

Rescue At Sea

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Published on Lush Stories on 18 Jul 2008



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Mike rescued the mother and daughter but could he cope with the reward?

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Mike lowered his binoculars and pushed the throttle forward to its maximum. It would be an exaggeration to say that his elderly cabin cruiser surged ahead. A large cloud of black smoke and a series of backfires belched from the exhaust, the ancient hull vibrated and slowly the revs increased. The inappropriately named "Queen of the Waves" lurched and protested as the speed built up to 15 knots. Through his binoculars Mike had seen hundreds of gannets diving into the water. He knew what that meant. A huge school of pilchards. From the air the gannets were feasting and he knew, in the water below, the game fish would be assembling. A great chance for a big yellowtail or tuna. Slightly ahead and to starboard there was a large, modern cabin cruiser; a gin-palace more than twice the length of Mike's modest craft. He was surprised to see it this far out. Usually the rich owners wouldn't venture into these waters, so far from port. There were far closer bays where they could moor to drink their champagne and nibble their salmon salads. The two cruisers had the sea to themselves. The gin-palace was still 100 hundred meters away when he drew level. Then he noticed two women waving. That was strange. The occupants of such craft always ignored his with its fading paint and unkempt look. Mike looked behind to see if they were waving at someone else. The sea was empty. Mike lived out on an outer island in a settlement of five cabins making a modest living writing computer software via the Internet as he wrote his book. At 20 years of age he had become fed up with university and enjoyed the solitude of life three hours by sea from civilization. The other owners of the cabins were holiday makers and most of the time, like now, he had the island to himself. Just as he liked it. He gave the women a cursory wave and returned his attention to the gannets, studying the foaming sea with his binoculars and cursing "Queen of the Waves' slow progress. He scanned to the gin-palace. The women came into full focus. "Looks like a mother and daughter. Why were they waving so much?" He looked more closely. They had their hands by their mouths and looked like they were shouting. He couldn't hear anything over the raucous noise of his straining engine. Probably some Smart Alec comment about the dilapidated state of "Queen of the Waves." He resisted the urge to wave two fingers at them and went to check his fishing gear. Then it dawned on him. They were calling for help. Mike looked back at the gannets. There were there in

their hundreds. There must be some great fish below. It was only a couple of hours until dusk. If he stopped to help, there went his chance of a decent fish. Mike reluctantly changed course and headed for the larger boat. As he got closer he could see them more clearly. Both were wearing sun dresses. Long, dark hair and as far as he could see from this distance, slim figures. The daughter looked like a clone of her mother. Maybe 18. The mother looked far too young to have a daughter that age. But Mike knew that where there is enough money for a gin-palace, there is enough money for personal trainers, age reducing creams and perhaps a cosmetic surgeon's scalpel. He drew close to the stern of the cruiser and tossed a rope to the mother who dropped it.. She dropped it again on the next attempt. Mike sighed and pointed to the daughter who just managed to catch his third throw. Mike had to yell at them to tie it to a cleat, which they did very inexpertly. He finally got close enough to jump onto the transom then climb aboard. Ignoring the women he quickly tied a knot to secure his own craft. "Why didn't you come sooner? Couldn't you see us waving?" the mother asked with a frosty stare. "I thought you were just being friendly." "Friendly? Do you think we would wave at someone in a tub like yours for twenty minutes, just to be friendly?" Mike sighed. He had forsaken a fighting tuna to be abused by an upper class snob. He looked the mother. An aristocratic looking beauty, there was no doubt. High cheekbones which were accentuated by her long dark hair being drawn sharply back from her face. A perfect, almost unlined complexion and, at this moment a haughty, disdainful expression. She was studying Mike's sweatshirt which he had screen printed. A portrait of Clint Eastwood holding up a pistol with an improbably long barrel. Above it Mike had printed the words: "Resistance is futile." As the mother studied the words a twinkle seemed to come to her eyes and her face softened just a bit. As he tried to think of a reply, Mike looked at her. She was tall, only a couple of inches shorter than his six feet. Her sun-dress did little to hide her body. It showed the cleavage between her breasts. It showed to Mike that she wasn't wearing a bra and that her breasts were up to the challenge. It was very tight around her waist and it showed to Mike she was very slim. It was extremely short and showed to Mike that her legs were extremely long, extremely slim and extremely shapely. She seemed unconcerned by Mike's leisurely gaze. "Have I given up the chance of catching a tuna, just to have my beloved "Queen of the Waves" abused by the people I'm rescuing from certain death?" "Are you telling me you love that tub?" There was definitely a strong hint of a smile now. Mike looked at his craft, smoke pouring from the exhaust, the paintwork which he had been intending to paint for two years, but hadn't got around to, the three cracked windows with strips of masking tape, the pile of empty beer cans which again he had been planning to tidy up, but hadn't quite managed. "'Queen of the Waves' has always been faithful, always been there when I have needed her. Unlike the women I have known." He looked at her steadily. The twinkle in the mother's eyes brightened. The daughter interrupted. "He's dead." Mike was not used to death, but felt he was expected to commiserate. "I'm sorry to hear that. None of us go on forever, I guess." But even as he said it, he felt that his compassion sounded hollow. "Who's dead?" he added as an afterthought. "The charter skipper. He went to the toilet and when we checked after half an hour, there he was sitting there." "Sitting there?" "Yes, on the toilet with his trousers down." Was that a slight grin that Mike noticed? "He could be constipated," Mike reasoned. "Constipated! That was three

hours ago. He's still in exactly the same position with exactly the same stupid expression on his face.” The mother's tone had become haughty again. Bracing himself Mike went to the toilet. He had never seen a dead body before. He opened the door and saw a fat, middle aged man, sitting on the toilet, shorts around his ankles and leaning into a corner. There was a look of surprise on his face. “Well, I suppose I'd be surprised too.” empathized Mike. Tentatively, he touched the body. It seemed very cold. “How can you tell if someone is dead?” he wondered. Then he remembered an old movie. “Do you have a hand mirror?” he asked the women who had followed him. “Why do you need a mirror for heavens sake?” The mother looked irritated. “Just get one if you have one please.” With a skywards roll of her eyes the mother went to her handbag. He held the mirror in front of the corpse's mouth. No misting at all. According to the movie, no misting meant no breathing and no breathing meant death. “Dead,” Mike pronounced. “Like last week's roast dinner.” He looked at the now former skipper with sadness. “Poor bastard. . . . What a way to go. . . . With your trousers down.” The daughter's grin was quite open now. But her mother resumed her haughtiness. “We've already told you that he's dead. He's been there for three hours. I've stuck him with this pin 20 times to try and get some reaction.” She pointed to a large safety pin. “Why did you have to touch him with my mirror?” “I saw it in a movie.” The daughter giggled, even the mother had a smirk. “What a coincidence. I saw a movie where someone used a safety pin to check a corpse.” Her smirk turned to a smile and when her daughter started laughing, the mother joined in. Out of deference to the dead, Mike tried not to laugh, but failed. He composed himself and closed the door to try and give the corpse some dignity. He took the opportunity to study the daughter. She was only an inch shorter than her mother. She had her mother's bone structure but her face was softer with her youth. Her sun dress didn't show as much cleavage as her mother's but Mike had noticed the movement inside when she laughed, Like her mother, the daughter seemed to think that bras were not needed at sea. Her legs were the match of her mother's. Her expression was not haughty in the slightest. More a wide eyed innocence but she did have that alluring, mischievous twinkle of her mother. “If he's been dead for three hours, why didn't you radio for help?” “Me! Are you mad? How would I know how to work the fucking radio thing?” The mother was indignant. “And we've been out of cellphone range.” “So, we've been sailing around for three hours trying to find our way back to port,” said the daughter. “Port is that way,” said Mike, pointing behind. “You've come in the wrong direction. This way is South America.10,000 kilometers away. How's your Spanish?” The daughter giggled but the mother glared. “Well, use the radio yourself.” This presented a problem to Mike. Although he spent a lot of time at sea he was ignorant when it came to nautical equipment. “Must take that Master Mariner's course soon,” he had been saying for years He looked at the radio and uselessly twiddled a couple of knobs. “This one is a new one for me. Where's the manual?” “We spent three hours looking for it. There isn't one.” The mother eyed him coldly. “You'll have to use the radio on your tub.” Mike was starting to take serious exception to her description of his beloved craft, but embarrassment stopped him from protesting. Like much of the equipment on “Queen of the Waves”, the radio didn't function. “Ah um, mine's not working right now.” The mother looked at him in disbelief. She looked at her daughter. “Well Sarah, let this be a good lesson for you about men. One is sitting on the toilet, stone dead, and this one”

pointing at Mike, "our savior, our rescuer, is obviously brain dead." Sarah looked at Mike, then started to giggle. Mike watched in amazement as the mother started to smile and then laugh. The two women held each other as they laughed hysterically. Although the joke was directed at him, Mike could see the humor and couldn't suppress a grin. The mother looked at him. "I'm sorry, that's a bit unfair. My name is Simone and this is Sarah." Mike introduced himself. "Well, Skipper Mike, what do you suggest?" asked Simone. Her haughtiness had gone, replaced by a twinkling, challenging smile. "Won't the charter company be looking for you?" "I don't think they will miss us until tomorrow. We were going to moor in a bay and have two days out here." "It's called Dead Man's Bay. We got the dead man but we didn't get the bay," Sarah giggled but soon she and her mother were laughing in each other's arms again. This time Mike laughed out loud. "It's going to be dark in an hour. The only safe mooring we can get to is the bay where I live. Here, look at this chart." He bent over the chart which was lying on the table. The two women came close to look, one on either side. Simone propped her arm on his left shoulder as she bent over and Sarah's arm rested on his right shoulder. Both women seemed to be fascinated by the chart and bent over further, resulting in their torsos pushing hard into his back. Mike was not fascinated by chart but certainly was fascinated by the feel of one of the breasts of each of the women pressed into him, by the long dark locks and the whiffs of perfume. "We'll go there and I'll call the coastguard." It took him a couple of minutes to set up "Queen of the Waves" to be towed by the gin-palace. As he made his preparations he pondered. There was something surreal about this situation. These two stunningly beautiful women with their bizzare senses of humor, their coquettish behavior and their twinkling, challenging looks at him. He had never been interested in women twice his age but there was an erotic mystique about Simone as well as her sophisticated, mature beauty. He knew from experience that women from society's rich list, as these obviously were, were never interested in him with his scruffy clothes and scruffy boat. They were playing some sort of game with him. However he enjoyed their jokes and sharp conversation. And if the game involved their breasts against his body, as happened over the chart, who was he to object? Mike returned to the gin-palace and prepared to start the motor. "Are you sure you know how to do this?" asked Sarah with a wide eyed innocence. "I'm the skipper. I won't tolerate insubordination. You can always abandon ship" He spanked her bottom and pushed her towards the stern. "Aye aye, skipper," said Sarah grinning at him and saluting. "Well, what are your orders, Skipper Mike?" Simone was also smiling. "Before we move on, maritime tradition requires that we give a farewell salute to the old Sea Dog." Mike pointed to the toilet. "Is there any booze on board?" "Booze? Yes skipper, we have that well under control. About the only thing Sarah and I do have under control on this boat." Again the two women laughed. Again, Mike wondered what he had struck. Sarah produced a bottle of champagne and three glasses. She filled the glasses and the three of them walked to the toilet and Mike opened the door. The former skipper was still there, still with his shorts around his ankles and still with that startled look on his face. "Farewell, old Sea Dog," intoned Mike. "May the seas be calm in heaven." "Farewell, old Sea Dog," intoned Sarah. "May your heaven be full of beautiful mermaids." "Farewell, old Sea Dog," intoned Simone. "Please be careful when you take your trousers off up there." After the laughter had stopped they drained their glasses. "Why did

the two of you come out on a charter?" asked Mike as he started the engine. "It was an impulse. Yesterday Sarah and I told my husband to piss off." "Can you believe it Skipper Mike?" Sarah patted his hand to get his attention. "He was having an affair with his secretary. She is half Mum's age and about three times her weight." "To be quite honest Sarah," Mike said looking at Simone. "No I can't believe it. He must be mad." Simone smiled at him, patted his arm and then turned to Sarah. "What did I tell you about men, sweetheart? Three men in our lives at the moment. One is stone dead, this one is brain dead and the other one is mad." Mike laughed longer than the two women. Sarah changed the topic. "So this morning we wondered how we would celebrate Daddy's departure. I thought of a cruise and Mum and I could have a party on a deserted beach. Just the two of us" "We wanted to make it formal so we brought our evening dresses," said Simone. Mike wondered whether it was Rupert the husband, the two women or he who was slightly mad. Sarah filled their champagne glasses. "Farewell toasts for Daddy," she said. "Farewell, dear Rupert," intoned Simone. "May my lawyers get every cent you have." "Farewell, dear Daddy," intoned Sarah. "Please don't have sex with her on top. You'll get crushed." Again the laughter and another female embrace. Mike thought Rupert may have done the sensible thing by escaping. "Your turn Skipper Mike." Mike thought. "Farewell, lucky Rupert. I think you may enjoy the peace and tranquility you will have without these women and their jokes." Sarah and Simone looked at Mike. "We are so lucky having Skipper Mike as our rescuer, aren't we Mum?" "We certainly are. A silver tongue is far more important than knowing how to work a radio." They came and stood either side of him at the wheel. They were so close that their bodies were touching him as they stared ahead. Mike caught a whiff of perfume from both. Mike should have been surprised when both put an arm around his shoulders. But, nothing could surprise him about these women now. Simone asked Mike some questions about his life. "You're writing a book. How fascinating. What is it about?" Mike looked at her solemnly. "It is a saga of noble, honorable men and ruthless, scheming women." Simone looked him in the eye with her engaging twinkle and her face seemed to glow with enthusiasm. She put her hand on his. "How absolutely perfect. What else?" "A heart rending tale of two such noble men. Both met the same two women. Women of tantalizing beauty and devastating wit. "Neither man could cope. One chose to risk death by crushing with another woman twice his size, the other chose to die on a toilet at sea." Simone turned Mike's head so that she could see his face. She could not contain her giggles. "Skipper Mike, you are such a romantic." And she gave him a hug and a brief kiss on the lips. Sarah filled the champagne glasses again. "A toast to Skipper Mike's masterpiece." "To my humble scratchings," said Mike. "May they do justice to these extraordinary women." "To Skipper Mike's masterpiece," said Sarah. "May his hero die with his trousers off. But not on the toilet" Like her mother, she kissed him briefly on the lips. "To Skipper Mike's masterpiece," said Simone. "May his hero's most passionate dreams become reality." Again she kissed him. This time her lips lingered and there was a touch of her tongue on his lips. Mike could think of nothing to say. Both women were staring ahead but as he glanced at them in turn, each seemed to have a contented smile. He concentrated on his navigation until he felt Simone's hand move up from his shoulder and her fingers idly trace over his neck and ear. "A gentleman would return the favor," he thought and released one hand from the wheel and let it drift lightly down

Simone's neck. She turned to kiss him again, this time her lips parted and her tongue pushed between Mike's lips. Mike's hand drifted down her spine. His fingers confirmed what his eyes had suspected. Simone was not wearing a bra. He casually drifted his hand lower to her bottom which he squeezed through her dress. Finding no resistance, his hand went under her dress to stroke Simone's smooth, firm and beautifully rounded buttocks. Simone kissed him even longer then turned to look ahead. But she pushed her bum back against his hand. At first Mike thought she was wearing no knickers, but then he found the string of her thong. His erection bounced up inside his shorts. He felt a finger gently run down his cheek and turned to look at Sarah. "No favoritism between crew members, Skipper Mike," she whispered, pouting her lips to be kissed. She lifted the one hand which Mike had on the wheel and placed it on her bum. Mike was forced to take his hand from Simone and return it to the wheel. She didn't seem to mind and she pecked his cheek as Mike kissed her daughter. Mike's hand explored Sarah's buttocks. They were similarly delightfully firm mounds. Her thong was just as skimpy as her mother's and, from the way she pushed back her bum into his hand, her pleasure was the same as her mother's. They came closer to shore and unfortunately Mike needed both hands to manage the cruiser. "What are you thinking Skipper Mike?" asked Sarah whispering in his ear and stroking the side of his face.

Mike took a moment to recover from the thrill of her lips on his ear. "Do you want the truth or shall I make something up?" "Which would be more interesting?" "The truth is I was wondering why mother and daughter are wearing identical thongs." "Hmmm," said Sarah pensively. "There are two questions there. The first is why do we have the same thongs? The answer to that is I bought a packet of two and Mum stole one." Simone ran her lips and tongue around Mike's ear sending a thrill through his spine to his erection. "But our skipper's question could mean 'Why are we wearing thongs?' Isn't that so Sarah?" Sarah nodded. "Good question. Why are we wearing thongs, Mum?" "I don't know. I can't really think of any good reason why we should be wearing thongs." Mike was well experienced for a 20 year old but nothing had prepared him for what happened next. Both women reached under their short dresses and tugged down their thongs. Sarah picked them both from the floor and threw them over the side. Both women resumed their positions standing on either side of him, each with an arm around his shoulders, staring straight ahead into the dusk and saying nothing.. Mike had to concentrate carefully to navigate through a narrow passage between the rocks which guarded the entrance to the bay where he lived. This time it was Simone who caressed his ear with her lips and tongue "And what are you thinking now, Skipper Mike?" . "Truth or fiction?" "Which would be more interesting?" "I was thinking that if I hadn't been forced to rescue you, I could have caught a tuna, had a great meal and a peaceful night by myself" "Oh, Skipper Mike, that is such a lovely thought. Because of us a beautiful fish is still alive." Again Mike savored those lips which excited him more each time. Both women then burst into giggles and leaned against Mike as they laughed. As their bodies bounced with mirth Mike was aware of four unfettered breasts against his sides. He was glad of the increasing dark to hide his rampant erection They arrived at the mooring buoy. "Right, crew," said Mike. "There's work to be done. Are you two going to help or just be beautiful." "Just be beautiful

of course," said Simone and sat on a bench. This caused her dress to ride up and Mike realized that except for an unfortunate shadow he would have been able to see her pussy. Sarah said, "We paid good money for this charter on the basis that someone else would do all the work." "But you paid it to him," Mike pointed to the toilet. "And I can't see him doing much to help." Sarah came over to him, stood on tip toes, put her arms tightly around his neck and looked earnestly into his eyes. "Skipper Mike," she whispered. "We'll find some way to pay you." Mike was aware of her teenage breasts against his chest, of her knicker-less vulva pressing against his erection. Sarah's lips parted and she kissed him tenderly. Mike wondered when he would wake from this dream. Mike took the dinghy and moored "Queen of the Waves." When he returned he found that Simone and Sarah had made a modest effort. Each had a small suitcase. There were two large chilly bins and one small one. "For Daddy's farewell party," said Sarah. "Our evening dresses," pointing to the suitcases. "The food," pointing to the small chilly bin. "The champagne," pointing to the two large chilly bins. Mike rowed the dinghy and faced Simone and Sarah as they sat in the stern. He couldn't take his eyes off their beautiful, fully exposed thighs. He couldn't take his mind off the thought that there were two naked pussies protected only by an inch of sun dress. The inevitable happened and he could do nothing as he needed both hands to row. "Skipper Mike, I know a way we could get to shore faster." Simone had that mischievous smile. Mike braced himself for what he knew was coming. "We could put up a sail on that big mast you have there." Again the two women hugged each other as they laughed. Mike used an oar to splash them with water. This only increased the laughter. Mike's cabin was very basic. One bedroom, one bathroom and one large room which had everything else. But the view over the bay was magnificent and Sarah and Simone were highly complimentary. "Skipper Mike," asked Simone peering through his telescope. "Is this what you use to find damsels in distress like us?" "I should have used it. If I had seen the two of you, I would have stayed here." Simone came to him and hugged him. Again he was aware of bra-less breasts, of an almost naked pussy pushing hard into his shorts, right on his cock. "Skipper, you do say the loveliest things." Mike couldn't resist fondling her buttocks under her dress. Mike couldn't resist lifting the front of her dress and knowing it was a naked pussy pushing into him. Mike couldn't resist kissing her and feeling her tongue probe his mouth. But duty called. He had to inform the coastguard about the old Sea Dog. The coastguard were not accustomed to dealing with dead bodies on toilets. "Why the hell are his trousers down?" "He's on the toilet for fuck's sake." "He's probably just constipated. Why do you think he's dead?" "He hasn't moved for five hours, he's as cold as a lawyer's heart and we stuck a safety pin into him 20 times. And we put a mirror under his nose." "Why the hell did you do that?" Mike explained the two movies and this both impressed and convinced the coastguard. The commanding officer came to the phone. "So you used the old mirror and safety pin checks. Smart work. They never fail. At least not in the movies I've seen." Unfortunately a large gathering of the city's movers and shakers had taken out a flotilla of their gin-palaces and, by the time they were completely drunk, had all run aground. All the coastguard's resources would be tied up for hours trying to save them. It was agreed they would come out at first light the next morning to collect the remains of the old Sea Dog. Sarah and Simone had been busy while Mike was doing this. They had collected a large pile of driftwood onto the beach

in front of Mike's cabin. They went through his pantry collecting all his plates and cutlery and took those out. Then they went into the bathroom together. Mike heard their giggles as they showered. "There's not much hot water. Please leave some for me," he called out to them, then wondered why he was wasting his breath. After 25 minutes they emerged, wrapped in towels. "Skipper Mike there's something wrong with the water here. It's just run cold." They vanished into his bedroom with their suitcases. "Ladies only in here for the next half hour." Simone wagged a finger at him. As he continued his discussion with the coastguard Mike heard hair driers and excited comments. "Mum, you are so beautiful." "Sarah, there really isn't very much of that dress." "Mum, won't you be showing too much cleavage?" "Sarah, where are our thongs?" "You know you stole my last one this afternoon." Mike finally finished with the coastguard. He had his cold shower and by the time he was finished his bedroom was empty. He looked outside. It was dark but the bonfire sent flames into the air. He could see two figures lying on a rug beside it holding hands. He dressed in his best trousers and shirt and went out to join them. The two figures stood up and as he went closer he could see them clearly by the light of the flames. The sight which beheld him was far beyond his most erotic fantasies. Simone was wearing a long white dress which came to her ankles and offset her lightly tanned skin perfectly. The top was widely parted at her shoulders and the garment only came together just below her navel. The rounded sides of her breasts were bare, almost to her nipples, and these, in the night air, jutted prominently against the material covering them. Her long dress was slit up the side of her left leg. The slit went as far as her hip bone. She had her left leg slightly forward so that it was completely exposed. All her thigh, even the inside. The floating folds of the dress only just covered her pussy. It was obvious to Mike that no thongs had been found. Mike was now used to her haughty expression. But he could also see that hint of a smile, that confident, welcoming challenge. Sarah was a contrast. Her dress was black, tight and even shorter than the sun dress she had worn that day. The satiny material clung to her upper body. As the flame lights flickered, her breasts were so visible that it seemed that she was naked and had painted her body black. So obvious were the shapes of her firm, rounded, teenage breasts. So obvious were her nipples. Her expression was of open teenage enthusiasm but with that hint of mischievousness. "Well Skipper Mike, will we be suitable company for you.?" "On any other night I would say 'Yes'. But tonight I have to work on my book." But his smile was broad and their laughter was confident. First he went to Sarah, who put her arms up to hug him. They kissed with open mouths, Mike ran his hand up the top of her dress and fondled her breast. Sarah pushed herself into him and pushed her left leg between his. With his other hand he lifted her dress above her waist. His hand drifted over her pussy. It was absolutely hairless and very soft and smooth. He gently explored the soft folds of her outer labia. He then turned to Simone who was as welcoming as her daughter with her mouth and tongue and lips. She didn't mind as Mike took both the straps off her shoulders and her dress fell away exposing her upper body. Mike explored with his fingers and hands. Explored the slim tautness of her belly, the tiny folds of her navel, the firmness of her breasts. Not as firm and uplifted as Sarah's to be sure, but Mike knew they would be the envy of all the girls he had been with. His other hand moved inside the slit in her dress to discover her feminine intimacies. Again a smooth and hairless pussy, her labia soft and warm. All

three sat down on the rug with Mike in between. With no rush Simone replaced her shoulder straps. But she felt no need to adjust her dress where the split had left both thighs open and her pussy only just covered. Mike placed his hand on her upper thigh and Simone parted her legs slightly allowing him to go to the top of her thighs, with the side of his hand against her labia. Sarah's dress was simply too short to cover her as she sat. Her beautiful feminine folds were open and she made no effort to cover them. Mike's other hand cupped her pussy protectively. Both women sipped their wine. Both Mike's hands were otherwise occupied. "It's tough being a man with the two of you. I can't drink any wine." Sarah put her glass to his lips. "Poor old Sea Dog," said Mike looking out at the gin palace in the moonlight. "What a pity he didn't last one more day." "Sarah and I were planning on just two of use being at this party. Perhaps he's already found his heavenly mermaids." "Perhaps he already has his trousers down," giggled Sarah. Sarah went to the cabin to get more wine. Mike opened Simone's dress a little more and bent over to softly kiss and lick her outer genitals. Simone shuddered and stroked his hair. Mike looked up at her beautiful face which now showed no sign of haughtiness. "Simone, we do have one problem. I only have one cock." "So I can feel," she said stroking her hand on his trousers over his erection. "I thought that as we are having a four course meal, Sarah could go with the appetizer, I will be the entree and go on like that." "Does that mean I've got to have eight courses." "You can skip some of the food if you like." Simone clasped Mike's erection through his trousers. "Just two things please Skipper Mike," she held his shaft and looked into his eyes. "Sarah is by no means a virgin, but you know what teenage boys are like. Her experience has been "wham bang". She deserves more I think." Mike reflected on Sarah's lovely teenage beauty and thought she certainly did. "Mmmm. And the other thing." "Sarah's Mum isn't all that confident. I have been married for 18 years and apart from two guilt ridden and unsatisfying flings I haven't played around. And dear Rupert had no idea or really any interest in me." Mike was a little surprised. It didn't fit with his assessment of Simone's character. "You are so beautiful Simone." He eased her dress off her right shoulder and looked at her wonderful bare breast as the light from the flames danced over it. Sarah returned with the wine. She took no notice of her mother's semi nudity and sat down with her pussy yellow and red from the flame light. She might as well have been topless as the material covering her breasts was so translucent. Mike sat, not touching either woman; simply luxuriating in the extraordinary beauty, the extraordinary femininity, the extraordinary promise of a night of sexuality beyond his dreams. Simone stood up. "I must go and prepare the appetizer." She bent over Sarah and the two women kissed each other on the lips. She bent over Mike and placed her bare nipple in his mouth. Mike sucked gently and briefly and Simone went to Mike's cabin. Sarah smiled at Mike. "What are your orders, skipper?" "Your sailor's uniform isn't standard issue. It must go." So Sarah stood and Mike unzipped her dress and raised it over her head. Her big brown breast with their big brown aureoles greeted him. Her flat stomach, her thin waist, her long slender thighs were open to his gaze. Her labia seemed to be smiling at him, in a vertical sort of way. Mike took her in his arms and laid her on the blanket and took off his clothes. Sarah raised her knees and parted her legs and held out her arms. "Please, please fuck me now, skipper." "I will most certainly fuck you but not right now, most exquisitely beautiful Sarah. With his lips and tongue and fingers and hands Mike caressed and

worshiped Sarah's body; from her forehead to her knees and to her fingers. Sarah's sexuality was awakened to the eroticism she had in every inch of her body, to how her skin tingled after his touch, to how thrills seemed to go from where his fingers were to her vagina. His tongue and fingers played their magic tune on her nipples and on her labia, but he neither entered her vagina nor stimulated her clitoris. Sarah relaxed mentally as her body built its excitement. Her hips moved with a will of their own, her breathing started to quicken. When Mike returned to kiss her lips she opened her mouth wide and sucked his tongue urgently. When his hands returned to her breasts with a firmer touch she put her hand on his forcing him into her harder. When his hand moved up her inner thighs she parted her legs and just about squealed with excitement of his feathery touch. When his fingers played over her pussy she felt an erotic thrill as he stroked her clitoral hood. When he parted her inner labia and his fingers entered her sodden vagina, it was not with the crude thrust of her previous lovers but as though he was finding every nerve ending to build her excitement. Then his divine fingers found her clitoris. Then her pleasure burst through her loins and exploded in a shuddering orgasm. Then Sarah burst into tears of happiness and excitement and held his shoulders in a iron grip. Before she recovered Mike's fingers were in her vagina. At first deeply, exploring her cervix and Sarah pushed her hips up to take him deeper. Then Mike's fingers partially withdrew and she felt a totally new form of pleasure, a totally new form of excitement as he caressed her G spot. Her orgasm came even more powerfully and left Sarah panting. Mike moved down between Sarah's thighs. He parted her legs wider and pushed her knees towards her breasts. Her most intimate femininity was open and willingly available to him. He kissed and licked up her inner thighs, on that wonderful soft flesh between her thighs and her labia, her pubic mound, her clitoral hood, her outer labia which were now drenched with her feminine juices. Down and lingeringly over her perineum, down to her anus. This was a new world for Sarah. She had talked about this with her friends and had been repulsed. Now she delighted in his exploration. When Mike's lips sucked Sarah's clitoris, the soft tender eroticism almost tormented her until he increased the pressure and her tension was released in another orgasm. Then his fingers on her G spot with his tongue on her clitoris. At first Sarah was only vaguely aware of Mike's finger entering her anus, but when two fingers were inside to the top knuckle, the forbidden excitement overwhelmed her. Sarah tightened her sphincter around his digits as her orgasm consumed her from her pubic mound, her clitoris, her G spot, to the depths of her vagina and the depths of her bowel. They lay side by side. Sarah's body was covered in perspiration and reflected the glow of the flames as Mike surveyed her beauty. Sarah ran her fingers through Mike's hair. "Oh you beautiful man. Skipper Mike, you may have saved us from a shipwreck, but I think I need to be saved from you." They giggled and laughed and sipped wine. Then it struck Sarah. "Mike, I've had all those wonderful orgasms and you haven't even had one." Mike nuzzled her ear. "You can say it now," he whispered. "Say what?" "What you said before." "Oh yes I remember. Please, please, fuck me now skipper." The nerves in Sarah's vagina were still aroused making his entry an exquisite delight. But what thrilled Sarah almost as much was the beautiful feel of this beautiful man's beautiful hardness and masculinity deep inside her. She thrust her hips, she squeezed with her vaginal muscles, she wrapped her thighs around Mike's waist. Mike was so aroused by the foreplay, by

Sarah's beauty, by her desire for him, by the feel of her soft, warm, wet vagina that he had to use an iron will not to come too soon. But fortunately Sarah was almost completely aroused before his entry so that when his penis focused on her G spot her orgasm came so quickly it took Sarah by surprise. Her groans of orgasmic joy were accompanied by groans of pleasure as she felt him stiffen, heard him grunt, felt him plunge onto her cervix and knew his semen was spraying into her feminine depths. They lay like that for ten minutes, saying little, then separated and sipped some wine. "Appetizers anyone," called Simone as she came from the cabin. Sarah reached for her dress, but Mike extended a restraining hand and he made no effort to dress himself. Simone brought out a plate of smoked salmon with sour cream and caviar on strips of wholemeal bread. Simone looked at the two naked bodies. She saw Mike's flaccid penis, his slim torso with its lean hard musculature. She looked at Sarah and saw the orgasmic flush in her daughter's cheeks. "Won't you be getting cold without any clothes, Sarah?" "I'm lovely and warm and anyway Skipper Mike won't let me get dressed." "I'm feeling a little overdressed with you two like that." So Mike again eased off Simone's shoulder straps and lifted her dress so that it hid nothing, But Simone decided that it would be better if she took off the dress completely. The three sat by the fire nibbling their salmon. They sat cross legged. Sarah was completely relaxed about her pussy being in full view of Mike. Simone felt less comfortable, particularly as Mike made no attempts to disguise his gazes at her shaven pussy. Once he looked up from it and then smiled at her. Simone felt the urge to close her knees, but fought it and in fact spread her legs far wider. Mike's smile widened. Sarah had watched this interchange and had watched Mike's tumescence fully recover. "Time for me to prepare the entree, I think." She kissed Mike and held his hand to her breast and as she kissed her mother she whispered, "You are a very lucky lady." As she had said to Mike earlier, Simone was hesitant. It wasn't that she didn't want Mike. She liked him, she loved his body and she hadn't had good sex in years. First she was worried about her age. She was within a few years of being twice as old as he. She had no reason to worry. She had a classical bone structure, perfect complexion, slimness, years with a personal trainer and the good luck to have the genes which kept her breasts firm and pointed high. Mike sensed that despite her brazen-ness, despite her earlier confidence Simone needed reassurance. "Simone, you are so beautiful. What is the most beautiful part of you I wonder?" "Is it these eyes?" A kiss to her eyelids. "Your beautiful, aristocratic face?" A shower of light kisses. "Possibly these soft full lips." A lingering kiss. And so he covered her all her body with praise and kisses. "This slim nose, maybe?" "These smooth cheeks?" "This slender neck?" All over her body. Simone's upper arms, her armpits, wrists, hands, breasts, aureoles, nipples, belly, navel, pubic mound, labia, thighs, knees, calves and feet. Simone started by giggling at the humor, but her body relaxed, responded and rejoiced as Mike explored and questioned. Simone had also worried that she might not have the right responses, that her sexuality was inadequate. But these concerns vanished as Mike's fingers traced over her inner thighs, causing a beautiful sensation to shiver through to her vagina. His fingers played her pussy like a Mozart sonata and her orgasm came in a crescendo. Like her daughter, Simone experienced his wonderful mouth on her clitoris and like her daughter Simone's body was swamped in the joy of multiple orgasms.. By the time Mike's rampant cock spread the pink folds of her inner labia, Simone

was in a state of ecstatic bliss and she moaned in uninhibited delight with her last orgasm. Mike propped her shoulders and head on some cushions and knelt astride Simone's chest. She bent forward and eagerly took his cock into her mouth, into her throat and sucked and licked urgently. Mike withdrew so that his orgasm squirted over her aristocratic face before Simone sucked the last of his juices from his penis. Side by side they lay, gazing into each other's face. Mike's fingers gently rubbed his semen into Simone's face and both enjoyed the intimate, cloying smell. They threw more wood on the fire and Sarah brought out the entree: a fresh Caesar salad. Mike gave a skipper's command that both women must keep their knees at least 18 inches apart. This was accepted with enthusiasm and without question and as time went by, both Sarah and her mother enjoyed the brazen sexuality of their femininity and kept their knees wider. They relished Mike's open admiration and they marveled how this strange set of circumstances had resulted in their being on this remote beach with this extraordinary young man. Simone went inside to prepare her main course and Sarah offered her body as her main course. After the delight of Mike's earlier oral sex with her she wanted to return the favor. Sarah pushed hard and didn't mind the discomfort in her throat, didn't mind that she gagged. She was totally focused on the delight of having his rigid cock in her mouth and on the delight in giving him pleasure. Then Mike asked her to kneel on the blanket with her shoulders flat on the ground. She pushed her stomach towards the earth which meant that her buttocks were pointed almost to the sky. She parted her legs, thrilled that she was in this submissive position with her genitals open to Mike to do with as he wished. Mike grasped her hips strongly and thrust his penis into her vagina and pounded vigorously. In this position his penis penetrated even deeper and the pressure on her G spot was even greater. Their sex wasn't gentle. It was primeval, basic, unrestrained physicality. Sarah's role was to push herself backwards to get Mike deeper into her and to cry out loudly as her orgasm surged. She didn't think that life could offer more. But she was wrong. Mike pushed two saliva covered fingers into her anus. The initial entry was abrupt and might have hurt had Sarah not been so excited. When those fingers were fully inserted, with their own lovely feeling on her rectum wall, increasing the pressure of Mike's cock on her vaginal nerves Sarah surrendered completely to her most primitive, animal instincts and became a sexual beast and howled in delight. Mike withdrew from her vagina and easily thrust his penis into Sarah's dilated anus and her ecstasy took a different dimension. Her bowel felt gorgeously full with his manliness, the feeling of his cock rubbing against her smooth bowel walls, the indirect pleasure to her vagina from the pressure. When Mike moved his fingers to Sarah's clitoris her world contracted so that she was only aware of her flesh from her pubic mound to her anus and Mike's magical, ravishing cock. Her orgasmic wail was even louder. Later Mike told her that it was just as well the bay was deserted or someone would have called the police to say there was a pack of wolves on the loose. Simone's main course of baked salmon was superb. Simone had certainly not watched Sarah and Mike together, but couldn't avoid hearing Sarah's excited wails. When Sarah went to the bathroom Simone asked Mike, "Skipper, did you see the movie, 'When Harry met Sally?'" "Yes." "And do you remember when Meg Ryan faked an orgasm in the restaurant." "Yes." "And when a waitress asked a dear old lady what she wanted to eat, the lady pointed at Meg Ryan and said, whatever she's having." "That was a great

scene.” “Skipper, may I place my order for desert?” “This is most irregular I'm the skipper and I decide. But,” Mike laughed, “Because you have such a beautiful nose, I will agree.” “Skipper, for desert, could I please have what Sarah just had. Whatever it was.” But Simone's introduction was different from Sarah's. She had little of her daughter's impetuosity, she had an intellectual aversion to anal sex and a sphincter muscle which refused to yield. Nonetheless she was determined that a new part of her life was starting. After her now usual multiple orgasms from Mike's tongue and penis in her vagina, she lay facing him with her knees high around his waist. Mike was ever so slow in forcing his well oiled penis inside, but it still hurt. “Do you want to go on Simone?” “Yes please skipper,” and she regained her composure and forced her rectum to become used to this overfull sensation. When he was fully inside she felt uncomfortable, but not sore, not sexually aroused but emotionally happy that she was doing this with the man who had saved her life and she was liking more and more. Mike's thrusts were ever so slow and ever so tender. Gradually Simone's rectum walls expanded and she stopped feeling uncomfortable. She didn't orgasm but felt an emotional thrill as Mike ejaculated deep in her bowel. She clung to him and sobbed a little. Sobbed for her wasted sexual years, sobbed for the joy she felt now, sobbed with pleasure at her new found sexuality. The three walked arm in arm and naked along the beach. “May I ask you ladies a question?” “Whatever you like, Skipper Mike.” “Just about as soon as I came on board, I knew you wanted to have sex. But you don't strike me as the type of women who just casually bonk.” “You're right. We're not. But, Skipper, we had to honor our promise to you.” “What promise? I didn't hear any promise.” “When we were waving at you, we were terrified you were going to ignore us. So we yelled at you saying that you could do whatever you liked with us for a week if you rescued us,” said Simone. “And immediately you turned and came to us. Surely you heard?” said Sarah. “I couldn't hear a thing over the noise of my engine.” Sarah and Simone looked at each other. “Oh dear Mum, we've put ourselves through this sexual abuse for nothing.” “And he thought we were interested in him, just for his body. What an ego.” Mike could hear the giggles starting. “And we threw those expensive thongs overboard for no reason.” More giggles. “And we've had all these orgasms when we could have been spending the night paying final respects to the old Sea Dog and remembering Daddy.” The laughter broke out. “What do we do now?” “Well a promise is a promise I suppose darling daughter. However unattractive the implications.” Simone stroked Mike's cock. They all walked on in silence. “Can I be absolutely clear on this? You will do anything I want for a week?” said Mike. “We have no choice, we promised,” said Sarah. “Anything you want for a week. Aren't you pleased Skipper Mike?” Simone whispered and returned her hand to his cock. “Yes crew, I most certainly am. 'Queen of the Waves' needs a good coat of paint and so does my cabin.” Simone's gentle touch on Mike's penis changed to a cruel twist. The coastguard arrived very early the next morning. The commanding officer took charge. “We've got to be sure that the old Sea Dog is dead, not just constipated.” He stuck a needle into the corpse 10 times, then held a mirror to its mouth. “Dead,” he announced to his crew who were watching in awe at their commander's forensic skills. “As dead as the snapper I ate last night.” He paused in sorrowful contemplation.

“Poor bastard. . . . What a way to go . . . With your trousers down.” Simone's mind and body

overcame their reluctance towards anal sex after two days Her ecstatic wails matched her daughter's as she knelt, shoulders down on the blanket, holding her buttocks apart to help Mike's rampant erection drive deeper into her bowel.. "Queen of the Waves" was transformed by the women from an ugly duckling to a graceful swan. Sarah and Simone took an almost parental pride in her when they had finished. Rupert, Simone's former husband, lived in increasing happiness with his increasingly fat secretary. Life seemed to be blissfully stress-free without Simone and Sarah. The old Sea Dog's first week in heaven was tinged with sadness. He looked down on Mike ravishing Simone and Sarah and pondered on what might have been. But then St Peter introduced him to some heavenly mermaids and told him that no-one died of a heart attack in heaven.