**Island Vacation**

by imaging

**ISLAND VACATION CH. 19**

*Jen breaks new ground.*

She looked down as he adjusted the tiny top for her, smoothing the fabric. His index and middle fingers of both hands slid down the inside of the thin material, while his black thumbs rode down the outside. She thought she felt him pause long enough to tease her nipples with the possibility of a squeeze between those fingers as he fussed over her.

The shorter one tugged gently at the strings rising above her hip bones from behind her, causing the tiny triangle to which they were attached to pull into her slit. The response was immediate.

Tim watched casually from the rack a few feet away from the fitting room doorway where they attended to her, sizing up yet another tiny bikini. Looking beyond the tall one that was tending to her top, she noticed the other customers seemed unconcerned about what they were doing.

At least a first.

The gentle strokes on her breasts continued and the shorter one opened his palms and began to massage her ass cheeks. She wasn't aware of her sigh, but it made enough noise to draw the attention of a gentleman shopping with his wife. He grinned as they made eye contact.

She smiled back at him and pulled herself up taller, thrusting her tits toward him, surprising even herself with her boldness. The taller one read the cue and pulled the fabric away, exposing her nipple to the voyeur before quickly covering it with his mouth. The shorter one kissed the back of her neck, right at the top of her spine while he continue to squeeze her ass. The chills made her eyes close and when she opened them her new admirer had stepped closer, getting a better look. His partner seemed to be aware of where he was but continued to shop without him.

She saw Tim rubbing his cock through his pants, smiling at her boldness. She reached for the dick nearest to her and found that the taller man had already pulled it out. Sliding to her knees she was happy that there were no pants to get in her way. He was soft when she started, but his erection filled quickly and she eagerly sucked him as far into her throat as she could. She was enjoying this new-found sense of power she had over men, and feeling them grow in her mouth was just another reminder of that power.

He shuffled a bit to her left, making room for the shorter one. When he did, she could see that her admirer's wife or girlfriend had joined him, and was now stroking his dick in the open air of the store. A few others moved closer to them, but their attention was on Jen. Her attention was on the shorter man's cock while she sucked the taller one. The colors fascinated her. His head was bright pink, then a smattering of hues that eventually merged into the dark brown that disappeared into his pubic hair.

She looked back to see Tim, but from the vantage of the stock room door, she couldn't see him. It didn't matter, she was happily busy sucking the two cocks that were generously offered to her. As she turned from side to side, one of the men held the back of her head, allowing them both to fuck her mouth. She rested into his strong palm, allowing them to use her for her own pleasure. She got glimpses of the small group that was watching. One of the women was touching herself. Jen tried to do the same, but lost her balance, falling forward. The taller man caught her.

"Let's go in here," the shorter one said. "It's more comfortable. She turned and followed him into the doorway, taking a seat on a tattered rose-colored couch.

"This must be where Kate did it," she thought to herself.

She sat between the two Jamaican men, without a stitch of clothing between the three of them. She leaned to her right to suck the taller man's cock. Then to the left to take care of his friend. She bounced back and forth between them, noting the crowd. She was happy to see Mickey and Kate smiling back at her.

She noticed the differences in the two cocks as she sucked them. One was longer. The other was fatter. The smells were remarkably different. The skin seemed the same, but one throbbed harder in her mouth. She felt fingers creeping into her pussy as she leaned to her right, exposing her pussy and ass to the other.

"I need to get fucked." She looked at the two, wondering which she might take first.

"Then let me help you with that," the taller said as he stretched across the bed. His head was near the door, so when Jen straddled him she could look across the sales floor. Tim was happily stroking himself. Richard was more subtle, but she could see the undeniable outline of his erect cock beneath the fabric of his pants.

She lowered herself slowly onto the black man's cock, looking down at herself to take in the sight. She could see it pulsing. And when she could no longer see it, that throbbing continued in her cunt. She could feel its pulse spreading toward every inch of her body. Her pace was slow and easy. She was certainly in no hurry.

The shorter man stood in front of her, one foot on either side of his coworker's head. He fed his cock to Jen, and she took the meal like a starving woman. Kate reached beneath her and softly pinched her nipples.

There was no orgasm. No building intensity that erupted into intense pleasure. Rather, the sensation ebbed and flowed. It was as though she were being lifted and moved by a wave of sexual pleasure, pulling and pushing her across a wide expansive sea. She could feel herself trembling at the sensations as she ground herself into one cock and was being force-fed another.

The crowd was larger now, surrounding the bed. She could see those in the front clearly, their faces illuminated by the spotlight hanging over the large white bed. Those further to the back were mere shadows in the darkness.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Richard at the edge of the bed. He was already naked; that impressive erection bobbing in her direction. Kate moved toward him, hands and knees and open mouth.

"Of course she would," Jen smiled to herself. She was eager to see what her friend could do with that massive dick, but she was only able to take a little more than Jen did in the van, but she tried valiantly.

Jen turned her attention back to the men filling her. The shorter man's cock was not as long as the other's, but it was thick and filled her nicely as she bumped up and down on it. She noticed the smell of her own pussy on the taller man's dick, though she wasn't sure how he got from under her into her mouth.

The bed shifted as Richard worked his way behind her. She felt the warmth of his skin as he moved close to her. She waited for the shorter man to remove his cock, but he didn't. She tried to raise up in order for him to free himself, but Richard's strong hands held her in place.

She knew immediately what he was intending to do. She also knew that it was impossible. Her virgin ass could never accommodate something that big, especially when her pussy was filled with another cock. She tried to speak but that dick in her mouth made words impossible.

She felt her ass cheeks being pulled apart. Her heart pounded, her mind racing. Somewhere a voice was screaming for him to stop, but the word never escaped her lips. The tip of his dick was warm against her asshole. She knew she would be split in two if he tried. Then suddenly, he pushed.

She awoke with a start.

Panting, sweating, heart pounding.

Morning light was trickling in through her bedroom window. The pictures of her children stared down at her from the chest across the room.

A dream? But it was so real. Her nipples were stiff and still stinging from Kate's manipulation. A quick check returned soaking-wet fingers and the realization that her clit was on overdrive. Her asshole tingled with the anticipation of what she still felt was coming, somehow.

Had she been touching herself? Had Tim been playing with her?

She looked at him. Sleeping soundly. His naked body covered only with a sheet. She peered under it to see that his morning erection was already building.

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Tim was pulled from his sleep suddenly. The feeling was familiar, but the setting was all wrong.

He looked through the dawn light to see Jen, hair tussled, nude, sucking his cock. He was fully erect. He wondered how long she had been doing it. He was rigid.

"Good morning," she said matter-of-factly, as though she were in the middle of some task, and returned to his dick.

She kicked the sheet away and pushed his hip, putting him flat on his back. Without a word, she straddled him and slid onto his erection. Her pussy was soaked. And hot. He could only guess what she had been up to before she woke him.

She leaned forward, burying her face into his shoulder and riding him like a jockey on the home stretch, slapping him with her ass hard enough that he was certain that they would both be bruised. The bed squeaked beneath them, matching her rhythm. She came, whimpering, the first time. Then bit into his shoulder to muffle her shrieks on the second. Somehow, apparently, she was still aware that the kids were in the house.

As the second subsided, she sat up straight, breathing deeply. He watched the sweat roll down her skin as she ground into him.

"I needed that," she gasped between breaths.

"What has gotten into you?"

She shook her head silently, and then leaned forward again, this time the angle was different, as was the speed, but the slower motion brought her to another climax quickly. As she came, she reached to her ass with her right hand and squeezed her breast with her left. He could feel her fingers dangling over and scraping his dick as she rode him. Then the pressure on his cock changed. She froze and held her breath, suspended for a few seconds before releasing it all into yet another orgasm.

Again, she sat up, pulling his cock out. He watched as she reached for her pussy, soaking her fingers, and then leaned forward again, reaching farther between her legs. His dick was in her hand again, she stroked it lightly with her slick fingers, then aimed it once again.

He wasn't sure what she was doing, but something felt wrong. The angle wasn't right for him to penetrate her. She was clearly focused on her task, so he knew she would correct her course. But she didn't. He felt the tip of his dick make contact with her. Without ever releasing his shaft, she pushed back into it. He felt her opening give way.

"Jen, that's..."

"Shh!"

Tim froze, not knowing what to do next. He felt her warmth envelop the head of his cock, squeezing the tip. She pushed again, breathed deeply, and then yet again. His dick was inching up into her, pushing its way through the tightness of this untested channel. She licked her fingers and reached behind herself, smearing it on his dick. Another push. Another advance.

He would have guessed that he was halfway into her ass when she leaned all the way forward again. The movement was enough to allow his cock to creep farther into the warm pressure of his wife's ass. She slowly began to grind back into it. Bit by bit he could feel the constrictions release, react, and squeeze again as he inched further inside.

Her breathing was soft but determined. At times, he could feel her contracting around him. Whether it was intentional or not he couldn't say. He didn't care. Her ass made him harder with each new motion.

She sat up straight again. Eyes closed. Concentration. Intention. He could see the base of his dick, pointing upward into Jen. From this position he couldn't see the entry point, but he hardly needed to.

Suddenly, the constriction released. Jen moaned and slid down his dick, her soft ass settling around it. Her eyes opened and she smiled at him, looking like a small smug child who had achieved a goal without the aid of a grown-up.

He felt her squeezing again. This time it was clearly intentional. She leaned forward to kiss him. He could do nothing but kiss her as passionately as he was able. She inhaled deeply as they intertwined their tongues, then she began making small backward thrusts with her ass. Her hand slid between them and she found her clit. He knew the instant she arrived. He reached for her breasts and tugged at her stiff nipples. They, too, were desperately sensitive.

She stayed in that position. Masturbating, fucking, and - he was more than a little certain - entertaining a fantasy as she milked his cock.

Tim closed his eyes and thought of Richard. "I'll need to thank him sometime."

An instant later, he erupted, which seemed to initiate yet another orgasm for Jen.

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They were running late. She had needed some extra time in the bathroom this morning. And masturbating one more time in the shower had added another five minutes. The kids were slow, too. Too much time with the grandparents had made them a little less responsive to instruction than they were a week ago.

She really wanted to stay home. In bed. All day. But that wasn't realistic and she knew it. She didn't begrudge going, but she would have preferred more sex. She wondered if Tim would be up for it. She knew that she would have to explain what it was that she had put him through this morning. Not that he was complaining. And she knew that when she told him about her dream he would more than likely be ready to relive the whole thing all over again.

The parking lot was crowded. That was predictable. It always was when something special was going on. They got the kids settled and made their way up the stairs and down the hall, where they found a large group creating some congestion in the main lobby outside the sanctuary.

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Tim's brain was a frenzied mess. There had been no time for a conversation after sex this morning. He couldn't imagine what had prompted that. All he got from Jen when it was over was a quick kiss before she darted off to the bathroom.

It was the typical Sunday madhouse, trying to get the kids ready and out the door. They wound up parking on the far end of the lot so they were arriving far later than he intended to. Now trying to work through the crowd was adding another challenge.

"Oh, look who found their way back home!" Dan extended his hand to Tim at the top of the stairs. "Have you met them yet?"

"No, we just got here. I'm sorry I missed dinner last night, but we were trying to get everything out of our vacation that we could."

"Good time?" Dan asked.

Tim could feel himself blushing. "Unbelievable."

"Oh, there they are. Tim!" Tim could hear Ted across the din, waving them over.

As Tim turned toward him he sensed something. He wasn't quite sure what it was. The few people between Ted and Tim parted a bit to let him and Jen pass. He spotted a tall gray-haired man with his back turned to him, facing Ted, and a blonde at his side.

Tim felt it in the pit of his stomach. His pace slowed as his brain registered what he was seeing. The only sound he heard was a tiny squeak from behind him as Jen saw the couple turning toward them.

Mickey's broad smile diminished only slightly when he made eye contact with Tim.

"Tim. Jen. Let me introduce you to our new minister and his wife. Reverend Michael Carson and his wife Katherine."

Author's Note

I have enjoyed writing this story. It is my first attempt at a piece this long. The characters have, in a few instances, taken me to places that I did not originally expect. I'm sure if I had it to do over again, they would take me somewhere else.

I do have thoughts about a sequel. Or perhaps a prequel. Your input would be well-received.

Thank you for sticking with Tim and Jen to the end.