**Across the Bridge**

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**Across the Bridge Pt. 01**

It has been said that, when you drive across the bridge into Key West, you enter another world. I wasn't sure about that, but I did feel a slow cessation of tension, coupled with the anticipation of a full week with no plans and nothing to do.  
  
We had designed the trip that way. My husband Keith and I were both hard chargers. Overachievers, to be sure. We had decided not to have children early in our marriage, but we rarely took advantage of the freedom that the situation afforded us.  
  
During a conversation helped along by lots of red wine, we realized that we kept talking about taking a break, but we never actually followed through on our plans. While we were still a bit buzzed, we went online and booked a nonrefundable trip to Key West, scheduled exactly one month from that date. We both expressed some misgivings the following morning, but -- and this was our late-night reasoning -- we had plenty of time to clear the decks at work and head off to Florida without any deadlines hanging over us. And before we knew it, we were heading down the long highway to Key West.  
  
"So, Marianne," Keith said from behind the wheel, "have you heard of The Garden of Eden?"  
  
"You mean the Hemingway novel?" I asked, knowing full well what he was talking about.  
  
"No, I'm talking about a bar in Key West. It's legendary."  
  
"What's so special about it?"  
  
"Well," he said, hesitating. I was enjoying this. "It's probably the only nude bar in Key West."  
  
"You mean like a strip club?"  
  
"No, the patrons are nude. Or at least they can be, if they want to."  
  
"And why are you telling me this?"  
  
"I-I thought you might like to check it out. I mean, we've talked about going to a nude beach someday," he said, rushing on, "and this would be about the same thing."  
  
We had discussed the idea in the past. I was lukewarm on the prospect. On the one hand, it sounded a bit naughty, fun, and forbidden, but on the other hand, I wasn't sure that I was ready to display my body for everyone to see. I'm 40, in relatively good shape for my age, blonde, large breasts and curves in all the right places, but my confidence was lacking.  
  
"We'll see," I said. "If you get enough drinks in me, who knows what may happen." I didn't really mean it, but I didn't want to burst his bubble.  
  
We checked into our B and B and were pleased to find it just as advertised. Three bedrooms in the main house, a 19th century Victorian just off Duval Street, and three small private cottages toward the back of the property, on the other side of a small pool and connected hot tub. We were in one of the cottages, not wanting to be forced into quiet lovemaking if the spirit moved us. And we certainly hoped that it would.  
  
After a long, relaxed dinner, we headed back to our room. Keith suggested that we take a bottle of wine out to the hot tub, and I was certainly game. We started changing into our suits when Keith raised his eyebrows. "Not the bikini?"  
  
I had selected a royal blue one piece bathing suit, cut high on the thighs. It was stylish and revealed a bit of skin, but Keith was hoping for more. "Maybe later in the week, Big Guy," I chuckled.  
  
"Oh, come on, it's dark out there. And I'd really like to see you in that bikini we picked out before the trip." You mean the one you picked out, I thought, but I kept that sentiment to myself.  
  
"OK, for you," I said. I didn't want to spoil his fun, and there had been no one at the pool when we walked by a few minutes earlier. I slid into the red bikini, which adequately covered my D cups but left more of my ass exposed than I might prefer. I thought about how excited Keith was when we were shopping, so I went along. And ultimately, what were the odds that we would see anyone we knew on this trip?  
  
I felt the cool evening breeze on my skin as we walked to the hot tub. Any embarrassment that I might have felt was pushed to the side when I saw Keith looking me up and down, with a big dumb grin spread across his face.  
  
He slowed his stride, and I slowed with him. "Go ahead, honey," he said.  
  
"Aren't you coming?"  
  
"Oh, I am, but, I want to watch you walk."  
  
Nothing like a bit of flattery, I thought, as I walked ahead of him, putting an extra sway in my hips, emboldened by his enthusiasm and the cocktails at dinner. I couldn't be certain in the darkness, but it looked like Keith was already hard under his swim trunks. He is a handsome man, with dark hair cut in a somewhat spiky style. Businesslike, to be sure, but with an edge. Keith is a big man, tall with broad shoulders. He has kept himself in shape over the years, and I certainly had no complaints. He looked most appealing as he strolled toward the pool.  
  
The hot tub felt wonderful after the chill of the breeze. With a bit of trial and error, Keith got the tub bubbling, with the jets on full blast. I maneuvered myself in front of one of the jets and let it pound on my lower back, sore from the long car ride. Keith handed me a glass of wine, and I drank deeply, closing my eyes and luxuriating in the feeling of total relaxation.  
  
"Thanks for wearing your bikini," Keith said after a moment. "You look damn sexy in it."  
  
"I'm glad you think so. Anything to make you happy," I said, batting my eyelashes at him. It was fun to flirt. We had done so little of that as of late. I felt convinced that our spur of the moment decision to take a real vacation was an excellent one. And I hoped that we could make up for lost time.  
  
"You know what would make your bikini look even better?" Keith asked after a moment. I shrugged, not sure where he was going with this line of conversation. He paused and said softly, "If you took off your top."  
  
I didn't say anything immediately, making him wait. He had been talking about nude beaches during our trip preparations, but I passed it off as nothing more than his fantasies verbalized. We occasionally liked to talk dirty during sex, sometimes telling each other stories about wild scenes we imagined. I thought it was healthy, since it allowed us to explore ideas that we would never actually act on. But now he seemed quite serious.  
  
"I don't know," I said, smiling to take the sting off of my refusal. "Someone could walk up. Someone could see me."  
  
"Honey," Keith said gently, "this place is deserted. We're the only ones here. No one but me will see you." He paused and smiled. "And I want to see you."  
  
I took a look around the grounds. We were the only people outside. The rooms around us seemed quiet. It was getting late, around 11. Maybe everyone had turned in for the night after a long day of sun, daiquiris, and more daiquiris. Why not? Why not make my husband happy?  
  
I looked into his eyes. "Why don't you do it?"  
  
He smiled broadly and reached behind me, deftly unhooking the clasp securing the top. I felt his hands on my shoulders, pushing the straps down. Then his hands were on my breasts, stroking them gently, his fingertips on my nipples.  
  
I closed my eyes, pushing doubt and embarrassment out of my mind, focusing on the feel of Keith's hands on my skin. I put my hands on the tub's bench and pushed up to meet his touch, in the process causing the water from the jet behind me to flow under me, making my pussy tingle.  
  
"OK, let's slow down," I said. "One step at a time."  
  
Keith grinned and sat back. "Sure. After all, we have a whole week. No need to rush." He said it, but I don't think he meant it. "However, I'm going to make sure that nothing interrupts this view," he said, flinging my bikini top over to a nearby lounge chair.  
  
We sipped our wine, and I thought about what I was doing. Just two days ago, I was sitting at a conference table reviewing annual budgets with a bunch of suits. Now I was sitting in a hot tub in Key West, practically naked. Well, we had wanted a change from our normal routine.  
  
I found that, when I sat up enough to bring my breasts above the level of the water, the sudden coolness made them rock hard. Keith noticed too, not even trying to be subtle in his ogling. But at that point, I didn't mind. We were alone, truly relaxed for the first time in ages.  
  
That changed suddenly. We heard a door open, and our eyes darted to one of the cottages. A couple walked out and headed to the pool. I sank down in the water, letting it cover my tits. Keith smirked but said nothing. He knew that my top was lying over six feet away, far out of grabbing distance.  
  
"Do you mind if we join you?" the woman said. She was a bit older than us, but her body was gorgeous. She was slim and perfectly proportioned. A natural beauty, with curly brown hair. Probably an athlete in college. Her husband, a distinguished looking man with wiry gray hair and a trimmed beard, nodded pleasantly.  
  
"Sure, of course," Keith said, "Interested in the hot tub?"  
  
"Not yet, thanks," the man smiled. "Maybe after we splash around in the pool for a while."  
  
They were certainly not modest. The woman was wearing a tropically patterned string bikini, her husband a black Speedo. I was relieved when they slipped into the water at the far end of the pool, giving us a bit of privacy and distance.  
  
"Keith," I hissed, "get my top."  
  
"Not a chance," he said. "If you don't want them to see anything, just stay low in the water."  
  
"Very funny," I said. "So if they decide to hang out for a while, I turn into a prune?"  
  
"Something like that," he said, chuckling as he refilled my wine glass. "Here, have some more of this. Then maybe you won't care."  
  
"I seriously doubt that," I said, but inwardly I mused that the evening full of alcohol was definitely having an effect.  
  
We sat quietly for a few minutes, sipping our wine. The other couple was talking softly, occasionally swimming a slow and lazy lap.  
  
After a few moments, we noticed a conference at the other end of the pool. The man swam over to the wall separating the pool from the hot tub and said, "Hi, I'm Bob. My wife is Carol. I should have made introductions earlier."  
  
"No worries," Keith said. "This is Marianne, and I'm Keith. Pleased to meet you."  
  
Though it was rather formal, the exchange seemed to break the ice. "So have you ever been to Key West before?" Bob asked.  
  
"No, first time," I said.  
  
"Well," Bob said, "as a Key West veteran, I can tell you that most hotels around here are clothing optional. Even if it doesn't say that on the website," he added, grinning. "So if it's OK with you," Bob continued, "we would like to take our suits off."  
  
"Sure," Keith said quickly. "Whatever you want."  
  
"Thanks," Bob said, and swam away.  
  
"It's not like he had to ask our permission," I said.  
  
"He was just being polite," Keith said.  
  
"Or maybe," I said quietly, thinking out loud, "he wants us to watch them."  
  
Keith said nothing, but I could tell he was squinting, try to see what was going on at the other end of the pool. We didn't have to wait long for an answer to that question.  
  
Carol climbed out of the pool to sit on the side. Without looking around, she unhooked the top of her suit and threw it on the concrete behind her. She scooted out of her bottoms and sat before us completely naked. Meanwhile, Bob had climbed out of the pool, taken off his Speedo, and was walking back to the pool sporting a sizable erection.  
  
They pushed out into the pool and embraced, kissing occasionally. I felt like I was spying, intruding on their private moment, but I kept watching. They knew we were there. Bob's hand went beneath the surface of the water, and within a few moments, Carol's eyes were closed, her head thrown back, and a smile crossed here lips. It was obvious that he was rubbing her clit. Or maybe fingering her. Or both.  
  
Then they moved to the shallow end. Carol giggled as she looked over her shoulder and bent over, her forearms resting on the tile at the edge of the pool. Bob grasped her hips and slowly eased his cock into her waiting pussy. I had never watched anyone have sex before. But I was starting to enjoy it. Bob took it nice and slow, pulling almost all the way out, then slowly filling Carol's pussy with each stroke. Even in the dark, I could see her grinding hard against his thrusts.  
  
I looked over to Keith, and he was enraptured. I reached over and slid a hand up his thigh, ascertaining quickly that he was thoroughly hard. In the spirit of the evening, I slid my hand into his suit and started slowly stroking his cock.  
  
After a moment, Keith reached down and slid his suit off, giving my full access to his throbbing penis. I continued stroking lightly, gripping him gently. He moaned, looking over to me and smiling, then returning his gaze to our new friends. Bob was now thrusting harder and faster, as Carol pushed back against him in rhythm. I didn't realize it at first, but I soon became aware that my other hand had wandered down to my pussy, rubbing my clit in slow circles.  
  
"No fair," Keith said softly, reaching over and hooking his fingers inside the waist band of my bikini bottoms and pulling them down. I lifted my bottom to facilitate his efforts, and before I knew it, we were both completely naked.  
  
My hand returned to Keith's cock, and he reached over to begin stroking my pussy. When we looked back to the other end of the pool, we saw that Bob had jumped up to sit of the side of the pool. Carol was kneeling in the shallow water, taking all of Bob's big cock in her mouth. She was an expert, working her lips to the base of his shaft. He leaned back, bracing himself with his hands, pushing his hips forward, forcing his cock into her mouth.  
  
I reached up to stroke a nipple, my breasts still concealed beneath the water. Keith whispered in my ear, "Sit up, he's looking over here. Give him a thrill, it's only fair." I could hear the smile in his voice.  
  
With his fingers rubbing my pussy, with my hand gripped around Keith's throbbing cock, and with the show in progress just a few yards from us, I was incredibly turned on -- an understatement to be sure. Gathering my courage, emboldened by the circumstances, I pushed up from the hot tub bench, allowing my bare breasts to rise above the water. Bob smiled broadly, and I blushed, feeling his eyes on my naked body.  
  
I was still shy, but the excitement overrode any hesitation in my mind, as I began to stroke my breasts and pinch my swollen nipples, looking directly into Bob's eyes. He made an upward motion with his head, and I understood that he was urging me out of the water. Arousal overrode good judgement, and I stood up, easing my bottom onto the edge of the hot tub.  
  
Keith slid over to the other side of the tub, so he could get a better view. I could see that his hand was gripped around his cock and stroking. I looked back to Bob and saw him tapping Carol on the shoulder. Her eyes opened, looking questioningly at Bob, who smiled and pointed in my direction. She quickly joined Bob on the side of the pool. Everyone was watching me.  
  
I reached over to pick up my wine glass, and I drained it, fortifying myself and gathering a last bit of courage. Then I closed my eyes and spread my legs, exposing my pussy to my rapt audience of three. My hands stoked my inner thighs, slowly working their way upward. With one hand, I spread my pussy lips open. With the other, I began slowly rubbing my clit.  
  
The thought of being watched spurred me on, and I soon slipped a finger inside my slit, working it in and out, spreading my legs further, giving them all a clear view of my dripping cunt. I had shaved before the trip, and my pussy was totally bare.  
  
After a few moments, I summoned the courage to open my eyes and gauge the reaction to my impromptu performance. Bob was stroking his cock, Carol fingering her pussy. I looked to Keith, and saw that he was sitting on the side of the tub, his erection standing stiff, his hand stroking fast and hard. I slid a second finger into my pussy and moaned with satisfaction. I don't know that I had ever been so turned on in my life. After a few moments, I began to pump my fingers faster and deeper, my gaze moving from Bob and Carol to Keith.  
  
I lowered myself onto my back, my legs spread wide. My right hand continued to rub my pussy, as my left hand began to trace a line down from my pussy to my asshole. I gathered some of my juices on my middle finger and began to rub my rosebud in slow circles, gradually increasing the pressure, until my ass relaxed and allowed my finger entrance.  
  
I felt my orgasm rising, and I began to moan softly. My cunt spasmed around my thrusting fingers, and I groaned as I came. I forced my eyes open to see Carol kneeling in front of Bob, his cum shooting over her naked body. "I want you to cum on me too," I begged Keith. Happy to comply, he stood, came close to me, and looked deep into my eyes as he stroked his cock faster and faster. "Cum for me, baby," I said softly. Hearing that, Keith couldn't hold back, and I felt his hot load splashing over my tits, running down over my stomach. I rubbed my hand over my just-decorated flesh and raised a finger to my mouth, tasting Keith, mingled with my own juices.  
  
After a moment, we looked up and saw Bob and Carol walking quietly back to their cottage, his arm around her shoulders. Bob waved and said quietly, "See you tomorrow."

**Across the Bridge Pt. 02**

The next morning at breakfast, Keith broached the subject. We had slept late, showered, and headed out to find some brunch at one of the many outdoor cafes. Nothing had been said yet, and as we finished off our eggs benedict, another carafe of mimosas arrived at the table. We sat quietly, enjoying the tropical breeze as we looked up and down Duval St.  
  
"So, quite a night," Keith said, the corners of his mouth turning up slightly.  
  
"That's an understatement," I replied. "I don't know what came over me, I just - "  
  
"Please," Keith said, "don't apologize. That was one of the greatest nights of my life. I wanted to thank you for indulging me. You make me very happy."  
  
Inwardly, I sighed with relief. At least it seemed that the conversation wouldn't be too awkward. And from Keith's perspective, what wasn't to like? He had talked me into taking off my bikini in front of another couple and then watched me masturbate for an audience. But I still wondered what had set me off. It wasn't just the wine. I had been much drunker than that and had never even contemplated the things that I had done the previous night. What was it?  
  
"I'm glad. I always want to make you happy. I just don't want you to think any less of me."  
  
"Are you kidding? If anything, I think more of you. It was so exciting to see you cut loose and lose all of your inhibitions. You were a totally sexual creature." He was talking faster, the memories no doubt arousing him and, it seemed, making him more forward than usual. We had always been able to talk about sex, but this seemed to represent new turf.  
  
"Well, truth to tell, I feel a bit embarrassed. Between us, I don't consider anything totally off-limits, but involving other people... Well, I just don't know."  
  
"I have never seen you so aroused," Keith said softly. "I have never seen you experience so much pleasure. And that is incredibly exciting to me. I want you to be satisfied, I want you to pursue whatever makes you feel good." He paused and smiled. "And it's not like there aren't some benefits on my side."  
  
I paused and looked away, watching the fronds on the palm trees waving slowly. The thought of crossing a sexual threshold was exciting, and I could feel a bit of dampness creeping between my legs as I replayed moments from our poolside adventure in my mind.  
  
"What about this?" Keith asked after a moment. "We're here for a week. We don't know anyone here. We're anonymous. We already have a head start, so why not spend the rest of our time here exploring? The point of the trip was to spend time together and totally relax, with no obligations or deadlines distracting either of us. Let's enjoy the freedom. It might be fun. And we might learn a thing or two. If there's anything you don't like or don't feel comfortable with, don't do it. But whatever you might like to try, I won't object. Look at it as an incredible opportunity. We've opened the door, so let's walk through it."  
  
I didn't say anything for a moment. What else did he have in mind? I considered a number of possibilities, immediately crossing several off my mental list. But some of the options seemed quite tantalizing. Nothing ventured, and all that.  
  
"OK," I said at last. "I must confess that last night flipped some sort of switch. But I don't want to do anything stupid, or anything that I would seriously regret later. Most importantly, I don't want to damage our relationship."  
  
"It won't," Keith said quickly. "If anything, I think this will strengthen it, so long as we make sure that we are both comfortable with whatever we do."  
  
I raised my eyebrows and said, "Deal. I would be less than honest if I said I didn't want to continue down this road. But let's take it slowly."  
  
Keith raised his glass, and we toasted our vacation conspiracy.  
  
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We spent the afternoon strolling down Duval, checking out the stores and galleries. It seemed like we were back in what, for us, was normal vacation mode. We bought some souvenirs, stopped periodically to cool off with a frozen margarita, and luxuriated in the fact that we had nothing to do except enjoy ourselves.  
  
The only reference to our previous discussion came when we walked past the Garden of Eden bar. Keith waggled his eyebrows, and I said, "Not today, big fella. Maybe by the end of the week." I wasn't quite ready to be naked in a bar in broad daylight, but the idea was beginning to grow on me. My inner exhibitionist had been released last night, and what had previously seemed out of the question was now a "maybe."  
  
After a while, the shops and bars all started to run together, so we headed over to Mallory Square, an area near the waterfront that hosted a variety of vendors, street performers, and Key West eccentrics. While strolling down a row of vendor booths, we came upon one advertising body painting.  
  
"That could be fun," Keith said.  
  
The proprietor had dozens of photos of his handiwork displayed on a large piece of poster board. There were examples of whimsical face painting - cat nose and whiskers, that sort of thing - but some of the pictures featured creations painted elsewhere on the body. There was Wonder Woman, Princess Leia in her gold bikini, and other designs of a more abstract nature. But in all cases, the women were topless, their "tops" painted on their bare skin.  
  
"Hi, folks," said the man in the booth. He was around 30, with a long pony tail. He smiled encouragingly. "I'm Brian. What can I paint for you?"  
  
"I'm still thinking about it," I replied. "Could you paint something that looks like a bikini top? No comic book outfits, maybe something with a floral pattern?"  
  
"Sure," he said. "Do it all the time."  
  
"And from a distance, it will look like I'm actually wearing something?"  
  
"Absolutely. And if I do my job well, from a few feet away, no one will be the wiser."  
  
I mulled it over for a moment. Showing my body to the couple in the pool the previous night had been one of the most exciting sexual experiences of my life. So the idea of walking down the street topless, with people not necessarily knowing that they were looking at my bare breasts, was intriguing. Sort of like having my cake and eating it too. I could feel the excitement welling up within me.  
  
Brian finally spoke. "If you don't like it, no charge. Besides, I always enjoy painting first-timers."  
  
"Done," I said, and he ushered us into his booth. He motioned for me to step behind a screen. "This will give you a bit of privacy," he explained. I smiled inwardly, considering the irony of his statement. Still, it was a thoughtful gesture.  
  
I pulled my t-shirt over my head and tossed it onto a chair. Reaching back, I unhooked my bra and let it slide off. I was standing in front of a stranger, wearing only a pair of tennis shorts. It was scary, but also thrilling. I could feel my pussy beginning to twitch. My nipples were hard, my excitement obvious.  
  
"I'm going to use a combination of airbrush and paint brush," Brain said. "That's going to give us the best results. But I will need to touch you occasionally. Is that OK?" he asked, looking at me, then Keith.  
  
"In for a penny, in for a pound," I said. "Let's go."  
  
I closed my eyes as he began to work. He began by outlining my "bikini top" with a paint brush. I flinched involuntarily when he cupped my breast to paint the underside, but after I gave him a smile, he continued his work. It wasn't exactly sexual contact, but it was exciting, feeling another man's hands on my tits.  
  
Soon enough, Brian had finished his work, and he motioned for me to turn around and look into a full-length mirror. He was a master. From a few feet away, it appeared I was wearing a bikini top with my white shorts, which is not an unusual look in Key West. But if one were to examine the situation a bit more closely, from very close range, it would become apparent that the only thing covering my breasts was a thin coat of paint.  
  
"What do you think, Honey," I asked, turning toward Keith, who had been silent during the painting session.  
  
His eyes were bright, and a big sloppy grin was spread across his face. "Incredible," he said. "Just incredible." Keith reached for his wallet, and I imagine that he considered this among the best $50 he had ever spent.  
  
"Then let's go," I said, thanking Brian on our way out of the booth. If I thought about it too long, my courage might fail me, so I set out for Duval St., with my husband doing his best to catch up.  
  
"Slow down," Keith said," there's no hurry."  
  
"I don't want to give anyone too good a look," I explained. "If I keep moving, they might wonder what they just saw, but they won't be sure."  
  
After a few blocks of purposeful striding, I began to feel the heat, causing me to reduce my pace. It didn't appear that anyone was staring at me. I told myself that people in Key West had seen much wilder things, that I needed to get over myself. So Keith and I fell into a leisurely stroll, joining the rest of the tourists as they shuffled down the main drag. I didn't feel like going into a shop - that was still a bit much for me. But by then I felt OK on the street, enjoying the sensation of the warm sun shining down on my breasts.  
  
After a few more minutes, I realized that, while there were no gawkers, there were a few guys checking me out. They were, for the most part, relatively subtle, as men tend to be when they are getting an eyeful but don't want to let on. I started smiling at the guys who seemed the most interested, which seemed to give them permission to look a bit more closely. As they passed by me, I could see their eyes open wide as they figured out that my "top" was nothing more than a thin coat of paint. I glanced over at Keith, and I was glad to see that he was playing it cool, pretending to take in the sights, occasionally glancing over to see how I was doing.  
  
I could feel the wetness between my legs, as I became increasingly comfortable interacting with more of the men - and some women - who were giving me a thorough once-over. It was like the previous night, a heat rising within me as I gave in to the thrill that I felt, knowing that multiple pairs of eyes were fixed on my breasts, swinging gently as I strolled down the street, naked to the waist. I felt sexy, empowered, and excited.  
  
"Let's make a slight detour," I said to Keith, turning down a narrow alley between two buildings. Though we were no more than 20 feet from the busy sidewalk, it seemed like we were alone. No one looked our way, their attention focused on the continuous party in progress up and down the street. I took this as my opportunity, reaching down to unbutton my shorts.  
  
I looked up and locked eyes with Keith. "If you finger me, I can cum right now."  
  
He needed no encouragement, reaching down between my legs to lower the zipper. As his left hand slid around to my lower back, his other hand pushed into my panties, and I felt his middle finger rubbing my clit. "I'm ready," I said hoarsely, "I want your fingers in me."  
  
A finger slipped easily between my lips, and I felt a delicious pressure on my g-spot, as Keith worked his finger in and out of my pussy. He quickly added a second finger, and I gasped as he increased the speed of his thrusts, pushing hard into me. My cunt was soaked, and I spread my legs further, allowing him complete access to my pussy. Soon, a third finger joined the other two, stretching me wide open. I looked to my left, seeing people moving along the street, none of them having any idea what was going on just a few feet away.  
  
It happened suddenly. I came fast and hard, with my husband's fingers pumping into me, as people walked past, oblivious to my orgasm. I was glad for the relief, but it came too fast. I had no time to truly savor the experience. But I knew what to do.  
  
"Let's go back to the hotel," I whispered.  
  
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After a quick shower to rinse off the body paint, I fell into the bed, still coming down from my finger fucking, exulting in a dreamy languor.  
  
Once a few moments had passed, I opened my eyes to see Keith standing naked in the door to the bedroom. "Baby, that was the hottest thing I have ever --"  
  
I raised my finger to shush him.  
  
"Come fuck me," I said. Not exactly a command, but loud and clear.  
  
Keith knelt between my spread legs and lowered his head. I wanted his cock inside me, but I didn't want to give up the opportunity for his to worship my pussy. I felt the tip of his tongue sliding up between my lips, completing its journey with a flick at the top. He kept doing it, nice and slow.  
  
My hands began to run over my breasts, and I pinched my nipples as Keith continued to tease me with the tip of his tongue. "Faster," I said. Keith increased the pace, his tongue fluttering over my clit. I cried out and came hard, as a feeling of pure release swept through my body. I convulsed and thrashed, as Keith held my hips firmly in his hands, now working his tongue at a furious pace.  
  
At some point, my involuntary writhing slowed, and I looked down to see Keith sitting up, grinning at me, with my juices covering his face. "Baby, you are incredible," he said softly, lying down beside me. He kissed my deeply, and I could taste my pussy on his lips. I glanced over to see that he hadn't cum, his cock standing straight upright.  
  
I reached over and began stroking him, a generous amount of precum lubricating his cock and aiding in my ministrations. "That's OK," he said. "We can pick this up later. I don't want to be greedy." I could hear the smile in his voice.  
  
I chuckled softly. "Oh, no, buster, you're not getting out of this one. I said I wanted you to fuck me. I love it when you eat my pussy, and that was so good. But I want that hard cock inside me." I had already cum more times in the past 24 hours than in the previous month, but I was insatiable, wanting more. Maybe I thought that it was all an aberration, something that might never happen again.  
  
I turned my head and looked into my husband's eyes. "Fuck me, Keith. Fuck me now, and fuck me hard." Who was this person who had taken over my body and my mind? Was it just vacation sex? I realized that it was something more, maybe the unlocking of something that had always been inside me. But now was not the time for analysis. Now was the time for action.  
  
Rolling over onto my stomach, I could feel Keith's eyes on my naked body. I began to softly grind my pussy into the mattress, giving some small relief to the need that was once again building inside me. I smiled inwardly, realizing that the old principle of "equal and opposite reaction" meant that I was also wiggling my ass, which must have pleased Keith to no end, based on his earlier reaction to my bikini and the view of my ass cheeks that it presented.  
  
Pushing my knees under my body, I raised my ass in the air, keeping my head down on the pillow. Keith needed no further encouragement, and he moved behind me, stroking his hands over my hips, my legs, and my ass. He wasn't exactly tentative, but he touched me gently, not wanting to upset the delicate sexual breakthrough that we had achieved. I felt his lips on my ass, softly kissing my cheeks. I gave a satisfied moan to let him know that I was loving his kind attentions.  
  
His hands came to rest on my ass, one on each cheek, and his gently parted them, sliding his tongue into the opening, slowly dragging the tip over my asshole. I shivered with pleasure and delight. We sometimes engaged in a bit of ass play, but it had been a long time, and it was certainly not a regular part of our lovemaking repertoire. But on this trip, anything was possible, or so it seemed.  
  
I pushed back against him, as his tongue traversed the delicate skin between my cheeks. He would linger over my asshole, lapping at it for a moment, then stiffening his tongue and drawing slow circles over my most intimate place. I felt wanton and dirty. Dirty in the best possible way, giving in completely to pleasure and wanting more of the ecstasy that I had already felt so many times since arriving in Key West.  
  
Looking over my shoulder, I said, "I love that, it feels so good. And you're such a naughty man. But now I want you to fuck me." Our eyes connected, and we both smiled widely. Never had I felt so close to him.  
  
Keith was on his knees behind me, his cock in his hand, guiding the head back and forth between my swollen pussy lips. He gradually increased the pressure of his motions, and soon his cock slid inside, so perfect, so smooth. He paused, and we luxuriated in the feeling of my cunt finally sheathing his cock. It was intimate and, yes, lovely. But I didn't want to make nice, sweet love. I wanted to be fucked.  
  
With his cock buried deep inside me, I began to grand my ass against his body, creating a delicious friction, forcing every possible bit of Keith's cock into my pussy. I felt him pull out slightly, then press back in. With each cycle of motion, he increased the length of his thrusts, until he was driving into me like a piston, withdrawing all but the head and then slamming the length of his cock into me, filling the room with the glorious sound of sex.  
  
He paused, and I wondered why. Then I felt a finger rubbing my pussy. After a moment, I felt the same finger, slick with my juices, massaging my asshole. I gasped involuntarily, and the rubbing stopped. I realized that Keith was afraid that I would object to this unexpected addition to the proceedings, and I quickly whispered, "Oh yes, please."  
  
Now confident of my desire, Keith began circling my ass with his finger, adding some of his own saliva to my pussy juices. He pressed his finger firmly in place, waiting. Then, almost as if I had willed it, my ass relaxed and opened to him, his finger sliding inside so smoothly, so easily. I thought of my performance the previous night. Over the years, I had sometimes touched my ass while masturbating, and it was only an occasional variation. But just hours ago, I had been rubbing my clit and fingering my ass in front of my husband and two strangers. The feelings from that moment returned, and I pushed back against Keith's finger, driving it deep inside me. I moved my bottom back and forth to encourage him, and soon he was pumping his finger into my ass, in rhythm with the thrusts from his cock into my pussy. I felt so slutty, being fucked in both holes, but I loved it. I was what I wanted, it was what I needed.  
  
Keith began to pump harder, faster. I could hear him moaning, in an almost animalistic fashion. At that moment, there was nothing but us in our universe, nothing to do but satisfy our desires. I could feel my orgasm approaching, but I tried to wait, tried to prolong the exquisite pleasure.  
  
That didn't last long, as I heard Keith cry out, and, an instant later, felt him shoot cum into my pussy. His release gave me permission, and I let go, our orgasms joined together seamlessly. It had already been quite a day, but I had a feeling that it was far from over.