Vanessa's Island - Chapter Ten

By aussiescribbler

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In which Vanessa's persuades me to let her put her clothes back on.

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"Does it feel good when I do this?" Vanessa asked, briefly clenching her pussy muscles around my cock as she pumped up and down on it.

"It feels like your pussy is wanking me off," I cried.

"My pussy is wanking you off and sucking you off and fucking you all at the same time. Isn't she a naughty, clever little pussy," she explained, her voice quavering and breaking in the ecstacy of the fuck.

I grasped the cheeks of her bottom, wet as they were with freely running sweat, and rolled her over on the bed so that she was below and I was on top. She spread her legs wide apart, and I felt her lovely soft hands grab my bum forcefully and pull me even closer, so that my hard cock sank even deeper into the warm, wet tunnel of her insatiable, dick-sucking tummy-mouth. Meanwhile, her other mouth's tongue was licking the trickling sweat from the side of my neck.

"I love the smell and taste of sex-sweat," she whispered in my ear. "So sweet and sour."

"I hope you like the feeling of fuck-juice flooding your pussy," I cried, carried away in the moment, "because it is about to happen."

"Juice me, David. Juice me," she yelled, as I spurted again and again deep within her.

Then we collapsed together in an exhausted, sweaty heap.

"If we keep fucking like this, we'll be dead within the week," Vanessa gasped.

"I know," I agreed, "but what a way to go."

When I had gathered my breath I picked up the scissors and carefully and gently cut the rest of

Vanessa's sweat-soaked leotard off of her body.

"I hope you weren't too attatched to that," I commented.

"I've got plenty of clothes," Vanessa explained. "But you won't let me wear them. You want a constant feast of bum, and boobs and pussy hair all day long. I would think you would get bored."

"Not when it's your bum, and your boobs, and your pussy hair," I assured her, casually combing the later with my fingers.

"But clothes can be fun," she insisted. "The feeling of silk on my clitty and titties. Don't you like the feeling of silk on your cock?" she asked,gently tickling my limp prick with a fold of silk sheet.

"It does feel kind of nice," I admitted.

"I've got an idea," she said, and skipped off the bed and disappeared into an adjoining room.

When she returned she was holding a pair of pink silk french knickers, with a lacy trimming.

"You're going to put them on?" I asked.

"I'm going to put them on you," she replied, slipping my feet through the leg-holes before I knew what was happening.

"Hey, wait a minute..." I began to protest, but, when Vanessa got an idea into her head there was no sense in trying to stop her. I felt the gentle carress of silk as she pulled the panties up my legs.

"Lift up your arse," she ordered, and reluctantly I obeyed. I felt the soft fabric engulf my limp but still sensitive prick and slide over my buttcheeks.

"What do you know, they fit," she cried triumphantly.

"Well, I'm not wearing them," I yelled, pulling them off as quickly as I could. "I'm no pansy," I protested, my old Ernest Hemingway personareasserting itself in full force.

"Spoil sport," Vanessa responded. "I only wanted you to see what they felt like. The look was not so good, that I admit. Anyway, don't they say that a guy just wants to get into a girl's pants."

"I prefer the girls that don't wear any," I put in, slapping Vanessa's bare bottom playfully.

"There you go again. Nudity. Nudity. Nudity," she cried in mock protest.. "If God had meant us to be nude all the time, we would have been born...Oh, all right forget that argument."

"Why all this talk of clothes?" I wanted to know. "Don't you like me looking at your boobs and bottom and pussy?"

"God, I love you looking at me," Vanessa explained. "I love the fact that you can't stop staring at my pussy, even now. I love the fact that the sight of my bare bottom makes your cock really stiff. I love the thought that if I didn't fuck you, the sight of my naked body would make it absolutely impossible for you not to play with your dick in front of me."

"Well, that's reassuring," I replied.

"But clothes can be fun, too," she said. "You should see my cleavage in a tied-up bodice. And wouldn't my bottom and pussy tantalize you even more if you got occassional glimpses of them from beneath a short white tennis skirt. And what about bathers, the wet material stretched taut over stiff nipples. The look of tight, blue jeans stretched over a gorgeous butt. What about a bedmate wearing little-girly flannel pajamas, with a loose elastic that just won't keep them up. Of course that's the most fun. The fact thatclothes can be removed. Now, David, can you really tell me that you don't like the thought of pulling a girl's skirt up to look at her legs and herpanties. Pulling her panties down, with her putting up just the right amount of token protest. Ripping her shirt open and burying your face in her bra-less boobs. And what about pulling down the zipper on a girl's jeans, knowing just how close your hand is to the hairy pink-lipped pussy hidden inside her panties."

"Don't tease me any more," I cried, my cock once more stiff as a poker. "Put some clothes on! Put some clothes on!"

"Ah," said Vanessa seductively, "but which ones?"

She led me into the adjoining room which turned out to be one huge wardrobe. Here it was that I would be introduced to the unending erotic adventure of women's clothes.

No I didn't become a transvestite. Though there are times when I feel so close to Vanessa, and the boundary between what is me and what is her seems so blurred, that I am tempted by her insistence that I climb into her clothes and "find out what it's like to be a girly, like me." But at times like this Ernest gets the upper hand and I resist the temptation.

The pleasure I discovered in Vanessa's wardrobe was that of dressing and undressing Vanessa.

Now I suppose that playing with dolls is a girly thing to do as well, but when the doll is made of flesh and blood, and you get to fondle her nipplesas you scoop her breasts into a bra, or run your hand gently over the smooth silk panties into which you have only recently squeezed her naked bottom, it tends to stir up in you feelings that are most definitely masculine.

At first Vanessa wanted to have a shower to wash off the sweat of sex, before trying on any clothes. But I was so excited by her talk that I insisted that she put on a pair of cheap panties, an old t-shirt and a pair of jeans. Once she had done this the game began.

"If you can catch me, you can strip me," she explained. "And when you've stripped me, I'll give you that boob-job I promised you the other day." With that she ran out the door and down to the beach. I wasn't far behind.

There is something about a little competition that adds spice to sex. Everyone knows where that game of Strip Poker is going to end up, but theprocess is exciting in itself. After all anticipation is most of the fun in any pleasureable activity, and sex is no different.

I knew that eventually Vanessa's soft white breasts would be stroking my hard cock, but would it happen within the first ten minutes or would it take until sundown.

In the end it was nearly sundown, when Vanessa took pity on me and ended our game of chasy by accidentally on purpose tripping herself up and falling lengthwise in the sand.

"What are you doing?" she cried, as I rolled her over and unbuttoned her jeans.

"I'm taking your clothes off," I explained. "I want to see your boobs, your bottom and your hairy, pink-lipped pussy."

"But you can't do that," she protested. "I mean I like you and everything, but no man has ever seen me naked."

"I'm pulling down the zip of your jeans, my fingers are only millimetres from your hairy pussy," I said, drawing out the drama. "Soon I will see it all."

"Oh, David, this is so embarrassing," Vanessa whimpered as I dragged her jeans down her long legs.

"Nice panties," I said, learingly.

"Thank you," she said, pathetically, "but please let me keep them on." She held them up tight on either side appearing not to notice that this allowed pubes to poke out on either side of the tightly stretched and steadily dampening gusset.

While her hands were holding up the edges I lay the side of my face on her tummy and lifted the front of her panties so that I could see the forest of red pubes inside.

"David, stop looking down my panties," she protested clapping her hands over them.

In a flash I grabbed them by the edges and yanked them down her legs and off over her feet. Her hands were still covering her pussy and her legs clamped together tightly.

"Are you sure you don't want to show David your pussy?" I asked. "I don't think you're as innocent as you pretend. I don't think your hands are between your legs to stop me from seeing your pussy. I think naughty Nessa is playing with herself again. Let me count your fingers. Thumb, two, three, four, five. One hand. Lift it off. Second hand. Thumb, two, three, four. Where is Nessa's other finger."

"In her pussy, diddling with her clit," she confessed spreading her legs wide apart. "Mind if I finish myself off while we catch our breath."

"You know I can never get enough of watching you play with yourself," I said. "It's almost as much fun for me as it is for you."

"It couldn't possibly be," Vanessa moaned, rolling her eyes to comic effect. "I'm just thinking about the lovely slow boob job I'm about to give you. I love giving boob jobs, especially if I get to give a little lick on the up stroke." She licked her upper lip suggestively.

"Lick what?" I asked with mock innocence.

"The tip of your stiff cock, you wanker," she spat out, her face twisted in orgasm.

"Wow, that was good," she sighed pulling her t-shirt over her head. "So, David, is your dick ready to go to Heaven."

"You bet," I replied enthusiastically.

"All right," she said, placing her hand in the middle of my chest and pushing me gently down onto the sand. "Just lay back and relax and enjoy."

She cupped one of her magnificent breasts in each hand and pushed them together while giving me a warm-hearted cheeky smile.

"Look good?" she asked.

"Oh, yeah," I sighed.

Slowly she released her breasts and let them swing free as she lowered them onto my crotch. I felt the soft warmth engulf my stiff dick. Then shegathered them in her hands again and pushed them together around me. Her skin felt incredibly soft as it carressed my sensitive hardness. Slowly she began to move up and down. When my cock reached the level of her chin, she stuck out her tongue cheekily and licked the end of it.

Then she began to sing softly:

"Rock-a-bye David between Nessa's boobs,

Her boobs are so soft, your dick is so hard,

If she licks you again, your dick it will spurt,

Covering Nessie, boobies and all"

This little nursery rhyme proved prophetic enough. No sooner had her tongue touched the end of my cock once more than I coated it prolifically with spurt after spurt of my hot cum.

"Am I good or what?" she asked, after wiping the excess jism off of her lips with the back of her hand.

"Wow," I sighed.

"Come on," she said. "It's time for a long, hot bath. And then you can help me dress for dinner."