

A woman is shown from the back, wearing a white wide-brimmed sun hat and a black halter-neck bikini top. Her bottom is a teal and white horizontally striped bikini bottom. She is standing on a sandy beach with her right hand on her hip, looking out at a vast blue ocean under a clear blue sky with a few wispy clouds.

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Written by Alex Skylar.

It had been over a week since my girlfriend Lauren had dumped me, and it still weighed heavy on my heart. Most days I could manage my feelings, but every now and then, the grief would overcome me and send me into an emotional spiral.

I was coming home from work one Monday when my mind began to swirl. Lauren and I were supposed to go on a vacation at this end of the week. I had booked a flight to the island of St. Lucia, where we would spend several days at a beautiful seaside resort. It was my birthday weekend, the big forty, and I wanted a fun way to celebrate it.

I couldn't fault her for breaking up with me, though. I had become obsessed with the fantasy of watching her with another man, to the point that I was actively trying to find the right time and place to make it happen. She was a very simple woman though, and in the end, my obsession drove her away.

As I walked up the stairs toward my second floor apartment, those thoughts began to build in my mind, creating a sense of dread. When I got to my front door and tried to put the key in, my hands were shaking. My vision blurred as tears welled up in the corner of my eyes. Then the keys slipped out of my hand and fell to the floor, and that was the last straw.

I broke down in tears in the hallway. All of my emotions came flooding out until I forgot where I was. I placed my hands on the door and let them come. Just as I was pulling myself together, my face still streaked with tears, I heard the door behind me open. The door of the really cute neighbor.

I turned around and glanced behind me, trying to hide my face so she wouldn't see the wet runnels on my face. She was standing there, a little hesitant, like she was worried about me. Her hair, a golden blonde, framed her beautiful face. She was younger, in her early twenties, with a short, petite frame. I had seen her a few times, and even though we occasionally exchanged an amicable nod, I still didn't know her name.

"Are you okay?" she asked softly, with a hint of concern in her voice.

"Yeah," I sniffled, then leaned down to get my keys. "Just had a lot going on lately. I'm sorry if I disturbed you."

"Don't be sorry," she said, still maintaining that comforting tone. "It happens to all of us. That girl that lived with you... Lauren? Did you two break up? I saw her taking her stuff out last week."

I wiped away the tears with the palm of my hand so I could look at her and still preserve some of my dignity. Her face was so young and beautiful. Normally I would find that intimidating, but given that she had chosen to talk to me, I pushed my pride aside and made eye contact with her reluctantly.

"Yeah, we're done," I said. "We just weren't a good match for each other, I guess. Like they always say, it's probably for the better."

"That's a great way to look at it," she replied, perking up a little. "I was just going to open a bottle of wine and watch some movies. If you want to talk about it, I'm sure I have plenty for both of us. It'll be a good way to get your mind off of it."

She seemed genuinely concerned for me, and I appreciated the fact that there were still good people in the world who looked out for each other. There was a part of me that wanted to be alone, but I knew nothing good would come from feeding my sadness like that. I summoned all of my energy and nodded to her.

"I'd really appreciate that," I said. "Is it okay if I go clean myself up real quick first?"

"Of course," she said, smiling warmly. "Take all the time you need. I'll be here."

I forced a smile, then turned back to my door. This time the key slipped in easily and I went inside. I went to the bathroom to wash my face, then changed into some comfier clothes. Fifteen minutes later, I crossed the hallway and knocked lightly on her door.

"Hey!" she said perkily as she opened the door. "I was a little worried you were going to bail on me. Come on inside!"

Her apartment was neat and clean, with a long couch set in front of a little coffee table and a wall-mounted plasma television. It was a cozy place with a feminine touch, decorated with elegant floral prints and cutesy knick knacks.

"Have a seat," she said, gesturing toward the couch as she went to the kitchen to fetch me a glass of wine. "My name is Grace, by the way. I don't think we've ever officially met."

"I'm Phil," I replied as I took a seat.

"Phil, huh? Like that old guy who sings all those sappy 80's songs?" she joked, cracking a little smile in my direction.

"I'm assuming you mean Phil Collins," I smirked back, "and his songs weren't *that* bad."

It felt good to smile again, even if it was because a beautiful young woman was teasing me about my name. She came strolling back with two hefty glasses of white wine filled almost to the brim, then passed me one of them and sat down on the opposite end of the couch."

"This is a beautiful apartment," I said. "Maybe I should have you come over and help decorate mine. A change of scene would be good for me right now. Lauren set the place up the way she wanted it, and now it all just reminds me of her."

"I would be happy to do that," she smiled back.

We sat and talked about a wide variety of topics, ranging from things going on around the apartment complex to what we both did for work. I found out that she was a receptionist at a law firm just down the street, while I told her about my job in finance. One glass of wine led to the next, and I found myself growing more comfortable with her company.

For a while, I forgot all about Lauren. Then there was a lull in the conversation, and I found the thoughts pushing their way back in. Grace must have picked up on it, because she gave me a concerned look.

"Are you thinking about her again?" she asked.

I nodded, then took another sip of wine.

"Would it be rude of me to ask what happened? I never heard you two fight or anything like that. You seemed good together."

"Not at all," I said. "We were actually really good together, but there was some tension growing between us. There were things

that I wanted from her that she didn't feel comfortable giving. I kept pushing her, and in the end, it was too much."

"Well, like you said, maybe it's for the better," she shrugged. "If she wasn't giving you what you wanted, then I'm sure you can find someone who would be happy to give you those things. You seem like such a nice guy. You deserve to be happy."

My cheeks burned red with embarrassment. Would she still be saying that if she knew the real reason behind our break up? Would she still think I was a nice guy if she found out I wanted to watch another man fuck my girlfriend, or would she look at me like a freak?

"We were supposed to go on a trip together this weekend," I said, remembering the straw that had broken our relationship for good. "It's my birthday this weekend, so we were going to this really exclusive resort in St. Lucia."

"Why in the world would she break up with you right before a trip like that?" Grace asked incredulously. "Most women would just take the vacation and save the break up for afterward."

She had broken up with me because of the trip, but I couldn't tell Grace that. I could barely think about it myself.

"I guess she couldn't wait," I said finally.

The wine was getting to both of us, and Grace was quickly becoming punchy and giggly. We had quickly become good friends over an empty bottle, and she was ready to defend me from the imaginary evils of my ex.

"You should just go without her, then," she piped up. "Forget about her, and just get away for the week."

"I would, but it's a couples resort. I would feel so out of place."

Grace's lips tightened on one side and she skewed her face at the new information. I could see the wheels turning, right before her eyes widened excitedly.

"You should take me!" she shouted as she clapped her hands.

I furrowed my brow at her, confused. There were many different ways I could construe that, but I wasn't exactly sure how

she meant it. I hesitated to give her a moment to clarify her words.

“Not, like, as a couple. We could just pretend to be a couple. Then you wouldn’t have to be alone on your birthday! I mean, I’m not saying we should sleep together or anything like that, but I like to think I would make some pretty good arm candy. We could have a blast!”

If there wasn’t almost two decades of age difference between us, then I would have easily been offended by her reluctance to sleep with me, but I knew it was an innocently truthful comment. She was right, though. I could just change the name on the reservation, and then we could fake the whole couple thing. I was sure she would look amazing in a bikini, and tonight had shown me that we both enjoyed each other’s company. That sounded a lot more fun than canceling the trip and spending the week home alone and miserable.

“Let’s do it,” I said. “Why not?”

Grace clapped excitedly, then got up and began dancing around the room with a youthful glee that was contagious. I found myself laughing and burying my face in the palms of my hands, right before I jumped up and joined her in a celebratory dance around her living room. We probably looked like dorks reveling in our sweats, but it felt good to laugh and have fun. It was the first time since Lauren had left that I felt like everything would be okay.

We finished two bottles of wine that night, then stayed up watching trashy shows and making fun of the people on them. By the time I checked my watch, it was almost midnight. I saw Grace yawn, and I knew I should head back across the hallway before I passed out on her couch.

“I should get home,” I said as I stood up and stretched.

“Okay,” she said. “We’ll have plenty of time to continue this in St. Lucia! Wait, for real, though. Do you really want me to go with you?”

“Yeah,” I said. “I’ll call tomorrow to change the name on the flight. Just send me your info.”

I read my phone number to her, and she quickly punched it into her phone and sent me a message. It had her name, her phone

number, and her date of birth, in case they needed it. The very end of the message was a cute little heart emoji that punctuated her excitement.

Grace walked me to the door. I was about to step out when she moved in front of me and gave me a tight hug. It caught me off guard, but after a few seconds, I relaxed and let my arms surround her.

"I'm sorry about Lauren," she mumbled into my chest, "and I'm sorry you're hurting. You're a really sweet guy. You deserve to be happy."

When she finally let go, she gave me that same warm smile that she had given me when she first saw me crying. Something about that smile was so comforting. I crossed the hall and glanced back one last time as she waved good night, then stepped into my apartment.

The next day, I called my travel agent and changed all the info. Once it was sent in stone, I sent Grace a text to let her know it.

"Yay!" she replied. "I can't wait!"

We spent the next few evenings hanging out together, getting to know each other better. I found out she was 25, and despite our age difference, we had a lot in common. By Thursday night, she was helping me redecorate my apartment to clear out all of the bad energy that Lauren had left behind. It was incredibly uplifting, and I found myself feeling grateful to have her in my life.

On Friday morning, we met in the hall, both of us with our bags. She came out dressed in a little sundress which showed off her hourglass figure and made my mind go wild. She was so beautiful, but because of the age difference, I would have to settle for enjoying the beautiful views she would provide for me.

A plane ride later, we were climbing out of a jet onto the tarmac of the small island airport. We were surrounded by trees, with the fresh smell of the ocean not too far away. Grace looked around in awe and wonder. It was the first time she had been to an island like this, and she looked impressed.

The resort, an all-inclusive place located off on its own little peninsula, picked us up in a shuttle and dropped us right at the reception area. When we approached the desk, a jubilant islander greeted us.

“Welcome to St. Lucia!” he bellowed. “What a beautiful couple. Come, let’s get you to your room so you can enjoy the beautiful sunset this evening!”

Neither one of us said anything when he mentioned us being a couple. I almost expected Grace to get a little uncomfortable at the suggestion, but instead she slipped her arm around me and pulled up close beside me.

“That sounds wonderful!” she chirped excitedly. “Lead the way!”

Our host guided us down a few hallways until he found our room. We caught a few glimpses of the various pools with other couples frolicking in the water or lounging under the sun, but we could enjoy those later. First I wanted to get settled and hit the bar for a fine island cocktail.

As soon as we entered the room, I realized that I had made a very substantial mistake. The suite was divided into a living room with a small kitchenette and a smaller bedroom, but there was only one bed, a large king sized one decorated with pastel blue and pink tones.

“I will let you two get settled,” the host said as we glanced around. “If you need anything, my name is Marcus, and I will be around all evening.”

“Thank you!” Grace responded, then turned toward me. “This is so amazing. It’s more beautiful here than I ever could have dreamed!”

“I’m glad you like it,” I said. “I completely forgot that there would only be one bed, though. I’ll take the couch out here, and you can have the bed.”

“Okay,” she replied hesitantly. “Are you sure? That couch doesn’t look too comfortable.”

“I’m sure,” I said. “Let’s get changed and go grab a drink.”

We both changed in the bathroom, taking turns. When Grace emerged, my heart once again raced. She was dressed in a cute pair of shorts and a loose linen shirt that had a very deep neckline tied together like a laced shoe. Despite the loose fit, I could see the outline of her breasts through the fabric, and the inner curves were visible under the zig-zagging string.

I tried not to stare, but when I looked up, our eyes met and I knew she had caught me taking a quick glimpse. She didn't seem mad, though. In fact, she smiled at me.

"Ready to go?" she asked lightly.

There were a dozen restaurants to choose from, but the best by far was the Island Bar and Grill. It was less formal than the other locations, and thus less busy around dinner time. Most of the couples preferred the more formal restaurants for a romantic dinner, but the Grill had a beautiful open air patio with views of the beach stretching out below.

We enjoyed a quick meal, but the drinks were what I was after. Every bar in the resort offered a special island punch made with local rum. The fruity mix covered the taste of the alcohol, which was strong enough to pack quite a punch. After the long flight and a few of those, I felt ready for bed. Grace seemed to feel the same way.

"We should turn in early tonight," she said. "I want to live it up here, but we have all week. I think some rest would do us both well. Then we can party it up tomorrow!"

I agreed, and we both returned to the room early. I had brought along some shorts, so I changed first and got myself comfortable on the couch. Grace slipped into the bathroom, and when she emerged, she walked past the door on the way to bed.

"Good night," she called to me.

I looked up and caught the briefest glimpse as she passed by. I had expected something demure for bed, maybe some flannel pajamas, but when I looked up, I caught a glimpse of her in a cute little silk negligee. Then she was gone, crawling into bed and under the covers.

It seemed almost flirty. Didn't she say she didn't want to sleep with me on this trip, or was I remembering that wrong? If that was the case, then why not wear something more modest to bed? My imagination stirred, but I chased the thoughts away. The last thing I wanted to do was make this trip awkward by hitting on her, so I closed my eyes and drifted off to sleep.

The next morning, I was awoken by the sound of the door clicking shut. I opened my eyes halfway as Grace walked by me. She was dressed in a pair of tight running shorts and a sports bra. Her body glistened with sweat. Of course she was a runner. That was how she kept her body in such great shape.

"Rise and shine, sleepyhead," she teased as she made her way past me and disappeared into the shower.

I got up slowly, stretching myself out and looking around. The kitchen wasn't fully stocked, but there were a few pieces of fresh fruit, so I grabbed a banana and started rooting through my bag to find some clothes for the day. I had packed several pairs of swim shorts, which I could wear at the more casual restaurants here, and a simple tee. Then I went out onto the porch to enjoy the luxurious view of the waves right outside our window.

Grace emerged from the bathroom a half hour later, wearing a thin wrap that hugged her body. Her hair was pulled back into a tight little bun, showing off the beautiful structure of her face. She came to the doorway and gave me a warm smile, then smirked playfully.

"Since you were nice enough to bring me along on this trip, I figured I could give you a nice view. Do you like my bikini?" she asked, then untucked the wrap and pulled it away.

The bikini underneath was a baby blue two-piece, with crisscrossing straps to hold her moderately sized breasts. The bottom was just as revealing, cutting up along the lines of her hips with two thin straps to hold it in place. The real thrill was how much of her body it left exposed.

Since she was showing off, I didn't feel bad letting my eyes drift down across her pale white skin, but I also tried not to stare

like a creep. Just looking at her made my cock swell, so I kept it brief.

“You look amazing,” I said.

“You can enjoy the view more when we get outside. Now hurry up and get ready!”

I hopped in the shower, and while I considered giving myself some relief, I knew she was waiting and didn't want to take too long. Twenty minutes later, we were off in search of a good breakfast spot.

There was a quaint cafe down on the beach where we were able to grab something light to eat and a cup of coffee. Once we were fed, we set off to explore all the resort had to offer.

The steps leading up to the main lobby looked out over several swimming pools, each with their own swim up bar. Beyond them was the beach, with clean white sand and crystal blue water stretching as far as the eye could see. After exploring the higher ground, we headed down to the beach.

Grace was in a playful mood, hurrying down the steps and pulling me along behind her. As her feet slipped into the sand, she could barely contain her excitement. She whipped off her cover and dropped it on one of the chairs, then ran straight for the water. I hadn't had a chance to appreciate how tight and beautiful her ass was, but I got a great view of it as I pulled off my shirt and hurried behind her.

We frolicked in the water for a bit, then came out to walk the beach and search for shells. When we finally headed back for lunch and a drink, she scooped up her cover-up and took away the best part of my view.

Now that we were fully rested, we were both ready for some alcohol. We polished off two island punches each with lunch, then grabbed a third and headed for the pool.

“All of the women here are so beautiful,” Grace commented at one point. “And not to make you jealous, but their husbands are pretty hot, too.”

I chuckled a little at the idea of me being jealous. If she only knew how much it would turn me on to see her with one of those

men, she would probably turn red with embarrassment.

We spent the afternoon at the pool, hanging out together and occasionally mixing with other couples. Everyone was in such a good mood, and the more punch we drank, the more Grace seemed drawn to me. It was little things, like slipping her arm in mine while we were walking or giving me a happy glance, but my imagination seemed to run with them.

We grabbed dinner as the sun began to set, then finished up just in time for the nightlife. The pools turned into dance parties, with thumping music and rowdy guests competing to see who could be louder. Colorful spotlights illuminated the resort, while the beach below remained dark for anyone seeking a little privacy.

Grace and I danced and bumped to the music, continuing to knock back a few more island punches in the process. Like many of the other women there, she had shed her cover-up, and I admired her beautiful form as she bounced and twirled like a crazy college girl. I was having the time of my life, and I never could have imagined that I would enjoy this trip so much more with someone other than Lauren.

I tried to step back a few times to just sit and enjoy the view, but Grace wasn't having it. She grabbed my hand and pulled me into the crowd, letting her body push back against me as we moved to the music. My hands found her hips, where I could feel her soft skin against mine and her body moving like a cat in heat. There was electricity between us, a crackling spark that had been growing more intense all week. Now that we were here together, both of us drunk and happy, it seemed on the verge of exploding. When she spun around to face me and our eyes met, it finally came to a peak.

Suddenly we were kissing each other. Her hands pushed and pulled at me, her tongue probing my mouth in the middle of a busy dance floor. I reached around and grabbed her ass, pulling her into me, and that only fanned the flames. Her body felt so small in my arms, but her desire was unquenchable.

I needed her so bad. All of my hesitation went out the window, and all I could think about was taking her right then and

there. When she finally fell away from my lips, I found out she was in the same mindset.

“Let’s go back to the room,” she said, already pulling me toward the edge of the dance floor.

I followed her, swerving in and out of the other revelers. There were beautiful women all around me, but my eyes were solidly fastened on the one pulling my hand and leading me away from the party.

As soon as we were in one of the hallways, she stopped to kiss me again. I pushed her against a wall, letting my lips entangle in hers. Somewhere in my mind, a voice started screaming at me, telling me this was a bad idea. How would I be able to look her in the eyes tomorrow? My hormones raged, though, and the voice of reason disappeared.

Grace pushed me away and went running down the hallway. As we turned the corner and saw the door to our room a few hundred feet away, she grabbed the card out of my hand and sprinted the last few yards. I watched her reach back and untie her bikini top, then pulled it off as she hooked her arm over her breasts. She turned and threw the top to me, then swiped the card and slipped into the room ahead of me.

I stepped through the door only a few seconds after her, but she had already disappeared into the bedroom. I rounded the corner and found her standing in front of the bed, her arms clasped behind her back. She was still wearing her bikini bottom, but her young, perky breasts stood perfectly from her body. When our eyes met, she bit her lip and beckoned to me to join her.

Once again we fell into a heated kiss, this one made even more intense by the privacy of our own room. Her hands wandered, so I allowed mine to do the same. Every curve of her body felt perfect. My cock was hard as a rock, straining for release, and when her hand came up and gripped it through my shorts, I felt her sigh in my arms.

Without a word, she dropped to her knees before me and pulled my shorts off. My cock sprang free and she didn’t hesitate to

grab it. After a few test strokes, she opened her mouth and sank her lips around my length.

I'm an average sized guy, but Grace pleased me like I had the best cock she had ever seen. Her lips rolled across my flesh like a warm, wet cloth, making my entire body tingle. It wasn't just her mouth, though. One hand cupped my balls, and the other grabbed my ass to pull my length deeper into her mouth.

I felt myself getting close, but there was no way I was going to give up this opportunity. If she wanted me this much, then I wanted her. The alcohol had drowned out all of my inhibitions, and all that was left was this beautiful pixie on her knees in front of me.

I pulled Grace to her feet, and after another brief kiss, I pushed her back onto the bed. She smiled up at me as she slipped off her bottoms, then spread her legs wide before me. Her pussy was fresh and smooth, the lips swollen from the excitement of the moment. I wanted to taste her, so I dropped to my knees and ran my tongue along her glistening slit. She was so wet, I could even taste her juices as I teased the outer lips. Then I slipped my tongue between them, and she sighed lustfully.

My tongue danced in slow circles, teasing her clit as she squirmed on the bed in front of me. She tasted like sweet nectar, and the more I pleased her, the more I could taste her dripping honey. I could have spent all night between her legs, but she wanted more.

"Fuck me," Grace pleaded. "I want you inside me, now."

I stopped and climbed up onto the bed, kissing her as I hovered above her. I didn't have any condoms, as I hadn't even been expecting to get laid, but she didn't care. Her hands reached for my ass and pulled me down until the tip pressed into her. With a push from my hips, I slipped inside easily.

Her body felt like heaven, wrapping around my manhood and drawing me into her. I pumped her slowly and deliberately, giving her my best moves. I wanted to feel her, but I also wanted to please her. As I pushed down into her, her hips rose to meet me, pressing my length even deeper inside.

"Oh, god, yes!" she moaned, emboldening me.

I felt her body begin to tighten in climax, so I continued to push her. Her first peak was a small one, but it only enhanced her desire. She grabbed onto me and pulled to the side, so I went with her guidance and let her take control. We flipped over and she ended up on top.

Grace writhed against me, pressing her entire body into me. Her breasts swayed with every movement, and that devilish smile loomed over me. Her body began to buck and this time the orgasm spread more quickly. Suddenly she cried out and leaned back, while her hips continued to gyrate against my manhood. My own orgasm was close, but thankfully she rolled off of me and onto the bed before it was too late.

Grace turned to the side, and I moved behind her. She reached down between her legs, spreading them as she guided me inside her again. My arms enveloped her, with my hands clasping her bosom for the first time, and as we rocked together, I pinched her nipple gently to make her squirm just a little more.

Even on her side, Grace moved in such a sensual way that she continued to draw me to the edge of climax. I had no idea how long we had been in bed. All I knew was that it would be futile to try to hold out any longer.

"I'm going to cum," I mumbled into her ear.

"Don't stop," she gasped as she reached back and pulled me into her.

Her words only fed my inevitable end. I clasped her body and pulled her back as suddenly my cock exploded inside her. She tried to hold still, but the sensation of my cock unleashing led her to yet another orgasm. Our bodies pressed tightly together, then went limp.

It was over.

Grace turned back toward me and cradled herself inside my arms. My head was still swimming, both from the alcohol and what had just happened, but she felt so good in my arms that I didn't dare move. I just laid there, holding her until we both drifted off into a silent slumber.

The next morning, I was once again awoken by the sound of the door clicking shut. I sat up and looked around, realizing that I was alone in bed. I had a mild headache, but nothing too bad, considering how hard we had gone last night. That's when the memory of everything that had happened came flooding back.

Before I could dig myself into a hole of panic, Grace came through the door into the bedroom. She was once again dressed in the same sports bra and running shorts, with the same gleeful smile on her face.

"Good morning, sleepyhead," she repeated as she walked by on her way to the bathroom.

This time, though, she peeled her top off as she walked by, completely unashamed to be naked in front of me. My glimpse was brief as she immediately disappeared into the bathroom and turned on the shower.

That was when the panic set in. I had never intended to sleep with her, and all I could think about was how she said she wasn't going to sleep with me. It didn't seem to bother her that it had happened. In fact, she was flaunting herself even more after the fact. Still, I found myself on edge, hoping that I hadn't made the week ahead into an awkward situation.

When she emerged from the shower a short time later, I had my clothes in hand and zipped past her to clean myself up. I came out and found her waiting for me in another cute little sundress. My cock stirred, and if it wasn't for the panic in my head, I would have been tempted to bend her over and take her again right then and there.

"Ready for some breakfast?" she said with a happy look on her face.

I pushed down my panic and nodded.

We headed back to the same spot where we had eaten breakfast yesterday, but this time I sat down and ordered a mimosa to go with my food. It was all I could do to calm my nerves.

Grace was still in a chipper mood, but it didn't take long before she addressed my obvious discomfort.

"Do you want to talk about last night?" she asked as they set our food down. "I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable."

"I just feel bad," I said. "When you first said you wanted to come along, you said you didn't want to sleep with me. I'm just worried that the only reason you said yes was because we were both drunk, and I don't want you to think that I meant to take advantage of you."

Grace giggled a little, then a lot. She smiled at me and shook her head.

"I never said I didn't want to sleep with you," she said. "I said *you* didn't have to sleep with *me*."

You just went through a big breakup, and I didn't want you to feel like there was pressure for anything to happen between us. I figured if things felt good, we could blow off some steam and have a little fun. And if I'm being honest, I guess I didn't want to sound like some whore who was just going to sleep with you because you took me to a tropical paradise."

I laughed a little at that, and I felt my nerves begin to subside a little.

"I guess I never imagined that a girl fifteen years younger than me would be interested in me," I said.

"Oh, please," she laughed as she rolled her eyes. "Age is just a number. I think you're cute, and a really sweet guy. If we're being honest, you're like the perfect guy for me if I was looking to settle down. I'm just not in that place in my life, though."

"What do you mean?" I said as I started to pick at my food.

"Well, I've only really dated two guys in my life," she said, "and those were the only two guys I had slept with before last night. After I broke up with the last one and moved into my apartment a few months ago, I decided I wanted to spread my wings a little and get some experience. I guess I just want to go through what girls call a 'whore phase' and sleep with a bunch of different guys to see what I like and what I don't. When I saw you, I figured an experienced man would be able to show me a few things, and you definitely did. Last night was amazing. I still want to get out there and try a few different guys, though."

"Now you're starting to sound like the perfect girl for me," I said.

I didn't even think about what I was saying until I saw Grace's eyes widen and an expression of horror on her face.

"Oh my god," she said. "Did Lauren cheat on you? I had no idea!"

That was when my panic returned. I could see how she got to that thought. Without knowing about my particular fetish, it probably sounded like my ex-girlfriend had been sleeping with other men. There was no way to explain my statement in a reasonable way without telling her the entire truth.

"No, no," I stammered, floundering for the words.

Grace's eyes narrowed and she cocked her head to the side.

"What do you mean, then?" she asked.

Every explanation that I tried to come up with in my mind just dug me deeper into a hole that I wouldn't be able to escape, so I decided that it was time to come clean with her.

"I haven't been completely honest with you about my breakup with Lauren," I started. "See, I've always had this fantasy of watching her with other men. In fact, I've fantasized about it with almost every girl I've dated over the past ten years. I guess I was pushing the idea with her. She didn't say no, so I thought she was considering it. When we decided to book a trip for my birthday, I did a little bit of research and found this place. On the outside, it looks like a normal resort, but it's a frequent destination of couples into cuckolding."

"Into what?" she interjected.

"Cuckolding. Men who like to watch their wives with other men. There are a lot of men like me out there. The staff here has become well known for obliging the requests of their female guests. Couples come here because it's discrete and not outwardly advertised. It's just something for people in the know."

"So you're telling me," she said as she leaned in, "that many of the women here chose this spot because they can sleep with the staff while their husbands watch?"

I nodded.

"So the bartender that served us last night probably ended up in someone's room?"

"Possibly," I said.

"And all the hot women here are looking hot because they're trying to get laid?"

I shrugged.

Grace stared at me intently. While she seemed a little surprised, she didn't appear to be outright offended by it.

"And I'm going to guess Lauren wasn't too happy when she learned that."

"Nope," I replied solemnly. "She got really mad, called me disgusting, and stormed out. That was the end of it."

"That seems a bit premature," she said, weighing her thoughts carefully. "I mean, it's not like you couldn't have just come here and had a normal vacation. If you hadn't told me about it, I would have never had a clue."

As sincere as her answer was, there was one element that was lacking. She didn't even acknowledge my unusual fantasy. Her concern was more focused on Lauren's reaction, which left me curious.

"You don't think I'm weird for having a fantasy like that?" I asked.

"Not really," she said. "Maybe it's because I'm younger and people my age tend to be more open-minded about people exploring alternative sexual behaviors. I can understand why she wouldn't have wanted to do it, and I can even see how it would have frustrated her if you kept pushing the idea. One person's fantasy may not work for someone else, and it seems to me that you two really weren't a good fit for each other if that was the case. Like I said before, perhaps it was for the better."

We had both finished our breakfast, so we gathered ourselves and headed out. Grace seemed a bit contemplative, like she was mulling the idea in her head. We stopped at one of the bars and got a pair of island punches, and that was when the questions started to come.

“So how is this cuckolding thing different from something like swinging? It sounds like a lot of guys might use this as a way to convince their significant other to let them sleep with other women. ‘Hey, I let you do it, and now it’s my turn,’ or something like that.”

“I’m sure some guys might try that, but a true cuckold has no interest in any woman other than his partner. There’s a certain thrill in watching it happen, being a part of it, and then taking her back after it’s all done.”

Grace smiled and bit her lip, then took another sip of her punch.

“That sounds kind of hot, actually,” she said. “Having two guys looking at you, two guys wanting you. Stirring up all the jealousy, but just enough to make the comeback that much more intense. Like watching someone else play with your favorite toy, right?”

I laughed and nodded.

“But how do the employees know which women are fair game, and which ones are just here as ‘normal’ guests?” she continued probing.

“Ah, that’s an interesting question. Women will always make the first move, or send their husband to ask a particular staff member if he would like to join them. One indicator that is very popular is the anklet. Women who live the cuckold lifestyle typically wear one when they are openly seeking a new partner, and here it’s become a sort of badge. Obviously some women choose to wear them even when they aren’t involved in extramarital affairs, though, so it’s not always a crystal clear sign. That’s why it’s left to the guest to initiate any meetings.”

Grace looked around at the people roaming around the bar area, and her eyes widened. I looked around with her and noticed that there were indeed a large number of women wearing decorative chains on their ankles.

We finished our drinks and got a fresh one, then decided to take them with us on a walk around the resort. The nice part about an all-inclusive resort was that we could take our drinks anywhere we wanted, as long as we were still on the property.

“Some of these couples are swingers, too,” I added as we strolled through the pool area, “although they are a minority here. There are other resorts on other islands that are more geared toward that lifestyle, and they’re much more open about it. Some women here will sometimes offer themselves up as a playmate for another couple, while the husband watches.”

Grace laughed again, then buried her face in her hands to hide the growing redness in her cheeks.

“This is all so crazy,” she said finally.

She drank it all in as we walked around. One minute, she was looking around at the guests and trying to sum them up. The next, she was checking out the guy restocking the towels at the pool with a curious grin. It was as if she was imagining the guests with the staff in her head.

We made our way indoors, where we passed by a small gift shop. Grace grabbed me by the hand and pulled me inside, then went straight for a jewelry case near the cash register. The entire thing was filled with anklets. It made sense that they would offer them, in case a hotwife lost hers or forgot to pack it.

Grace bent down to look at the cabinet, and my attention was immediately drawn to her tight little ass jutting out toward me. Her dress wasn’t very tight, but the fabric rested perfectly along the curve of her body to show me how perfect she was.

I don’t know why it had never occurred to me before that moment, but it would be incredibly hot to watch another man grab her by the hips and fuck her from behind in a position like that. It only enhanced the image to imagine one of the dark-skinned islanders grabbing ahold of her, and the stark contrast between her pale skin and their dark hands. My cock twitched at the idea, but before I could delve too far into it, she stood up and turned toward me.

She took a step forward so that she was right in front of me, then placed her hands on my chest and leaned in to whisper in my ear.

“Can we go back to the room,” she hissed quietly. “I really need you inside me right now.”

My heart quickened, and I didn't waste a moment taking her by the hand and leading her back to our bed. The second we were through the door, we were kissing furiously and ripping each other's clothes off. This time there was no alcohol clouding our minds. We had both only had a few drinks, not nearly enough to do more than give us a buzz. This was something more, a pure desire that had been building ever since that day in the hallway.

We made love for hours. It was slow and sensual, tender and erotic. There was nothing crazy about it, just the two of us feeling each other. We kissed each other's bodies from head to toe, touched in every place we could. She came over and over again for me, begging for me each time. We just couldn't get enough of each other.

It was almost dinner time before our desires finally ebbed. We were both hungry, so we ordered some meals from room service, along with a pitcher of island punch. We weren't done yet, and neither of us wanted to leave the room. Instead, we lounged in bed naked together and waited for the server to deliver our food.

There was a knock on the door a short time later. I was about to get up, but Grace jumped up before I could.

"I got it," she said, then pranced across the room completely naked.

My heart stopped. I couldn't see her, but I heard the door open. She invited the server inside, and his cart rattled across the tile floor into the living room. I got out of bed and slipped on some shorts, not feeling as brave as her, then headed to the bedroom door. Grace was standing in front of the server, completely naked and making no attempt to cover herself. She signed the slip and handed it back to him, and he nodded appreciatively as he stole one last glance at her beautiful form before heading for the door.

I could feel my mind raging with jealousy. We weren't a couple, but somehow she had felt like mine today. Now she was showing off for strange men. It felt like a foreign emotion, but I quickly understood why. It was one thing to fantasize about being a cuckold, but this is what it felt to actually be one. She wasn't even sleeping with another man. She was just showing herself off, and

that had been enough to trigger that visceral reaction, deep in the primal part of my mind.

Grace knew exactly what she was doing. She turned toward me and approached me with a wily grin.

"Did that turn you on?" she asked, letting her body drift against me.

Her breathing was deep and slow. She knew the answer. That's why she did it. The interesting thing was that it seemed to turn her on, too.

I scooped her up in my arms and carried her back to the bedroom without answering her question. I laid her out on the bed before me, and she spread her legs to offer herself to me. Would she do that for another man? Would she lay on our bed for the server and let him slide his cock inside that tight little pussy?

My body felt like it was on fire. I leaned down over her and kissed her as I pressed my cock into her. I wrapped my hands around her waist and held her as I buried myself as deep as I could inside her. I began pounding her forcefully, as if I was trying to prove something, even though I had no idea what I was trying to prove. How could I be so possessive of someone who wasn't even mine?

Grace seemed to read my mind.

"Take me," she moaned loudly. "I'm yours. I want to be all yours while we are here, no matter who else I fuck this week."

My mind swirled. I pressed harder into her, faster. My heart was pounding in my head, until I suddenly exploded inside her. After hours of making love to her, it was the most intense climax I had ever felt. She pulled me down and kissed me, then wrapped her arms around me as my body went limp.

I slowly regained my bearings and climbed up on the bed next to Grace. She was still kissing me, and I kissed her back. Then she settled in and put her head on my chest, listening as the thump in my chest slowly wound down.

"You really do get into this stuff, don't you?" she giggled.

"I've never had anyone actually do it," I said. "That was a lot."

"In a good way or a bad way?" she said.

"I'm not sure yet," I replied honestly.

We didn't talk about it right then. In fact, we didn't talk about it again for the rest of the night. We were both hungry, and I needed time to process it, so we headed to the living room. Ten minutes later, we were drinking island punch and laughing like little kids. It felt good again. We feasted for a bit, then cuddled up in bed to nap the rest of the night. Luckily we had all week at the resort, because neither one of us wanted to go anywhere for the rest of the night.

Grace had given me just a little tease of what it could feel like to be a cuckold, all while making sure that I knew she wanted me. Despite the intense emotions, I felt safe with her. I could decide tomorrow if this was the right place and time to do more than just tease. For tonight, I was just happy to have her beside me.

The next morning, I awoke to an empty bed again. The door in the other room clicked and Grace walked into the bedroom dripping with sweat.

"Do you run every morning?" I asked sleepily.

"I try to," she said as she once again stripped off her sports bra and tossed it into a pile in the corner. "It helps me clear my head for the day. You should try it, old man."

She gave me a wry smirk, then disappeared into the bathroom. A second later, she poked her head out.

"Are you going to join me?" she asked with her eyebrows raised.

We kissed under the flowing water for what seemed like an eternity. Her hand stroked my cock slow and gently, until she turned around and pushed her ass out toward me. I guided the tip up into her, and then wrapped my arms around her as I thrust up into her wetness. She moaned and leaned back into me, moving ever so slightly to caress my length with her pussy.

It was a fleeting moment. Within a few minutes, my body tensed and my cock flooded her with warm seed. She pulled away so she could turn to face me, then pulled me into a warm embrace.

There were no words, but I found myself falling for this amazing woman.

We dressed and headed out to grab breakfast. With a few mimosas and some food in our bellies, we decided that today would be a great day to lounge by the pool. Neither one of us had much energy, so relaxing in the sun was right up our alley. We had finished our meals and were walking back to the room to change when Grace stopped me in front of the gift shop.

"I want to ask you a question," she said solemnly.

"Okay?" I answered.

"I was thinking a lot on my run this morning. I was thinking about how much fun I've been having with you, and how amazing this week has been. It feels so perfect. But I was also thinking about how you touched me last night after I showed off for the server. It was so exciting to stand in front of him naked, and then the way you touched me afterward was incredible. I've never felt anything like that. So I'm going to give you a choice right now."

My stomach tightened. A part of me already knew exactly what she was going to say, yet it still made me nervous. Grace pressed on, oblivious to my inner struggle.

"I will be happy with either decision, so I want you to make sure that you're making the choice that will make you happy. If we go back to the room right now, I will be good, and I will give you all of my attention for the rest of the week. You can have me anytime you want, just the two of us. I'll be your girlfriend for the week. If you want me to be more than that, though, then I want you to take me inside this shop and buy me one of those anklets. I'm not sure how far I will take it, but I think we could definitely have some fun if you tell me you want it."

Despite all of my reservations, I didn't have to think about it. Last night had been intense for me as well, more than anything I had ever felt in my life. I felt a deep connection with Grace, and our discussions on the topic had only enhanced that bond. I knew she felt an attraction to me, and that made me feel safe exploring this crazy idea with her.

Without a word, I took her by the hand and led her into the gift shop. She smiled as she pored over the case and decided on a cute silver chain with a small palm tree charm. I gave the cashier my card, and he smiled back knowingly. Perhaps he was hoping to be her first bull, or just reveling in the knowledge of what I was accepting. Either way, he wouldn't be the one. We gathered our purchase and returned to the room to change.

Grace disappeared into the bathroom and came out wearing a tiny little red bikini, even smaller than the others she had been wearing. Her other ones had been pretty revealing, but she seemed to enjoy the idea of showing her bare skin even more now.

"Can you help me put this on?" she said as she sat down on the bed and pulled her chain out of its package.

I sat down next to her and took it, then fiddled with the clasp. As I wrapped it around her ankle, my mind churned with the weight of the moment. Our friendship was fresh and new. I was giving her a power over me, the power to tease me and play with my mind, the power to test the bounds of my fantasy as she turned it into a reality. Would she actually sleep with another man, or would she just continue to show off?

I latched the clasp and looked up at her. Grace smiled back, then leaned in to kiss me softly. Her lips lingered on mine, and I could taste the sweetness of the orange juice from our breakfast. For a moment, I thought we wouldn't make it out of the room again, but she stopped short and sprang up from the bed with a zealous enthusiasm.

"Let's go!" she shouted excitedly as she pulled me up, too.

There were several pools around the resort, enough that we were able to find one that wasn't too crowded. This one had a swim-up bar at one end of the pool, with only a half dozen couples laid out on dozens of chairs. We picked a spot and took a seat, just as a pool boy made the rounds with a few cups of island punch. He seemed to circle around every fifteen minutes, so we were able to relax and have our alcohol brought to us.

It was a beautiful morning without a cloud in the sky. A light breeze blew up off of the ocean, bringing the smell of salt water to

us. We both laid back and basked in the sunshine.

As the day went on, I noticed Grace checking out others around us. Her eyes would sometimes linger on the pool boy or the guy who restocked the towels, as if she was looking for the right one. Sometimes she would give me her attention, but even then, I could tell her mind was elsewhere.

Whenever she would start to overheat, Grace would jump into the pool to cool down. Each time she emerged, she would stretch her tight little body out and push the water out of her hair, while her skin glistened in the sunlight. I looked around and saw a few other husbands admiring her, but I assumed most of them weren't allowed to approach her. As I had told Grace, it was a rare sight to find actual swingers here.

I got up at one point to use the bathroom, and when I came back, she was no longer laying in the seat next to mine. I looked around the pool and immediately spotted her sitting on one of the barstools in front of the pool.

Grace was the only one sitting at the bar. She was seated on a small underwater barstool, up to her waist in the water. Her skin was shimmering with wetness and she had pulled her wet hair back into a ponytail. The bartender was talking and laughing with her, and I could immediately tell he was flirting with her. I sat in my chair and watched them from a distance, but when she looked up and saw me, she beckoned for me to join them. She wanted me to see the whole thing up close and personal.

I walked down the stairs in the shallow end and made my way over, taking the stool next to hers.

"Honey, do you remember Marcus? He was the one at the desk when we checked in," she said, beaming with excitement.

I did recognize him, and immediately remembered how friendly and flirty he had been with Grace. He was dressed a little lighter now, wearing just a pair of swim trunks. Even though his side of the bar was dry, he looked ready for a swim if the need arose. He also had his shirt off, showing off his smoothly sculpted chest muscles.

“Oh, yeah,” I said, offering my hand. “Good to see you again.”

Grace chatted affably with him, sometimes stopping to ask me something or try to include me in the conversation. I wanted to be a part of it, but the two of them were inadvertently lost in their own world together. I could tell she was interested in him, and that in itself was enough to trigger my first pangs of jealousy.

I could sense a connection between the two of them, and I knew where this was heading. I felt like I was on a train that I couldn't stop. Every time he made her laugh or smile, he was one step closer to taking advantage of my new playmate.

“Did you see what he bought me?” she asked the bartender, then lifted her leg up above the counter to display her new anklet. “Isn't it cute?”

Not only was she announcing her availability, but she was also showing him how flexible she was.

“Very nice,” the bartender said, smiling wryly. “Your husband is a lucky man.”

Grace blushed, but made no attempt to correct him about the state of our relationship.

“You know,” Marcus continued, “there is a very beautiful private beach in the resort. It's a short hike to get there, but the sand is white and clean, and very few people know about it. I'll be finishing up here in an hour. Would you like me to take you two there?”

Given that Grace had just shown him her anklet, I knew he had ulterior motives in taking us to a secluded area, but that was fine with me. She seemed to be okay with it, as well.

“That would be great!” she said. “Maybe we could go grab lunch and meet you in the lobby afterward?”

“Certainly,” he replied, beaming with excitement.

Grace excused herself and swam through the deep part of the pool, but I lingered for a moment at the bar while Marcus made one last drink for me.

“Your wife is amazing,” he said to me as he passed me the drink.

"She is, isn't she?" I agreed absently.

"Does she like to dance with the bull?" he asked.

It was a subtle reference, one that was probably used often by the staff to verify that a couple wanted that special treatment.

"She hasn't done it before," I said, "but she would definitely like to try it."

"I'll make sure you both have a great experience, then."

I excused myself and went to join Grace so we could head off for a quick bite before our afternoon foray.

When we finished with lunch, we returned to the lobby and found Marcus waiting for us. Grace was dressed in the same bikini she had worn at the pool, but this time she had a bright red cover up decorated with white hibiscus flower silhouettes. Her hair was still pulled back into a slick ponytail, and she had the brightest smile on her face.

Our host led us through the winding pathways of the resort until we came to a small set of steps leading up toward the top of the rocky cliffs off to one side of the beach. The views from the top as we wound our way along the trail were incredible. Eventually the path made its way downward, and suddenly we turned the corner into a small, private cove. The path we had come down seemed to be the only way in and out, unless you had a boat. You couldn't even see it until you were inside it.

Technically this was a part of the resort, but it looked neglected and forgotten. There were five lounge chairs positioned on the beach. They were a little worn with rust spots here and there, but once we draped our towels over them, they were functional and actually quite comfy.

I took a seat in the sun, but after Grace had shed her cover-up, Marcus took her by the hand and pulled her over to one side of the cove. There was a rocky area filled with tidepools, and I watched from a distance as they picked their way across it, stopping occasionally to scoop up a starfish or some other oddity and examine it more closely.

When they got to the end, they were maybe ten feet above the water at a natural diving point. Marcus took the lead and jumped

into the water first, and Grace followed behind him once he popped up safely from under the water. From there they were able to swim back to the beach a short distance away. The water was calm and peaceful over here, with very few waves. Just the fresh smell of salt floating in on the sea breeze.

We spent most of the day relaxing on the chairs and sunning ourselves, with the occasional dip in the water to cool off. The sexual tension seemed to have eased up, by there was definite flirting going on between Grace and her new friend. They went out to the water together at one point while I stayed behind, and I could see them splashing playfully before trying to dunk each other. Their interactions were becoming much more physical, until I looked up at one point and found them wrapped in each other's arms, embraced in a kiss.

My cock sprang to life as I was immediately aroused by the sight of another man touching her. It dug into my jealousy and angst while firing up my hormones at the exact same time. They fell away from each other after just a brief moment, and Grace looked up at me to see if I was watching. When our eyes met, she gave me a mischievous smile and swam back in.

"Did you like that?" she asked as she sidled up to the chairs.

"You two look good together," I replied.

"I've never been with a black man before," she teased. "I think he has a big cock, too. I just felt it for a second, but it felt huge."

"Bigger than mine?" I asked.

Grace looked at me, measuring my reaction. She was testing me, feeling out my boundaries, and I was doing the same. This was all new territory for both of us. It was one thing to see another couple doing it on film, but actually feeling the intensity of watching your partner with another man was a whole different ball game. I still hadn't decided which parts I liked, but the only way we were going to find out was by dipping our toes in the water.

"Do you really want me to answer that honestly?" she said finally.

I nodded.

“Yes, he was,” she said, turning her eyes toward him as he came up the beach to join us. “A lot bigger from what I could tell. I’ll have to get a closer look, though.”

Every muscle in my body tightened, yet none of them were as rigid as my manhood. I had to shift my leg so that it wasn’t too obvious, but Grace had already seen the bulge. She knew exactly what she was doing to me.

She picked up her bag and pulled out a bottle of tanning oil, then turned to Marcus.

“Would you mind putting some of this on my back?” she asked as she passed it to him.

When she looked back at me, Grace reached around her back and pulled the two ties holding her top on, one after the other, and tossed the piece aside. Just like when she had flashed the server, she showed no hesitation in being topless in front of this stranger.

She laid down on her belly. Marcus got up and came around to my side of her lounge, then sat down beside her. I watched helplessly as he began slathering oil across her naked back and rubbing it in. He was touching her body, his hands on her bare skin. Every now and then he would look over in my direction to make sure I was okay, but otherwise his attention was on the beautiful girl in his hands.

When he had finished her back and covered her legs, Grace picked herself up and turned over. Marcus didn’t hesitate to pour out a little more oil, which he spread across her belly before moving up and slipping his hands around her breasts. She moaned lightly under his touch, and he began kneading them in slow, firm circles.

Grace turned her head toward me and her eyes slipped open. There was a dreamy look on her face at first, but then she bit her lip and got a devilish glint in her eye. She reached over and put her hand on Marcus’s crotch, then squeezed his length through the fabric. My heart quickened and my cock throbbed.

She could see my arousal, and it only emboldened her. She sat up and began tugging at his shorts, until he stood up and slipped them off himself. I felt my throat catch, and I was pretty sure I

heard her gasp. Marcus wasn't just bigger than me; he was a lot bigger. His cock had to be at least ten inches, and as thick as a can of soda. When he sat down next to her, she reached for it reflexively and slipped her fingers around the shaft. There was something insanely erotic about the contrast between her pale fingers and his dark skin.

"I've never seen one this big," she said quietly.

Grace leaned in and took him in her mouth while his hands continued to explore her body. He managed to work his fingers under her bikini bottoms, and I knew he found her slit when she gasped sharply.

All I could do was watch the two of them discover each other. I rubbed myself through my shorts, but even the most mild touch seemed to instantly draw me to the edge of orgasm. I struggled to control myself, and somehow I hung on.

If Grace's fingers on his cock were enough to arouse me that much, the sight of her lips rolling across his flesh made me dizzy. It was the sexiest thing I had ever seen, better than any porno. This woman had been mine yesterday, ready to spend all week pleasing me, but I had chosen this. I had chosen to share her with another man, a better man, and now I had to watch it unfold.

Grace stopped to kiss him, while holding his shaft firmly in her hand. Then she whispered something to Marcus, and he got up and returned to his own chair. As he laid back, his cock stood up from his body like a flagpole. Grace rolled off her chair and stood up, then slipped her bottoms off so that she was completely naked. Crawling onto his chair, it wasn't long before her pussy was floating just out of reach of the tip of his cock.

They kissed again as she began rubbing herself against it. The tip would sometimes stick in the folds of her sex, but she would move just enough to free it so she could continue teasing both me and him. When she was finally ready, she reached down and pressed it in, then lowered herself slowly onto his immense girth.

It looked like Marcus was splitting her open. Her body was so petite in comparison to his, and when she was halfway down, she had to stop to work it deeper. She slid up and down a few times,

letting her juices coat his length. There was no condom, no protection of any kind, just their two bodies connecting as one. Within minutes, his entire length had disappeared inside her. She was finally able to ride him, although she still maintained a slower pace.

I was trying to be discrete, but I decided there was no point now. I reached into my shorts and pulled my cock out so I could stroke myself while I watched the beautiful show. Grace, with her hands on his chest as she gyrated against him, looked over at me and chuckled.

“He feels so much bigger than you,” she whispered.

“That’s because I am,” he added boastfully, then sat up and wrapped his arms around her.

With his cock still inside her, Marcus turned and lowered her onto the lounge. He was on top now, thrusting down into her. Their bodies would come together in a thunderous clap, rising above the swooshing of the water against the rocks around the cove. Grace’s cries grew louder with each thrust, and her back began to arch as she climbed toward a powerful climax. I knew there was no doubt he could make her cum, but I had no idea he would be able to do it so quickly.

Grace suddenly grew quiet. Her legs began to tremble. Her back arched. Her hands clawed at the sides of the chair. Then her silence broke as she screamed out in lustful pleasure. Her orgasm was earth shattering, and I found myself wondering how far that sound would travel.

Marcus slowed a bit, and I could tell he was having trouble controlling himself. Her pussy tightened around him and he surrendered to her power. He pushed deep inside her as his testicles tightened and pumped her full of his seed. I quickly let go of my own cock, knowing that the sight of another man taking my girl like that would certainly send me over the edge.

Marcus lifted himself off of her, and suddenly I had a moment of panic. Every video I had seen of this nature ended with the husband reclaiming his wife. The bull would usually exit before that happened, but if our guide left, then we would be stranded. I

might be able to find my way back, but I wasn't sure. There was also the question of whether or not I could reclaim a woman who wasn't technically mine.

Before I could even get through all of my thoughts, though, Marcus stood up and pulled his shorts on.

"Perhaps we should get back to the resort soon so you two can have a moment alone," he said. "I'll give you a little time together, and we can meet at the top of the hill."

With that, he walked toward the path that led out of the cove and left us alone on the beach.

I looked over at Grace. She was smiling at me, her naked body splayed out on the chair. I looked down and saw her swollen pussy lips with fresh white cum dripping out from between them. After a moment, she got up and walked over to my chair, laying down with her head on my chest. She was still naked, but I was okay with that. Her soft skin felt good in my hands. She smiled up at me and leaned down to give her a soft, sensual kiss.

"That felt amazing," she whispered happily. "Did you like it?"

I nodded eagerly. We stayed there for a few minutes enjoying the peace and the sound of the waves, all while my hormones inside raged. My cuckold angst was rearing its head, and I didn't know what to do with the feelings I was having.

"Why don't we get back to the room," she suggested, and I got up to gather our things while she replaced her bikini and cover up.

As we picked our way through the rocks, I was still feeling some inner turmoil. Something wasn't sitting right with me. It wasn't that I had just watched her with another man; I was more than fine with that. There was something there that just wouldn't sit right though.

When we got back to the main resort, Marcus gave us directions on how to get back to our room, then excused himself. Once we were alone, Grace tightened her grip on my hand and pulled me in the direction of our room.

"Come on," she said. "I'm not done with you."

As soon as we got back, she began pawing at me relentlessly. I returned her kiss, but that nagging feeling in the back of my brain still wouldn't stop. Grace sensed my hesitation and stopped.

"What's wrong?" she asked. "Are you upset about what happened?"

"No, not at all," I said.

I was being truthful, too. Watching her with Marcus had been incredibly arousing, and I loved the experience. Yet it somehow seemed incomplete. The answer was right on the tip of my tongue, and then suddenly it came rushing out of me.

"I just don't know how I can reclaim something that isn't mine," I said. "I mean, I know we agreed that you would kind of be mine for this week, but I still feel like I'm taking back something that isn't completely mine."

"That's what's bothering you?" she said with a sardonic glare. "You really don't get it yet, do you?"

"What do you mean?" I asked, feeling even more confused.

Grace sighed deeply, then took my hands in hers.

"I didn't go out into that hallway because I felt bad for you. I did it because I thought you were cute. That's why I brought all these skimpy bikinis and lingerie to sleep in. And that's why I wanted to sleep with you. I did it because I like you. The only thing that made me nervous about going on this trip with you was that I knew that I wasn't ready to be monogamous, and clearly that's not an issue for you. So if you want me to be yours, then say it. Just ask."

I felt as if someone had just opened my eyes. Suddenly it was all clear. Perhaps the cuckold in me made it difficult to believe a beautiful woman like Grace would be into me, but she was. Everything that had happened over the past week had clearly shown me that, but I wasn't ready to see it until right now, when she was smiling at me with those loving eyes.

"Will... will you be my girlfriend?" I stammered.

She nodded affirmatively.

"And not just for this week? Even after we leave this place, you'll still be mine?"

“Yes,” she said, softly and without hesitation. “Now do your job and make me yours.”

She threw her arms around my neck and we fell into a profound kiss. Her body pulled up against me and every fiber of our being came together. I remembered what had happened at the beach, and I finally understood what it meant to reclaim her. This was our moment together.

Grace grabbed me by the shirt and pulled me down into a heated kiss that melted away all of my worries. Her hands were clawing at my shorts, trying to get them off, all while the fresh scent of another man’s cum reminded me of what had just happened a short time ago.

I pushed her onto the bed, then pulled everything off and moved over her. I tried to work my way up to the actual sex, but she didn’t want foreplay. Her entire experience with Marcus was enough to get her worked up, and all she wanted now was to feel my cock inside her again. She was still pulling at me, grabbing my ass to pull me down, so I finally relented. My length, hard as a rock, slipped through the wetness, through another man’s cum, and filled her. We were kissing again, and everything around us disappeared.

I didn’t last long. The sensation of fucking a freshly used pussy was something I had only dreamed about, and now I was feeling the real thing. Within minutes, I unleashed my own fresh load inside Grace. She knew it was coming, and she wrapped her legs around me and pulled me all the way in as I gave way. I could feel her tighten around me with her own peak, and we both erupted in simultaneous orgasm. My mind disappeared into a haze, and I fell limply beside her.

We snuggled in bed together for over an hour before we could both muster the energy to grab dinner. I couldn’t stop smiling. Grace was my girlfriend now, and not in some haphazard temporary way.

We celebrated that night with dinner at one of the nicer restaurants at the resort, breaking open a bottle of champagne for the special occasion. The night was filled with smiles and laughter, and ended with another steamy bedroom encounter before we both

passed out cold in each other's arms. Tomorrow would be another day, and I couldn't wait to see what would happen with my kinky new girlfriend beside me. Little did I know, things were just getting started.

The next morning started the exact same way. I awoke just as Grace returned from her morning run. We showered together, then headed down for breakfast and mimosas.

We headed to the beach in the morning, but then migrated up to the pool after a few hours so that we would be closer to the alcohol. There were more couples today, perhaps because it was later in the week and they needed to get out of their rooms.

Marcus was once again working at the bar. I saw Grace chatting with him here and there whenever she would go up for a drink, but her interest in him seemed to have waned. She had gotten what she wanted from him, and now she was ready for something new. It didn't take her long to find it, either.

Around mid-afternoon, I looked up and saw Grace in the pool, standing near the edge and talking to a guy. He was about my age, with a scruffy goatee, short cropped hair, and a typical dad bod. He looked like a guest, nothing particularly special about him, but my girlfriend seemed entranced by him. His interest in her was pretty obvious as well, as they were laughing and flirting together.

I watched from my seat, letting her do her thing. Eventually they made their way back to the bar together to grab another drink before they parted ways. Then she returned to our chairs and sat down beside me.

"That guy's wife likes me," she said with a sly smile that told me she was up to no good. "She saw me in the pool and sent him to talk to me. Apparently she really wants to watch him fuck me."

I looked at her as my heart quickened.

"I take it from that smile that you want to satisfy her curiosity?" I said.

"It sounds like an interesting idea," she replied. "In fact, he even said you could fuck his wife in return."

I looked across the pool to where the guy was sitting. The woman next to him, who was obviously his wife, was stunning. She had the body and face of a model, the kind of woman that I would never expect to offer herself to someone like me. I felt a pang of excitement knowing that I might have her, but Grace was quick to stomp that idea out.

"I told him he could have me, but that you and his wife would have to watch from separate sides of the room," she said bluntly.

"Wait, what?" I said, my excitement replaced by sharp disappointment.

Grace turned toward me and lowered her sunglasses so I could see her eyes. There was a very astute look in them.

"You told me this wasn't about you being allowed to sleep with other women," she said. "Am I remembering that wrong?"

"Well, no," I stammered.

"Good," she smiled, "because you may be okay with me sleeping with other men, but I don't want you doing the same with other women. I'm the jealous type, and it wouldn't feel right letting a beautiful woman like that have her way with you. You wanted me to be yours, which means now you're mine, too."

There it was. The nature of the cuckold. I had chosen her, and even if I knew then what I would be giving up, I would choose it again. Grace had not only captured my heart and my attention, but also my devotion.

"Okay," I said, swallowing hard. "I'll behave."

Grace turned and leaned across the gap between our chairs to give me a kiss, then reached over and gave my cock a light squeeze as she giggled.

"Good, because you're all mine!"

She looked across the pool and gave the stranger a thumbs up, which was enough for him and his wife to get up and make their way around to us. They introduced themselves as Mike and Marla, an oddly charming alliteration, then set themselves up on the chairs next to ours.

The four of us chatted for a while, all while Mike continued to ogle my girlfriend. He made no attempt to hide his lascivious looks, even when his wife would look in his direction. In fact, she seemed to be just as prone to glancing down at Grace's scantily-clad body. They looked pretty close to my age, but they didn't seem to care about the age difference, either.

Mike invited us to join them for dinner that night, and we parted ways so we could all shower and change. Grace invited me in with her again, but this time she decided the best approach would be to tease me. I tried to slip my fingers between her legs to feel how wet she was, and she quickly pulled my hand away.

"I think I'm going to make you wait until later," she whispered in my ear as she stroked my cock. "I need to keep myself nice and fresh for another man."

I sighed in frustration, but once again I had to remind myself that I had asked for this.

Once we were out of the shower and getting dressed, she continued her relentless teasing by opening her suitcase and pulling out a cute red lace bra and panty set. Given that she had told me she packed the lingerie for me, it was gut wrenching to see her putting it on for another man to remove. She looked absolutely exquisite in it, though, and the tight little dress she put on it only made her look even more sexy.

We met them at one of the nicer restaurants on the property, an upscale steakhouse with a great selection of wines. They were a very friendly couple, and the four of us found ourselves laughing together like old friends. Despite that, there was still a growing sexual tension, simmering just below the surface.

When we were finished with dinner, we set off to explore the nightlife in the resort and see what was going on. We came across one of the pool areas that we had yet to visit, and found a pool party going strong. There was a DJ set up playing dance hits, and a small island in the middle of the pool with a dance floor. The only way to get to it was a small bridge submerged under a foot of water, so you had to go barefoot to get there. A lot of the women were

dancing in their bikinis, but there were also a fair number dressed up for a night out who had kicked off their shoes to get to middle.

We staked out a table on the perimeter of the pool, and ordered a few drinks. While we were still waiting for the server to return, Grace slipped her heels off and grabbed Mike by the hand, then pulled him off toward the water. He quickly shed his shoes and socks and rolled up his pants so he could follow her.

Marla and I stayed behind, watching the party-goers from afar. Just like Grace, she was dressed in a tight little dress, but hers was a bright red. It was perfect for drawing my eyes to her luscious body.

"Your wife is stunning," she said to me, raising her voice so I could hear her over the thumping music. "I'm sure my husband will love taking advantage of her youth."

I drew my eyes away from her and saw the two of them dancing together with a foot of space between them. Despite the distance, their eyes never left each other, and they both had beaming smiles on their faces.

"She really is amazing," I agreed.

"I was hoping you and I would be able to get to know each other better," she continued, looking over at me. "I guess your girlfriend isn't too fond of that idea, though."

I looked back at her again. Her face was stunningly beautiful, even more so with the lustful glint in her eye. My cock stirred at the hint of desire, and a part of me wanted to sneak off with her. That wasn't me, though. I had made a promise to Grace, and no matter how much my hormones raged at me to take advantage of the moment, I couldn't do it.

"I'm flattered," I said, "but she makes the rules. I'm sure we will both have our own fun with them, though, once they are done with each other."

She smiled and turned back toward the dance floor. I followed her gaze and found an even more enticing sight. Grace had turned around, and the space between them was gone. Her ass, covered with only the thin fabric of her dress, was pressed against him, grinding against his crotch to the beat of the music. His arms

were around her, holding her body as if the two of them were already fucking. She turned her head to the side to look back at him, and it felt like they were on the brink of kissing. The tension was there, but the moment wasn't right yet. She looked toward me instead, while she continued to slither against him seductively.

There was nothing special about this stranger. He was average in every way, very similar to me in age and body type, yet she wanted him nonetheless. I could see it in her eyes, that wistful need to feel his cock inside her. The only real draw seemed to be that she wanted to tease me. She wanted me to see that look, to see her craving. This was all so new for her, yet she had taken to it like she had been doing it her entire life.

It felt like they would be dancing together for hours, but it only took about twenty minutes before the tension became unbearable for them. Grace whispered something in his ear, then grabbed him by the hand and pulled him toward the table where I was sitting with his wife.

"Why don't we head back to the room?" she asked.

Marla was already on her feet and ready to go, so I hopped up and we made our way through the winding pathways leading back to our room. Grace and Mike walked in front of us holding hands while Marla and I followed behind, but my girlfriend kept glancing over her shoulder to make sure we were behaving. Our relationship, barely more than a day old, was already being tested, and I intended to pass with flying colors.

When we got to the room, I let us in while Grace stayed close to Mike. Once we were inside, she stepped away from her new friend and pulled me aside.

"I want you and Marla to sit on opposite sides of the room," she whispered in my ear. "You can play with yourself, but you're not allowed to cum until he's done with me. I want you to save that for me, okay?"

I swallowed and nodded. There was a chair and a small sofa in the living area of our suite, and Marla had already taken the chair, so I pulled a chair from the dining table over as Grace took a seat on the sofa next to Mike.

As soon as she sat down, Grace leaned in and kissed Mike. Her hand went to his crotch, feeling his bulge as they kissed, while his hands slipped around her back and pulled her closer. Within seconds, their amorous embrace became much more heated as they began to paw at each other. Mike's hand seemed to linger over every curve of her body, slipping along her ass and cupping her breasts. His touch only enhanced her excitement and fueled her desire.

Marla sat in her own chair watching them with one hand squeezed between her thighs and the other playing with her buxom chest. Her body writhed as she touched herself. Her eyes would sometimes flit toward me and linger with a playful smile, reminding me of her interest. It only added to the torture to know that she was off limits.

I turned my gaze back to the couple on the couch. Mike's hand had made its way up under her dress, where he had found her slit wet and ready for him. She gasped softly as he slipped his fingers in and out of her, just out of my view.

Grace finally pushed his hand away and stood up in front of him. Her dress was held in place by a small zipper that ran all the way from her neckline to the lower hem of her dress, and as she pulled it down, the fabric parted to show our guest her bountiful body clad in red lace underthings. She looked back at me for a moment, then tossed her dress into my lap before dropping to her knees in front of him.

Mike helped her remove his shorts, and his cock popped free. I was once again struck by how average he was. He was the same size as me, maybe even a little bit smaller, but Grace quickly took his manhood into her mouth. She began sucking him eagerly while he ran his hands through her golden curls.

I looked at Marla again. She had pulled her dress up and was furiously rubbing herself as she watched my girlfriend pleasing her husband. Her pussy was cleanly shaven with puffy pink lips that looked deliciously inviting. She saw me watching her again and gave me that devilish smile, then pulled down the top of her dress to show off her breasts. They were perfect globes dotted by little pink

areolas, and when she pinched them, the tips stiffened under her fingers.

Both of us looked back at our partners, who were entangled in a kiss while Grace stroked his length. Apparently her lips had been too much for him, as he had to stop her before things went too far. He wasn't content to just have her mouth, though. He wanted to feel her pussy wrapped around his cock. She slowly climbed up onto the couch and straddled his lap, and he pulled at the clasp on her bra so that he could get at her perky tits.

The red lace bra fell away from her body, and all I could see was him leaning in toward her chest. There was a familiar smacking sound, the sound of his lips suckling her teat, all while his hands grabbed at her bare skin. Grace rolled her head back and let out a sensuous moan, letting her eyes connect with mine just for a fleeting moment. Then her attention was back on him as she began to swivel her hips against his rock hard shaft. Her panties still stood between him and her pussy, but I knew it wouldn't be long before that changed.

Mike wrapped his arms around her and stood up, holding her body tightly. Grace's legs surrounded him, and he carried her into the bedroom. Both Marla and I stood up to follow, even as she gave me that same mischievous look. I waited for her to enter the bedroom first, and followed behind her as she stripped her dress off as well. When she headed to the left and sat on the edge of the bed near the headboard, I went to the right so I could keep my distance.

Mike laid my girlfriend down on the edge of the bed. He towered over her, his cock standing at full attention in front of him. He grabbed Grace's panties and pulled them off, then ran his fingers across her pussy to feel how wet she was.

"Somebody is excited," he said, confirming her arousal. "Do you want me to fuck you in front of your man?"

"Yes," she whispered raggedly. "I want him to see it when you make me cum."

Mike took his cock in his hand and began rubbing the tip back and forth along her slit. He wasn't exaggerating when he said

she was already wet, as his cock glistened with her juices after just the slightest touch.

Mike pushed forward and slowly slid inside Grace. Her reaction was more subdued than when she had fucked Marcus on the beach, but that was likely due to Mike's smaller size. Across the bed from me, Marla let out her own moan, which was much louder. I looked over and saw her fingering herself madly. She had three fingers in her pussy, and she was thrusting so hard, her entire hand was almost disappearing.

Mike leaned down over Grace and kissed her as their bodies moved together. Her cries grew steadily louder and more intense, just as he began to pound her body with even more force. Their bodies slapped together with each thrust, and the sound echoed throughout the room around us.

"Oh, fuck, it feels so good," Grace moaned, leering back at me.

That was when I realized that she wasn't getting louder because Mike was getting better. Her increased arousal came when she saw me watching her. She was putting on a show for me, and as I began to stroke myself faster, she let out a longing sigh. It was as if she wanted this to be done so that she could have me again.

Luckily, Mike wasn't the most proficient lover, and his stamina left something to be desired. Less than ten minutes after he had first penetrated her, he gave one final thrust and erupted inside her. Grace responded with another languid moan, then gave him one final kiss before he stepped back and began searching for his clothes.

As Grace was getting up, Marla moved toward her unexpectedly and gave her a brief kiss on the lips. Then she retreated to the other room with her husband and helped him collect their things.

Grace was a bit shocked by the sudden kiss, and when the two of them were out of sight, she looked at me and broke into a fit of giggles. We tried to contain ourselves until we heard the door close, and then both burst into a fit of laughter.

"Did she want to fuck me too?" Grace asked as she laughed hard enough to cry.

"I think so," I commented as I moved toward her.

Grace stood up and approached me, her naked, freshly used body on display.

"She would probably be a better fuck than her husband," she admitted, revealing her true feelings on the matter.

"You didn't enjoy it?" I asked as my arms enveloped her.

"It was alright," she shrugged. "I'm more excited to have you, though."

With that, she sank her lips onto mine and pulled me into a fervent kiss. My hands moved across her body, feeling the warmth radiating from her bare flesh. She was mine, all mine, and it was time for me to show her that.

I pushed her back onto the bed and climbed over her, shedding the last of my clothes in the process. She reached for my crotch and felt my erection, then smiled up at me.

"Did you enjoy watching another man fuck your girlfriend?" she said as she grinned back at me.

"I did, but next time we need to find you someone better."

"I agree," she purred as I kissed her neck. "Next time, I want another big one. I like the big ones."

"Mine's not very big," I said with a pause.

"Yours is perfect," she retorted, then mashed her lips against mine.

She guided the tip into her warmth, and I disappeared inside her. I felt like I was in heaven, feeling her body below me, her lips on mine, the two of us connected by such a twisted series of events. Where Mike had fucked her like a high school kid, I made love to her with slow and tender movements. There was an intensity there, and it made me harder than I had ever been before.

We rolled across the bed until Grace was on top of me, and she maintained the same slow tempo I had taken. Her entire body pressed into me, and I could feel the curve of her breasts as they pressed into my chest. Even when we were no longer kissing, our eyes stayed connected in a fiercely intimate way.

I felt her body begin to tighten over me, just as my own muscles flexed. We were both close, and we could both feel the other approaching climax. Her pace quickened, but only ever so slightly. Her movements became more deliberate just as her cries grew louder. Suddenly she stopped and clawed at my chest. I could feel a wetness spreading between us, as if her fluids were escaping her pussy. In that moment, I unleashed my load deep into her pussy and drove her even higher.

Then it was over. Grace fell limply on top of me, her body rising with every labored breath. My brain was in a fog, but I clearly heard the words that came out of her mouth.

"God, I love you," she whispered breathlessly.

Despite knowing exactly what she said, my mind began second guessing itself. I felt the same way, but it wasn't something I wanted to say back if I had misheard it.

"What did you say?" I asked gently, almost cautiously.

Grace lifted her head and looked at me with a glowing smile. She didn't hesitate.

"I said I love you," she repeated. "I've always felt an attraction to you, but this week has shown me a side of you that I never would have expected. You're an amazing man, even if you don't know it. You don't have to say it back. I just wanted you to know."

"I love you, too," I blurted out immediately.

Grace broke out into a fit of giggles over my awkward response, and I joined her a moment later. It took a few minutes to recover ourselves, but when we did, I looked her in the eye.

"I've never known anyone who made me feel the way you do," I said. "You're such an amazing woman, and I'm not ashamed to say I love you, too."

We fell into a deep kiss before cuddling up under the covers. It had been a long and exciting night, but we were both spent. We drifted off to sleep, knowing that tomorrow would only hold more adventures.

The next day would be our last full one at the resort, with our flight scheduled to leave early the next day. I didn't think things could get much crazier than they already had been, but life has a way of surprising you.

Grace woke me up again, right on schedule, as she returned from her morning run. We were both tired, so we took separate showers and headed to breakfast. Things seemed more calm and subdued, possibly because the big fireworks had already happened. It wasn't until we were heading back from breakfast that our day took an unusual turn.

Marcus was at the reception desk again, and when Grace saw him, she stopped.

"Wait here," she said, then hurried over to talk to Marcus.

Whatever the subject of their conversation was, Grace was more animated than usual. Marcus listened, then nodded in agreement. They said a few more things before she waved goodbye and returned to me with a glowing smile.

"What was that about?" I asked.

"Nothing," she said perkily. "Just working on a surprise for my love."

I shook my head, then took her hand and led her back to the room to change. There were only so many hours left at the pool, and we wanted to enjoy as many of them as we could.

I forgot about the conversation until later that day, when she scurried off to talk to Marcus again. She looked even more excited this time, and when she came back, she told me we had plans after dinner. For the rest of the day, all I could think about was what she was scheming for me. Only time would tell, though, so I tried to relax and enjoy the view of her scantily clad body in the warm sunshine.

Dinner time finally rolled around, and once again we planned on one of the nicer restaurants to enjoy our meal. Grace slipped into her slinky black dress, letting me get just a glimpse of the lacy red underwear she was wearing below. I knew it wouldn't be as simple as getting to have her to myself tonight, and I wasn't even sure if I would be the one to remove her clothes tonight.

We enjoyed an amazing feast of steak and lobster tails, supplemented by a fine pinot grigio that tickled our palettes while making Grace all bubbly and giggly.

When we finally made our way back toward the room, we took a short detour down along the beach. The full moon was floating over the water like a beacon, and the light illuminated her face in a way that I would never forget. Every feature was perfect and beautiful.

"This has been such an amazing week," she sighed as she sank into my arms. "I'm so lucky to have you."

"I feel the same way," I said, then slipped a finger under her chin and kissed her softly.

We kicked off our shoes and walked through the sand, listening to the crashing waves. When we stopped, I slipped my arms around her and pulled her close. My cock was already stirring with excitement, and feeling her body push back against me in that tiny little dress only made the matter worse. I wanted her so badly, and I was even considering just taking her right there on the beach. She looked down at her watch, though, and her demeanor changed.

"Maybe we should head back to the room," she said, a mischievous smile dancing across her lips.

"Okay?" I replied, feeling my first burst of nerves coming on.

"Just trust me."

With that, she gave me a firm kiss on the lips, then grabbed my hand and dragged me away from the quiet beach and back toward the resort. When we arrived back at our room a few minutes later, she looked around furtively like she was afraid someone would see us. Her eyes lingered for a moment on one end of the hallway, and then she pushed me through the door and started kissing me again.

We stood just inside the room, continuing our amorous embrace for several minutes. When she finally stopped, she leaned in and whispered in my ear.

"I want to tie you up," she said, her breath making the hairs on my neck stand up.

She grabbed me by the hand and hauled me into the bedroom, where I was a little surprised to see several coils of purple rope sitting on the edge of the bed. I didn't remember Grace having anything like that, let alone leaving it on the bed, but when she unzipped her dress and pulled it off, I promptly forgot about it. She looked stunning in that red lace.

"Lay down on the bed," she said as she pulled the rope and began unfastening one of the coils.

I was still learning a lot about Grace, and the most recent revelation was that she seemed to be very adept with rope. She climbed over me, letting her skimpy lingerie distract me as she quickly looped my hands together and then fastened them to the headboard. Other than being fully dressed, I was ready for whatever she was going to do to me.

She climbed off the bed and tossed the remaining bundles of rope aside, then smiled devilishly.

"I'll be right back," she said, before disappearing into the other room.

A few seconds later, I heard the front door open. My mind spun in a state of confusion, completely lost about what was happening. Where was she going dressed like that? What was happening right now?

I heard another voice, a deep male voice, and when I recognized it as Marcus, it suddenly dawned on me what was happening.

Grace strolled into the room confidently with him behind her. The real surprise came when a second man walked in behind them.

Both men were dressed in shorts and light linen shirts. Where Marcus was thicker and more muscular, his friend was more lanky, with long dreads and one gold tooth that glinted when he smiled.

"I told Marcus how much I liked the big ones, and how I wanted to give you a fun surprise on our last night," she said to me, "so he suggested inviting Kel here along. Apparently Kel is well equipped, and is quite popular with married women. I figured if one

would turn you on that much, I could only imagine how much two thick cocks fucking me would blow your mind.”

Before she could even get the words out, Kel had already moved up behind her and slipped his hand across the curve of her ass. Marcus moved in front of her, with the two men sandwiching her in the middle, then kissed her while his friend played with her ass. Grace got lost in the sensation, and soon it seemed as if she had forgotten about me in the dawning moments of her ménage a trois.

She kissed Marcus for a few moments, then turned her head back and started kissing his friend. Kel slipped his arms around her and cupped her breasts, while Marcus stepped back and ran his fingers over her mound. He dropped down and pulled her panties off, and Kel did the same for her cute bra. Now she was left naked between them, their hands all over her body.

After just a few days together and fresh off our first romantic dinner, my girlfriend was now about to have a threesome with two other men, and I wouldn't be one of them. My cock strained against my jeans, yet she didn't care. When she did finally glance in my direction, she saw my discomfort and frustration and simply laughed.

“Do you want to watch them fuck me?” she asked with a very sensual tone.

I stopped struggling and nodded. I would get my chance with her, but right now was about taking my ultimate fantasy to an even more intense level. If I let this happen, then it would be a night I would never forget.

Grace turned her body toward me, still standing between them, and reached for both of their crotches. Then she dropped to her knees and massaged their bulges as they both pulled off their shirts and dropped their shorts.

While Marcus was as big as I remembered, it was Kel who really caught both of our attention. His cock was another inch or two longer than his friend, a thick veiny shaft that looked like it would split Grace open. She wasn't afraid though. She reached up and took both cocks in her hands, then turned and sank her lips around the new one first. While her mouth worked his shaft, her hand kept

Marcus entertained for a few minutes until she was ready to switch to him.

I watched in awe as she went back and forth between the two of them, letting them both enjoy her oral ministrations. I felt like I was watching a porno with the most beautiful star ever, and it made it even better to know that I had experienced her first, before she had discovered her new love for big, thick cocks.

Marcus was the first to step away from the action. He pulled Grace up from the floor and guided her down onto the bed so that her head rested against my thigh, inches away from my throbbing erection. He got on his knees and ran his tongue along her slit, which made her moan and press her head back against me. One of her hands reached back and found my bulge, and she gave it a teasing squeeze with one hand while the other pulled Marcus' tongue deeper into her pussy.

It only took him a few minutes to get her soaking wet. He stood up and stepped back, letting Kel have the first turn with her. The dreadlocked man ran the tip of his cock through her wetness, with her legs spread wide to give me a clear view. Then he pushed down and forward, and the head disappeared inside her.

He was slow and gentle at first, letting her body adjust to his size. Then his pace quickened, and I could hear the wet squish of his cock pounding her dripping wet sex. Her grip tightened on my bulge, yet still she refused to free my length.

When Kel pulled out, Marcus was quick to jump in his place. Kel wasn't content to stand back and watch, though. He pulled Grace to the edge of the bed and away from me, then shoved his cock into her face until she opened wide and began sucking him. She was now pleasing two men at the same time, like a perfect little slut.

The action continued to unfold before me. Marcus flipped her over so that she was on her belly, and she crawled up on the bed on her hands and knees. Kel moved behind her and Marcus got in front of her, so that the two of them were spit roasting her. Now that they were on the bed with me, I could feel every movement reverberating through the bedsprings.

Kel's bigger size had a very clear effect on Grace. Every time he pushed inside her, every muscle in her body would tighten and she would cry out lustfully. It made it difficult for her to keep her mouth on Marcus' manhood, but he didn't seem to mind. He would still enjoy her pussy when Kel was finished with his turn.

Through all of this, I remained bound to the bed with my clothes on. These two men took advantage of her in every way possible way, and Grace never hesitated to follow their commands. She gave herself to them, and let them use her as she climaxed again and again. Every now and then our eyes would meet, and I would see the desire behind them. I had brought out the inner slut that she had tried so hard to keep hidden.

They stayed on her for over an hour. It was pure torture, but at the same time, it was the most arousing thing I had ever seen. It felt like it would never end, until finally Kel shoved himself deep inside her pussy and unleashed a thick load into her womb.

Marcus stepped up while he began dressing, and within minutes, he added his own cum to her thoroughly used pussy. Then he dressed as well, and the two men quickly excused themselves. They had satisfied my girlfriend's desires, but they knew that they were only a part of the show. The real excitement would come when I finally got my moment to reclaim her.

Grace was lying on the edge of the bed with her feet dangling on the floor. Her hair was a tousled mess, her makeup was smeared from her eyes watering. She looked at me, and her lips slowly curled into a salacious grin. She lifted herself up and moved across the bed toward me, then kissed me as her hand found my aching bulge again.

"Did you like that?" she purred between furtive kisses.

"Yes," I said.

"Do you want to make me yours now?" she asked as her lips moved down my neck and made the hairs there stand on end.

"Yes," I said, unable to find any other words.

She moved down my body and began unbuckling my belt. Her hands reached inside and wrapped around my shaft, giving me my first moment of relief. She stopped for a second to pull my pants

all the way off, then went straight for my manhood with her open mouth.

Her lips felt blissful on me. Every nerve in my body tingled, and I fought to keep my orgasm in check. I couldn't stop her if I got too close, but she seemed to be attuned to my body perfectly. Every time I felt that urge rising, she would slow down until it subsided.

With my hands still bound, Grace climbed on top of me and straddled my waist. My cock stood straight up, right in front of her, and she took it in her hand and stroked it.

"I wish you were as big as them," she teased. "They touched me in places that you'll never be able to reach."

I couldn't find the words to respond, but I didn't need to. Grace lifted herself up and dropped down onto my cock in one fluid motion. I could feel the lubrication from all of the cum inside her. I could feel it dripping down around my lap.

Grace planted her hands on my chest and began riding me with a slow yet deliberate gyration. I could feel her pussy, still tight, pressing against my cock as she moved around. Then she dropped down and began kissing me, and I could feel my self-control begin to fail.

"Slow down," I whispered. I wanted to feel more of her, but she had other plans.

"No," she replied stubbornly. "I want it. I want your cum."

That was all I needed to hear to carry me over the edge. My body tightened, all of my muscles coming together as my cock exploded inside her. Her hands clawed at my flesh, and that was when I realized she was coming with me. All of the excitement had turned her on, and while the two other men had given her climax after climax, none of them had the power and intensity that this one did.

We both went limp, and although my cock stayed hard inside her, I knew it would fade soon. She struggled to lift her head to look into my eyes, then gave me a soft kiss.

"You're so amazing," she mumbled as she pulled at the ropes holding me to the bed.

The knots released. I wrapped my arms around her and pulled her into a heated kiss that made my blood boil. Not being able to touch her had affected me in a way that I never could have expected, and now that I had her, I didn't want to let go.

"You liked that too?" she asked.

"I did," I replied quietly. "Was it that evident?"

"Well," she giggled, "you are still hard."

She was right. My manhood had never even gone soft. Her hips moved a little, and it seemed to spring back to life with a renewed rigidity.

"Make love to me?" she asked, begging me with her eyes.

I couldn't say no to her. I pushed her back and climbed on top, then pushed down until I was deep as I could go.

We made love all night until we both passed out. When I woke up the next morning, she was still in my arms. For the first time, she had skipped her morning run in order to enjoy that special morning embrace. We laid together in bed watching the sun rise over the vibrant blue sea, then made love one more time before we packed our bags.

We returned home later that day, renewed from our vacation and madly in love. There would be many more adventures ahead for us, each unique in its own way, but neither one of us would ever forget the crazy vacation together that had started it all.

Other books available on Amazon by [Alex Skylar](#) :

From Housewife to Whore

Eric's wife Jillian was very conservative, but when financial difficulties drive them to extremes, she decides to try out for the amateur night at the local strip club. That opens both of them up to a new side of their relationship, and eventually leads her to audition for an adult film. How far will she go to get the part, and how will it affect her relationship with her loving husband?

WARNING: This 25,000-word story contains graphic sexual depictions of cuckolding, humiliation, and anal sex.

Elise's Friend with Benefits

I often shared my girlfriends with other men, but that changed when I met Elise. She was the picture of perfection, and my interest in cuckolding was quelled by the fear of losing her to a better man. That all changed one night while she was away on business in Arizona and told me about an old friend who used to entertain her on her trips before we met. Chris sounded like the perfect bull, and her words stirred my dormant fetish. The resulting encounter was like nothing I had ever experienced before, and would forever change the nature of our relationship.

WARNING: This 12,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, mild humiliation, and creampie.

The Hotwife Party

This story follows the events of Raising the Stakes. After John introduces his wife Melinda to the world of hotwives, the two of them decide to host a party for couples and bulls. Where will the night take them, and how far will Melinda allow herself to be pulled into the fantasy world?

WARNING: This 10,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, interracial sex, humiliation, and group

sex.

Cheating with Permission: The Ski Instructor

Lisa and Shane had planned for a nice romantic ski getaway in the mountains of New Hampshire for their first anniversary. When they meet their ski instructor for the weekend, however, Shane suggests pursuing his fantasy of watching his wife with another man. While Lisa is hesitant at first, she gives in to her urges. The result is a weekend of sexual exploration that neither one of them will forget.

Warning: This 13,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, humiliation, and anal sex.

Cheating with Permission: Return of the Ski Instructor

This story is a continuation of Cheating with Permission: The Ski Instructor: When Shane spent his anniversary weekend watching his wife fulfill his sexual fantasy by sleeping with another man, he thought his cuckolding experience would be a one-time thing. Months later, Lisa tells him that she has been in touch with her bull, and he wants to go on a weekend camping trip with them. Shane knows he will be a cuckold once again, but his wife has plans to take his fantasy to the next level. Will he be able to handle her unbridled sexuality and the accompanying humiliation?

WARNING: This 14,000- word erotic short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, extreme humiliation, creampie humiliation, and group sex.

Losing the Bet

Chris had always dreamed of seeing his wife Melody with another man. After using her for a wager over a late night game of pool, he ends up getting his wish. But when Melody and her friend Kristen decide to test the boundaries of his fantasy, will he get more than he bargained for?

WARNING: This 12,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, humiliation, and a threesome.

Cheating with Permission: The Latin Lover

When Mia went out for some salsa dancing with her sister, she never knew it would change her relationship with her husband forever. At first she felt guilty for getting too close to a stranger, but when her husband encouraged her to explore her sexuality and test her boundaries, her curiosity takes control. How far will she take it?

WARNING: This 10,000-word short story explores the world of hotwives and cuckolding, and includes graphic descriptions of cheating and exhibitionism.

Taking the Game Further

Things have been tense between Sarah and her husband as they struggle to get pregnant. One night while they are out for drinks, they start a new game: Sarah flirts with other men while her husband watches. While the game distracts them from their problems for a little while, a big fight eventually causes Sarah to take the game a step further with a handsome stranger. How far will she take it, and how will it change her marriage?

WARNING: This 11,000-word short story explores the darker side of cuckolding, and includes graphic descriptions of sex, cuckolding, and humiliation.

The Night Before the Wedding

Stephanie's fiancé loved to watch her with other men, but she had rarely gone out on her own. For the night before their wedding she plans an exciting sexual adventure for herself that will leave her in bliss, while relentlessly teasing her soon-to-be husband. What sort of

trouble will she get into on her own, and what surprises will she have in store for her husband?

WARNING: This 11,000-word erotica short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, bondage, group sex, and humiliation.

Taking his Wife

Her name was Keira, and she was absolutely gorgeous. The only problem was that she was married. It was easy to become friends with her and gain her trust, but I wanted more than that. Could I convince her to give in to her base sexual desires and to give herself to me, a wealthy black man?

WARNING: This 9,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cheating, cuckolding, and interracial sex.

The Reluctant Cuckold

When my wife Kim wanted to bring her younger sister Anna along with us on our anniversary trip to Miami, I hoped I might have the opportunity for some fun with the two of them together. Those dreams were dashed when her younger sister met a black man named Joe. After a game of strip poker and a lot of alcohol, I soon realized that my wife had an equal interest in her sister's new friend. How far would the three of them go as I watched helplessly?

WARNING: This 9,700-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, group sex, and interracial sex.

College Cuckold

When Eric and Elise first went away to separate universities, they were just an ordinary couple. But the first time he visits her at school, he decides to play a game. He pretends he has never met her before, while encouraging her to explore her sexuality with her friend Tyler. Elise plays along, and the ensuing adventure creates a

new dynamic in their relationship. How far will Elise take it, and how will Eric handle becoming a cuckold?

WARNING: This 10,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, cheating, and anal sex.

Revenge Cuckolding

When Eva found her boyfriend's secret stash of cuckolding porn on his computer, she was furious at first. So she decided that the best way to get even would be to carry out his fantasy right in front of his face with the help of her friend Jon. Would the reality of it be too much for him to handle, or would her revenge turn into a fun night for both of them?

WARNING: This 11,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, extreme public humiliation, and cheating.

My Wife's Ex-husband

I had often fantasized about my wife Clara sleeping with other men, but nobody stoked that fantasy more than her well-built ex-husband. After seeing a moment of flirtation between them one day, I decided to bring the idea up and see how she responded. The idea caught her interest and she started flirting with him. I would soon find out exactly why my wife had been drawn to this man in the first place, and all that he had to offer her.

WARNING: This 14,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding and mild humiliation.

Shared

I had watched many men have their way with my wife Tori, but always from my seat in the corner of the room. As a cuckold, I always waited for them to finish before having my turn. Tonight would be different, though. When Tori told me that she wanted to invite her friend Joe into our bedroom, she admitted her own fantasy

of being shared by two men at the same time. It would be our first real threesome, and a night that none of us would soon forget.

Warning: This 5,500-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, male bisexuality, bondage, and double vaginal penetration.

A Hotwife Weekend

Emily had been a hotwife for almost as long as she could remember, but her flings were always quick one-night stands. When a handsome bartender invites her on a ski weekend away from her husband, though, it allows her to explore her own sexual boundaries and discover delights that she has never known before. How far will she take her wanton behavior with her sexy host, and how will her husband feel when she returns to him at the end of her crazy adventure?

WARNING: this 11,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, cheating, and anal sex.

Shared Accomodations

It was a simple mistake that led to Alexis sharing a room with one of her male colleagues. She was concerned that it might upset her husband, but instead she discovered that he had developed an interest in the world of cuckolding. At his suggestion, she begins flirting with her attractive roommate, and over the course of their weekend together, she embarks on a sexual journey that will forever change her marriage.

WARNING: This 10,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding and cheating.

Sleeping with his Friends

Emma and I live an active hotwife lifestyle, but my friends have always been the one group of men who were off limits. As the nature of our relationship evolves, though, even that rule becomes

flexible. First, she cuckolds me in front of them so I'm forced to admit the truth. Then she invites them into our house to give herself to them, one by one. Despite my hesitations, Emma and I both know we won't be satisfied until she has experienced every single one of them.

WARNING: This 15,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, humiliation, and threesomes.

The Cuckold Test

Adam had heard of cuckolding before, but the idea that it might be something that would arouse him had never crossed his mind. While away on an anniversary trip with his wife Brittney, though, a stranger introduces him to the idea of a stag relationship and suggests a simple test. It starts with just a kiss between his wife and another man, and if he likes it, then they move to the next step. But when Brittany opens up and finds her own sexual freedom, he finds himself wondering how far their mutual sexual journey will take them.

WARNING: This 10,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of stag cuckolding and anal sex.

The Right Way to Cheat

Sometimes, all it takes is a chance encounter to show you a whole other world that you never even knew existed. For Alexis King, that moment comes when a handsome stranger walks into her diner and leads her down the road to infidelity. That one day would take her down a slippery slope of lustful sex and illicit affairs that would eventually bring her to Mr. Cole, her billionaire boss with a penchant for cuckolding. With her marriage collapsing, could his knowledge of non-traditional relationships be the key to finding her own happiness?

WARNING: This 60,000-word novel contains graphic sexual descriptions of infidelity, cuckolding, humiliation, and interracial sex.

My Fiancé Prefers my Best Friend (Part 1 of the Cuckold Trilogy)

A week before their wedding, Scott's future wife Katie learned of the unusual nature of his friendship with his best man Kevin, as well as his fantasy of watching her with another man. When he gives her his blessing to explore her sexuality and desires with his best friend, they begin a sexual adventure that will shape the future of their relationship.

WARNING: This 12,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of hotwives, cuckolding, and humiliation.

The Hotwife Party

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