

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a black lace dress and sunglasses on her head, is sitting on a white wooden swing. She is leaning against a white wooden post. The swing is under a thatched roof. In the background, there is a palm tree and a beach. The text "HAWAIIAN SWING" is written in large blue letters in the upper left corner.

# HAWAIIAN SWING

KIRSTEN MCCURRAN

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# prologue

Kristen and Steve lay in bed, a sweaty tangle of limbs. The sheets were kicked back and a ceiling fan slowly turned above them, doing little to cool the couple. Steve rolled onto his back and took a deep breath. He'd left a bottle of water on the nightstand, but it was knocked off while he and Kristen were going at it and had rolled out of reach.

Beside him, Kristen lay on her back too, and her large breasts heaved as she sucked in air. Watching her long, curvy body Steve felt a stirring in his loins again, but she'd worn him out and he didn't think he had the physical energy to go again. Kristen was insatiable. He was sure she would go again if he gave her the nod. Her full lips curved in a smile, but he thought it had more to do with the rock he'd put on her finger a couple hours ago, rather than the orgasm he'd just given

her.

“That was incredible, honey.” Her voice was smoky and sexy. She reached over with her left hand, newly weighed down by an engagement ring, and playfully stroked his slick, flaccid cock. “I love you so much.”

“I love you too, babe.”

“You’d better, because now you’re stuck with me.”

Steve rolled onto his side and kissed her. What he meant as a quick kiss turned into a long, slow-burning passionate kiss.

“Somehow I don’t think I’ll mind it at all,” he said.

Kristen wormed her hand between them and was stroking him back to life as they kissed.

“That’s just because I’ll let you do anything you want to me,” she giggled.

“That certainly helps.”

Actually, he thought, it was more the other way around a lot of the time. Steve was six feet tall and Kristen was only a couple inches shorter, a

tall beauty. She was incredibly limber from her years of college and high school athletics. Twenty-eight now, she still kept active, playing in a local volleyball league and rollerblading in the park whenever the weather was nice. Steve hit the gym a couple times a week, but now that he was in his early thirties he could already feel the fitness of his twenties slipping away. He just couldn't find the time to hit the gym or go running when he was working sixty hour weeks.

“Do you think it's always going to be like this?”

She wrapped her hand around his now hard cock. “We're not going to turn into one of those couples who just pass each other in the house and barely make love, are we?”

“Not a chance, not as long as you're this hot.”

“Hey!” Kristen squeezed his cock hard and he yelped.

“Just kidding. Seriously, I love you and I will love you for the rest of our lives.”

“I feel the same, but don’t think you can let yourself go either,” she joked.

Kristen pushed him onto his back and started kissing his chest and then lightly licking his sparsely haired nipples, making his cock surge in her hand. Her long, jet black hair tickled his chest as she kissed his nipples and then moved lower. Her thick dark nipples dragged across his leg and he cupped them in his hands as they hung down and he pinched them. Not only did Kristen have great tits, her nipples were amazing. She almost always wore padded bras because they were so hard to hide, and she really liked it when he treated them roughly. She moaned loudly as he rolled them between his fingers.

Steve brushed back her veil of hair when she kissed her way up his cock. He loved to watch her take it between her full lips. He was not a small man and had always been impressed that Kristen had no problem taking him so deep in her mouth and even finishing him. He’d had many complaints of sore jaws over the years from girlfriends who couldn’t finish the job. She

stretched her pretty mouth open wide and took him until his head hit the back of her throat and then she closed her lips and sucked him hard. She could not quite swallow all of him, but she knew how to use her hand on the rest. It reminded him of the amazing blow job Kristen gave him on their first date. That was when he knew she was a keeper.

Kristen popped him out of her mouth and straddled Steve, pointing his cock in the air and settling down on it with one, hard drop. He thought he was done, but his new fiancée would not take no for an answer. She cried out when she stretched around him and Steve reached up and mashed her breasts in his hands. He loved to watch her ride him—almost as much as he loved the view of her round ass when he took her from behind. He had a full length mirror mounted on the closet door beside his bed, and it offered the perfect view of her ripe body when she was on her hands and knees. He loved looking down from her sweet ass to see her tits swaying as he slammed into her.

“Oh, babe, you know that makes me crazy,” Steve sighed. She was sitting astride him and milking his shaft inside her.

“Do you really think we’ll be like this in ten years? What if we get tired of screwing each other by then?”

Steve drank in her body and honestly told her, “I really don’t think that’ll happen.”

“But what if we do?” Kristen asked and then moaned as she shifted and his cock rubbed her g-spot.

“We’ll just have to take lovers then. We’ll become swingers.”

“Steve!” she yelled, clouting him on the chest. She pulled on her own nipples and sighed his name. Kristen flexed her thighs and started riding up and down.

“So you won’t be jealous if I start sleeping with other men?” she moaned.

“Of course I will be, but if I have some on the side too I can live with it. Oh God, babe!”

“You’re so full of shit. Ahhh!”

“Oh God! Ohhh, babe!”

“Oh, Steve! Steve!” Kristen cried, riding him faster and faster. She put a hand on his chest to steady herself and also reached down and rubbed her clit. “Oh! Oh! Ohhh!”

“Fuck, babe! Ride it! Oh, Jesus! Fuck me!”

“Oh! Ohhh! Ahhh!” Kristen screamed, her pussy locking around him like a vise while she squeezed her thighs around him.

Steve jacked his hips off the bed, bouncing Kristen up and down on top of him as he slammed upward. He just couldn't last when the furnace of her cunt melted him and he came just seconds after she did. He dug his fingers into her sides and kept himself buried in her. When he loosened his grip she fell onto his chest and he held her tightly, lost in the tangle of her hair. They were both breathless.

“You were thinking about all those other guys you're going to screw, weren't you?” Steve breathed.

“Oh, of course. They’re all going to be hung like horses and I’m going to take them two at a time.”

“Just make sure you tape it for me.”

“I wouldn’t want you to miss any of it.”

“You’re so crazy. You’d never do that crap.”

“Of course not! I’m just teasing you.”

“Good, because you’re going to be my wife.”

“I can’t wait. I love you so much, honey.”

“I love you too. I can’t wait until you’re Mrs. Spencer.”

# ten years later...

“Aloha, Mrs. Spencer,” the pretty young Hawaiian girl said as she stepped off the shuttle bus from the airport. She wore a long, loose maxi dress with a pink and yellow floral print and espadrille wedge sandals that pushed her over six feet. Her raven hair was pulled back, even though it was hardly long enough to make a ponytail. She leaned forward so the girl could place a lei around her neck. Beside her, Steve did the same so another girl could lei him, and Kristen could see her husband ogling the girl’s small breasts in her bikini top. She tried not to let things like that bother her, but she couldn’t help it. Kristen remembered when she was the girl guys couldn’t keep their eyes off of, but now she felt like she was just another mom pushing a stroller around the mall when she went out.

A bellhop loaded their bags onto a cart and

Steve took her hand and led her to the front desk to check in. He really was making an effort to be sweet, so she decided she had to cut him a little slack. After all, the whole point of this vacation was to reignite their marriage.

“We’ve reserved a wonderful suite for you facing a semi-private slice of beach, Mr. Spencer. Happy Anniversary, and I hope you enjoy your stay,” the young man behind the counter informed Steve. He handed over two plastic key cards and they followed the bellhop through the hotel to their room.

Kristen marveled at the beautiful hotel. It really was paradise, and she almost pinched herself. She couldn’t quite believe they were here. They’d talked about going to Hawaii for so long that Kristen didn’t think it was ever going to happen, but now here they were. She was looking forward to a great vacation.

Steve tipped the bellhop and then went and joined Kristen by the doors that opened onto their small patio. Beyond that was a long, narrow patch of grass with a palm tree and then a small stretch

of black volcanic sand beach. Kristen seemed entranced by the sea beyond that and barely noticed when he came up from behind and wrapped his arms around her. He buried his face in her clean smelling hair. All she could think was that he missed her long, thick locks, but hair that took an eternity to dry and style was not practical with two kids running around. Yes, she had surrendered to *mom hair*. Her short bob was cute, but even Kristen realized it was not as sexy as when she let her long raven hair tumble down her back, in the past.

“We’re finally here,” Steve said, kissing the side of her neck. With her thick soled sandals, they were virtually the same height.

“I know, it’s amazing,” she replied, squeezing his hands where they clasped in front of her.

“Did you plan anything for today?”

Kristen had loaded their vacation up with all sorts of activities, which Steve wasn’t thrilled about. He would have preferred to spend their time lounging on the beach—or better yet, in their

room. They just could not get on the same page these days, which was why one of the goals of their anniversary trip was to find their way back to each other.

“No. I didn’t think we would be in early enough to do anything. It’s already late afternoon,” she replied.

“Then we’ve got the entire afternoon to ourselves until we have to go to dinner,” he cooed.

Steve intensified his kissing of her neck and started to slide a hand upward. He just cupped the large underswell of her breast when Kristen put her hand over his and stopped him.

“Not now, honey. I’m really tired from the flight. I just want to lie down and relax.”

“I am sure I could wake you up,” he persisted. His lips found that special spot on her neck and she sighed, but still did not release his hand. In fact, she pulled it down and then tried to wriggle out of his arms.

“I said not now, Steve. Please take no for an answer,” she scolded.

Steve let her push him away. He was annoyed and she felt guilty, but she really was tired.

“Just relax, Steve. There will be plenty of time for that. We only just got here.”

Kristen gave him a kiss and disappeared into the bedroom, closing the door behind her with a deep sigh. She heard the door to their suite close. Steve had left.

It felt like she just couldn't do anything right these days. Kristen was pulled in a thousand directions—all the time—and when she tried to do a thousand things at once she didn't think she did any of them well. There was not enough time in the day to be a good wife, good mother, good employee. Kristen thought that by her late thirties she would be comfortable and content, but life did not turn out the way they had planned.

Steve felt some of the same frustrations. Their marriage seemed to be what suffered the most from the lack of time. Date nights had died off long ago. They rarely had time for the long, deep talks they'd always enjoyed when they were

first together. They were still affectionate, but the passion just wasn't there—not the way it should be. They hugged and kissed in passing, but it was almost more like siblings than husband and wife. The drop-off in their sex life was particularly bad. It was shocking even to Kristen that a couple that once spent entire weekends not leaving their apartment because they couldn't stop fucking now hardly touched each other. They had tried keeping to a sex schedule, but that was almost more depressing than not making love at all. In their excitement over their vacation—the first they'd taken alone in six years—they'd made love right before leaving, but she could not recall the last time they'd had sex before that. It had been at least a month.

The funny thing was, it wasn't like the desire wasn't there. She knew damn well that Steve beat off to porn. They had a laptop they used to pay the bills and keep household records, and he was not very good at deleting his browsing history. Kristen was surprised by his taste in porn. She expected the typical girl-girl stuff, but Steve

usually watched amateur stuff that involved couples messing around with other couples—or single men. Years ago she would have quizzed him about his choices—even watched with him probably—but now she didn't have the nerve. His porn consumption left her wondering if he was still attracted to her the way he used to be. Kristen saw the way he looked at other women when they were out. It had never bothered her when she was younger—before she had kids—but now she questioned if she was enough. Steve still tried to initiate sex—it always seemed to be at the wrong moment—but was that just because she was there? Was she still sexy to her husband, or did he just see her as the mother to his children?

Kristen was proud of her body. She had earned it. No, she was not rock hard like she had been in her twenties, but she still worked out and would fit into her wedding gown ten years later. It probably would have been a bit snug in the behind and the bosom, but she didn't mind that, and neither did Steve—so he claimed. Her boobs had always been big, but they'd swelled to a full D-cup

with pregnancy, and stayed there. She appreciated the stares they produced, as long as the guys didn't leer. And her round butt was still toned—courtesy of endless squats during her boot camp workout—it was just fuller. Kristen tried not to fret over her laugh lines. They just meant she smiled a lot.

Her desire was still there, too. Kristen had never needed a lot of coaxing for some sweaty fun. Her sexual awakening had come early, and since then her drive had been high. Her high school boyfriends were kept very happy, and when she was single in college Kristen went out at night with a mission. She was picky, but if she met some lucky guy she would rock his world. She did not like the way the word *slut* was used by some. Kristen proudly behaved like a slut when she was in the mood. And she still had those moods. While she may have been *physically* exhausted a lot of the time, it didn't mean she wasn't horny. She had just found that she could give herself a quickie with the showerhead in the morning, or her fingers right before bed. It was just easier than getting all prepared only to go downstairs and find Steve

passed out on the couch. It wasn't really anyone's fault, they were just out of sync as a couple. Hopefully their anniversary trip would be just what they needed.

Kristen felt guilty that she'd turned Steve down. The vacation was not off to a great start. She could have just given in, but the flight had been so long. She really just wanted to shower and relax. She promised herself that she would make it up to him later. In the meantime, she was going to shower, slip into her swimsuit, and enjoy the beautiful beach.

# the beach

Kristen had never been so relaxed. The crashing of the waves was hypnotic. She was on a chaise lounge on their little strip of beach, facing the stunning blue ocean, but her eyes were closed behind her big sunglasses. It was not a private beach, but it was still enough that it felt that way. The lounges for the next suite over were deserted. A palm tree planted in between offered both shade and a small degree of privacy. Her Kindle and a sweating drink she ordered from room service sat on the little wooden table beside her.

She sensed Steve without seeing him as his shadow fell over her. Kristen opened her eyes and pushed her wide-brimmed hat back to look up at him.

“Hey, honey,” he said, giving her a kiss on the cheek.

“I can’t believe how gorgeous it is here. It

really is paradise.”

“The resort is amazing. I did a little wandering around.”

Steve must have wandered past the bar, because she could tell the mai tai in his hand was not his first. She didn't mind, it was just that her husband had a way about him when he was tipsy. He was a happy drinker. Kristen was too. She was a flirty love-drunk.

“I'll have to have a look later,” she said.

“The pool is incredible. They have this huge waterfall. It wasn't as crowded as I expected, though.”

Kristen did not plan on spending much time at the pool. She could not imagine it when there was such a beautiful beach to spend time on. Of course she knew why her husband might prefer the scenery at the pool. There was not the eye candy to ogle here on their semi-private beach that there was at the pool. Steve would be going out of his mind looking at all the hard bodies in bikinis hanging out poolside. She knew she looked good in her blue one-piece, but she did not want to

compete with girls in their twenties in tiny bikinis.

“We can spend some time there,” she conceded. “But I like the quiet here, and I like having you all to myself.” She reached out and took his hand.

Steve not-so-subtly looked over her sexy curves and said, “You know, there’s no one around out here...”

Kristen felt a little thrill at his implication—the kind of thrill she hadn’t felt in ages. It would be completely inappropriate for them to fool around on the beach in the middle of the afternoon, but it might be fun. She was considering it when the peace was broken.

A laughing couple ran out of the room beside theirs and bounded down to the beach. The man pulled his companion by the hand as they went splashing into the water. Kristen glanced to Steve and could tell he was staring, despite his sunglasses. She understood. The girl was one of those beach blondes who looked like she’d spent every moment of her life in the sunshine. She was the polar opposite of Kristen, tiny and tan. She

was so petite that at first Kristen thought she had to be a teenager, but the resort did not allow kids. The blonde's pale beach string bikini didn't leave much to the imagination, and she had the impossibly toned body of a gymnast. Kristen had to admit that the girl was beautiful, but that didn't keep her from being jealous of the way Steve stared at her ass as she splashed into the water. Surely he was memorizing that little stylized sun tattoo in the small of her back.

The only reason Kristen didn't elbow her husband in the ribs was that she was just as entranced by the blonde's companion. He looked like he'd just stepped off the cover of one of the trashy novels she was always reading on her Kindle. He was not overly tall, but he was ripped in a way that just begged her to trace his muscles with her fingers, like she was sculpting him. Kristen didn't think tattoos were her thing, but the black tribal designs on his arms and chest just made him hotter. His black hair was longer than hers. She wished his board shorts weren't so baggy, so she could have checked out his ass. As

she stared at him moving in the water Kristen might have actually licked her lips.

“Hey, calm down there,” Steve said, snapping her back to reality.

Kristen didn’t deny her interest. “Like you weren’t looking at the blonde.”

“Not like that. You look like you need a minute alone.”

Was she really that obvious? Kristen didn’t think so. “I’m allowed to look sometimes, too.”

Steve chuckled. “What do I need to do to make you look at *me* that way?”

“Maybe if you did the dishes. That would be hot.”

“Very funny.”

She listened to her husband, but kept watching the couple. It wasn’t just the stranger’s looks that drew her in. Certainly he was in amazing shape, but it was more than that. There was an attitude to the way he moved, even the way he grabbed at his girlfriend, which normally would have made Kristen think he was being a

disrespectful pig. He looked dangerous and self-confident, and it struck a chord deep within her. It was so surprising that it took her breath away and she didn't even care anymore if Steve wanted to stare at the blonde.

Both husband and wife were speechless for a moment while they watched the other couple bouncing around in the surf. The man picked up the girl and swung her around in his arms until she wrapped her legs around him and dragged him down into the water. They popped up moments later and she almost lost her top, but they didn't stop frolicking. They were glued to each other, and for a moment Kristen thought they just might start screwing right there in the water. Steve rearranged himself to hide the bulge in his trunks, and Kristen subtly squeezed her thighs together.

The couple spent a few minutes playing in the surf before heading back to their room. The blonde adjusted her bikini top as she walked, flashing her small, pert breasts. Kristen didn't think her tits had ever been that firm, but then they'd never been that small. The couple waved to

them before disappearing into their room.

“They seemed very much in love,” Steve said.

“Very much in *something*, I’ll give you that,” Kristen replied, part of her wishing she could follow the couple into their room.

“Oh come on, they’re probably in the first blush of young love. Surely you must remember, it wasn’t so long ago, was it?” Steve took her hand and she clasped his. When he leaned over and kissed her Kristen surprised him by giving him a passionate kiss in return. It was the first spark between them.

The kiss didn’t end, like it normally would have. Steve leaned across from where he sat on his lounge, his hand resting on her flat stomach. She caressed his arm. Kristen turned onto her side, facing him, and his hand slid to her breast in the same motion. Her body responded and he traced her thick nipple with his fingertips. She sighed into the kiss and almost wished he would pull away her swimsuit, but she feared the other couple might come bouncing out of their suite again, and

Kristen didn't want to put on a show. But she also didn't want to stop. Seeing that sexy couple fooling around in the surf had had a profound effect on her. Her heart was pounding.

Steve nibbled on the side of her neck and his hand slid down her side, resting on her hip for a moment before he worked up the nerve to move it between her legs. Kristen resisted at first. Too many years of being a proper wife and mother were ingrained in her. The prospect of fooling around in public was exciting, but propriety demanded she behave. The college girl who'd fucked in the bathroom of a dive bar while god-knew-who pounded on the door was gone—or so she thought. Steve persisted, and just that bit of pressure felt so good that she relented. His fingers squeezed between her thighs and pressed into her sex. Kristen gasped.

“Let's go inside, honey,” she cooed.

“Do we have to?” he complained.

“Trust me, it'll be worth it.”

They raced back into their suite and fell onto the bed. Kristen didn't wait for him and pulled the

straps of her swimsuit down. Steve stripped while she was wiggling it past her hips. Their bodies were slick and smelled of suntan lotion, but that only made it hotter. This was vacation sex. She was ready, and she smiled. Lately, Steve took some coaxing to get going when they made love. Kristen didn't even care that his erection was probably for that cute little blonde. She was soaked, and it wasn't just because her husband was still hot to her—and he was. Maybe he was a little softer around the middle, but Steve was still in great shape for a man over forty, with a thick head of brown hair he kept short. She didn't love his goatee, but it wasn't a big enough deal to make an issue of it.

Steve tried to roll her onto her back, but Kristen resisted, and instead put her husband on his back. His eyes widened and he smiled. Being on top had always been her favorite, but their sex—when it happened—was mostly quick anymore, and involved Steve falling on top of her. But Kristen wanted to be in charge today. She grasped his hard shaft and lowered herself onto it. A soft

moan escaped her lips when he filled her, a sound she'd been making on penetration since she was a teen. Kristen loved that first feeling when a satisfying cock slipped inside her. If she was quiet, her lover wasn't up to snuff.

Kristen leaned over him, her big tits dangling against his chest, and worked her hips, flexing her muscles around him. He throbbed inside her, and it felt like he grew. She gasped. Being on top was the best because she could use that cock exactly as she wished, milking the most pleasure as possible out of it. She leaned lower and slipped her tongue between Steve's lips. He pulled her short hair out of its ponytail and it fell forward to frame her face. He held her hips then slid his hands around to her nice, round butt, pulling her onto him.

Her rhythm ramped up quickly. Kristen was on fire and wasn't going to need a long, sensual love making session to get what she needed. She lamented quickies when they had to steal time for sex at home, but here in Hawaii, thinking about a hot, muscular stranger, she knew she was going to

climax swiftly. And as she closed her eyes and moved her hips, it was that stranger on the beach she thought of—how he would look nude, and feel pressed against her. Kristen felt no guilt. She was sure that little blonde was in her husband’s mind as he pumped his cock up into her. After ten years of marriage, there was nothing wrong with some fantasy.

Kristen sat back on his thick cock and rode hard. Her beautiful breasts bounced with every thrust, and Steve grabbed them, pinching her dark, puffy nipples. She liked it kind of rough and he knew it, so when he gave her nipples a little twist she cried out in ecstasy. The king-sized bed squeaked as it rocked beneath them, and the headboard—a bas relief of a volcano—tapped against the wall.

“Ohhh...” she cried, a tremble in her voice. “Ahhh...”

Steve’s breathing was heavy and he moaned through gritted teeth while he stared up at her. It seemed he was focused entirely on her now. He’d always loved watching her ride him. He never held

out long in that position. Her heart swelled for her husband. Kristen no longer imagined the hunky stranger, but was fully aware it was Steve's wonderful cock pleasing her. He had a nice thick tool that had always felt perfect inside her.

The orgasm was overwhelming, and she threw her head back and cried his name, arching her back. The move thrust her tits into his hands, and he mauled them. The pressure on her aching nipples drove her crazy. Steve still thrust up in her, sending spikes of pleasure, elongating her orgasm. She couldn't remember the last time she came so hard—or came before Steve. He followed closely, his cock bursting inside her. She worked her muscles until she'd drawn every last drop from him, and then fell sideways, chest heaving as she lay on her back.

“Wow,” she said, with a little laugh.

“Holy shit, Kris,” Steve said. He ran his fingers over her smooth, swollen mound. It glistened with her juices. “When did you do that?”

“Just before we left. I wanted to be beach-ready, and I thought maybe you'd appreciate this.

Do you like it?”

He couldn't stop rubbing her, sending shivers up her spine. Kristen was still so sensitive down there. “It's fucking hot, babe. You should keep it this way.”

That was not likely, but she replied, “We'll see.”

His touching her was igniting Kristen again, and she thought they may need to go for round two. She remembered the days when even round two was just the beginning. Now it felt like their vacation had really started.

# a dinner encounter

Kristen took her time getting ready. Her hair was done just so, and she'd applied more makeup than she'd worn in ages. It had been too long since they'd really gotten dressed up to go out for the evening. She smacked her lips, making sure the dramatic, dark lipstick was just right. But it wasn't her makeup she was unsure about. Turning this way and that in front of the full-length mirror, she just wasn't sure about her dress.

The long dress didn't reveal too much skin overall, though the halter neckline was cut far lower than anything she'd have worn at home and it had a dramatically high slit on the side. The black and white tropical pattern was very forgiving, but the satiny material was paper thin and draped her every curve. Despite all her time in the gym, all Kristen saw were her flaws, that last handful of baby weight she hadn't shed. She might

have changed, but the dress was expensive, so she wasn't going to *not* wear it. Kristen thought about the blonde next door and figured with all of the attractive women at the resort no one would be spending too much time evaluating her anyway.

“Wow. Babe, you look stunning,” Steve exclaimed.

She shook her head. “You don't have to overdo it, but thank you.”

“No, seriously, you look hot, Kris. I need to take you out more.”

“Yes, you do.”

*Of course it's all about my tits,* she thought, noting that his gaze hadn't budge from there since she came out of the bedroom. Steve put his arms around her and moved in for a kiss, but she only allowed a quick peck. She didn't want her lipstick smudged. His hand sought the slit in her dress.

“We could always stay in and order room service,” he suggested.

It was an appealing thought. Kristen was still horny from earlier, but they would have time for

that later. “I didn’t go to all this trouble to stay in.”

“I guess I can wait.”

Kristen could not tell if Steve was really disappointed. She grabbed a filmy wrap from the back of a chair, but paused when she caught his disapproving stare. “I hear the wind can be chilly on this side of the island at night,” she insisted.

“You’ll be fine. You look gorgeous, Kris. You don’t need to cover all that up.”

“I don’t know. Better to be safe than sorry, right?”

Steve kept staring at her, and she relented. “Fine, but if I’m cold you’re gonna be sorry.” She folded the wrap and bent over to place it back on the chair. Turning, she caught him staring. “Were you looking at my ass?”

“I can’t help it, babe. You’re hot.”

*More like you couldn’t miss it,* she thought. Her butt was nice and round, but she could never get it quite firm enough for her liking. She had to wear a thong tonight because normal panties would have shown. “Whatever. Let’s get going, or

we're going to be late.”

They reached the luau to find it packed. The couple was lei'd once again, this time with garlands of real tropical flowers, and walked into the crowd. The tables all held four to six people, but they could hardly find an open space as Steve led her around the large area laid out for the luau. Kristen didn't mind. She was proud to be squired around by her handsome husband. He wore a typical bright Hawaiian shirt and linen pants and looked sharp. She liked it when he took the time to look good.

It was a large patio lined by palm trees that adjoined the largest pool—the one with the waterfall. There was a large stage at the front, which backed to the hotel. The instruments on stage were unmanned and canned music piped through the sound system. Steve kept a hold of Kristen's hand so he didn't lose her in the crowd.

“Hey! Hey you guys, over here!”

Kristen could not see who the speaker was, but Steve led her in that direction. She was surprised to see it was the couple they saw on the

beach earlier. The man was standing, while the pretty blonde was seated beside him. She plastered on a smile.

“Hey, guys, why don’t you join us? We’ve got pretty good seats for the show and this place is packed. I think there are only a couple spots in the back open,” the guy said.

“Thanks, we really appreciate it. I’m Steve, this is my wife, Kristen.”

“Hey Steve. I’m Riley.” He shook Steve’s hand. “This is Ambyr.”

Riley took Kristen’s hand in both of his and said, “It’s a pleasure to meet you, Kristen.” He fixed her with intense green eyes, Kristen felt herself flushing under his frank gaze. His eyes swept to her impressive cleavage, but they did not linger there. She hoped her husband didn’t notice.

“It’s great to meet you guys,” Ambyr said perkily.

Ambyr hopped up from her seat and threw her arms around Steve, who had to stoop forward to accept the hug. Her white tube top dress was so

short it nearly exposed her ass when she stretched up. She kissed his cheek, and Kristen thought the little blonde just made his night. Ambyr was even more stunning up close, with the clearest meltwater blue eyes she had ever seen. Her teeth were perfect and brilliant white, framed by a wide mouth with full lips painted a deep crimson. Even Kristen found it hard not to stare.

“If we’re going to be neighbors here we might as well get to know each other,” Ambyr said, turning to hug and kiss Kristen as well. Kristen was affectionate, but she wasn’t used to getting such a warm greeting from someone she’d just met.

They took seats around the round table, but Steve only sat for a moment before taking a drink order from everyone, which wasn’t complicated. Everyone wanted one of the fruity rum drinks that came served in a hollowed out pineapple. Kristen was left to engage in small talk with the younger couple. Riley and Ambyr lived in Austin and had been together for almost five years. She was a bartender working toward her masters in marine

biology, and they met when his band played at her bar. Riley played bass in a rock band, but paid the bills by doing freelance graphic design. The couple didn't say how old they were, but Kristen guessed they were both somewhere in their mid-twenties. Riley didn't say anything particularly fascinating, but Kristen found she hung on his every word, like he was a philosopher. If Ambyr minded, she didn't speak of it.

When Steve returned, Kristen was showing pictures of their kids on her phone. It would have seemed the two couples had nothing in common, but they got along well, with Riley and Ambyr expressing genuine interest in the Lairds' lives back home. Kristen thought they must seem very boring compared to how Riley and Ambyr lived. She couldn't recall the last time they'd been out for an evening, while the other couple was out almost every night. *We were like them once*, Kristen thought.

Kristen was utterly charmed by Riley. Edgy and sexy, but warm and friendly, it really was like he'd just stepped fully formed from one of her

erotic romance books. Guys like Riley weren't really supposed to exist. Hot musicians were supposed to be jerks who slept with everything that moved. She could see why Ambyr was in love with him when she probably had her pick of men. Ambyr certainly could have had Steve. He couldn't keep his eyes off of the blonde. Kristen didn't mind because it meant she got to pay more attention to Riley. His untucked black shirt was unbuttoned halfway down his chest, where a big silver cross hung against his tattoos. She liked the view just as much as Steve liked Ambyr. Ambyr smiled a lot and seemed to encourage Steve's attention, rather than be annoyed by it. Kristen laughed to herself and thought that it was like they were being seduced by the other couple.

When the show started, they moved their chairs around the table, Kristen and Steve splitting so that their backs weren't to the stage. Kristen was beside Riley, while Steve was happily with Ambyr.

The luau show was spectacular. A young man in a wrap skirt shimmied up one of the palm

trees and came down with a coconut and demonstrated the proper way to split it open for the milk without amputating a hand. The MC, a heavysset native Hawaiian in similar traditional garb, explained the lore behind the luau, and women—both thick and thin—came out in the stereotypical grass skirt and coconut shell bra outfit to do the hula. They pulled men and women from the audience to do the hula with them, and Kristen was glad they weren't so close to the stage, although she'd had enough of the fruity rum drinks that she might have considered getting up there! No doubt Steve would have moved to see Ambyr in a grass skirt and coconut bra. After the dancing girls, men came out wielding flaming batons. It was quite an impressive display of skill and fearlessness. The men twirled the batons and passed them back and forth with blinding speed, and as no one was wearing more than a loose skirt she couldn't believe no one was burned.

The cast took their final bow and the crowd began to break up. Kristen had to lean in to see the show, and at some point Riley had put his arm

around her. She'd snuggled against him like it was the most natural thing in the world. The dress had fallen open at the slit, exposing her long legs almost to her crotch. She hoped Riley enjoyed the view. The wind had kicked up like she had predicted, but Kristen was not cold at all. Fortunately, Steve was way too preoccupied with Ambyr to notice how close she had gotten to Riley. Kristen was reluctant to part from Riley, and he seemed content to have her there beside him.

“We're going to hit one of the bars. Why don't you guys join us?” Riley asked, his arm still around Kristen.

“That would be awesome. It's too early for the night to end,” Ambyr agreed.

“What do you think, Kris?” Steve asked eagerly.

Kristen would have loved to have spent more time with Riley, but those rum-based drinks had really gone to her head, and she was afraid that if she had one more drink Steve would have to carry her back to their room. She did not want to

embarrass herself in front of Riley. Besides, she was horny as hell and wanted to get her husband back to their room. She needed her husband, sooner rather than later. Riley may have had Kristen all worked up, but Steve was going to be the lucky one who got to benefit.

“I think we should call it a night. It’s been a really long day. Maybe tomorrow?” Kristen said.

“Hey, I get it. Jet lag can be killer. We’ll see you guys tomorrow. It’s a date,” Riley said. He leaned over and kissed her cheek before helping her to her feet.

Steve looked disappointed, but he accepted his wife’s judgment. Kristen suspected he was ready to go to, after a night at Ambyr’s side. The blonde gave him a long, lingering hug, with a kiss on the cheek that was more than just a peck. Strangely, Kristen’s flash of jealousy only fed her desire. Steve came around and took Kristen from Riley’s arm, and the couples parted.

As the door to their room clicked closed, Steve pressed Kristen to the wall and kissed her. She imagined it was Riley’s tight butt—it had

looked spectacular in his tight jeans earlier—she was grabbing, instead of her husband’s. She felt Steve was already hard when he grinded against her. His hand sought the slit in her dress again, and this time she didn’t stop him. Her thong was soaked before he even touched her, and she wondered if he noticed. He could have bent her over and taken her right up against the wall by the door. She was ready. The flimsy thong was no resistance, and he pushed two fingers deep inside her. Kristen gasped, pulling his fingers deeper. She rubbed him through his pants. Their kisses grew more frantic as they groped each other.

Rather than take her by the door, Steve dragged her back to their bedroom. That afternoon aside, they hadn’t been all over each other like this in so very long. Kristen didn’t even care that it was another couple that jumpstarted their passions. Did it matter? As long as they were all over each other, she didn’t think so. She knew Ambyr had to be flashing through Steve’s mind, as Riley was on hers. It was like the other couple was there in room with them. For a naughty moment, Kristen

thought that would be hot. It might be fun to play with the sexy, younger couple. She'd gladly let Steve have his way with the little blonde, as long as she got to enjoy everything Riley had to offer.

At the foot of the bed, Steve pulled on the zipper at the back of her dress, unaware he'd have to unclasp it behind her neck as well. Kristen parted from him and stepped over to switch off the bedroom lights. It wasn't completely dark. Silvery moonlight came in through the patio doors, and light spilled through the doorway from the suite's living room. The subdued lighting suited her better as she unclasped the halter and let the dress drop down past her breasts. Her days of stripping in a fully lit room were over. She pulled the dress down past her round hips and presented herself to her husband.

The black, lacy strapless bra pushed her tits up to create the dramatic cleavage for her dress. She opened it in the front and it dropped away. Steve gaped at her tits, and she was proud she could still evoke that reaction after so long. No, they were not perky, twenty-year-old tits, but they

were still firm and bouncy, without too much damage from the kids. It was the same with her belly. Her belly was nearly flat, with just the tiny jiggle and small battle scars of motherhood. Any objective person would have told Kristen she was a sexy momma, but the doubts always lingered when she looked in the mirror. Steve, however, had no doubts. He was staring at her nearly nude body like it took everything he had to resist jumping her. She pushed her thong down those awesome long legs, and he stripped as she approached him.

They faced each other on their knees on the bed. Her breasts spilled from his hands as he kneaded them. They were big and soft and perfect to Steve. The dark, thick nipples puckered with excitement and pressed into his palms and he pulled them roughly, just the way she always liked it. Kristen moaned quietly, from deep in her chest and pressed her breasts harder into his hands. She also reached down and grabbed his cock, fondling him until he was throbbing.

Steve pushed Kristen onto her back and fell

beside her on his side. She still fondled him, making it harder for Steve to concentrate on pleasuring her. Their passion for each other filled the bedroom with electricity. He sucked her nipples hard, pulling them and even twisting them and Kristen's moans grew louder, while she gripped his cock harder. She loved it when he took the time to tease her. She was sopping wet and his fingers slipped over her newly-smooth mound like he couldn't quite believe she'd done it. Kristen shivered every time he brushed her clit.

“Oh honey,” she moaned when he slid lower on the bed.

Kristen had fond memories of when her husband used to go down on her all the time. She missed it and was dying to feel his tongue again. She would have to reward him with some licking of her own. When was the last time she'd gone down? Their routine—a few minutes of perfunctory foreplay, followed by quick missionary sex—was broken.

Steve spread her full lips, his tongue snaking inside her. His quick flicks found her clit and

tortured her. The pressure was building inside her, and if he'd stayed on her clit Kristen would have climaxed in seconds. She whimpered his name and lifted her hips off the bed when he slipped his fingers inside her, while tracing around her clit with his tongue. Her whimpers turned to uncontrollable moans.

Kristen almost felt guilty. *Almost.* It was hard to feel guilty when she was feeling this good, but as her husband went down on her she kept thinking of the handsome young man with his arm around her at the luau. With her eyes closed, she imagined it was Riley touching her and kissing her. Her reaction when she saw him on the beach earlier was purely physical, but now that she knew he was as charming as he was sexy it made her want him more. Over the years, she had had some crushes, but never had she wanted another man the way she wanted Riley. She thought of those warm green eyes and she was lost. Riley filled her thoughts as the tongue dancing on her clit brought her over the top.

“Ohhh! Ahhh!” she cried, thrashing on the

bed.

Steve moved up between her spread legs and speared his cock right into her. He did not want to risk losing momentum. Kristen gasped when he thrust inside her and immediately wrapped herself around him. With her legs locked around his back, she spurred him on inside her. Steve humped away as fast as he could, swept away by the passion of the moment. She dug her short nails into his back. His eyes were shut tight, and she could guess just what her husband was picturing—the petite blonde from next door. It didn't slow her down at all.

“Ohhh...Steve...yesss...” Kristen moaned. She was only thinking of her husband now.

“God...Kris...ahhh...”

It was a good thing she'd come already, because Steve lasted maybe a couple minutes before he jammed his prick deep inside her and spilled his seed. She was so close to a second orgasm that she kept working her cunt against his deflating cock, but she fell just short. It was okay. She still felt the tremors from the orgasm he had

given her. He lay on her, panting and spent, and kissed her cheek.

“I love you so much,” he whispered.

“I love you too,” she replied, squeezing him against her.

Kristen slipped from bed to clean up, and changed into shorts and a sports bra to sleep. Her friends thought she was crazy that she always slept in a bra, but she swore it was the reason her big tits were still firm and perky. She went through the suite and turned out the lights. When she returned to bed, Steve was already asleep. Exhaustion claimed her, and she was swiftly asleep as well.

# midnight voyeur

The room was dimly lit by silvery light filtering in through the patio doors when Kristen was roused from a pleasant dream. In it, she and Riley were on the beach, both naked, and making love. He held himself on top of her and slowly worked his cock in and out while she stared up at his muscular chest and handsome face. Everything seemed to move in slow motion and she could feel every inch, every nuance of his manhood. Even as she crossed the threshold to wakefulness, the dream seemed real. Kristen could hear the sounds of sex as she blinked her eyes open.

Steve was sleeping, but he'd always been able to sleep through anything—one of the reasons why Kristen was almost always the one to get up when their kids cried out in the night. It just wasn't worth it to rouse her husband. As her

confusion faded away, she realized those sounds were not part of her dream, but what had awakened her. Even muffled by the wall, she recognized the sounds coming from next door. Riley and Ambyr were having a very good time.

Ambyr's keening cries were loud in the night—drowning out the crashing of the waves from the beach—punctuated by Riley's vigorous grunts. Both sounds came in a steady rhythm. The couples next door was fucking, and really going at it. The creaking of the bed beneath them joined the music of the ocean as the background music to their passionate vocals.

“Oh! Ohhh! OH!” Ambyr cried. “Right there! Right there! Riley!”

Kristen reflected that their own lovemaking, just a few hours earlier, had not sounded quite so animated. As athletic as she could be in bed, Kristen had never really been a screamer or a dirty talker. She was more of a moaner and a gasper, but honestly, she'd never really been challenged by a lover to get down and dirty like that. Add in a few years of making love with kids right down the hall,

and she had become quiet as a church mouse in bed. Kristen wanted to lose it and cry out the way Ambyr was.

Ambyr was doing what Kristen was just dreaming about. Kristen wondered if the sounds had crept into her subconscious and caused the dream. That was more reassuring than believing that she was so obsessed with Riley that she was dreaming of him after one meeting. But none of that mattered now, because Kristen was wide awake—and horny as hell.

Kristen pushed a hand inside her shorts and split her lips with her middle finger and rubbed between them, teasing her clit and biting her lower lip against her quiet moans. The sounds from the next room kept getting louder, the sound of the headboard rocking against the wall joining the cacophony. She could just imagine Riley behind Ambyr, holding her hips as he rammed himself home time and again. Did Ambyr bury her face in the pillows submissively, or was she on hands and knees, pushing back at Riley? Kirsten pictured herself on all fours, Riley ramming her from

behind. She teased her clit harder and thought maybe she should wake her husband.

Steve was on his side, and when she pulled back the sheets she remembered that he'd fallen asleep nude. His cock was already hard, and she suspected he was feigning sleep. Taking his cock loosely in her hand, she stroked him, wondering how far he would carry his pretense.

“AHHH! Riley!” Ambyr howled from the next room.

Kristen's cunt tightened with envy. She wanted what the little blonde was getting. She fantasized going to their patio door and finding it unlocked. She would slip into their room and watch the other couple fucking. When Riley noticed her, he would invite Kristen into bed with them. She imagined riding his beautiful cock, while Ambyr knelt beside her and played with her tits. It was strange, because Kristen didn't fantasize about other women, but it seemed like it would be natural if she was in bed with the other couple.

The cock thickened in her hand. Steve's

breathing said he was awake, but his eyes were still closed. He was doing just as she was, Kristen was sure. Steve probably imagined Ambyr was bouncing on his cock as he listened to her getting plowed by her studly boyfriend, and his wife giving him a hand job was a nice bonus. Kristen thought about pushing him onto his back and mounting him. In the early years of their marriage, she would often wake up aroused in the middle of the night and wake Steve for sex. It got to the point where sometimes he would complain he had to get up early for work—not that he ever stopped her. He would happily make love, and then fall right back asleep. Kristen knew that if she climbed on top of her husband now he wouldn't be able to pretend sleep. But she was feeling naughtier.

Steve rolled onto his back, but still didn't admit he was awake. It was okay. It worked for her. She twisted around on the bed, brushed her hair back, and took him in her mouth. She tasted herself on him from earlier, which only made her feel dirtier. It proved how out of practice she was that just blowing her own husband made her feel

so naughty. His entire body twitched when she took him deeper, and she was sure he moaned, but Riley and Ambyr were so loud it was difficult to tell. She opened wide to take him, remembering how she'd had to get used to sucking his girthy cock. Kristen loved his cock. She always had. She knew he was smart from their first date, and it was a relief when she found out he had what she needed in bed. It would have been depressing to fall for him and be letdown.

Kristen squeezed and stroked the base of his cock. She was too out of practice to swallow the whole thing. Her other hand was busy between her legs. With her eyes closed, she imagined it was Riley's cock in her mouth. It made her suck Steve harder. Ambyr probably sucked Riley off all the time, she reasoned. Would he be pleased if Kristen sucked on him?

Steve liked it. He stroked her hair back from her face, wanting to see her in the dim light. He'd always loved watching her suck him. The way he loved watching her was such a turn on. She missed it. She worked her tongue on his shaft as she

bobbed, and he nudged up at her mouth.

“Riley! Yes!” Ambyr screamed with finality. Riley groaned in harmony with her, and Kristen knew the couple had come.

The night was suddenly quiet, and Kristen’s sucking seemed loud against the background of the waves. Steve was gasping and his fingers tightened in her hair. She zeroed in on her clit and her moans vibrated his shaft in her mouth.

“Mmm, Kris...ohhh...” Steve moaned, pushing at her mouth harder.

Kristen kept control with her hand stroking his base, but when her orgasm suddenly swept over her his cock slipped from her mouth and wetly slapped against her cheek. She kept stroking him, on autopilot, rubbing his soft head against her cheek. Her climax was intense, and she wasn’t even thinking about him, so when Steve came she was completely unprepared. His load blasted across her cheek and into her hair.

“Ohh fuck, Kris...”

Cum shot across her face, and his head

smear it in. It wasn't the finish she'd planned on, but for once she didn't mind. It was actually kind of hot to be so dirty. She laid her head on his thigh, his shrinking cock still on her cheek. She kissed it and smiled up at him.

“That was a nice little surprise,” he said, stroking her hair.

“I was just feeling inspired.”

Steve laughed. “I wonder why. I didn't know you were a voyeur.”

“I thought that was watching.”

“I think it can be listening, too. It's hot.”

“Listening to other people screwing?”

“Well, yeah, but I meant it was hot that you got off on listening.”

It was true, and she was glad he couldn't tell she was blushing. “You did too.”

“A little. I really got off because my wife gave me an awesome blowjob.”

“Awesome?”

“You know I could never resist that, Kris.

You could have gone pro.”

She laughed this time. “I’ll keep that in mind if money ever gets tight.”

Steve looked thoughtful. “So I guess you think that Riley guy is pretty hot.”

“He’s handsome,” she demurred. “You were drooling all over Ambyr.”

“She’s hot,” he admitted. “But I’m surprise you noticed what I was doing at all, with the way you were cuddling with Riley at dinner.”

“It just sort of happened.” She was defensive.

“It’s okay, really. You can have your fun.”

“You’re not jealous?”

“No. Do I need to be? Your vacation crush isn’t a threat to our marriage.”

Kristen didn’t know if she should be offended. Was he implying that Riley was no threat because he was just her silly fantasy? It got her wondering if she could bed Riley if she really tried. She didn’t want to think about that, because she did not want to be in competition with taut

little blonde Ambyr. But that didn't stop her from pushing Steve.

“But what if he'd done more than put his arm around me?” she teased.

Steve was thoughtful. “Are you saying if he made a pass at you?”

“Or if I made one at him. You never know. I might not be able to control myself.” She kissed the tip of his flaccid cock. “I couldn't control myself tonight.”

“I'd have to keep Ambyr occupied so you could have Riley all to yourself,” he baited.

“That wouldn't be a problem.”

“You're not jealous?”

“How could I be if I was seducing Riley?”

“That's true. I guess we'd both be pretty busy, so it would be okay.”

“A Hawaiian hall pass?” Kristen asked, shocked by her husband's attitude.

“Sure. If you want to go fuck Riley, I'm all for it.” He sounded serious.

“And you can do what you like with Ambyr. Go to town,” she agreed.

“It sounds like this vacation is going to be much more interesting than we planned.”

They had to be joking, right? It couldn't be a serious agreement. Besides, she doubted the other couple was looking to screw their married neighbors. She didn't think an older married mom of two was what Riley was into—not if Ambyr was any indication. And yes, she thought her husband was sexy, but Kristen knew he was not quite in Riley's league. But what if something did happen? Had they really given each other permission to fool around?

Kristen sucked him back into her mouth and found he was already stirring again. She needed him hard, because she needed him inside her. It was sexy knowing Steve was just as excited about their *agreement* as she was.

# growing closer

Kristen blinked her eyes open and squinted against the bright sunlight coming through the patio doors. She was alone in bed. The scent of coffee, from the in-suite Keurig machine in the other room had been what roused her, and she figured Steve must be in the living room. The bedside clock read 7:00 am. Disappointing. Sleeping in was one of the perks of vacationing without the kids that she wanted to take advantage of while they were away. But then 7:00 was sleeping in for Kristen anymore. She rolled and stretched, trying to work the kinks out before rising from the bed.

The breeze from the open patio door was chilly and she pulled on one of the resort's soft robes before going over to close it. She paused at the sliding door. Steve was outside, standing by their beach loungers. He was staring out, but it

wasn't the majestic ocean that had his attention. Ambyr was out there doing a solo early morning yoga session.

The blonde's back was to the building, so she probably didn't realize she was being observed, but Kristen guessed she was used to being observed. Ambyr wore a little blue string bikini that hardly covered her magnificent ass, which she pointed at them when she bent in half. Even Kristen, who generally didn't think of women that way, had to admit Ambyr had an incredible body. She thought of that kiss in her fantasy. The bikini bottom crawled up Ambyr's ass crack, and Kristen wished she could have seen the look on her husband's face. He had to be losing his mind. She appeared to be going through various yoga poses, her tight body in motion as she stretched and bent and moved. Standing on one foot, Ambyr stretched her right leg, pulling it until it was above her head. Although she was not tall, her legs seemed impossibly long. Kristen marveled at her flexibility, imaging what Ambyr could do for Riley in bed. *I can't compete with*

*that*, she thought.

When Ambyr went down on the mat beside her and arched into the downward dog position, she finally noticed Steve, but didn't seem to know Kristen was there. She must not have thought he was a creepy spy, because the girl just smiled and said, "Come on over. You don't have to hang back there."

"Sorry, I didn't want to disturb you. You looked so peaceful."

"Oh, I am, but I don't mind company. Riley always sleeps in, so I have the mornings to myself. It's nice to have someone to chat with at the start of the day."

Steve sat on the beach beside her, and Ambyr kept working through her moves. She reminded Kristen of one of those bendy rubber dolls from when she was a kid—the ones with the wire frame buried inside. Kristen didn't know the human body could move that way. Steve was probably memorizing every inch of her.

Kristen couldn't hear their conversation over the ocean and thought about revealing herself, but

then she decided to let Steve have his fun. It crossed her mind that he could be trying to make good on their deal, and she chuckled. It appeared that Ambyr was trying to convince Steve to give yoga a shot. He shook his head and held up his hands. She wouldn't take no for an answer.

Ambyr released her ankles and hopped up with no effort at all. She said something and pulled Steve to his feet. She was surprisingly strong for such a little thing. It looked like she was giving him instructions and Ambyr balanced on one foot again, and this time she stretched the leg out in front of her and bent in half forward, lying along her extended leg. *She's crazy if she thinks he can do that*, Kristen thought. It would be doubly hard with the erection he was no doubt sporting from watching Ambyr.

Just standing on one foot Steve was shaky and the only thing that kept him from falling over when he raised his foot was Ambyr's steadying hand. He couldn't get his leg even close to straight out and the more he strained to do it the shakier he got. Ambyr stood to his side and had

both hands on his hips, something Steve found more than a little distracting. She did her best against his increasing wobbling, but Ambyr couldn't keep Steve up and he toppled over, taking her down with him.

Steve braced himself as he went down, to keep from crushing Ambyr beneath him. Still, he fell right on top of her, and she was pressed full length against his body, pinned to the sand. Kristen's breath caught, watching her husband on top of the blonde. She wasn't jealous at all, but a sense of anticipation overwhelmed her. She could now picture what it would be like if Steve did make a move on Ambyr. Her stomach bottomed out as she thought that something might happen right then. Where was Riley? Was he watching too? She didn't want Steve to get his ass kicked. Their legs were twisted and he couldn't just jump right up, so he was planted between her legs for several seconds. It looked like Ambyr tightened her legs around him. He had to be hard, and Kristen wondered if the blonde could feel it. As she watched from the shadows, she realized that

she was turned on watching them. she gripped the glass door hard and tried to clear her mind. Despite her curiosity, she couldn't just stand back and watch any longer.

“Looks like you two are having fun,” Kristen said, as she walked across the beach toward them.

Steve jumped up like a man on fire, stammering, “Honey, hey, it's uh...”

“Were you really going to say it's not what it looks like? Come on, Steve, that's just cliché,” Kristen said. She was smiling, which set him at ease. “Don't worry, I saw how you ended up in that position. You're just an out of shape fool, not a cheating fool.” He winced.

“I'm glad you don't mind my borrowing your husband for a little bit,” Ambyr said, dusting sand off her tanned body as she stood.

“You can do what you like with him, as long as you return him in one piece,” Kristen laughed.

“That's good to know.”

“She didn't do any permanent damage, did

she?”

“Hey, I’m not a frail old man, you know,” Steve said defensively.

“I know, honey. I was just teasing.” Kristen hoped she wasn’t too mean.

“Riley and I had a lot of fun last night,” Ambyr said. As if reading Kristen’s mind, she added, “At dinner with you guys.”

“So did we,” Kristen said, considering the double meaning.

“What are you guys up to today?”

“We’re taking an afternoon snorkeling trip out to Molikini Crater. It’s on a catamaran and they serve a late lunch,” Kristen answered.

“That sounds like a lot of fun. Riley and I have just been playing things by ear.”

“I can give you a phone number. Maybe there’s still room on the trip.”

“That would be great. Thanks.”

Steve eyed her suspiciously. Kristen was not usually so forward and friendly. He surely thought she wanted to spend the day staring at Riley’s

chest, which was not far from the truth. But beyond being sexy, she really did think the couple was fun, and it would be nice to have friends along for the trip. And maybe Steve could find another excuse to fall on top of Ambyr on the rocking boat if he was lucky.



It turned out there was room on the excursion, and Ambyr and Riley did join them on their snorkel adventure. Strangely, at times it was like the couples had swapped partners for the day. In the water, Ambyr drifted over to Steve, while Riley paid Kristen a lot of attention. Kristen was flattered. Even she was staring at Ambyr in her tiny bikini, but Riley seemed more interested in Kristen and her blue one-piece with the zipper down the front. *It's got to be my boobs*, she thought, comparing herself to the small breasted blonde. While she basked in Riley's attention, Kristen observed that Steve was enthralled by Ambyr and that skimpy bikini. He probably never even noticed there were all those colorful fish swimming beneath them. But mostly, she hardly noted her husband's absence at all.

“I hope we're like you guys, if we're still together after ten years,” Riley observed, as they

bobbed in the water. He and Kristen were close together, not far from the boat, while Steve and Ambyr were several yards off, trying to see how deep they could get in the crystal clear water.

“You two seem very much in love. I think you’ll still be together,” Kristen replied.

The water was choppy, and she placed a hand on his shoulder to steady herself. They were on the second stop of the tour, and the move had become second nature. His hand went to her bare back. She couldn’t help thinking about how nice his large, strong hand felt.

“Yeah, I love Ambyr a lot. It’s just hard to think that far into the future.”

“When we first got married I had an image of what I thought the future would look like,” she paused to laugh, then continued. “But you have no idea how it will really be to be married and have kids and responsibilities. I’m not saying it’s bad, I’m just saying it’s not what I expected.”

Riley grinned and said, “Please just tell me that the sex ending is just a cliché.”

Kristen's answer was a snort.

“You're just being modest, right? You're still really hot. If I was Steve, I'd be all over you.”

“Oh, please.”

“Really, Kris. You're like the stereotypical hot soccer mom. I mean it. If I thought I had a shot...” He sounded sincere.

She looked over to Ambyr, who was somehow in her husband's arms. They were laughing. “C'mon, Riley. Now *that* is hot.”

“You're into chicks?” he asked, smirking.

“I didn't say that,” she replied, smacking his well-defined, tattooed chest. She had really come around to tattoos, staring at his chest.

“Really, Kris. Yeah, you guys are very different, but you are every bit as hot as Ambyr.”

“Don't let her hear you say that!”

“She would agree. I know it.”

“So she's into women?” Kristen joked.

Riley just smiled.

“Trust me. I do not look like *that* in a

bikini.”

“You’re selling yourself short, Kris. I’d love to see you in a bikini. Your body rocks.”

Her face was burning, and it was not the sun. “Too bad. I didn’t pack one. I’m not sure I even own a proper bikini anymore. I have a tankini, I think.”

“You should swing by the resort shop and pick one up. I’m sure Steve would appreciate it, too. All the men here would thank me.”

“Maybe. I’ll think about it.”

A whistle sounded. It was the signal to return to the boat. They swam back to the boat, and Riley held her by the sides, boosting her up to the ladder. If his hands had slipped just a little, he would have had handfuls of her tits. But his touch there was enough that Kristen’s mind spun off in all kinds of fun directions. Riley dropped onto the bench right beside her, not leaving a space for Steve, who followed by the ladder, and ended up seated with Ambyr.

Kristen told herself he was only flattering

her—being nice—but it really did feel like Riley was coming onto her. He didn't say *If I was single...* or even *If you were single...* but *If I thought I had a shot...* almost like he was throwing something out there. Kristen knew it was crazy and she was only thinking that way because of that silly conversation she'd had with Steve the night before.

The couples parted with hugs and a promise to meet for drinks after dinner. The day trip had been exhausting, but that didn't stop Kristen and Steve from jumping into bed the second they returned to their room. Kristen was excited that the more they seemed to make love, the longer he held out. She came twice before they were done. A nap afterward would have been nice—she left Steve lounging in bed—but she had some shopping to do. She kissed him on the forehead and threw on a maxi dress to go shopping.

Kristen felt like she tried on every outfit in the boutique. Normally, she wouldn't have considered most of what she tried on, but she kept thinking of Riley and how he said he wanted to see

more of her. The salesgirl was also encouraging, anticipating a large commission. Kristen blanched at the prices in the boutique, but reasoned their trip was a once-in-a-lifetime experience. She didn't kid herself that she would wear any of the outfits at home—even if she mustered the courage to wear them during their vacation.

Time had gotten away from her in the boutique, and when she returned to their room she had to start getting ready. Steve sat out on the beach, but his favorite scenery was not around. He was sure to be disappointed. Maybe Kristen's choice of outfit for the evening would perk him up. She showered and then teased out her hair and applied dramatic makeup for the evening. Leaving her robe behind, she slipped into the dress she'd purchased for the evening.

*No way*, she thought, as she turned to and fro in front of the mirror, smoothing the dress over her body. She nearly took it off, but paused and modelled it again, this time trying to think like a man, instead of her overcritical self. The peach-colored tropical print wrap dress was shorter than

anything she'd worn in years. She'd fallen out of the habit of taking advantage of her long legs. It hugged her curves—particularly flattering her butt—but the busy pattern did a good job of concealing the flaws that were so obvious to her—the ones no one else saw. The neckline was wide and impossibly low-cut. She never displayed the girls like that anymore. A special bra needed purchasing, as everything she'd brought would have been visible. She wore a diamond lariat necklace Steve had given her years ago, which only drew more attention to her chest. Kristen would have worn the dress without a second thought years ago, back before the kids, but now she just didn't know. Should she be putting it all out like that? She knew what Riley would tell her, and Steve too.

Kristen stepped into the matching spiked heels she'd bought, hoping she wouldn't fall over. Being so tall, she never wore heels that high, but the salesgirl convinced her that she just had to. They were perfect for the dress. She threw open the doors to the living room and presented herself

to her husband.

“Honey, you look...” Steve stammered. He gaped, like he couldn’t quite believe the woman standing before him was his wife. His eyes travelled up and down her body, and then made the journey again. The look on his face was worth the astronomical price of the outfit.

“You don’t think it’s too much? Or should I say, too little?” Kristen asked, giving a spin.

Steve walked over and pulled her close by the tied belt that held the whole thing together. “I think it’s really hot and I don’t want to let you out of this room. I want to drag you right to bed.”

Kristen kissed him and pushed him away, but not before cupping his crotch to feel him rising to the occasion. She had been in sweats and leggings for too long. She forgot how good it felt to be desired like this. Maybe she would have to change things up when she got home.

“You can’t get enough these days,” she teased.

“Can you blame me?”

“Easy tiger. I know what’s really got you fired up, lover boy.”

Realization dawned on his face, and Steve shook his head. “No, Kris. This is all you. Ambyr’s fun, and yeah, sexy, but...” He stepped back and looked her over again. “She’s a girl. You’re a *woman*. A goddam sexy woman. He’s going to lose his shit when he sees you.”

“He?”

“Don’t kid a kidder. I know all this effort isn’t for me.” He saw she was about to protest and held up a hand. “It’s cool. I don’t mind. It’s actually pretty cool that a guy like that has the hots for my wife. It’s proof of what a babe you are, and how lucky I am.”

“You know how to say all the right things, when you want to.”

Steve smiled. “Inspire me more often.”

“I just may do that.”

She pulled him into a long, deep kiss. She was taller than her husband in those heels. Her hand slipped to his bulge again and she felt him

growing harder. The heat was building between her own legs, but she didn't want to ruin all the work she'd put into getting ready. She didn't mind putting their fun off until later. The wait would make it even hotter, though she doubted Steve felt the same. She could do *something* for him. She was going to have to fix her lipstick anyway.

“You really don't care that other men might be looking at me tonight?” she asked, pulling his cock out of his shorts. The shorts were all he wore.

“Don't be coy, Kris. You're really asking about Riley. Yeah, it's cool that he wants you.” He groaned when she gripped his shaft harder.

“You really think so?”

“Kris, you're fucking hot, and you used to know it. I *know* Riley is going to be all over you tonight, like he was today. And you're going to love every second. Babe...”

“And you *really* don't mind?”

“You don't have to keep asking. It's actually kind of hot.”

Kristen felt his cock surge in her hand. She

slipped to her knees.

“You think watching me flirt with Riley is hot?”

Kristen didn't understand. She wasn't jealous that he was flirting with Ambyr, but she didn't think it was hot. She hadn't thought about it that way, but then she did get wet watching him on top of the blonde on the beach, as she imagined the possibilities. Perhaps the thought of another woman wanting her husband did turn her on.

“I love seeing the way you light up around him. It's like you're finding a part of yourself I haven't seen in a long time—a part that's tremendously sexy.”

“But what if it really was more? You know, what we talked about last night...”

His cock stared her in the face, and she licked the fat head, knowing it would make it hard for him to think clearly. She stroked the shaft and tickled his balls.

“Kris...” he gasped.

“It's okay, honey. When I saw you on the

beach today with Ambyr, it was kinda hot. From a distance it looked like you guys might be...”

“You were watching us!” he accused, smiling. “And it turned you on!”

“Maybe,” she admitted, sucking him into her mouth. Her pink lipstick smeared along his length.

“Ahhh, Kris...you dirty little.....you *do* like to watch...and listen...”

“Maybe,” she repeated, this time running the tip of her tongue down his shaft before kissing his balls. “But you didn’t answer me.” She sucked him between her lips again.

Steve looked like he was really thinking about his answer. He surged in her mouth. “Yeah, seeing you like that could be hot. You know I love watching you.” Steve looked right at her, sucking his cock, when he said it. His words broke off into a series of moans. Kristen was bobbing rapidly, really working on him. She wondered if he was picturing Riley’s cock in her mouth—the way she’d pictured him with Ambyr. She closed her eyes and thought about Riley’s cock in her mouth, and sucked harder.

He tried to run his fingers through her hair, but she pushed his hand away. She didn't want to have to do her hair again. If he was picturing her with Riley, it certainly got him off, because in just a few minutes he teased up and tried to warn her he was coming. Kristen did not want it on her dress, or in her hair, so she kept him in her mouth, pushing him to the back of her throat. She gagged when his cum blasted back there. Even when she sucked cock regularly, she rarely swallowed. It just wasn't her thing. But as she thought about sucking Riley, Kristen thought she'd happily swallow his cum, if he wanted her to. He could do as he pleased with her.

Kristen let him slip from her lips, licking them. Steve looked shell shocked. When was the last time he'd had two blowjobs in twenty-four hours? She held out her hand, and he helped her to her feet. She was going to have to touch up her makeup, but it was worth it. The real problem was that now her pussy was soaked, and there was no time left.

“You'd better get ready,” she warned. “We

need to leave soon to make our reservation.”

# moonlight seduction

Dinner was delicious and the tropical drinks were strong and tasty. Steve couldn't keep his eyes off of her—and he wasn't the only one. He also could not keep his hands to himself. Kristen had not felt like this in years. She was sexy and invincible. She felt like she could have any man she wanted, but there were only two on her mind.

After dinner, the couple made their way to the beachside nightclub where they had plans to meet Riley and Ambyr. They didn't see their friends, so they ordered drinks and Kristen dragged Steve out onto the dance floor. She was doing surprisingly well in the tall, spiked heels—even with the drinks she'd had—and sensually moved around her husband, grinding him to the music. Just letting go felt amazing. Kristen could have gone all night. They were taking a break by the bar when Riley and Ambyr found them.

“You look amazing. So damn sexy. That’s what I was talking about,” Riley whispered to her when he hugged Kristen and kissed her cheek. She swooned.

“Looks like you guys are enjoying yourselves,” Ambyr said, also greeting Steve with a hug and kiss, and then giving Kristen a kiss and embrace as well. The petite blonde’s face was practically buried in Kristen’s tits because of their height difference.

“It’ll be more fun now that you’re here,” Kristen replied.

In a tiny, clingy cocktail dress with a colorful boho pattern, Ambyr was showing as much skin as Kristen. It was strapless, but the girl was so tanned that her tan lines were hardly visible. The dress was so small, it almost looked like Ambyr just had a color towel wrapped around her. Steve could not stop staring, which was good, because he didn’t notice his wife drinking in Riley. He wore another loose, dark shirt—half unbuttoned—and tight, ripped jeans. With the leather thong bracelets on his wrists, he looked

like a rock star on vacation. Kristen hadn't seen him in a fully buttoned shirt yet. He liked showing those tattoos. She was not complaining, except that she'd rather his shirt was completely cast aside.

“We're having a good time. I'm glad to see you guys made it,” Steve replied, forcing himself to look Ambyr in her icy blue eyes.

“Would you mind if I borrowed your wife for a bit?” Riley asked.

Steve cast a glance at Ambyr and replied, “You guys go have fun.”

Riley took Kristen's hand and led her through the crowd. He had a destination in mind, but she dragged him toward the dance floor.

“Are you a dancer?” she asked.

“Not really. This isn't my kind of music,” he admitted.

“You know how to move, don't you?”

“I guess.”

“Let me be the judge.”

Kristen didn't put much stock in the axiom

that moves on the dance floor correlated to moves in the bedroom, but she wanted the excuse to get close to Riley. She found a small open spot on the dance floor and pulled him in close. He held onto her hips and didn't move much, at first. She got close, rubbing her curves against him, and he got moving. As a musician, Riley had natural musicality, and he moved easily to the rhythm, even if it wasn't his choice of music. He held Her waist and she pressed closer. She loved how firm his body felt. He was strong, and pushed back when she grinded against him. He liked her breasts pressed into him, and moved more energetically when she put her arms around his neck. In her heels, they were the same height and she stared into those deep, dark eyes. Her lips parted, and she was suddenly flushed and hot. Kristen felt the draw to kiss him, but she fought it and turned her back, rubbing her ass back into his crotch. He held her hips, but then pulled her back fully against him, one hand resting just below her breasts. His lips brushed her neck and she shivered. They still moved with the beat. They were *only dancing*, but

it felt like so much more.

“Let’s take a walk on the beach. It’s hot in here,” Riley whispered.

Kristen needed an anchor and looked over to the bar, to find her husband. Steve and Ambyr were close together, chatting. He shook his head, she said something, and he looked stunned, then slowly nodded. They lifted shot glasses from the bar and downed them. No sooner had the glasses been slammed back to the bar than Ambyr pulled Steve into a kiss. It was not a friendly peck, or even a shy flirty kiss. She kissed him like a longtime lover who was signaling they needed to get to a bed, and fast. Steve seemed to flail for a moment, and then he wrapped his arms around the slight girl, almost lifting her off the ground.

Time stopped and her vision narrowed into a tight tunnel. All Kristen could see was her husband kissing Ambyr. She could not quite believe what she saw. It had to be a mistake, a weird mental quirk caused by too many drinks. But she wasn’t *that drunk*, and she definitely saw what she saw. Her husband was kissing another

woman. Okay, so Ambyr kissed him, but Steve didn't push her away. He clearly thought about it, and then grabbed her. But what middle-aged man wouldn't have reacted that way if a girl like Ambyr kissed them? Kristen could hardly blame her husband. He was reacting naturally.

Jealousy spiked through her and her stomach turned inside out. Ten years of marriage and Steve didn't even hesitate. However, before anger could come, Kristen felt Riley pressed against her, felt his hands on her, and she remembered where she was. She was no innocent waif. Kristen felt just as much desire for Riley, maybe even more. She was dreaming about him! The tingle down below only grew stronger as he held her. If Riley kissed her, she wouldn't even hesitate the way Steve had. So she could hardly be angry. Besides, they'd talked about this, hadn't they? They'd given each other permission. It was of the it-will-never-happen variety, like a celebrity hall pass, but they'd done it, and now it seemed there was an undercurrent of truth to their conversation. Never was here, and it was time to decide what she would do. It felt like

she'd been watching Steve and Ambyr kiss for hours, but Riley had only just said, *Let's take a walk on the beach...*

Kristen turned back to Riley, kissed his cheek, and answered, "That's a wonderful idea."

A narrow, sandy path led through the tropical vegetation to the beach. The sounds and flashing lights of the club were quickly left behind, replaced by the sound of the surf and the glow of the heavy moon hanging in the sky. Walking in the sand was impossible in those, heels, so Kristen made Riley pause so she could remove them. The shoes dangled from her hand, while he held the other, and they ran pell-mell onto the moonlit beach like eager lovers.

They made their way right to the water's edge, and Kristen was surprised by how warm the water was, even at night. But the breeze was stronger on the unprotected beach, and when Riley saw her shiver he slipped his arm around her. She pressed into his side, hand on his chest, enjoying his warmth and his masculine presence.

"It's beautiful out here," she said.

“But you’re chilly.” He hugged her tighter. His hand rested on the small of her back, just above the swell of her buttocks.

“I don’t care. It’s too beautiful to worry about that. Besides, I have you to keep me warm.”

“I bet you’d be warmer in the water.”

“I probably would be. Maybe we should all go for a midnight swim when we get back to our rooms.”

“Why wait?”

She smiled wryly, and asked, “Is that why you lured me out here—to skinny dip?”

Riley returned her smile.

“I thought you were a gentleman.”

“I don’t recall ever saying I was a gentleman.” He brushed back a strand of hair that had blown in her face. His gentle touch on her cheek felt nice. “I promise my intentions are good, but they aren’t pure.”

Kristen stared up at Riley, her heart in her throat. He was even more handsome in the moonlight, if that was possible. The silvery light

really brought out the stubble against his skin. She hated when Steve went without shaving, but it was sexy on Riley. The moment was impossibly romantic. It was a moment she should be sharing with her husband, but she was on that breezy, moonlit Hawaiian beach with a handsome stranger. She had a lump in her throat when she spoke.

“So what are your intentions?”

Riley didn't answer with words. He kissed her, and it was not a tentative first kiss—the kind of kiss that asks for permission before proceeding. It was a kiss that said *I know you want this as much as I do, let's do this!* Kristen was not a shrinking violet. She opened her mouth to him and held the back of his head, enjoying lacing her fingers in his thick, dark hair. Their bodies melded together. His hand slid from the small of her back to her butt, gently squeezing. Her breasts crushed against his chest. She liked the hardness of him against her. She grabbed his butt too, pleased by how tight it was. Her tongue chased his as it retreated from her.

“I thought my intentions were obvious, Kris,” he said, smiling.

Kristen was left breathless. Her words came out as a rush. “But I’m a married woman. Doesn’t that matter to you?”

“Does it matter to you?”

He kissed her again, and her response was her answer. They were quickly learning to speak without words. She held him even tighter this time, determined not to let him go. Her brain was a buzz of activity as she considered where this kiss might go. She had never made love on the beach. Would her first time be with Riley? That made her think of her husband, and guilt flashed through her mind. But then she remembered Steve kissing Ambyr at the bar. Kristen had nothing to feel guilty about.

Their lips parted, but they stayed close together. Her hands rested on his shoulders, she lost herself in his dark eyes—made deep pools by the moonlight. She didn’t know what came next, and it frightened her. At the edge, Kristen didn’t know if she was truly ready to step over, no matter

how much she wanted to. She snapped out of it when she felt Riley tugging at her dress's belt.

“What do you think you're doing?”

Riley winked. “Did you forget the skinny dipping?”

“I don't know,” she hedged.

He kept pulling on the belt until the knot came out. She held the dress closed.

“I'm going in. I'd love for you to join me, Kris. Night swimming is much more fun with a partner.”

Riley stepped back and shed his shirt. She gaped at him, longing to reach out and touch. He opened his heavy belt buckle and dropped his jeans, and then looked right at her as he peeled away the clingy black boxer-briefs, daring her to look down. Kristen could not resist. She was pleased that he was not flaccid. A girl likes to know she has an effect. He was just as thick as she'd imagined and stood out nicely, although he clearly wasn't at *full mast*. Of course she compared him to Steve. She'd only seen one other

cock in the flesh in the past ten or so years. Both men were similar, though her husband may have been a tad larger. Not that size was everything—far from it. But it did matter, and Kristen liked what she saw. The most surprising thing was that Riley was completely bald down there. She had never seen a man groomed like that. It didn't turn her off, but she had to think about it. He stood there, like he was waiting for her to do something, and then he turned and ran toward the water.

Kristen watched him retreat, filled with anxiety and desire. She wanted to follow him, of course she did, but if she accepted his invitation was she consenting to something else? Even if she wasn't—if skinny dipping was *just* skinny dipping, with a little slap and tickle to go with it—Kristen didn't know if she was ready to just throw her clothes on the sand and go bouncing into the water. All of her insecurities rose to the surface. Riley was hot and *young*. His girlfriend was super sexy. Kristen looked good in her dress, but she feared what Riley would think when the dress came off. He was used to Ambyr's hard body.

What would he think of the body—curvy as it was—of a thirtysomething mother of two—no matter how hard she worked in the gym that was still what she saw in the mirror.

She danced from foot to foot, squirming with indecision. This was once-in-a-lifetime territory, she knew it. The other couple was leaving the following night, so if she didn't indulge now, it would probably be never. She would always remember the night she stripped down and made out with a handsome stranger on a Hawaiian beach. It was no time to be practical or fearful. And for all she knew, Steve was on his way back to their room with Ambyr, while Kristen stood there dithering. *You are ridiculous*, she told herself.

Kristen held her chin high, dropped her dress onto the beach, and ran after Riley. It was a fair compromise. Her lacy black bra and panties covered almost as much as a bikini, she reasoned, but were way sexier. Her tits looked perfect in that bra, something she hoped Riley would appreciate.

She splashed into the water beside him, and

he grabbed her, spinning her around. She pulled away, avoiding the dunk, and Riley dove after her. He was undeterred by her splashes and wrapped his arms around her, spinning her off her feet and carrying her onto her back. They tumbled and wrestled in the surf, and every time she felt Riley's thick hard-on a jolt shot through her, like she'd touched a livewire. Kristen was careful not to accidentally grab him, because she was afraid she might not let go. Riley was not so circumspect. He kept filling his hands with her butt and her tits, and as they wrestled she made less and less effort to bat his hands away. They rolled in with the surf, Kristen on her back in the sucking wet sand as the water retreated from them. Riley lay on her, his cock pressed between her legs, and he kissed her as the water came sliding back in to surround them. Kristen had never felt so alive. That moment, in the moonlit surf—with a sexy, nude man on top of her—was perfect. She felt that she'd stepped inside one of her steamy erotic romances.

Riley stood, and she took both his hands to allow him to pull her to her feet. Immediately,

they were kissing again, hands roaming each other's bodies. Kristen stopped to catch her breath and pressed her forehead to his. Her heart was pounding so hard it shook her body. She tried to think clearly, logically, but it was difficult.

“We should get rinsed off,” she suggested, thinking of sand creeping into sensitive places. If she was going to give herself to him, it was not going to be on that beach.

“Your room or mine?”

Kristen just smiled and pulled away, walking back to where their clothes rested on the sand. She bent to pick up her dress, and when she stood Riley was behind her, his arms sliding around her and his hands expertly exploring her body. He teased her thick nipples through the lace of her bra and she shivered. “I can't walk off this beach in my underwear,” she sighed, reluctant to have him stop.

“There you guys are,” Ambyr called out. “I thought I saw you guys head for the beach.”

Kristen turned and saw her husband. Guilt washed over her face, an instinctive, natural

reaction. But Steve didn't look upset. He and Ambyr were hand-in-hand as they stopped in front of her and Riley.

“Steve,” she said softly.

“Skinny dipping. Fun.” His tone was neutral.

“Uh, yeah,” she replied dumbly.

“We were just thinking it was time to head back to the hotel,” Ambyr said.

“We were thinking the same thing. We need to get rinsed off,” Riley said.

“Why don't you guys go ahead and we'll catch up to you. Kris and I need a moment,” Steve said. He released Ambyr's hand and placed a possessive hand on his wife's shoulder.

Kristen nodded and wondered if he could see the panic in her eyes. Steve may have kissed Ambyr, but he had kept his clothes on.

Riley nodded knowingly. “We'll see you guys in a few minutes then.”

The younger couple walked ahead, up the beach.

“I don't know what to say, Steve. I'm so

sor...” Kristen began, hurriedly pulling on her dress. The thin material clung to her wet skin, making it difficult to get the garment to fit correctly.

“Honey, stop. You don’t have to apologize.” He put his hands on her shoulders, trying to control her trembling. “I wasn’t exactly an angel either.”

“I saw you kiss her at the bar. Did I miss anything else?”

“Maybe a little,” he admitted. “We found a quiet corner of the club, fooled around a little. I stopped things from getting too out of hand. I knew we had to talk before things went any further.”

They were walking up the beach, back towards their room, hands joined. Kristen held her dress closed against the light sea breeze, carrying her heels in the same hand. They would have to enter the hotel to get to their room—a sea wall separated the private beaches—but she figured they could get back to their room unseen.

“Did you want them to go further?” she

asked.

Steve looked at Kristen to gauge her feelings before answering. She wanted the truth. He gave it. “Yeah, I did—I do. What do want, Kris?”

“It’s more complicated than that. There’s what I want, but I don’t know if we should go down this road. It’s dangerous. You must see that.”

“I don’t think so.”

“We’d be sleeping with other people, Steve.”

“It’s sex. It’s a one-time thing. It’s just about lust. Does Riley mean anymore to you than that?”

“No! Of course not.”

“Ambyr is no threat to you, Kris. I love you. You’re my wife. You’re my soulmate. A few hours of fun could never change that.”

“How can you be sure? How do you know I’ll be enough after you’ve been with her?”

Steve stopped, took Kristen by the shoulders, and turned her to face him. “From the moment I set eyes on you—all those years ago—

it's only been you, Kris. Do I have passing crushes? Do I look around sometimes? Yeah, but that's only about me being a stupid, weak guy than it is about you. And that's what Ambyr is, a passing crush. Look in a mirror, Kris. Look at that body. You're beautiful, stunning. It will always be you."

Kristen thought she might cry. Steve never poured his heart out this way. It didn't even matter than he was trying to convince her it was okay to sleep with other people, because she knew this man, and she knew he was telling the truth. She was speechless while she blinked back tears.

"Riley isn't anything more than that to me. He's like a fantasy. None of this even seems real."

"We're in paradise. Let's just go with it and see what happens. When we go home, we'll always have this craziness to relive."

She stared at him, still on the fence. She so badly wanted to say yes. Despite her fears, she ached for Riley. Her pussy was drenched. If her husband was giving her permission to go on and have this fantasy, why was she hesitating? She had

to believe what he said about Ambyr. She had to stop seeing the little blonde as a threat. A tumble in the sheets with Ambyr could not mean more to Steve than their marriage.

Kristen looked Steve in the eyes, suddenly very serious. “Okay. Let’s do it.”

# crossing the line

They found the other couple on the beach, outside of their rooms. Steve went out to see them, but Kristen ducked into their room first. Her shower was lightning fast, just long enough to wash the sand away and rinse her hair. She fixed her lipstick and did the best she could on her eyeliner, given her trembling hands. The dress was a lost cause. Kristen pulled out a beach cover up she'd purchased earlier in the day, along with a bikini. It was loose, and only just came past her butt. It had a discrete pattern of perforations, like lace, which would have been fine with a bikini under it. She wore a little pair of white panties, but brazenly went braless. She felt so sexy, so daring—and maybe a little silly. This was not something *she* did.

Steve was sitting on a lounge with Ambyr, so Kristen sat beside Riley on the other. He was

shirtless, making her decision that much easier. A bottle of champagne was open, and she happily accepted a glass. Riley's hand went to her bare leg, like they were a longtime couple. Kristen tingled.

“Steve was just asking if we're swingers,” Ambyr said, amused.

“He always was subtle,” Kristen replied, with a nervous laugh.

“Swinging's still a thing, sure, but it just sounds so *seventies* to us. It makes me think of shag carpet and hairy bodies and key parties,” Riley said. “We're really not into labels anyway.”

“So you're not?” Steve sounded confused.

“We're...*open*. Fluid. If something feels right, if it seems fun, we do it,” Ambyr answered.

“So you've done it before?” Kristen clutched her champagne glass.

“We don't do it all the time,” Riley said, somewhat defensively.

“But if we meet cool people, and they seem open too, then why not?” Ambyr said.

“We’re cool, aren’t we, Kris?” Steve said hopefully.

Kristen nodded. “We’ve never done anything like this before,” she said.

Riley looked at her long, tanned legs and replied, “That’s a shame.”

Ambyr read Kristen well. “You don’t have to worry about me stealing your man, hon.” She kissed Steve’s cheek. “I like him, but I’m perfectly happy with my own. I’d just like to borrow yours for a while.” Her hand slid up Steve’s leg, to rest on his groin. Kristen almost laughed at the expression on her husband’s face. It was a nice tension breaker. But then Riley turned her to face him and kissed her—slowly and deeply.

“Don’t worry. We’ll be so busy, you won’t even think about what they’re doing,” Riley said seductively.

“How does this work?” Steve asked.

“If you’re asking that, I might need to change my mind,” Ambyr said. They all laughed, then she went on. “We can do it however you like.

Riley and I usually go off to separate rooms, but we don't mind playing together, if you'd prefer that. We're flexible."

Steve looked to Kristen, waiting for her to answer. She thought about before, when she saw Steve with Ambyr, and a thrill shot through her as her imagination ran wild. No doubt about it, she would love to watch. But she glanced at Riley and she suddenly realized that she might not be ready to *be* watched. She didn't know if she'd be able to cut loose with her husband in the room. She would be too worried about him. Instead of answering Steve, she looked at Riley when she answered.

"I want to be alone."

After a pregnant pause, Ambyr stood and pulled Steve to his feet. "We'll see you guys later."

Steve mouthed *I love you* to his wife as the blonde led him into his hotel suite. Kristen would be going to Riley and Ambyr's suite, it seemed. She didn't even have a moment to think. Riley kissed her, his fingers twining in her damp hair. His tongue was eager, promising other delights.

The hand on her thigh moved inward, pressing. She parted for him, and he pressed her fresh white panties into her slick mound. Kristen gasped into their kiss. His fingers were insistent and firm, bringing a ragged moan from her throat. She was embarrassed by how ready she was for him. He could have taken her right on that lounge on the beach, without another moment of foreplay. He pulled at her cover up, and she thought he might be planning just that. She stopped him.

“Let’s go inside,” she whispered.

Riley did not bother to close the sliding door behind them. It was okay, she liked the sound of the ocean. The sudden chill of the air conditioning brought her nipples hard, and they were dark peaks in her cover up. He reached for her, but she danced away. The bedroom was identical to theirs, and she crossed to the light switches. As she reached for them, Riley stopped her.

“No. I want to see you.”

Kristen froze with her hand on the switches. A low dresser ran long the wall opposite the bed, and two lamps were lit there. The bedside lights

were extinguished. She wanted it dark. Darkness was her friend. She did not think that Riley really wanted to see her—flaws and all—with the lights up. Except for a hurried afternoon quickie, she had not made love with the lights on in so long. The darkness was her security blanket.

“Kris,” he said, crossing and taking her hand off of the switches. “You are fucking sexy. You have no idea how sexy you are. I meant what I said before. I want you. I love *women*, and you, babe, are a very hot, very delicious woman. I want to experience all of you.”

Riley dropped his pants, as if making a point. His cock sprang out, almost whacking her leg. Yes, it was obvious he wanted her. And honestly, she wanted to see him. If she was going to do this, she had to be confident. She had to just let go.

Kristen pushed him back a step and pulled the cover up over her head, shaking out her short, raven hair. Her round tits jiggled with the motion, drawing his eyes. But he only spent a moment looking at them. He held her face in both hands

and kissed her. And with all the confidence she could muster, Kristen grabbed his cock. The shaft felt hot in her hand, and she felt him throb when she lightly squeezed. Just touching him made her cunt contract. She wanted to feel him inside her. She wanted to ride that thing until she passed out. He moaned into their kiss from her touch. Yes, she was ready to play. She pushed him backward onto the bed.

“Okay then,” he laughed.

“Shh,” she warned.

Kristen didn't know what she wanted to do first. Riley lay back on the bed, naked but for his tattoos. She was like a kid in a candy store, except that instead of wanting to gorge herself on chocolate and sweets, she was filled with dirty thoughts of the things she wanted to do to him.

She eyed him hungrily as she joined Riley on the bed. She loved taking in his whole body with its tattoos and piercings, but now that he was nude she was focused on just one part of his anatomy. She really studied his cock. He was big. Not huge, like down to his knee or thick as a beer

can, but he was just big. Nice and long and thick, the kind of cock that she knew was going to feel amazing inside her if he knew how to use it. Based on the screams she'd heard before, Kristen assumed he did, but if not she was willing to teach him. She almost felt guilty because she hadn't been so sexually charged in years. It wasn't that she didn't love her husband, it was just that something different was exciting.

Kneeling beside him, Kristen leaned over and kissed him, working her way down his body, determined to explore each of his tattoos with her tongue. He stroked her hair, but she took his hand and sucked his thumb between her lips, giving him visions of something else in her mouth. She teased his pierced nipples, toying with the rings with her tongue and teeth, making Riley hiss and twine his fingers in her hair to hold her in place. Her nipples were so sensitive she couldn't conceive of having something like that done, but it got him off when she played with his piercings. She traced down his abs with her tongue and fingertips.

Her hair tickled his shaft first, and he

squirmed on the bed. Her tongue followed, tracing its lines and tasting the angry flared head, which dripped with precum. Kristen stared up at him as her full lips spread around his big head. He looked stunned, and her confidence grew. *I'm going to blow his mind*, she thought. She kissed that head and lavished it with attention, her lips smacking. Riley gently nudged the back of her head, tortured. From the way he was moaning and shaking, she thought he might come right then. Kristen smiled and relented, taking him into her mouth.

Kristen had been on the fence before, but she knew right away she liked that he was shaved down there. It made sucking his cock so much easier. His smooth shaft slipped right into her mouth, and nothing tickled her nose. She could only take about half of him in her mouth, but she made sure to take care of the rest, working his shaft with her hand once she'd lathered it up with her tongue. As her lips stretched around his shaft, she considered that he might be a little larger than her husband. She couldn't wait to stretch her pussy around him, but not yet. Little blonde Ambyr was

probably a great cocksucker, and she did not want to be outdone.

“Kris...” Riley gasped, showing his approval. His fingers tightened in her hair, and he jacked his hips up at her hungry mouth. He wasn’t too aggressive, did not push too deep, so she closed her eyes and hollowed her cheeks, and let him use her mouth. His show of strength was hot.

Riley pulled her mouth from him. She wiped her wet lips on the back of her hand, embarrassed that she was literally drooling over his cock. He pulled her closer, close enough to grasp her hanging breasts and tease her dark nipples. He started gently, growing more aggressive, until Kristen cried out, pushing herself into his hands. She came closer, on her hands and knees, to give him better access. She closed her eyes and bit her lip. His hands were so different, calloused and powerful, but knowingly gentle. He seemed to instinctively know that she liked just a tiny hint of pain on her nipples. She squeezed her thighs together, compressing her mound against the buzz growing there as Riley touched her. He played

with her tits like he was fascinated by them, like he could just tease them all night. With hands like that, she might have let him.

A hand glided down her smooth belly, to her newly smooth pussy. His fingers curved inside her, two sliding up to find her g-spot. She cried out and her knees went weak.

“God...” she panted. “Ohhh...”

His fingers rhythmically explored her and she could hear how wet she was. She yearned to feel him inside her. She wanted to play with him—to enjoy him—but she *needed* him inside her. Riley sensed it too.

“You’re ready, aren’t you?” he cooed.

She nodded.

“Say it, Kris.”

“Yes,” she hissed. “*Please.*”

Riley was not ready to fuck her, though. Instead, he guided her mouth back to his cock. She greedily sucked him. She sucked him like she was starving for him, taking him deeper than before. She sucked him like she was trying to draw the

very life out of him. Kristen was going to make *him* beg to fuck *her*.

Kristen yelped into his cock when he suddenly grabbed her by the hips, easily lifting and pulling her on top of him. His strength was so impressive. With a quick yank he tore her panties away from her cunt and pulled it down to his face. She was drenched and he was slurping the moment his mouth touched her. He peeled her open with his thumbs and worked his tongue inside her. Kristen pulled her mouth off of him and whimpered, gasping for air. She had never been particularly good at the '69' because it was so hard to concentrate on what she was doing when someone was licking her pussy.

“Mmm...yes...Riley,” she moaned and then stuffed his cock back into her mouth. His oral ministrations felt great, but he didn't hit the spot the way Steve could so perfectly, and she thought that Ambyr was in for a special treat tonight. It was funny how her husband kept popping into her mind in the strangest moments. Kristen could only imagine what he was doing with Ambyr. She

turned her attention back to Riley and bobbed up and down on his cock, her tongue working its magic, but his tongue was finally in just the right spot on her clit, and her climax consumed her.

Kristen moaned his name, but then wordless gasps and breathy cries took over as the orgasm lifted her to heaven for an all-too-brief moment of bliss. She flowed copiously into his mouth, and Riley licked and drank it all, his tongue seemingly intent on making her come forever. He only stopped when she was finally too sensitive and rolled off of him.

“You are so crazy sexy,” Riley cooed, rolling onto his side and kissing her thigh while lightly caressing her here, there and everywhere. It was a nice tender touch, but it was keeping her revved up.

“So are you. This has all been unbelievable. I can’t believe we’re doing this.” Her tits heaved with her deep, blissful breaths.

“It’s not over yet. Not by a long shot.”

Kristen smiled. “I hope not.”

At first, she just laid back and let him touch and kiss her, but his cock was right by her head and after a while she couldn't help herself so she started stroking his cock and it didn't take long before he was fully hard again. He was kissing over her belly, taking his time and she wanted to grab him by the hair and drag him higher. She did not want his attention focused there, but it was like he was going out of his way to prove how sexy she was.

Riley kept turning as he worshipped her body and her big breasts spilled from his hands when he tried to capture them. He teasingly kissed them everywhere, except for her nipples. She groaned in frustration when he came close, but then just circled them with the tip of his tongue. She tried pulling him where she wanted him to go, but he resisted.

“Eager, aren't we?” He grinned.

“There's only so much teasing a girl can take,” she moaned.

“Then I'd better give you what you want.”

He flicked a thick dark nipple with his

tongue.

“Ohh...”

“Is this what you wanted?”

He did it again and Kristen shivered and whimpered.

“You’re so quiet, Kris. Let go, tell me what you want, babe,” he chided.

“God, stop teasing me, Riley!” she commanded. It felt good. She needed to cut loose, it had been so long. She didn’t care who heard her tonight. Kristen *wanted* to be heard.

“That’s it, girl.”

“I’m not a girl,” she warned, with a smile.

Riley scooted up, looked her right in the eyes, and said, “Okay, Mrs. Spencer. I am going to fuck you crazy tonight.”

“*Please!*” Kristen begged. It was so dirty to be called Mrs. Spencer. She loved it!

Riley took as much of her breast as he could in his mouth and sucked as hard as he could, slowly letting it slip away until he just had her nipple. Kristen shrieked and dug her nails into

him, which only made him suck harder. He nipped with his teeth and she saw stars. It was right on that edge between pleasure and pain and it drove Kristen out of her mind. He went back and forth on her tits, leaving her gasping and whimpering, almost begging for more. Riley's fingers went inside her again too, and she worked her hips to match his rhythm, showing him she needed him inside her.

Kristen was coming again before she even knew it, and while she was seeing stars, Riley pulled away her ruined panties and lifted her ass into the air. It was not an angle she wanted Riley to be seeing her from—she wanted to feel his weight on top of her, or ride him—but when he started playing with her cunt again she forgot all about that. He kept teasing her until again she was ready to beg him to just stick it in. She was beginning to understand how he got Ambyr to scream so much.

“Oh God, just do it,” she moaned.

“Do what?” he asked innocently.

Kristen knew what he wanted to hear. He

wanted her inner animal to come out. He did not want to *make love* to the woman who was timid because she was exhausted and the kids were down the hall. He didn't want to get off and roll over. He wanted to fuck the sexy, curvy woman who'd shed her clothes and followed him into the waves. Riley wanted her to get dirty.

“Fuck me. Just fuck me already!” Kristen demanded.

Riley spread her open and shoved inside her in one hard, violent thrust that took her breath away. He paused for a moment, but she didn't. She churned her ass and cunt in a tight circle, working him inside her pussy. He felt so much bigger than she'd anticipated from behind. She was so completely filled. He took her breath away. He kneaded both ass cheeks roughly and seemed content to just let her work his cock inside her. At least he was for a couple of minutes, then he started fucking her with long, slow strokes that jolted her forward every time he slammed home. His heavy balls bounced against the backs of her thighs and Kristen hung her head forward, burying

her face in the pillows while she enjoyed his big, strong cock. He reached beneath her, grabbing her hanging tits and pulling on her nipples as he fucked her faster and faster. She grunted and pushed back, rising up on her elbows.

“Yesss...yesss!” she cried.

“Fuck you feel good! Tell me you want it, girl...”

“Not a...”

“Tell me, *Mrs. Spencer...*”

“Fuck me! Fuck me, Riley!” she demanded.

“Yeah! Fuck you’re hot, *Mrs. Spencer...*”

“Fuck...me...fuck my married pussy...” She had no idea where those filthy words came from. They just rose to her tongue. She was acting like a whore, enjoying being a whore for the first time in so long—she wanted to be treated like one. That was what she wanted from Riley.

“Oh fuck yeah, Kris! You love that fucking cock...”

“Yes! Yes! Fuck my married pussy. Fuck me HARD!” she cried.

It was like Kristen had become another woman. She didn't know who she was in that moment, but she loved every second of it. She loved being this whore who fucked other men. Riley had her hair in his hand, pulling back on her head. She cried out and slammed herself back into him. His cock rooting so deep inside her.

“Ahhhh! Fuck me! Oh God!” Kristen cried. He kept mashing a breast in one hand, but he grabbed her hair with the other, jerking her head back and turning her face so she had to look at him.

“I'm gonna fuck you all night, Kris, you little slut!”

“Yes!”

Riley pulled out and his wet cock slapped her jiggling ass. He climbed off the bed, walking around to the foot and offered her his hand. Instead she pulled him closer and sucked him into her mouth. His eyes rolled up in his head. She blew his mind, and she loved it. The whore was in charge. She sucked him hard and fast, nearly choking, and only reluctantly coming up for air.

Now he did pull her off the bed. Kristen was intrigued.

Riley sat her on the end of the long dresser and reached over to pull the bathroom door closed. Beside the lamps, her body was perfectly illuminated, but she did not cover up. Kirsten the whore didn't do that. He directed her to look to the side, and with the bathroom door closed, she found she could watch in the full-length mirror mounted on the wall. Riley and Ambyr had probably discovered that the first night they were there, while she and Steve were busy sleeping. Kristen didn't know if her newfound confidence extended to watching in a mirror, but then she heard Ambyr cry through the wall.

“Fuck, Steve! Fuck that pussy! Fucking fuck me, Steve!” Ambyr cried in the night.

While Kristen's eyes were still widened—she was proud of her stud husband—Riley took her again, hoisting her legs over his forearms and driving his cock inside her.

He drilled into her with powerful strokes and she couldn't help herself, she had to look at the

mirror. She thought she would be horrified, but watching their fucking was hot. Her tits looked hot as they bounced, and Riley was so very strong when he thrust forward. Seeing his muscles work made her swoon. It was far better than watching some cheesy porn movie, and she really got into it, leaning back against the wall so she could see even more. He lifted her right leg and put it up over his shoulder. It not only made his cock hit her in just the right spot, she could also see his prick sliding in and out of her. *Oh my God!* It was perfect!

“Riley!” she screamed as she came once again. She lost count of how many times she’d come. He seemed to be able to make her climax at will. Kristen kept moaning and screaming as the orgasm tore through her and he just kept slamming away inside her. He was like a machine. She pictured him fucking her all night until she passed out from bliss. It seemed perfect. But he was mortal after all.

“I’m there, Kris! You’re making me come!”

Kristen clung to him, arms and legs wrapped

around him, and then reality hit her. She had not fucked another man in so long that she had not even given it a thought. Steve was snipped. There was no need for her to be on birth control. She had not even thought about a condom.

“You have to pull out,” she gasped. “Please, baby!”

Riley did as she demanded, and just in time. He grabbed his shaft and jacked it, his thick load blasting all over her tits and stomach. Kristen watched in the mirror as jet after jet of his thick goo covered her breasts. It was so wrong! She was a soccer mom, for chrissakes! But she was behaving like a wanton whore! And God, it was hot! She thought he was going to come forever, and she was well and truly covered when he finished. It was impressive that he came so much, considering how much sex he was getting.

“You are incredible, Kris. You need to let go more often,” he said, leaning in and kissing her.

“You’re not too bad yourself,” she answered. “Now take me back to bed. I’m ready for round two.”



# the day after

Kristen awoke with a smile. She was sore, but had not been so satisfied in eons. For a confusing moment, she thought she was back in her college days and coming off one of those marathon sex sessions that last all day and night. But the sound of the ocean coming through the patio door was her first clue that this was not her cramped college apartment. And then she opened her eyes, and that was not Steve in bed with her. *That's right, she thought wryly, we became swingers last night.*

Surprisingly, there was no regret or fear. Her biggest worry had been that they would wake up realizing they'd made a terrible mistake and ruined things forever. She could not speak for Steve, who was probably still in the other room, but Kristen woke feeling wonderful and at peace. She was even proud. The previous night's events ran

through her head and she could not believe the things she'd done. Even Riley had been surprised, and she would have thought he'd seen it all. When they were finally finished, he couldn't stop praising her.

Riley looked sexy laying there, out cold, and she knew it would be fun to peel back the sheets and wake him with her mouth, but she was eager to get back to her husband and see how his night went. She climbed out of bed, the late morning sun streaming over her naked glory, and skipped to the bathroom for a hot shower. It didn't feel appropriate to return to her husband from another man's bed without cleaning up first.

Her ruined panties were not salvageable, so she took them from the floor and tossed them in the waste bin. It felt so decadent to wiggle into the revealing cover up with nothing underneath it—even if she was only going from room to room. She gave the slumbering Riley a kiss on the cheek and slipped out the patio door, hoping that Steve and Ambyr had left the corresponding door to their bedroom open as well.

It was a gorgeous morning on the beach, and for a crazy moment Kristen considered tossing off the cover up and running full tilt into the ocean wearing nothing but a smile. She was different after her night with Riley. No longer was she the woman who was too shy or insecure to go skinny dipping in the moonlight with a handsome stranger.

The door to the other bedroom was indeed open, but she paused outside at the sounds that came from that room. Obviously, Ambyr and Steve were both awake, and they'd decided to pick up where they'd left off the night before. Kristen chided herself for not taking advantage of Riley when she woke, but instead of returning to him she stood outside the screen door and listened to the other couple. The pretty blonde's breathy moans floated out to Kristen, and as she pictured what her husband was doing to Ambyr, her body reacted. The tingling began between her legs, and quickly spread. Kristen was starting to feel like she was becoming some sort of nymph—easily turned on at the drop of a hat. She listened, and her hand

rested on her thigh, just below the short hem of the cover up.

“Ohhh...don’t stop...that’s amazing, baby... god...” Ambyr moaned from the bedroom. The sounds of bodies shifting on the bed followed, but Kristen did not hear her husband.

Kristen couldn’t help herself. Just listening was not enough. She edged past the doorframe and looked into the room. Steve was on his stomach on the bed, and she saw Ambyr’s feet dancing on the mattress. It was obvious what they were doing, but knowing still wasn’t enough. She had to see. Kristen prayed she wouldn’t be noticed and turned until she was almost totally exposed in the doorway. Steve could not see from his position, and fortunately Ambyr was too consumed by the tongue torturing her to notice Kristen.

“Yes! Yes! Right there! Oh god, baby!” the blonde cried.

The scene was incredible. Ambyr was writhing on her back, one hand gripping the sheets tightly, while the other held Steve’s head in place. Kristen knew from experience there was no need

to hold him there. Steve would lick Ambyr all day if allowed. Ambyr's heels dug into the soft mattress. Her hips pushed up, twisting like she was trying to force him to stay in one place. Steve did love to tease, and he would make Ambyr earn that orgasm if he could get away with it. She would be begging before she came, and he would love every second of it.

Watching the makeshift couple was enthralling. They were not a true couple—Steve was still Kristen's—but they were acting like one. Ambyr treated Steve like he belonged to her, and strangely, Kristen felt no jealousy at all. It wasn't like Kristen didn't feel strange. Her whole core tensed, and her stomach seemed to contract into a tight little ball. She had never felt so anxious. But it wasn't jealousy that churned inside her. Jealousy was expected, but it wasn't there. No, she was taut like a wire because the whole scene was just so very, very wrong. Everything they were doing was so wrong. A married woman should not be fucking a sexy younger man, and she certainly should not be watching her husband go down on a pretty

blonde. But she was, and god help her, it was hot! It effected Kristen in a deep, carnal way. A flame was kindled inside her that she didn't even know was there.

And Ambyr was pretty. Ambyr's bikini had not left much to the imagination, but seeing her nude was something different, and the girl's toned body was beautiful. Kristen found she was responding to Ambyr in ways she did not expect. The lines of the little blonde's body were sexy, from her pale pink nipples pointing to the ceiling to her tight belly to the arches of her pretty feet. Kristen did not think of other women sexually, but it was hard to see Ambyr any other way while watching her like that.

“Make me come! Make me come!” Ambyr demanded, her head thrown all the way back on the pillow. Her eyes were squeezed shut and her mouth hung open as her cries grew in intensity.

Kristen had inched her cover up aside and was touching herself. It was an instinctive action—without thought. Her pussy was already dripping when she touched it, and her clit slippery.

Her fingers described a tight circle over her clit, and she leaned against the doorframe for support as her knees went weak. She wanted to be in Ambyr's place—to feel her husband's amazing tongue—but she loved watching. She wanted Steve to make the blonde come because she wanted to see him fuck her. It came as a shock, but she very much wanted to watch her husband fuck his new friend.

“Oh fuck yes!” Ambyr cried, looking down at Steve and quaking as she climaxed.

Kristen was so lost in watching her husband slurp away at Ambyr that she didn't notice the girl was staring at her. Ambyr watched Kristen masturbating as she came, and a smile crept over her face. Steve's mouth stayed busy, so he had no idea his wife was watching, or that Ambyr invited Kristen to join them with a crooked finger. Kristen froze in the doorway, unable to move, but then—as if hypnotized—she walked toward the bed. She pulled off the cover up and dropped it onto the floor before kneeling on the mattress beside Ambyr. The blonde reached for her and pulled her

into a kiss.

Kissing a woman was not what she expected. When she'd read about it in dirty stories it was always described as being so different from kissing a man, from the soft lips to the gentleness. Ambyr had soft, wonderful lips, but the kiss was not gentle. In its own way, the kiss was even more aggressive than Riley's had been. Ambyr kissed Kristen like she wanted to devour her. It was like the blonde was just getting started. Ambyr moaned through their kiss, even as her tongue sought out Kristen's. The kiss dizzying, and Kristen put a hand onto the bed for support, while she stroked Ambyr's soft blonde hair with the other.

Ambyr touched her, first cupping her big, hanging tits, and then tickling her nipples with long fingernails. That was not something she'd ever experienced from a man. It was electrifying. With her teasing nails and lightly pinching fingers, Ambyr drove Kristen crazy. The bolt of pleasure shot straight to her cunt, and Kristen felt like she was going to collapse. She tore her mouth from Ambyr's, and that was when she saw her husband

watching. Steve looked amazed.

“There’s room for one more, isn’t there?” Ambyr asked.

Steve grinned. “There’s always room for Kris.”

Ambyr pulled Kristen down, so that she was on her back in the middle of the bed. She brushed her long hair back and resumed kissing Kristen, hands roving over her body. Steve had moved to her other side, and was touching her as well. Two sets of hands exploring her body was mind-blowing. Kristen felt like she’d stepped into an alternate universe, where she was some kind of queen with servants whose sole purpose was to pleasure her. Her husband’s knowing hands brought her excitement easily, while Ambyr eagerly explored her curves before dipping slender fingers between her dewy lips and plucking at her clit.

“Oh god!” Kristen cried, using her newfound voice. “Oh god, yes!”

Ambyr played with her clit like an expert, using her nails to tease and make Kristen scream.

Both lovers worshipped her tits, sucking those tender nipples. Kristen arched off the bed, reaching for her lovers. She wrapped a hand around Steve's surging cock, while her other pressed between Ambyr's legs to find her bald mound. She rubbed the blonde's smooth lips and the girl started, but she didn't stop teasing Kristen.

"I...I...I..." Kristen was suddenly speechless as she climaxed more quickly than she ever had in her entire life. The sensations were overwhelming, and her screams must have awakened the entire floor of the resort. Surely Riley heard, but he did not join them.

Steve moved up to kiss his wife, while Ambyr slid lower. Kristen looked up at him helplessly, controlled by the sensations rocking her body. He mouthed *I love you*, and when they kissed she tasted Ambyr's pussy. It was hot, and she kissed him hard, wanting more. She felt so decadent, so slutty.

Ambyr spread her lips and when she kissed Kristen's pussy, the married mother of two was launched to another level. Every time Kristen

thought she couldn't come harder she was proved wrong. Steve stared down at her, like he was memorizing her every reaction to Ambyr licking her. Kristen's eyes were wide and her mouth opened and closed wordlessly, breathy moans being the only sounds she could make. Her big tits heaved as she gasped and moaned, and Steve pulled on her nipples, making Kristen scream. And then he stifled those screams.

Kristen opened wide when Steve stuffed his cock into her mouth. She stared up at him and sucked as hard as she could, wanting so bad to please him. She gagged as she couldn't breathe, moan, and suck at the same time, but Steve kept feeding her his cock, and she had to relax. He held her head and slowly fucked his shaft in and out of her hungry mouth, doing the work for her. All Kristen had to do was suck, but even that was difficult when Ambyr was sucking on her clit. Steve had to pull out—dripping onto her cheek—when she began to choke as she screamed through another orgasm. Kristen pushed them both away. She couldn't take anymore—not without a break.

“Please...please...” she begged, as Ambyr idly played with her cunt. It kept Kristen’s fires stoked, even as the brunette begged for mercy.

“You’re so hot, Kris. My god,” Steve praised. “So incredible.”

“God, honey, this is so insane,” she managed, reaching to stroke his cock, which still hovered by her face.

“You are the hottest fucking couple we have ever met. Riley’s going to be pissed he slept through this,” Ambyr said, sliding up along beside Kristen again. She continued to stroke Kristen’s cunt.

Ambyr leaned across Kristen and sucked Steve into her mouth. Just inches away, Kristen watched the blonde’s cheeks hollow as she swallowed that prick. Now she was jealous—but only because she wanted to suck him too. Ambyr pulled back after a moment, and kissed Kristen. While the women kissed, Kristen felt something poking her cheek. Steve was trying to force his way in.

“I’m feeling left out, ladies,” he said.

Ambyr gave Kristen a serious look. “What should we do about this?”

“We could give him a little kiss, I guess.” Kristen laughed.

Steve’s cock slid between their lips, with both women kissing his shaft at once. Kristen cupped his balls, and Ambyr sucked them, using a move Kristen was determined to remember. She sucked him into her mouth while Ambyr sucked his balls, but then they kissed each other while licking the head, and Ambyr sucked him. Kristen saw Steve was shaking and credited the pretty blonde with giving her husband a good draining, because otherwise he would surely be coming all over them. The women kissed again, while the cock rubbed against their cheeks.

“I want a favor,” Kristen told Ambyr, between heavy breaths.

“Mmm, anything.” Ambyr licked her lips.

“I want you to fuck my husband.”

Ambyr kissed Kristen, slowly and deeply. “My pleasure, Mrs. Spencer.”

The women threw Steve onto his back and Ambyr straddled him. She waited for Kristen to grab his cock. The brunette felt so depraved holding her husband's cock and slipping it inside another woman. Ambyr was soaked and he slid right in. Ambyr sat upright on his shaft and slowly bounced on it, showing her incredible core strength.

“Mmm, just as good as I remember,” Ambyr cooed. “You're so lucky, Kris.”

Kristen sat back on her heels and watched, amazed by how the petite blonde worked her body. “He is good at that. I've got to give it to him.”

“Oh shit,” Steve groaned, closing his eyes. He almost looked like he was in pain.

“What's she doing, honey?” Kristen asked.

“She's squeezing it...like a fucking fist...shit...”

“Don't ruin him, now,” Kristen joked. It was a trick she used too, but Ambyr's body was perfectly tuned. She could well imagine how

Ambyr was taunting Steve with her cunt.

“I’m just having fun. Come here, Kris.”

Kristen sat up and the women kissed while Ambyr rode Steve. She was sure her husband appreciated the visual. She played with Ambyr’s small tits, pinching her tiny nipples until the blonde shrieked.

“Ohhh, you both know what you’re doing. I want to keep you,” Ambyr panted, riding Steve harder.

“I think we may want to keep you and Riley too.”

Ambyr laughed. “I’m sure Riley would love that. He is so into you.”

Ambyr sat back, with her hands on Steve’s legs, and really started working his cock. Kristen loved watching her body move. Ambyr was so incredibly sexy. She could only imagine what it would be like to have a threesome with her and Riley. Would Steve just sit back and watch? She doubted it, but then, the more the merrier it seemed. When Ambyr took one of her hands and

moved it down, Kristen rubbed the blonde's clit, which only made her fuck Steve harder.

“Yeah...yeah...yeah...fuck me...yeah...” Ambyr panted.

Kristen gritted her teeth and found her inner slut again. She rubbed her own clit, while she rubbed Ambyr's. “Come on my husband's dick. Make my husband come!”

“Ooo...so nasty, Kris! I fucking love it! Make me come, nasty girl!” Ambyr cried.

It was hard to stay on her clit with the blonde bouncing, but it seemed to be enough. Ambyr screamed that she was coming and jammed down on Steve's cock. He held her narrow hips and pounded up into her, but Ambyr flipped right off of him. She was still shaking when she grabbed Kristen and forced her mouth down on that hard cock. Kristen could hardly believe it, and she gagged as she had no time to adjust. Ambyr was relentless, forcing Kristen down on Steve.

“Suck it, dirty girl! Taste my pussy! Make him come!”

That only lasted for a few moments before Steve finally had enough and Kristen was choking on his load. He came into the back of her throat, then her mouth, and finally across her lips as she pulled back so she could breathe. Breath caught, she licked the cum from her lips and sucked him back into her mouth. Once she was sure he was drained, Kristen spun and kissed Ambyr hard. She wanted the blonde to taste him. Ambyr returned the kiss wantonly.

“You guys are *fun!* We should have done this in the same room,” Ambyr enthused. “Maybe tonight?”

Kristen laughed, her head already filling with the possibilities.

Steve was gassed, but he found his voice. “Give us some time to talk about it. Kris and I need to reconnect first.”

“Of course you guys should. You know where to find us. And my number’s in your phone.”

Ambyr kissed them both, grabbed her clothes, and skipped out of the bedroom naked as

the day she was born. Steve and Kristen were left to just stare at each other. So many things swirled through Kristen's head, but where to begin? Steve finally broke the ice.

“You didn't get enough last night?” he joked.

“You know I can never get enough. Your wife is insatiable.” She cuddled up beside him, his arm went around her.

“I've always loved it when your inner slut came out. It's been too long.”

“I don't think she's going back into hiding any time soon.”

It was true. Kristen felt like something inside her had fundamentally changed. She was not the same woman who came to Hawaii. That woman had lost her groove. That woman had no confidence. That woman felt the passion slipping away from her marriage, but felt powerless to stop it. She hid her body under loose layers, even though she busted her butt at the gym because she was still comparing herself to a twenty-year-old college athlete. No more. Seeing herself through

Riley and Ambyr's eyes, Kristen realized she was a hot momma. She was a sexy, fun, flirty MILF. Sure, Steve had tried to tell her how sexy she was, but it wasn't the same coming from her husband. He had to say those things. And besides, his actions hadn't backed up his words in years. Riley made her *feel* like the hot woman he said she was. He reawakened the woman who would confidently stride into a bar and flirt shamelessly all night, while deciding if the guy would get lucky. The passionate woman inside her was also reawakened. Kristen had lost touch with the sexual, sensual woman with the insatiable desires—the woman who would go all night and then demand her lover make her climax again before he left in the morning. She was once again ready to demand what she wanted—what she *needed*. She hoped Steve was ready.

“Yeah?” Steve asked eagerly.

“I feel like something has been reignited inside me, and I am not going to let it go out again.”

“I can see it, Kris. There's something in your

eyes I haven't seen in years. I think maybe we started taking each other for granted, but seeing the way you were last night and this morning, it reminds me of why I fell so hard in the first place.”

Kristen grasped his cock and stroked it. “We’re not going to let it happen again. We’re lucky we got a wakeup call.”

“After all this, don’t worry, I’m seeing you with different eyes.” Steve saw her concerned look and went on. “No, it’s not a bad thing. It’s a good thing. I see the woman you are, and I know I have to make sure I appreciate that.”

“I think I was taking you for granted too, honey. I mean, seeing how Ambyr went after you, seeing the way you were with her...”

Steve grinned. “I was pretty good, wasn’t I? You probably didn’t think I still had it in me, did you?”

“I’ll admit, I’ve wondered sometimes.”

“I think we both needed to break out of our routines. We found what we were looking for on

this trip, even if it wasn't how we expected."

"I never saw any of this coming," Kristen agreed.

"So are we swingers now?"

"We had an experience. I think to be swingers we probably need to do it more than once."

"I definitely did it more than once."

"Haha," Kristen said. "You know what I mean."

"So if we see them again tonight are we swingers?"

"Do we want to do it again?"

"It was pretty damn incredible. It would be fun. Do you have Riley out of your system?"

Kristen thought before answering. "Oh, I could still have a lot of fun with him, but right now you're the only one on my mind."

Steve smiled. "Good. Let's just see where the day takes us."

# afterward

The day never took them out of the room. They showered together and then ordered breakfast to the room when they realized they were famished. Neither of them dressed for the day. Kristen answered the door for room service with a tiny towel wrapped around her, and may have let it slip once or twice, much to the delight of the bellhop. After eating, they were right back at it, just like those early days of their relationship.

They didn't even come up for air long enough to see Riley and Ambyr again. They were too consumed with each other. They talked about the other couple, and relived their nights for each other, in every sexy little detail. Steve couldn't get enough of hearing how Riley took his wife. Takes of her husband's sexual prowess with the pretty blonde made Kristen ache for him with an intensity she'd never felt before. The couple saw

much less of Hawaii than they'd planned over the course of their vacation, but were intimately familiar with their room. Even on the way to the airport they couldn't keep their hands off of each other, and the thought of having to abstain for the long flight was torturous. As inappropriate as it was, Kristen strongly considered joining the mile-high club.

“What are you doing?” Steve asked, stiffening in his seat.

“What does it feel like I'm doing?” She smiled playfully.

They were about halfway through the flight home, and Kristen just couldn't resist any longer. She could not go another five or six hours without touching Steve, or coaxing him to touch her. She rubbed him through his shorts and felt him quickly coming to life.

The looks she'd been receiving all day had not helped her keep cool. At Riley's urging, she had chosen to start dressing more provocatively—at least on vacation—and it was noticed. Steve was the most thankful. He could not stop

commenting on how hot she looked. They never got out of their room when she donned her bikini. But Steve wasn't the only one who noticed, and as Kristen found herself attracting the attention of men around her, she found she liked it. It had been so long, she had forgotten how good it felt to feel sexy. She had chosen a light, white cotton dress for the trip home. It was not too short, but it showed a lot of leg, and it was so low cut that her lacy bra showed if she moved wrong. She was not careful in moving.

“You really have changed,” he teased, settling back in his seat. He'd worn loose, comfortable shorts for the long flight, making her job easier.

“Most husbands wouldn't complain about this.”

Kristen spoke in hushed tones. It was late into the evening, based on Hawaii time, and the lights in the plane were dim. A blanket was draped over their laps, ostensibly against the chilly air conditioning, and it made a good cover for her naughty intentions. The plane was close to

capacity, but they were lucky enough to have a row of three seats to themselves. Steve sat by the window and she was cuddled next to him.

“Oh, I’m not complaining. I’m enjoying this turn in our marriage.”

“Good man.”

She pushed her hand inside his shorts and boxers, and a thrill surged through her when she grasped his thickening shaft. Their overhead lights were dimmed, but Steve still glanced to her shadowy cleavage while she stroked him. His constant interest in her body was such an aphrodisiac. Feeling wanted only made her hornier. She stroked his cock slowly and deliberately. They still had quite a way to go, so she could take her time playing with him.

Steve was not passive. He had been as insatiable as his wife. His stamina was impressive for a man who’d just turned forty. It was like the clock had been turned back twenty years. Kristen thought they’d discovered something much better than Viagra. His hand crept onto her bare thigh and nudged up under the hem of her dress. She

adjusted in her seat, parting her thighs, and her breath caught in anticipation as his fingers travelled up her warm, tanned thigh. He found a surprise when he reached her apex. Kristen was not wearing panties. She felt crazy leaving them off—even now—but in the back of her mind she hoped something like this might happen. He glanced at her, eyebrows going up in surprise. She tried to say something, but his fingertips grazed her dew lips and she softly sighed. Her bottom lip quivered as he explored her more deeply. She had let go the years of training to be quiet, but on the darkened airplane she had to quickly remember them.

The fingers massaging her pussy were so distracting. Kristen tried to focus on stroking her husband, but as the intensity between her legs continued to build, her hand was stilled on his prick, working more of a squeezing, milking motion. She closed her eyes and tried to still her breathing to control her reaction, but Steve's eyes were wide open. The view of Kristen's tits, heaving as she breathed so deeply, was enticing.

Her subtle moves on his cock would be enough to get him off, especially if he got to watch her climax. He'd always loved watching her come.

Kristen gripped her armrest, subtly moving her hips to the rhythm of those wonderful, filling fingers. She bit her lip, hung her head forward, but she still whimpered as her orgasm built and built. It was so hot to play like that, with all the other passenger's around them. The danger of being caught added extra spice, but really being caught would have been mortifying. She froze when a flight attendant walked past.

"Maybe we should sneak into the bathroom," she gasped, forcing the words out. Steve listened, but did not stop playing with her cunt. The heel of his hand mashed into her clit, while his fingers moved inside her.

Steve chuckled. "I don't think we'd both fit, Kris. I'm not sure I'm that limber anymore."

"What if we get caught?"

"You started this. Do you want me to stop?"

"No," she replied quickly, almost too loudly.

Her words were followed by a cry when he added pressure to her clit. A woman on the other side of the aisle looked over, smiled, and looked away.

Kristen tried to pull herself together. She refocused on the warm flesh filling her hand. She stroked that cock faster, her fist making an obvious bouncing lump under the blanket. The closer she got to her own orgasm, the harder she jerked off her husband. It might have been too rough, but he was not complaining. His heavy breathing and hissing moans signaled he was getting close to coming as well.

Steve moved his main attention from fingering her to playing with her clit, and it was like turning on the nitro. Kristen just barely managed to suppress her cry, sucking in a deep breath and holding it. She didn't realize her orgasm was so close, but almost as soon as he stroked her clit, she was coming. It came as a quick detonation in her pussy—hot as a furnace—then the shockwave exploded through her, and for a dizzying moment she was lost in that orgasm, wrapped in its warmth, the plane around her

dropping away.

Reality came filtering back in, and she glanced around furtively, unsure if she had become too loud while coming, but there was no undue attention. She slumped back into her seat with a smile and pushed the hand out of her lap. She had what she needed for a moment. But there was still a job to do. Kristen leaned over and looked up and down the aisle. No one was coming, so she winked at her husband and ducked under the blanket.

The thick meat filled her mouth and Kristen hollowed her cheeks as she sucked it, sealing her hot, wet mouth around it. This was going to have to be quick, and hopefully Steve was close enough that it would be. Her crazy, dirty behavior should be enough on its own, she thought. She didn't think any of their friends were giving blowjobs on airplanes. She bobbed as quickly as she dared, and his hand landed on the back of her head—on top of the blanket—urging her to take him deeper. Almost as soon as his head touched the back of her throat, he began trembling and he gasped her name

moments before he blasted into the back of her throat. She coughed and choked, but then got down to swallowing every bit. They had been fucking so much that Steve's loads were very easy to swallow at that point. Kristen sucked until she was sure she had it all, and then pulled out from under the blanket.

Kristen sat back and smiled as she licked her lips. She adjusted the neckline of her dress, as she was spilling out of it. It was fun to *almost* flash people, but she might get in trouble with the flight attendants if her tits were actually hanging out. Overall, she was quite pleased with herself. It was fun to just go for it, instead of always worrying about appearances. She sipped from a bottle of water.

“You realize that when we get home we're going to have to go more than an hour or two without fucking,” Steve said, leaning in and kissing her cheek.

“So you say.”

“What about when I'm at work?”

Kristen just smiled.

“Oh? So we’re going to be doing *that* when we go home?”

“I don’t know.” It was more of a serious answer than she’d intended. Through everything they’d done on their vacation there had never been any real discussion of what happened when they returned home. “I know I don’t want to go back to *normal*. Normal had become boring. Stale.”

Steve squeezed her hand. “I know what you mean. I don’t think we could just go back to that. And shame on us if we could. But we never talk about what we did—not really.”

“I’m okay with it.” She was really much more than just okay with it.

“I am, too. I don’t regret anything. But was that just all a crazy vacation adventure, or is it something we want to do again...”

Steve let it hang out there, clearly wanting to hear her reaction before sharing his thoughts. Kristen thought about the stereotype of swingers, and she was not ready for that. And it wasn’t anything she felt she needed, but if the opportunity

arose again, Kristen wouldn't say no to the right couple. Playing with Ambyr had been fun, and it would be wild to explore it even further.

“I'm open, let me put it that way. I don't think we need to be joining any websites or hitting on our friends—not right now—but if we found ourselves in the right place at the right time, I think it would be fun to see what happens,” Kristen finally answered.

“Yeah. It was hot and sexy and wow, but I don't want you to ever feel like you're not enough for me, Kris.” He laughed. “I'm actually starting to think you might even be more than I can handle!”

She leaned her head on his shoulder. “Then maybe you will end up bringing reinforcements in.”

“That could be fun. It would be nice to see you next time, rather than just hear you through the wall.”

“We'll see,” she replied.

Kristen closed her eyes, ready for a nap.

There had not been much sleeping over the past few days. As she drifted off, she could feel it in her bones. They weren't just talking about possibilities. Vacation was not the end of their adventures. Kristen was sure that sometime down the line, maybe sooner than later, they would be ready for another exciting encounter. It was a shame that Riley and Ambyr lived so far away, but she knew there were lots of fun, sexy people nearby that were down for a good time. It was all about finding the right ones. And *that* would be its own fun adventure!

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# about the author

Kirsten McCurran is the nom de plume of an average thirtysomething woman with a dirty mind and the drive to share her vivid fantasies. She is especially interested in tales of women like her, who are tempted by the forbidden and give in—only to discover the complications that can cause. Like many of her characters, Kirsten lives in the ‘burbs and has a loving husband and a couple of children, so she understands how difficult it might be for one of her characters to balance a real life with her erotic adventures. Her neighbors may be scandalized to discover what is going on in her head, but Kirsten’s husband fully approves, and even lends a hand in the creative process where he can.

Kirsten has written over 30 ebooks, all of which can be found on Amazon. Some are available in other formats on BN.com and

Smashwords. She loves to hear from her fans and can be reached on Twitter [@kirstenmccurran](https://twitter.com/kirstenmccurran) or by email at [kmccurran@gmail.com](mailto:kmccurran@gmail.com). Checkout Kirsten's blog and all of her books at her website, [kirstenmccurran.com](http://kirstenmccurran.com).