**Island Masturbation**

by[texas27](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=2208635&page=submissions)©

Melissa adjusted her bikini bottom and stood up on the jetski. She had stopped in a deserted cove several miles from the docks. The sun beat down on her and sweat was starting to form on her body. As she parked the jetski on the banks of the cove, an old familiar feeling of excitement washed over her. She often came out to this spot to relieve stress and tan her naked body. It was one of the secret spots she knew about from years of exploring the island, and a great spot to skinny dip and catch a full body tan.

It had taken a solid 15 minutes to reach this spot, which was hidden in an uninhabited part of the north bay. Her legs were stiff from the ride over and she relished the opportunity to stretch her legs.

Melissa stepped off the jetski and felt the warm sand between her toes. She loved the sense of disinhibition and freedom she felt in the privacy of this open air hideout.

Without any hesitation, she pulled off her bikini bottoms and untied her top. She lied down spread eagle on the sand and basked in the afternoon sun.

She felt sleepy and delirious from the warmth and utter silence. She spread her legs and exposed every inch of her body to an imaginary audience. She had been touching herself the whole jetski ride over, pushing her bikini to the side and letting the salty spray flick her pussy. Now she let the warm sun evaporate the salty dew drops on her inner thighs and cunt.

She slipped a finger inside her wet hole. She let out a moan as she felt her clit throb and swell.

Hot with anticipation, she splashed out into the calm, clear water. The cool, salty water slipped inside her slot, tickling her. She floated along the beach, letting her back soak up the sun.

Swimming away from the shore of the shallow inlet, she let herself slowly sink to the bottom as she exhaled, her butt finally touching down on the sandy floor. She sat Indian style on the sandy floor and looked up at the sun filtering through the gentle waves above her. No where else could she feel complete solitude like this. And yet, her heart pounded in her chest at the thought of being so exposed.

A competitive swimmer in high school, Melissa was also an avid open water swimmer, competing in several triathlons already in the first two years of college. She thought back to the long bus rides home after swim meets. She would sit under her blanket and pretend to sleep on those dark, bumpy rides. When the post-meet chatter died down and there was nothing but the hum of road noise, she would pull her sweat pants and panties down to her knees and rub her fingers over her snatch.

The buses lacked heating, and on some nights the girls would share a blanket and lean on each other for warmth. Melissa remembered one particularly cold bus ride, sharing a blanket with her classmate, a senior named Samantha. They were pressed up against each other, both exhausted from the long swim meet. Samantha playfully tickled her waist. She squirmed and reached over and cupped Samantha's butt under her pajamas. Samantha grabbed her hand and with her other hand reached under her sweater and pinched her boob. Her hand felt like ice on her nipple and it hardened. With her left hand still holding Samantha's other hand, she touched the frigid window with her right hand and then reached back under the blanket and found Samantha's boob. Samantha muffled a gasp and giggled. Samantha gave her boob another squeeze and then reached down into her warm sweats and put her hand between Melissa's thighs.

Melissa did the same and noticed that Samantha's panties were more than a little humid. She felt herself blush and felt a few butterflies form in the pit of her stomach. Her heart thudded and she felt herself getting damp. Knowing that Samantha was as turned on as she was, she impulsively reached inside her panties and buried her middle finger in her friend's pussy. Samantha turned her head from its perch on Melissa's shoulder and buried it in the crook of her neck, breathing hot air on the back of her neck for a moment. The bus was quiet except for the hum of the engine, and Melissa glanced over at the seat across from them to see two other girls fast asleep curled under their own blanket. She shuddered as she felt a cool finger slip inside her. Still leaning her head on the window, she shifted her hips towards Samantha. She felt a sudden urge to kiss her friend but resisted. They stayed still for a minute, both knuckles deep in each other's pussies.

Just then, the bus pulled into the school and the other girls started to stir. They sheepishly pulled their hands out of each other's pants and sat up. After they got off the bus, Samantha drove her home as usual, but when they got close to her house, she said, "Want to go for a walk?"

Melissa got her meaning and agreed. They drove to an empty parking lot by the baseball field. They got out and walked in silence to the chain link fence, and opened the gate. In pajamas and sweaters, they walked out onto the baseball field. Samantha started running toward the outfield wall. Melissa raced after her. When they got to the outfield, out of breath, Samantha sat down on the grass. Melissa followed suit and they glanced nervously around for a moment. In the shadows of the outfield, even a passing car wouldn't be able to spot them.

Samantha pulled down her pajama pants and slipped them off her feet without taking off her shoes. She lied down on the grass and stared up at the stars for a minute. Then she started rubbing herself. Melissa felt her pulse quicken again. She pulled down her own pants and lied on the grass next to her friend. They both silently masturbated. They had masturbated together before in her parents' hot tub while they were home alone but this was different.

Melissa could feel her orgasm building and she was quickly losing her inhibitions. She looked over at her friend, whose hand was furiously rubbing her swollen clit. Before she could stop herself, she reached over and felt her friend's slippery slit against her fingers. Samantha returned the favor and started working on her pussy, which was now as wet as ever.

Melissa snapped out of her daydream and found herself knuckles deep in her own juices. She was floating on the water buck naked. Her skin had started to look sunkissed, and she decided it was time to swim back to shore. Still horny from her steamy daydream, she fumbled around in the back compartment of the jetski and slaked her thirst with a bottle of water.

The skies were darkening with swollen clouds, and Melissa reluctantly put her bikini back on, and rode back toward the dock. As she approached the dock, a smattering of cool rain started to fall. She tied off the jetski, and retrieved her change of clothes from the side compartment.

On her way home she stopped at one of the public restrooms on the island to shower and change. She took a long, warm shower and slipped into dry clothes.

An idea suddenly crossed her mind, and she stepped into one of the bathroom stalls. She could hear the shower running in the background. Still itching for release, she pulled her jeans down and her hand started flying over her clit. She sat down on the toilet seat and spread her legs as far as they would go. She crammed three fingers inside herself and rocked them back and forth as fast as she could. Her fingers made a satisfying and familiar sound as they jerked in and out of her soaking wet hole.

The showers turned off abruptly and the bathroom was quiet. Her breathing was still heavy and audible. Then the silence was broken by a noise that sounded distinctly familiar. She heard what sounded like muffled moans and a quiet, lapping noise, which was slowly building to a crescendo. Her face flushed and she felt a sudden urge to open the door to the bathroom stall. Instead, she jammed her fingers deeper inside her pussy as her own breathing started to accelerate again. Her palm slapped furiously against her labia as her fingers darted in and out in a rhythmic motion. A squeal escaped her lips as the pressure built. She heard louder moaning from across the bathroom. With her fingers still going full speed she pulled open the door to the stall and spread her legs in the direction of the moans. Looking back at her was a woman who looked like a young professional, no more than 10 years her senior, leaning against the lockers in the throes of an orgasm. The woman locked eyes with her and they finished together, their bodies shaking.