**Island Vacation**

by imaging

**Island Vacation Ch. 07**

*Jen has a fantasy.*

Dinner was over. They had retreated to the beach for dessert, but now that was gone, too. A waiter had come by to retrieve their dishes and the crowd had thinned away to the point that they felt alone. Lounging quietly on a chaise, holding Tim's hand, and listening to the surf, Jen's thoughts drifted back to their afternoon on another section of the beach. Her heart began to race at the image of the two men. Of that cock. Of his cum.

"Do you want to head back to the room?" Tim interrupted her developing fantasy.

"Actually, I was just thinking that the beach is nice. Just sitting here, I mean. It's peaceful."

"Mm-hmm." He sounded as relaxed as she felt.

A part of her wanted to take him right there, on the sand, in front of their large hotel. She could envision a crowd forming around them. One or two timid men at first, then others, until they were completely encircled as she rode him; naked, exposed, watching those who were watching her. She imagined what they might have done as they enjoyed her lewd show. She eventually quieted that part of her, forcing reason and sensibility, and better judgment to take over.

"Let's take a walk," she suggested.

"OK," Tim sighed deeply as he began to rise from his comfortable position. "Where would you like to go.?"

"I don't know. We haven't really seen much of the place after dark. That music sounds like a live band somewhere. Let's go check it out."

He held her hand as they walked. She felt like a teenager again. Even the touch of his hand in hers seemed electric. Even though she was with her own husband she couldn't suppress the feeling that somehow they were doing something wrong. That they were breaking a rule. Or a set of rules. They shared this taboo secret that no one else could ever know. And she loved every part of it.

They found the band, playing on a stage under the roof where the breakfast and lunch buffets were served. There was no one on the dance floor and only a handful of people scattered around the large space. Restless, Jen quickly decided to move on.

After exploring more of the grounds, they eventually found themselves back on the beach, this time at the nude side, lying on the sand, listening to the lapping sounds of the gentle surf. This part of the resort offered even more solitude, being farther away from the main buildings of the complex. There was no one else there at this hour. Again, she found herself thinking of straddling him, right there. After all, she reasoned, they were completely alone. They had seen only one other couple, heading to their room, as they had walked the grounds. She wanted to cum, and she wanted to do it there. Right now. But she knew that she couldn't.

As though he were reading her mind, Tim rolled up on his side, kissing her beneath her ear, right at that sensitive spot on her neck. His hand drifted to her tummy, his fingers brushing her skin lightly. She heard herself sigh.

"You smell good," Tim said, leaning in closer to kiss her on the mouth. As he pulled closer to her, his dick pressed against her hand. It was hard.

"Looks like someone is excited,'' she whispered between kisses.

"Yeah. You have that effect on me."

She turned her hand enough to be able to grasp his shaft through his shorts. He was rigid.

"I don't know," she teased. "This seems a little out of the ordinary."

"This whole week has been out of the ordinary." He slid his hand down, slipping the tip of his fingers beneath the waist of her shorts. She instinctively pushed her hips up, trying to coax him farther down his path.

"I know," she breathed. "It's starting to make me a little crazy. It's almost all I think about."

He pulled his hands from her shorts only long enough to open the button at the waist and slide the zipper down out of his way. His fingers returned, finding their way to the warmth of her slit. Her legs opened instinctively. She wanted him inside of her. She needed something to relieve the tension that had only continued to build after their "walk" on the beach this afternoon.

When he brushed her clit she gasped at the sensation. It was a mix of heat and sparks and spasmed muscle. Her arousal surprised even her, but she didn't want to think about it. She didn't want to analyze it. She just wanted to ride the wave of whatever it was that was pushing her forward.

As he began to make slow, tiny circles around her bud, she closed her eyes and saw the men from the beach earlier in the day. The exposed member was clear in her memory. She allowed the scene to replay in her mind. Watching him as he touched himself, as he watched her. She imagined what the other was hiding beneath his shorts. She remembered the outline of his cock. His cock. Even her vocabulary was changing, at least here, in the privacy of her own thoughts.

That in itself was unusual for her. Jen couldn't remember the last time she had fantasized. Probably before she was married, thinking about Tim. And now she was fixating on two strangers who had seen her do the wildest thing she had ever done in her life.

Tim's fingertip began to push at her opening. She could feel her own fluids trickling out to meet it. She ground into him, doing all that she could to pull him inside of her.

"I want it," she gasped.

"Yeah?" he teased, pulling his finger away. "What do you want?"

"I want it inside me."

"You want this?" he asked as he found her opening again.

She could only nod. She didn't dare admit that it wasn't his finger she wanted.

She was back on the other beach, straddling her husband, tasting his cock. The sun was still high in the sky, but this time her admirer was moving closer, his exposed dick now a matter of inches from her face.

"You want it all the way in there?"

"Uh-huh. And more."

"More?" He dipped his middle finger to the first knuckle, allowing his index finger to join.

"A lot more." Her voice was little more than a whisper. Her words escaped in short bursts between her gasps.

She imagined herself turning to the other, watching as his shorts dropped to the sand. Coaxing him closer as she lifted her ass in the air.

He slowly worked his fingers in until the second knuckles were enveloped in the slick warmth of his wife. "What more could you want?"

"Cock. I want cock." She knew her words would startle him. She could feel the effect they had as his dick pulsed in her hand.

"Right here?"

She released his prick and surprised him by reaching for his wrist. With the other hand, she pushed her shorts down, so that she could spread her legs wider. Then she quickly grabbed him with both of her hands and pulled him as deep inside her as she could.

"I just want it." She gasped again. "I know I shouldn't, but I want it."

She felt his warmth as he knelt behind her, somehow finding room around Tim's legs. She shuddered at the feel of his hands on her ass cheeks. She rocked her hips back to give him better access, pushing into him as he slid his shaft into her wet slit. She gasped when he did, and the other man filled her open mouth with his hard cock at the same time.

She turned her head into her husband's shoulder and did her best to muffle the sounds of her first orgasm.

"I wanted it all day." She labored for each new sentence. "I wanted it on the beach this afternoon."

She used his hand as little more than a dildo, pumping it in and out, grinding it hard against her clit with each inward thrust.

Soon they found a rhythm. She was being pushed and pulled between them, one cock always deep inside, as the other waited to plunge in again. She sensed that her audience had grown. They could all see her, sprawled over her husband while two black strangers used her on the warm sand.

Her eyes were clenched tightly closed now. She ground her clit so forcefully against his hand that it nearly hurt. Her entire body began to convulse. She squeezed around his fingers, still trying to pull him deeper. She pulled her hips higher, spreading her legs wider, arching into another, more forceful orgasm. She heard a low moan from somewhere deep inside her, and despite her best attempts to be discreet, she heard it grow into a cry of delight as she exploded on his hand, soaking the sand beneath her.

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"Come and help me."

Tim had never remembered his wife asking for help in the shower. Of course, he had never seen her pulling her clothes off while he was still trying to open a door, either. He had been fumbling with the key card when she pulled her tiny top over her head. Her shorts fell to the rug as soon as she stepped inside. Then she disappeared into the bathroom, turning the water on.

He followed her in. She had sand everywhere. Her back was slick with sweat and as she stepped over the tub into the shower he saw that the inside of her thighs were even wetter. He tossed his t-shirt onto the sink and pulled his shorts past his hard-on. Jen smiled when she saw it.

"Is that for me?" she cooed.

"Every inch. It's been waiting for you since the beach this afternoon."

Jen had been quiet when they returned from lunch and their "walk" earlier in the day. She opted for a nap, which allowed him a chance to make that phone call that had been pending from their first day here. Still, he would have preferred to finish what had begun out there and to ask her about her little show. Her silence concerned him a little.

But he wasn't allowing that to bother him now. He was enjoying every curve of her body as he lathered her skin, paying special attention to certain, more critical, areas. She shuddered and giggled as he ran his hand through her slit.

"Still sensitive, I see."

She nodded and slid her own hands down each side of her pubic bone. Her first move was purely hygienic, but in a matter of seconds, she was masturbating, right in front of him. He stepped back to take in the show.

"Where are you going?" She reached for his dick. "It's my turn to wash you."

She worked hard to make sure that he was clean everywhere. But she seemed especially concerned about his cock. She worked her soapy hand up and down his shaft, using the other to cup and caress his balls while her finger even teased his ass crack.

She knelt in front of him, allowing the warm water to stream down her back. His dick was now immediately in front of her face as she stroked him. She stared at it as she did, almost as though she had never seen it before. In a moment it was as though she were lost in a trance, hypnotized by the movement of her hand up and down his shaft.

She looked up at him. "Would you touch it for me?"

"Touch it? You mean... like that?"

She nodded silently.

Tim certainly knew how to masturbate. He had done it before. But never quite like this. As he began to jerk off he realized quickly that he would need to be cautious. He didn't want to finish yet. He wanted to fuck his wife, but between the blow job this afternoon (with an audience) and whatever it was that he had just seen on the beach, and the way that Jen looked right now, he knew he wouldn't last long. So it was light pressure and a slow pace.

He watched his wife watching him. She licked her lips as she did, letting her own hand drop between her legs. She touched herself. Not for his benefit, but for hers. She never took her eyes off his cock as she brought herself to another orgasm. As she came she leaned forward, taking him into her mouth. Her eyes were closed. She didn't really suck. She seemed happy letting him jerk off, using her mouth as just another part of that process.

He brought his hands to the sides of her head, holding her gently as he began to thrust his hips back and forth, his dick moving in and out of her mouth. He saw her pinching a nipple with her left hand as she continued to rub her pussy with the right, her eyes still closed. He heard her moan softly as another orgasm moved through her.

He reached beyond her, turning off the water and then taking her hand, leading her to the bed. They were still soaked, but he didn't care. He wanted relief and he wanted to be inside of his wife. He pushed her gently back onto the bed, but she immediately turned over, offering her round ass to him. As he entered her from behind, she pulled two pillows underneath her, finding a comfortable position.

She pushed back into him, trying to take his dick even deeper as he began a steady rhythm. Normally, when they fucked doggie style Jen was fairly passive. But tonight she was trying to match his pace, thrusting back as he moved forward. It took a few seconds, but soon they were in sync. She pulled the pillows tight beneath her, burying her face in their softness. Tim could feel his dick growing even more inside of her as she enjoyed a series of small but explosive orgasms. She was rarely this responsive, and he was enjoying every minute of it.

Sadly, it was over far too soon, from his perspective, at least. His body shuddered with a series of orgasmic spasms, each one producing bursts of sperm deep inside his wife. She continued to grind her ass into his hips until the last was long past.

They rolled onto the bed, still joined, searching for breath.

"I think I need a cigarette," he joked. He could feel his post-orgasm coma coming over him.

Jen said nothing. She just pulled herself deeper into him.

"Are you OK? You've really been quiet this afternoon." His eyes were heavy.

"I'm good," she said. "I'm sorry. I've just been thinking."

"About what?"

There was a long silence before she answered.

"About the beach this afternoon." More silence. He could feel himself drifting away.

"And what I think I would have liked to have happened."

Tim sat up. Suddenly feeling very alert.