



## GILLIGAN'S ISLAND: "Passion Fruit"

by Uncle Mike

(Everybody sing!!)

Just sit right back and you'll hear a tale, a tale of a fateful trip That started in this tropic port, aboard this tiny Ship. The mate was a mighty sailin' man the Skipper brave and sure, Five passengers set sail that day for a three hour tour.

A three hour tour.

The weather started getting rough, the tiny ship was tossed. If not for the courage of the fearless crew, the Minnow would be lost.

The Minnow would be lost.

The ship set ground on the shore of this uncharted desert isle With Gilligan, the Skipper too, the Millionaire and his wife, A movie star, the Professor and Mary Ann, here on Gilligans Isle.



Gilligan was crouching in the bushes, peering through the foliage, as Ginger waded into the sweetwater pool under the waterfall.

Her back was toward him as she moved under the waterfall. He saw her drop her towel and caught a glimpse of her bare ass before it was covered with the white water.

"C'mon, Ginger, turn around," he whispered. "Turn around..."

He reached down into his pants and gripped his erection. He pulled it out and started stroked it, watching the shadowy image of Ginger's naked bottom through the flowing water.

Under the waterfall, Ginger smiled secretly to herself. "He's out there again," she mumbled to herself. "Who could miss that hat?"

She rubbed herself with the mild coconut soap the Professor had made for her. Her fingers rolling over her firm breasts and erect nipples, made firm not only by the cold water but by the knowledge that Gilligan was watching her again.

Her hands moved down her body to her groin, around her hips, then to her groin, her fingers sliding through her golden-red pubic hair into the warmth of her pussy. Her fingertips found her clit, and she sucked air through her teeth as she rubbed her love button.

"I'll give Gilligan a thrill," she said, as she relaxed under the waterfall.

Gilligan stared at the glimmering waterfall, as Ginger's derrière broke through the water. He saw the pink pucker of her pussy, the darkness of her nether pucker below.

"Nnnnnnngggggggghhhh!" Gilligan groaned, as a glob of white burst from his cock, coating the palm leaves in front of him, as he fell backwards, landing on his ass. "Ow," he said, falling backwards into a somersault. His head hit a tree, and he blacked out.

Ginger looked back through her legs and saw Gilligan's hat disappear. She giggled and stood up again and backed up into the waterfall to rinse the soap from her body. She reached over and grabbed her towel and wrapped it around her. Her body would dry on its own in this tropical

air; she only brought the towel with her to cover up with.

She casually glanced over to the bushes where Gilligan was hiding. He seemed to be gone. She smiled a secret little smile as she walked back to her hut.



Roy Hinkley, otherwise known as "the Professor", was in his hut, working on the radio again. He had already cannibalized every electronic device that had been on the Minnow, and was frankly worried that his wizardry with the radio was finally at an end. He heated a wire held in a wooden handle over a candle, and attempted to resolder the broken circuit board.

"Shit!" he sputtered, as the board slipped off the table and fell to the floor, breaking the jerry-rigged repairs once again.

"That's it," he sighed. "We're completely out of touch with civilization."



Lovey Howell stared into the mirror, and started to apply her makeup. The Professor's substitute for her pancake base was a little grainy, but it was the right color. The red berry lipstick was not. 'But it is tasty', she thought, licking the lipstick, the motion reminding her of.... something.

"Oh!" she said, suddenly remembering. "Oh, it's been years..." She looked over at Thurston, snoring on the cot. "But I think the lipstick's bigger." She smiled, softly.



Mary Ann was back behind her hut working at the stone oven. She plucked a freshly baked pie crust out of the oven, and set it on her table. She turned, and stirred the pineapple-coconut creme mixture in the bowl while the pie crust cooled.



Captain Jonas Grumby was beside the lagoon, casting a fishing line into the water. Suddenly, there was a high pitched whine behind him. He turned, to see two men; one tall, dressed in blue shirt and black trousers, the other was dressed in a gold shirt and black trousers. The taller man's ears looked strangely pointed.

The two looked at the Skipper a moment, then the shorter man said, "I thought you said this island was uninhabited."

The man in blue said, "According to our records, this island was uncharted until 1977. Logically, it would be assumed to be uninhabited."

The man in gold reached behind him, and brought forward a small box, and flipped it open. "Beam us up, Mr. Scott."

"Wait!" the Skipper shouted. "We're the passengers and crew of the Minnow! Can't you rescue us?"

"Sorry," the man in gold shrugged. "We're not allowed to interfere."

There was a high-pitched whine, and the two men seemed to dissolve. The Skipper was left alone on the beach, staring at the empty space where the two men had once been.



Gilligan staggered back to his feet, and looked toward the waterfall. Ginger and her towel were gone. He tucked his penis back into his pants, and headed back toward the compound.

As he walked down the path, a bright yellow color caught his eye. He stepped over to the plant, a leafy vine curling up the side of a palm tree. The vine was covered with fairly large, bright yellow fruit.

Gilligan picked one of the fruits and sniffed it. It smelled faintly of banana... no, of strawberry.. no, of raspberry.... it smelled delicious. Without thinking, he popped the fruit into his mouth. It was delicious.

Gilligan started picking as many of the fruits as he could reach, gathering them up in his shirt, pulling the hem up to form a pocket.



Mary Ann touched the pie crust; it was cool enough to put her pie filling into. She started scooping the coconut-pineapple mixture into the pie crust and sighed. "I'm so tired of coconut and pineapple..."



At that moment, Gilligan burst out of the jungle. Mary Ann jumped, startled.

"Oh, Gilligan, you scared me!" She fussed.

"Sorry. Where's the Professor?"

"He's in his hut. What have you got there?"

"I don't know. I've never seen them before." He poured out the fruits on the table.

Mary Ann picked one up and sniffed it. "Smells delicious."

"They are."

"Gilligan!" she exclaimed, "You didn't eat one, did you?"

"Yeah."

"You remember what the Professor said," she scolded, "Don't eat anything you don't know."

Gilligan picked up one of the fruits and said, "I'm going to check with the Professor."

As he left, Mary Ann sniffed the fruit again and smiled.



"Where did you say you found these?" the Professor asked. He reached for a book on his makeshift shelf.

"Between here and the sweetwater pool," Gilligan said.

"HMMMMM," the Professor said, turning pages. He took a knife and sliced open the fruit. Inside were a mass of tiny seeds.

"Here it is," he said, pointing at the page. "Looks like you don't need to worry, Gilligan, they're perfectly safe to eat."

"Thank goodness." Gilligan gasped. "I'll go tell Mary Ann."



"And the Professor says they're good to eat?" Mary Ann asked.

"No, he said they were safe to eat." Gilligan picked up another fruit. "I said they were good."

"Then they're going in my pie. I'm very tired of coconut and pineapple." Mary Ann picked up a knife, and started slicing the fruits, and arranged the slices on the pie.

Gilligan watched as Mary Ann sliced and arranged the slices. His vision seemed to go blurry, and for one second, he could have sworn Mary Ann was naked.

"Go wash up for supper," Mary Ann said, continuing to slice the little yellow fruits.

"Yes, Mother," Gilligan grinned, and headed to his hut.



Dinner was a nice mess of fish the Skipper had caught and grilled. After dinner, Mary Ann brought out her pie.

"These are those new fruits Gilligan found," she said, pointing out the bright yellow slices.

"They smell delicious," Mrs. Howell smiled. "Gilligan's always finding lovely things."

"Now if he could only find a gin-and-tonic-tree," Thurston Howell grumbled.

The Professor winced. "You know I've done my best since your liquor ran out, Mr. Howell. But juniper trees don't grow on this island."

"Or a good Kentucky Bourbon tree."

"Mr. Howell..." The Professor started.

"Very well, very well," Howell said, with a grim face. "I'll just have to do with this fruit punch you made up..." He took a deep swig from his glass and hiccuped.



Gilligan's vision blurred again. As he looked across the table, he could swear that Ginger and Mary Ann had removed all their clothing.

He blinked. The vision was still there. He smiled, admiring Ginger's pink nipples and Mary Ann's darker brown ones. He glanced at Mrs. Howell. She too was naked, her breasts surprisingly pert for an "older" lady. Her nipples were erect and pointed at him.



"Gilligan? Gilligan?"

He had been staring for several minutes, a strange smile on his face. Gilligan blinked and looked around, his vision cleared, and the girls were dressed again.

"Are you all right, Little Buddy?" the Skipper asked.

"Yes, yes. Fine..." He looked down at his lap realizing he had a boner.

He pulled the sailcloth napkin over his lap to conceal the swelling.



After supper, Mr. & Mrs. Howell excused themselves to go back to their hut. Ginger and Mary Ann cleared the table, and the Professor headed back to his lab to work on the radio once more, just in case.

"Skipper, did you notice anything different at supper," Gilligan asked.

"Other than your staring at Mrs. Howell's bosom?"

"You saw it too?"

"Everyone saw it."

"Weren't they beautiful?"

"I meant everyone saw you staring... What are you talking about?"

"Ummmm... nothing. Nothing. Good night, Skipper. I'm going for a walk."

Gilligan stood up and walked down the path toward the lagoon.

The Skipper sat back, leaning against the table, picking his teeth. He felt an unusual pressure in his groin, and reached down to adjust himself.

"Geez," he muttered to himself, "I've got a stiffy that won't quit..."



Ginger and Mary Ann finished washing the wooden dishes, and racked them up to dry.

As Ginger dried her hands, she leaned against the washtub. "Who do you think is cuter, Mary Ann... The Professor or Gilligan?"

"Do you realize how many times we've had this conversation?"

"Yes, but I'm serious tonight."

"Serious?"

"Yeah... for some reason, I'm very horny tonight." Her hands slid down her body.

Mary Ann dropped her towel over the towel rod and turned to face Ginger. "You know, I think I know what you mean."

Ginger put a hand over her crotch. "I think I'm on fire."

Mary Ann blushed. She reached down to her own crotch, surprised at the heat she found there.

"You too?" Ginger asked.

Mary Ann nodded.

"We need men..." Ginger gasped.

"Why?" asked Mary Ann, reaching over to Ginger. She stepped forward, pressing her breasts against Ginger's. She tenderly kissed Ginger's lips.

"Oh my gosh," Ginger whispered. "Let's go inside."



The Professor was working on the radio again, a frustrating experience, because as soon as he made one connection, another broke. He sat back in his chair, his hand dropping to his lap.

"Holy shit!" he exclaimed, fingering his erection through his pants.

"What a hard-on!"

He unzipped his pants, releasing his loveprong. He stroked it slowly, leaning back in his chair, closing his eyes.

"Mary Ann," he whispered. "Mary Ann..."



Lovey Howell looked at her husband in a new light; he was deep in his drink, but there was a burning sensation in her loins that she had not felt in years. She slipped behind her dressing-screen, and took off her dress and undergarments, and slipped into her flimsiest nightgown. She looked down at her breasts, the nipples distended and erect, tenting her nightgown. She slid her hands down her body to her crotch, which was hot... and wet.

She stepped around the screen. "Thurston..."

Mr. Howell's eyes bugged. "Lovey, you're lovely!!"

She slid around in front of him, and turned slowly, allowing him to view her entire body.

Thurston took another deep swig of his drink, and set the bamboo glass on the end-table. He grabbed Lovey, and pressed his face between her breasts.

"Oh, Thurston!" she whispered.



Gilligan wandered around the lagoon, his erection tenting his pants. He reached down and untied his trousers, letting them drop around his feet. He took a firm grip on his penis, and began pumping, faster and faster.

"Ginger... Ginger... " his voice, beginning low, became a chant as he pumped his cock. "Gin-ger-gin-ger-gin-ger-gin-ger"



"Ginger!"

Mary Ann's voice was a plea, as Ginger's mouth and tongue stroked Mary Ann's labia and clitoris, her tongue expertly sliding up and down the girls tight slit.

Ginger was kneeling beside Mary Ann's cot, between Mary Ann's legs. Mary Ann herself was seated on the edge of the cot, leaning backward,

supporting her upper body on her elbows.

"My gosh, Ginger," Mary Ann gasped, "where did you learn to do that?"

Ginger raised her head, but put her fingers where her mouth had been. "Sometimes you have to sleep with women in Hollywood, too," she smiled. Her fingers slipped up into Mary Ann's pussy, slippery with saliva and her lubricating juices.

"Oh geez," Mary Ann cried, "I'm coming, I'm coming."

Ginger bent back to Mary Ann's clit, sucking on the hard, hot nubbin, as Mary Ann shook the bed with the force of her orgasm.

Mary Ann sat up, weakly, and leaned forward, taking Ginger's face between her hands. She kissed Ginger's lips softly, her tongue darting out, tasting her own juices on Ginger's mouth.

"Now it's your turn," Mary Ann said, softly.



Mrs. Howell knelt down beside her husband's chair. Thurston stood up, drunkenly, and dropped his pants to the floor and kicked them aside. He pulled down his boxer shorts, and kicked them over on top of his trousers. He sat back down, pushing his hips forward, his erection pointing at his wife's face.

Lovey leaned forward, drawing his erect penis between her lips. "I was right," she thought, "The lipstick \_was\_ bigger."

She took his full length into her mouth, her nose pressing against his pubic hair. His erection barely reached the back of her mouth.

She rolled her tongue around the head of Thurston's shaft, while with one hand she reached up and massaged his marble-sized testicles.

"Oh, Lovey," Thurston moaned, and he came.

Two spurts of watery fluid splashed into Lovey's mouth, with the vague taste of fruit juice. Thurston collapsed into the chair, and before Lovey could stand up, he was snoring.

"Shit!" said Lovey, then covered her mouth. Such language!

She stepped over to the window, and slowly opened the shutters. There in the compound by the dinner table sat the Captain. And what was that in his hand?



The Professor was approaching orgasm. He grabbed the end of his cock just as he came, pinching the end, holding in the ejaculate. He almost rose out of the chair with the force of his orgasm, but he held his grip.

Still holding his erection, he got up and stepped to the doorway of his hut. He stepped outside and around the corner, and let go of his cock. His semen flowed out of him to hit the ground.

He glanced around to see if anyone was watching. Nobody in sight. He tucked his deflating cock back into his pants. There was a light still on in Ginger and Mary Ann's hut.

The Professor quietly crept up to their hut and pushed his fingers quietly through the palm-frond walls. He looked through the little space created by his fingers.

Ginger was on her back on her cot, her legs spread wide, her knees raised. Mary Ann was crouched between Ginger's legs, leaning forward, her mouth pressed against Ginger's hot, wet pussy.

"Now move your tongue around my clit," Ginger whispered. "That's it... yes, ummmm."

Mary Ann's ass was raised up in the air, and as it happens, was pointed directly toward the Professor's peep-hole. He had an excellent view of the pucker of her asshole, and the dark-haired, wet pussy lips below. The Professor's cock began to grow again, and he unzipped, and released it from its prison.

"Put a finger inside me," Ginger whispered.

Mary Ann shifted slightly, and complied, her finger slipping effortlessly into the wetness of her friends cunt.

"Now, press up with your finger. Ahh! UH! Oh yes... that's it... yesss."

The Professor began to stroke his cock gently as it regained its full erection again.



Gilligan was coming, his voice shouting over the surf, "Gin-ger! Gin-ger!"

He began to ejaculate, his semen launching from his prong like a pistol, landing in the sand two feet away.

Suddenly realizing that he was shouting, Gilligan clamped his hands over his mouth. He pulled up his pants and retied them. He started back to the compound.



Mrs. Howell quietly slipped out of her hut, still wearing her filmy negligee. She stepped up behind the Skipper, who she could see was stroking an absolutely huge erection.

"Captain," she said softly, placing a hand on his shoulder, "may I give you some help with that?"

The Skipper jumped, his world suddenly becoming bigger than his cock. He looked up at Mrs. Howell, her breasts were at an even level with his face. Her filmy negligee did nothing to hide her body.

Lovey moved around in front of the Captain, knelt down, and planted a kiss on the sticky knob on the end of his penis.

She wrapped both hands around his shaft. The Skipper leaned back, as Lovey kissed his cock-head again.

She tried to wrap her lips around his penis, but it was too big. She settled for placing her lips just around the tip of his cock, tickling his pisshole with her tongue.

"Mrs. Howell, we mustn't..."

She looked up. "Never mind Thurston," she said, softly. "He's out for the night."

She stood up, without taking her hands from his penis. "This way, Captain," she said, and led him into the jungle away from the compound.



Gilligan approached the compound. As he neared, he saw a movement near Ginger and Mary Ann's hut. He moved quietly, and picked up a sizable stick. He slid up behind a man peeping through the wall of the hut.

He raised the stick, and stepped forward... and stepped on a dried branch. The Professor rolled to his right, away from the hut.

Gilligan's swing was wide, and he struck the side of the hut.

"What was that?" Ginger cried from inside the hut.

Mary Ann jumped up, grabbed the nearest thing to wear she could find -- a shirt and threw it on. Ginger followed suit, wrapping a towel around her body. They ran outside.

"Ginger!"

"Professor!"

"Mary Ann!"

"GILLIGAN!"

Ginger looked down at the Professor, still lying on the ground, his cock sticking out of his pants.

"Were you peeping on us?" she accused.

The Professor blushed. He nodded.

"Well, why didn't you just join us?" Mary Ann grinned. She reached down and took hold of his cock. "This is just what I've been looking for."

The Professor scrambled to his feet.

Mary Ann led him into the hut. She stuck her head back out the door.  
"Ginger, do you mind...?"

Ginger looked at Gilligan, then at the bulge in his pants. She reached down and felt. He had a raging hard-on. She turned back to Mary Ann.  
"No, I think I've found something to keep me busy for a while."

Mary Ann's head disappeared into the hut.

Ginger took Gilligan's hand and they headed toward the lagoon.



Lovey and the Skipper found a small clearing in the jungle, and Lovey lay down, hiking her negligee up over her hips. The Skipper knelt down and kissed her nether lips, which opened under his touch. She was sweet and salty, like a margarita, but hot. Gosh, was she hot.

As his tongue worked up her slit to her clitoris, Lovey worked her hands through the Skipper's thinning hair. She took off his hat and tossed it aside.

She took hold of his ears, and pulled his head up. "Never mind that, Captain," she said, "I want your cock inside me. NOW!"

The Skipper climbed up her body, pausing a moment to caress her breasts, surprisingly firm for a woman of her age. He placed the head of his cock against the opening to her vagina.

"I'm afraid I'm too big," he whispered.

"Nothing's too big," she whispered back. "Just go slowly, but give it to me now."

The Skipper pushed slowly, and Lovey cooperated by opening her legs wider. Slowly his huge cockhead slid inside Lovey's cunt.

"Oh, my!" Lovey gasped, "my, my, my!"



The Professor was on his back on Mary Ann's cot, his clothing stripped away, his cock standing upright. Mary Ann climbed on top of him, straddling his hips, his cock standing up just in front of her pubic hair.

She wrapped her fingers around his shaft, stroking softly, her breasts bobbing up and down with the effort.

The Professor stared at her breasts with the brown nipples for a long moment, before he reached up to tweak her nipples between his fingers.

Mary Ann raised herself up, and guided Roy's cock to her pussy. Then she slowly lowered herself on his shaft. She paused as she reached bottom. She tossed her head back, sighing softly, giggling in delight.

"I can't believe we've been two years on this fucking island without fucking..." she whispered.

"Neither do I," the Professor whispered back, reaching for Mary Ann's shoulders. He pulled her forward, and held her tightly, as he flipped over, putting Mary Ann on her back.

He began to stroke into her, his seven-inch cock taking full-length strokes, rubbing against her clit on each movement. Mary Ann began to breathe heavily.



Ginger and Gilligan reached the beach. Ginger turned and untied Gilligan's pants, dropping them to the sand.

Gilligan struggled out of his shirt, standing naked on the beach. Ginger dropped her towel, and turned around in front of him.

"Does it look good?" she cooed.

"Good," he nodded. "You look beautiful."

"As good as it looks in the waterfall?"

Gilligan gulped.

Ginger giggled. "I know you've been watching me, but now..." she stepped up in front of him, reaching down to grip his throbbing member. "...now you're going to do more than watch."

She dropped to her knees in the sand, applying her lips to Gilligan's cock, rolling her tongue around it skillfully.

"Oh my gosh," Gilligan gasped, "it's better than I ever dreamed..."



The Skipper had finally worked his whole cock inside Mrs. Howell's waiting pussy. Her labia were stretched almost to the limit around his shaft. She wrapped her legs around his hips, holding him in place.

"It has been years since I've had a cock like that," she whispered. "Not since college..."

The Skipper began to move again, slowly stroking with just his hips, supporting the bulk of his weight on his elbows. Lovey began to move with him, tilting her pelvis in time with his strokes. She was lubricating heavily, enabling Jonas to move his cock in and out more quickly.

Lovey's pussy was stretched out enough to accommodate him easily, and the Skipper started to speed up, bouncing against her clit on each stroke.

"Ummmph! Ummmmph!" Lovey grunted, "Oh yes... yes .... fuck yes...."

Her eyes opened wide; such language! "Oh what the hell," she thought.

"Fuck me, Captain, Fuck me!" she cried, "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!"



Ginger raised her head from Gilligan's stiff cock, and grinned up at him. She slid back on her ass, and lay back, raising her knees.

Gilligan knelt down between her legs, and leaned forward, taking her

pink nipples between his lips. He tickled her nipples with his tongue, first one, then the other.

Ginger grabbed his head and pulled it toward hers, kissing him deeply, her tongue reaching toward the back of his mouth.

Gilligan fell forward, his cock stabbing into Ginger's pussy, impaling her. Ginger gasped, then wrapped her legs around his, her feet behind Gilligan's knees. He began a frantic pumping motion.

Ginger reached down and grabbed his ass, squeezing his cheeks. "Slowly, dear boy, slowly. We've got lots of time..."



"Oh gosh," Mary Ann gasped, "Oh gosh... I'm coming, I'm coming!"

The Professor kissed her neck, and whispered, "So am I!"

He began to ejaculate, just as the contractions of her pussy started, grabbing his cock, holding it inside her as he pumped her full of semen.



"Nnnnngggggghhhhhhhh! Oh, my," Lovey cried, as her pussy clamped around the Skipper's huge appendage.

The Captain grunted, and began to ejaculate, the white sperm finding no space inside Lovey, squirting out around his shaft, flowing to the sandy soil upon which they lay.



"Yes, yes, that's it, that's the way," Ginger whispered into Gilligan's ear. "Now just a little deeper, and... ooooooohh, yes.... ooooooohh. ummmmm."

She began to quiver in anticipation of orgasm, as Gilligan rolled back

and forth upon her. She gripped him with her vaginal muscles, pulling her legs up over his humping butt-cheeks.

The pressure of her pussy walls against his cock forced him over the edge. Gilligan began to spurt inside her, as the contractions of her pussy shook the both of them. A wave of water from the lagoon washed over them, the tide was rising.



The Professor lay in Mary Ann's arms. Suddenly he was very sleepy... He sat up, a little dizzy.

"What's wrong?" Mary Ann sat up next to him, and held her head. "Oh, I'm dizzy!"

"Me too," the Professor nodded. "I think I'd better go back to my hut."

"Why not stay here with me? Ginger won't mind..."

"No, I'd better go." He got up, and stumbled around the room, picking up his clothing. He leaned over Mary Ann's bed and kissed her again.

"Knock Knock," Ginger's voice from the door.

"I was just leaving," the Professor said.

"I was just coming," grinned Ginger. "I feel a little dizzy... I think I need to lie down a while."

She turned and kissed Gilligan. "Good-night, sweetie."

"Good-night, Ginger," said Gilligan, with a smile. "See you in the morning."

The Professor rose from Mary Ann's side and headed for the door, his bare ass flashing in the moonlight.

"Good-night, Roy."

"Good-night."

Ginger lay back in her bed, and like Mary Ann, slipped into a deep sleep.



The Professor stumbled naked back to his hut and fell into his cot, immediately dropping into a sound, dreamless sleep.



Gilligan felt drunk; or maybe on the heaving deck of a ship. He weaved back and forth, tripping over his own feet. Finally making it back to the hut he shared with the Skipper, he climbed into the upper hammock, and passed out.



The Skipper and Mrs. Howell walked hand in hand back to the compound. They stepped up to the Howell's hut and Lovey peeked inside.

"He's still asleep," she whispered. She leaned over and kissed the Captain's lips. "Good-night, sweet Skipper," she said with a smile.

The Skipper watched her close the door behind her, then sauntered toward his hut. As he reached the doorway, a wave of dizziness hit him. He stumbled into the door, glancing up at the upper hammock, noting that Gilligan was already asleep, and wouldn't be asking any questions about where he was all evening.

He dropped into the lower hammock, and blackness overtook him.



Thurston Howell was still sitting in his lounge chair. Lovey walked over to her husband, and shook his shoulder. "Thurston," she said, softly, "come to bed, dear."

Thurston opened his eyes halfway, taking in a view of Lovey's transparent nightie and breasts.

"Time for nookie?"

"Not tonight dear," she said. "I'm a little dizzy. But you shouldn't sleep in the chair."

They climbed into the bed, Thurston cuddling up to Lovey's nearly naked body. She reached down and grabbed his teddy bear, and tucked it under his arm. She lay her head back on the pillow, remembering the wonderfully large cock of the Captain, feeling a bit of his sperm sliding out of her, and drifted into dreamless sleep.



Morning. Seven sleepy castaways woke up and wandered toward the sweetwater pool to wash up. They looked at each other and smiled, not knowing exactly why. There was a sense of puzzlement that rushed between them.

"Skipper, what happened after supper last night?" Gilligan said, finally.

"Y'know, Little Buddy, I don't remember anything after supper at all. I must have gone to bed early..."

"I don't remember anything after supper either," Mary Ann said. "We washed the dishes... and then I guess I went to bed, because that's the last thing I remember."

"Me too," Ginger said.

"I was working on the radio, then the next thing I remember is waking up this morning..." The Professor scratched his head.

"Thurston and I went to bed right after supper, too," Mrs. Howell said. She thought to herself, "and Thurston must have tried to screw me in my sleep, because I'm a little sore down there."



A few days later:

Gilligan was crouching in the bushes, peering through the foliage, as Ginger waded into the sweetwater pool under the waterfall.

Her back was toward him as she moved under the waterfall. He saw her drop her towel and caught a glimpse of her bare ass before it was covered with the white water.

"C'mon, Ginger, turn around," he whispered. "Turn around..."

He reached down into his pants and gripped his erection. He pulled it out and stroked it, watching the shadowy image of Ginger's naked bottom through the flowing water.

"Gosh," Gilligan whispered, "I'd like to fuck her some day..."

END\*

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