

Rapture Island

Emily Sinclair

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Dr. Nicole Hurst, thirty-seven year old professor of anthropology at Franklin Grove University, was beyond excited at her amazingly good fortune. Thanks to being the discoverer, she would head the expedition to explore an island that popped up the south pacific seemingly overnight. Save for the small mountain range along the north and east borders, satellite scans and drone flybys paint the heavily forested location as a mystery awash in a sea of green that ran all the way to the edges of white sandy beaches.

Choosing her best three grad students, Dr. Hurst boarded the Titan and set voyage for the most exciting destination she could ever hope for. And before she knew it, they were within a mile – the closest their ship could take them without risk of running aground. As they waited for the small motor boat to lower into the calm waters, they were approached by the captain.

“You sure you have everything you need? Once we’re gone we won’t be returning for at least six months. If anything goes wrong you’re on your own.”

“Captain, this is a dream come true and I’m not about to spoil it thinking about all the things that could go wrong on this expedition,” Dr. Holst replied.

“I’ll admit, you’re a hell of a lot braver than I am. There’s no way in hell I’d spend five minutes alone on a deserted island, let alone half a year.”

“You only assume it’s deserted, Captain,” said grad student Libby Harper. Just because the drones didn’t pick anything up doesn’t mean the place is lifeless.”

“All the more reason to take guards with you.”

“I don’t want a bunch of oafs trampling all over the island waving guns about,” Dr. Holst said. “Besides, we each have tranquilizer guns in case we do run into something. I think we’ll be just fine.”

“Well, good luck to you and I hope to see you again in six months,” Captain Yolinski said as the boat hit the water.

“Thanks Captain,” Dr. Hurst smiled. Turning on the engine, she steered the boat at the island – her smile growing larger by the second as they approached pristine beaches of white sand. Cutting the engine three hundred yards out, she let momentum carry them the rest of the way for fear the motor would get tangled up in something unseen.

Ashore, the team of four dragged the boat further inland and then stood there staring up and down the beach and towards the trees looking for any signs of life. “So, deserted, or teeming with undiscovered life?” Asked grad student Anthony Compton – a lanky but well-built man who looked more the part of basketball player than anthropologist.

“Oh, definitely life,” Libby answered. “I bet there are all kinds of plants and animals here we’ve never seen before.”

“My question was, is and always will be: Where in the hell did this island come from?” said Eric Farrell. “I mean, really, how does an island just appear out of nowhere complete with mountains and forest? Four hundred maps,” the resident cartographer said shaking his head. “I poured over four hundred maps spanning back more than a thousand years and this island isn’t on any of them.”

“Your guess is as good as mine,” Dr. Holst said looking up at clear blue skies. “Come on, we need to find a place to set up base camp before it gets too dark to see anything.

“This place is absolutely stunning,” Libby said, picking up several bags. “The satellite and drone images did not do this place justice.”

“Amen to that,” Eric agreed “but I still want to know where it came from.”

“I think we would all like that question answered,” said Anthony as he and Erica carried more bags up the warm, sandy beach to firmer grounds as the maintenance crew delivered crates of MRE’s, barrels of fresh water and the pre-fab cabin the team would call home for the next six months.

“I don’t know about the three of you, but I want to see that waterfall up close and personal,” said Dr. Holst, referring to an enormous waterfall that cascaded down the mountainside, forming a small river as it wound down the mountain, once again turned into a waterfall and then disappeared into the trees below. Ever since she saw images of it, she had been dying to explore it in more detail and now that she was here, she was itching to get started. But, there was a lot of set-up and unpacking to do before that happened and like it or not, she put her wanderlust aside for the time being.

Using a simple snap and click interface, the large cabin was built in less than four hours and included a lab, two bedrooms, bathroom with compost toilet and a small kitchen to prepare meals. And in case of storms, it was secured to the ground via thirty-two six foot long, five inch thick spikes attached to the bottom, and nearly a mile of stabilizing ropes to prevent the sides from blowing away. After testing out their satellite phones, the captain and crew boarded the Titan and were off.

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Worn out after a long day setting up camp and exhausted from working so many hours in the heat, the expedition team called it a night with promises of exploring come first light. No sooner were they in the cabin then Libby tore her shirt off and tossed it in the corner – giving her fellow students and professor a view of her lacy pink bra. Seeing the somewhat stunned looks on their faces, she kicked her pants off and grinned. “Sorry, but it’s just so damn hot I couldn’t stand wearing them any longer. I hope you don’t mind.

“Nope, don’t mind at all,” Eric said, following suit and undressing down to his boxers. “As long as you don’t mind.”

“Well, since we’re all taking our clothes off I might as well join,” said Dr. Holst as she unbuttoned her blouse. For a woman of thirty-seven, the 5’5”, 125 pound green-eyed brunette was still in remarkable shape and Eric suddenly felt his cock twitching to life as his eyes looked from her pretty face down to her large breasts to the soft swell of her belly – his fantasy of being with an older woman now the only thing occupying his mind.

“Down boy,” Dr. Holst giggled. “Maybe it would be better if we remained clothed.”

“Like hell!” Libby protested. “Sorry professor, but I cannot stand wearing clothes in this heat. I mean, really, did it get hotter at night or is it just my imagination?”

“No, it’s pretty balmy,” Anthony said, peeling his pants off and tossing them in the corner. “And no offense, professor, but you’re a gorgeous woman. It’s no wonder he can’t control himself.”

“Oh? Then why aren’t you popping a boner?” Dr. Holst asked, her brain to mouth filter suddenly not working.

“Willpower. That, and I like women closer to my own age,” he smiled and winked at Libby whose face turned bright red. “Not that I wouldn’t...nevermind. This is starting to get into dangerous territory. I’m just going to shut up now before I say something I’ll regret.”

“I don’t regret it,” Eric said. “You really are an incredibly sexy woman, Professor Holst.”

“Please, we’re going to be spending the next six months together, call me Nicole. And thank you both. You really know how to make an old woman blush.”

“Old?” Eric scoffed. “You don’t look a day over twenty-five.”

“HA! I’m damn near old enough to be your mother, young man,” Nicole laughed as she removed her pants.

“Good god, you’re beautiful!” Eric said, unable to hold his feelings at bay. “I mean it, Nicole. You are stunning.” Without knowing why he did it, he brew her close and kissed her hard on the lips. There was a brief moment of resistance, but as Libby and Anthony watched they saw it quickly fade as the kiss was returned.

“Well, hot damn!” Libby purred. “You go, Professor!” Reaching out, she grabbed the waistband of Eric’s boxers and tugged them down, her eyes going wide as his hard cock sprang free. “Oh damn! I hope you like ‘em big!”

“I hope you do as well,” Anthony said, taking off his boxers and then pulling Libby’s panties down. Without stopping to consider his actions, he bent her over the arm of the couch and pushed into her pussy – sinking all nine inches in before pulling back and thrusting in again. The small amount of blood from taking her virginity not even registering in his lust-filled brain.

“UHN! Oh shit yeah!” Libby moaned, her brain not even recognizing the pain of having her cherry so violently popped. “Fuck me big boy! Ram that monster in me!”

Overcome with a lust she could not control or explain, Nicole dropped to her knees and took Eric into her mouth – sucking him balls deep and holding it down her throat to a ten count before pulling back and doing it again. Looking up into his glassy eyes, she purred like a cat in heat. “Libby is right,” she said wrapping the fingers of her left hand around his throbbing shaft “I do like ‘em big. Do you want to fuck me, Eric?”

“God, do I ever!? I’ve wanted to take you since the first time I walked into your classroom, Nicole. You might be old enough to be my mother, but that’s what I love about you. I love older women,” he said, moving them to the other end of the couch where he bent her over the arm and shoved hard into her surprisingly tight pussy.

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When the pressure became too much, Eric and Anthony blasted their partner’s pussy with a huge load of semen – holding their dicks deep for several minutes before finally pulling out. Heads spinning, eyes glassy, they went into the right bedroom, closed the door and climbed into separate beds and were out like lights. Meanwhile, Libby and Nicole went into the left bedroom and did the same.