

The Island, Chapter 2

By Daughter-of-Samurai

Published on Lush Stories on 13 Sep 2011

It is still day 30, and Bob has some more sex and an encounter with the queen

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/supernatural/the-island-chapter-2.aspx>

I was lying on the bed, and the big window and the opening to the veranda allowed the sea breeze to freely flow. I enjoyed the feeling of a warm wind on my naked body. It must have been shortly before lunchtime, but I wasn't hungry. I could only think about Pharomé's incredibly soft and tight pussy and I closed my eyes to cherish what had happened just moments ago. Minutes later I opened them again because I had heard a metallic click. When I opened my eyes she was standing in front of me. It was the second woman from this morning. The one with the round face and the long black hair. The one that reminded me of my high school sweetheart. The click was the sound of the neck ring. She stood in front of the bed, naked. Her eyes were fixed on my limp cock. I did not to move (a behavior that I had trained in countless mornings on the boat and in all the huts I had slept in). Instead I admired her intricate tattoo pattern that covered her body. It was distinctly different from Pharomé's. The lines were wider, and there were more circles than triangles. Also, one of her wonderful D-cup breasts was covered with concentric lines, whereas the other one was untouched. She saw that I looked at her. "Quick, do to me what you just have done to her!" she moved onto my bed. A few moments earlier I had had a wonderful orgasm. Even if a beautiful woman would stand in front of me begging me to fuck her (as this was the situation!) I could not. I am not superman! She was kneeling besides me and I saw that she had a folded leaf in her hand. She carefully opened it and it contained a white powder. Carefully she held the leaf under her breast (the tattooed one) and squeezed a few drops of her milk onto the powder. While she was mixing both with circling motions of her index finger, I wondered why she was lactating. Was she a mother? Did she breast feed? She mixed both substances until a pinkish cream was formed. She took some and put it on the base of my limp cock, just atop of my pubic hair. My cock immediately began to rise and filled with blood. This was amazing! I got an erection! Not only that, but she also put some of the cream onto each of my balls. My whole groin was tingling and I could feel that my balls swelled! She did not forget to re-wrap the magic cream before she mounted my groin. The tip of my cock was at my belly button, and she quickly rubbed the still creamy index finger into her clitoris. I was amazed about all this when she took and guided my cock to her vagina entrance. Again, that incredible feeling of sinking into a velvety, smooth and strangely dry but slippery vagina made me moan. "Psssst!" she hissed. Were we dong something forbidden? She seemed to be in a haste. With the full length of my cock buried in her, she silently performed a

slow dance on my hips. The head of my cock explored her whole vagina. She moved sideways, forward and up and down. She was breathing heavily, but not one sound came over her full lips. With awe I saw that the lines on her belly followed the heaving of her skin. She also had this uterus-like symbol under her belly button. I could see that the neck of it was pretty wide; wider than Pharomé's. Since I just had cum, I could last much longer. It was an awesome feeling when this girl jumped up and down my cock for the longest time. Her breath became faster and, her eyes closed, she put her hands around my ankles, arched back and pushed her hips frantically up and down my cock. I could see that she enjoyed very much to be fucked and I thought she would be close to her orgasm. The tattoo lines on her body blurred. She opened and closed her legs more frequently. The faintest whimper came from her mouth and she bit her lip in an attempt to stop it. Her big boobs bounded up and down. They were so soft upon my touch. But I did not dare to squeeze them, as her milk might drip out. I breathed harder, too. Finally, she came. She threw her head back so that her long hair fell down all the way to my ankles. Her lips firmly pressed together, she opened her eyes and stared at the ceiling. Her body trembled and her vagina muscles contracted so much that it hurt. Quite automatically, I assumed, the milking motion of her vagina started. That made me cum, too, and in a violent eruption my swollen balls ejected their load deeply into her. Was it just my imagination or did the pattern on her belly change? The neck of the bottle-like figure seemed much thinner now. Was it really a projection of their inner organs? Did her orgasm show up on her skin? After relaxing, she slowly lifted her body off mine and with a plopping sound my cock slid out. I looked carefully this time, and indeed, her vaginal lips pressed together and sealed the entrance behind which a sea of my semen had to be. "Thank you, Bob." She whispered. "I, thank you... wait! What's your name?" I wanted to embrace her, pull her soft and rich body down on mine and enjoy a post-orgasm kissing and petting, but she withdrew. "Makii." She stepped off the bed and into her dress, lifted in to her neck and closed the ring. "Don't tell anybody, please!" with terrified eyes she looked at me and with swift steps she left. The double orgasm had made me really exhausted and I pulled the thin linen of the bed over my legs and belly (who knows who would come in next!) I was thrown from one surprise to the next. I needed some time to sort my thoughts and facts. First, the island was unknown to all mankind, but the only two female inhabitants knew me. They were wild about my cock and they even had a kind of super-viagra to make me hard as soon that cream was applied to my cock. They did not want an orgasm (at least one of the girls didn't mind having none), but my sperm (both girls). I became hungry. As if 'they' had known about it, out of the sudden, two girls appeared. As Pharomé and Makii, they wore the blue-white dress with the intricate line pattern. They were twins, and I knew them. They were the chocolate version of the Milton twins. Yes, I have to admit that I watch porn, and the scenes with two identical twins gang-banging is one of my favorites. So, it blew me away seeing the two cuties. In bewilderment, but also in anticipation of a third fuck (with that super-viagra cream?) I propped up on my elbows. They graciously stepped into the room. One carried a tablet with various plates and cups. The other one a table with short legs, which she placed on my bed, left and right of my knees. I sat up. "You must be hungry!" One said with a smile. The delicious-looking lunch was just right in front of my eyes. So were the two gorgeous twins. They sat at each side of my bed and since

it seemed that they would stay, there was no hurry with the erotic action, I figured out. I was thirsty, so I took a sip of that already familiar emerald-white turbid drink. I took the wooden spoon and tasted a mouthful from all the different foods, which was served in a very Japanese fashion. Each food had its own small dish with its unique shape and color. Some of the dishes tasted like fruits, others were spicy and others a full blend of tastes. But they all tasted as if they were made from plants. Why didn't the islanders wear clothes that were more revealing? I could only see their arms. All the rest of their beautiful skin was hidden under that strangely free-floating but heavy cloth. The twins gave me their full attention. From time to time they would touch my arms, or place their hands on my legs. I could sense their warmth through the bed linen. It happened more than so often that they would touch each other, too. "You like it?" one asked. "What do I like? The food, or your presence?" They giggled in a very refreshing way. "Both....." Just imagining how much more I would like them after the lunch was over, I cleared my voice. "Wonderful." They giggled again and continued running their hands over my body. Their faces came near to mine and they whispered into my ears. "After you have eaten....." and they kissed my cheeks. I turned my head to the right and gave her a surprise kiss. Some giggles later, the other one commented "Me, too", to which I turned my face the other side to fulfill her request. Were they, as Pharomé and Makii only interested in stuffing my cock into their pussies? Or were they into foreplay? Anyway, even if their pussies would be cock-hungry, I can only satisfy one of them at a time. The other pussy would be available for fingering or licking. Could it be that they did not know foreplay in their culture? Was it considered a taboo to stimulate their clitorises with fingers or tongues? I was determined to find out! Their fragrance mixed with the delicious food and I began to wonder what it was made of. I love a long foreplay and raunchy dialogue before sex. Sometimes it takes my girlfriend and me one to two hours before we consume each other. Even though my thoughts made me hot and I felt an erection building up, there was no need to hurry. Thus, after their kisses I joked. "One of you taste like strawberry and the other like cherries." "Really?" they giggled and licked their lips. In their eyes I could see curiosity. "Try it yourself!" After a few more giggles they slowly approached each other in front of my face. With pouted lips and closed eyes, they gave each other a shy kiss. It seemed genuinely that they had never kissed each other. They beamed when they looked at me. "You are right, she tastes different!" and with that we burst into laughter. "How comes that all the food on my tray taste so vegetarian? You live on an island, but you don't eat fish?" "Fish.....?" and in that fleeting moment, all the innocent joy evaporated. Both stiffened up. I was so stupid to continue my chat, even though I should have known better. "Yeah, fish.....or birds or any other type of meat." I could see the color drain from their faces and sheer horror creeping into their eyes. One held their hands to her stomach and both got off the bed. Were they sick? I couldn't ask if something was wrong, because they both dashed out of the room. Shit! I blew it. Here I had been with the most gorgeous girls one can imagine. I had been minutes away from a threesome action, but I had blown it. For a few minutes I pondered on my mistakes, and then Pharomé appeared at the entrance. I could not see any emotion on her face, but her voice was ice-cold. "You will see the queen right away." My heart jumped and I felt a lump in my throat. Shit! The tone made it very clear that I had been a bad boy and was to be punished. Was it because I had fucked Makii, or because I upset the

'Milton twins'? I did not know what fate would face me. I broke out in sweat while my adrenaline rushed. "Quick!" With her hands clasped in front of her lap, she waited while I jumped out of the bed and rushed to her. "Your clothes!" another icy comment. In my panic of Pharomé's appearance and order, I had forgotten that I was naked. I quickly grabbed my shirt and shorts and with trembling hands I put them on. With a fleeting thought, I considered if I should just overpower her and run to the beach and escape on my boat. I had only encountered four women, and I was quite sure that I was physically stronger than them. But I also figured out that I had this option later. First, I wanted to know how that meeting with the 'queen' would turn out. This strange culture made me curious. After I was clothed Pharomé led me through a labyrinth of corridors, around corners and through rooms. I had a good look at her butt as I walked behind her and the flowing lines on her cloth made me dizzy. What an ass, I thought. I hoped that I could fuck her again, but this situation made that quite unlikely. I had no idea where I was. The 'palace' was bigger than I had thought. That troubled me a bit, since it hampered my chances of escape. Finally, we stopped in front of a simple wooden door. No guards, in fact we had not met a single person all the way from my room. The door opened and I stepped in. It was a square room at least 40 feet wide and 30 feet deep. It was covered in dark wooden panels and all light came in from the ceiling. Close to the rear wall was a single chair. Like a throne, it was a high chair and two steps led up to it. 'How pathetic' I thought. 'They want to impress me with an outdated style from the imperialistic past of the western world'. The throne was empty. A pillow covered with the now familiar line pattern was the only decoration in the whole room. "Wait" said Pharomé before she left the room and closed the door. I did not have to wait long. Moments later, the light in the room changed to a slight violet tone, and a lilac fragrance filled the room. From behind the throne, the queen appeared. She was tall! At least 6 feet. She, too, was covered in that special cloth, but her lines were golden on a violet background. In contrast to the other girls, the cloth also covered her arms. She stepped very gracefully onto the throne and her slim figure filled barely one third of its width. She rested her slender arms on the armrests. I was speechless. One reason was because I did not know why I was here. I figured out it had to do either with fucking Makii or with my remarks about the food and the sudden disappearing. The other reason of being speechless was the beauty of the queen. All I could see of her body was her face, her long black hair, her hands and the tips of her toes. She must be around forty, if western standards of age guessing were considered. But she was ageless. A long neck, wonderfully full lips, high cheekbones, almond-shaped eyes, long eyelashes, beautifully trimmed eyebrows and pitch black irises. She wore her hair in a kind of 'The Ten Commandments'. Egyptian style. She also reminded me of someone, but I could not figure out why she looked so familiar. Her voice filled the whole room and left no doubt who was in charge. "We invited you here. We made sure that you felt comfortable. We prepared your quarters. You had nothing to complain about." She stopped, but if I had learned anything from my trips around the world, than it was the following: In a situation like this, when you are the inferior, you better wait to open your mouth until you are asked to say something. So, I kept silent. "You have upset two of my most wonderful ... staff." She paused again. I still waited, my hands at my side, looking into her amazingly beautiful face. "I had to put them into quarantine. They are not allowed to tell anybody what you have

said to them.” Shit! It had been the comment about the food. Non-vegetarian food. In some cultures, to eat meat is on the same level of sin as killing someone. “You will not see them again.” Dang, here went the chance of a steamy threesome. At that time, I was even afraid that it had meant that I would never leave this island again and end up as a sacrifice for their gods. “How comes you are so stupid?” Even if this was a question, I did not dare to answer. It was a rhetorical one. “If I could, I would throw you off our island right away. But I can’t.” Oh, there is somebody superior to her? I thought. The look she threw at me was penetrating to the bones. Her chest heaved heavily. “But I will know no mercy the next time you make remarks about food or what to eat.” Was it my impression, or did the light in the room change? I saw that the color of her face changed a bit. Even the thought of meat made her sick, too! “If necessary I will sew your mouth shut!.... without anesthesia!” Her hands were clutched around the arm rests. She was at great stress. “Do you understand?” That question needed an answer and for the first time, I open my mouth. “Yes, your majesty.” And I bowed my head. When I lifted it a few seconds later, I saw in her eyes that she wanted to hear more. “I am deeply sorry for the trouble that I have caused you and your people. Believe me, it was not in my intention to hurt anybody.” Her facial expression changed and showed a slight hint of softness. Her hands relaxed a bit. This encouraged me to continue. “I fully realize that I am a guest in your kingdom and I appreciate your” I was at loss how to continue. I am sure she knew that Pharomé and I had fucked. Maybe it even took place with the queen’s knowledge, or even at the queen’s order. A faint smile appeared on her lips. “You enjoyed my welcome committee.” With another bow, I replied “Yes, your majesty ... very much, your majesty.” The smile became more vivid as she replied in a still softer tone. “I know that I put you in great anxiety here in our presence, and it is my wish that you feel as comfortable as possible.” Her voice became a bit sharper again. “As long as you abide by the one rule that I just told you.” “Yes, your majesty. I will abide by your rule.” She looked at me as if she wanted to read my mind. “You are a very honest person. I expect that you keep everything that we talked about in this room a secret. Nobody knows about it. Not even Pharomé knows the reason I called you so soon.” I lifted my eyebrows and she recognized my astonishment immediately. “Yes. You are astonished?.... I was planning on seeing you, but not that soon and also not under these unfortunate circumstances.” She got up from her throne and slowly approached me. The perfume that emanated from her became stronger. She just stood two feet away from me and looked me into the eyes. She was my height, 6 feet 3. I saw one of her eyes sparkling with life and maybe lust, but the other one seemed strangely dull. “I will see you again before you leave And you will not regret it But my full moon hasn’t come yet.” She raised her voice. “Pharomé!” As if she had waited directly behind the closed door, she stepped into the room. “Kmbe al kiribazi un te vali. Shalakim e tu ekte voss nante. Kare ni canmpa e volale tu ekte tchicknick. Taschly-taschly.” Without looking back at me, the queen walked away. I just had a few seconds to admire her butt swinging from side to side before she vanished behind her throne. “What are you looking at?” Pharomé’s voice wakened me from kind of a trance. “What did she say?” “She told me we are back at the original plan and that I should take you to your quarters. I should also take care of any of your wishes.” Even though I was a gentleman, she did not allow me to hold the door open for her. We walked back the

same corridor that we came. Side by side, and not in such a hurried manner as on my way to the audience with her majesty. I could peek into some of the rooms we were passing. Most were empty, but some had a bed and a round table, very similar to my own room. "I was worried about you." Pharomé looked at me while we were walking. "The queen was very upset when she ordered me to call you." "You know the reason?" "No, and if the queen chooses not to tell me, I don't want to know." The queen seemed to rule her kingdom with an iron fist, if her underlings did not question her motives or emotions. "You were worried about me?" I continued the thread. "But we barely know each other." Well, in a sense it was true. I had known Pharomé only for a few hours. On the other hand, we had fucked and so I knew her more than I knew many other women. "Is it wrong that I care for you?" was her question to my question. "No, of course not... did you like it?" "Like what?" "What you did to me in my room." She did not answer this one, but the warning from the queen only covered food-related topics, so I continued. "Did you cum?" She looked at me with a blank stare. "I mean, did you have an orgasm? You see, I came, didn't I?" "No." We just had a few meters to my room and I needed to know! "Pharomé, you ever have had an orgasm?" She stood in front of my room. The frankness with which she answered surprised me. "I have read and heard about it, but no, never." In the last moment I bit my tongue. I better not mention that Makii had one. She had pleaded me not to tell anybody. Instead, I put my hands on Pharomé's hips. "You want to?" with a wicked smile that had worked with so many women, I was confident that she would answer in the affirmative. But she was very cool in her answer. "I have a better idea." And with a smile she pointed her chin to my room. "Wait." I sat on the chair (somebody had made my bed in my absence) and waited for the things to come. Would Pharomé bring some toys? Did she need to make herself ready? Take a shower? I had no idea. I recognized a glass of the turbid liquid on the table and I took a sip of the aromatic liquor. Within a minute, all my worries and thoughts disappeared. I was happily waiting for the things to come. And man, did they come! She was arm in arm with Pharomé. A mere 5 feet small, she had an amazing swelling under her dress. Her H-size boobs stretched the line pattern on her dress to its limit. I got up and she threw a beaming smile at me. Her fleshy lips parted and I could see perfect white teeth. She had very curly afro-style hair and smelled like raspberry. "This is Sheely". Pharomé was standing behind her and being one whole head taller, she looked at me with expecting eyes. She touched the ring around Sheely's neck, and went down on her knees to pull the cloth down. It did not fall off her body, like with Pharomé and Makii, but had to be pulled to reveal those chocolate-colored huge breasts with nice fleshy nipples and big areolas. I stepped out of my shorts, which was not so easy because of the huge erection I had, and Sheely took my hand and guided me to the bed. "Make her cum!" after Pharomé's command, Sheely went down on the bed and drew me over her. With wide spread legs she was ready for a missionary style fuck. "Yes, make me cum!" she echoed. She kept one hand on my arm and with the other one she tried to grab my dick and direct it to her pussy. Since I had come twice already, I had the confidence to last long enough to make her cum just by pounding her, but I wanted to show both something that they most likely have never seen or experienced. "Wait with that Sheely. I show you something before that." She let me go and I sat on her tummy, which was nice and firm, even though she had a full body. I was careful not putting any weight on her. With

both hands I massaged her wonderful tits. They were warm and soft, their skin was smooth and velvety. I circled my hands on them, pinched their nipples between two fingers, pressed gently and massaged in those ways that countless girls have told me. Also here, the effect was obvious. Sheely closed her eyes and joined me in massaging her boobs. I indicated that she should continue and I knelt between her feet that were wide apart. Now I had the chance to see an islander-pussy in close-up. The tattoo pattern was amazing. Lines, spirals and small dots created the impression of pubic hair. I put my hands at her vulva. And with a popping sound her pussy lips separated. A sweet smell emanated that drove me wild. My tongue wanted her pussy. I heard Pharomé make a sound, but this did not distract me. All my attention was for this wonderfully strange female most private organ. I could see that she had a tiny pinkish clitoris. I licked it, which made Sheely moan. I licked more, and she moaned more. My tongue went deeper in her pussy and collected the most wonderful aroma. When the moaning changed to a constant 'Kiiii' sound, I lifted my head and saw that she was now frantically pulling her nipples. I have heard many women from many countries to moan in anticipation of an orgasm, but this sound was new to me. It sounded like the war cry of the Zulu in South Africa. "Kiiii.....KiKiKiKiiii." This was much more turning on than the high pitched moans of Japanese girls that I had fucked! Pharomé came over and looked over my shoulder. "Her clitoris is getting bigger!" "Yeah, that's what's supposed to happen." A turbid liquid ran out of Sheely's love hole. I licked it up. "How does it taste?" With wet lips I looked at Pharomé. "Wanna try?" I thought that she would lick it from my lips, but she went right away down to the pussy and pushed me away. A few slurping sounds later Pharomé agreed. "It's wonderful!" Seeing Pharomé bent over and giving Sheely's pussy all her attention, I could not resist getting behind her. Fucking her doggy style while she was bringing Sheely to her first orgasm would be great! But when I tried to lift her dress over her hips, she said a muffled "No." I did not want to be brought to the queen again, so I obeyed. Instead I went to Sheely's head and she willingly opened her mouth to welcome my cock. I wasn't sure if this was the first time for her to give a blow job, but she was a quick learner. My moans told her which part of my cock she should caress with her tongue and with what strength she should suck. The sight of Pharomé's short cropped hair moving up and down between those tattooed legs, the heaving of Sheely's belly, the nipple pulling by her own hands, and her full lips wrapped around my thick cock was wonderful! For quite a while Sheely was the attention of both Pharomé and me. Suddenly she buried her fingers in her full tits, squeezing them hard. Her tongue swirled faster around my cock and she threw her hips hard into Pharomé's face. "Kiiii, KiKiKiKi.....Kiiiiiiiiiiii!" she came! Her cramps did not stop! The continued spasms got Pharomé worried. "Sheely, you are okay? Both Pharomé and I held Sheely down on the bed to prevent her falling off. My cock popped out of her mouth. "More, more, more!" she begged. "More of what?" Still shaking she said "You cock in my pussy! NOW!!!" I obeyed. While Pharomé held Sheely's legs apart, I went into missionary position. Immediately, Sheely wrapped her arms around my chest and her legs around my hips after Pharomé let go. Her hips thrust up against my pelvis. She really wanted it! "You want another orgasm?" "Yesssss!" "Here we go!" and with all the thrust I could generate, I entered her wet but incredibly tight pussy. Our hips found a rhythm. Pharomé wasn't idle either. She had lifted her dress and fingered her clit. She moved over to her

head and sat on Sheely's face facing me and ordered her to lick. I saw that her pussy lips were firmly closed, but her tiny clit was available to Sheely's tongue, which dashed out of her mouth. After a few minutes of watching and pounding, I came. I shot my third load this day into an islander's pussy. With the help of her vagina muscles, Sheely milked every drop of my cum out of its reservoir and into her waiting orifice. At first, she did not want to let go of my hips, but finally she opened her crossed legs behind my back. It was already a familiar sight, but the closing movement of her vulva after my cock slipped out still astonished me. "Bob, make me cum!" Pharomé's voice pulled me out of my thoughts. Sheely was on her back with spread legs and closed eyes, heavily breathing. She was too exhausted to move and could not make space for Pharomé on the bed, so I went down on the floor. Pharomé understood and she came over and stood at my head. Click! And the dress dropped. Looking down at me, she slowly lowered her hips and sat on my face. Her small clit had become a little bit bigger, and I used my tongue to lick it. Her tattoos were right before my eyes. Was it my imagination, or not, but the bottle-shaped tattoo on her belly had changed color. It was not blue anymore, but slightly pinkish. Pharomé gyrated on my face and from time to time I would suck her pussy, too. Whenever I tried to penetrate her tightly closed pussy lips with my tongue, she would retract. "No, Bob. Not there. Just my clit!" It swelled more and more and her gyrating became more desperate. Those 'kiiii' war cries came out of her mouth, too. She squeezed her small tits and pulled her nipples while I was massaging her butt. A few moments later, she came. The convulsions were as strong as Sheely's and she could not get up from my face. Her legs were too weak. But she managed to shift her butt to sit on my stomach. If not, I might have suffocated on her pussy. Not a bad way to die... I thought. While she sat on my stomach, heavily breathing, I had her triangle in full view. To my astonishment, I saw a little white drop appear between her vulva. She was aware of it to, and gently pushed it back in. So, it wasn't a liquid, but a pearl-like iridescent sphere. "What was that?" "What?" "That little pearl you just pushed back in!" She blushed! For the first time, I saw an islander blush. It was a beautiful sight. Ashamed, she rolled off my body. When I got up, I saw that Sheely had made space on the bed and since I was exhausted, I crept on it. She lifted her body so that her immense tits were before my face. I sucked one nipple and to my astonishment, sweet milk seeped out. I looked at her, and with a smile she nodded. I took that as an invitation, and I let the milk run into my mouth. After the second mouthful, Pharomé joined us on the bed and both girls had their hands all over my body. It felt soooooo good. Drinking the milk of life! I took one more mouthful of it and before I knew it, I dozed off.