**Jenna 05, Final Day**

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orning came far too early. It always does on vacation when you're sleeping so well. On the other hand, when you're on vacation at a beautiful resort, you don't want to waste your money and time sleeping. And thirdly, when you've had the week Robert and Jenna had experienced, you're anxious to see what this last day might have in store.

Lars and Astrid had hinted, even suggested that they didn't have to wait until evening to have the kind of fun they'd been having. As enticing as that sounded, Jenna wasn't sure, after the activities of the last few days, with Lars, Mario, Edgar, and finally, Robert, every night after the others, that her body could endure more, as ecstatic and satisfying as all of it had been.

Of course, there was this evening, too, with whatever the resort had planned for the final day. She'd heard other guests mention, always with a suggestive smile, that it would be different and very erotic. Hearing that caused her to tingle ... and tremble. What more could she be lured into doing?

Whatever it might be, Robert would be doing it too. Well, that wasn't totally true since he wouldn't be doing exactly what she was doing, of course.

"You awake?" she asked the naked man lying beside her.

"Only if you want to have sex," the muffled voice said.

"Robert, it was only a few hours ago," Jenna giggled, pressing against Robert's warm body.

"I guess," he grumbled. "But there's a beautiful and incredibly sexy nude woman in my bed. My instinct says, 'fuck her.'"

"Robert, watch your tongue," she scolded but couldn't keep from laughing.

As she said that, she felt Robert's hand probing between her legs.

"Oh, shit," she squealed, rolling off the bed and onto the floor, striving to avoid that hand. "I think Astrid did something to your libido. I'm getting cold water to pour on you." She jumped up, heading for the bathroom.

"I'll get up and be good," he groaned, throwing the covers back.

He saw Jenna heading toward him, a plastic cup in her hand.

"Jenna, don't," but it was too late, the cold water splashing off his chest and running down his belly and legs.

"That should cause that thing to shrivel up," she laughed, obviously proud of surprising him.

Before she could move, Robert tackled her, throwing her down and holding her arms. She squirmed as he began kissing through her cleavage, down her stomach and belly, and into that muff where he so enjoyed playing.

"Robert, don't you dare. We have to ..." But she was too late as his tongue was already at work, her resistance instantly evaporating. She couldn't keep her hips from undulating in time with his tongue. She hated that she was moaning helplessly, unable to resist what was happening to her. "Hurry," she groaned, her hips twisting as his lips and tongue had their way with her. "We have to get to BREAKFAST," she ended up screaming as her body spasmed in the throes of her orgasm.

Robert sat up, a conquering smile on his face.

"Bastard," she gasped, struggling to catch her breath. "Go take a shower. Your face is a mess."

Robert jumped up quickly when he saw Jenna eying his cock; her look telling him she was up to no good. He did extend his hand to help her stand, both sets of eyes acknowledging their truce.

"I owe you one," she grumbled, struggling to keep from grinning.

"Anytime, babe."

"That's not what I mean, and you know it. I owe you a tormenting."

"Babe, you torment me every time you take your clothes off."

"Is everything about sex with you, Robert?" she giggled. "And stop looking at me that way, pervert. We need to get ready."

They showered, dressed, and headed for the usual delicious breakfast. As they were eating, Jenna said, "I hope you like a little chunk. I stopped in the spa yesterday, and I've gained two pounds."

"You mean all the activities we've been involved in haven't kept pace?"

"What?

"I've heard that the sex act burns two-hundred calories."

Jenna picked up a piece of bacon, waved it in front of Robert, and ate it. "Last night with you," she laughed. "Tonight is still on the plate. The rest is 'chunk.' But I'm loving it."

The look Robert got made him realize why he loved her.

Jenna took another bite of bacon, savoring how Robert was looking at her. The warmth that filled her body was simply his love, enveloping her. She felt blessed and was sorry their time away from the 'normal' was nearly over. Her reverie was about to be interrupted.

"Good morning," Astrid called as she approached their table. "Got room for us?" The beautiful blond sat down, followed by her international soccer-playing husband, Lars. The two couples had struck a wonderful friendship ... with benefits, Astrid had said. "What are you guys up to today?" she asked as they ordered breakfast.

"No idea," Jenna answered, looking to Robert for confirmation. "Since it's the last day, we need to hit the beach one last time."

"For sure," Robert confirmed.

Astrid glanced at Lars. "I think we'll do that too."

Jenna checked the smile on Robert's face, sure he was anticipating seeing the beautiful Astrid naked one more time. Her eyes swung to Lars, and he was looking at her, a very knowing smile on his face. She couldn't keep from blushing as his blue eyes locked on her body. She knew he was seeing right through her clothing. She loved Robert more than life itself, but having the Swede, an international soccer star, look at her like he was still made her tingle, and her breathing get faster and more shallow.

"You guys doing the 'activities' tonight?" Astrid questioned.

Jenna noted the slightly evil smile on the blond's face.

"We thought we would since it's the last night, but now that I see that smile, I'm getting suspicious. You guys going?"

Astrid glanced at Lars. "Oh, yes. We WILL be there."

"Uh-oh," Jenna said, eying Astrid suspiciously. "Is there more that we should know?"

It was Lars' turn to contribute. "The last night is always a little special."

The grin on his face did nothing to reassure Jenna, who was beginning to wonder what "special" meant.

"You guys were here last year. What did you do then?" She wasn't going to back off.

Lars winked at Astrid. "They might want to do it again this year, so I don't want to spoil it for you guys."

Jenna hrumped. "You guys are impossible."

"If you don't want to do it, babe, just say so, and we'll figure something."

"Yeah, we'll figure something," Lars repeated, wiggling his eyebrows at Jenna and chuckling.

"What do you think, Robert? Could we find something to do? Anything?" Astrid emphasized as she slid her chair closer to him, licking her lips seductively and tossing her ponytail. She leaned back in the chair, stretching her T-shirt tight against her ample breasts. She couldn't restrain a giggle when she did that.

"We're all getting a little weird," Jenna said, looking around to make sure no one was watching their show.

"Whatever it is tonight, Lars and I will be right in the middle, and you two should be as well. It will be wild, I'm sure, but exciting and ... well, I'm not sure fun is a good word." Astrid was biting her lower lip and gazing off into the distance, clearly remembering last year.

It didn't take long to get involved as the PA called for all the men participating in the evening's activities to assemble in the courtyard for instructions.

Robert looked to Jenna for approval and got a wink. He and Lars headed for the courtyard.

The ladies talked, and Astrid affirmed her invitation for Robert and Jenna to visit them in Sweden. As had happened the first time, very vivid pictures began forming in Jenna's mind, graphic enough to affect her breathing, and her nipples, which had hardened dramatically, pushing two pronounced bumps onto the front of her thin shirt.

Astrid couldn't keep from grinning. "You better get those things under control before Lars gets back, or ..." She didn't need to continue.

Jenna's face had turned very red. She was trying not to look at Astrid since she was teasing Jenna about her own husband's fascination with her nipples. How had she gotten to this point? The teasing wasn't helping, and neither was the fact that Lars was headed right toward her. She tried to turn sideways in her chair, an arm reaching across to hide the bumps. She thought she'd done an excellent job.

"Jenna has a little present for you," Astrid said. "Jenna, show him."

Jenna glared at her, not moving her arm, watching Lars' eyes move back and forth between the two ladies.

"Show him," Astrid encouraged.

With a huff, Jenna dropped her arm, not trying to hide any longer.

"Oh ... my ... gosh," he said, stretching out the words, the Swedish accent in even those three short words causing more reaction to those lengthening nubs.

"Do I need to take you to our room?" Robert laughed, not totally teasing.

"Asshole," she quipped, even her language having changed during the week.

"Let's change and go to the beach." Lars sounded like the voice of reason, not taking his eyes off the delicious looking bumps in Jenna's shirt however.

Astrid wasn't buying it.

"You're just anxious for her to be topless so you can ogle."

Jenna, red-faced, was shaking her head, unable to look at anyone, when Astrid stood and gave her a big hug. It was a simple affirmation of the lack of jealousy among the two couples.

"So, what did you two find out?" Jenna was giving Robert some severe eyeballing.

"What we're doing tonight. "

"And that is?"

"Sworn to secrecy," Lars answered.

"Yup," Robert affirmed. "But we need to go to the market and pick up a few things. We'll meet you ladies at the beach when we're finished.

Having been dismissed by the men, Astrid and Jenna headed to their rooms to don the tiny bikinis they'd had custom made at the little market not far from the resort, the place where the men were headed right now. They met in the hallway, paraphernalia bags in hand, and started for the beach. When Jenna walked with Astrid, she always felt a little overwhelmed. The beautiful blond, several inches taller than her, had a figure that drew stares from people who had been disinterested only minutes before. Astrid always poo-pooed those ideas from Jenna, who couldn't dismiss them -- all she had to do was look, and they were reinforced.

Of course, once at the beach, they stripped. For Jenna, that only worsened the feeling. They weren't ready for the water yet, so they sat on their blanket, covered themselves with sunscreen, and, as two very appealing women with no man present, became instant magnets for any male looking for a little fun. Four of them headed their way before they had finished putting the sunscreen back in their bags.

Two of the men sat down, obviously facing Astrid, but the other two didn't hide the fact that they were looking at Jenna. She had expected to be at least partially ignored, but that wasn't happening. Plus, the two guys who'd started talking to her were good-looking, both with wedding rings, of course.

"Don't think I've seen you yet this week," the first one said, giving her a big smile.

"Oh, I've seen her," the second replied, a knowing smile on her face. "Hard to miss this cutie."

Jenna could feel her face beginning to redden. Were these guys actually "hitting" on her, or were they just being friendly. A furtive glance showed that each had a very relaxed cock, so maybe they were just being friendly.

"Wow," the first one said, laughing. "Not many of the women here blush. Kind of refreshing."

Jenna was nervous enough at the unexpected attention that her body wasn't reacting, thank goodness. She wondered if that reaction might cause a similar response in the two men.

"You ladies going swimming?" number two asked.

"Probably, when our husbands get here."

"Ah, I bet they went to the village, didn't they? Getting ready for tonight." The smile Jenna got now was big but looked more related to "tonight" than just being friendly.

That was enough to do it, though. The suggestion of "tonight" and the instantaneous thoughts that brought to her mind was causing her nipples to harden, very visible to the two men. She tried to keep looking them in the eye but was concentrating on her peripheral vision to see what might be happening with them.

"Hey," number one said, quickly standing, "we better head to the market."

"Good idea," number two affirmed, also jumping up quickly.

The other two men looked surprised, gave Astrid a last admiring look, and slowly rose, accompanying their buddies to the market.

Astrid turned to Jenna when they were gone.

"You're such a dork," she said, laughing. "You're worried about comparing yourself to me, but it wasn't my two watchers that left with a stiff dick."

Jenna blushed again. "They weren't really stiff."

"Another thirty seconds and they would have been very stiff. And, speaking of stiff ..."

Jenna knew her nipples were standing at attention, but she needed to clear her mind for that to stop.

"The one guy said something about tonight, and that got my mind going. I didn't use to be like this," she said, glancing down at her nipples.

"Want to go back?" Astrid teased.

"You just like to see me blush." She frowned at the tall blond. "Let's jump in the ocean. Maybe the cooler water will help."

"Just make them bigger," Astrid snickered. "Those are two jewels you have there. No sense in hiding them."

"Will you shut up." Jenna had always been a little self-conscious of her nipples. She had seen enough of other girls' when she swam in high school to know that hers were a bit different. She had gotten stares even then when she couldn't hide them. But Robert certainly seemed to like them. That, and surprising to her, her ass which had been extensively complimented here at the resort. She was hearing about a part of her that she'd never considered. At least never considered as assets. If she wore that green bikini to the neighborhood pool, her assets would certainly be more visible than she was used to — at least in Ohio.

But they were walking toward the ocean now, and she had to admit they were getting looks from the men they passed, particularly the ones at the snack bar whose chairs were facing the path to the beach. That certainly wasn't helping Jenna's nipples calm down, and she could hear Astrid giggling at her.

But at last, they were at the water's edge, the warm water lapping at their feet.

"Not very cool," Astrid said as they waded further out in the sparkling blue water.

"Perfect for swimming, though," Jenna said, diving in and stroking away smoothly, leaving Astrid paddling around in the shallows. When she returned several minutes later, Astrid was grinning at her.

"Don't take this wrong, but when you went swimming away, I could see why guys think your butt is the real deal."

"Astrid!" Jenna squealed, jumping on her and dunking her under the water. Astrid came up, sputtering and looking around. No Jenna.

Suddenly her legs were swept away, and she was under the water again. Someone was holding her head under, and she was struggling, desperately needing a breath. Jenna grabbed a handful of blonde hair and raised it just above the frothy surface.

"No more cracks about my butt, or it's more of this," she said in Astrid's ear and pushed her head under, holding it there by her hair.

Astrid was struggling, arms flailing, grabbing at anything she touched, including Jenna's left breast. This produced a howl from Jenna, who let loose of the hair and backed away, checking the red streaks on her breast. Splashing violently, Astrid was finally able to stand.

"Pervert," Jenna growled, laughing at her. "Look what you did to my boob."

"I'd have done worse if I could have gotten hold of you," she sputtered again, working hard to clear the water from her eyes. "Wait till I get you on dry land where I'm bigger than you. You'll pay."

Jenna eyed the blonde, then headed toward her.

Astrid backed away, raising her hands in surrender. "Truce," she called out. "I don't want to inhale more water."

They were both laughing now and, without thinking about it, hugged. Realizing what they were doing, they separated quickly, looking to see if anyone was watching.

They were being watched by two men, a grinning Lars and a laughing Robert.

"We leave you two alone for a few minutes, and you get weird on us."

"Not weird," Jenna replied. "We're just good friends, right, Astrid?"

"Naked friends," Lars added. " If you want to hug someone, hug us."

"Yeah, then sex right here on the beach," Jenna answered, vigorously shaking her head, catching the unique look Astrid sent Lars' way. "Wait, you two had sex on the beach?"

Robert looked utterly lost.

Unusual for her, Astrid was blushing ever so slightly, looking from Lars to Jenna and back. Lars shrugged, winking at Robert.

Astrid took a deep breath. "Last year," she began, looking at Lars again, "there was a big storm offshore with huge waves breaking on the beach. No one swam that afternoon. But, of course, Mr. Competitive here couldn't stand for that, so, after the night's activities were over, he dragged me to the beach. I was so scared I could hardly breathe."

"Shaking like hell," Lars volunteered.

"He got me to strip, which was the easiest part. Then he dragged me out among those waves." Astrid paused and took another deep breath. "I'm just going to say it. When we were out much further than I thought we should be, between waves, we, umm, joined together, his arms around me, my legs locked around his hips. When the next wave came, he lifted me, and we, well, tumbled over and over toward the beach. Once there, we went back out again."

"Wait, isn't that ... wasn't it kind of, I don't know, frustrating?" Jenna was wondering.

"Finally, we just lay there and ... let the waves wash over us while we ..."

"You guys need to try it if you ever get the chance," Lars assured them, not letting Astrid finish.

"I think I'd trust Jenna to take care of me," Robert laughed.

"Well, she tried to drown me, so I'm not sure."

Robert, getting to the heart of things, suggested they get lunch. They dressed and headed back to the dining room.

As they walked along, Jenna nudged Robert. "So, what did you guys get?"

He laughed. "You'll find out tonight."

"Come on. You can give me a hint."

"No hints. This will test you."

"Test me? What does that mean?"

"Just what it says."

"Robert, stop tormenting me." She was working to imagine what secrets he was hiding.

"Just be ready," he cautioned with a smile.

"Ass," she grumbled.

"Make sure yours is available," he added, just before she punched him in the stomach to an accompanying grunt.

Lunch was terrific, as was the short nap they enjoyed when it was completed. Jenna warned Robert to keep his hands and his other body parts to himself while they were in bed. She even resorted to her most severe threat — cutting him off, not admitting to him that it would be nearly impossible.

A long walk on the beach filled much of the afternoon, Jenna continually probing about what was in store for the evening. Robert was solid as a rock, giving out no hints despite Jenna's offer of sex on the sand. She couldn't keep from giggling when she said that, wondering what she'd do if he accepted as the beach wasn't deserted. Jenna had done things the last few days that, just a week ago, she could never have imagined doing. But public sex might stretch her a little further than she was willing to go.

Lars and Astrid joined them for dinner in the courtyard.

"Lars had been a total jerk," Astrid griped. "He won't give me a single hint."

"Likewise," Jenna replied. "Just says to make sure my ass is ready."

"I didn't even get that. Should my ass be ready too?" she giggled.

"More than just your ass," Lars said, nodding at Robert.

"Guh," Jenna grunted, taking a big swallow of wine.

They ate, talked, and drank wine, Jenna sucking down a little more than usual, hoping it might relax her for whatever lay ahead. She was beginning to buzz, so she backed off just a little. The wine was delicious, and she enjoyed the buzzed feeling, so backing off was a challenge.

They heard the crackle of the PA, and two ladies knew whatever they were in for was about to begin.

"Hey, everyone. Welcome to the final night of the week. Are you all ready for the last of our activities?"

Cheers and applause from everyone gathered in the courtyard. It didn't look like many were skipping tonight.

"As usual, we're separating you. Men to my right, women to the left."

"See ya," Robert said as he and Lars headed to the other end.

The usual count-off took place to ensure there were equal numbers of men and women. Forty-three of each. That confirmed, the loud voice continued.

"We're passing out small pieces of paper to each of you. On each paper is one-half of a famous saying. Some may not be as famous as others," he laughed. "When the bell rings to start things, everyone is to begin shouting out their portion of the saying, the men all going to the lady's end. Now, here's the second part. Every thirty seconds, the bell will ring, and everyone will shed one article of clothing. Oh, shoes and socks do not count. When you match up with the other half of your saying, you're off to the gentleman's room."

Jenna looked at Astrid. Each had on shorts, a thong, and a shirt. Nakedness would be happening quickly.

The bell sounded, and men were running, everyone shouting. With eighty-six people crammed into one end of the courtyard, the din and chaos were nearly overwhelming. Of course, it was almost impossible to understand what anyone was shouting, and soon, nearly everyone was naked, bumping into each other, milling around, ears straining to hear the matching words.

Jenna felt hands on her body more than once and could see she wasn't the only one experiencing that. There was even an occasional squeal as someone was grabbed. She saw a couple of pairs headed toward the building.

Jenna was shouting, "We have nothing to fear," and listening for, "but fear itself." She thought she might have heard it behind her. She turned and came face-to-face with number one from the beach this morning.

"But fear itself," he said, smiling at her.

"We have nothing to fear." She hoped that saying was appropriate for tonight.

"Do I have anything to fear from you?" she teased.

"Not a thing," he assured her, his eyes roaming over her from head to toes.

Jenna's look had drifted to his crotch. She had noted his partial erection at the beach, but now it was moving a little past partial as he stared at her. Maybe it was the wine working, but she felt a warmth spreading through her that she could cause that without doing anything.

"Let's get our clothes and head upstairs. Oh, I'm Brandon." He held out his hand.

"Jenna," she replied, shaking his hand. "And we better hurry," she encouraged, looking at his erection.

"Shit," he said, shrugging. "You've got the magic."

That his cock was protruding straight out from his body didn't seem to bother him in the least.

They found their clothes and headed indoors, the din behind them continuing.

Brandon led her up the steps, along a hall, and into his room. Jenna looked around, searching for any clue as to what might lay ahead. All looked normal.

"About this morning," he began. "When you two showed up with no men, there was no way we could keep from talking to you. The other three won't believe I was lucky enough to get you. Holy shit!" He licked his lips.

"My turn," she said to the guy who had "gotten" her. "Our guys wouldn't tell us anything about tonight, just to have our ... ourselves ready." She grinned at her near slip.

Brandon bit his lower lip. "How many years have you been coming here?"

"My first."

"Me too. Hell, I guess it's up to me so, here goes. The special thing tonight is ..." He paused, a huge grin on his face, enjoying Jenna's obvious anxiety. "You sure you want to know before it starts?"

"Brandon, just tell me."

"Bondage and BDSM. Does that scare you?"

Jenna took a deep breath, hoping it would stop the trembling that had begun with his simple explanation and question.

"I don't know much about it," she ventured, looking questioningly at Brandon.

His face took on a knowing look as it reddened slightly.

"I know a reasonable amount," he said softly. "Listen, if you want to call the whole thing off and just, I don't know, talk or ... Shit, help me out here."

Jenna was amazed at how flustered he'd quickly gotten and wanted to help him out.

"I don't want to do that, not call anything off. My husband told me I'd have to be tough. I don't know if I can do it, but I sure as hell want to try."

Brandon's expression immediately brightened. He closed one eye and grinned at Jenna.

"How about you? Have you peeked at all, on the net?"

It was her turn to blush slightly.

"Yeah, a couple of times," she admitted.

They were sort of beating around the bush, and Jenna decided to suck it up.

"I think I trust you," she ventured. "I'm ready for whatever."

"I'm not going to hurt you, but ..."

"Some things may hurt."

"I guess that's, well, the point in some cases."

Before she could ask, Brandon answered her question.

"How about 'Yukon' as a safeword? You can beg me to stop all you want, but unless you say Yukon, I may not stop. Deal?"

"Deal," Jenna answered, chewing her lower lip a little more vigorously now. Safewords? She wondered where this might be going.

She noticed Brandon's deep brown eyes looking at her a little differently.

"I'm going to say this, and then I'm done. I haven't seen anyone this week that I'd rather be with on this, our last night."

Jenna could see him biting his tongue, wanting to say more but restraining himself.

"Thanks." She smiled, accepting his compliment. "How do we get started?

"I've got it," he replied, quickly running into the bedroom and returning with a moderate-sized bag. He removed something small and black. " Gonna blindfold you to make it more interesting. I'm going to make it as realistic as possible."

Jenna wasn't sure why, but that made her a mite nervous. She reminded herself that she trusted Brandon, and she hoped all his hormones and endorphins didn't foul things up. But the blindfold was in place and working correctly. What now?

She was being led across the room, then bent over something that felt like a small table. Her wrists were tied, her arms stretched over the edge of the table and tied in place.

"Spread your legs," he said softly.

She could feel his breath against her butt and was sure he was getting a good look. That thought made her tingle, and she spread her legs as requested.

"A little more."

She complied, wondering what he saw now as she felt a drop of liquid meandering down her inner thigh. Whatever he was seeing, he was tying her ankles to something, keeping her legs spread. Only her stomach was on the table, her breasts dangling. Jenna was ready, but nothing was happening.

"I said I was done, but I lied. I could stand here all evening and look at your ass."

The ass compliment again. She was going to have to ask Robert about that.

Then she felt a hand on each breast, squeezing gently, then a little harder, kneading over and over. She could feel her nipples responding — it was clear Brandon could feel it too. He was pulling on them, then a little harder, twisting one and then the other until Jenna squealed. He released them, but just for a few seconds, then was back, just pulling them this time until she gasped. He massaged each one, almost with loving care, before grabbing the nipples again and pulling hard.

Oh, shit, oh shit," Jenna exclaimed, not sure she could stand much more. He released her, and she quickly felt his tongue caressing one nipple, then the other, followed by kisses for each. It was amazingly soothing after the pain they'd experienced.

She'd done it. She was ready for more.

"I need to keep those primed," he said excitedly.

Jenna was wary, wandering what that might mean.

"Stick out your tongue."

No way was she about to do that at this point. She heard him chuckle.

"Stick it out, nothing's going to happen to it," he assured her.

Cautiously she extended her tongue and felt something smooth, maybe plastic swipe across it. Then she felt it against her breast and knew what he was up to as her nipple was sucked into a plastic tube. She groaned. She'd seen that on her internet venture. She wet her tongue and stuck it out once more, the same feeling and then it was on her other nipple.

"That should keep them in good shape," he said, chuckling as he gave each of the tubes a tug, testing their security.

She'd seen one of those suction devices put somewhere else too, and wondered if that was next. She was afraid to imagine what that might be like, but if it happened it would be one more experience in her portfolio. Was that, or something else next?

It was something else, as suddenly she felt a hard slap to one butt cheek. She winced, beginning to breathe a bit harder. When Brandon had said BDSM, this was the first thing that had come to mind. Spanking or paddling of some kind. She wondered if he had a cane or leather strap to increase the punishment. As she thought that, there were five more hard slaps to her butt. If he liked her ass so well, why was he punishing it so severely?

"Did you see some of this when you watched?" he whispered in her ear before probing there with his tongue. She jerked her head away with a squeal.

"Yes, sir. I did."

"Ah, I see you did, and learned proper etiquette too." he replied. "Did they use a leather strap?" he whispered in the other ear as she flinched, anticipating his tongue.

"Yes, sir, they did." She felt his tongue and squealed again.

"Ah," he said, and she could hear the laughter in his voice.

She felt his hand grasping her hair, then his breath on her ear. He wouldn't. But he did. His tongue was in her ear as he held her in place, more squeals and squirming, thrashing about as best she could. Jenna thought it was as awful as being tickled. Mercifully, he stopped.

"My wife hates that. Thought I'd share it with you."

"I hate it too, sir," she managed to get out, trying to catch her breath.

"I'll remember," he chuckled.

In a few seconds, she felt something being pressed against her fingers..

"A leather strap for my ass, sir?" She asked rhetorically.

"Yes, it is. And it has an excellent handle so I can maintain a good, solid grip.

She knew Brandon was supposed to enjoy this evening and what was happening, but decided he was a little over the top with his enjoyment.

She squealed and jerked as his tongue probed her ear again.

"Stop that," she begged. "I'm going to hurt myself on these ropes, jerking away when you do that. Not surprisingly, his tongue went to her ear again to one more squeal and jerk.

"Asshole," she hissed

Almost instantly the strap slapped across her ass. She grunted, not ready to grit her teeth yet.

Such talk," he chuckled again, not offended by her name-calling. "And I believe it's asshole, sir. I'm going to need your help though. I'll give you one smack with the strap. You'll rate it one to ten, ten being the hardest you think you can stand."

"Yes, sir," Jenna answered, curious about how much she could stand, knowing that her competitive nature could get her into trouble.

She felt the strap rubbing gently on her butt. Taking a deep breath to steel herself, she felt the strap leave, then smack against her."

"Shit, shit, shit," she groaned. It stung like hell, leaving fire on her buns. But how to rate it. How brave was she? It had hurt, but ...

"Six," she said bravely, finally exhaling.

"You sure?"

"Yes, sir." Came the humble reply.

Okay then. I'm going to vary how hard I hit and you call out the rating. Next question is, how many hits do you want?

Want? That word didn't seem to fit here. Allow might be better. But how many?

"If I give you a small number, you'll think I'm a wimp and I think you know I don't want that." She took a deep breath. "If I give a big number, I'll be tough, but sore as hell, right."

Brandon nodded, then felt foolish. "Up to you," he replied, unable to take his eyes off the ass he was about to punish. "Up to you to count and rate." He rested the strap across her cheeks.

Jenna was debating. Ten or fifteen? No more than fifteen nor less than ten.

"How many will it take to keep your tongue out of my ear?"

"More than you can stand."

"Shit," she grunted. "Fifteen."

"Whoa, I was thinking eight. But fifteen on that gorgeous ass. I can handle that."

She was sure he'd be able to handle it. The question was would she?

It began.

Brandon smacked, and she counted and rated. Several with less impact than the first and she was at five. Then one with a screamed "eight" rating and six count. She was at the point of dreading what a ten might feel like. She knew the fifteenth would be a ten ... or more.

Seven, eight, and nine were much easier. Ten received a shouted nine rating. Four more moderates and she was ready, holding her breath.

Something new was happening. His hand slid down her butt, one finger between her cheeks, caressing the puckered pink opening as it passed, then slipping between her legs. The finger was sliding up and down the wetness of her slit, then pushing between her labia, finding that highly sensitive nub. Her body jolted when he touched it.

"You've been so good with the first fourteen, you deserve a reward," he said as his finger rubbed her clit. She couldn't stop her hips from moving in time with his rubbing, nor could she stop the moaning. The rubbing stopped.

"One more, and then more reward," he said.

Before she was ready, the leather struck. She screamed -- the sting was incredible. But she was receiving her reward, and the pain and pleasure were struggling for control of her body. It was outrageously wonderful.

"You okay?" Brandon asked quietly, close to her ear.

She wondered if she would suffer the ear tonguing that she had before, but that didn't happen.

Brandon rubbed some soothing cream on her butt, occasionally slipping a finger between her legs. Jenna was certainly enjoying her reward, at the same time wondering what was next. She was about to find out.

"You ticklish?" He laughed lightly.

She was ticklish, something that Robert loved to take advantage of at every opportunity. It was unbearable while, at the same time, highly erotic, something she had never understood. But, how to answer Brandon. She knew it didn't matter — he'd do whatever he wanted.

"Yes," she admitted, wincing in anticipation. She felt his hands lightly touching her ribcage, then pressing harder, dancing across her skin. Almost instantly, she was laughing hysterically, her body twisting and turning, hopelessly seeking to avoid the torment. She felt his tongue in one ear, her squirming increasing. Suddenly it stopped, and Jenna was gasping for breath.

She felt her breasts being caressed again, the tubes being pulled, then twisted until she squealed.

She knew Brandon was in front of her. Something smooth and warm bumped her lips, only taking her seconds to recognize what it was. Time for his reward, she thought as she opened her mouth, and the head of his cock was inside, her lips closing around it. She sucked hard on the head, her tongue caressing the underside, then working its way around the ridge that was barely inside her mouth. She opened her lips wider, sending him a message.

Brandon got the message, pressing forward easily, sliding his cock over her tongue, waiting for her lips to close again. She waited, enjoying the groan she could hear just above her head. She felt the soft underside of his cock slide along her tongue. If she was going to reward him, she wanted it to be a worthwhile reward. As she was anticipating, the head bumped against the back of her throat. Despite being ready, she made a soft, gagging noise.

"You okay?" he grunted.

Unable to answer, Jenna simply pressed forward, gagging again but keeping her tongue extended so she could take his full length, the head dipping into her throat. She closed her lips and pulled hard, holding him in place as her tongue continued to work.

"Shit, Jenna," Brandon gasped.

If there was going to be more action, it was up to him. He seemed to understand as he worked to withdraw from the tight hold of her lips. She released him, and he pulled back, then pressed forward slowly, slipping down her throat again. Then out and in, out and in. She was being face-fucked, and it was setting her on fire, gurgling and sloshing sounds filling the room with each of his thrusts.

There was a small pop, and he was gone. Now what? She could hear him moving beside her, then behind her. He was gently rubbing her ass. It was super-sensitive from the working over it had gotten earlier, but his touch was soothing. Still, she was anticipating, the possibilities endless.

His finger was pushing between her labia again; two or three hard rubs on her clit had her body shaking. One of his fingers pressed inside her, wiggled, and then exited. Her breathing was increasing, faster, and shallower.

Inside the blindfold, her eyes opened wide. His wet finger was rubbing the puckered opening between her cheeks. Those cheeks were being spread, and she felt pressure against that opening.

"Brandon," she gasped, wondering if it was time for "Klondike." He wasn't stopping, so she had to decide. Too late as the finger was inside.

He didn't respond to the calling of his name. She felt his legs against her inner thighs. A deep breath, waiting for his next reward. She didn't have long to wait as his very hard cock slid easily into her dripping pussy.

"Aaahhhh," he groaned as she felt him bump against her butt. His cock was moving in and out of her pussy, and his finger was matching the movement in her ass. With each thrust, he banged her against the table, driving the air from her lungs, forcing out a grunt each time. This was a new feeling, or maybe the same feeling combined with a unique experience. Either way, she felt like she might explode.

Through her euphoric haze, she could hear a change in Brandon's breathing. His finger was no longer probing her ass since both hands were gripping her hips, pulling her against him with each of his thrusts. His fingers dug into her flesh as he suddenly stilled, groaned, and she could feel her cock spasming inside her, filling her with his ejaculate.

He collapsed on her back, his chest moving in and out with his distressed breathing.

"I told you before," he said softly, "that you were going to be the best. Still, one more thing to do."

As his weight lifted and his cock left her pussy, Jenna's mind was working. More pain ... or more pleasure. With the brief time she'd spent with Brandon, she was sure she had the answer. At least she was getting her breath back.

There was the hiss of escaping air as he released one of the suction devices. There was a second hiss and the other was removed.

She heard the low hum as her nipples were being pulled again. She was sure they had to be a half-inch long by this time with all the tugging they'd experienced. Not surprisingly, they were very sensitive and a bit sore. Still, the tugging was enticing, and she loved every moment of it.

Gathering her courage, she said, "Don't stop."

The humming sound stopped, and she heard Brandon scooting underneath her. His lips surrounded one nipple, his teeth nipping at it until she squealed once more. He moved to the other with the same treatment and result.

"These babies are nearly beyond imagining, Jenna, and I think you know that."

She shivered as he said that, knowing only that she loved to have them teased and tormented as often as possible.

More sucking, tugging, and nibbling until she was ready for whatever might be coming next. She needed to let him know without using that word.

"What was that humming noise?" She knew what she hoped it was, what it almost had to be, and she was ready.

"Oh," he said, giving each nipple a final kiss, "you heard that huh? Any idea what it might be?"

"Surprise me," she murmured.

Brandon bumped her head as he stood up. In seconds, she felt him between her thighs again. But, no hum yet. She heard a click and then the hum. He was spreading her labia. She jerked and gasped as it touched her clit. It touched again and then again with more jerks and gasps. Whatever it was, it was circling, teasing, close but not quite there. Her hips were moving, causing it to bump her clit, but not nearly as much as she'd like. More agonizing circling, up and down her labia, across her mons, down her very wet slit with the lips held tightly together.

Jenna could feel it rising within her, the edge drawing closer and closer, even with the teasing that was happening. She was almost there ... it was going to happen, she was gasping ... the vibrating stopped, the hum gone. She could barely breathe, willing herself to orgasm, even without the vibrations, which wasn't going to happen.

She was tempted to beg; she wanted it so badly. She heard the hum again, maybe now. Please, please, please, rang through her brain if not in her voice.

She felt it against her labia, sliding up and down in her wetness. It pressed inside, vibrating against her opening, teasing, then up a little, then a little more. She jolted again as it touched her clit, praying it would stay there. But more circling and moving here and there wasn't going to get it done. Now the vibration was against her hood, her clit getting the fringe benefit of that. But, as aroused as she was, she knew even that would be enough. It was teasing, but it would be enough if he'd allow it to be.

Once more, she was getting there, feeling so good it almost hurt. Electricity was flashing from her pussy throughout her body. Her muscles were tensing, her breathing pained and shallow ... and once more, the vibrations and the hum were gone.

"Brandon," she was able to get out through her labored breathing. "Please." Begging was against her nature, but she was beyond that now. "Please, now." She rocked her hips, wanting only to be satisfied.

"Ready to say the magic word? That might work," he teased.

"No way," she grumbled, wiggling her hips again. "Go!"

The hum started once more, and even that made her pounding heart beat even harder. She felt the vibrations on her inner thigh, on her tender buns, everywhere but where she wanted them. She felt him give her clit a couple of finger rubs before the roaming vibrations began again. Long minutes of going everywhere but on that sensitive nub, then closing in, circling, and finally touching, lightly, delicately until her brain was shutting down again. It was gone once more.

"Fuck me again if you want, but I need to come," she begged, unable to see or move. "Shit. I'm going to die."

Maybe he was understanding as the hum began, the vibrations close to her clit, then on it and staying there. She waited for it to stop once more ... but it didn't. She groaned, feeling it beginning ... before it stopped again.

She couldn't say anything. She'd never wanted anything this badly. She felt his finger probe inside her. Then it all happened all at once, his finger jammed in her ass, the vibration on that engorged nub, staying there this time. Her muscles tensed, and she was over the edge, floating, flying, her legs shaking, loud moans escaping her gasping lungs. Over and over, she spasmed, the table under her bouncing and vibrating on the floor.

"Stop, stop." She was begging again, the intensity of the vibrations more than her tortured clit could endure. Mercifully he adhered to her begging and switched the vibrator off.

Brandon pulled the blindfold off, even the subdued light of the room hurting her eyes. He untied her arms, and she straightened, Brandon holding her waist as her legs were still trembling.

"Are you okay?" He asked for the third time.

"Bastard," she said, trying not to smile but failing miserably. He was on his knees, untying her ankles, her hands on his shoulders for support. She pulled her feet together as he stood up.

"I guess I deserve that," he said, not looking at her.

"I never want to go through that last again," she said, putting her hand to Brandon's mouth as he was trying to say something, "but I've never felt anything like that before."

Now he looked at her. "Really? That's what I was hoping. I'd heard of 'edging' and thought I'd give it a try. "

She hated to admit it, but his hopes had been fulfilled. Her pussy was still tingling. She glanced down at her nipples, still hard and unnaturally red.

"If I could have gotten free, I might have killed you. Thank goodness I couldn't and didn't. Not sure I'll be able to walk tomorrow, but it was worth it." She giggled. And I still have my husband to satisfy."

"Oh shit, you too. My wife will take out on me what happened to her tonight."

After a pause, Brandon's eyes followed hers. "Sorry," he said softly. "I dreamed about those things after seeing them at the beach. I couldn't believe it when you were my partner for tonight." He was nibbling his lower lip.

"Well," she said, smiling at Brandon, "I felt I could trust you. I'm glad I was right."

They both dressed, Brandon, confessing that it had been challenging to decide how to handle the evening, knowing that much would depend on the woman involved. He congratulated Jenna for being "tough." It wasn't something she'd been "accessed" of before, but it made her smile.

They went to the courtyard together, Jenna anxious to get more wine before her time with Robert. Soon he was approaching their table. He introduced Viola, a very attractive woman who Jenna guessed might be thirty-five or forty. She hugged Jenna, confiding that Robert had been "wonderful." Robert met Brandon, who didn't say that Jenna had been wonderful but gave her a huge hug, looking at her over his shoulder as he left the two of them alone.

"Looks like you were a hit," Robert said with a huge smile.

"Feels like I GOT hit," she replied, sitting down very gingerly. She raised her hand and quickly had a glass of wine in front of her. "Might as well bring another," she said to the server with a shrug. She quickly had a full bottle on her table. She emptied her glass, then refilled it.

"Careful," Robert said. "You're not through yet.

"Don't worry," she giggled. "You'll just have to be careful and gentle."

"Like hell. I'm just getting this bondage thing warmed up." He held up his sack.

Jenna was biting her lower lip.

"Shit, you're not seriously considering it, are you? I found out a lot about myself tonight. Maybe I can find even more."

Robert pondered what she said, holding her eyes as he did.

"Stand up."

She looked puzzled, but stood. Without warning, he smacked her butt. A pained yelp told him what he needed to know.

"We'll test your limits when we get home. This bag of stuff is included in the cost."

"I hope our luggage doesn't get inspected at the airport."

She poured another glass of wine. "How was Viola?"

You really want to know?" he asked, raising his eyebrows.

"You love to torment me, don't you?"

"Yup," he answered simply.

"I can torment too," she said, a seductive note in her voice.

"Yeah, yeah. I don't want to find out," he said, chuckling. "Viola was great. She didn't want to be tied. Were you tied?"

"The whole time."

"She told me i'd see why later. She also told me not to hold back — she'd let me know if it was too much. I literally 'beat the shit' out of her with the leather strap. She'd groan and dance around, taking deep breaths, and then bend over the chair for another whack."

"Did you get taken care of?" She smiled suggestively.

"This is her tenth year. She had a few tricks."

Jenna emptied her glass.

"Want to check out my tricks? I learned a couple tonight."

"Let's go." There was no one whose tricks he'd rather explore.

It had been an amazing five days, revealing a side of her that neither she nor Robert knew existed. She wondered how that might manifest itself when they returned to Ohio. Only time would tell.

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