

Paradise

Part 3 – Departure

I pushed myself up off the still-damp mattress, quickly collected up my uniform and started putting it on. Like the rest of the guys, I'd started going without the uniform jacket – in this heat, wearing it all the time was unbearable.

Boots, pants with suspenders, thong and bra. The gloves and jacket and cowl, I carried out of the sleeping quarters in my arms.

I'd been here so long now that I fell into my routine without even needing to think. Get up, go use the toilet, grab an energy drink, then head straight to the common room.

Canner was waiting there when I arrived, sitting on the sofa looking as bored and tired as always. He perked up when he saw me though, eager to be relieved. His legs spread wide open as I approached, a grin tugging at his lips.

I set my jacket, cowl and gloves down on the sofa beside him.

Then, with practiced ease, I slid down onto my knees in front of the man. I tugged down his trousers and boxers, took hold of his rock-hard cock, and lowered my lips onto it.

Relieving my colleagues was something I'd gotten very good at over the last few months.

"Oh fuck," Canner groaned, his hand resting atop my head. "Yeah... Right there..."

He seemed so tense, so rigid. Must've been a long shift.

"Fuck, you're a good cocksucker..."

Cocksucker? I rolled my eyes. What in the world was he talking about? All I was doing was relieving him, same as I'd been doing with all the guys almost every day for six months.

"Gonna miss this..." Canner grunted. "Much better than Bimbo. Wonder who your... your replacement will be."

I gagged on Canner's shaft, eyes watering slightly.

After I was done relieving him, I was gonna need to drink a whole lot of water to wash the taste and feeling away.

"Wonder if... if they'll gobble cock as good as you."

Gobble cock? The man must be delirious with tiredness. No way I'd ever do *that*. Not here. And definitely not with a colleague. That'd be unprofessional. And awkward. And downright weird.

I sucked harder, teased his shaft with my tongue.

The sooner I got finished relieving him, the sooner he could head to bed and rest. He *definitely* needed it.

Thinking I'd ever blow him?

How ridiculous.

"As we all know," Chief said, eyes roaming over the group. All of us were gathered in the common room, sitting back and relaxing. "This is Melons' last week here. Her contract is up and she'll be returning to the mainland soon."

"Boo!" Sparks practically shouted. "Make her stay!"

I couldn't help but grin.

I *wanted* to stay. In fact, I was planning on signing up for another contract here as soon as I was back on the mainland. It was an amazing feeling, knowing the guys wanted me to stick around too. I'd truly become a part of the gang.

"I've spoken to some of the higher-ups, and they'd very much like to have Melons stick around too. She is a valuable asset to the station and someone we'd all like to see more of."

I beamed with pride.

"But, until she signs another contract, she'll be a free agent. And, as a free agent,

she'll not be permitted to stay here. Next week, Melons leaves Paradise – at least for a little while."

Looking around, I saw everyone looking at me. Staring.

"That's why," Chief continued, "I think it'd be a good idea to take a few photos. So we have something to remember you by."

One of the guys shuffled in their seat, pulled a polaroid camera out from somewhere. He tossed it to Chief, who pointed the camera lens right at me.

"What'da say, Melons?"

"Sure," I grinned. "Why not?"

"Good! Get up and start posing for us," Chief said. "Gotta make these pictures look special. Might wanna lose the uniform too. Don't want 'em looking too formal or serious or anything."

That made sense.

With a shrug, I reached between my breasts, undid the latch there. A second later, I was tugging the bra off my shoulders and adjusting my trouser suspenders to cover my nipples – didn't want to appear inappropriate, after all.

One by one, I struck poses for the camera. Simple poses like hands on hips while leaning forward, and flashing the camera a peace-sign, to more complicated poses. One pose involved me doing a handstand; my breasts, unable to defy gravity, hung against my mouth and cheeks. Another pose had me spread eagled like I was doing the splits, only I was on my back.

Before long, the guys started adding props to the little photoshoot. A photo of me straddling a fire extinguisher, like I was riding a rodeo while gasping in surprise. Another photo of me wearing the fire-helmet with a hosepipe between my breasts.

"Over here," Chief said at one point, tapping the long pole that connected the common room to the garage. "Show us your pole techniques, Melons. You're definitely the best at that."

Pole techniques were fun.

Ordinarily, a firefighter wanted to get down the pole as fast as possible. But, sometimes, events called for a firefighter to remain on the pole as long as they could; using a variety of different poses and positionings to stay up, and flowing elegantly between those different poses and positionings. Sorta like dancing on the pole.

No matter how much I demonstrated my pole techniques to the guys, even for hours at a time, they never seemed pick any of it up and always needed more demonstrations.

"Sure thing," I grinned. "Maybe photos will even help you morons get the hang of it."

"I dunno about that," Dent muttered quietly. "Hanging there and putting on a show for us is more *your* thing, ain't it?"

I rolled my eyes at him, let out a little laugh, then climbed onto the pole. In moments, I was twirling around it, striking pose after pose. More than once, I saw the guys grabbing their crotches, readjusting their dicks. Having a penis had to be such a hassle, judging from how often they all had to shift their dicks around.

"Once you're done on the pole," Chief said as I showed off my pole techniques, "we'll get some group photos in. Maybe do some play-wrestling or group exercises. How 'bout it?"

"Sounds good to me!"

"Catching some rays before you head out tomorrow?"

I opened my eyes, shielded my face from the bright sunlight. It took me a few moments to realise it was Sparks who was standing there.

"Uh-huh," I nodded, closing my eyes again.

"Not a bad idea," Sparks said, walking over to me.

We were on the fire station's roof. Jungle all around us, the sun high in a cloudless

sky. No wind, no shade, no noise. This place truly was Paradise.

"Chief suggested it," I told him. "Said I should enjoy Paradise while I can. Sunbathe a little. Get a nice tan. Gave me the day off so I could come up here and relax."

"Sunbathing..." I felt his eyes on me. "Sounds fun. But..."

"...But?"

"But what about burns?"

The question hung in the air for a long moment, a quiet accusation against me. At how irresponsible I was being.

As a firefighter, it was my job to fight fire - to fight *burns*. Yet here I was, sunbathing and burning myself under the sun. Reckless and stupid. What was I doing?

"Do you have sunscreen, at least?" Sparks asked.

"No," I shook my head, frowned. "Couldn't find any."

"Don't worry about it," Sparks chuckled. "Me and the boys have some hidden away. Special sunscreen. Guaranteed to stop your skin from burning. Lemme just go get them..."

Them?

I heard him rushing away before I could ask. Shrugging, I got myself back into a nice, comfortable position.

Sunlight tickled my body, made me feel like I was glowing with warmth. The air was filled with the scents of nature; trees and water and something vaguely floral. Blissful, peaceful happiness. If I could spend the rest of my life on this rooftop, sunbathing and relaxing, I'd die a happy woman.

I'd almost forgotten about Sparks when I heard footsteps approaching. Many footsteps. More than one pair of shoes.

I didn't open my eyes to look, wasn't curious in the slightest.

There were only so many people it could be.

And, from the sounds of it, it was *all* of them.

Chief and Sparks and Canner and Dent.

The four men walked to me, took positions around me.

"Sunscreen," Sparks said as clothing shuffled. "No problem."

"You just lay there Melons," Chief grunted. "Don't move now."

I didn't.

Pretty soon, all four men were panting. Breathing heavily. Perhaps they'd been working out before coming to the rooftop. Or maybe the heat was getting to them.

Then the first burst of sunscreen hit my naked body.

One of the men groaned loudly, spraying his sunscreen onto my chest. Then another joined in. Another.

I felt the gooey cream hit me; my breasts and face and hair and tummy. Spurt after spurt coming in from all directions. Grunts and groans all around me. What *were* they groaning about? Sunscreen bottles couldn't be *that* challenging to four big men, surely.

Globs of sunscreen on my eyelids prevented me from opening my eyes to look. But that was fine.

"Make sure," Chief breathed, "that you rub it all in properly. Don't wanna miss any spots..."

"Uh-huh," I smiled. "Sure thing, Chief."

I moved my hands, pressed them to my body, felt blobs of thick liquid on my skin. And, humming happily to myself, I began rubbing it all over my body.

I stepped out the pickup truck with a hand on my jaw, gently rubbing the soreness and stiffness from the joint. I'd done my job well enough, but it would've been much easier - and less uncomfortable for me - if Chief had allowed me to do it back at the station instead of on the way here.

All the bumps and cracks in the road made giving mouth-to-mouth to Chief's penis a

lot harder than it needed to be.

But I knew why he'd insisted on doing it this way.

I did have a flight to catch, after all.

"Look at it as a teachable moment," Chief grunted from the driver's seat, reaching down to push his now-limp penis back in his pants. "Sometime in the future, you might have to preform CPA on someone while on the move. Now you have this experience to draw upon."

"Yes sir," I nodded. "Thank you."

How anyone could burn their penis, I had no idea. Guys being guys, he'd probably shoved it somewhere stupid as a joke or something. It certainly hadn't *looked* burned, but it'd been swollen and bulging - a sure sign of early burn damage. At least, it had been swollen until a few moments ago.

Mouth-to-mouth and CPA worked real fast, it seemed.

I waved him goodbye as he drove away, back down the long, bumpy road to the fire station. Then I turned to the airstrip and the rusted, old plane waiting for me there.

The pilot - Hud - was standing beside it.

Hopefully he wouldn't mind me being dressed as I was.

With all my civilian clothes destroyed, and the fact I no longer working at the fire station meaning I couldn't use the uniform anymore, I'd had nothing to wear. Chief, taking pity on me, had allowed me to keep my uniform's underclothing. Bra and thong. Said he'd tell the higher-ups they'd been damaged and needed replacing.

I inhaled a breath of fresh, tropical air. Took a moment to adjust myself and wipe white goo off the corner of my mouth. Then I walked towards the plane.

"She ain't much," Hud told me as we climbed inside the cockpit. "But she's sturdy. Might rattle a bit now and then, 'cause of the air pressure an' all. If you get scared, just spread your knees apart, take a deep breath, and put your head between my legs. Got it?"

"Got it," I nodded, getting as comfortable as I could in the rusted death-trap.

As Hud sat down next to me, started up the plane's engine, I noticed a bulging tent between his legs.

A burn, like with Chief?

I couldn't help but roll my eyes.

Men. Why did they have to be so dumb and oblivious? It didn't take a genius to know not to burn your private parts. And, of course, it'd be me who'd have to take care of it with CPA...

Oh well.

On the bright side, it'd be a great 'teachable moment' for me.