**Heather's Honeymoon**

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**Heather's Honeymoon Ch. 01**

My bride Heather and I were staying at an ocean-front resort on the island of St John's, relaxing on an idyllic, crescent-shaped beach during the first day of our honeymoon. The sand was a fine white powder, palm trees bowed toward the horizon and the sun sparkled like diamonds on the light-blue waters. Adding to the scenery were many scantily clad bodies laying on towels or walking the beach. Going topless was optional, and although several of the female tourists partook in the local custom, my new wife wouldn't go topless no matter how much I pleaded. She was however, open to the idea of wearing the skimpy, pale blue, string bikini I'd surprised her with earlier that morning, and that was a compromise I could live with.

The suit wasn't one she'd typically wear. It was so tiny the whole thing would have fit comfortably in the hip pocket of her jeans. Two patches of material too small to hold her perfectly-shaped 34B breasts attached to spaghetti strings and tied behind her neck and back, and a third tiny triangle pressed tightly against her pussy and tied high on her hips. When she modeled it in the room I saw that the bikini complimented her dark hair and sparkling azure eyes perfectly. It was plain to see that my new bride would be the prize of the beach. After many compliments and much coaxing she decided to wear it. She would also wear it on four of the six subsequent days of our honeymoon.

We were laying on lounge chairs engrossed in novels when out of the corner of my eye I saw a woman several yards ahead of us removing her bathing suit top, exposing a pair of breasts far bigger than Heather's. The woman reached down to her towel, retrieved a bottle of suntan lotion and squirted an ample amount of white liquid onto her chest, then rubbed the lotion into her breasts. I was taken aback, but not to the point where I didn't put my thumb in my book and watch awhile.

After a few moments my wife saw what I was doing, kicked my leg with a sandy, red-toenailed foot and said, "All right, Mr. Deer-In-Headlights, back to your book!"

"What am I supposed to do?" I remember asking. "She's right in our faces!"

"You don't have to be so fascinated, is all," came the short reply.

"What really fascinates me," I said, turning on my side away from the woman, "is that your eyes are the same color as the water, and even more sparkly."

Considering it wasn't a pair of eyes that had held my attention for so long, Heather wasn't convinced.

Trying to sound more sincere, I said, "Let's go get something to drink, baby...cause I only want to be with you."

I had been faithful to Heather during our two year courtship through college and she had no reason to doubt me; but she did get jealous from time to time, probably because I'd been much more experienced than she when we met. Walking over to the little lunch hut at the top of the beach I told her that I preferred her pert-and-perkies over the other woman's large-for-large-sake boobs any day of the week, and there wasn't anything for her to be jealous of.

In a kidding way she said, "Save it for the judge."

We were sitting at a white plastic table in the little hut drinking fruit smoothies when who came strolling over but the big-boobed lotion woman. With her bikini top back in place, she stopped at our table and started talking to us as if we were old friends. When I returned her small talk, Heather's beautiful blue eyes started rolling like the waves.

The woman said she'd noticed I'd been looking at her on the beach.

"How could I not?" I said, with a hand-in-the-cookie-jar chuckle.

"Did you like what you saw?" the woman inquired.

I glanced at my wife and could see she'd had enough.

Hoping to save face, I looked at the woman and said, "There're a lot of attractive women in the world, but only one for me. Fortunately, I married her." I put my hand on Heather's, the one that now displayed my shiny new wedding band, and said, "Let's get out of here, honeybaby."

We were walking somewhat aimlessly around the resort when my wife asked if I wanted to go back to the beach.

"We can in a few minutes," I said. "But let's go to the room for a bit first."

While walking toward our room I told her again there wasn't anything to be jealous of, that I loved her more than anything and had since the day we'd met. She admitted she did sometimes get jealous because she'd had so few sexual experiences before me while I'd had my share. She said she didn't always know what I was thinking, and wanted me to be thinking only of her, because she was thinking only of me.

We got to our room, which was several floors up and had an amazing view of the ocean. It was a large room with rattan furnishings and pastel walls. A king-sized bed was its centerpiece, and a slow-whirling ceiling fan was stationed above it. There was a balcony overlooking the ocean to the other side of the bed, and through the open sliding-glass door we could hear the ocean waves crashing in, kissing the shore. We would get to know that room well over the next several days.

My innocent bride was standing by the bed with her back to the mattress. I was facing the bed, directly in front of her. With an adorably coquettish pout on her lips--a pout I'd never seen from her before--she said, "do you really like mine more than hers?" With that, she cupped her bikini-clad breasts in her hands, seemingly for inspection.

Heather had never been wanton like this while we dated. I wouldn't have called her a prude; she was just proper. Before we married, our satisfaction had come mostly from rubbing against each other without actual penetration--or by hand manipulation. We hadn't even had oral sex with each other, as Heather considered it even more intimate than intercourse. In a day when teenagers change sex partners weekly, she was determined to wait until our wedding night before going all the way.

I had always wanted more for us, but out of respect I never pushed. Well, I did push; but when she wouldn't budge, I'd stop pushing. I just loved her, and wanted her to be comfortable before we did anything.

We finally made love on our wedding night and it was better than I could have possibly imagined. I thought Heather would be nervous but she wasn't. To the contrary, she was receptive and eager. She had so much pent-up desire that when the day finally came she made love with abandon. Later in the night she went down on me for the first time ever, having no compunction to putting me in her mouth after I'd been inside her earlier. She even let me come in her mouth, though most of it ended up back on my stomach.

Back in our hotel room, Heather was still looking at me with her new-found pout and cupping her breasts while waiting for an answer to her question.

"I like your everything more than anybody's anything," I said, and reached around her back to untie her top. She then tucked her chin to her chest and I lifted the bikini strings over her head. Gazing at her, I could see the tan lines beginning to form, accentuating her milky breasts and highlighting her rosy nipples. I realized all over again how lucky I was and how amazing it was to finally be having such intimate interactions with the girl of my dreams.

Sliding my warm hands down from her soft shoulders I stopped at her pale breasts and ran my thumbs over her rising nipples. Heather put her arms on my shoulders to steady herself while I caressed her nipples gently between my thumbs and forefingers. She let out a moan and whispered that she loved me more than anything and wanted to do whatever I desired forever and ever. My fingers lingered for several moments, plucking her nipples tenderly into hard points before continuing their exploration of her soft skin, meandering south past her rib cage and flat stomach until reaching her slender hips. I nuzzled her neck and kissed behind her ear, whispering that I loved her too. I untied the bows of her bikini bottoms from both sides and released the stings, letting the suit fall silently to the floor. She was left standing naked before me, and even this was relatively new, as most of our pre-wedding adventures had been in darkened dorm rooms or late-night parked cars.

She was the prize of the beach for sure.

I asked her to sit on the bed and she complied. While sitting demurely she looked up to me and I pressed my fingers against her shoulders, easing her back further until she was laying on the mattress with her legs dangling over the side. She was looking up at the ceiling fan and the tips of her painted toes grazed the floor. I told her I was going to do something I had always wanted to do.

I got down on my knees in front of her and she lifted her head from the bed and said with a smile, "Are you going to pray?"

"No, baby," I replied, "I'm going to make you come with my tongue."

Heather lowered her head back to the mattress wordlessly and I gently parted her legs with my hands. I began kissing her lower thighs just above the knee, wetting her with soft pecks, moving from one leg to the other, working my way up both thighs slowly. Her legs parted involuntarily with my approach and my left hand moved up and grazed her nipple again, now fully awake and longing to be touched. I glanced up and saw that Heather's gaze was still fixated on the ceiling fan.

The motor of the fan sighed an idle moan as the blades whirled, creating a mild puff of air on my neck and back. Outside the window, the waves continued their assault on the beach. And I stayed on my knees, genuflecting before my bride, moving closer to the center of her world. She whispered, "...oh baby, oh baby, oh baby..." as my warm tongue inched closer, licking her inner thighs higher and higher. I loved knowing she was living the honeymoon she had always envisioned.

When I finally reached her oasis her scent was intoxicating. I wanted to dive right in for her clit, but I also wanted to make it last. It took all my willpower, but I held back and went slowly. Her pussy was the perfect flower, blooming before my eyes in dewy wetness. Her folds glistened as I licked them tenderly. I lightly traced her lips up and down with my tongue, wanting us both to languish in the moment. She was moaning softly with her legs spread. I loved the reaction she was giving. It signified trust and blissful appreciation, as well as sheer erotic pleasure.

My right hand moved from her breast down past her smooth stomach to the top of her mound. My thumb curled under and found her hard little button and rubbed light circles over it as I continued to lick and kiss and suck. I could feel her lips swelling on my tongue and her clit becoming turgid with desire under my thumb. At some point her eyes flickered closed and her thin fingers reached for my head, weaving silent thoughts into my hair. From my kneeling position I could hear her breathing becoming irregular. She whispered, "I've never had this before."

I lowered my hand and slowly sank a finger deep into her well-lubricated pussy. She was moaning louder now, and my tongue glided up from her lips and caressed her throbbing love button. She was fully into the pleasure I was giving, tugging my head even tighter against her. I put her clit between my lips and sucked it gently into my mouth while twirling my tongue around it.

I'd performed oral sex on several girls before, but those times were nothing compared to what Heather and I were experiencing. The closeness and intimacy between us was profound, making the sex that much more important. I could hear Heather panting uninhibitedly as I bathed her clit with my mouth, and I knew she wasn't far from going over the edge. Sensing the time was right for something even more daring I removed my wet finger from her pussy and slid it lazily toward her anal bud. Not knowing what her reaction would be, I pushed lightly at the entrance. She yelled, "Oh God...Oh my God...OH MY GOD!!!!"

Her hands clenched my hair tighter as her legs stiffened. I pushed my finger all the way in and she couldn't help but shriek from the new pleasure she was receiving. Her body spasmed on the bed and her panting turned into a long sustained moan--a moan so loud it drowned out the sound of the waves licking the beach and the ceiling fan humming above. It was amazing to see my innocent bride coming harder than I'd ever seen a girl come before.

When her orgasm subsided and her breathing began to even out, she continued to cradle my head in her hands, which was now resting on her inner thigh. Laying quietly in this position, she opened her eyes with a flutter and stared contentedly up at the ceiling fan again. A smile covered her lips, and I knew that any thought of jealousy had disappeared from her mind.

I didn't fully realize it then, but that one encounter was a harbinger of so many things, not only for the rest of our honeymoon, but for the months and years to come. Heather was ready. We were on our way to a world of sexual discoveries.

**Heather's Honeymoon Ch. 02**

We had been on our honeymoon for three days, soaking in the sun on the beach for some of the time and getting acquainted with each other's bodies in the room for most of it. We'd make love for an hour or so each morning and then head to the beach where we'd read our books or watch the tanned semi-nude bodies; then we'd go for a smoothie at the lunch hut before scurrying back to our room to make love again.

It was a routine I was deliriously comfortable with, and Heather was right there with me. She was so happy being married, and her every movement showed she was loving the experiences we were sharing, experiences she'd always felt only married people should experience. Her demeanor had changed from how she'd been before our marriage, when she was nervous about doing too much and feeling guilty when she thought we had. Since the wedding three days ago, a light had come on in her head and in her body--one that seemed to burn hotter almost by the hour. As a happily married woman she glowed with a sexual desire that couldn't be cooled by guilt or self-reproach.

I had always loved Heather, and would have married her no matter what her desires were. Even if she'd remained inhibited after the wedding as she was before it I would have wanted nothing but to be with her always. What I was receiving on our honeymoon was a windfall, and I couldn't believe my good fortune. The best part was, she was acting this way because of the love and security she felt, not because she was some slut wanting to have sex with anybody and everybody.

That third morning marked my twenty-third birthday, and as we lay in bed Heather asked what I wanted. I mumbled something trite like, "Having you as my bride is my gift, baby."

"Oh, that is so sweet, my love. But I mean it. I want to give you something extra special today."

I thought of what I might really want. Having experienced so much closeness over the past few days and seeing Heather emerge as an eager pleaser, I took a chance and said, "Well...you could be my sex slave for the day."

I thought she might get offended by the remark, but instead she perked up instantly.

"Really? That's what you'd like?"

"Yeah. I mean...who wouldn't? You've been so geisha-like these past few days. It makes me feel special."

"We're married, baby. I want to make you feel special. Maybe we can call it a love slave."

I wasn't about to argue over semantics.

"We can call it a love slave, honey. That's exactly what it is."

I was laying in bed, listening to the waves crashing on the beach below while watching Heather bend over the dresser in her short nightie, exposing her white panties while picking through some of the sexy lingerie I'd bought for her over the past few days. A lingerie fashion show was the first thing I'd asked for from my love slave.

Heather tried on several outfits for me one by one, posing sexily in each.

"Do you like this?" she asked, bending over a chair in a panty and baby doll set while looking over her shoulder at me.

"Oh yes, lover. You look great in that."

A few minutes later she was posing on her knees at the foot of the bed, wearing thigh-high stockings, a red thong and an ivory camisole.

"How about this, baby?"

I gazed open-mouthed, zeroing in on the hard nipples straining against the silky camisole.

"So very beautiful," I said.

As the show continued she pouted and purred, teased and tempted, bending this way and that, thoroughly enjoying her newborn sexuality. She looked at me lying in bed, took notice of the bulge tenting the sheet, and smiled.

"Do you need me now, birthday boy?"

"I'll need you very soon," I said, watching her prance around the room in a tiny g-string and frilly bra.

I picked one outfit from the several she'd tried on: a white, demi bra with sheer, see-thru cups and a tiny, white mesh thong to match. She put on the outfit eagerly with her back to me. Then she gazed at her new persona in the mirror for a moment, adjusting her breasts inside the cups just so before turning to show me.

Heather is a beautiful girl. She is wholesome, with a girl-next-store, innocent quality, but she is also extremely sexy in an unforced, natural way. Her eyes are big blue buckets of love, and she flashes an effortless smile so genuinely that it instantly captivates people. She is very thin, with a taut, flat tummy and a cute little butt, and she has perky firm breasts that are topped with bigger than average raspberry-like nipples, nipples that come out to play instantly when touched, and stay out well past their bedtime. My gaze traveled from the diaphanous thong caressing her newly-shaved folds to her large nipples showing murkily through the translucent half-cups of her bra. I could tell by the outlines in the material that she was as excited by the present she was giving as I was.

"I want to come six times today, Heather." I pronounced.

She giggled.

"I'm not kidding. Yesterday was five. The day before was four. Today I want to beat my record. It's good to have goals, right?"

"Yes, baby," she said through her giggles, "it's very good to have goals. Six sounds impossible, but...I'll try for you. I'll make love all day if that's what it takes. I want to do what you want, in any way you want."

Hearing these words come from my shy, innocent Heather was too much. I reached out from the bed and grabbed her. She giggled again as I tossed her on the mattress and wiggled as I got on top of her. When I pulled the thong to the side and sank my raging hard on to the hilt, her giggles turned to moans...moans I was becoming very familiar with as the days went by.

We made love passionately on the bed, with heat and emotion, me on top and Heather wrapping her legs around me, pulling me ever-deeper into her tight pussy. I could feel my cock splitting her, hardly fitting into her newly-used hole, and after a minute or two of slippery lovemaking we came together, with me buried snugly inside that warm, wet pocket.

It was amazing to realize that Heather and I had made love for the very first time only three days earlier, as by this time I'd come inside her close to ten times. I was always hard around her, in the hotel room, on the beach, out to dinner, in the disco, and she was forever in heat and wanting more. I bathed her in my come at every opportunity, and we let no occasion slip by. From yesterday's adventure on our balcony, to last night's walk on the beach, it was turning into a flawless sexual union between us, which went hand in hand with the love and emotion and care we had always shared. I was insatiable, and Heather was coming from her cocoon, turning into a beautiful sexual butterfly right before my eyes. With such a combination, I wondered where we may fly to next. It seemed like the sky was the limit.

After the quick lovemaking on the bed I went to take a shower. Heather lay on the mattress, temporarily exhausted, looking up at the slow-whirling ceiling fan as my warmth heated her from the inside out, oozing from her like slow lava.

I was in the hot shower, still on fire, getting ready for number two of six, when somehow she sensed my percolating desire. I turned off the water, pulled back the curtain, and there she was, on her knees across the room, staring up at me, still in the see-thru thong and bra.

"Is it okay if I do this for you now, hubby. Is it too soon?"

She was practicing her coquettish pout again, but this time she couldn't contain the smile showing sweetly through it. She liked the new role she was playing. It suited her, and it suited us. She moved closer to me, crawling on her hands and knees across the tile floor. She looked up through the steam of the room with misty, fragile eyes, innocent and wanton at the same time. I'd never seen such incongruous eyes.

"I want to feel you in my mouth, baby," she said.

"Oh Heather..."

"I want to feel you growing as I suck, just like I did last night on the beach, under that bright moon."

"Oh, baby..."

"I want to make my husband come again."

"You will, baby. Again and again. Now, and forever. I promise."

Heather took my cock in her hands. She stroked me gently with one hand while cupping my balls in the other.

"I've loved these past few days," she said, looking up at me. "You feel so good in my hands and in my mouth and inside me. It really feels like you belong there. I want to fall asleep with you in my mouth tonight, and wake with you in it tomorrow morning. Remind me tonight in case I forget."

"Look what you've done to me, baby," I said, looking down at myself.

"Oh my," she said, and began stroking my erect cock from her knees while looking directly at it.

"I'm glad we've waited," she said, as much to my hard on as to me. But I feel like I have some catching up to do."

With that, she put me in her mouth to suck the precome off the tip, then took me out again.

"While you were sleeping this morning I was awake, thinking of after the wedding, when I sucked you for the first time really late at night after you made love to me earlier. I was thinking that I probably like sucking you as much as you like me doing it."

"That's impossible."

Heather stayed on her knees, eager to prove her point. She gently put me back in her mouth, sucking me in halfway and then backing out to drain the big purplish head of more of its precome. Then she put me back in again, going as deep as she could and gagging a little. After pulling back reflexively, she stared at my cock with a look of resolve and then put me in just as deep again. She was loving what she was doing, working slowly, taking her time, learning on the job. I could see the experience growing within her with every new lick and suck. She was already better at prolonging her partner's orgasm than I was. She had the patience for it. And the love. She was turning into a disciplined little cocksucker.

As she bobbed, I said..."Baby, spread your legs a little."

She did as I asked without breaking stride, her hips rocking back and forth in time with her head bobbing.

"Put your hand inside your panties, honey."

She looked up and without wanting to interrupt her work she tried speaking with my cock in her mouth.

"You waana wash?"

"Yes. Do it while I watch. Please..."

Without a second's thought she slipped her hand passed the waistband of her thong. Her slender fingers crawled through the material, instantly finding her hard little clit. Her head moved faster up and down on me and her moaning increased as she strummed her button rhythmically.

I had never seen Heather masturbate before. I had never even considered that she did it, as she'd always been so prim in our relations. Watching her now was an eye-opener. She was playing with herself expertly and without shame. As her fingers moved against her clit in those quick, knowing motions, I thought of all the times I'd dropped her back to her dorm after a night of petting in my dark car, both of us not fully satisfied and me horny as hell. I would always go back to my apartment and masturbate while thinking of making love to her. Now, as I looked at her stroking herself, I realized that she must have done the same thing. This realization made me incredibly excited.

As I continued to look on, Heather curled her wrist under and I could no longer see her fingers through the mesh of her thong. I could only see her curled wrist moving back and fourth. I watched, amazed, assuming that a finger or two must be buried deep inside, probing the wet depths of her pussy. A notion popped into my mind that maybe she was pretending someone was inside her while I was in her mouth. And that was just too exciting to contemplate.

"Oh God, honey, I'm gonna come!"

"Mmmmm" she replied.

"Swallow this time, baby. Please. I want you to."

Over the past few days Heather had not been shy about putting me in her mouth. She had no problem doing it after I'd been inside her, and had no problem staying on me when I came. But each time, my orgasm would eventually end up on my stomach, or on her hand, or in her hair, or on her cheek. As part of Heather's awakening, I realized I'd sometimes need to push for the things I wanted.

"You really want me to?" Heather questioned, pulling off ever so briefly.

"Yes! Right now!"

Heather reacted quickly and her mouth made it back on me just in time. My come came out in huge, powerful spurts, one after the next from deep within me. My cock twitched and spasmed like a downed wire and it felt like the volleys would last forever. She was moaning loudly, rocking her hips back and fourth against her fingers, and her own orgasm started while she did her best to keep her mouth on me.

It was one of the biggest orgasms of my life, and I almost felt sorry that Heather had to be initiated in such an overwhelming fashion. But she was a trooper, and was determined not to disappoint. She kept her mouth glued to me the whole time, gulping down copious amounts of come as quickly as it filled her mouth. Only at the end did a little escape the crease of her lips and begin to drool down her chin. When I was done, she licked me clean and looked up from her knees with those sexy innocent eyes, now somewhat watery and searching for approval, my come still clinging to her chin.

I smiled down at her, my legs jelly and my breathing erratic.

"I swallowed a lot, baby," she said, blinking up at me. "Not all of it, I know, but a lot. Not bad for a first timer, don't you think?"

I lifted her from her knees, speechless and drained. I held her tight in my arms, kissing her over and over, wondered what was next, realizing the world was our oyster.

**Heather's Honeymoon Ch. 03**

Simply put, Heather is a woman in love. Merely looking into her husband's blue eyes has always melted her. In all her life, she's never felt such an overwhelming physical attraction for a man. She's never felt the emotional connection they share either. From the day they met she knew John was the perfect man for her.

Heather never thought herself as being overly sexual. In high school and college she'd had the typical urges, but she prided herself on keeping them mostly in check. It was easy to do before meeting her future husband, as she'd never met a guy she was truly in love with. After meeting John everything changed for her. As their courtship progressed, it became increasingly difficult for her to stick to her vow of remaining a virgin until marriage. Not that he pushed or applied much pressure. To the contrary, he was always a perfect gentleman. If he hadn't been, the floodgates may have opened well before three days ago. They had dated only two years, yet it seemed to Heather she'd waited her entire life for this week to arrive.

After they'd been exclusive for many months they would sometimes neck in his car at night, where she'd let his hand find its way under her blouse and unclasp her bra. She'd close her eyes and kiss him passionately while he played with her breasts, making her nipples hard and tingly. She loved how he made her feel; but when his hand would slide down and discover how wet she was, she'd pull it away. Another girl may have bit her lip and welcomed the intense excitement that was around the corner; but Heather remained firm in her convictions.

There were those few occasions when she did give in to her desires--or rather--went too long before squelching them, and she would then experience the intensity her girlfriends always talked about. Sometimes she'd even have quiet orgasms as he lightly touched her clit or submerged his fingers into her swampy wetness. When this happened, she'd stifle the orgasm as best she could, out of embarrassment or shame, or a combination of the two.

Far more often than not, Heather did the proper thing, and whenever she pulled his hand away, John would abide by her wishes. He would kiss her cheek and say he was sorry, whisper in her ear that he loved her and vow to wait until she was ready.

Every so often during the most heated of those nights, Heather would wish John was more demanding and just take what he wanted from her. When she was sufficiently worked into a lather and telling him to stop, she'd yearn for him to say, "No Heather, I'm making you come right here and now," and keep his fingers deep inside her and his thumb circling her clit. That way she could've experienced what she desired without feeling responsibility for it.

But in the end, he never did that, and it has worked out better that he didn't. For now, all on her own, Heather feels ready to take responsibility. She is a legally married woman, one who's discovering that she's comfortable letting her orgasms come as consistently and forcefully as the waves that pound the beach. From the moment they kissed on the alter, she made a promise to herself that she'd give her body freely to her husband--as this is what she'd always thought a good wife should do.

After all, John deserves it. Throughout their courtship he had made her feel loved and respected. He also made her feel sexy, even when she was rarely deliberately sexy for him and hadn't a clue of her own allure. Yes, this honeymoon...this first year...this rest of their lives, Heather would reward John for all the love and patience he's shown her. She would be his reward. After saying yes to being his love slave for the day--after the lingerie show and making love on the bed and the incredible blowjob she gave following his shower--John got ready for an archery class, telling Heather to relax and enjoy the room until he got back and then they'd go to the beach. She kissed him goodbye at the door and waited a few moments before going into the bathroom, where she filled the basin with water. Having been wet and full of come all morning she was anxious to take off her thong and wash it. After bathing it in warm soapy water, she rinsed it, rung it out, and walked onto the balcony wearing only her bra, not caring who may be watching. She was a love slave, and was dressed how she'd been told to dress. She put the tiny thong on a plastic chair, knowing the skimpy garment would dry quickly in the hot morning sun. Then she went back to the bathroom and drew herself a bath.

Heather was lying in the tub, warm water filled to her neck, her head resting on a wet towel pillowing the porcelain behind it. Her red-painted toenails were propped up on the faucet handles at the other end of the deep tub. She looked at her bra hanging over the bathroom doorknob and smiled. John had bought her the bra and thong only a day earlier. They were delicate and see-thru and she loved them. She wasn't used to wearing such sexy lingerie and was happy to do so now. They made her feel womanly and desirous, and best of all they had a big effect on John. He'd always told her what a wonderful body she had. Now that she was showing it, he was even more complimentary. They could hardly go to the little lunch hut for a bite without him making a comment or two about her tight little butt or perky breasts; and after lunch he'd take her by the hand and guide her back to their room where she'd get on her knees and suck his cock until he came in her mouth, or spread her legs wide on the bed and let him fuck her as hard as he wanted. It seemed that John was always aroused around her, and that was the biggest compliment of all.

Heather reached for a bottle of lavender bath oil she'd laid out on the rim of the tub alongside a bar of rose-scented soap, a bottle of lavender shampoo, hair conditioner, baby oil and razor. She unscrewed the cap and poured a generous dollop of the oil into the bath water, swishing it around with her hand. Replacing the cap, she rested her head back against the towel and slid deep into the warm water, letting the aroma of the bath oil seep into her nostrils.

She felt marvelously alive and relaxed at the same time, blessed to be living the honeymoon of her dreams with the man of her dreams.

All those times in his car--or back at his apartment, or in her dorm room, or at her parents' house while mom and dad slept upstairs--John would kiss her open mouth and his hands would roam over her body and his fingers always felt like magic. There was not a time when she didn't feel the electricity of his touch. It was a shame she'd been compelled to put an end to it as often as she had, but maybe it was for the best. So much resisting made what was happening now that much more special and intense.

She thought of the very first time they had made love, after the reception. With his kiss on her lips and her body in his arms and his hands between her legs, she felt as if she belonged exactly where she was--and at long last felt his fingers belonged exactly where they were too. They were soft yet firm, feeling the slippery contours of her, handling her so delicately she could have cried. But instead of her eyes becoming watery, she was wet elsewhere, to the point where her thighs were damp and she thought she must be dripping. He took his time that night, never doing too much too soon, working her up slowly and lovingly with his kisses and his fingers, playing her expertly, opening her damp petals, touching them over and over up and down, spreading them apart. Her hips rocked back and forth, moving against his fingers, wanting to suck them in. She parted her legs wider, granting whatever access he desired. When his blue eyes looked down on her she was in a woozy state. She was lost in his grasp and his gaze. He smiled tenderly and tweaked her clit between his thumb and forefinger, and that alone made her come very hard. He hadn't even entered her yet.

Heather picked up the bar of rose-scented soap. It had been in a gift basket filled with bath luxuries awaiting her on the back seat of the limo taking her and John to the airport after the reception. A simple note accompanying the basket read: "A few things for my beautiful baby girl, now so much a woman. Love, Mom."

It was a loving gesture, and Heather had unwrapped the purple-tinted cellophane covering the basket with joy, putting all the little bottles and boxes in her carry-on bag before arriving at the airport.

Heather slid the bar of soap down from her neck slowly, feeling it roll over her breasts and glide along her rib cage to her flat tummy, then down further until it gingerly massaged the contours of her thighs. She soaped her legs one at a time as they rested on the faucet handles, then dipped each into the warm water to wash off the residue. She brought the bar up again, slithering it over her prominent hipbones, sliding it past her abdomen, up her slinky torso and out of the water between her soft breasts. She soaped her chest and neck leisurely and then submerged her body up to her chin, watching the suds dissipate in the water. While still reclined, she brought the bar back to her breasts. She arched her back and her turgid nipples bobbed up from the water's depths like submarines periscopes. She rubbed the bar over them and then sat up in the tub. With her chin tucked to her chest, she slid the scented bar back and fourth between her breasts while looking down at the suds she was creating. Her nipples were very tingly now, just as they'd been during all those nights in John's car.

Heather liked her breasts. They weren't overly big, but they were firm and her nipples were large and exceptionally sensitive to the least amount of temperature or touch or exciting thoughts. It was true they had remained hard almost the entire time she and John had been in St. John's. She cupped her left breast in her hand while working the bar of soap over her nipple in a circular fashion, wondering if she could make it rise any more than it already had. The sensation was intense, and when she could stand it no more, she moved to the other breast and did the same thing. She was exhilarated, looking down at herself, playing with her big soapy nipples alone in the quite tub.

After making her buds prickle with unabashed excitement, Heather put the soap back onto the side of the tub and slunk back into the water, submerging her breasts. She positioned her head on the towel and moved her left hand down between her legs. It was a well known place for her fingers to visit and she found herself familiarly wet. After all those nights holding off the inevitable with John, Heather's fingers had become some of her closest friends. Hardly a night went by after seeing him did she not make herself come while thinking of the things she wanted him to do to her and the ways she would some day make him happy.

It was warm in the tub, actually too warm, so Heather turned the drain switch with her toes, letting the bathwater slowly escape. Having lost track of time, she lay there rubbing herself cautiously while listening for John's keycard in the lock. Not that she'd deliberately hide what she was doing if he came in, but she wasn't sure she wanted to be caught doing something he hadn't specifically asked for. All she knew was she wanted to touch herself and work herself up without coming, just ride the swell above orgasm for a while, as she'd done on many occasions after John had dropped her back at her dorm and her roommate slept just a few feet away.

When Heather was in a very heightened state she could play with herself for a long, long time, sometimes holding off her climax for a half hour or more. She'd work herself up and moments before orgasm she'd slow her fingers or remove them altogether until her excitement subsided; then she'd begin the process all over again. It was on those dawdling, ebb-and-flow nights in her dorm room when she'd eventually have her largest orgasms, coming in waves while hoping her squeaking bedframe and muffled moans wouldn't wake her roommate.

Heather realized her masturbation ritual was a bit like her and John's sexual relationship, although by her own design it had been much more ebb and flow than climax. This week, she was ready for the tsunami to hit.

As Heather played with herself she thought of the first time John had made her come with his mouth, when she was on the bed naked, staring up at the ceiling fan and he was on his knees, kissing her thighs, calming her jealous concerns and whispering his immediate intentions. She thought of his tongue caressing her folds, how he'd licked her softly while his fingers pinched her achingly long nipples. She remembered John putting his lips directly onto her bulging clit and sucking gently, swirling his tongue rhythmically while his fingers probed the depths of her pussy. She thought of the feeling of his fingers exiting her cunt and traveling down down down lower and lower, leaving her to wonder if he really would touch her there. And then she relived the sensation of his forefinger as it did in fact position itself at her anus. Feeling John's finger twitching at her tiny opening she couldn't help but push lightly against it, just enough to let him know she didn't mind him there. Soon, she felt the slick digit invade her, going all the way in and making her moan with pleasure. And then she remembered how she had come harder than she'd ever come in her life, even harder than those most intense nights when alone in her dorm room bed.

Heather dropped her hand quickly from her pussy, trying to think of mundane thoughts to stop the orgasm that was approaching like a freight train. She fought it with all the power of her being, thinking of the petty wedding planning arguments she'd had with her mother. She thought of calculus and accounting too, and all the other subjects in school she hated. In the end, it was just enough to stave it off, and she was thankful she hadn't gone too far. She didn't want to waste her sexual energy or take any of it away from John. She wanted John to have everything she had to offer.

The water had drained from the tub by now. One of Heather's legs was against the shower wall while the other was hooked over the side of the tub. She was lying back against the towel, her legs splayed wide, her pussy yawning open in the empty tub. She was in one of her very heightened states. She squirted warm baby oil over her body and rubbed it in with her hands. She knew if she touched her pussy again she'd come, so instead she picked up the razor and began to shave her legs. After finishing both legs she shaved her underarms and when done with them she started on the faint stubble surrounding her pussy lips. She had shaved there for the first time only two days earlier at John's request. She'd never thought of doing it before. After shaving the first time the sensation made her feel naked, girlie and sexy. Now she decided to take it a step farther. Finishing her lips, she began manicuring the runway strip she'd sported before entering the tub. She cut in with the razor on both sides, making the strip thinner and thinner. With less hair there, her pussy was becoming more visible, so she continued on. By the time she was done she'd shaved all the hair away, leaving herself completely bald. She knew John would like her this way, with everything in plain sight. She couldn't wait to surprise him with it.

Putting the razor down she felt calm enough to touch herself again without the danger of coming. She hooked her leg back over the sidewall of the tub and tucked her chin to her chest to watch her fingers play with her very visible clit. When she was sufficiently worked up, she picked up the bottle of hair conditioner and held it over her. She was no longer thinking about John's keycard in the lock. She was thinking only of being his love slave, wondering what he might ask her to do. She spurted five or six long lines of the white liquid onto her tummy and over her breasts, one of them even hitting the side of her face and ear. Seeing the thick fluid on her made her heart beat fast. This wasn't the first time Heather had played this game with herself in a bathtub.

She continued looking down at her body, one hand busy at her pussy while the other held the bottle over her. Her body looked like it had the afternoon before, when John had ejaculated on her after making love on the balcony--only now there was more of it. Feeling her excitement build, she squeezed the bottle again, pretending another load was hitting her, this one even bigger. Her breathing became labored and she let her mind wander. Lowering the plastic bottle over her thighs, she again pumped it several times, watching spurt after spurt of the thick gooey substance splatter against her hips and thighs and fast rotating fingers. She was now blanketed from head to thighs in the come-like cream. It was as if many, many men had come on her at the same time.

Heather plunged two fingers inside her pussy while dropping the bottle. Bringing her free hand to her face, she accepted three fingers deep into her mouth. She sucked them like a cock, moving them in and out while pumping her pussy vigorously with the other hand, pretending it was John inside her. She was moaning uncontrollably, lost in fantasy, looking at the massive amounts of come covering her body while pretending to hear John's voice say, "Suck him Heather, make him come!" Then she quickly moved her fingers away and turned her gaze to the wall, thinking as hard as she could about a particularly perplexing calculus problem.

By the time John came back to the room, Heather had showered off all of the conditioner, lotioned her body again with baby oil and put on her light blue string bikini. She was proud to have been able to keep herself from coming. John took one look at her, saw her nipples protruding against the fabric of her bikini top and smiled widely at his new bride.

"I'm ready for the beach, baby...or whatever," she purred.

"I'm ready for the beach, too. But, I've been thinking. It's still love slave day, right?"

"Yes. Maybe every day will be love slave day. What do you want?"

"Where is the bra and thong I'd picked for you?"

"The bra is in the bathroom and the thong is on the balcony."

John went into the bathroom and retrieved the bra from the doorknob, then walked to the balcony and snatched the now dry thong from the chair. He went to the closet and found the cute little sundress he had in mind, then handed all three to Heather.

"Put these on, lovey," he said.

Heather was confused.

"I thought we were going to the beach?"

"We're going to the beach."

Heather was too excited to speak. Her heart was flapping in her rib cage like a hummingbird. As John went into the bathroom, she took off her bikini and looked at her naked form in the wall mirror. She was painfully erect up top, and her hairless pussy lips were visibly thick, dangling, and glistening in the mirror's reflection. She put on the see-thru, half-cup bra and the skimpy see-thru thong, then looked into the mirror again. She almost didn't recognize the sexual girl staring back at her...the one wearing intimate lingerie that left nothing to the imagination...the one looking like she needed an especially hard fucking. The top third of her areoles peaked over the crest of her bra like crescent moons and her hard nipples showed clearly through the gauze-like material adhering to her oiled skin. The mesh thong did little to hide her shaved pussy. It clung to her puffy folds like a frightened child in a new environment clings to her mother's hand.

Heather bit her lower lip. She almost could have come just thinking about being on the beach in front of strangers while dressed this way. When John came out of the bathroom, she was wiggling into the tiny sundress over her lingerie. He kissed her very passionately, then held her hand tightly as he led her out of the room and down toward the crowded beach.

**Heather's Honeymoon Ch. 04**

Heather held John's hand ever-tighter as they stood quietly in the elevator looking at the floor indicators blinking their way toward the lobby. When the doors opened they strolled though the hotel's atrium and emptied out a back entrance toward the ocean. By the time their feet hit the cool sand shaded by palms at the top of the beach his fingers had turned white by all her clenching. They stopped there in the shade and John glanced over to his bride. Heather was biting her lower lip while scanning the tanned sun worshippers lying on towels, lounging in beach chairs and laughing in the waves. She surveyed them all, knowing her husband would soon ask her to expose herself in the skimpiest lingerie she'd ever worn.

Although Heather was visibly nervous, John noticed that her nipples were protruding shamelessly thru the thin material of her sundress. It was true her buds had been hard all week, but now they were even more pronounced. He also saw that after gnawing on her lip for a while, Heather couldn't help but work her mouth into the coquettish pout she'd been perfecting throughout their honeymoon.

When John had returned to their room after his archery class that morning he'd realized Heather was still on fire with lust. He figured it was carryover from the blowjob she'd given him before he left, the one that ended with copious amounts of hot come gushing down her throat for the first time in her young life. She had waited for him to return ever since, and when he finally arrived she was wearing her blue string bikini looking flushed and ready for the beach, or anything else he might want. He'd noticed that the side ties of her bikini bottoms had been pulled higher onto her hips than they'd been the day before, and her tightly-encased pussy lips visibly outlined the material covering them. As for the top, while yesterday the cups had been fanned along the strings to envelop her breasts fully, they were now scrunched in, curtained so they barely covered her areolas.

John's breath caught when he saw Heather's perky breast meat splashing from the sides of their cups, knowing she'd purposely fitted the suit this way. On the first day of their honeymoon he'd had to beg her to wear the bikini. And there she was three days later, tingling with lust, wearing the suit as provocatively as the material would allow.

Still, all through his archery class John had planned to take her to the beach in the see-thru bra and thong he'd picked during that morning's lingerie show. The thought of displaying Heather on a crowded beach in intimate lingerie was far more exciting than having her wear the bikini--and even more exciting than seeing her go topless. So he'd gone from bathroom to balcony gathering the bra and thong and told her to change back into them, while also handing her a sundress to help get her through the hotel.

Now, as they perused the crowd from the fringe of the beach, they both were excited with anticipation. For John, the best part was knowing Heather was willing and wanting to be exposed. As much as he loved the idea of her being his love slave, his excitement was even more heightened when realizing she liked the idea as much as he did. For Heather, the best part was being a married woman finally able to please her man in the ways he wanted.

The beach became less crowded forty or so yards down on either side. To the far left there were several couples on towels and a few people playing in the waves; to the distant right, John saw two guys throwing a Frisbee.

"Let's head that way," he said, nodding right and pulling Heather by the hand.

John carried their beach bag as they tramped through the fine white sand. It was eleven in the morning and the sun was hot, but they walked the length of the resort's beach without stopping until they were several yards past the farthest of the two Frisbee players. Saying it looked like a good spot, John dropped their gear.

"Are you sure?" Heather questioned. "Maybe we should go a little farther."

"No. This looks good," John said. He knelt on the sand and began spreading their towels.

Heather was still standing, looking at the Frisbee players. She guessed they were in their early twenties, around the same age as she and John. The one closest to her was blond, tanned and very good looking. He wore long swimming trunks low on his hips and nothing else. His chest was well-defined and hairless, and Heather could see his stomach muscles ripple when he threw the disc. She turned to her husband.

"Are you sure you want me to take this off?" she whispered.

"Yes."

Heather contemplated the magnitude of his simple answer.

"You saw the lingerie. It's completely see-thru."

"I know baby. I bought it."

John looked up through the sunlight to his bride. His cock twitched as he waited. When she continued to hesitate, he said, "You're the prize of the beach, my love."

Back in college, when Heather secretly longed for John to continue his fondling after telling him no, she was left frustrated when he didn't. Now, being his love slave, she wanted to believe he wouldn't take no for an answer, that she was just being a good wife, that she was only doing what her husband wanted her to.

Heather faced John as she reached behind her back to unzip the sundress. When it fell quietly to her feet she tiptoed out of it and stood on one of the towels he'd laid out. John continued looking up in awe. Her body was slinky and alive, glistening with baby oil. The see-thru bra hugged her like a second skin, doing little to hide her areolas. They rose from the white demi cups like mischievous kids peaking over a picket fence. Her nipples were long and thick, begging for release from the tight holsters snuggling them. The thong was just as see-thru, clinging to her swollen lips.

John fixed his gaze on her pussy and his jaw dropped.

"You shaved?"

"I took a long bath. I did it for you."

"You look very sexy, baby. And I didn't even have to ask. Turn around. I want to see your cute little butt."

John knew what he was asking and so did Heather. He had noticed with pride that the two Frisbee players had become aware of his lovely wife. He was ready to show them more.

When Heather heard her husband's tone she felt a warm current churning within her. He sounded demanding, like a man who knew what he wanted and expected to get it. She turned slowly until she faced the blond Frisbee player just ten or so yards away. She noticed that both guys were not shy about looking at her. The Frisbee game all but ceased as she faced them. She stood there, biting her lip, letting them take her in, feeling the warm current stirring more. Looking down at herself, she saw what made them gawk...her excited nipples poking through the bra...her flat tummy...her prominent hip bones...her slick pussy lips seeping wetness into her diaphanous thong. She couldn't help but move her thighs slightly, hoping for a modicum of relief as the two strangers ogled her.

John asked her to sit and she sank to the towel next to him while quietly keeping an eye on the Frisbee players. A few minutes later the two guys stopped their game. The one farthest away went for a dip while the cute blond one sat on a nearby towel. John glanced at him before reaching over and puling one of Heather's bra cups all the way down, letting her breast spring free. She let out a small gasp but said nothing to stop him. She was in full love slave mode now.

Heather watched as John squeezed her slippery nipple between his thumb and forefinger. It was such a shameless situation, so outrageously different from their mild fondlings in darkened cars; and so deliciously satisfying to have him finally touching her. Like always, his hand felt like electricity on her body, moving her to new heights, taking her breath away. Unlike their past experiences, she felt no compulsion to say no.

Every several seconds Heather side-glanced to the Frisbee player, wondering if he was looking at her. She never caught his gaze and assumed he was oblivious to their actions. An odd, all new, confusing feeling came over her as she realized she wasn't entirely happy with that assumption.

"I'm so horny for you, baby," she sputtered through her teeth. "All morning. You have no idea."

"I have an idea, honey."

John looked down the curve of the beach toward the crowd in front of the resort. He saw a man get up from a beach chair and stretch his arms to the sky. When the man started strolling their way, John left Heather's breast fully exposed and dipped his hand to her thigh. He stroked it softly until her legs parted; then he put his hand inside her thong and felt her shaved folds, marveling at their slickness. Again she bent her head and watched as two of John's fingers opened her pussy lips and began entering her. She parted her legs more, giving him complete right of entry as his fingers eased in further. He felt no friction as he finger fucked her. It was as if his hand was in a bucket of warm honey. Heather moaned unabashedly, looking at herself, wondering what he might do next.

John curled his fingers and gathered some of her wetness, bringing it to her clit. She was ballooned with desire, hard and clammy, almost pulsing on his fingertips.

"Do you like this, love slave?"

"Oh, God. I do. With you. You're gonna make me—"

John pulled his hand away, resting his gooey fingers on her thigh while looking at his new wife. Heather was panting, her eyes wide and looking down at her lithe body.

"Not yet, puppet," he said.

The man on the beach was approaching. From afar, Heather saw that he had a handsome, middle-aged face; as he got closer she thought she discerned a look of loneliness on it. She quickly summed him up as a sweet man who'd left a frigid wife on a towel just for the hope of seeing a few cute girls in bathing suits. When he was twenty yards away, she fanned her legs wider, burying her heals in the hot sand on either side of her towel.

John's cock leapt up when he saw her do this. He wasn't sure if she meant to do it or if it happened involuntarily. He looked between her legs and pulled at the top of her thong, making it press even tighter against her pussy. Then he put his hand on her left thigh and pulled the skin so the cunt lip oozed from the suit. He leaned across her body and did the same on the other side, so that now both lips overflowed the sliver of material between them. Satisfied with the effect he'd created, he reached up and adjusted the other bra cup so both breasts were fully exposed.

All the while the man glanced at them as he walked their way. If he was looking for cute girls on the beach, he was about to hit the lottery. He did his best to look at everything else in sight, glancing at palm trees and funny looking clouds and cresting waves; but with every third glance his eyes were back on Heather.

She did not look at him as he came upon her. Instead, she closed her eyes tight and let her head loll back. As he crossed the space in front of her he looked directly between her legs. She could almost feel the heat of his stare on her. Her chest heaved with the knowledge of her exposure, and her boobs bobbed like small craft in heavy seas. She heard John beside her whispering, "You're so fine, baby. I love you...I love you...I love you."

After the man had passed she opened her eyes and looked down at herself, anxious to see what he had seen. What her eyes set upon was almost comical in its slutty explicitness. Her legs were spread wide and her dark drenched pussy lips clung like slick worms to the sides of her thong. Her breasts were completely uncovered, propped up on her bra like trophies. Her nipples jutted out so long you could've hung a pair of trousers from them.

When the lucky man was fifty yards down the beach and around a bend John told Heather he needed her in a very big way. She was breathing with less difficulty now and giggled upon seeing his bulge.

"Where to, master?" She said.

Heather adjusted herself back into her lingerie and they left their towels, walking the fifty yards to the same bend the man had rounded. As they continued past the curve they saw nobody on the beach and quickly raced to a spot by the palm trees away from the water. Heather dropped to her knees reflexively and pulled John's trunks down. His hard cock popped out, thick, pink and drooling. Heather was more than ready to hone her sucking skills.

Her tongue found the head of his cock and gathered the precome gurgling from its slit. Tasting him again, Heather realized just how much she'd been missing it. She had swallowed come for the first time only hours earlier, and the hope of doing it again had consumed her. When there was no more precome to be drunk she sucked half the length of the big cock into her mouth. John reveled in the sensation of her warmth. He threaded his fingers into her hair and helped bob her head. When he felt himself getting too excited he pulled her off by the ears.

"You've gotten too good," he said. "I want to make it last. I need to be inside you."

"Okay."

He moved around and positioned himself on his knees behind her. Heather put her head on the sand, spread her knees apart and arched her back. She curled her ass into the air like a seasoned pro and felt John's cockhead centering at her dewy gash. When he pushed forward it sank all the way in on the first stroke. Heather let out a long, sustained moan, finally getting what she wanted more than anything on earth.

John continued fucking her, holding her hips in his hands, keeping her still. When Heather raised her head from the sand and got into a traditional doggy-style position, John weaved his fingers into her hair again and pulled her head back. Her chin jerked up and her face brightened in the sunlight as her eyes rolled back in their sockets. He was fucking her very hard now, slamming his rigid cock in, filling her newly christened hole to the hilt. Sweat dripped from his chest onto her ass as he fucked her. Eventually he let go of her hair and watched her head pitch forward as he slowed his rhythm. Bringing his hand back, he opened it flat above her ass. He wasn't sure how she'd react to what was coming next.

Heather yelped in surprise when the first slap came down on her left cheek. John waited a moment, wondering if she'd tell him no. When she said nothing, he whacked her again, this time harder on the right cheek. She cried out, but not from pain. The sound of his hand slapping her cute little butt followed by her lustful whimpering almost made John come. Instead, it was Heather who began quaking below him.

Heather's orgasm was long and sustained, even bigger than the one she'd experienced when John had licked her pussy for the first time a few days earlier. As she shuddered, John looked down at the two hand prints forming on her ass cheeks. He liked his marks on her, and loved that she was in post-orgasmic splendor because of them.

John had pulled out just before coming. He was hardly through with her. Without letting her catch her breath, he reached into the pocket of his bathing suit crumbled around his ankles and found the small bottle of baby oil he'd slipped into it before their walk. Snapping open the pink cap he squirted a generous amount onto Heather's tiny bung hole. He put his forefinger at her entrance and danced around her opening as he'd done the other day. Heather felt his finger and wondered if this time it would be followed by something more substantial.

Heather pushed back and felt John's finger slide in, going about an inch and then stopping. She could feel her anal walls relaxing, and then the finger pushed deeper, opening her more. Heather was breathing hard, saying nothing, her head back on the sand. A few moments later John added the tip of a second finger. He went slowly, stopping every quarter inch, letting her acclimate to the added width. Soon he was able to move both fingers all the way in. At that point they both knew she was ready.

John positioned his cock at the entrance of her hole and began squeezing in the spongy mushroom tip. Heather brought her head up and with sand matting her forehead she saw something moving in the palm trees. John followed her gaze. It was the lonely voyeur who'd feasted on her earlier. John had no idea how long he'd been there, but it didn't matter; he was way too far along to stop. Heather too, elected not to say anything, and that excited John all the more.

The pressure was intense for both of them as John's cock continued its voyage. He was sweating more and Heather could hardly breathe. She stopped looking at the man in the palm trees and her head dangled forward as if on a string. She was able to manage only short choppy breaths while remaining still, wanting so much to take whatever her husband gave. She had wondered in the past, usually when alone in her dorm bed, if anal sex would be something she'd like. Just then she realized she was about to come again.

She had a series of little orgasms unnoticeable to John as he concentrated on giving her more of his cock. He could actually feel the thick gummy lubricant secreting from her tight walls and coating his hard-on, welcoming his arrival. The more lubricant she produced, the faster he slid in and out, until eventually he was fucking her ass as hard as he'd fucked her pussy minutes earlier.

He pounded into her with force while Heather recovered from her tremors. It wasn't long before she was yearning again and heard herself moaning louder than ever. She was amazed at her own unquenchable desire. After a minute she jerked her head up and turned toward the palm trees. Yes, the man was still there. She met his gaze, and then collapsed in the sand, quaking in another shockwave of mini orgasms.

John pulled out of her. Holding his cock tight in his hand he tugged it down straight before him and told Heather to turn around. She quickly did as she was told, maneuvering onto her knees before him. She looked up into his eyes and whispered that she wanted him to come in her mouth. He put his hand on her head and guided it to his cock. Soon she was sucking for all she was worth.

John felt the familiar roil within his groin. Just before coming he pulled his cock out of his lovely wife's eager mouth. She glanced up confused, hoping he wouldn't keep it from her. And then the first stream of seman hit her directly on the bridge of her nose. The next landed on her cheek. She opened her mouth and another pearly white strand was caught in the web of her pretty dark hair. The volleys continued, landing on her chin and sexy neck and lively breasts. He covered her with everything he had until his cock was stroked to fruition. When his orgasm subsided she put him back in her mouth and sucked deeply, savoring what she had longed for.

Their chemistry all week had been intense, and now it was growing to a new level. Heather felt as sexy having his come on her as he did powerful for marking her. They entwined their fingers as her tongue cleaned his shaft and cockhead. Then she let go of his hands and let his limp dick drop from her lips. She pulled herself close, hugged his legs and glanced surreptitiously to the trees.

The man's hand was now moving inside his swimming suit. Heather continued to stare while holding onto John's legs. She saw the suit come down and watched as the man jerked off while looking at her come-covered face. Moments later, Heather witnessed for the first time somebody other than her husband come. Thick arcs shot out of his cock and landed silently in the soft sand before his feet. She watched transfixed, unable to look away, knowing she would never forget it.

As the man adjusted himself inside his suit and scurried back through the palms, John pretended not to notice Heather had witnessed what she had. He instead looked down at her as she turned from the trees and began rubbing his come into her breasts like suntan lotion.

When they got back to their towels Heather still had John's come smeared on her neck and matted in her hair. She lay on her stomach in a daze and John put oil on her back while telling her he loved her more than she could know. All the while he was looking at her red, hand-printed ass. He continued massaging her and a few minutes later he saw that she was pushing her groin into the towel. He could hardly believe it, but she was achy with desire again.

"Okay baby," he chuckled, "let's head back to the room." Heather moaned her agreement.

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Within a minute of their arrival to their room they were making love again. This time they were slow and amorous with each other, taking their time, looking into each other's eyes. John cradled his wife in his arms and she whispered how much she loved him. As they moved against each other John put two fingers into her mouth and watched as she sucked them in deeply. After so much sex that day, John had been only semi-hard inside her, but when she sucked his fingers he became stiff as steel. It took only a minute before they came together.

For the rest of the afternoon they didn't say much about their beach experience. Heather didn't mention the man hiding by the palm trees and neither did John. They didn't talk about good looking Frisbee players or anal sex or spanking. Instead, they had a big lunch at the little shack by the beach and laughed about kooky things that had happened during their wedding reception. Later they played ping pong by the pool and then had a few drinks at one of the resort's outdoor bars.

Much later, after dinner and more drinks, John got up the gumption to say how much he'd loved seeing Heather suck his fingers in the room, that when she did it he was pretending she was sucking another guy as he made love to her, and that that's what had made him come.

Heather blushed. She sipped her wine. She looked away. She bit her lip.

Then she whispered she would do whatever made him happy.

**Heather's Honeymoon Ch. 05 Revisited**

Before dawn on the sixth and final day of their honeymoon, John lay in bed listening to the soft spray of water far below their window. He could make out conversations in Spanish and the sound of metal scraping on asphalt. He envisioned the ground's crew, dressed in their green shorts and polo shirts with the resort's name written in gold script over the breast pocket, hosing down the pool area, aligning chairs in curved rows along its kidney shape and covering them with the foam pads that are stacked each night in a shed behind the snack bar.

The workers clean the pool area early because vacationers flock from their rooms at daybreak to save the best locations around the pool. Chair hoarding is serious business at the resort, and its mix of competitive intensity and inconsideration gave John a bemused chuckle all week. Each morning he'd look down from the balcony as men and women scurried to and fro, marking territories with a multitude of personal items--books and beach bags, sandals and sneakers, towels and T-shirts--and then meander back into the hotel, presumably for a few more hours of sleep. They'd return later, well rested and ready for another afternoon in the sun, while other guests had been relegated to the second row all morning.

John didn't go to the balcony this morning. He and Heather had been up late. He stayed curled on his side, his eyes closed and the sheet pulled to his chin. With the scent of institutional detergent filling his nostrils, he made a correlation between the chair saving ritual and his own decision early on to ask Heather to marry him. He'd dated her only a year, but that was long enough to know she was the one for him. To John, Heather was that coveted lounge chair by the pool, the one worth getting up early for. Her pledge to wait for marriage before sex didn't dissuade him. He knew a good thing when he saw it; so he did as the chair runners do...he pounced early, marked his territory and waited for his time in the sun.

John uncurled his six foot frame and stretched, the crisp white sheet sounding like a sail in a breeze as he unwrapped and re-wrapped himself in it. He was excited, thinking of the night before, thinking of the sexual firsts he and Heather had accumulated during the week.

Their third day had been a cornucopia of initiations for Heather... swallowing, being exposed on the beach, having anal sex, getting her cute butt spanked, being watched. The list went on and on. He was amazed at how excitedly she'd taken to it all. Now, as he lay in bed on their last morning, day three seemed like a long time ago.

Asking Heather to be his "love slave" had turned out to be a savvy idea on John's part. It provided her with a reason to go wild, and an excuse for doing so. No matter how kinky they got, she could claim she was doing only what her husband wanted her to. They had many adventures over the week, and whenever John asked about the excitement he saw in her, she insisted her pleasure was derived not from satisfying her own needs but from her strong desire to please him.

This sounded good in theory. But when John thought about it, which was many times a day, he saw Heather's rationalizations as half truths. No doubt she liked pleasing him. That much was apparent. But it was also apparent she got off on their adventures as much as he did, and not just because of the satisfaction she saw John getting from them.

As he thought back on the week, he realized many of the things they did on day three and beyond happened with very little prodding from him.

He remembered how she'd welcomed him back to their room after his archery class, with the side strings of her bikini pulled high and her inflamed pussy lips making lumps in the suit. She'd scrunched the cups of the top too, letting her breasts practically spill out.

He thought of her standing proudly before the Frisbee players and disrobing down to her see-thru lingerie, her erect nipples clearly showing through her bra. She could have removed her sundress more discreetly sitting on the towel, but she hadn't.

He thought of her spreading her legs and burying her heels in the sand as the voyeur walked by them on the beach. She had spread her legs as he passed without any prompting from John, giving him a view of her thong pulled deep into her gash.

And he remembered her stealing a look at the voyeur when he was hiding in the palm grove, and asking John to come in her mouth when she knew the man was watching. It wasn't until a lengthy and evasive conversation the next day when Heather would finally admit to seeing the man there, which to John validated his point that she hadn't done it for his benefit.

And then there was everything that happened last night, their last in St. John.

John rolled over toward his bride and blinked open his eyes for the first time that morning. Dawn's first light seeped through a crack in the curtains, throwing a dull illumination into the center of the room while leaving the corners of the walls obscured in shadow. He looked at Heather intently, making out the steady rise and fall of the white sheet over her naked form. He listened to her breathing and noted how still she was.

Her dark hair spilled from the pillow like a waterfall. He reached over and trickled his fingers through it ever so gently, not wanting to wake her after a night of doing things to please him. He loved her with all his heart, and found he was comfortable crossing boundaries with her. He wasn't mad at her for the night they shared and he wasn't jealous. He had loved every part of it, especially watching her excitement. When his hand found a spot in her hair that was matted he moved it away just as his cock began to stir. He knew he'd want more adventures. He just wanted Heather to be honest about her excitement for them.

He rolled over, away from Heather, his newly sharpened spike carving into the bed as he turned. He pushed his cock into the mattress, remembering night three's dinner conversation, when he'd admitted getting excited watching Heather suck his fingers, pretending it was another man's cock in her mouth. Heather had sipped her wine, turned away and fidgeted in her seat when she heard his admission; she did everything but look at him. Then she reminded him she was his love slave and would do whatever he wanted.

The curious thing for John, the exciting thing, was knowing "love slave day" would be over in just a few hours and she had elected not to mention that.

John continued pushing his cock against the mattress while letting his mind wander ahead to day four...the day he taught Heather to deep throat him. Since sucking him on their wedding night it was evident she had a natural talent. She was enthusiastic and loving, selfless and eager, not shy about body fluids. Best of all, sucking seemed to excite her immensely. Many times while sucking him she'd masturbate, timing her orgasm to his, and sometimes she could even come without touching herself at all.

Day four had been rainy--their only bad weather day--which was okay by them as they each were fried by the sun by that point. John was sitting in a chair in their room by the sliding door leading to the balcony. Heather was on her knees before him, naked, looking up like a puppy wanting a bone.

John put his cock in her mouth and watched Heather take it as far back in her throat as she could. She got about three quarters of it in and waited, hoping her gullet would acclimate to the sensation and open more. When it didn't, John pushed her head down and she gagged.

Heather stayed kneeling with her head hanging as she gathered her senses, her hand gripping the base of his cock as if it was a lifeline. Then she lifted her head and went down on him again, just as devotedly.

John slid his cock in until he felt it bump against the back of her virgin throat. He threaded his hands into her hair. His leg moved between hers and his fingers tightened around her head. He noticed she was slippery with anticipation as she slid up and down on his leg. He waited almost a full minute and when her gullet didn't acclimate, he pushed her head down again.

They did this five times, the fifth ending with John coming in her mouth. She swallowed every drop and then they took a break. Later in the afternoon, they had another session and John came again--though his two orgasms were no match to the many Heather had piled up. She was responding positively to his aggressive behavior. She liked taking direction, she liked being his toy, his puppet.

Later that night, after dinner, Heather said she didn't want to go to the disco as on previous nights. She knew what John wanted, and led him back to their room.

John lay on the bed looking at his bride as she took off her blouse and skirt in front of the mirror. She gazed at her body, clad in her new periwinkle thigh highs, thong and push-up bra, looking very comfortable with the woman she was becoming. She adjusted her perky boobs in her bra, turned around and crawled onto the bed, getting on her haunches between John's legs. His right leg went between hers and he watched as she rubbed up and down on it. Then he guided her mouth to him and she went as deep as she could. His cock was big and hard when it hit the gate of her gullet. He reminded her to relax, to breathe through her nose, to not stop breathing no matter what or she'd gag. Then he put his hands in her hair.

She would admit later what a thrill it was waiting for him to push her head down.

He pushed with more force than he had during the day. When she jerked up he pushed down again and didn't let her up. He kept pushing against her gullet, cutting off her air while reminding her to breathe through her nose. She felt slutty, violated and completely aroused. Just then her gullet sprang open and she engulfed his cock down to his nuts.

Heather moaned loudly as John kept his hands on her head. Several seconds later he relaxed his grip and her head bobbed up like a submerged buoy. She looked down, drooling, blinking, panting. Then she lifted her head, opened her mouth and took him in again.

This time she deep throated him without any help. For ten seconds John's hands remained at his sides as she stayed motionless with his cock seated in her throat. She breathed through her nose and moaned, eventually sliding him out little by little. She stroked him with her hand and sucked the head, then brought him back in deep again.

Her orgasm started well before his. She was working herself up for another when she felt his cock spasm and his pearly load filled her mouth. She drank it down with immense satisfaction, seeing it as a reward for a job well done. When she had finished swallowing everything, she looked up from her knees with a big smile. It had taken all day, but she had done it. She was proud of her new trick. A trick John had wanted her to learn...

Lying on his side while stroking his cock, John blinked his eyes and looked around the room. The shadows in the corners had marginalized. The sounds of the hose and mumbled voices had ceased. The running for the chairs would be in full swing by now.

He realized he didn't need to come right then. He'd averaged probably four or five orgasms a day over the last week. It had been a passionate honeymoon, and had changed his wife from an innocent girl to a sexual dynamo. And yet, after all that had happened, he still wasn't sure if Heather was doing it for him, or for herself. He rolled over to spoon into her, realizing that it didn't matter,

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Heather awoke early on their last morning wondering how, in the cold light of day, John would react to the night they had. After the sexy start to her honeymoon--making love for the first time, sucking John for the first time, being licked for the first time--her hunger seemed to grow by what it fed upon. By day three, the day when everything seemed possible and none of it inappropriate; the day her hunger became a craving.

She'd never had multiple orgasms before, but on this honeymoon John was teaching her many many things about herself. By day three she seemed to have an effortless ability to come, and she did so without shame. Some of the orgasms John was giving her were bigger then others, but the small ones offered a rapid succession that made her stomach flutter. Lying in bed, she longed for the big ones, and longed for the tummy ticklers too.

Heather heard water showering the deck below and thought it was raining as it had on day four. She was groggy, not ready to get up, the room still dark and conducive to sleep. She lay on her side coiled away from John, the sheet pulled over her frame. Other than her chest rising, only the fingers of her right hand moved. She was remarkably wet. She was also sore to the touch.

For their final night in St. John, Heather had dressed as her husband had requested, in a silk camisole with spaghetti straps, a little pleated skirt, thigh highs and a matching aqua bra and thong. The honeymooners enjoyed a candlelight dinner at a small, beachside restaurant and then headed back to the resort and necked and drank wine in a dark booth in the disco. She'd been his love slave since day three, doing whatever he asked of her...sucking him in elevators...touching herself under their dinner table...undoing a button to tease a bartender.

In the booth, John's hand found its way to her thigh as they cuddled. She didn't protest when she felt his fingers wiggle inside her thong and start working their magic. She looked about the room to make sure they were unnoticed and saw someone at the bar looking across the dance floor at them. At first she didn't recognize him, but his sad eyes gave him away.

"Oh my God!"

John pulled his wet fingers from her. "What, baby?"

"It's the voyeur from the beach!"

John gazed across the bar and recognized the man. Heather waited for John to say something, and when he didn't she reached for his hand and put it back inside her thong while looking to the bar.

"I'm going to invite him over," John said. He waited for Heather to protest and when she didn't, John waved to the man.

It didn't take long for the man to realize he'd been summoned. He ordered another drink and strolled over. Getting to their booth he smiled down at Heather as she put her hand on her husband's leg. He was older, maybe forty, visibly tipsy and good-looking.

Without acknowledgement of how they knew one another, John asked him to join them. When the man crowded into the booth on the other side of Heather, she felt very small between the two of them.

"You clean up nicely," he said brashly, in lieu of a hello.

Heather blushed, remembering that she'd been covered in come the only other time he'd seen her.

"So you remember us?" John said with a laugh.

"The vision of this one'll be with me a while," the man said, cocking his head toward Heather. "You see all kinds of things in the islands when you look for them."

His name was David and in spite of his boldness, Heather found him entertaining. At one point she fingered his wedding ring and waited for a reply. He said his wife didn't like loud music and was asleep in their room. Heather gave him her newly perfected pout.

Over the course of the evening she danced with David and John several times. David was a good dancer, and once, when a slow song followed a fast one, she and David stayed on the floor while John continued watching from the booth.

She let David put his arms around her, making sure to leave space between their bodies. When she felt his leg push against her she looked to John for support. He smiled from across the floor and she let her head rest against David's shoulder. When she felt David's hand moving down her body she again raised her head to find John.

When the song ended, the couple came back from the dance floor. Heather was flushed and John ordered more drinks. As he turned back from the waitress Heather touched her husband's thigh, leaned toward him and whispered, 'I love you."

The three of them sat close together in the booth again with Heather in the middle. As she and David talked, John slipped his free hand underneath the table onto her knee. She felt it crawl up her leg to her thigh, and inch inward toward her pussy. When she felt his fingers slip inside her thong and she couldn't resist leaning back and straightening her legs, enabling him to go deeper inside her.

Heather was scrunched slightly in the booth, her legs spread under the table, one resting on John's leg, the other at some point landing against David's. She was conversing with David but her voice was getting shakier by the minute and her breathing became labored. Even David, who couldn't see under the table, sensed something was up. When John suggested they go back to the room, Heather straightened up and stared at her husband.

"Really. What do you mean?"

"I'm thinking the three of us could have a night cap, without all the music."

Heather sat for a long time, staring at her husband, then off into space while biting her lip. Then she turned her back on David.

"You really want that? Are you sure?"

"Yes, for a drink. Let's just see what happens. I love you to, by the way."

She had a familiar look in her eyes when he spoke. She was in a trance. She was puppety. She would do whatever he wanted...

Heather heard John tossing in the morning darkness, wrapping and rewrapping himself in the sheet. Her finger froze on her clit. She waited motionlessly for a full minute, listening to him breath and groan and flop around. Finally, he rolled onto his side away from her. When she was sure he'd settled back into his slumber, she began where she'd left off, her thighs slick as churned butter...

David had been leaning against one wall of the elevator looking at the newlyweds as Heather rested back against John on the opposite wall. John took up where he'd left off, wrapping his arms around her little body and raising her skirt onto her thighs just slightly. She wiggled her hips and John pulled the skirt up higher, showing off the tops of her thigh highs to David. When she pushed her butt against her husband's hard on, he pulled the skirt up even higher, flashing her thong briefly for David's pleasure.

She looked down at herself and watched John's fingers running up and down her thighs. She was confused, maybe even embarrassed, but more than that she was excited. She looked up and saw a bulge forming in David's pants as John's tool pushed against her. She felt lightheaded, dizzy. If he'd put his fingers inside her right then she wouldn't have stopped him. Instead, John only stroked her thighs and lifted her skirt playfully, giving David a few more glimpses, leaving Heather lusting.

When they got to the room, each knew something might happen, but none knew how it would start. Heather was on the couch between the two men as she'd been in the disco. Her heart pounded and her hands wrung in her lap. She licked her lips, not knowing what John may want. She waited...then waited more...until she'd waited so long she thought noting would happen.

She watched John get up and pour more wine and turn on the radio. When he came back he held her glass to her lips and she sipped. He sat down and she put one hand on his knee. John looked at her hand resting on his knee and whispered that he wanted her to take off her camisole.

It was as if she'd been waiting for a command. She didn't protest. She moved slowly, lifting her hands and brought them to her waist, wrapping her fingers into the bottom of her cami. It was so sheer there wasn't much of a jump to take it off. She twisted her hands while biting her lip, looking at John. Then she pulled the garment over her head and gave it to him. She was in her pretty aqua push up bra sitting between the men, looking at her cleavage.

"That's a beautiful bra," David said.

"Thank you," Heather replied, not looking up. "It's new."

"She's wearing a new thong to match," John said. "Aren't you, baby?"

Heather looked at John.

"It's okay, Heath."

John smiled and touched her leg under her skirt, high on the thigh, almost at her clit as David watched.

"I'd love to see it." David coaxed.

"So would I." John concurred.

Heather got up from the couch and turned toward her husband. She hooked her thumbs into her miniskirt and glanced to David, then back to her husband. Her focus fell on the little circle of wetness to the side of his zipper. She let the skirt drop to the floor and quickly sat between the men and looked down at herself. She hoped John appreciated what she was doing. Her thong clung to her moist pussy lips. Her hands fluttered on her thighs. When a slow song came on the radio John said, "You like this one, right sweetie?"

"It's good music to dance to."

John smiled.

"Baby, why don't you take David for a dance then?"

John watched from the couch as she got up and let David lead her by the hand to a spot beyond the bed. David's arms went around her and she felt herself being pulled against him. She glanced over to John on the couch, saw his hand kneading his lap while David's manly scent enveloped her. She put her arms around him and this time David pushed his body against hers. As he started to dance she met the subtle movements of his hips.

When the song ended Heather left David in the middle of the room and came over to John. She said quietly, "I think he's excited."

"No doubt. How about you?"

"Baby, I know you liked watching me. Of course I'm wet. I'm drenched."

"Show us."

"Show you?"

"Show us both."

"Oh, honey. Do you...really...?"

"Do it for me. And for you."

Heather quietly turned so both men saw her front. Her hands were shaking. She widened her stance, reached down with one hand and pulled the crotch of her thong to the side as both men watched. She looked down and saw her glistening pussy lips. Her heart was pounding in her chest. Then she quickly pulled the thong back in place.

"You have a shaved pussy?" David said.

Heather said nothing.

"Go make him come," John said from behind.

She turned toward her husband. "I want to do what you want. But I want to make sure you want it."

John didn't say anything. He settled back on the couch. They had been hinting more and more about the fantasy since day three. Now, it was upon them. No more fingers in the mouth. This was the real deal. When he saw her waiting for his reply he said only, "I love you. Now go."

Heather walked over to David in her thong and bra and thigh highs. John had turned off the radio when a Spanish speaking commercial had come on, so the room was quiet as she dropped to her knees and unbuckled David's pants. Her hands shook as she unzipped him. When his fly was fully down she looked up into his eyes and smiled. John looked on from the couch, witnessing her lust, her desire. His cock was hard as marble as he fumbled to release it from the confines of his pants.

She lowered her gaze and pulled down David's boxers, seeing the precome oozing from his stiff member. Her apprehension was dissipating. She looked at the beaded head and touched it to her lips. She rubbed his cock against her mouth, letting the precome coat her lips before licking them clean. He smelled and tasted different than John. Not better or worse, just different. She felt odd, realizing for the first time that all men probably had a unique scent. By the time John got behind her, David's cock was all the way down her throat.

"That's it, lover. Show him your new trick." John intoned.

Heather moaned, listening to her husband.

"Do you like sucking his cock?"

"MMMMHHHMMM."

"You wanna make him come?"

Heather pulled off for only a moment. "I do, for you, baby."

"That's a good girl."

It had been a slow start in the room, but things heated up rapidly. John hovered over her, fingering her clit from behind, making her literally cream on his fingers within seconds of touching her. He removed his fingers and put his cock inside her as she spasmed. She was on the floor being fucked doggy-style while sucking eagerly, feeling David's cock thicken in her mouth. He exploded without warning and she pulled him out of her mouth. She turned her head toward John and he saw David shellac her hair...

With John asleep beside her, Heather pulled her fingers from her clit quickly, knowing she was about to come. She opened her eyes, saw the room wasn't pitch black anymore and closed them again. She waited a minute, resting perfectly still. She was almost ready to start masturbating again when she felt John's fingers stroking her hair. She remained motionless, hoping he wouldn't feel how messy it was. She kept her eyes closed and her breathing steady. After a while she heard John rolling over. She waited several more minutes and then started moving her fingers again...

John had been fucking her hard from behind when David came. Having a stranger come on her at he husband's direction made her even crazier with lust. With David done, she swung around and put John's wet cock into her mouth. She looked up and saw her husband staring at her come-streaked hair. Seeing it, he came as quickly as David had, making her feel proud. She swallowed every drop while David slowly stroked himself back to life. She'd be ready for him as soon as he was.

It was a long night. At one point Heather laid back on the bed with her head in David's lap and John's mouth between her legs. David was fondling her breasts from behind, pinching her nipples into turgid peaks as John licked her. Just when she was about to come the two men switched positions, John cradling her head in his lap while she spread her legs for their new friend. Being eaten by this stranger was way too much. She grabbed John's hands and convulsed in another mind blowing orgasm.

Heather was still lying on her side, working her bruised slit gently. She was on the edge of orgasm and then quickly over the edge. It was unplanned and stifled, much like the orgasms she'd perfected in her dorm bed not so long ago.

"Heather?"

She heard John's voice from behind, felt his hand shaking her shoulder as he spooned into her.

"Heather baby...you sleeping?"

"I must have been...dreaming."

"You were shaking like a leaf. You okay?"

"I'm fine. What time is it?"

"It's early. We have plenty of time."

"John?"

"Yes, baby?"

"Are you mad at me?"

John kissed her neck. He kissed her ears. He told her he loved her, told her she meant the world to him. He held her in his arms as her face grew warm and her throat tightened. John turned her toward him and kissed her wet cheeks.

"There's nothing to cry about."

"I started feeling like I was cheating on you and I hated that feeling."

"You weren't cheating. You did what I wanted. You were in love slave mode, that's all it was."

"You were excited," Heather replied. "You loved it! I was glad I could make your fantasy come true. But I got thinking...what if you felt hurt or thought bad of me?"

"Those things aren't going to happen. We were exploring. Even with him here, it was just you and me being intimate and open, trusting each other. All the things we've done this week...they've brought us closer together."

"I did them for you, baby. Cuz you wanted me to. You have to believe that."

"I do. But if you decide you don't want something, you can tell me. I don't want you doing anything you don't want to do."

"I want to do what you want me to."

"I guess what I mean is, if you decide you don't want to do things for me, it's okay to say no."

Heather's tears dried quickly, leaving her eyes looking like polished stones. She looked adorable as she scrunched up her face and began talking again.

"You know... I've always been the good girl. I wouldn't want you thinking I'm some kinda slut now. I'm as shocked by my behavior as you must be."

"I'm not shocked. I like the girl you've become. I just want you to be honest about your feelings. You're married now; you want to please me. There's nothing wrong with that. But there's a little more to it maybe."

John cuddled Heather as she fell silent. It was typical for her not to respond to this type of statement, so he wasn't surprised by her quietness. He was trying to sort out his own thoughts, what points he wanted to get across. He had hoped for some acknowledgement that she liked doing things for herself and not just because they were what he wanted, but she was still claiming to be driven only by a desire to please him, and that was okay too.

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It was ten in the morning and Heather was packing for their flight back to New York. John was sitting in the chair by the sliding door leading to the balcony, bent over, tying a lace of his running shoe. An odd silence was between them. When John got up, Heather turned to him and they kissed quietly, like on the alter a week earlier, only now their lips were big purple bruises. Heather cradled her head into John's shoulder and thought about their life together.

"I want to make you happy forever, you know that?" she said.

"I know. I feel it. But you need to make yourself happy, too,"

She emptied her new thongs, bras, thigh highs, teddies and camisoles from the bureau and put them on the bed. She retrieved her miniskirts and shoes from the closet and went back for her suitcases. John was unspooling his earpods from around his ipod. He felt he needed a last run to clear his head before the long trip back to New York.

They hugged again wordlessly at the door and held each other for a long, long time. Heather smiled up at John, and he told her they'd go for a celebratory lunch when he got back. Then he headed out for his run, where he'd replay everything they'd just said to make sure he agreed with it all.

On his way out of the resort's atrium he passed David walking in, though he didn't recognize him until after they'd passed each other. When he did, he looked over his shoulder but David had continued on. John turned on his ipod and started to run.

It was an hour later--after he'd come back to the room all sweaty and out of breath--when Heather told him what had happened while he was gone.

After seeing John leaving for his run, David had made a beeline to their room. When Heather heard the knock on the door, she thought it was John, maybe having forgotten his ipod. She jumped from the bed and opened the door.

"Remember me?" David said with a grin.

Heather greeted him with an awkward smile. "My husband's not here."

"I know. I just saw him. I came by to say hi."

"He told you to come say hi to me?"

"Does it matter?"

"Quite a bit, actually."

Heather closed the door partially and peaked around it. David was holding it open with his foot, trying to get a better look at her in her tiny nightie. She folded her arms over her chest.

"I've seen your boobs before, lover."

"I'm not your lover. What do you want?"

"I left my watch."

He let himself into the room and retrieved his watch from the nightstand. After strapping it on, he looked Heather up and down. Then he came toward her with his arms wide.

Heather backed away, holding her arms over her chest again.

"Why so uncomfortable?" David said. "After what happened. You didn't have so much wine you forgot, did you?"

"I remember last night," Heather replied, her words falling short of warmth.

"I made you come hard."

Heather was getting mad and scared. She looked for her cell phone, found it on the vanity, called John's number and listened as his phone ring in his trouser pocket folded over a chair back.

"Hey, I'm not here to upset you," David said as Heather snapped her phone closed. "I saw him running and wanted your sexy mouth again, that's all. Can't blame a guy for that. You don't want your mouth on me?"

"No."

"Why not? After all we did. What's changed?"

"What's changed is he doesn't know you're here. No offense, but what happened last night wasn't for you. It wasn't even for me. It was for him. I did it because that's what he wanted. He wouldn't want you here now. I don't mean to be rude, but last night's over, so you should go."

Heather had relaxed a little, reasonably sure David wouldn't force himself on her. But her arms were still wrapped across her chest.

"He's very lucky to have you," David said. "After seeing him jog out of the resort, I thought for sure we'd have some serious one-on-one time. I thought I'd be fucking that tight little ass again. You're sure there's no way?"

"There's no possible way. Look, you're a nice man. But I'd never do anything without him knowing. I can't expect you to understand. I just hope you can respect my wishes."

David pursed his lips into a tight smile and headed toward the door. Opening it, he turned and saw Heather covering up again.

'Well...thanks...for everything."

Heather stood in the center of the room with her arms crossing her body. She saw David pull the door open and was glad when he didn't say anything else before it swept closed behind him. She felt fully secure only after hearing the self-lock. Then she tip toed over and looked out the peep hole.

She went back into the room and waited another five minutes on the edge of the bed. She was under the ceiling fan, facing the balcony, thinking John should carry his cell phone when he ran. She went to the door again and looked out the hole. Then she went into the bathroom. She closed the door and locked it. She turned on the shower and then, finally, took off her clothes.

She took the longest shower of her life that morning. As the warm water rained down, she almost felt absolved of all her recent sins.