odd and put a slight furrow in his brow for the briefest bit of a second. The ads all made it seem like the island was populated- or staffed, rather, since this was a combination resort space slash private wildlife park- by soft motherly milfs in their mid thirties *minimum.* Still, he supposed that this might be an intern. She was definitely cute: her soft face and plush, almost watery-looking golden blonde hair gave her an aura of preciousness that had absolutely gotten her a boyfriend. There was no way it hadn’t gotten her one, not unless she didn’t want one, right?   
   
Wait, she’d called them sweethearts-  
   
“Thank you dear,” Jacob answered before Mark could speak. Mark glanced quickly back to check for something- not that he knew what- and didn’t pay enough attention to spot that Jacob seemed to physically falter for a moment after he talked, as if he’d suddenly been hit with doubt. Sylvia didn’t mind at all. She giggled and sauntered- her tight dress theoretically one that would appeal to Mark, except that it didn’t have the same appeal on her for some reason- to Jacob’s side with an extremely friendly smile.   
   
“You’re welcome, doll! Hehehe,” she giggled, and fluttered her eyes. Jacob stopped breathing for half a second, then exhaled as if it had been many times that. His already relaxed poise became even looser as he stared comfortably at her and allowed his face to become bright red. “Follow us, sweetie.” She took Jacob’s hand and led him away. Mark followed, eager to appreciate the better view of Sylvia’s hair. It had a couple braids serving as a band across her scalp- to keep it ou of her face, he assumed. It also had lots of pretty clips and sparkly gemstones and things decorating it, placed such that it seemed random until you really looked at it, when the gleams coming from each item wove together into a beautiful tapestry that constantly danced and shifted and changed shape, never *forming* anything but always *promising* to, like if you stared long enough it might turn into a cat or a diamond or a butterfly made of beautiful spikes of light, and one simply had to watch, both in hopes one would see it take its shape but also because the journey, the experience of those lights changing and moving, was itself so captivating-

“I love you…” Jacob muttered.   
   
A very relaxed Mark blinked. Was that…odd, to say here? Sylvia worked for the company, sure, flirting…ought to be strange, but whatever part of him decided these things was nowhere to be found. He tried to reach for it, but right before he grasped something the lights moved, and yanked his attention away, and he stared and smiled. His face went slack again and drool trickled down his lips as he smiled and happily followed and stared and listened.   
   
“I love you too, sweet pea.” She got to a trolley and took Mark’s hand, leading him onto the trolley. She sat him down, got in his lap, smooshed her…

Her boobs….  
   
“Shhhh,” she purred. Mark smiled wider than he ever had in his life. "Just loosen up for me okay? Let alllll of your silly tight muscles looooosen up." She rubbed her boobs up and down against his face, pushing it backwards against the surprisingly comfy seat of the trolly. He let the air seep slowly from his deflating lungs as his muscles all went heavy and useless. The world in his vision became bleary and fuzzy and spun just a little bit around him. His eyes drooped helplessly. He couldn't see that she was touching his arms and thighs with her soft delicate hands, but he could feel that she was. Her fingers, long and delicate, glided elegantly along his arms and provided something of a massage as they did.   
   
“Sweet dreams, baby boy.” She kissed his head. His eyes fell shut and he fell down through his body, through the seat. He tried to resist, his heavy eyes fluttering just a little bit open as signals coursed down into his unresponsive arms. A vague fuzzy shape that might have been Sylvia extended towards him. He felt…something on his face, but it was dull and strange. A beautiful voice purred to him. Something about pretty eyelashes. Another kiss. The shape heaved forward into him, all around him, enveloping his face. He lost consciousness entirely in seconds.

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Mark woke up in the trolley, a woman standing over him who looked much more like what he'd come to the resort expecting to see. She seemed to be in her late thirties to mid forties, if he had to guess, and her gentle smile and thick red lipstick lended her an air of composure that made her presence comforting. He stirred as his eyes took in the sight of the woman's face. His body felt heavy and sleepy, more than it out to have after just dozing off for a quick nap. He'd have trouble feeling…well, troubled about it though, on account of being more relaxed than he'd ever felt before in waking memory.

"Wake up, dear," the woman crooned with her hand outstretched. Mark took hold of it before he knew his arm had moved to meet it. As he rose out of the seat onto his weak wobbly legs, he felt some of the nice cozy goopy feeling seeping out of his head. Things started to feel less dull and vague to him. Some things did not quite have an opportunity to form yet- things such as, "is Jacob on the trolley?" and "where's my stuff," for instance. The things that he could formulate thoughts about, simpler and easier and not as threatening, queried whether he should ask the lady for her name, or whether he'd be weird for telling her that her hands were smooth and soft and felt nice to hold. He stumbled after her, too lost in his own head to process that his eyes saw they were leaving the trolley.

Once they departed from it, the resort stood majestically in front of them. Its beautiful architecture practically slapped Mark's eyes in the face, demanding that he wake up more just to take the chance to admire the building itself. He did manage it, just barely, marveling at the big marble walls and high ceilings and impressive glass windows. The woman next to him chuckled and gave his hand a reassuring squeeze.

"My name is Madam Ves, young one," she trilled gently. "Nice to meet you." Madam Ves reached with her other hand and used it to stroke Mark's hair. He blushed with a mild twitch at the initial contact, helping further remove him from his drowsy stupor, but quickly relaxed and adapted to the touch. He found that, unsurprisingly, he quite liked it.

"I'm, uh- my- my name is Mark. Ma'am," he stammered, his shaky eyes struggling to stay on her face not for some silly reason like a spell but because she intimidated him with her beauty. Now that she stood there, stroking his hair with her beautiful slender fingers and gently grasping his hand in her own, her soft skin warm and perfectly smooth against his, he felt like he'd leapt into the deep end of a pool utterly unprepared to swim to the ladder.

"Huwehehehe," the woman giggled with a face like she was watching a cute animal chase its tail, "no need for such formalities here, dear." She leaned in and pressed her lips to his forehead for a moment, planting a chaste little kiss on it. His face heated up further and he fidgeted with delight for a few seconds. "You are so precious, little darling," she purred directly into his ear using a low rumbly voice like a cat's. He melted further, completely incapable of resistance as she turned forwards and pulled him with her towards the resort's big double-doored entrance. She swiped a card through a little reader panel to unlock it, then guided- or more accurately, one might say "pulled"- him with her inside. The resort's interior sported lots of sculptures and fancy decorations and chandeliers, all of which Mark did not notice, being too stunned to process that information.

He was, however, aware enough to know he'd gone inside. He felt excited.