**Jenna's Surprise**

by[PickFiction](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=4046035&page=submissions)©

Jenna was puzzled. Robert had texted her and told her, when she got home from work, to take her shower and get dressed so they could go out to dinner. Not that they never went out to dinner, just that it usually happened on Friday or Saturday night and not Tuesday. She wondered what he was up to. Their first wedding anniversary was on Sunday and maybe that was what he was up to. She'd just have to wait and see.

Jenna got home, stripped off her dental hygienist's uniform and took her shower. As she was deciding what to wear, she heard Robert coming in the front door.

"I just have to change my shirt and I'll be ready," he called to her. "How you doing?"

"Almost there," she answered. "What's going on?"

"We're going out to dinner," came the innocent reply.

"It's Tuesday."

"Are the restaurants closed on Tuesday?" He was being his usual teasing but annoying self.

"You know what I mean."

He had gotten to the bedroom and was changing his shirt. "Just thought I'd do something special."

She decided she wasn't going to get any more information so she might as well drop it. But he did have a smug little smile on his face which annoyed her just a bit. She hated to be teased and, if she was getting a present and knew it, she wanted to know what it was right now and could drive herself nearly crazy wondering about it. Robert, who was always very kind, sweet and considerate, did enjoy the teasing and she just knew he had something, some gift maybe, to surprise her with tonight.

They went to a nice restaurant, not 5-star or anything, but a quiet place with good food and good wine to have with dinner. Jenna got some potato-crusted flounder, something she had ordered other places and was anxious to try here. Robert got a pleasant surprise as they had prime rib, something often only found Friday through Sunday at a lot of restaurants. With baked potatoes that were cooked to perfection, some simple broccoli doused in butter of course, and hot rolls everything was excellent. After dinner, simple slices of strawberry cheesecake and another glass of wine, along with building anticipation and expectation from Jenna and it seemed like a perfect evening.

"You've been looking at me all evening like I'm the cat that swallowed the canary," Robert finally said, raising his glass for a third refill of the wine.

"Why shouldn't I," she replied. "This is certainly out of the ordinary and I just suspect there has to be a reason for it. Plus, it certainly has been pleasant and maybe we should do it more often. Besides, you know how I like surprises."

Now it was his turn to smile. "Yeah, right," he said. "It is fun to watch you squirm though."

"I haven't been squirming."

"Your butt has stayed put but your brain has been squirming."

"You know me too well. Just let me ask then. Is this about something special."

"Of course, it is. Why else would I take you to dinner on Tuesday?" More torment as he took another sip of wine.

She just stared at him as he stared back at her.

"Oh god, do you want me to promise to do something weird later tonight or something. You know I'm about to die."

"Well, I do love you and hate to see you in such continued anguish so, here you go." He reached into his pants pocket and took out a folded paper. He held it toward her and, when she reached for it, he pulled it quickly back. "About that weird stuff for later," he teased as her eyes got wide. He offered the paper again and she reached for it tentatively and grabbed it this time. She looked at him and shook her head, then began unfolding the paper.

When it was open, she looked at the top and the first word she saw was "Itinerary." Her mouth dropped open and she looked at Robert with a huge smile on his face. She began to read. It listed airplane flights and times, named a small Caribbean island, a resort there, and a room number as well. She could hardly believe what she was reading.

"Who did this?" she asked, realizing as soon as she said it that it was a silly question.

"Moi," he answered, "for you and our one-year anniversary. "I wanted to get ahead of you because you're always so good about things like this. Was I successful?"

"Oh my gosh, I could kiss you."

"Go ahead," he teased, knowing it wasn't like her at all to do something like that in a quiet restaurant like this.

"Oh my gosh," she said again, then looked around and stood up and leaned across the table. He could see that she was crimson at the thought of doing it but, overcoming her embarrassment, she was still going to do it.

He stood up and leaned across the table and their lips met in a warm but brief kiss. Both sat back down.

"I think you'll like it," he said excitedly, leaning in a little toward her. "It's a small island with not so many tourists and so, much more private, no kids allowed so there won't be that problem. Just some time to swim and lay on the beach and eat and relax and enjoy things."

"Are you kidding? How could I NOT like anything like this?" Her face was nearly radiant with excitement. She was looking at the paper again. "So, we leave . . . " she was searching. "We leave not this Friday but the next Friday."

"Right. I was afraid this Friday would be too soon plus, both our parents wanted to have us over to celebrate our anniversary. Saturday with my parents and Sunday with yours." Jenna and Robert were both only children and both sets of parents wanted to be involved in everything that happened in their lives.

Jenna was just reading the paper over and over. In addition, her mind was recalling their honeymoon when there was no money and they had spent three days at a motel about 50 miles from where they lived. Both sets of parents were of modest means so when Jemma went to work as a dental hygienist and Robert went to work as an engineer, they had more money than either had ever been used to. They certainly weren't wealthy by any stretch but were moderately comfortable, even though she knew that this trip was certainly a splurge for them.

"I love it when you smile like that," he said.

"Oh my gosh," she said again. Then she looked at him with a very special look. "You know that something weird I was talking about earlier. This may be enough to make it happen."

Robert laughed. In this sweet and innocent wife he had, there was no place for anything weird and he was sure she probably didn't know of anything weird that she could do, even if she wanted to. She'd have to Google "weird" and see what she came up with. He might suggest she Google "sexually weird" if she really wanted to find something. Never-the-less, when they got home, even without any weirdness, things that happened were very exciting and very satisfying.

The anniversary parties at the parent's houses were lots of fun, even if there were several ever-so-subtle hints that each would like to be grandparents one of these days. Assurances were given that it would happen once "settling in" had taken place. A kind a vague term that Robert had come up with to stop the comments but leave things kind of open-ended. The following week was spent packing and trying to anticipate what might be needed for the upcoming trip, neither wanting to leave anything out but neither wanting to overload suitcases with things that wouldn't be used. Jenna actually splurged a little to get a bikini-ish bathing suit, much more revealing than anything she'd ever had before. In fact, it was only the second two piece she'd ever had, the first being when she was about eight years old. Robert almost couldn't believe it when he saw it but was pleasantly surprised and looking forward to seeing her in it.

Jenna was about five feet four inches tall and had a body that, if you were an athlete yourself or were around athletes a lot, you'd note that she looked like an athlete. If not, you'd say she was just a small, compact and very solid lady -- and very pretty. Robert had never decided whether women with broad shoulders became swimmers or rather that swimmers developed broad shoulders. Jenna had been a swimmer in high school and her freshman year in college, even though she hated the swimwear that was required, skin tight and high cut in the hips. She often said those suits might as well be body paint. But she did have those nice shoulders and, when she moved in certain ways, you could detect the muscles that were hidden there.

Robert was no slouch either, having played a little basketball in high school but, at five foot eleven, and not being exceptionally talented, graduation marked the end of the basketball career. This did give him lots of time to concentrate on his engineering studies which proved fruitful as his grades were well above average. He had kind of sandy hair which he kept cut fairly short, dark brown eyes and that lean but solid athlete's build.

After of couple of days, luggage was down to a bare minimum and they were ready and both were nearly trembling with anticipation. A short ride to the airport, getting parked in the remote lot, writing down the location since in a week, it would be forgotten, then into the airport itself for all the painful checks that had to be done. Quicker than expected the check-in was finished and they were boarding their plane. Jenna had the window seat as this was actually her first time on an airplane. They arrived in Miami safely, transferred and were soon over the ocean. An uneventful landing on the big island and then a transfer to the shuttle for the last leg. It was actually nearly dark when they landed and were happy to find the resort van waiting for them and the two other couples headed to the same place.

When they pulled up in front of the resort, a little smaller than Robert had thought it might be, a porter grabbed their bag.

"Do you know your room number, sir?"

A quick check. "Room 203," he replied and slipped the porter a five-dollar bill.

"Thank you, sir. They'll be waiting for you when you get to your room." The bags were quickly on a small cart and wheeled away. Robert went to the desk to register while Jenna stood off to the side and just looked around. She could hardly believe where she was and excitement shone on her face. She heard the clerk ask Robert a question.

"Is this your first time here, sir?" Robert nodded that it was and the clerk handed him a piece of paper along with the room keys. Robert was reading as he approached Jenna. When he got to her he read some more. Slowly he lifted his head and looked at her.

"Holy shit," he said, a puzzled look on his face.

"What is it, hon," Jenna asked.

He pulled her over out-of-the-way and looked at the paper again. "I think I may have made a mistake."

Now she looked alarmed. "What do you mean?"

"I think there's a difference between "no children allowed" and "adults only". She was shaking her head, looking puzzled. "This is adults only." She still looked puzzled. "ADULTS ONLY." He said very emphatically.

Now her eyes were widening as realization began to dawn. "Oh my gosh." They looked at each other for long seconds. "What do we do?"

"I guess we have two choices. We can get something to eat -- the dining room is still open -- grab some sleep and in the morning try to make arrangements to head home. Or, we can see what's going on and play everything a little by ear."

"We can't leave," she suggested. "We've spent way too much money to just waste it like that."

"The other choice is to stay and, well, just see what happens."

"What do you think that might be?"

"No idea," he said and, realizing that the decision seemed to have been made, he smiled at her. "But I'm sure it will be different than anything we've done before."

She looked at him, then took a deep breath. "Let's get something to eat then. That's something we understand." Robert laughed out loud at that one.

They had what turned out to be a delicious dinner, the dining room staying open for the three couples that had arrived late. Then to a very comfortable room with a king size bed, a couch, a little refrigerator and a nice view onto the courtyard outside which was a little dark now but looked like it might be very nice. And, of course, after the excitement of the day, there had to be some excitement of the night, their first sex outside of their apartment or home -- or that one time in Jenna's parent's house.

They slept well and morning came with its inherent curiosity. They dressed casually and headed downstairs for breakfast which was as excellent as the prior night's dinner had been. Jenna mentioned that if she kept eating like this, that little bikini would be way too small by the time they got home. Robert mentioned that might be really nice. getting a dirty look from Jenna. Now came the time of decision.

Robert stepped outside after they had finished breakfast and it was already very hot. Of course, the beach was beckoning. Robert had never been to the ocean and Jenna had been only once when both sets of grandparents had contributed a little money to the vacation fund so that she and her parents could have at least one nice trip somewhere special -- the beach.

They went back to their room and made the decision to head for the beach after all. Robert put on his neon yellow swim trunks and Jenna very demurely slipped into her new two-piece. It certainly was not an itsy bitsy teeny weeny bikini but it did show a lot more of Jenna than he was used to seeing in public. However, looking at her as others would be looking, she looked really good. Really good.

Towels, a bag with sunscreen and other essentials and they were off to the beach. There were plenty of signs to direct them so they didn't have to ask any questions and, after a short walk they were at the beach. There were maybe 40 or 50 people there but one thing was readily apparent. Jenna was the only female with a top still on.

"Oh my gosh," she said quietly, looking around. Then a look at Robert who could only shrug which was no help to her at all. Her mind was racing and filled with questions. Another look at the topless group of females then back at Robert. "Can I do that?" she said out loud to him.

"This is no help I'm sure, but if you don't, you'll really stand out and everyone will be looking at you."

"Oh god, I suppose you're right." She looked down at her suit top. Did she want her nicely full B's to be shown here in public? Another look at all the others. No one was really looking at her, except Robert. A huge deep breath. A tentative reach behind her. She turned to Robert.

"You unfasten it," she said. "Then you'll be a part of this too."

"We're here," he said, "so here goes." He unfastened the top of the suit. It stayed in place for a few seconds, then it was off and she bent to put it in the bag. When she stood up, they were right there, totally bare. "Nice," he couldn't keep from saying. And then, "So?"

"There they are," she said, actually smiling. "Is there anybody we can tell about this when we get home?"

"We'll have to decide, but I can't think of anyone right this minute. Ready for the ocean?" Robert had noted that at least half the men here still had on bathing trunks. He might shed his after a while, but he wasn't quite sure about that yet.

Looking from where they had spread their towels to the water, Jenna realized she'd have to walk past most of the people who were there. In her mind, it was like a runway at a burlesque theater and she could almost hear "The Stripper" playing with the base drum booming and she was about to walk down that runway with everyone watching her and judging her. She was trembling.

"Let's go," Robert said cheerfully and held out his hand. She took it and they started toward the beach.

Much to her surprise, no one was even looking her direction. Oh, a couple of people glanced at her when she passed by but no lingering looks or gawks of any kind. Surprisingly, it was almost disappointing. Here she was, naked in public, or at least topless, for the first time in her life, and no one seemed to care. Maybe that was a lesson for her. Once they got to the ocean, with all that open water, Jenna couldn't resist just diving in and swimming away while Robert did his engineer thing, watching the waves, what directions they came from, how many small ones came by before a big one crashed into him. It was fascinating for him to just watch, and calculate. Things like that drove Jenna nearly crazy as she just couldn't understand how someone could do that, or even want to do it.

Finally, he saw her stroking toward him. He was amazed that someone could swim so easily and seemingly glide through the water with so little effort. He swam, but it was often a struggle. Even at the neighborhood pool they had joined, where two lanes were closed off for those who just wanted to swim laps, he would watch Jenna swimming those laps, so easily. The ropes were fixed so that each lane only was used in one direction. He'd watch her pass others swimming their laps, and the men would often then try to keep up with her, mostly unsuccessfully, maybe lasting one lap. She popped up in front of him now and there were her bare boobs looking right at him.

"How was that?"

"Really nice," she said, a big smile on her face. "With these tiny bottoms and no top, the water felt really different. Really different."

"Are you blushing?"

"Maybe," she answered quickly. "I'm allowed."

Robert was a little surprised that she didn't crouch down in the water to hide herself a little. She seemed, surprisingly, to be enjoying this, her delightful breasts bare and observable. He might have to get used to this he guessed, but thought he might enjoy doing it.

They put sunscreen on each other, lay on their towels, even napped just a little and made another jaunt to the ocean. There was a snack bar where they sat and had a sandwich and some chips, served by a very attractive young server, topless of course. And Jenna just sat there equally topless as others came for lunch, talked with them while they waited to be served and seemed very comfortable. The afternoon went much the same way until finally, they returned to their room for a short nap, showers and getting dressed for dinner which was very casual per the instructions on the paper he had gotten. Robert did notice that Jenna stood for a moment, looking at herself in the mirror, then slipped on her blouse, sans bra.

Dinner was being served in the courtyard which was a long and fairly narrow grassy and concrete area surrounded on all four sides by the building and effectively split into two sections by a large fountain right in the middle. There were tables set up with four chairs at each table and linen table clothes so that, while everyone was dressed casually, things were still very nice indeed. Amy had on a sleeveless blouse and shorts while Robert wore a golf shirt and shorts as well. Seating was random so they picked a table and sat down. They were joined fairly quickly by an older couple, older meaning to them somewhere in their middle thirties probably or possibly even forties. Dinner was served by a wait staff that was very quick and very efficient and the food was, once again, very tasty and delicious.

Jenna and Robert enjoyed talking to the couple at their table who were from France but spoke English quite well. Robert had never considered that language might be an issue when he had booked the trip and, thankfully so far, it had not been. Of course, there was wine with dinner and, perhaps surprisingly, beer also. Robert ordered a German beer he had once had called Wernesgruber, a pilsner, he told Jenna which didn't mean a thing to her. She had some delicious white wine and, with a wine steward or stewardess, as it was a lady roaming about refilling glasses when they reached half full, she wasn't quite sure how much she'd had. The kind of light-headed feeling she was experiencing was giving her a gentle clue.

Now there was a man standing near the fountain holding a microphone announcing that the evening fun was about to begin. A quick look at Robert, met by a shrug from him. "Whatever," Jenna thought, and took another sip of wine.

"All right, everyone, we are taking a step back in time tonight. How many of you have heard of the bunny-hop?" An excellent PA system filled the courtyard with his voice. A few hands went up. "It's an old, kind of line dance that can be fun so we're going to try it here. And for this, everyone with be topless." He said that very casually, like it was perfectly normal for everyone to be topless.

"Oh, that's fine for you men," a woman's voice called out.

"Not for all of us," a man replied and there was lots of laughter.

"Everyone stand up and let's get started."

All the people stood and began taking off whatever top they had on. Once more Jenna was going to be topless, twice in one day. She unbuttoned and removed the blouse, then dropped it on the chair. The couple at their table had removed their tops and Jenna noted that the woman had large breasts that were drooping quite a bit and the man had the beginnings of a rather prominent belly. Seeing that, she didn't feel too bad. She did notice that Robert was checking out all the females that were close.

"Okay, we want to mix things up a little so, all the women on this end," he said, gesturing to his right, "are to trade places with all the women on this end." Now he was gesturing to his left.

Jenna waved goodbye to Robert and headed for the other end.

"Here's how this works. Each group will get close to the fountain and form a line, alternating men and women and then we'll join the two lines into one. You hold onto the waist of the person in front of you and we begin the dance. The bunny-hop is fairly simple. It's right foot out to the side and back, twice, then left food out to the side and back, twice. Then you hop forward, hop backward, then three hops forward. Simple, right. Before the music starts, we'll try it in slow motion.

Jenna had hold of the waist of an obvious body builder and she was really just holding onto that big muscle that comes down your side to your waist. Each time he moved that muscle would twitch and she was having trouble holding on. She had male hands on her waist, fingers reaching around to her bare stomach. She hadn't really seen him but he was holding tight enough that she wasn't going to get away from him.

"Here we go. Right out and back, out and back. Left out and back, out and back. Hop forward, hop back, three hops forward. Pretty good job. I think we're ready."

Some music started to play and there was a, 'One, two three, go," from the PA and they were off. It wasn't too hard at first and she had no trouble. The problem that developed though was, how far do you hop? About the third segment, the body builder took a giant hop and nearly dragged Jenna down. She really had to grab hold of him to keep from falling. Of course, that nearly pulled her away from whoever had hold of her waist and he was hanging onto her for dear life. She was also a little ticklish so if her follower's hand drifted just a little, she'd jerk in a way she wished she hadn't and a loud laugh would escape her. When she had a chance to look around, she could see why the men would enjoy this little dance. Lots of things were bouncing around and jiggling during those hops, not her things particularly as they were a little too solid to do that, but some of those great big ones were really going in all directions.

Of course, there was a lot of laughing and giggling as people naturally got mixed up once in a while and did the wrong thing, hopping backward when their waist-holder was hopping forward, things like that which got a lot more contact between bodies than normal, all very innocently of course. Jenna had gotten a look at her waist-holder on one of those awkward occasions. He was a freckle-faced redhead and his quick, "Hiii," told her he was from Alabama or Louisiana or someplace else in the deep south.

"Ok," the voice said as the music stopped. "We're going to try something a little different but just for a very short time as it's a little difficult. Instead of hands on the person's waist, you're to wrap your arms around their waist and join your hands. Okay, everybody get ready. Jenna felt the red head's arms circle her waist as she reached around the body builder. She was pressed up tight against his back, her boobs nearly squashed, as she finally managed to join her hands.

"Here we go," and the music started again. Now this was really hard. The feet out to the side was easy enough but the hopping was very different. When the body builder hopped, she was just riding on his back. On his very hairy back at that.

"Okay, that's it." The music stopped and none too soon. A few more hops with her breasts pressed against that hairy back and she was sure her nipples would have been bleeding.

The body builder turned around and in a very deep voice said, "I'm sorry, I hope I didn't hurt you there."

"No, no problem," she said smiling.

"I loved hangin' onto you there, ma'am," the redhead said.

"Thanks for holding me up," Jenna replied, unable to think of anything else to say.

Everyone was going back to their original tables and tops were going back on. Robert sat down and smiled.

"Yes," Jenna said, lowering one eyelid.

"The woman holding my waist had huge boobs and she couldn't keep time at all and when she hopped forward, I got slapped on the back every time."

"Must have been awful. You should have asked her to stop."

"I'm too polite for that. But, speaking of those kinds of things, there are two small lumps on your blouse."

Jenna looked down. Sure enough, her nipples rubbing on the hairy back had gotten a mind of their own and were a little obvious under her blouse. She shared with Robert what had happened. He giggled as another Wernesgruner arrived. Jenna noticed that her wine glass was full again also. The way things were going and the service they were getting, she wondered just how much Robert had paid for this little excursion. Whatever, she though, taking another sip of wine.

Now there was an announcement that those who didn't care to participate in the next activity were free to leave at this time. Two or three couples got up to leave and Jenna noted that they seemed to be some of the older couples there. But what was this next activity?

"Any ideas?" she whispered quietly to Robert.

"Nope."

"Should we ask them?" she said, gesturing toward their table mates.

Robert's hesitation in showing possible reluctance to participating in an activity was obvious. Even though they were definitely out of place, they didn't want to appear that way.

"Listen," he whispered back to her. "Any time we get into something that we're uncomfortable with, we can just leave and go to our room."

That was easy for him. Nothing uncomfortable for him yet. He didn't have to get topless and show his parts. "Okay, we can do that," she replied. Another sip of the wine. It certainly was good.

"Okay folks, here's what we're going to do. Anyone ever play musical chairs?" A lot more hands up this time. "Good. Women to my left and men to my right." Jenna waved good bye to Robert again as this time was his turn to move. "Okay, now number off so we can see how many we have in each group." The women numbered off -- Jenna was 21."

"We have 34," one of the men called out.

"Same here," said a woman's voice.

"Good. So now set up 33 chairs in two lines back to back and we'll be ready to start."

Jenna helped and soon the chairs were ready. She had played musical chairs in elementary school, on some of those rainy days when you couldn't go outside for recess. The men signaled they were ready too.

"Okay, good job. Now, here's how it works. We play musical chairs and when the musical stops, there will be one loser in each group. Those two come to the fountain and go off together to the man's room, free to do whatever you choose. If, on the off chance that the two are mates, we'll redo that round. Get lined up now and wait for the music to start.

"Oh my gosh," Jenna thought. She looked around but no one was leaving. She was supposed to meet a stranger and go off to his room with him. She could feel herself beginning to tremble. Maybe it was time to call time out and head for her room. Still, he did say do whatever you choose. Maybe the choice would be very innocent. Who was she kidding -- this was an adults only resort and these people weren't here to share stories about each other's families. She gritted her teeth. She had decided to do this and she would. The music started and she was moving.

All was going well until the fifth round when, as she was rounding the end of the lines, the person behind her bumped her and knocked her off balance just as the music stopped and she had no chance to get a seat. She took a deep breath and headed for the fountain telling herself that sooner or later this would have happened anyway. She was almost there when she saw a man coming from the other direction. Fairly tall, curly hair, darker complexion and smiling at her. He was tall, dark and handsome and the smile was very warm and friendly. She was still trembling. He held out his hand and took hers and they headed for the building door. He held the door for her, then directed her down the hallway just a few doors. He opened that door and gestured for her to go in which she did.

"I'm Mario," he said, that smile swallowing her again.

"Jenna," she said gently, meeting and shaking his hand.

"I've never met a Jenna before."

"It's not that common I guess."

He didn't answer but just looked at her for long seconds. She wasn't sure what she should do or what was expected. Finally, he helped.

"May I ask you a question?"

"Sure," she answered, somewhat relieved.

"When I took your hand out there, it was trembling, very much so. May I ask why?"

She knew she had been trembling and she knew why. Was she ready to tell him why? She shrugged to herself. Why not.

"This is a little comical I guess but it's the truth. As my husband put it, he didn't know the difference between "no children allowed" and "adults only."

"Oh my goodness," he replied quickly. "You mean you didn't know what this was . . . "

"Until we got here." She finished his sentence for him.

"Wow! That's something. To make you feel a little better, my wife arranged this vacation for us with me not knowing and I didn't know where we were going until we got here either."

"Your wife?" Jenna said, a little amazed.

"She's a bit of an adventurist," he smiled and shook his head for emphasis. "Listen, since we're here, let me be a good host. I have vodka, rum and some wine. May I please fix you something?"

"No thanks on the vodka and rum but wine might be good."

"I hope you like red since that's what we have." He noticed her hesitation. "You're a white wine drinker then?"

"Normally, yes. But I like reds too so pour away."

He grimaced but smiled too. "See, now I've been marked down in your book already."

"Red will be an adventure," she countered.

Mario went to the cabinet and was soon back with two glasses of red wine. He put them on the table and sat down opposite her.

"Where are you from?"

"We're from Ohio, in the USA," she added, noting that Mario had a slight accent. "You?"

"I was born in Spain, but we live in London now. That's my wife's home."

"Spain. I would love to go there sometime."

"I miss it," he said. "But I do get to travel some for my work and sometimes I get back there."

They talked for another 15 minutes and Jenna was feeling just a mite guilty. Mario may have been expecting a very hot and wild time here and by the circumstances and chance, he had . . . her. And they were talking. Very pleasant talk but just talking. She had a thought but wondered if she could do it. It was poking her brain and she was having trouble concentrating on what Mario was saying. Could she? She could if she would. The question was, would she?

"I have a thought," she fairly blurted out. If she was going to do it, now was the time. "This might make the talk a little more interesting. She looked at him and he back at her. "We could talk naked." She heard herself say the words but she couldn't believe they had actually come from her.

"Really?" he said. "I think that would be very pleasant. You are a very lovely lady and I can only imagine what you would look like naked."

That made Jenna take a deep breath as she knew she must have some rosy cheeks after his comment. But she had said it and now she had to do it.

"Let's make it even more interesting," he suggested. "We will take turns taking off one item of clothing at a time. Sometimes anticipation is excellent."

He was making a little game of it. She had suggested it and he was adding to it. She wondered if he'd want to add more later. She saw him reach in his pocket. He held up a coin.

"I'll flip and if we see the queen, then you go first. If we see this, whatever it is on the other side, then I'll go first." He looked at Jenna and she nodded. They were flipping a coin to see who'd get naked first. Was it really happening? He flipped the coin. Yes, it was. It hit the carpet, bounced once and was still. They both bent over to see . . . the queen of course.

"Listen," Mario said quickly. "I remember that trembling hand and I'd be perfectly willing to go first." A small thing, given the end result would be the same but still very kind. She was beginning to appreciate Mario as she thought about some of the others she might have been paired with.

"Thanks, but no, really, it was a deal and we'll do that. But, may I keep that coin as a souvenir?"

"It is a penny but I guess I can spare it." He giggled and handed it to her where it went into the pocket of her shorts.

She held up one finger and kicked off her sandals. The soft carpet felt good under her bare feet. Mario smiled, and his sandals were next to hers. Now she had to decide. Just a moment and she raised two fingers, reached behind her and unfastened her shorts, stepped out of them and lay them on top the sandals.

Mario smiled, and carefully unbuttoned his shirt. He slowly slipped it off his shoulders, then lay it on top of her shorts. He nodded his head toward her.

She slowly raised three fingers, carefully unbuttoned her blouse and slid it off her shoulders, much as Mario had done. She folded it and lay it on top of his shirt. Now her breasts were bare and aimed right at him.

"Very nice," he said softly, that warm smile again. He was unfastening his shorts and they were quickly off and on the pile.

She could feel herself blushing ever so slightly at his comment but was sure her eyes had widened at the rather large bulge she could see in his boxer shorts. She was beginning to wonder. The four fingers were up though, and this was the moment of truth, so to speak. She'd been topless twice today, three times now. But never this as she slowly slipped out of her bikini panties and lay them on the growing pile.

"Very stunning," he said softly, with that same smile. "Oh, I've made you blush again. I'm sorry but I only speak the truth."

"Thank you," she said, averting her eyes. But she was going to look when those boxers came off which they were in the process of doing.

"Oh my gosh," she said, before she even thought about it and before the boxers were even off his feet. Robert had told her that those things came in lots of sizes but she had never imagined, in her very sheltered life, that they came in this size. It was huge, and it was still hanging down, not even hard. She knew from watching Robert that they grew a good bit when they got hard but this was hard to imagine. She could tell that Mario wasn't quite sure what to say next but all she could do was stare.

"That's very refreshing," he finally said.

"What?" she replied, finally tearing her eyes away from his cock. "What's refreshing?"

"Your muff," he answered, again with that smile. "So many women today like the bare and smooth look down there. I just enjoy that it looks, well, a little more natural.

It was a little more natural she thought. She had trimmed it carefully for the trip, the first time ever, so it wasn't totally natural.

"I have a knack for making you blush," he said and sat down in the chair, his big cock bouncing when he did.

"I blush easily," she answered, smiling back as she sat down. Normally, in this casual atmosphere she'd have pulled her legs up and sat on her feet. Not now though. That would be way too much.

"Let me just say this and then it will be done," he began, a serious look on his face. "I told you that you were very stunning, and you are. Seeing you there, my body may have a reaction which sometimes I have no control over. I beg you to just pardon that."

"Oh my gosh," she said out loud, realizing that he was apologizing for an erection he might get sometime during the evening. Now it was her turn not to know how to answer.

"Well, if it happens, it's a compliment to you and you should enjoy being able to make that happen."

She was almost beginning to tremble again, wondering where this conversation might be headed but Mario quickly steered it onto a different path. They were talking about home and growing up and he was telling her about Spain and what it had been like there. Not too surprisingly, some of their stories nearly matched. This went on for 15 of 20 minutes when Mario paused and gave her a special look.

"So, here you are doing things you've never done before. How adventurous are you?"

That was a loaded question if she'd ever heard one. How to answer though. "Go on," she finally said.

"When I was much younger, I was a masseuse for about three years. I was very good at it and had a very regular group of clients. Do you get massages regularly?"

Her mind was whirring with that statement and question. "Never had one."

"Never?" His eyes were wide in disbelief.

"Never," she repeated.

"Remember the adventurous question. Are you?"

Now her brain was really working. They were both naked and, if he gave her a massage, his hands would be all over her. Plus, they were alone. She was looking at Mario as her brain raced and he had a very patient but expectant look on his face. It was just a massage after all. If she was in Ohio and getting one it would be much the same, she was sure. Still. She couldn't sit her all night staring at him. She had to make a decision. Something deep inside of her was telling her it wasn't a good choice but something closer to the surface was urging her to go ahead. She shrugged her shoulders and smiled at Mario and received that huge smile from him in return. She thought she could feel her body tingling just a little. She'd soon find out.

Mario went to the bathroom and returned with a beach towel which he spread carefully on the carpet in the middle of the room. He looked at her. She was thinking that the floor was certainly a better place than on the bed.

"If you would, please lay down here on your stomach and we can get started." He was always so polite.

Jenna just slid off her chair onto her hands and knees and crawled to the towel where she lay down full length, her hands above her head.

"Perfect!" Mario said, and she could hear him moving behind her. Suddenly she realized that, from where he was and if he chose to, he could get a view of some of her parts that had not yet been seen. She certainly couldn't do the massage with her legs crossed so she'd just have to live with it. But, with that thought came a feeling down there that she wasn't totally familiar with. Fairly quickly though, she sensed him beside her and felt his hands on her shoulders.

"I apologize that I have no oil but we can make do without it." She felt his hands beginning to work on her shoulders and her upper back. He was very firm but also very gentle and she discovered very quickly that the feeling was very relaxing and very enjoyable. "Tell me," he said as he worked. "Those are not typical female muscles in your shoulders."

"Swimming," she said into the towel.

"What?"

"Swimming," she repeated, turning her head a little this time.

"Ah, yes. Were you good at it?" More rubbing, squeezing and probing.

"A little," she answered.

"University?"

"Oh no, just high school."

"Still, your shoulders have a wonderful feel to them."

Jenna was almost drifting away as he worked his way up and down her back. Occasionally she jerked a tiny bit as he hit some ticklish areas. He always immediately apologized. He was working now around her waist and she began to wonder, as he was close to her butt. Would he massage there too and how would she handle that? She felt his hands on her upper thigh. At least that issue was bypassed for now but, he was very close to another area, actually only inches away she could tell.

"More very nice muscles." he said, still working on his legs. "Now may I embarrass you again?" Without waiting for an answer, he added, "You have a very gorgeous ass."

She thought she might die at that comment. Robert always told her the same thing but hearing it here, from a total stranger who was looking at her very bare and naked ass and might even be touching it soon was something else. And, was she really thinking about him touching it? How would she be with him rubbing her ass? Where was she going? She felt him massaging her foot, pressing against the sole and it was amazing how satisfying that felt.

Mario was now working his way up her other leg when she realized that she had unconsciously spread her legs just a little to give him better access. She hadn't even thought about it and she was sure that now he had a perfect view of those previously unseen parts . . . and she wasn't doing anything to stop it. And he was certainly working on her upper thigh now, her very upper thigh, and was very close. Oh my god, his hand had slipped a little and actually bumped her pussy. Had it really slipped? Either way, she seemed to be breathing differently than she had been.

"Very nice legs," he said and then he was touching her ass. Squeezing, massaging, pushing first one way and then the other. Her brain registered that he was probably seeing that last unseen spot -- she had now been totally viewed and somehow that thought was very exciting to her. He was definitely spreading her and looking, she was sure of that. Her body jolted as he actually touched her there, then again and a third time. Just briefly each time and also gently, but a definite purposeful touch. Why wasn't she protesting? Why didn't she tell him to stop? Yes, why, why, why, she wondered. It was a totally different feeling than she had ever had and . . . she liked it. She was feeling much hotter than she had before and she could feel her body rising and falling with each breath.

Then another feeling. He was running a finger very slowly and again very gently, up and down her cleft. She realized that it felt like it did because she was so wet down there, a total surprise to her. Again, something was telling her she should tell him to stop but something else wouldn't let her do that. It felt so good, so pleasing, so . . . so like she wanted it to continue. And he was obliging that unspoken wish. She could feel a little more pressure from that finger now and she realized that it had separated that cleft just a little and was moving up toward . . . oh god, he wouldn't. But he did and it was like an electric shock that tore through her body from his touch right to her brain. And then another and another and she knew her body was jerking with each touch.

Now that finger was slowly moving toward the other end of her cleft. It was there, pressing, and then it was inside her, going deeper and deeper. She couldn't believe the feeling racing through her body. In and out and in and out, then back to that other spot and now very gently rubbing, just slowly and softly and she felt her legs spreading even wider. Who was doing that, certainly not her. But she was. At least some part of her was and she was just getting acquainted with that part. Actually, it was like two Jenna's. The one who had gotten on the airplane, and the one, laying here on the towel, moaning softly as a finger rubbed away between her legs.

Something was a little different now though. The rubbing continued but fingers were again probing her, and she realized it was actually fingers, but she couldn't tell how many. They pushed and twisted, spreading her wide and it felt so good. Then something clicked. She remembered that thing that was hanging between his legs, how big it was. She was sure it was even bigger now as he had to be very hard. Those fingers were working to spread her. For what? She knew the answer but almost didn't want to admit it. She had to see it.

As if he sensed her thoughts, Mario moved his hands and took hold of her hips, rolling her over to face him. Jenna's eyes were closed. There was no way she could look at him. But to see it, she had to open her eyes. She felt hands on her stomach, then her chest, then squeezing her breasts, fingers flipping over her nipples, then gently squeezing and pulling them. Breathing was getting more difficult as his hands moved back between her legs. She opened her eyes. Oh god, there it was. A quick glance told her it was gigantic and there was no way it would fit inside of her. That thought shocked her as she couldn't believe she was thinking that way. Inside her? That was beyond anything she had ever imagined.

Mario saw her look. Then her eyes were closed again. He had waited for her to tell him to stop at some point but she hadn't. He was totally surprised that she hadn't and a different part of him had almost wished she had. He was as unsure about himself as he was sure she had been. But, as the massage had progressed, he could hear her breathing change, saw her legs spreading a little wider and, when he had accidentally bumped her pussy, he was amazed that it was very wet. He had decided to venture further, until she stopped him, but she hadn't. Now, he didn't want to stop. He loved her slightly muscular body, the feel of it under his hands, the look of it laying there on the towel. He wanted it.

The finger was rubbing again and Jenna thought she'd be content if that went on forever. The feeling was amazing and overwhelming. Right at this moment it was the only thing that mattered. But it stopped and she felt her labia being pulled apart. She was being spread wide, and she realized there was only one reason for that. It was there, bumping against her, then pressing against her, seeking entry into her most private area. She unconsciously raised her hips to meet it as that gigantic thing was trying to go inside of her. There was pressure and suddenly it was there, inside of her, pressing gently but insistently to slide in even deeper. She was stretching and almost imagined herself tearing but that wasn't going to happen. There was more and more and more and she wondered how much until she felt his balls bump against her ass. It was now in places that nothing had been before.

She had to open her eyes, to see what was happening and she did, just in time to see Mario open his. That smile again. It was that smile of his that caused all of this to happen, she was sure of it. But he was doing more than smiling. He leaned forward onto his elbows just a few inches above her. She watched him bend a little lower, just enough to give each nipple a lick and a suck. All the while his hips were moving and that instrument of his was sliding in and out of her. Inside of the rest of her, it was like a fever was rising and with each thrust it went a little higher. Not since that first time with Robert, in her parent's house, had she felt anything like this. This was different though, totally unexpected and totally overwhelming. As she watched, she could see his breathing was deepening as well and he was having trouble keeping his eyes open to look at her.

Jenna could sense that feeling building, that firing of every nerve that made her nearly explode. And, she was going to orgasm and this man she had just met was going to see it. Oh my gosh. Even more than seeing it he was going to experience it with her. She could hear the sounds she was making, moaning sounds as it grew and grew until, finally, her brain shut off and there was only ecstasy swallowing her whole being, her body trembling, all her muscles moving totally independent of her brain or anything else. As it slowed, finally, she could feel that massive cock twitching inside of her and she knew she was being filled and wondered if the amount had anything to do with the size. She squeezed as hard as she could with those muscles, they had a name but she couldn't remember it. Oh god, that smile again.

"We came together," he said, "and I'll look away while you blush."

She was so hot already she couldn't feel the blush, but what he said was certainly right.

"Are you okay?" he added, looking at her again.

"Yes, fine," she said although she wanted to say she was much more than fine or good or whatever.

Mario moved away from her, withdrawing a softening penis that was still more than any she could have imagined. He stood up and offered his hand and pulled her to her feet. With the stretching she had just been through and the filling that Mario had provided, she quickly had sticky liquid running down both legs.

"I better shower," she said and headed to the bathroom.

Mario heard the shower running and after a few minutes went into the bathroom.

"You need anything?" he asked.

"No, I'm good," came back to him through the steam.

"May I embarrass you again?" he said.

"I'm sure you will no matter what I say so go ahead."

"I'm not going to shower and I apologize for that. The reason is that I know my wife and, when we come back to the room tonight, she'll be curious, and she'll want to well, taste the woman who was with me tonight." He waiting a few seconds. "No reply to that?"

"Tonight, has been full of surprises. Some were what was happening and some were my own reactions. So, nothing is surprising me anymore." At that she heard his laughter.

She finished her shower and put on her clothes. Mario was also dressed again.

"Shall we go to the courtyard and wait for the others, perhaps have another glass of wine?"

She nodded. "Good idea," and they left the room and headed back outside.

Jenna was thinking. This was her first day here and they had, what, four or maybe five more days.

Oh my gosh!