**Fio Dental
by edie**

"Ooh, blessed AC!" Kyle threw down his hardshell luggage cases and flopped onto the queen size bed in the middle of the hotel room. "Wake me up when the temperature drops about 20 degrees!"

"Hey!" Erin exclaimed, flipping glossy black hair over her shoulders, "We didn't come all the way to Brazil just to sleep!"

"My vacation," Kyle mumbled into the sheets. "I do what I want."

Sighing pointedly, Erin made a ruckus opening luggage and removing things, before going to the bathroom. Kyle was facedown on a pillow, halfway to dreamland, when he suddenly felt someone sitting on him. Someone small, squishy and wonderfully curvy.

"Wake uuup!" Erin whined, twisting her butt against his, "Check out my new swimsuit."

Kyle twisted around, one eye open and saw... mainly bare skin. Erin got off him to show off the outfit. Or at least, as much of an outfit as two strips of cord could be. There were two thin pink triangles that barely covered her nipples, and a slightly larger triangle covering her more delicate regions. She twirled around and Kyle got an eyeful of butt-cheeks.

"It's a Brazilian-cut swimsuit," she grinned, shaking a little in a thinly-disguised tease. "You like?"

Wide awake now, he looked at her strangely. "Where on earth did you get that?"

"At the airport, while you were picking up the luggage." Erin giggled. "The sign said 'Fio Dental'. I asked the clerk what that meant in English, and she said 'dental floss'. That's what they call this kind of swimsuit here."

"Mrm... well, I think its missing something important."

"Huh?"

"Come here... I have to accessorize you properly," Kyle said. He sat up, took off his belt, and patted his lap. "Oh, and bring those panties and that summer dress you're holding."

She stared at him for a couple apprehensive seconds, trying to read those poker eyes, before gingerly approaching and setting herself down on his lap. Not missing a beat, his hands immediately wrapped around the front of her body, and felt up her nipples through the barely existent fabric of the bikini. She started to protest and found her own balled up panties forced into her mouth. Paralyzed with surprise, Erin was pulled down to the bed, face down only a couple feet from the floor, her back and behind balanced precariously on Kyle's lap. Sensing what was coming, with Kyle's hard-on already poking uncomfortably into her flesh, she tried to wriggle out of the compromising position, but Kyle's hand was firmly pinning her down on his lap.

The first thwack nearly threw her off. She gasped in surprise, muffled by her cotton gag. The third or fourth brought tears to her eyes, as the sting of Kyle's doubled over belt manifested itself in painful red stripes across her semi-bare ass -- if the piece of swimsuit strung between her butt cheeks actually counted as covering anything. Kyle threw his belt aside and fingered the thin dripping thread aside, and easily worked two fingers inside her. She moaned and tried to grind herself against his fingers. Feeling them withdraw, she whimpered, knowing was what about to come next.

Kyle's hand came swiftly back, landing several heavy swats on her ass. She barely had a second to catch her breath again, before he started fingerfucking her again. On and on again went this vicious cycle, causing the lines between pain and pleasure to blend together in a throbbing haze of desire. Her bottom felt unbearably hot, and she cried in frustration when he stopped.

Kyle, quickly, sloppily in his excitement, threw her onto the nondescript hotel bed, muffling her whimper into the pillow. His jeans were unzipped in half a breath, and with one swift, frantic motion, he buried himself deep within her, filling her to the hilt. He leaned forward onto her back, grabbed her shoulders with his hands, her neck with his lips, as she moaned heavily into the pillow, and moved his cock easily in and out of her.

Within moments, it was over, Kyle shuddering in pleasure. After Kyle caught his breath again, he re-positioned the thin string keeping Erin modest, re-tied the sides, and adjusted her breasts back into their proper place. Erin was still shell-shocked, facedown in the bed, red in both cheeks, warm white liquid dripping down her inner thigh.

"There," he grinned. "Now we're ready to go to the beach."

The End