

Island Interlude

Story: Island Interlude

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*Summary: *Chapter 1*:*

Hey, Tira Ravenwings here! I've noticed, through searching the web, that a lot of the 'adult' rated Jem stories are really just word-replaced porno-stories from other fandoms. So, as an enemy of plagiarism everywhere, and a firm believer that Jem and company deserve their own original naughty adventures, I give you the first of my 'adult' Jemfics!

TITLE: Island Interlude

AUTHOR: Tira Ravenwings

RATING: NC-17

SUMMARY: From "Island of Deception". Angus has been alone for a long time, and Stormer decides to help him out.

The sound of pounding drums rang out from the top of the mountain, effectively cutting off the Misfits' bitching. Jem remarked, "We have to see what's up there," in that bossy tone that Stormer was beginning to hate.

The two bands struggled the rest of the way up the rough-cut path. Once they had (mostly) collapsed at the edge of the summit, Shana asked breathlessly, "What's the plan?"

"We surround the place," Pizzazz replied. She stalked off toward the bamboo and palm-branch house where the drumbeats seemed to be coming from. As Jem and the Holograms fanned out to circle the house, Roxy and Stormer followed their leader to the

doorway. Stormer, glancing over her shoulder, saw the other band suddenly check their movement and hurry to the front of the porch. Jem probably didn't want Pizzazz to get the glory of finding a way off the island, she realized with growing disgust for the two-faced, pink-haired singer.

Meanwhile, Pizzazz and Roxy had entered the house. "It's just a dumb record!" Stormer heard Pizzazz cry. She hurried into the house on Roxy's heels, in time to see Pizzazz kick the table and gramophone in rage.

A growl from the window stopped Pizzazz's temper tantrum right then. A man was crouched on the sill, wearing a huge, fearsome mask. "Errr-ah!" He snarled, leaping into the room, "Ahh-oog-ah!"

The women all screamed. The man advanced threateningly. "Ah-oog-ahh! Ah-OOG-ahh!"

"He's a *phony*!" Roxy exclaimed in disgust, catching sight of the 'native's' beat up old trainers.

"Get 'im!" Pizzazz ordered. She and Stormer charged him, with Roxy and the other band following. They tackled the man, knocking him down; Stormer unceremoniously shoved the carved wooden mask back from his face.

Wide blue eyes stared back at them from a suntanned face. "Y-y'broke me gramophone!" the man exclaimed, stunned at the sudden turn of events.

"Who are you?" Pizzazz demanded gruffly. "And be quick about it!"

"I'm Angus Bean; a hermit since I got me heart broke. But. . .that's all over now." His voice might have been gentle, but there was a hunger in his eyes that Stormer knew all too well. She looked away, suddenly shy. "I see a vision! It speaks of hope, of love renewed. 'Tis love at first sight. *You* believe in love at first sight, don't you?"

"I. . .I don't know." Stormer replied, shaking her head. "Love's not easy for me."

"Come," Angus said, rising suddenly and grabbing her hand. "See the orchids, Princess; they're me pride and joy." And Stormer didn't resist as he twined an arm around her shoulders, thinking that it was much easier to go along with him. After all, if it got them off this godforsaken "Lord of the Flies" hellhole. . .

She looked where he pointed off the porch. A riot of bright color spread out a ways from the house -- he was right, the orchids he tended to here were beautiful.

"Excuse me, could we use your phone?" Kimber asked, interrupting Stormer's thoughts. For once, Stormer was glad of Kimber being around to ask stupid questions like that. It

meant that she had that much longer to not worry about when Angus's hand was going to slide off her shoulder and grab something like a breast or buttock.

"Me phone? You must be joking!" Angus repeated, in that cute accent of his. He exclaimed laughingly, "No, no phone!"

After all, Angus seemed like a nice guy. But it just wasn't healthy for a man to live for months and months without any human contact, not to mention not being around any women. He had to be pretty horny. And if he chose Stormer as the 'object of his affection'. . .well, he was sort of good-looking, so she didn't mind.

"I do have an old radio transmitter," he was saying to Kimber. Stormer noticed that his eyes didn't rake up and down her body the way he'd done with her. She felt a little superior.

"Fair warning," Angus said, after blowing the cobwebs and dust from the big, old-fashioned radio, "Last year I got lonely and tried to raise a ship for a month. Got nary a peep!"

Stormer sighed. She was right, and man, was she in for it.

Pizzazz scowled, and Roxy looked just as sour-tempered. Jem stepped forward from the other side, asking in that peppy voice of hers, "How does it work?"

"Just press the button and talk." Angus explained hurriedly, rising halfway from the seat, "It sets on the ships' band." He didn't like Jem either, it seemed. Bonus points for Angus.

Pizzazz and Roxy intercepted Angus on his way back to Stormer. With Roxy restraining him (a hand on his chest and a dangerous look in her rosy eyes), Pizzazz got right in the hermit's face. "It didn't work for you then; why should we bother now?"

"All I know is. . ." Angus replied gruffly, shoving the other Misfits aside, "me luck has changed." And this time, as he took Stormer's arm and walked into the house, Pizzazz caught the apologetic look on the keyboardist's face. Suddenly struck by understanding of the situation, she was thankful that it wasn't her Angus Bean was slobbering all over. Maybe *Stormer* thought he was cute (otherwise, she wouldn't have let him touch her), but Pizzazz preferred her men rich, famous, and regularly-bathed.

"We can all take turns calling for help." Kimber suggested behind them. Pizzazz glanced over her shoulder. All the goody-goodys were gathered around that bamboo and wood table, looking hopeful.

"Well, I think it's a joke." Pizzazz stated coldly. She knew that Jem and the others thought

she spoke for all the Misfits, all the time. And she was glad of it. It meant that they'd leave Stormer alone for a while.

"Yeah, count us out on the shift routine," Roxy sneered.

Shana said simply, "Just stay out of the way, then."

Once they were safe from view in the cool shadows of Angus's house, he didn't waste any more time. A rough kiss (made doubly so by that wild beard) claimed Stormer's mouth. She kissed him back, sliding her hands down his back and encircling his waist. His hands roamed over her body, as if he couldn't decide what part of her to touch first, or as if he wanted to touch all of her at once.

When they came up for air, she smiled at him and whispered huskily, "Been a while, Angus?"

He gazed into her blue eyes and saw the invitation there. "Too long, Princess," he groaned.

Stroking his chest through his threadbare shirt, Stormer looked around his small home. "Got anywhere private we can use?"

Angus smiled back, and led her to what looked like the far wall of the house. He pulled at one section of the wall, revealing it to be a door. Another room was behind that door, one that was mostly taken up by a bed made of dried grasses.

"Uh," he said intelligently as she pulled him through by the hand, "the walls aren't soundproof or anything. . ."

Stormer shut the door, and the sunlight's only way in now was through the tiny gaps in the bamboo and thatch, bathing the little room in a red glow. "I'll be quiet," she promised, lowering herself onto the cushiony grass bed.

"Don't know how I feel 'bout that," Angus admitted, lifting her tattered skirt this time when he kissed her.

He tugged her panties down, murmuring appreciative things about her beauty. Half wanting to be taken in by the flattery, half cynical about the whole deal, Stormer made soft, eager-sounding noises for Angus's benefit (though she would have preferred to be silent as possible). He trailed wet, heated kisses down her thighs. Then she pushed his hands away and wriggled out of the red lace underwear herself.

"Taking too long," she whispered, "I thought you wanted me now."

"Oh, I do," Angus assured her. His roughened hands slipped beneath her dress, cupping her buttocks. Giving her generous curves a squeeze, he admonished, "Good things come to those who wait."

"Mmm. . ." was Stormer's reply, as she concentrated on unfastening her dress the rest of the way. As the yellow-and-black rag fell away from her body, she heard Angus groan again, and felt her way through the half-dark to pull him up into a kneeling position. Her slim, skillful fingers made quick work of his pants (held on only by a knotted rope) and holey shirt.

She embraced his naked body, and he slipped his right hand into one of the cups of her bra, stroking her breast, while his left one gently kneaded her thigh. For a moment, Stormer considered reaching behind her and undoing her bra, but decided on letting Angus decide whether to keep it. Thus presented with the choice, Angus fingered the clasps for a moment, occupying his mouth with the tasting of Stormer's long, pale neck. She shuddered and gasped into his shoulder. It had been a while since she'd done this, herself.

Choosing to leave her bra alone for the moment, Angus knelt so that he straddled her body. "Impatient, Princess?" he teased huskily, shifting so that his hard member rubbed against the wet curls concealing her sex. Stormer's only response was a soft mewling in the back of her throat, coupled with her nails digging into his shoulders. Angus smiled tightly. "I see. . ."

As he eased his way inside of her, Stormer's mouth opened in a silent cry -- she arched her back and tensed her whole body, savoring the feel of him pressing deep within her. Stifling a growl of desire, Angus pushed harder against her slightly resisting muscles, and (after a moment during which one of Stormer's hands raked across his shoulder blades) let out a breath as he slid all the way into her. For a moment, they stared into each other's eyes, content to simply be so connected.

Then, a sparkle of mischief gleaming in her eyes, Stormer deliberately licked her lips provocatively and captured his mouth in a kiss so passionate it nearly burned. He met her passion with a flame of his own, hungrily, thrusting his tongue in the same rhythm that he pumped his hips. Breath hissed as she sucked it in through clenched teeth, wrapping her legs high around his waist, allowing him to penetrate deeper.

Angus gasped. Dragging Stormer into a sitting position with one arm, he used his free hand to unfasten the hooks holding her bra in place. As the undergarment fell away, his mouth fell to one of her nipples, hot and demanding. She shuddered with pleasure and rocked her body backward, letting him drive his manhood hard into her. He moved faster, feeling the incredible heat and wetness of her body increase as they both came closer and closer to orgasm. As the intense ecstasy rippled through her, Stormer thrashed her head from side to side, unable to hold back a moan at the sensation of Angus swelling inside

her, ejaculating with his own orgasm.

Angus rolled over to one side and breathlessly declared that she had finished him off. Then he promptly fell asleep. Stormer sighed contentedly and stretched out, delighted at the results of her handiwork.

"Mayday, mayday! Calling the 'Bahama Queen', mayday, mayday! We are lost at sea!"

Now, if Jem and the Holojokes would only shut their traps.