

Back to the River

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Published on Lush Stories on 10 Sep 2008

Return home to the family farm has unexpected find in the river!

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/back-to-the-river.aspx>

Growing up by a river is a strangely special thing. No matter where I travel in the world I keep finding myself drawn back, as I just seem to find real peace while I am there. Even now though I work in the city, I still head back up to our family farm, just to chill by the river... especially as my parents get older and need more help.

With that said, I don't actually stay at the main house when I am there. Don't get me wrong, it is a beautiful old homestead, the original portion being built in the late 1800's, but being a property homestead, there is always action, whether it be the phone, my mother in the kitchen, or contractors and workers looking for my father.

There is an old workers shack a little way along the river that I fixed up when I was a teenager. Nothing flash, two rooms with a deck overlooking the river, an outdoor shower and toilet. But given I am the only one who ever goes there, it is all mine, and I rarely get disturbed, except for the occasional water-skier travelling along the river.

Work had been absolutely mad, 6 countries in the last 2 weeks, and while in Europe that is no big deal, in Australia/Asia-Pacific, that means some serious miles, and way too many airport lounges. Upon landing back in Melbourne, I turned my car due North and headed for the shack, work could wait for a week, and I needed some time away from the world.

The 3 hour drive passed easily, and although lights were on at the homestead, I was happy with my solitude, and decided not to stop in. I parked the car by the shack and walked in, tearing my clothes off as I came in, and flopping naked onto the bed, staring out at the moon over the river.

The next thing I knew it was morning, as the sun flooded in over the river, but the large gum trees breaking up the light as it hit the shack. It was late but I didn't care... time becomes irrelevant up here. I wandered outside and stretched to take in the view... Man this place was great!

It had been a few months since my last visit, and the river had dropped even more. More snags and fallen trees had become visible, and up around the bend a sandbar was jutting out even further across the river, almost 2/3 of the way. All of this was further evidence of the drought that had wreaked havoc on most agricultural regions of Australia. The upside of that was there would be no ski boats roaring past at full throttle, and I would truly have the river to myself.

I laughed as I looked down and realized my cock had also decided to “meet the morning sun”. Thinking nothing more of it I walked down to the river for a swim. It was early summer, but the water was still cool enough that it would soon calm down, and a swim up to the sandbar would be a good way to start the day.

The downstream section to the sandbar is always the easier swim, and in what seemed like only a few minutes, I was rubbing the water out of my eyes as I stepped up onto the bar.

“G’day stranger” I heard a female voice remark!

Pulling my hands quickly from my face to cover my nudity, I saw a stunning young woman walking onto the sandbar in a bikini with a towel.

“It’s a great way to start the day isn’t it? Especially now the skiers can’t use the river!”

WOW, who the hell was this I wondered? She was gorgeous. Not overly tall, but an incredibly athletic body, but still with curves to show femininity.

“It’s all right!” she states. “I saw you naked as you stood on your deck... although the water seems to of had an effect!” she giggled.

I was still wracking my brain to figure out who this gorgeous creature was. The property on the other side of the river was owned by Rob and Emma, friends of mine since school, and they had inherited it from Em’s parents after they were killed in a car accident. They had four kids, but surely none could have been old enough to be this creature? Furthermore, their house was a long way from here, and this was probably the farthest point on their property from any road.

She must have recognized the blank look on my face, “You don’t remember me do you...I’m Libby!”

Holy shit! This was Rob and Em’s eldest daughter. Crap I am getting old! She was born just after we finished High School. Em was hands down the best student in our school, but had Libby as an 18 year old, married her sweetheart Rob, and they had stayed in the area, and built a pretty good life for themselves. Real storybook stuff, but they were great people, and incredibly happy.

Now 18 years later, I could see all of Libby's parents best features in her. Rob was a great athlete, and was a bit of a local legend on sporting circles. Libby had a flat stomach with muscles rippling under the skin. There was not an ounce of fat on her, and her muscularity was very defined. However, that was where Em's knockout genes kicked in.

If there was a male for 150 miles that hadn't taken a shot at Em I didn't know of him... She was our town's version of Helen of Troy! She was the classic beauty, but she also carried herself incredibly well, hair always neat, make-up always just right, and had a style that so many women try to pull off, but never quite get. Libby had that too! Firm breast curved beautifully above her athletic stomach, her hair was pulled back, but not one hair was out of place, and her hips curved voluptuously off her waist, to be every bit the picture of beauty her mother was.

"Hey Lib! What are you doing all the way back here?"

"This sandbar is the best place left to swim on the river, and usually I have it to myself... when did you get back?"

"Last night. I will hide away up here till Sunday, and then head back to the city. How long is it since we have seen each other?" I asked, trying to figure out how I had missed this transformation from the tomboy I recalled her to be.

"Four years! Every time you come round to visit I have been away at boarding School. I am so glad that is over. Hopefully I can join you in the city when I start Uni in February."

My mind leaps..."Join me!" This in turn makes my cock stir and I realize I am still standing butt naked in front of this gorgeous young creature. I sink back into the water and continue the conversation, asking about what she wants to do at Uni, and how her parents are.

She has a very warm and engaging nature, and we talk and swim for some time. The conversation goes naturally and I genuinely enjoy her company, covering topics from local news to the environment and most places in between. All too quickly I realize the sun is now very high in the sky and I really should head back to the homestead and see my parents.

Libby mentions she is probably late to help Rob with some jobs, so had better head back as well, so we part, and I mention I might be around to visit her parents over the next day or so.

The swim back and for that matter the rest of the day I can get Libby out of my head. I help out with a few jobs around the farm, and the day passes quickly. But my mind always comes back to the vision

of Libby, and then I get caught up in the guilt that she is so young, and she is my friend's daughter. I am torn, but find my lust for this young woman unlike anything I have ever experienced before.

I lie in bed that night stroking my cock with the vision of Libby at the forefront of my mind, and when I cum, dream of my cock being buried in Libby's warmth. I drift off to sleep with this image in my mind.

The next day dawns and my cock is hard again, this time with Libby at the forefront of my thoughts. I gaze across the river and down towards the sandbar, hoping to catch a glimpse of Libby once again, but there is no sign. I decide to take matters into my own hands and go around to visit Rob and Em that day, and by default see Libby.

I drive into Rob and Em's and see Rob working in the workshop, so drive over to say hi.

"You Bastard!" he greets me, as I stop, wondering what Libby has told him. "In town over a day before coming over to say g'day ya bugger!" he laughs and warmly puts out his hand to greet me. We laugh and quickly drop back into the familiar chat one can only share with true friends. Em has seen me arrive and walks over to join the reunion.

Soon it is lunchtime and they insist I join them, and of course I am only too happy to oblige, as I think it will be a chance to see Libby again. As we sit down I meet Libby's three younger brothers, all of them the spitting image of their father, and by the number of trophies scattered around, equally gifted.

I ask about Libby, only to be told her HSC (High School) results came through that morning, and she is at the pub in town celebrating with friends. My disappointment is short lived, as I enjoy the boys and my friends company, but as I leave later that afternoon, wonder how I will see Libby again.

The next few days pass as the days tend to do in the country. Always busy, but nothing eventful, and no sign of Libby, either in town or along the river. I think it is all probably for the best, as my imagination would probably get the better of me, and I would make a fool of myself. Libby would make some good masturbation material for some time, but it was fanciful to think that anything would come of it, so best I went home and moved on with life.

On Saturday morning I lay in bed, feeling the warmth of the sun come through the windows onto my body, and my now regular morning stirring below my waist as a result of Libby. Although my eyes remained closed, I thought I felt a shadow move across my body. Opening my eyes, I had to shake my head to be sure I was seeing what I was seeing. Standing in the window was Libby, her back to me looking out at my view over the river.

She was wearing a short cotton sun dress, but with the sun behind her, it was easy to make out every curve of her body, her bikini bottoms, and that nothing other than the dress covering her breasts. She turned around and sprung me staring, then glanced down to my morning erection and smiled.

“Do you ever wear clothes?” she giggled

I dived for a sheet and covered my cock as she stepped in through the sliding screen door.

“Please don’t?” she asked, as she reached for my arm grabbing the sheet. “I love that you live so free here, I don’t want to disturb it.” With that, she lifted the cotton dress up over her head, exposing her firm young breasts.

“Libby, are you sure you should be doing this?” I asked, trying to be somewhat of a gentleman, but really delighting in what now confronted me.

She grabbed my rock hard cock and began to stroke it. I knew I should object, but did not move.

“Please, I have fantasized about you since I was 12, you always treated me as an equal, and I have dreamt about this for years. I used to sneak across the river just to lie in your bed, and smell you on the sheets, and when I saw you the other day, I haven’t been able to stop masturbating over you. Please... I need this!”

And with that she dropped her mouth to my cock, engulfing the head in one smooth movement, covering it with a thick coat of saliva before raising her head back up to lick the full length of my shaft. Oh my God, how did this young angel know how to this so well. Her mouth moved down and sucked on one of my balls as I fell back onto the bed, reveling in the pleasure I was receiving.

She brought her head back to the head of my cock, swirling her tongue around the head, then plunged down, taking the entire length down her throat, before rising up to repeat the process. Given I had already been masturbating for some time before Libby arrived, and her magnificent ministrations, I knew I would cum very soon. As that thought went through my head, I could feel my balls tighten, and my orgasm begin.

“Lib, I’m cumming!” I screamed, and she just clamped down on my cock, just as I began to blast streams of cum down her throat. Wow... this (not so) innocent 18yo just stayed working my cock, cleaning up every last drop of cum, then looking up at me with a satisfied look on her face.

“Where did you learn to do that?” I asked, still in the ecstasy of what I had just received. She smiled as she came up towards my face.

“Just because I was at an all girls school doesn’t mean we didn’t experiment with a few things!” she smiled.

Our lips met and I tasted my cum on her tongue as we passionately kissed. We continued to kiss as I brought her fully onto the bed and began to run my hands over the exquisite body. I rubbed her pert young breasts, pinching her hard nipples between my thumb and forefinger. She moaned in appreciation and pushed her breast even harder into my hand.

I moved down and began to kiss and suck on her breasts. Libby’s hips were now rising to meet me and rub her hot pussy against my leg. I continued my kisses down her body, enjoying her young body responding to my touch.

As I reached her hips, I untied the side ties of her bikini bottoms to reveal an exquisite young pussy, completely hairless, but with lips puffed up and very wet, and her clit already visible. I kissed her groin firmly as her hips moved to try and for my mouth towards her hot pussy, but I backed away, kissing my way along her inner thigh.

“Please... do it!” she moaned as I looked up to see her pinching her nipples and raising her hips.

I smiled and moved across to her other leg and kissed her inner knee, then slowly started working my way down her leg. I could hear her breathing getting faster in anticipation of my tongue exploring her wetness. Kissing her groin again elicited another loud moan as she raised her hips off the bed in expectation of what expectation of my next move.

I slipped my hands under her ass, cupping a firm cheek in each hand. Separating her ass cheeks, I planted my tongue on her ass and in a firm broad lick, ran it all the way up over her slit, causing her to moan again. I repeated this a few more times and I could not believe how wet she was becoming. I continued to suck on her pussy lips as I inserted a finger into her steaming wet snatch. Finally it was time to zero in on her clit as she began to moan and aggressively thrust her hips into my face.

At my first touch of her clit she came with a gush, actually startling me with how much fluid she produced. I licked up her nectar and went back to her clit, causing her to scream with pleasure:

“This is so much better than my dreams!”

I smiled thinking she aint seen nothing yet!

As that thought crossed my mind, I heard a car outside the shack... who the fuck?

I quickly wiped my face on the sheet and grabbed a pair of shorts, trying hard to disguise my returning hard-on. I looked out the window to see Rob getting out of the car!

“Fuck Libby it’s your Dad!” I said as she jumped up in equal fright, grabbing her dress but looking in vain to see what I had done with her bikini.

I walked out to meet Rob.

“Mate, I need to have a chat with you about Libby.” He said.

My mind raced. How the hell could he know? Did he know? Did he know she was here? What did he know? HOW THE HELL DO I EXPLAIN IT? This was his only daughter... My oldest friend’s only daughter! Where was my conscience half an hour ago?

“What’s up Rob?” I asked, trying desperately to appear calm and at ease.

“Well, she needs to spend a few days in Melbourne, but we don’t have anywhere for her to stay. She suggested she could stay with you. Now I know you haven’t seen her in years, and the last thing you want is a teenager bugging you around the house, but she is a good kid, and won’t get in your way?”

“Eh!?” was about all I could muster.

“Mate, please, you would be doing Em and I a huge favor. She could grab a ride back with you tomorrow, and we can put her on the train home later in the week.”

Suddenly the thought hit me. Say yes, and I could get this sexy minx living with me for a week!

“No need for the train.” I quickly replied. “I was thinking of coming back up next weekend. If you can live without her for the week, I can give her a lift both ways?”

“Oh really? Fantastic!” replied Rob. “You had better come over for dinner tonight and get to know her again... it will make the week easier for you. Say, 7ish?”

“No worries, see you then!”

Rob got back in his car and drove away as I could feel eyes looking at me and my cock hardening. I turned around to see Libby standing totally naked in my door with an wicked smile on her face!

This was my first attempt... Let me know if you want to hear about the rest of the week?