**Island Vacation**

by imaging

**ISLAND VACATION CH. 15**

*Jen did that.*

She could feel Tim and Mickey following them. One of them closed the patio door, denying Jen's imaginary audience beyond the fence the opportunity to hear whatever was about to unfold. Jen wasn't sure exactly what was about to happen but she was ready for it. She wasn't just willing, she wanted it. There was still some small part of her that was afraid to think too far ahead. She was nervous about what might be lying just around the corners of her imagination. She wasn't sure where her desire might push her, but she knew that wherever it was, she would not deny herself. She only hoped that Tim was as ready as she was.

She never stopped moving as she walked across the small sitting area and up the step that led to Mickey and Kate's bed. Kate stopped and turned to her with a question poised on her lips. Jen didn't want to hear any more questions.

"Lay down," she said softly, resisting the urge to push Kate toward the bed.

Kate glanced at the bed and then back at Jen.

"On your back." Her voice was soft, but certain. "Now."

A slight grin flashed across Kate's face as she dropped a knee onto the bed, and then stretched her long frame across it. Her head landed on a pillow, her feet pointing to Jen at the foot of the bed. Jen slid her knee between them, then slid it to her right, pushing one foot to the side. Kate responded to the wordless command and opened her legs. Now it was Jen's turn to smile.

She eased down, placing both hands carefully on the bed, one on either side of Kate. Pulling her other leg up, she slowly began to crawl, cat-like, over Kate's naked body. When she reached her head she leaned down, noticing the smell of her sex on Kate's face, and kissed her; hard, insistent, fueled by the lust that had been building for days and recently tapped by Kate's skill. When their lips touched and Kate felt the force of the kiss, she gasped, surprised by Jen's assertiveness.

"I did that," Jen thought. She felt a subtle surge of sexual power. After all, if she could cause a response in a woman as experienced and confident as Kate... well, who knew what she might be capable of.

Tim.

She had nearly forgotten about him. And Mickey.

She drew herself up and turned to see the two of them, standing slack-jawed near the step. She smiled again.

Moving to her right she positioned herself on her knees next to Kate, facing the men. The next kiss was just as forceful, just as demanding, and just as passionate as the first. This one, though, she held just a bit longer for the pleasure of her audience. She pulled away, never losing eye contact with Kate who seemed to be waiting for her next instruction. Without saying a word, Jen set her hand softly onto Kate's tummy. She felt it twitch at her touch. She took her time, feeling the warmth of the skin before beginning a slow, steady glide down her abdomen, across her pubic bone, allowing her fingers to drop into the crevice between her legs. She never broke eye contact as she moved directly to her pussy, teasing the clit on the way by. Her first two fingers entered Kate quickly, again causing the older woman to tense from her belly button to her toes.

She removed her fingers deliberately and raised her eyes to Tim. She could have sworn that she saw him gulp as she lifted her fingers to her mouth and licked them clean.

"I made Kate wet," she said softly. That smile still hanging around the corners of her mouth. Tim simply nodded. Mickey was silent.

She moved again, pushing Kate's legs out and up. Reclining between them she lowered her face toward that wet pussy. The smell was strong but pleasant. She wondered for a second about teasing Kate, taking her time, just as she had done to her, but she didn't have the patience. She wanted it now, and she was not going to deny herself.

In one quick move, her mouth found Kate's nub. She paused for a second to suck it gently and feel her friend respond. Her own pussy reacted as well. The smell of another woman was new but intoxicating. Jen began to lick the juices from Kate's slit as though she were a starving woman. Somewhere in the back of her head, she heard the insistent instruction to take her time and pleasure her partner. She wondered - for an instant - just exactly how she might do that. Then she stifled those thoughts. For the moment she was going to be completely greedy. She was licking Kate for her own pleasure, not Kate's. At first, she lapped like a dog, eager to taste every tangy, salty drop. Then she licked like a kitten, exploring each hidden crevice. She was delighted to see that no matter what she did, the juices were replenished as fast as she removed them.

She pushed Kate's legs wider apart, a bit more forcefully than she had anticipated. She was certain that she felt her gasp again when she did, so she gave another push for good measure. With the legs completely out of the way, she slid her right index finger into Kate's warm slit. Soon she added a second. She was surprised by both the texture and the slickness of the walls. Sliding back and forth, first slowly, then with more force, she imagined what it must be like for Tim to experience that feeling along the tender skin of his penis. As she worked in and out, varying both her angle and speed, she made note of Kate's responses. Then remembered Kate's technique from the hot tub, so with her palm facing up she crooked her fingers and applied pressure to the roof of Kate's pussy. Now the older woman jerked her head off of the pillow and shoved her feet straight to the ceiling.

"Shit!" she nearly shrieked.

Suddenly Mickey appeared on the bed, naked and kneeling next to his wife's head.

"I don't want to intrude, but I think I know how to keep her quiet."

Kate grinned and eagerly turned her head and opened her mouth to take Mickey's erection. Somehow, he slid the entire length of his shaft into her mouth.

"Lick her again while you do that, but be ready to get out of the way," Mickey advised as he pulled out to let his wife breathe before burying himself in her face again.

Jen didn't care that she didn't understand him. She just went back down on Kate, finding every way she could to taste her. And anything that made her gasp, or tense, or moan was repeated. Not because Kate liked it, but because she liked the fact that she could make it happen. In fact, she wondered if she could make herself cum just by getting another woman off.

She heard Kate's muffled moans as Mickey fed her his cock. Jen turned her eyes upward, watching her gobble as much of her husband's dick as she could. The lurid show was just more stimulation for Jen. That sight, combined with the taste and smell of Kate's sweet, musky pussy, and the feeling of her occasional grunting convulsion as Jen's tongue burrowed through her slit, was almost too much to take.

Almost.

Suddenly, Kate grabbed the back of Jen's head, pulling her into her wetness. Her muffled groans turned into muted shrieks, each higher pitched than the last. Her thighs tightened around Jen's head, making her wonder for just a moment if she was going to be able to continue to breathe.

Then a noise rose deep from inside her, as though it were working its way up from her sex, through her abdomen, up her throat, and out of her beautiful mouth. Her head and shoulders bounded from their place, freeing Mickey's cock and allowing her to finally speak.

"Yes!!! Fucking yes!"

The shudder that followed released the grasp her thighs had on Kate just in time. An eruption forced its way from Kate's soaking pussy, spraying Jen's mouth and chin. As soon as it stopped, it gushed again, spurting nearly as high.

"Oh my God!" The confusion registered across Jen's face. "Are you alright?"

"Oh baby," Kate panted. "I am more than all right." Then Jen watched as a final gurgle escaped from her gaping pussy. "Come here." She crooked her finger at Jen, panting deeply. "Let me clean you up."

Jen leaned forward, dripping all the way up Kate's body. Now it was Kate's turn to be aggressive. Wrapping her hand around the back of Kate's head, she kissed her so hard that their teeth bumped. Her breathing was still deep and the kiss was passionate. Kate released just enough to allow her to begin licking the wetness from Jen's cheeks and chin.

Jen took a minute to notice that her pussy was buzzing, like some sort of low-voltage current rumbling through her groin. She slipped a finger between her legs and found that she was nearly as soaked as Kate. The slightest touch of her finger was too much. The stimulation was reaching a breaking point.

Mickey reinserted his dick into Kate's willing mouth and Jen watched from inches away as she took him. She tried to determine if Kate was sucking Mickey or if he was fucking her mouth. Either way, it was hot and they both knew exactly how one another liked it.

Kate looked up and smiled. "Wanna share?"

She pushed Mickey's dick upwards and Jen opened her mouth and went down without a thought. They passed the cock between them a few times. Somehow they even worked out a way for Mickey to slide it back and forth between both of their mouths. They paused for the occasional kiss and then turned their attention back to their tandem blow job.

"As much as I would like for the two of you to do this for the rest of the day. I think you've forgotten someone," Mickey said.

Jen couldn't see Tim, but she heard him. "Don't worry about me. I am one happy man right now."

She turned to see him. His shorts were gone. His cock was erect, levitating at a 45-degree angle from the ceiling.

Jen turned back to Kate with a slight twinkle in her eye. "I have the perfect place for that."

Kate nodded and Jen rolled toward Mickey, leaving Kate completely exposed with her legs spread toward Tim. Her pussy was drenched as was the bedding beneath her. Jen patted the bed and Tim was quick to find his place. He knelt where Jen had just been, his hard dick less than a foot from Kate's open slit. Jen leaned forward, taking his cock into her hand, then wetting it with her mouth. She could taste the pre-cum oozing from him. As much as she wanted to bend over and let him pound her from behind, there was another impulse pushing her. A muffled voice suggested she should be asking some questions right now. Getting clearance. But as Tim's dick poked the back of her throat, she ignored that voice and followed her lust.

In one move she pulled Tim's cock out of her mouth and aimed the tip at Kate's pussy. She never took her eyes off of that spot, even though she could feel Tim looking toward her, probably wondering if she was "sure".

Sure, she was sure.

She pushed the tip of his erection into her new friend, watching her squirm. Then she moved her left hand to her husband's ass keeping the right on his shaft to guide him as she pushed him into another woman. Tim sucked in the warm air of the room and Kate shrieked again. Jen knew why. At this point, the nerves in her own pussy were on full alert. Even the slight wind currents caused by her small movements were enough to stimulate her. When Tim bottomed out, he gently pulled back and began to slowly glide in and out, creating a slight swishing noise. Something else for Jen to commit to memory.

She sat back and admired her work. Her husband, fucking another woman. "I did that," she thought again.

Mickey had stopped, too. He was taking in the same sight. His wife having sex with yet another man. One who had been a stranger only a week ago, and one that they would probably never see again after today.

Jen reached over and touched his dick. It bounced when she did. He turned to her, as though he were going to speak.

Jen shook her head. "Just watch. Watch my husband fucking your wife."

Hearing herself startled her. But only a little. The words - and the meaning behind them - made her even hotter somehow.

"Turn over," Tim said and Kate obeyed, putting herself on all fours. The movement was enough to cause Mickey and Jen to back off of the bed. Again, Mickey seemed to be about to speak.

Again, Jen shook her head. She dropped to her knees and moved in front of the older man. "Just watch her".

She took his cock into her mouth and began to suck. For a minute she remembered Kate in the barn. She did her best to imitate what she had seen the older woman do. Mickey's bare ass was against the wall, so he wasn't able to do anything but enjoy the sensation of Jen's mouth. After trying to emulate Kate for a minute, she gave up and sucked Mickey for her own pleasure. She mentally recorded the taste of his prick. The way that his head was different than Tim's. The smell, and the subtle way he would move when she did certain things to him. She wanted to taste him. She wanted to feel his pulse and force him to lose control. She wanted to know that she had that kind of power.

But she also wanted to be fucked.

She stood and turned, watching her husband fuck another woman and stroking Mickey softly as they took in the lurid show. There was no jealousy, she noticed. No pang of regret. She was completely caught up in the moment, savoring every new sensation.

Somewhere along the way, Kate had collapsed. She was lying on her tummy, her legs together, face buried in her pillow, moaning blissfully; her round ass lifted for Tim. His eyes were closed, clearly enjoying the sensation of the warm slickness that his wife now knew. He squeezed those beautiful ass cheeks around his cock, pounding her into the mattress. His dick was partially visible between strokes, coated with Kate's milky wetness. Now it was a different noise for Jen to remember.

She laid down next to Kate and opened her legs. She tapped her clit lightly and felt the buzz spark through her entire body.

"Fuck me," she said to no one in particular, though everyone knew who the lucky candidate was going to be.

That broad smile that was Mickey's trademark lit up his face. "Yes, ma'am".

He wasted no time, sliding between her legs and rubbing the tip of his dick up and down her slit.

Jen shuddered with pleasure. "Don't tease me. Put it in," she gasped.

With a slight nudge down on the head of his cock he obliged. She was so wet that it felt as though her pussy simply absorbed him. His rhythm started slow, but when she wrapped her legs around him and began to thrust he matched her speed very quickly. From time to time she would raise her head, trying to see another man's dick sliding in and out of her.

She glanced toward Tim and smiled, proud of her current position. Why had she waited so long? What had she been afraid of? When could she do it again? He smiled back and lost his load at exactly that instant. Jen watched him as he buried himself deeply into Kate for three separate blasts. Three separate grunts. Then he collapsed on top her her, turning his head to kiss Jen.

That was enough to bring her over the edge. She saw colors as she came, squeezing herself around Mickey's dick. She was greedy, hanging on for every delicious moment, trying to stretch that climax as far as possible. When she finally released him, letting the wave wash over her, she saw that Tim had moved. He was now to her left, off of the bed, playing with her left breast. Kate quickly found her way to the right one.

Mickey never left that rhythm, bringing her to another orgasm before declaring that he, too, was close.

"Where?" he grunted.

"Right there."

Not half a minute passed before he honored her request. She felt it. The pulsing. Then warm and spreading. Another man's seed in her body. What did that make her? She realized that she didn't care and that thought nearly brought her to another orgasm.

She looked at Tim and opened her mouth. He understood her unspoken request and slipped his soft dick inside. She tasted Kate and semen and sweat. She had never tasted anything better.

Kate licked Mickey clean, too, then turned her attention to Jen, lapping away the evidence of her husband's infidelity, draining one final wave of pleasure out of her as she sucked her husband's cream from the warm, trembling crevice.

For a moment, Jen heard nothing but four people breathing. She hoped to remember that sound forever.