

A photograph of a woman's torso and arms, positioned on the left side of the frame. She is wearing a dark strap over her shoulder. The background is a bright, hazy sky with soft, golden clouds, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The overall color palette is warm, dominated by oranges, yellows, and soft blues.

***The
Promise***

***Robin
Wild***

The Promise

By Robin Wild

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Abbie woke early with the sea breeze curling over her skin and ruffling her hair. She liked to sleep naked but now even that small pleasure seemed jaded. Nearby, the gulls feasted at the lagoon. Their frenzied din had interrupted her dream. Beside her, lying on his stomach with his face turned towards her, slept Briant. Abbie raised herself on one elbow to gaze at his strong square features and curly black hair. Tears blurred her vision as her eyes travelled over his shoulders and down his back to settle on his buttocks.

Abbie had always said that if she ever found herself stranded on a deserted island she would want it to be with Briant. Right now, though, she could have killed him. If they ever got off this damned tropical hellhole the first thing she would do was file for divorce.

Five weeks ago, when they flew out of a bleak Adelaide winter, she would not have believed she could ever feel this way. When the little commuter plane touched down at North Queensland's Bluespray Resort she was bursting with love. As they cruised out of the marina for Honeymoon Cove on the other side of the bay her body hummed with expectation. It was to be a simple one hour trip followed by two days and nights of romance, relaxation and sex - lots and lots of lovely sex, a second honeymoon. Some honeymoon!

The storm hit without warning. It blew them out into the open sea, capsized their

rented cabin cruiser, and left Abbie and Briant to the mercy of the sharks. Miraculously, the sharks did not come. Still, if it were not for the life jackets and the warm water temperature they might not have survived the night. At dawn the current washed them ashore on to one of the hundreds of small islands in the Bluespray archipelago. The boat washed ashore, too. They found it wrecked on the rocks and managed to salvage some vital equipment and personal belongings.

The island supported plenty of food: tropical fruits, berries and native vegetables. Briant's army jungle training came in handy; he was able to identify the edible plants, and had no trouble starting a fire without matches.

At low tide dozens of fish became trapped in the shallow pools of the lagoon. These were easily caught with the landing nets. There was fresh water, too, from the stream, and when they found a

way to trap the wild goats and pigs they would have milk, meat and skins.

They had built a shelter at the fringe of the jungle a safe distance from the high tide line. It was rain and mosquito proof, and furnished with foam rubber beds and sleeping bags from the boat, and a table and chairs made from sticks and plaited vines. They had toothbrushes, shaving gear and even a few toiletries. As yet, there had been little need for the few clothes they possessed. Dressing, for Abbie, entailed nothing more than folding her floral scarf and wearing it as a bandanna to keep her long hair out of her eyes.

The island need not have been a hellhole; it could have been a paradise. The warmth, the rhythm of the sea, the constantly blue sky, the natural beauty, the peace and quiet, the sensuality of being naked all day - Abbie loved it. She

would have been happy to stay there forever except for one thing.

At first, Abbie was proud of Briant for devoting his mind and energy entirely to their survival; now though, with everything under control, why not enjoy themselves? If they could survive for five weeks they could survive forever. And it was not that he was impotent; it was up and down all day.

The gulls finished feeding and except for the pounding of the surf the island fell silent. Abbie sighed and sat up. She felt aroused and wet. The dream must have been erotic but she could not remember the plot. Bloody seagulls. She touched herself and sighed again. It was not a pleasant arousal.

Briant stirred in his sleep. As he rolled onto his back his magnificent morning erection caught on her thigh, sprang free, and came to rest arcing almost to his naval. Abbie stared at it. Oh, how she

adored that thick column of masculinity; but adoration gave way to obsession and desire gave way to craving, a desperate, bitter craving. With every rise and fall of his chest, with every twitch of his penis, the resentment ached in her gut. Between her legs the hunger crawled deeper and deeper. Why was he doing this!

Good sex, uninhibited sex, excellent sex had never been a problem. He had loved her body. He had adored her, all of her. Now, here they were, side by side, husband and wife, lovers, friends, alone, naked, aroused -

Abbie reached out, hesitated for a moment, then closed her fingers around the firm, warm shaft.

Briant's eyes snapped open. "Don't!"

She leapt off the bed. "You bastard! You selfish, stupid bastard!"

"Abbie, I can't."

"You can! You can! But you won't!"

"I just can't."

"Briant, please!"

"No."

"Let me then. Just lie there. What's so hard about that?" She knelt astride him.

He pushed her off. "I'm sorry. I can't."

Abbie stormed out of the hut and down to the beach. She screamed at the sea and cried until she could cry no more. She fell onto her knees and strummed herself furiously, but release would not come.

It wasn't fair. Five weeks! How could he be so cruel? This wasn't the man she'd married. Even if he didn't want sex he could at least have the decency to please her. God! She'd opened her legs often enough for him when she wasn't in the mood. She would walk out! Damn it! It was the only thing to do. Living alone had to be better than living like this.

Silence and the absence of eye contact separated them as they went about their morning chores. They were eating their mid-day meal when she told him.

He laughed. "You can't leave me. There's nowhere to go."

"There's the whole island. And if you won't help me build another hut I'll do it myself."

"That's just ridiculous. You're being foolish. Sex isn't everything. Forget about it. I still love you."

"How can I forget about it! It's torture! I can't stand being around you!"

Tears filled Briant's eyes. "I'm sorry, Abbie. I don't understand it either."

"What's to understand? Just do it!"

He shook his head, helplessly.

She started throwing her personal things into a basket. "I'm taking half of everything."

Abbie chose a site several hundred metres away and out of Briant's view. By nightfall she had fashioned a tepee of palm leaves and mosquito netting. It would do for a few nights while she built a proper shelter. Abbie was not helpless; it would simply be a matter of chopping the logs with the tomahawk and lashing them together with vines the way Briant had.

After a meal of grilled fish and mangoes she crawled into her temporary home. Six years! Since the day they'd met this was the first night they'd slept apart. Still, free of the torment of lying beside Briant's unavailable body Abbie managed to push her resentment aside for a while. She spent an hour or more fantasising and masturbating.

Her faceless fantasy men did not deny her. They stroked her smooth skin, worshiped her beautiful curves, her green

eyes, her large mouth. They used the tips of her silky brown hair to tickle her shoulders and breasts. They kissed her lips, her nose, her cheeks. They tongued her ears, her neck, her mouth, her nipples. They pleased and teased every erogenous zone, titillated every bit of erectile tissue, licking, sucking, filling every orifice. Abbie came and came and came until she could come no more, then she slept better than she had in weeks.

In the morning Briant came with wild bananas and berries, and after breakfast they started building Abbie's hut. Briant chopped the logs and helped with the lifting. While they worked he begged her to return, but she remained steadfast. By dusk her new home was completed

Abbie sat in the wet sand at the edge of the lagoon, cleaning fish. They had been

separated for two weeks, marooned for seven. After Briant finished helping Abbie make furniture for her hut they had kept to themselves. For the past week barely a word had passed between them. She watched Briant wandering aimlessly along the beach. Who would have believed this man headed one of Australia's top micro-electronics teams - a world authority? His posture and gait reminded her of a mistreated and defeated dog.

She felt pity for him and was grateful for his help but that did not soften her resentment. There should have been no need for another hut in the first place!

Abbie threw the fish heads and guts to her impatient audience. While the gulls squealed and fought, she glanced along the beach again. A few hundred metres away, Briant sat like a statue in the sand staring out to sea. He looked terribly lonely. He should have been netting his

lunch before the tide came in. She wondered if he was eating properly.

What if he really couldn't help it? Fixing the radio should have been no problem for someone like him, but he hadn't even tried. Perhaps he suffered brain damage while fighting for air under the capsized boat. Abbie wondered if it was really she who was being cruel. He was a good man, everything she had ever wanted in a man. He had remained considerate and loving in every other way. She felt the urge to move back to his hut. 'For better for worse. In sickness and in -'

No! He could at least try. He could at least discuss it and together they could work it out. How could he expect her to kiss and cuddle up night after night, to lie with his body touching hers and their perfectly responsive genitals just a few millimetres apart - with no prospect of sex. No!

They were gathering food along the bank of the stream. Another week had gone by and they had resumed fishing, eating and exploring the island together. Briant's spirits had improved and despite her nagging frustration Abbie managed to be pleasant and cheerful. She still loved Briant and clung to the hope of re-kindling his sexual appetite.

Whenever she bent to pluck berries, reached to pick fruit, or squatted to dig vegetables she presented her body in the most seductive way. Every movement accentuated the sensual arc of her back, the roundness of her buttocks and the curve of her breasts.

Quite innocently, but very frequently, her hand, thigh or bottom brushed his penis. Her breasts were remarkably accident prone, always getting in Briant's

way, and her nipples could not seem to avoid teasing over his skin. At every opportunity Abbie opened her legs to remind Briant of just how succulent and eager the sweet flesh between her thighs remained. He appeared not to notice, but his penis noticed.

Abbie put her basket of fruit down, making sure she gave Briant a tempting rear view. "Let's have lunch here. I'll be back in a jiffy, I'm just going for a pee." She went off a little way along the bank, then, after urinating, remained squatting and stroked herself to the brink of orgasm.

While they ate, Abbie leant back in the grass with her legs parted. Briant had an instant and massive erection. Abbie reached for it but he pushed her hand away. She did not plead; she was through pleading. Instead, she fell onto her back and finished what she had started. Her body shuddered with orgasm right there in front of him, but Briant was barely

distracted from his lunch. Only his penis showed any real interest.

That was it! As far as Abbie was concerned they were finished. She looked forward to the day they would be rescued and she and Briant could go their separate ways. Thank God there were no children. Thank God she had the craft shop. One day there'd be a string of them - 'Abbie's Arts and Crafts' - in Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane and even Perth.

She wasn't helpless. Who needed men anyway! She resigned herself to a fantasy sex life with her faceless lovers, her fingers, and the wooden phallus she had lovingly carved and polished.

The next morning Abbie made her way inland to the rock pool. This daily pilgrimage had become the highlight of her day. Somehow, the water remained

both crystal clear and perfectly still. She spent several hours there every morning preening and pampering her body.

Abbie dived in, swam for a while then stood knee deep washing herself. After another swim to rinse off the soap, she sat at the edge shaving her underarms, legs and bikini line; not that she had any use for her bikini any more. Suddenly, she laughed, "Why not?" and began shaving her vulva.

Abbie was deep in concentration, making sure not to nick the sensitive skin, when she heard a movement behind her. Before she could turn around strong hands covered her eyes. It made her gasp, but she did not struggle. She was not frightened. She knew Briant had been spying. Every day while she bathed she had felt his eyes on her.

After completing her cosmetic routine it was Abbie's habit to take another dip then sun herself on a particularly smooth

and comfortable boulder. She would stretch out, soaking up the dappled sunlight, staring into the blue sky, her senses swaying with the jungle canopy, floating with the fluffy clouds. The ritual invariably ended with her thighs spread wide and her fingers or the wooden phallus slipping deep inside while her other fingers pleased her clitoris.

Climax always exploded before an audience of butterflies, birds, the occasional goat, and recently, Briant hiding out of sight. At first this angered her. It seemed utterly hypocritical and cowardly given his ostensible disinterest in sex, but even so it was better than nothing. At least it represented a tacit involvement and hopefully the first step back to normality. Thinking it through this way, knowing he was watching and probably masturbating too, actually increased Abbie's excitement.

If he wanted to waste his semen, let him! If he wanted a show, she'd give him one. She would turn so that her open legs faced the direction from which she heard the rustle in the bushes. She would change from one position to another, giving him a sensual view from every angle: on hands and knees, squatting, kneeling, standing, lying.

She would spread her thighs that much wider, push the phallus that much deeper, pull her nipples that much harder. She would imagine his hand pumping, his fingers clamped around the erect shaft, the head huge and purple; then, as his sperm shot into the air and rained down around him, she would moan and gasp and buck as she came, and came, and came again.

Surely, Briant couldn't stand it for much longer. One day he'd leap out of the undergrowth and plunge his penis into her.

Today, it seemed her wish would come true.

He slipped her floral bandanna down to her eyes and tightened it. Neither one spoke. Abbie's heart raced. He pulled her back so that she lay in the grass with her feet dangling in the water.

His hard penis brushed her cheek. Throwing back her head, Abbie snatched the silky tip into her mouth. He let her suck for a while then moved around between her legs. Abbie spread them wide.

He took all of her aching vulva into his mouth and sucked and licked her to a marvellous climax, but she wanted more and told him so, roughly, angrily. "Come on, give me your cock. Fuck me!"

Any second, Abbie expected to feel it sliding in, warm and hard. Instead, she felt the cold razor gliding over her engorged pubes.

"Briant, not now!"

Her giggles were ignored. In between shaving and rinsing he lapped and sucked. Then, for a few moments nothing but fresh air touched Abbie's bare skin. Was he finished? She felt more naked than naked. There was no sound. Had he gone?

No. She smiled, a very big smile. Her vagina was slowly spreading and his warm, smooth cock was sliding home.

Briant remained silent but Abbie laughed and panted, pushing up to meet his long thrusts. When their spasms had subsided Abbie clamped her ankles around his waist to savour the feeling of his semen melting inside, but only for a moment before he withdrew. Then she heard the bushes rustling behind her.

So, this was the game!

He needed to pretend it wasn't happening, but at least it was happening. From now on everything would be all right.

Abbie looked at her naked pubic skin. Not bad. He had left some hair: a disc of brown fur with her clitoral hood looking like the single spoke of a wheel, or better still, a pink wedge in a pie chart. Her cunt was a pie chart! That made her giggle.

She angled her little mirror for a better view - and to see Briant's semen trickling out. She dipped in a finger and licked it. Abbie did not wash again. She wanted to relish the slick, sticky feeling for as long as possible, especially while she walked.

Emerging from the jungle, she found Briant sitting beneath the verandah of her hut with a lunch of cold crab salad neatly laid out on the table. His eyes went straight to her crotch. "Very nice. That's a real work of art."

Abbie winked. "The work of a master."

Later, he surprised her again. The night was calm and black. Abbie masturbated as usual, then, because it felt comforting, left the wooden phallus inside. She woke

to find him removing it and replacing it with his own. Abbie smiled in the dark. Everything was going to be all right. Briant had finally snapped out of it.

When she woke in the morning he was gone. Her floral bandanna was gone too. He probably took it, she thought, as a memento of his return from celibacy. For breakfast Abbie prepared a feast of tropical fruits and carried it along the beach to his hut.

While they ate, Briant smiled at her knowingly. "You seem particularly happy this morning. Sweet dreams?"

"Wonderful, thanks to the star performer."

He seemed pleased by that.

After breakfast Abbie gave him a suggestive grin, then, wearing nothing but a pink bandanna and a huge smile, hurried

off along the trail. Already aroused, she could hardly wait to get to the rock pool.

She swam, washed, shaved and reclined on the rock. Her fingers stroked slowly, smoothing the slippery secretions over her sex lips and clitoris while she waited. And waited. And waited.

Finally, Abbie sat up and looked around. He was there; she could sense him. She climbed down from the rock and tied the bandanna over her eyes. Blindfolded, she fell onto her hands and knees in the grass, then called out in a teasing tone while spreading her legs and wiggling her buttocks invitingly. "I know you're there, Briant. Come and get it."

And again Abbie waited. There was the sound of the birds, the breeze and the rhythmic surf in the distance but no rustling of bushes, no movement of undergrowth.

Please Briant. Please come.

The anticipation made her tremble.

Briant, I want you. My cunt wants you.
Liquid excitement trickled down her
thighs.

I want your big cock. Please. Please.
Please -

YES!

Hard, smooth, hot, it plunged all the
way in with one thrust. Her knees were
lifted off the ground by the force of it.
Abbie almost fainted and almost came.

The beautiful sex continued daily at
the rock pool and every night in her hut.
Abbie always blindfolded herself and
waited. The waiting was delicious.

Briant never spoke to her during sex,
and at other times whenever she tried to
touch him sexually he refused. A
brotherly cuddle or kiss was all he
allowed. He evaded any discussion of sex
and brushed aside Abbie's suggestions

that they should live together again. "It's better like this. You're happy. I'm happy. Why spoil it?"

It was not the first ship they had seen. There had been many but none had answered their signals. As the tanker drew nearer, Abbie felt very little excitement. In fact, the grey hulk seemed to be an intruder. Life was good now. She felt no urgent need to be rescued, but Briant still did. He used the mirror to flash an SOS in morse code.

Abbie saw white light glinting from the superstructure. Briant grabbed her shoulders. "They see us!" They're signalling: 'Will send help.'"

He danced around like a child. Soon his enthusiasm caught on and Abbie joined in until, suddenly, he stopped and stared at her as if he had never before

seen her naked. He hoisted her over his shoulder, carried her into his hut and threw her onto the bed. Abbie could not believe it.

"Sorry Abbie! Sorry Abbie!" Gasping the words over and over, he thrust his way to a mighty orgasm. It was so fast and forceful that Abbie had no hope of climaxing, but she did not mind one bit.

She grinned. "Well, well, well, what brought that on?"

"I don't know! Something just snapped!"

He was still above her with his penis still inside. Abbie felt it shrinking. He started to withdraw but she pulled him back and clamped her ankles behind his thighs.

"It's really weird -" He searched for the right words. "It's - It's as though I - deserve you again - And there's something I haven't told you. I've been having blackouts. I've been waking up in

the jungle near the rock pool, or walking along the beach in the middle of the night. And I can't remember how I got there."

"It must be something to do with when we capsized, Briant. Try to think back. What were you feeling?"

"I remember feeling helpless - so helpless. Drowning. I gave up and -"

"Come on. You were trapped, helpless, frightened -"

"No. Before that. When the boat started listing and you were crying. I told you we'd be okay. I promised I wouldn't let anything happen to you."

Abbie remembered how terrified she had been, not just when the boat filled with water but during their first few days on the island. "Briant, you didn't let anything happen to me. I couldn't have survived without you. I would have poisoned myself on those purple berries the very first day."

"I mean in the water. I was so frightened of dying and -" There was desperation in his eyes, shame in his voice. "I wasn't even thinking about you. I was just trying to save myself. Afterwards I just couldn't - couldn't, I mean, I didn't deserve to -"

"Poor Briant." Abbie kissed his shoulder. "Don't you remember? You were drowning because you *were* trying to save me. You dived under the boat to push me free. And you did, but you got stuck."

There was a flicker of recollection. "Are you sure about that?"

She laughed. "I should be."

Briant could recall nothing more. Clearly, he had been overwhelmed by deeply buried feelings of guilt. "God, Abbie, how did you put up with me?"

"I don't think I could have without my star performer and my blindfold."

He smiled. "Your fantasies. They must have been powerful stuff."

"They were."

What did it matter? He was the same old Briant again. In time he would remember everything and then they would laugh about it.

While she watched the rescue helicopter approach, Abbie wondered if the pilot was still a learner. His arrival looked more like a lucky crash than a landing.

Briant came out of the hut wearing shorts. He smacked Abbie's backside. "If you expect that bloke to fly us out of here alive you better put some clothes on." Abbie was so accustomed to her nudity that the thought had not entered her mind.

The take-off was a vast improvement, but by then she had slipped on a skirt and blouse.

As they swept low over the lush vegetation, Abbie gazed down at the place they had named Rocky Bay. Due to its treacherous cliffs and currents it was the only part of the island they had not explored. Briant did not see it; he was looking out of the other window, but Abbie noticed a third hut -

"How's the colonel these days?" The pilot peered down at the hut, too, as he shouted over the noise of the turbine.

"Who?" Abbie felt the heat rush to her cheeks.

"The colonel. Didn't you see him?"

"No. We had no idea."

"Likes the place so much, he won't leave." The pilot banked the helicopter so that Briant could see, too. "Got stranded like you, years ago. They say he never

recovered from Vietnam. There he is now."

Abbie's heart thumped. A man of about Briant's age and build stood near the hut smiling and waving - and wearing nothing but her floral bandanna!

Abbie was so stunned that she did not see the smile on Briant's lips. And even if she had been watching his fingers, she would not have recognised the military sign he relayed to the colonel: *'Assistance acknowledged. Thanks.'*

END.



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