**The Island and the Girl**

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I arrived on the island in the middle of my year-long backpacking trek across the world. It was exactly what I was looking for: warm, sunny beaches, palm trees, a cheap hostel, cheaper food, very few mosquitoes and most of all, very few tourists. Its bars and guest houses were by and large empty and neglected. Many of them verged on forlorn, and the pace of locals and visitors alike was slow.  
  
I won't tell you the island's name, or even what country it's in. Publicity would only spoil it, and though I'll probably never get back there, I like to imagine it will always stay the same. Anyway, this story isn't really about that island; it's about a girl.  
  
My first idle day on the island set the pattern for all the rest. I went to the beach, swam and sunned, ate seafood under awnings at the beach- side cafes, drank water out of coconuts and bottles of beer. Along the way, I met other travelers and we discussed where we'd come from and where we'd been. As the day was drawing to a close, I returned to my hostel before dinner for a shower.  
  
The facilities were primitive, but inexpensive, and relatively private as far as hostels go. What was unusual was that the dorms were in separate huts, four bunks in each. The night of my arrival, the dorm I stayed in wasn't even full, just two Australian girls, a Brazilian guy and another guy from Spain. The other three berths were vacant. An outdoor path out the back, made partially private by rickety bamboo screens, led to a separate little hut with our toilet and shower.  
  
There was no one else around, and I thought I was the first one back for the day. I took off my clothes in the dorm and wrapped myself in a towel, but when I went to the shower the two Australian girls were already there. One was showering behind the drawn plastic curtain while the other stood outside it like a guard. She clutched at her towel when she saw me, and I checked mine. My knot seemed a bit haphazard, so I turned away to adjust it.  
  
"Sorry, it will be awhile," apologized the girl in her Aussie twang. "I'm going in next."  
  
There was nothing for me to do but wait. It was the only shower, so I went to one of the two sinks and pretended to inspect my face in the mirror. I'd been trying since the night before to figure out if the Australians were a lesbian couple or just friends. They could just as easily have been sisters, they looked so much alike, except one of them had dark hair, the other, light. Traveling cheaply like I was, I already stayed in lots of mixed-sex hostels. I already knew that nudity and any hint of sex were frowned upon, if not taboo, so the lack of signs of physical affection between them wasn't conclusive. We all hid behind curtains and towels in the showers, slept in unnecessary clothing on the hottest of nights, and when we could no longer put off changing our underwear, made sure that nobody saw. It always puzzled me how young, carefree, otherwise bold adventurers could be in this fundamental way so reserved, but I kept to these discretions too. Even couples who I knew must be lovers kept to themselves in their own single beds. Fucking, like masturbation, must have taken place in hidden spaces at secret times, if it ever happened at all.  
  
I tried to make small talk with the dark-haired Australian girl, but we kept getting interrupted by the other girl in the shower. She finished washing herself quickly and called from behind the curtain for her towel and later, piece by piece, her clothes. As soon as she emerged, fully dressed, the dark-haired one took her place behind the curtain and handed out her own towel. The light-haired girl hung it on one of the pegs on the wall, then took her place, as the other had earlier, as a buffer between me and the shower. I was about to strike up a conversation with her when my attention was caught by the sound of more people at the door.  
  
The new couple that had just arrived looked tired and over-dressed for the island in their long pants, long-sleeved shirts and heavy shoes. They carried towels and bags of toiletries into the shower-hut with them. "Are you both waiting for the shower?" the guy asked in a deep, heavily accented voice. When I told him it was only me waiting, they had a brief discussion in their native language, then went to the row of pegs and started taking off their clothes. They didn't stop until they were both naked, save for the flip-flops they slipped on like every experienced hostel resident does around toilets and showers.  
  
"So good to get out of those clothes," said the guy. "We've been travelling all day."  
  
They turned around and faced us naked without a hint of self-consciousness or shame. At first, I tried not to stare, and I noticed the Australian girl did the same. I noted the look of disapproval in her averted eyes, but as the guy rattled off questions about the island and the hostel it became difficult for us to look away. He was short and wiry-haired, his body all sinew, muscle and bone, like a classical statue come to life. His cock was classically small as well. It was rather stubby, and made his balls look large.  
  
"From Amsterdam," I heard him tell the Aussie girl, and realized they must be Dutch. To be honest, I was already tuning out the conversation. I was more interested, while pretending not to be, in the girl.  
  
Even as she'd undressed, before she turned around, I'd been smitten by her shiny, wavy hair spilling down the expanse of her back, the breathtaking arc of her waist and her voluptuous ass. Now that she faced me, I saw how her nipples stood small and pale against her sun-darkened skin, and how her breasts were full and supple, without any sag. Below, a stark strip of curly hair was left unshaved, like the dash of an exclamation. I knew she'd caught me staring when I looked up at her face and saw her eyes: beautiful, piercing, blue-green eyes beneath long lashes, and the slightest trace of a knowing smile, all framed by her magnificent tresses of hair. I believed her at that moment to be the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen. Embarrassed, I looked away.  
  
I'd been too distracted to notice that the other Aussie had finished her shower and was already dressed. "Your turn for the shower," the Dutch guy reminded me. Startled, I scurried in.  
  
When I'd finished my shower and reached past the curtain for my towel, I saw the Dutch girl standing at the mirror, still naked and languorously brushing her hair. I ducked back inside, dried myself off and wrapped myself in my towel once again. As I came out, the Dutch guy went in, and I set my eyes on the girl. Her back looked remarkably soft and smooth, marred only by the swelling of a mosquito bite on her shoulder blade. There was a tiny tattoo of a butterfly on her ass, and a sliver of pale skin ran where the fabric of a thong would go. I could see her face in the mirror from where I was standing. She saw me looking and gave me an amused smile. Trying to act casual, I went to the other sink to brush my teeth as she kept brushing her hair. I glanced sideways from time to time to look at her as much as I dared. As she ran the brush from front to back, her perfect round breasts jutted forward and rose. She may have brushed a hundred times; I didn't bother to count. When her boyfriend came out of the shower and she went in, I rinsed my mouth out and returned to the dorm.  
  
I dressed and went out alone for dinner and a couple of drinks. When I got back, the Australian girls and the Spaniard were already in their bunks, but the Dutch couple wasn't there. I stripped to my undershorts and got into bed, and before I fell asleep, they returned. I peered with half-closed eyes through my mosquito netting into the semi-darkness and secretly watched as the girl stepped out of her sandals, then pulled off her shorts, her shirt and her bathing suit thong. She wasn't wearing a bra. When she climbed into the lower bunk just across from mine, I expected that her boyfriend, who was also naked by then, would join her, but instead he wished her good night and climbed to the bunk above her straight away. I could scarcely believe it. If she were my girlfriend, I couldn't help thinking, I'd have boned her every night, to hell with the rest of the dorm.  
  
As I tried to get to sleep, I kept thinking about the girl, no matter how hard I tried to will myself unconscious. I pictured her brushing her hair and me approaching her from behind, touching her shoulders, her arms, her soft round hips, reaching around and finding that warm, moist place between her thighs. To distract myself from these fantasies, I focused on my surroundings. I looked across the gap between the beds, hoping to see the girl, but in the dark and through the nets I could only make out the long lump that she made on her mattress. I concentrated on my own feelings, and sensations that I'd barely noticed before grew big and started to disturb me. The sultry air, which had seemed heavenly until then, felt stifling and noxious, and the room's odor turned repulsive: the smell of sweat, farts, sickly-sweet tropical decay, and detergent lingering in the sheets. The breathing and soft snores of the others increased in my ears until it almost became unbearable. I suffered for what seemed an eternity, and I saw the beginning of morning light before I could finally sleep. Even that didn't save me, for rather than oblivion I found myself in a world of heated dreams.  
  
The next morning, I woke up very late. All the others were already gone. My blanket and sheet were caught in a tangled mess between the mattress and the net. I must have kicked them off sometime in the night. I was lying on my back in my underwear. My boxers and sheet were stained with the telltale signs of a wet dream.  
  
It was too late for breakfast, so I went for lunch. I worried about facing my dorm mates without knowing what they'd heard or seen, so I was pleased I didn't see any of them around. Even so, I couldn't stop thinking about the Dutch girl, and after I'd eaten, I wandered aimlessly along the shore until I spotted her. She was lying on a blanket beside her boyfriend. She'd taken her top off, so all she was wearing was her brief little thong. I stopped and sat on the sand overlooking them, far enough away that I hoped they wouldn't notice me. Nearby, a fat man in a speedo, middle-aged and pale-skinned, sported gold jewelry and lounged with a local prostitute I'd seen frequenting the bars. At the water's edge, a group of women in burkas and their naked children screamed and waded into a blue sea that seemed to stretch on without end. The waves rolled out and in; the girl rolled onto her back, then rolled back again. The hours went slowly by.  
  
When the Dutch couple got up to leave, the girl looked over to where I was sitting and flashed me her knowing smile. I meant to get up to follow at a distance, but I felt weak and disoriented. I'd probably gotten too much sun.  
  
That night, when I went to brush my teeth, I heard voices as I reached the entry to the shower-hut.  
  
"Well I think she's brave," came an Aussie voice from behind the thin toilet door.  
  
The light-haired Australian girl was standing outside the toilet. She replied to her friend inside, "She's just a tease. She's getting everyone all stirred up."  
  
"Shouldn't we just tell her to put something on," the one behind the door answered back.  
  
The light-haired girl looked over and saw me. She was dressed like she always was at bedtime, in a sleeveless shirt and a little pair of cotton shorts. "What are you staring at?" she snapped at me. "Wanker!"  
  
I muttered something indecipherable and went to one of the sinks. The conversation had ended, I had a feeling because of me. I heard the toilet flush, and the dark girl came out of the door. She came to wash her hands at the sink beside me. She was dressed like the other, only instead of shorts she had a pair of white cotton panties on.  
  
"I hope you sleep better," she told me. "Last night you kept us all awake."  
  
The Dutch pair came in late that night again, when everyone else was in bed. They undressed completely and got into their separate bunks, just like the night before. And just like the night before, I was tormented, restless, unable to get the girl out of my mind. She was so close, I could easily have gone to her, but even my heated imagination couldn't envision a happy ending for that. I caught myself humping my mattress, and though it felt good, even necessary, I forced myself to stop, afraid the others would hear or see. I knew I had to stop these crazy feelings before they went any further. When I convinced myself that everyone was asleep, I got out of bed.  
  
The journey to the door seemed to take forever. Every time someone stirred in their bed or sighed in their sleep, I stopped and waited until I persuaded myself I wasn't being watched, that no one was noticing how my prick raised my boxers in front of me like a prow.  
  
As soon as I got outside the dorm, I hurried to the toilet and locked the door. I stood above the toilet, one of the Asian kind, built into the floor. I gasped with relief when at last I got my cock in my hand and started jacking off. I went at it purposefully and briskly, letting my other hand cradle my balls and watching a gecko on the wall. Unconcerned with my urges, it darted after a fly attracted to the light, caught it in its mouth and swallowed it whole.  
  
With an involuntary grunt-like moan and a huge sense of release, I came. I aimed for the toilet, but much of it landed on the floor and on the wall. I cleaned it up while I waited for my boner to go down, for I needed to pee. When I was done, I opened the door, and was horrified to see the Dutch girl standing there. Not that she wasn't gorgeous. She was naked, except for a pair of pink flip-flops, and she'd brought her own paper, like girls in strange countries often do. Her eyes were twinkling. She looked completely awake, not bleary-eyed like I was, as she looked me over with a wry smile. "I was beginning to think you'd never finish," she said in a teasing tone that made me wonder how much she knew. I brushed by her without saying a word.  
  
When I got back to bed, I fixed my eyes on the door and waited for the girl to return, but I was so relaxed after my orgasm that I fell deep asleep before she got back.  
  
When I woke up, the Australian girls and the Spaniard were still in the room, but the others were gone. One of the Australian girls was struggling under her blankets to change her clothes without being seen.  
  
After my breakfast, I went to the same stretch of beach I'd spent so long at the day before, but there was no sign of Dutch girl or her boyfriend. Feeling restless, I walked along the beach until I came to a rocky outcropping and headed inland, following a footpath into a forest of broad-leaf trees and ferns. I walked an hour or more, up a hill, then down again, and I found myself among the abandoned-looking tourist huts and beach-side cafes on the other side of the island. I turned around and went back the way I came.  
  
Sweaty and weary from my walk, I decided to rinse off before lunch. I went back to my hostel, picked up my towel and toiletry bag from the dorm, and headed for the shower.  
  
I heard the moans before I entered the shower-hut door. I knew it was the Dutch girl right away, even before I saw the bag she kept her hairbrush in sitting at one of the sinks and the two towels I knew belonged to her and her boyfriend hanging outside the shower. The curtain was drawn, but from behind it came her sexual cries and a faint sound of flesh spanking tile. I imagined her being banged against the wall.  
  
Her moaning aroused me, and though it occurred to me to give them their privacy, I had a stronger urge to stay. I took out my razor and shaving cream and spread white foam across my face, even though I'd shaved already that day. When I ran the water to rinse my blade, they heard. The girl stopped moaning, and for a few moments they spoke Dutch together in hushed tones. In the mirror, I saw the curtain move slightly, but couldn't see which of them peeked out. More words were whispered in Dutch and then the slapping sounds continued. The girl moaned even louder than before, as if she wanted to be heard.  
  
I stopped shaving and listened, watching my foamy face and the shower behind me intently through the mirror as her moans became more and more like wails. I put down my razor and lowered my hand to my pants. I didn't take it out for fear of being caught, but pressed my cock from outside and gently stroked it, as her wordless, noisy orgasm neared and came, leaving her labored heavy breathing in its wake. They spoke together in Dutch again, louder this time, and then the shower turned on. I heard their laughter and the spray of water as they bathed. The shower was still running when the curtain parted and her boyfriend, dripping, stepped out. Behind him, the girl was spraying water between her legs, then the curtain closed, and she disappeared. "Sorry", said her boyfriend as he reached for his towel. "We didn't think anyone would be here." His prick was flaccid but hadn't completely retreated. For the first time I'd seen it, its head was hanging lower than his balls.  
  
I went back to my shaving. I was just finishing when the girl came out of the shower, her body wet, her face flushed, her hair dry. Her boyfriend had finished toweling himself off, and after a few words to the girl, went back to the dorm. The girl was drying herself as I packed away my razor. She caught my eyes in the mirror and said, "If you want to shower, the water is still warm." Then she hung up her towel and, still naked, moved to the mirror beside me to brush her hair.  
  
I started undressing before I remembered my cock was partly hard, but by then I'd already taken off my shirt, and it was too late to stop. I moved away from her and turned around before I took off my pants, but my semi was impossible to hide. With a sudden stroke of recklessness, I pulled my boxers down and hung them with my other clothes before I stepped into the shower. When I glanced her way, she was brushing her hair unhurriedly, her eyes fixed on me through the mirror.  
  
I was trembling when I turned on the water. I wanted to jack off, but knowing she was just a few feet away I didn't dare. I cursed myself when I realized that, in my confusion, I'd left my soap at the sink, but I spotted two small bottles that had been left by strangers in the shower. I picked up the one labeled "shower gel" and used it as my own. As I spread it across my body, every part of me seemed erogenous, and by the time I was ready to rinse myself, I was fully hard. I tried to ignore it, but the temptation to touch myself wouldn't leave me. As soon as I'd finished rinsing myself, I peeked out carefully and to my relief found the girl was gone. Not caring that the water was starting to run cold, I grasped my prick and started pulling. My breathing grew hard as I lost myself in the sensation of my hand gliding across the sensitive skin, until my trance was broken by a voice.  
  
"Excuse me," the Dutch girl spoke from the other side of the curtain. "I forgot my soap."  
  
Before I could answer, she'd pulled the curtain aside. I whipped my hand away, but my cock stood up straight and hard.  
  
"There it is," she said. As she bent over to pick up the bottle of gel I'd just used, I looked down on the marvel of her back: the soft skin, the protrusion of underlying bone, the long channel of her spine, the dimples at the top of her cheeks, the crack of her ass.  
  
She turned her head to look at me before she stood. "Do you need help with that?" she asked. Nervously, I mumbled my assent. "Turn off the water," she told me "I don't have my towel."  
  
She stepped into the shower and closed the curtain behind her. It was like electric shock when she touched me, only it was pleasure instead of pain. Her hand on my cock looked delicate and fine. Her fingers were long and graceful, her nails surprisingly well manicured. She cupped her other hand around my balls and lightly squeezed.

"Is that lotion?" she asked me, pointing to the second small bottle, which was unlabeled. I told her I didn't know. She reached for it and put some in her hand. It looked like a puddle of cum. She held it close to her nose and considered for a moment. "Shampoo or conditioner, I think. Do you mind?" She wrapped her hand around my dick and spread the goo up and down. It didn't lather and felt slightly oily. "Conditioner I think," she said, as she continued rubbing more. Her hands felt practiced, and I was horny. I tried to last longer but couldn't.  
  
"Mmmm," she hummed in approval when I started to cum. Her hand was firm and deliberate, milking every drop. She kept to my side so that none would get on her as it spurted onto the wall and floor, but in the end some of it oozed onto her hand. "Lekker," she said, when it seemed there was no more. I looked it up later. "Yummy," it means.  
  
When she let go of me, she took a brief look at the sticky gob in her hand, then rubbed it hurriedly across my thigh to get as much as she could of it off. "Don't tell my boyfriend, OK?" she told me, and left the shower. I turned the water back on and watched her wash her hands at the sink as I rinsed away the rest of the mess I'd made.  
  
When I got back to the dorm, they were gone. I spent the rest of the afternoon on the beach and ate at a beachside bar. When I got back to the dorm that night, it was to find the Dutch couple had departed, along with the two Australian girls. In their place had come an Israeli, a South African seminary student on holiday, and a couple of Japanese.