

Vanessa's Island - Chapter Eight

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Vanessa and I reminisce about our first times.

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The afternoon sun was streaming through the bedroom window when I awoke from a dream that Vanessa was casually and luxuriously sucking my cock, to find that she really was casually and luxuriously sucking my cock. "Hmmm..mmm," I sighed contentedly, "nothing like waking from a wet dream to find a wet reality." "Well reality's not the only thing that's wet," she replied. "I've been playing with myself again but it's no substitute for the real thing. I hope you don't mind that I started getting you ready while you were still asleep. Did you know," she added as she impaled her sopping pussy on my rock hard prick, "when I first saw you all stiff and standing up like that on the beach when we first met, I had an almost irresistible impulse to just start jerking you off there and then while you slept?" "I wouldn't have objected," I replied. "Wouldn't have objected?" she asked in disbelief. "You would have had a heart-attack. As far as you knew you were alone on the island. An old guy like you couldn't take that kind of shock," she teased me. "Anyway it would have been non-consensual sex. Strictly speaking you could have had me up for rape." "I think I would have been prepared to settle out of court," I stated, after some consideration. "You're so silly," she replied, as she gently rocked back and forth on my hard cock. Once more I felt a wave of deep love for this playful, ravishing creature sweep over me and I pulled her down so that our lips met. She opened her mouth and I gently found her tongue with mine. We became like one creature wallowing in the pleasure that it gave to itself. It was as if I could no longer distinguish her body from my own, because to give and to receive pleasure with her was an equal joy. I was hardly aware of cumming in the normal sense, we just somehow entered a plateau of all-encompassing sensuality where wave after wave of pleasure swept over us as our hot juices spilled over onto the bedsheets. Afterwards we were hungry so we went to see what we could pillage from the refrigerator. We gathered some fruit and some sandwich makings and went back and sat on the bed. We sat cross-legged on the bed while we made our sandwiches and I couldn't help gazing down at Vanessa's pussy looking so puffy and pink and well satisfied. "She's had plenty to eat" she commented noticing the direction of my gaze. "But none of it reached my belly. Listen to it grumble," she added pushing my head down so that my ear was against her tummy. "This was too much of a temptation and I dropped my face into her lap and tickled her pussy lips with my tongue. "Mmmmmmm," she said, before pulling my head back up, "that's lovely, but you had better have some real food first. David can eat Nessa's pussy later." After finishing our

sandwiches we started on the fruit. Vanessa teased me unmercifully by giving her banana a long slow blowjob before eating it. "That's funny," she said, "whenever Jane eats a banana, another banana grows in Tarzan's lap." Vanessa cut herself a large slice of pineapple. As her teeth bit into it, the juice ran down her chin and dribbled onto her breasts. Leaning over I licked the sweet juice off of her chin and followed the trail back to lips. The long, slow pineapple flavoured kiss made me realise that the sensuous intimacies that follow sex have possibilities that are not dreamt of in the heat of passion. We fed each other grapes using only our lips and tongues. Finally it was too much for me. I cut an orange in half and squeezed the juice blatantly all over my stiff cock. "Whoops!" I cried, "now look what I've done." "What a mess you've made of yourself" Vanessa scolded me. "We better wash off in the sea." "But, but, but..." I stammered pathetically, as I ran after her down to the beach, my eyes rivetted to that tantalizing naked bottom, the delicious jiggling of which would have made even the Pope flog his bishop. I caught up with Vanessa in the water and gave that delicious bottom a playful slap. We splashed and played like little kids, but eventually I tired and, walking up onto the beach, threw myself down on the sand. For all that I had seen of Vanessa's nude body over the last few days, the excitement it elicited in me was as great as ever. As I lay there catching my breath I watched her play in the shallow water. The sun sparkled from her wet skin as her unfettered breasts swung and jiggled. From time to time she would turn her back to me and bend down to splash her hands in the water, thus presenting me with a view that would rival that of the sun rising from the sea each morning. The gentle tickle of the water running down from my chest and stomach onto my stiff cock was the last straw. I wrapped my right hand around my hot, wet prick and began to masturbate slowly as I watched Vanessa playing in the water. I felt so free and uninhibited, jerking myself off in broad daylight, knowing that it wouldn't be long before Vanessa noticed what I was doing, and knowing that she wouldn't mind one little bit. "I would have helped you with that if you'd waited," Vanessa smiled when she noticed that the approach of her wet nakedness up the beach had caused me to spurt cum all over my chest and belly. "Sometimes I just like to watch you," I explained. "You're better than a million copies of 'Playboy'." "Be careful," she laughed, "you may give me a head that's as big as my ass." "Why do women always think their ass is too big?" I asked. "I just wish I was a poet instead of a painter, so that I could let you know the full glory of your ass." "I know," she replied, drily, "the ass that sank a thousand ships." "Perhaps not the best metaphor," I suggested. "I just can't express it in words. But perhaps there is another way. Let me see you do your toe-touching exercises. No, no, facing the other way, silly." It didn't take long for my recently satisfied prick to swell back up to full stiffness. "See what a sexy bottom you have," I told her, "it can even raise the dead." "You've been pulling yourself again, haven't you?" she asked suspiciously. "I haven't touched it," I swore. "Maybe you would like an even closer look," she teased, at last convinced that her bare bottom was indeed "the stuff that (wet) dreams are made on". "Yes, please," I begged. "You really are a flatterer," she addressed my stiff prick playfully, as she straddled my chest facing him. "And flattery will definitely get you everywhere, but mainly into my pussy and my mouth." "Oh, God," I sighed, staring at Vanessa's soft, white ass cheeks, hovering only inches above my face. By now my cock was so stiff it positively ached. Slowly she lowered herself further until her soft cheeks engulfed my face and I had to breathe through my

mouth because my nose was engulfed by her wet pussy. I reached up with my tongue to suck salty water off of her pubes. "I can feel a fart coming on," she said with a straight face, lifting her left cheek slightly. "Blurple-urgle-glurgle-glock," I protested, my love for Vanessa's bum proving to be somewhat fickle. "Just kidding," she giggled, settling herself back onto my face. "Let's play Eye Spy. I spy something with my little eye that really likes being sucked." "Mmmm-lurple-murple," I replied, contentedly licking Vanessa's salty clitoris as I felt her cold hand wrap around my hot, hard prick. A moment later she bent forward, lifting her bum from my face, which she proceeded to wipe all over with her salty wet pubes and open pussy. I placed my hands on her hips to give her an idea of how much room I needed to be able to breathe, while I felt the head of my cock enter the warm wetness of her mouth. It slid deep into her mouth a few times with a slow steady rhythm before she withdrew it and drove me wild by licking it up and down its length and around the sensitive head with her flickering tongue. It wasn't long before I came once more. When Vanessa turned around I could see that a trickle of cum was running down her face from her forehead. She stuck her tongue out at me once again and then used it to lick her upper lip clean, totally missing a big drop of jism which swang back and forth from the end of her nose. We washed ourselves off in the sea once more and then walked back up to the house feeling totally refreshed and satiated. The rest of the afternoon was spent in that state of easy intimacy that comes once the full heat of passion has found its expression. We lay on the bed and chatted, sometimes kissing but always touching in some subtle way. "Tell me about your first time," Vanessa insisted. "Well it happened when I was at school," I began, "and not again until a long time later. I was very shy at that early age and, if it hadn't been for the interference of my friends, it never would have happened at all. It was their idea of fun to offer me as a virgin sacrifice to the local slut. That's what they called her anyway. Perhaps it was my first lesson in prejudice, because I found that the contempt that they had for her had more to do with their contempt for a part of themselves than it did with her own essential nature. "She wasn't much older than me really. She would have been about twenty, while I was sixteen. Today perhaps she would have received treatment for some form of personality disorder that made it virtually impossible for her to refuse her sexual favours to anyone. At the time they just called her the town bike and let nature take its course. I heard that she died of AIDS about ten years ago. "It was after school one day that my friends decided to strip me naked, push me onto her front porch and ring the doorbell. I couldn't very well run away. I needed to take refuge somewhere. "Oh, dear! Who's done this to you?" she asked solicitously as she let me in. She was wearing faded jeans and a dirty white T-shirt. She had greasy, blonde shoulder length hair and was kind of skinny but with great boobs. "My friends," I replied nervously. "Some friends!" she exclaimed. "Here I'll get you something to put on." "With this she went away and returned with a large t-shirt, which when I pulled it over my head, fell almost to my knees. "You'd better stay the night," she suggested. "I'm sure they've just thrown your clothes behind a bush or something, but we'll have to wait for it to get light before we look for them. Do you want to ring your parents or anything?" "No," I said, "I'd better not. I'll have to make up some excuse in the morning. But if I ring them they will just want to know why they can't come and pick me up. And if they find out the whole story they will never let me hang out with those friends again." "I'm not sure why you'd want to," she said. "Well,

they're the only friends I have,' I explained. "I think you and I have a few things in common,' she smiled. 'Now I want you to understand a couple of things right from the start,' she explained. 'Your friends shoved you onto my doorstep because they are hoping I'll fuck you. I've fucked all of them and some of their dads too. And some of your teachers.' She giggled. 'If you're good to me I might even tell you which ones. But whether we do anything is totally up to you. I love fucking. And the thought of fucking you has already got me wet between the legs. But I'm not about to take advantage of your friends' cruelty. And if we do fuck, you can be sure I'll pretend that we didn't. I wouldn't give those arse-holes the satisfaction, believe me.' "I've never...er, done it, before,' I explained. 'But I'd like to.' "Good,' she said. 'Don't worry, I'm a very good teacher.' "I think about girls a lot,' I confessed. 'Girls at school. I think about what they would look like with no clothes on.' "Is that a not so subtle hint that you want me to get nekkid for you?' "I nodded my head shyly. "No guy ever had to ask me twice to strip for him,' she commented. 'Hell, no guy ever had to ask me twice for anything.' "She stood up and pulled her t-shirt over her head. Her bra was plain, flesh-coloured and a size too small. It soon joined her t-shirt on the floor. "Do you like my titties,' she asked, jiggling them with her hands. 'Come on over here and have a feel.' "I walked over to her, painfully aware that my erection was causing the T-shirt I had on to jut out very noticeably in front. "Mmmmm, such gentle hands,' she sighed as I touched her soft, warm breasts. Her nipples were hard and erect. I ran my thumbs over them gently. 'Look how wet I am,' she said, sitting down on the sofa and spreading her legs so that I could see the wet patch forming through her jeans. 'What about you, are you enjoying the show so far?' she asked. As she looked up from between her legs she noticed the way my stiff prick was spoiling the hang of my T-shirt. 'Oh, I see that you are,' she giggled. 'Come here.' She lifted the T-shirt up and then let it drop back in place in such a way that my jutting cock was totally exposed and the T-shirt hung down from it on either side. 'I like that look,' she decided, 'very stylish.' "She unzipped her jeans and pulled them off, pulling her white, cotton tailknickers down with them. When she sat on the sofa I could see that the wetness between her legs was seeping into the fabric. There were many stains on the sofa. She was none too clean and neither was her house. "So that's what a girl looks like without any clothes on,' she said. 'Is it just like you imagine it when you play with yourself. I bet you love playin' with yourself, don't you. Why don't you show me how you do it?' "I just turned red and pulled the t-shirt back over my erection. "Now I've embarrassed you,' she said, 'I didn't mean too. All guys like to play with themselves but I'm going to show you something which is much better. Fucking is just magic.' "Shouldn't we have a shower first,' I suggested, noticing that she had started to scratch at her pubes, 'I'm kind of sweaty from running and that.' "Sure, let's have a shower together,' she agreed. "As I followed her out of the room, I couldn't resist reaching forward to touch one of her bottom cheeks with each of my hands. "My ass is all yours,' she sighed, bending down and pushing back to massage my stiff prick up and down with the crack between her butt-cheeks. "When we got into the shower, the luke-warm water flowing over our bodies was refreshing. We took turns at soaping each other all over. "I want to know what it feels like to be a boy playing with his dick in the shower,' she cried, sidling up behind me and grabbing my stiff prick in her soapy right hand." "Just like me in the bath with you," interjected Vanessa. "Yes, it reminded me of her when you did that," I admitted. "Your playfulness

often does remind me of her. But there was something else that would always get the upper hand in her. A kind of black hole in her heart that sucked up everything else. Something which ate up everything but could be satisfied with nothing. Except perhaps death. I saw that in people time and again, after her. And not just junkies, either. Successful people. In away that was part of my reason for coming to the island. But now you've distracted me. Where was I?" "Being jacked off in the shower," Vanessa helped me, a little sobered by how close beneath the surface my sad memories were. "That's right," I began again. "Her soapy hand slid firmly up and down my hard cock. "I like this," she cried. 'It's fun having a dick. Can I make it spurt? Oh, I already have,' she added as I sprayed the shower curtains with jism. 'Now do you want to find out what it is like to be a girl, playing with her cunt in the shower?' "I don't like that word," I said. "'What word?' she asked. "'Cunt'," I said, reluctantly. 'It's an ugly word for something that's not ugly at all.' "But that's what the boys always call it," she protested. 'What else should I call it?' "Your pussy," I suggested. "My pussy," she repeated, trying it out. 'I like that. I will call it that from now on. So do you want to find out what it is like to be a girl playing with her pussy in the shower?' "She stood close up in front of me and let me fondle her boobs, while her hand guided mine in a soapy exploration of the pleasure centres of her pussy. "I bet they never taught you that in sex ed," she said, as we dried ourselves. 'I AM the sex ed in this town. If only the wives knew how much they owed me for teaching their husbands how they like to be touched.' "Once we were in bed, she gave me what she called 'the double hug', her arms around my chest and her legs around my waist. With her hand she gently inserted my stiff prick into her once more sopping wet pussy and we enjoyed a long, slow, and on her part, extremely noisy, fuck. "Please don't leave me," she pleaded when we were done, apparently having forgotten already that I was an unclothed refugee in her house. 'That's what they always do. After they've got what they want they go. And then I can't sleep. I can't sleep if I'm alone.' "In the morning she found my clothes under a bush in her neighbour's yard and I went home. I had a hard time explaining to my parents where I had been. And an even harder one in a few days time explaining how I had caught crabs. I told them some school jocks had thrown me in the laundry bins of the school locker-room and that I must have caught the pubic lice from someone's jock-strap. I'm not sure if they believed me, but my dad had a weird kind of smile on his face." "Kind of sad," said Vanessa. "But I suppose the first time is always sad in some way." "So what was your first time?" I asked. "With a guy?" she queried. "I don't mean the first time you played with yourself," I explained. "The first time with someone else." "Do girls count?" she asked. "You've done it with a girl? Do tell," I begged. "Well, it only happened once. Unfortunately. Back when I was at a convent boarding school. Lucy, my room-mate had just had a messy breakup with her boyfriend, and she couldn't stop crying. "Can I get in with you?" she asked, finally. "If it will stop your blubbering, so I can get some sleep," I agreed. "She slipped into bed next to me. We were both wearing long flannel nightshirts, but they tended to slide up as we slid down in the bed. Anyway I could feel Lucy's bare knee against mine, and I realised that the intimate sensation was not an unpleasant one. "When I'm really upset," Lucy confided to me, 'there is only one thing that helps me to get to sleep.' "What's that?" I asked. "Playing with my nipples and my pussy," she explained. 'It feels really good. Don't you ever do it?' "What do you mean "playing with"?' I asked. "Here," she said,

'I'll show you.' "She lifted off my nightshirt and her own and began to stroke my nipples and pussy. "That tickles,' I protested. "'Don't worry, it will feel really good in a moment,' she reassured me.'Maybe it will be even better if I use my tongue. I don't want to lick you down where you pee, but I quite like the idea of sucking on your nipples.' "We learnt a lot that night, and by morning Lucy had forgotten that she had ever had a boyfriend. Unfortunately the nuns are very good at sniffing that sort of thing out and they moved Nancy out of my room." "So you like girls almost as much as I do?" I asked. "This is a revelation." "But I've never done anything about it since then," Vanessa explained. "Apart from fantasize of course. I've done a lot of that. If you're a good boy, I might even let you share one of my lesbian fantasies. Would you like that?" "What do you think?" I asked, drawing her attention to the rigidity of my generative member. "If I was really a lesbian, I wouldn't have any use for him, you realise," she teased. "Lucky for you that I like guys as well. Anyway, you wait right there and I'll go get one of my unpublished manuscripts." Five minutes later Vanessa returned and threw a bunch of typewritten papers onto the bed. The title read, "The Female Only Health Club". The real surprise was that she was no longer naked. She was wearing a pair of pale grey stretch-cotton leotards which she had probably not worn for sometime. They fit very tightly indeed, in all the right places. "Read it aloud," she instructed. "And let's both let our imaginations run wild."