

Unexpected Predicament

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His respect and selflessness melts her heart and makes her soul swoon.

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I wake up on the beach of some tropical island in the middle of the Pacific. Plane wreckage is all around, some of it still smoldering or still on fire. I'm so confused now I'm awake, about where am I and what the hell is going on.

I try to collect my senses as a man runs over, standing above me. He kneels down, trying to ask me if I am okay or hurt. But I can't hear him, his lips were moving but nothing was coming out. Then I notice the ringing in my ear and that I couldn't hear anything. I put my hand up to my ears and all of a sudden, this immense pain sears through me as a scream suddenly comes out of me.

Then suddenly, I hear everything. The pain and the intensity of my scream shake my vision. I point and scream, "FUCK! My leg!" Tears start to flow down my dirty scraped-up face. "My leg, my leg!" I start to hyperventilate as blackness creeps around my peripheral vision. It invades all but a single point in my vision, then suddenly, it all goes black.

Hours pass, and I wake up, looking up to a beautiful night sky filled with dazzling stars. Lying next to a well-lit fire with someone's jacket covering me, I am still in pain and slightly dizzy. That same guy walks over to me and takes a good look at me.

"Hey, are you okay?"

I take my time to collect my thoughts and absorb the situation.

"My legs hurts like hell, and I have a slight headache."

He turns around and starts to feel my leg that I pointed at earlier. I start to sit up to take his hands away.

"What do you think your doing?" Then searing pain cripples my arm.

"Don't worry, I'm a bone doctor. Just in case you haven't noticed, I braced your leg." He points, and I can only tilt my head to take a glimpse past my large, but firm breasts to see a makeshift brace fashioned out of seat belts and sticks.

Then, seeing a doctor's badge on his shirt collar, I start to relax and give him my thanks. He runs off, only to come back with a head rest from the plane, and helps prop my head up as he lays it under me.

His hands are firm, and yet soft and gentle. He pulls my hair away and sits on the other side of me to let the fire illuminate my face. I stare deeply into his eyes. I am lost in him. The soft but bright glow of the fire highlights every feature of his average face, but he has a caring and calming demeanor. He has shoulder-length blond hair, and deep ocean blue eyes. Although average in appearance, my heart melts and feels at peace, safe in his presence. It isn't the blazing fire that sends shivers and goose bumps all over my body and down my spine. It's hard to put into words.

"Hey, I have to check your head wounds. I have to keep them from getting infected."

This somewhat snaps me back to reality. What is this feeling?

His hands glide over my face feeling for any unseen cuts. I am totally content as a smile creeps over my face. It feels so good.

Then suddenly, his face makes my stomach turn.

"I'm not going to lie to you. You have a small infected cut on your throat, near your jugular. It doesn't look too bad, but in this part of the world, that's all it takes. Your shin was broken, but I reset it, and I am comfortable with the results. However, you need to be off of it for six weeks or more. I would prefer it if we were in my clinic, but I am confident your leg will be just fine. I am more worried about your neck wound. If it spreads and gets to your jugular..."

He pauses as a tear falls off his face and onto my lips. Instinctively I taste it. Somehow, the flavor of his tears comforts me. Memories of high school biology and health classes quickly come back.

"It's alright," I reassure him. "I trust you will do what it takes to make this patient all well again."

He leans down and kisses me on my forehead, sending shivers down my spine and making me wet with desire.

I wrap my arms around his neck and guide his face to my lush, plump lips. His hair is so soft and

strong, like nylon rope for curtains. I make him press his lips against mine, and I kiss him as deep as I can. My tongue is going as far as I can get it in his mouth, and playing with his own tongue and massaging it.

I start to slide my hands onto his chest as we make out. I can feel through his shirt that his chest is hairy, and that he is well padded with fat. He isn't a large man, about average, and has an average sized gut. But his compassion, and his tender embrace of my face set my heart on fire as we start to breathe deeply. We inhale each other's scent, and they combine with the island's hundreds of wild and exotic flowers. They are so fragrant, it smells like heaven. He is sweaty from his hard work to keep me safe and warm. He even made a bed for me to lie on. It's been made from plane wreckage, a large palm tree, and what looks like banana leaves. It's actually quite comfortable. The sand conforms to all my curves and ample bubble ass.

I start to take his shirt off when he breaks free and stops me.

"I am very sorry, I shouldn't have kissed you. I shouldn't have taken advantage of you when you're both physically and mentally vulnerable. I very much enjoyed this, but even if we did go all the way, I would still wake up with shame and guilt. But I cannot disrespect you by doing this. Please forgive me, and get some rest. You need to heal up."

I am in so much shock that I don't know what to say. I am both angry and disappointed at what just happened or rather, what isn't going to happen. But seeing his eyes, fighting back his tears and personal guilt, I can see he is very sincere. No other man would do such a thing. No other man would care that much about me or any women to deny me a promise of mis-guided pleasure in my vulnerability.

This man, this wonderful man, has done so much for me, and expects nothing in return, but my safety and personal health, and a way to be rescued. I can see his arms and legs shaking from sheer exhaustion. It is finally starting to hit him, and I just wanted to make sure he was rewarded for his effort.

"You have nothing to be ashamed about!" I say with a commanding tone. "You kissed my forehead to reassure me that I was going to be all right. You made me feel safe and comfortable. Never once did you take advantage of me while I was unconscious and tending to my leg or wounds."

He stops me, and seems to regress to a child-like state during a scolding.

"But I did, I lifted your shirt off to check for wounds without a second thought."

I am embarrassed, but even more grateful for his selflessness. And with that, I stop him in his tracks, laughing as I hold my hands out over his mouth.

Looking confused, I ask him, "Did you just hear yourself? Are you not a doctor, isn't it your duty to help the injured?" As he sits there with my hand still over his face, you can see the gears grinding as he re-lives the past minute.

Cupping his face and tugging it to mine, he starts to relax. In a sweet, calming voice, as I tug his shirt with my other arm, I tell him, "I know you're a good man that respects me and my body. You have nothing to be guilty about, or ashamed of. I am no more mentally vulnerable today than before this little predicament. I know exactly what I am doing, and who I am doing it with." His eyes enlarge, and just about burst out of him.

"Now, let me kiss you, and take your shirt off, and then I want you to lie on top of me and kiss me some more."

He follows my commands to the letter as he leans in, and I kiss him with intensity and desire. I make love to his mouth, if that's possible. Wrapping my arms and hands around his lush hair, I force him deeper into my mouth as we jam our tongues into each other.

I let go, and our eyes open up. He sits up and tries to refocus. I am staring at him, still dazed a little from our kiss, and it makes me giggle. The sight is just so innocent and cartoonish.

My hands start sliding up his legs and under the hem of his shirt. I start to pull it off, and he starts to get the hint. He leans forward, raising his arms and letting the shirt slide right off of him. Now I can really smell his musky scent of the man that he is. His shirt, moist with his body juices, is so intoxicating. It is so wonderful, that my eyes roll to the back of my head as I inhale. My toes curl as I have a mini orgasm. Then my leg tells me that it's still broken, and shoots a bolt of pain straight up my legs, hitting my ass and traveling up my spine. This somehow intensifies the orgasm in a strange mix of pleasure and pain.

With a concerned look, he jokingly says, "Hey, you still have a busted leg there, take it easy now." A great big smile instantly makes me smile back at his concern and my little orgasm.

In an almost parental tone, I start to tease and remind him what else I told him to do.

"Now, what else did I tell you to do?" I can see it in his face as it hits him, and then a big smile crosses his face as well. He starts to lay down partially on me, with me in between him and the fire. I start to coax him to get on top of me. Now, with his legs straddling my hips, and the rest of his body

pressing his weight into me, I sink a little into the sand. The weight of his body on me is pure bliss, and I am getting wetter with every move he makes on me. His chest rests against my large breasts, and they rub against my hard nipples, making my body tingle all over. His kisses are so tender, and he is careful not to hurt me with his teeth. I will never be able to reward this man properly if he keeps this up. Even though I have coaxed him to put all his weight onto me, I can still tell he's holding back out of concern. I hope he never stops making me want to reward his efforts.

I wrap my arms around his back, and press him tight against me. My breaths are deep but fast. We kiss for what seems to be an eternity. Deep, long and hard, this man tastes so awesome in my mouth. I can feel him grinding my waist instinctively. This man is making me go crazy. My clit is pressed so hard against his pants through my soft thin shorts. My whole body starts to move rhythmically as my hips start to gyrate little waves against his hips. He hasn't even penetrated me, and I am on the verge of another orgasm. Our dry humping starts to go a little faster, until I stiffen and squeeze my arms around his back even tighter.

I let go of him, and start to take my shirt off. He helps by sliding his hands under my shirt and slides it off. But he takes his time as he passes over the side of my ribs, and even slower over my bra. Finally, it's off. My bra, on the other hand, will be a bit more difficult. I can't sit up because of the pain. This man looks at me and smiles.

"I have always wanted to do this." With great pleasure, he rips open the front of my bra, and lets my tits hang free. Never had I ever thought that hearing a man tear my bra off would get me so excited. His hands caress each 36 Double D with great care and tender gentleness. Even still, after ripping my bra off, he is still able to be kind and caring.

Massaging and kneading my tits like a cat, he plays with my nipples. He goes down on them one at a time. Sucking and teasing, nibbling and grazing all over my nipples and aureoles. Such a tease he is, and he doesn't even know it, trying not to hurt me in his foreplay. I finally press his head down on my tits, and he gets the hint. I pull away, but he stops me. Now I get the hint. He loves it when a girl does that. As he sucks even harder, I moan and squeal. With my arms on his head, he knows that he's not hurting me and presses on, making hickeys along the way. He licks me all over, and marks me as he goes. He even goes under the fold of my tit, no man has ever gone here before, and I never thought of it myself. How the hell does he know? With every breath, I inhale deep and moan and grunt. With every grunt I make, he matches and intensifies the sensation of his mouth over me. It's like having a little vibe on my tits.

Another orgasm is on its way, and I start to breath quickly and more shallow this time. When it hits, I bury his head so hard that it strains him to get his mouth on my nipples. And when he does, he lets go and slams his head on my nipples with his teeth biting into me. Not enough to draw blood, but

enough to show his teeth marks as he is forced to press his teeth into me, sending a sharp pain that only serves to intensify my orgasm.

With the heat of the fire, the heat of this wonderful man, and the afterglow of three orgasms, I think to myself. Wasn't I supposed to be rewarding him?

.....To be continued.....

Let me know if you want to hear the rest. ;)