**Colleen and Nathan Bare It All**

by[SlamDuncan](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1478968&page=submissions)©

**Colleen and Nathan Bare It All Ch. 01**

Colleen and Nathan had eloped the Monday after their prom weekend. Now they had to break the news to their families; to Nathan's parents, Bob and Betty Baker and his sister Susan, and Colleen's mother and father, Mark and Mary Quinn, and her siblings Rob and Kathleen.  
  
Betty thought that, at eighteen, they were much too young, but she wished them well anyway. Mary was disappointed that she was never going to be the mother of the bride; Colleen had eloped, and Kathleen and Rob lived together in a committed incestuous relationship. Mark was elated that he didn't have to pay for a wedding.  
  
Bob gave them an all-expenses paid week at Club Orient, on the island of St. Martin in the French West Indies, for their honeymoon. He and Betty had been there many times and really enjoyed it. He had a broad grin on his face when he gave them the tickets, like there was some secret he wasn't going to reveal.  
  
As their plane circled the island they could look down and see crystal clear blue water and miles of pure white sandy beach. When the shuttle from the airport dropped them off, they discovered their accommodations were a beachfront chalet with the sand right outside their door.  
  
Inside they found a comfortable living area, a mini-kitchen and a plush king-sized bed. "Hey, let's try out the bed," Nathan grinned as they set their bags inside the door.  
  
"Let's do the beach first. We can spend all night in bed."  
  
Colleen stepped out in a rather modest bikini. She really wanted to wear her new thong, but she wasn't sure of the decorum, and didn't want to offend anybody. Nathan wore long boxer-like trunks. They grabbed a pair of the oversized beach towels the resort provided, hit the sand, and headed for the water.  
  
A middle-aged couple cut across their path. "Oh my God, Nathan, they're naked!" Then she saw the sign: "Clothing Optional." Her lips curved into big smile. "Wow, a nude beach." She quickly shucked off her bikini. "Come on, dude, get yourself naked."  
  
"Well, I, uh, um...."  
  
"Chicken?"  
  
"No, well, I just don't want to, uh, embarrass myself."  
  
"You mean you're afraid you might get a hard-on looking at all the naked women?"  
  
"Jesus, I get hard every time I look at YOU." She could see he already had a bulge in his trunks.  
  
"Well, leave them on until we get on the towels, then you can roll over and nobody will see it."  
  
Colleen did a pirouette in the sand, her long blonde hair fanning out as she twirled. Nathan was enchanted. He was besotted. She was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen; waist-length blonde hair, blue eyes, long dancer's legs, perfect rounded ass, full firm breasts with puffy areolas and pink nipples sticking out of them. She shaved off her pubic hair, because she knew he liked it that way.  
  
"Oh, Nathan, this is wonderful. I feel so free. Your mom and dad knew about this place, didn't they?"  
  
"Yeah, they've been coming here for years, but they didn't mention anything about this. I think they set us up."  
  
He wasn't the only person watching her. The men who were clothed were staring, their wives glowering at them. One man was busy texting on his iPhone, and she could tell he was taking pictures of her, so she paused and posed provocatively. Even the hardcore naturalists, who took nudity for granted, stopped at stared at this young vision of loveliness.  
  
She skipped across the sand, and watching her breasts bounce, made his hard cock throb. When she turned a cartwheel, he though he was going to explode right there.  
  
Colleen found a spot near the water and spread out their towels. He watched as she slathered the sun block over her front. She lingered over her breasts, paying special attention to her nipples, which hardened under her fingers. He loved to watch her touch herself. She rolled over on her stomach and handed Nathan the bottle to do her backside.  
  
He pulled her long hair out of the way, and started with her shoulders, digging deep into her muscles with his fingers. He loved touching and massaging her body, anywhere. He made his way down her back, digging deep as he went. She cooed at his touch.  
  
He lingered over her rounded buttocks; God, he loved her perfect ass. He kneaded and rolled each cheek, digging his fingers into that sensitive crease where it joined her legs.  
  
Starting at her ankles, he moved up her legs, over the calves, and up her thighs. From the inside of her thigh, he slipped his hand under her, fondling her outer lips. She sighed with pleasure and spread her legs a bit, giving him better access to her pussy.  
  
Slipping two fingers into her already wet vagina, he used his thumb to stroke her clit. Her hips began to undulate, her ass rose and fell and his hand continued to plunder her. As she approached her peak, she fisted the towel beneath her, and went over in a shuddering climax.  
  
"Jesus, Nathan, I love what your hands do to me. Now slip out of those trunks and turn toward me." She took the sun block and squirted some all over his erection. Linking her fingers together, she used both hands, swirling round and round his swollen head. His hips began to buck as he fucked her hands. He came in bucket loads.  
  
"Now that we've taken care of your little problem, let's go in the water." They had just waded in when an American cruise ship slid into view, steaming at barely headway speed. Orient Beach was a regular feature on that cruise line, so the passengers on board could ogle the naked people on the beach.   
  
The tourists flocked to the rail of the ship, armed with cameras and binoculars. Colleen again struck a provocative pose and waved at the crowd. What ever happened to his shy, demure little Colleen, Nathan wondered. Not that he minded, of course.  
  
They put on the swim masks that the resort provided and swam out into the clear blue water. Neither one of them had been skinny-dipping before, and were delighted with the freedom. He loved the feeling of the water moving over his genitals. She loved the water swirling over her breasts and between her legs.  
  
Nathan dove down to the bottom and lay on his back, watching her body as she swam over his head, her breasts cutting through the water, moving with each stroke.  
  
They caught a wave and body-surfed all the way to the beach. They lay side-by-side in that place where the water meets the sand, as the foam swirled around them. The incoming waves caressed their bodies, washing in and then back out again.  
  
Wrapping their arms around each other, they kissed, stroked, and caressed each other, replicating a love scene from "From Here to Eternity," an old black and white movie that had been scandalous in its day.  
  
When they got back to their cabin, they noticed that it had an outdoor shower. It was right out in the open with no privacy curtain. They stood under the spray, washing the sand off themselves. Colleen unhooked the showerhead and directed the spray between her legs. "I think I've even got sand in my pussy. Ooo, that feels really good."  
  
They took turns soaping each other up. Very intimately, in fact. Nathan's cock was standing at full attention.  
  
Just then, a middle-aged woman sauntered by. She was overweight and had sagging breasts. She paused, and looked, and looked, particularly at Nathan in his full glory. "Newlyweds, eh? Sure wish my Roger could get it up like that. Have fun, kids." She gave them a big smile and a wink. They were beginning to discover that, except for families with children, they were the only young people there.  
  
Colleen giggled, then grabbed Nathan's hand and dragged him inside. "Now we'll try out the bed. I am soo horny." She sat on the edge of the bed with her feet on the floor. He knelt on the floor, put her legs over his shoulders, and buried his face in her pussy.  
  
His tongue found her vagina, his hands found her breasts. His lips had barely fastened on her clit when she fisted her hands in his hair, arched her back, then her whole body shuddered as she came, flooding his face with her sweet, musky juice.  
  
"Fuck me, Nathan. Fuck me hard." He took her legs off his shoulders, stood up, and wrapped them around his waist. With his feet planted firmly on the floor, he slammed into her. Hard. Fast. His fingers dug into her hips, with each thrust he pulled her into him. She grasped his buttocks and hung on for dear life. He ravished her, destroyed her. That's exactly what she wanted.  
  
He took her over one peak. Then another. And another. Reaching his own, he screamed out her name and emptied himself deep in her womb, then collapsed on top of her, gasping for air. She rained kisses all over his face.   
  
"My Tarzan."  
  
"My Jane."   
  
"Nathan, I want to talk to you about something. For some reason, I find I really get off on being naked in front of other people. Does it bother you if other men look at me?"  
  
"Not if all they do is look. It kind of turns me on, watching them watching you. Actually, I really got turned on when that woman came by and checked out my boner while we were in the shower."  
  
"I'll get you a trench coat for your birthday and you can become a flasher."  
  
They soon discovered that it just wasn't the beach, but the whole resort was clothing optional. "So let's check out the bar. Do you think you can keep that bad boy down?"  
  
"After what we just did, I couldn't get it up with a skyhook."  
  
Every head in the place turned toward them when they walked in to the open-air bar. The men, clothed or not, literally drooled in their laps when this golden haired angel sauntered by. The women checked out Nathan pretty thoroughly, too, as he was quite a hunk.  
  
They pulled up a stool. She leaned forward, resting on her elbows, her breasts lying invitingly on top of the polished bar. "We'd like a couple of those fancy drinks in a cocoanut shell, please, and don't forget the little umbrellas."  
  
The bartender, when he could think about something other than the stupendous tits that were gracing his bar top, poured their drinks. There was no minimum drinking age in St. Martin, but he judged these two had little, if any experience in the states, and those cocoanut shells held four ounces of rum apiece, cleverly hidden under lots of fruit and sugar.  
  
As they sat sipping away, the woman who had passed them in the shower pulled up a stool next to them. " 'Ello, loves," she said with a British accent, "sorry I didn't introduce myself before, but you looked like you were a little preoccupied. My name's Miriam."  
  
Colleen and Nathan both blushed, as they held out their hands to shake hers. "Sorry about that, I know I'm not supposed to have an, uh, um... or get a, uh...."  
  
"A hard on?" She laughed. "I loved the view; best looking cock I've seen since I was a young thing and had a good looking body. Not as good as yours, dearie, you're what my Roger would call a knockout. I never had boobies quite that nice."  
  
"People aren't offended then?"  
  
"It's perfectly natural, especially when you're young and in love. Most of the old farts around here wish they could still get it up like that. We've been coming here for over thirty years. In the old days, there used to be orgies around the bonfires on the beach at night. These days, public sex isn't encouraged, but it happens and nobody really cares."  
  
"So, where are you from, loves?" They told her the name of the small town in Illinois where they lived.  
  
"What a coincidence," Muriel said. "Do you, by chance, know Bob and Betty Baker? They're in the swinging crowd."  
  
"They're my parents." Holy shit, Nathan and Colleen thought simultaneously. Nathan's parents are swingers! They would certainly view them in a different light now. Holy shit!  
  
They finished their drinks and the moment they set the shells down, the bartender handed them two fresh ones. "It's on Roger," he said nodding in the direction of a balding man with a paunch.  
  
Colleen, full of the spirits of the potent first round, hopped off her stool and bounced, oh God how she bounced, over to Roger and gave him a kiss on the cheek, her luscious breasts only inches from his face. She looked down at his lap and saw his penis start to swell.  
  
Miriam got off her stool, grabbed Roger by the arm and led him toward the door. "Gotta get him home before he gets out of the mood. Thanks, dearie."   
  
They turned back to the bar and picked up their fresh drinks. A man, dressed in Bermuda shorts and a flowered shirt with a thick gold chain around his neck, settled on the stool next to Colleen. She could feel his eyes studying her intently. "I think this guy wants to get into my pants," she whispered to Nathan.  
  
"You're not wearing any pants."  
  
"Oh yeah, there's that too," she giggled in response.  
  
The band took up the stage and started out with a hot reggae number. "Come on, Nathan, let's dance." She was a total reggae freak, and adored both Bob and Ziggy Marley. She loved the freedom of reggae dancing, and thought it would be awesome to do it naked.  
  
The band had a guitar, bass, keyboard, saxophone, steel drum, and a myriad of other drums and percussion instruments, and as many people to play them. Musicians would wander in and out of the group; some lured by the sound would show up with their own instrument and sit in.  
  
Reggae's origins are in traditional African and Caribbean music, American rhythm and blues, and in Jamaican ska and rocksteady.   
  
Reggae dancing has a variety of different movements. It is not usually done with one partner, but like Texas line dancing, any number of people can participate. Several people took to the dance floor and just shuffled around, trying to keep time with the beat.  
  
Colleen started out with the Bogel Dance, a Jamaican-born dance move which involves the moving of the body in a longitudinal, ocean-wave motion while at the same time raising the arms up and down, aiding the wave motion.  
  
She was a picture of grace, thrusting her pelvis forward and her shoulders back, then reversing the motion. She was loose, supple, her body completely in tune with the music. Most of the eyes in the crowd followed the flowing motion of her breasts as they rose and fell with the wave action. When she arched her back to go with the flow, her nipples pointed up to the sky. All the other dancers left the floor and watched her perform.  
  
A tall dreadlocked black man with a gold hoop in his ear sang the lyrics to the Bogel Dance:  
  
"Bend your back and lift your head up  
  
Turn side way lift your leg up  
  
Bend your face and twist it up  
  
And turn true side like you know you fed up Who  
  
Turn roun like you know rose duck  
  
Spin aroun cause you know how fi wuk  
  
Lift it up back then you breast it up  
  
Back it up cock it up my girl dutty wuk"  
  
When he finished the song, he dropped the baggy shorts he was wearing, and took a position opposite Colleen on the dance floor, grinning at her with his milk-white teeth. Her eyes bugged out when she looked at the biggest penis she had ever seen. It hung almost down to his knees.  
  
It was also the first uncircumcised penis she had ever seen. His foreskin hung down at least an inch from the end of his cock, with a small opening at the tip. She wondered how he could get what must be an enormous head, through that little hole. She also wondered how big it would be if he got a hard-on?  
  
Nathan, at this juncture, sat at one of the tables, and joined the ranks of spectator. Colleen spotted a man in the clothed section with a video camera. She smiled and decided to play right into his lens.  
  
She switched from the Bogle Dance to the Dutty Whine. The dancer moves her legs in a butterfly motion, much like doing the Charleston without the hands on the knees, while swinging the neck when the beat drops.   
  
When Colleen leaned forward and swung her head around, her golden hair whirled like a fan, rising in the air, then touching the floor on the downbeat. Her jiggling breasts displayed themselves with a stroboscopic effect.  
  
She didn't know her now partner's name, so she dubbed him "Rosta Mon." As he matched her moves on the floor, his huge penis swung back and forth like a metronome, at times swinging in a circle.   
  
She thought she saw his foreskin filling up a bit and, fueled by both titillation and rum, wondered if she could coax him into an erection. She giggled at the thought. "I was a teen-aged cock tease," she mused.  
  
Her legs began the butterfly moves. When she spread her knees apart, her shaved pussy lips opened, flashing a glimpse of pink, then closed when she brought her legs together again. She had definitely captured Rosta Mon's attention. His cock began to swell a bit. He poured out the lyrics to this portion of the dance:  
  
"Dutty, dutty, dutty love love  
  
I'm feeling like you letting go  
  
Dutty, dutty, dutty love love  
  
I'm feeling like you letting go  
  
Dutty, dutty, dutty love love  
  
I'm feeling like you letting go  
  
Dutty, dutty, dutty love love"  
  
The Kumina drummers began their frantic beat, and she began the Batty Moves, which involves gyrating the rear end. Shaking your booty, in Americanese. With her back to the crowd, she started to wiggle and shake in tune with the throbbing beat, her shapely, round cheeks bouncing.  
  
With her legs spread apart, she leaned forward and put her hands on the floor. While she continued to shake her ass, her pussy was on full display, now wet and glistening with her excitement.  
  
That was more than Rosta Mon could take. She watched as his foreskin widened and the giant, bulbous head of his cock broke through. His penis stood straight out like a battering ram.  
  
She finished her dance by doing the splits, then bounced up and down in the split position. As her now completely engorged clit slid across the floor, her whole body shivered and shook and a cry emerged from her throat. It didn't come from the dance, it came from the huge orgasm she had just experienced. She left a big wet spot on the floor.  
  
As she stood up on her shaking legs, the crowd erupted in applause. Rosta Mon, his cock still at full attention, slipped off the dance floor, his arm wrapped around a bare breasted, chocolate skinned woman with a sarong around her waist. They had matching smiles.  
  
When the band played a slow tune, Colleen grabbed Nathan's hand and lead him back onto the dance floor. She wrapped both arms around his neck and pressed her sweaty body tightly against his. She slipped and slid against him, her hard nipples digging into his chest. His leg slid between hers and she buried it in her groin.  
  
"No way am I going to keep it down when you do that," he rasped.  
  
"Who cares?"  
  
When they broke apart to hurry back to their room, he sported a massive erection. The spectators applauded again.  
  
"I need to take a quick shower to get this sweat off of me, then I'm gonna fuck your brains out."  
  
"No shower, I want to taste you just the way you are." His mouth touched every part of her body, licking, nibbling, savoring her sweat. When he reached the place between her legs, his taste buds adored the salty tang with the sweet musk.  
  
She pushed him back on the bed and straddled him. True to her word, she fucked his brains out.  
  
The next evening, at the bar, Murial again took a stool next to them. When they were well into their drinks, margaritas this time, she leaned over and asked, "a group of us are wondering if we could get you two to give us a show?"  
  
"What kind of a show?"  
  
"We'd like you to make love with each other while we watch you do it. You're both so lovely, it would give us a real thrill. Talk it over with each other and let me know what you decide."  
  
"God, Nathan, I never realized I am such an exhibitionist; it makes me tingle just to think about it. What do you think?"  
  
"Turns me on, too," he said, pointing to his lap. "I'm game if you are."  
  
"Okay," she said to Murial, "we'll do it." They made an appointment to join Murial and Roger in their chalet in an hour, then accepted another margarita from an anonymous benefactor. Then one more for courage.

They arrived on time. Muriel, Roger, and a dozen of their middle-aged friends were gathered in the room, sharing cocktails and hors d'oeuvres.  
  
Colleen and Nathan were fully dressed, the only time they had put on clothes since they arrived on the island. She wore a short satin cocktail dress, with a hemline that fell about six inches above her knees, spaghetti straps, and a low-cut bodice that showed plenty of cleavage. In blue, it matched her eyes. He wore a pair of Dockers and a purple silk shirt, with half the buttons undone.  
  
They mingled with the crowd, nibbled on the canapés; it was the first time either of them had tasted caviar, and sipped one more margarita. She felt more sexy in her dress than she did in the nude, and from the looks in their eyes, it was apparent the men agreed with her. Nathan's eyes reflected pure lust.  
  
Murial put a Norah Jones CD on the stereo, and Colleen and Nathan moved together and began to dance to her amorous voice. He held her by the waist; she snuggled up against him with both hands around his neck, pressing her firm breasts against his chest.  
  
As they swayed to the music, he ran his hands up and down her back, along her sides, finally settling them on her beautifully rounded ass. As he caressed her cheeks, the satin dress rose up a bit, revealing the garters that held up her hose, and an expanse of creamy white thigh.  
  
Grasping the back of her neck, he pulled her head from his shoulder, and found her mouth with his, gentle grazing kisses at first, just brushing her lips. Her tongue snicked out and traced the outline of his mouth. His tongue met hers and they exchanged little butterfly flicks, in full view of their audience.  
  
"Aww, that's so sweet," one of the women gushed, her eyes welling up with tears. The kiss intensified until he was crushing her mouth with his. He rained kisses over her face, along the curve of her neck, and to that place behind her ear that drove her wild, finally sucking the lobe into his mouth.  
  
She slowly unbuttoned his shirt, running her soft hands over his strong chest and ripped abs. Running her mouth over his torso, she took his nipples into her mouth, one at a time. A growl formed in his throat, a soft moan in hers. She pulled the shirt off of him and cast it aside.  
  
As his mouth moved down her neck, he slipped the straps of her dress off her shoulders and caressed them with his lips. He slowly unzipped the dress and let it pool at her feet.   
  
A collective gasp merged from the people in the room, as they beheld her lingerie. Black. Silk. Lace. See-thru. Demi-bra that barely covered her nipples, lifting her full breasts, letting the curved upper halves spill over the top. Matching garter belt that held up her sheer hose, and thong panties.  
  
Nathan ran his lips and tongue over the exposed parts of her breasts; his tongue dipped beneath the lace, reaching for a nipple. He dropped to his knees and unhooked her garters, one at a time, caressing her thighs as he went.  
  
He rolled down the stockings that covered her shapely legs, then unfastened her garter belt and let it fall to the floor. After running his lips over her upper thighs, his mouth centered between her legs, blowing a soft breath thru the lacy panties. She arched her back and thrust her pubis toward his mouth.  
  
When he stood to embrace her again, she unzipped his pants and pulled them down. He wore a pair of black silk boxers with a red heart on the fly, severely tented out in the front.   
  
He turned her around so her back was toward him, and mindful of the spectators, unhooked her bra, and let her full, luscious breasts hang free. Cupping them with his hands, he lifted them up, like he was making an offering to the people watching.  
  
As he stroked and caressed her breasts, she backed up and wriggled her ass against his groin. She mewled as he rolled her hard, stiff nipples between his thumbs and forefingers. Looking out at the crowd surrounding them, they saw one man, his wife on his lap, fondling her huge, pendulous boobs; her nipples stuck out more than an inch.  
  
Turning Colleen around to face him again, he assaulted her breasts with his mouth, kissing and licking them all over. He laved her nipples with the flat part of his tongue, flicked them with the tip, nibbled them with his lips, then drew them into to his mouth and suckled. It was hard to differentiate her moans from those coming from the women around them.  
  
Dropping to his knees again, he kissed and licked his way lower, across her belly, pausing to stick his tongue in her navel, one of her many erogenous zones. Then lower. And lower. Hooking her panties with his thumbs, he slid them down her legs, baring her puffy, swollen lips. He ran his tongue up and down her slit until her engorged clitoris peeked out from between them.  
  
They both laughed as a wiry little man, skittered across the floor and snatched her panties, burying his face in them. "Ahh, ambrosia," he said, as his wife giggled and poked a finger in his ribs.  
  
Her turn now. She pulled his shorts down; his rock-hard penis slapped him the belly. A slender woman with tiny breasts and huge nipples clapped her hands, then reached into her husband's lap and fondled his cock.  
  
"Gee, Gracie, I remember when mine stuck up like that."  
  
"It's still pretty good, for such an old pecker." Gracie left a big lipstick print on the end of it.  
  
Colleen cradled his balls in her hand, kissed each one, then gently took them into her mouth. Her tongue ran up and down his shaft, then flicked over his frenulum, that special little piece of flesh just beneath the head where all the nerves come together. She spread the top of his crown apart, and licked the hole at the tip.  
  
They moved over to the bed and lay down. Nathan ran his hands up and down her body, skimming his palms over her nipples until they swelled up again. He loved the contrast between the stiff nipples and the puffy, pale areolas that surrounded them.  
  
Mindful of his audience, when he reached her mound, he sat up beside her to give them a better view. He massaged her mons, then spreading her legs a bit, began to work on her swollen outer lips. Squeezing them together, he could feel her clit underneath, felt it swell, then peek out between the lips.  
  
He pulled her knees up and spread them wide apart. He spread her lips apart, revealing the sea of quivering pink flesh that lay between them. "Oh, what a perfect rose," came a voice from somewhere in the room.   
  
With his fingers, Nathan stroked both pink lips, then dipped his middle finger into her vagina and circled the internal walls. Her hips began to undulate, her breath came in ragged gasps.  
  
He pulled some of her inner juices out of her vagina and used them to lubricate the head of her clit. His finger traced lazy circles around it, until she signaled him that she was ready for some heavier touching. He grasped her glans and gently pulled it all the way out, then began to roll it between his thumb and forefinger.  
  
It was bigger than he'd ever seen it before, and obvious to all who watched, why it's called the "little penis." The head of her clitoris looked just like the head of his cock, and another half inch of the shaft was exposed.  
  
Her hips began to buck wildly to his touch. "Oh God, oh God, sweet Jesus, Nathan, don't stop, don't stop." Her hands fisted the bedspread, her back arched, her whole body shuddered as the wave washed over her and crashed as she came. And came hard. The people around her were mesmerized as they watched the musky sweet liquid pour out of her cunt. The whole room smelled like hot sex.   
  
There wasn't a limp dick in the house. Every man had a hard-on, in a variety of shapes and sizes. Miriam was on Roger's lap, his cock buried inside her as she rode him up and down. Another woman was jerking her husband off with one hand, the other one was rubbing furiously between her legs.  
  
Nathan moved down the bed and buried his face in Colleen's crotch. He knew it wouldn't take much to push her over her peak again. At this point, she'd probably come if he just blew in her ear.  
  
His tongue licked at her everywhere. He lapped up all of her juices, savoring the taste, her pheromones fueling his lust. When he sucked her clit into his mouth, she fisted her hands in his hair and pulled him closer to her. She moaned, then screamed out his name as yet another orgasm wracked her body.  
  
He rolled over on his back, his blood filled cock bobbing with the beat of his pulse, his whole body lusting for hers. She straddled his legs then bent down to work him with her lips and tongue. Teasing. Tormenting. Tasting.  
  
When she felt he couldn't take anymore, she moved farther up his body. Grasping his erection in one hand, she moved over him, slipped the head of his cock into her hot, wet pussy and sank down on him. She was tight. And slippery, like liquid velvet.  
  
In almost slow motion she rose up on him, clenched her vaginal muscles, and worked the head of his cock, letting him come all the way out of her, then sliding down on him again. He filled his hands with her breasts, massaging, then pinching her nipples, sending a jolt of electricity straight down to her clit.  
  
Completely filled with his cock, she ground her clit into his pubic bone. He grasped the lush cheeks of her ass and rocked her back and forth. She arched her back, threw her head back, and screamed to the heavens as she came once again, drenching his balls.  
  
Once her orgasm subsided, with his cock fully inside her, she turned around into the reverse cowboy position, giving their audience a better close-up view of their coupling. She rode him, slowly at first. When she came down, her inner lips curled under and disappeared into her vagina, emerging again when she rose up.  
  
She rode him harder. Faster. His hand reached around her hips and massaged her clit. Her breasts rose and fell, jostled, and bounced, as did his balls when he thrust up to meet her. She came again. And again.  
  
When she saw his testicles rise and his sac shrivel up, she lifted off of him and moved back. With her open mouth positioned a few inches away from the head of his cock, she pumped his shaft, felt it pulse as he shot his first load into her mouth. The next spurts landed on her breasts, running down and hanging off her nipples.  
  
Satiated, spent, they collapsed in a heap, to a standing ovation.  
  
"God, I don't know how many orgasms I had."  
  
"I counted nine," Murial said. "I had three myself."  
  
They gathered up their clothes into bundle; no point in putting them back on, and accepted thanks and hugs from all the people there. Murial handed them an envelope on their way out the door. "Don't open this until you get home."  
  
Holding hands as the plane took off, they looked down at the island and the clear blue water. Unable to wait any longer, Nathan handed Colleen the envelope and she ripped it open. Inside was a cashier's check for $2500.  
  
"Holy shit!" they exclaimed in unison. It had been a perfect honeymoon.