**The Trip Pt. 01**

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**Prologue**

Elizabeth text Jayne and told her about the night before. The comedy show, the napkin, her escapades with Stuart - just typing out what happened made her horny again. She could hear Stuart breathing next to her, snoring gently. Finishing her message to Jayne, she noticed the chocolates sitting on the table. She smiled as she realised, they were her favourite brand - Stuart really had gone all out on this surprise. She decided it was her turn to surprise him. Rolling over, she began to lightly kiss his back, causing his breathing to quicken and a small groan to escape his lips. He had always loved her kissing his back - something about a memory from long ago. Careful not to wake him fully, she hopped out of bed and went around to his side. Slowly pulling the sheet back, she saw his glorious cock was erect - he was obviously having a very nice dream.

Deciding it was time for his surprise, she knelt beside the bed. She kissed high up on his thigh, causing another groan. She gently blew some air across the head of his dick, causing it to twitch in response. Stuart rolled, ending up on his back. Waiting to see if he was awake, Elizabeth stayed still, staring at his face. His breathing slowed again and she knew he was still asleep - although now on his back, his cock had grown and was pointing straight up at the roof. Smirking, she stood and bent forward. She watched his face as she lowered hers and took him in her mouth.

Elizabeth sucked him gently, using her tongue on the underside of the head. She had shocked herself the night before - giving head was certainly not her favourite thing to do, however the previous night she has remembered the feeling of power it gave her to make a man, her man, cum using her mouth. It had excited her. She pulled back until it fell from her mouth but it was so hard it stayed pointing up. She ran her tongue from the base of his shaft to the head and swirled it around, causing it to twitch and getting a long moan from her husband. She again took him in her mouth, this time wrapping her hand around it too. She proceeded to suck and tug him, tongue swirling as she went. She glanced up and saw his eyes open, staring at her in disbelief. His hand slowly moved and cupped her tit, his thumb and finger gently squeezing and twisting her nipple. Elizabeth groaned on his cock and she made a snap decision - still holding his cock, she climbed on the bed and stuck her pussy right in Stuart's face. She was practically dripping she was so wet. She resumed servicing his dick until she felt his tongue on her lips - probing her opening, tasting her. She lifted her head and moaned, loudly.

His hands took her by the hips and he buried his face in her snatch. He instantly went for her clit, his tongue and lips working their magic. She forgot all about his pleasure - she could vaguely feel pre-cum leaking on her hand as she slowly jerked him, pre-occupied by his mouth. She began bucking her hips backwards, encouraging him. She could feel her orgasm building but wanted something more. Turning around, Elizabeth looked down at her husband. His face was wet with her juices, again. His cock was rock hard and leaking all over her hand. She couldn't remember the last time they had fucked this much in a 24-hour period.

Putting some pillows under his head, she adjusted his dick and sank herself down onto it until it filled her completely. His eyes went wide, as they always did in this position. She took hold of the bedhead and began riding him, slowly, enjoying every sensation, eyes firmly closed. He took her nipple in his mouth, causing a groan. He then gently slapped her ass and gripped it, causing more groaning. Elizabeth began bucking harder, driving down with all her weight and then lifting up until he was almost out completely, then driving back down. She picked up her pace as he worked her nipple. She began moaning louder - her sensitive nipples always quickened her orgasm. She was really riding him now, seemingly trying to drive him through the bed to the floor. She was getting close and he knew it - he began thrusting upwards as she thrust down, going deeper inside her each time. He took his hands off her ass and held them in front of him - as she bounced up and down on his cock, her erect nipples ran across his soft palms, sending pleasure waves coursing through her body. All of a sudden, her eyes flew open and she stared at him, mouth wide, as she came. She kept riding him, her breathing very laboured, her moaning loud enough for the other rooms on the same floor of the hotel to hear.

Just as she began to slow down, he adjusted his hips slightly and took her nipple in his mouth again. Elizabeth was shocked as she felt another orgasm start - she had never cum twice like this before. She couldn't control herself and she yelled his name, picking up the pace again as his cock touched places it had never touched before. The look on her face was all it took and Stuart exploded inside his wife, filling her up while he gripped her hips like his life depended on it. They rode the wave together, slowing down but still thrusting, enjoy the feelings. Finally, Elizabeth collapsed on Stuart's chest, completely spent.

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Stuart was gobsmacked. He had experienced morning sex a lot with Elizabeth, but never like this. Out of all the things they had done together, his favourite position was still laying on his back, his wife riding him like a stallion until they came together. Elizabeth lay on his chest, panting. Her hair smelled amazing, her breath on his chest incredible. He never thought he could ever be as in love with a person as he was with his wife. He hugged her tightly, not wanting to let her go. However, they had kids at home and needed to get showered before checking out.

**Chapter 1**

Life has a way sometimes of making your head spin. Things can be going along nicely and then life does a 180 and you are headed down a completely different path. This is what happened to Stuart and Elizabeth soon after their night away. Both of their jobs got busier - Stuart's meant interstate travel, something he had done a lot in the past but not recently, and for Elizabeth it meant longer hours. This took a toll on their household more than could have imagined. With Stuart away so often and Elizabeth working such long hours, their kids needed someone with them when their parents couldn't be and so Elizabeth's mother moved in with them for a few months. They loved having her and appreciated all her help with the kids, but it meant their sex life took a nose dive as their house was too small to really be themselves with another adult living there. This went on for a few months - their only interludes being quick hand jobs in the shower or at midnight after Elizabeth got home, exhausted. It started to impact their relationship - there were more terse words, more angry exchanges - but there was not much they could do as they both needed to work.

Eventually, they caught a break - Stuart had been offered a trip overseas from his key supplier at work - he would fly out on the Wednesday and spend the Thursday in meetings but the supplier would also pay for Elizabeth to fly in and they were free to spend the Friday and weekend together. They got the time off work and decided to extend their stay - Elizabeth's mother was more than happy to see them go, she had picked up on the stress around the household lately and knew they needed it. It was also a signal that the massive deal Stuart had been working on was close to finishing and the amount of travel was about to reduce drastically.

Elizabeth knew how excited Stuart was to get away - ever since the news had come, he had been extra horny. He was groping her any chance he could get - in the kitchen, the laundry, the back yard. Two days after the trip had been confirmed, he accosted her in the garage, bending her over in the boot of their SUV, tearing her pants down and pounding her from behind. It had been so long, Elizabeth almost collapsed when her orgasm hit - her legs felt like jelly and her head was spinning. Stuart roared as he exploded inside her, rope after rope splashing against her walls. When he stopped and stood back, his juices leaked all down her legs. Inside, the kids were calling for them, asking where they were. Elizabeth quickly yanked her jeans up, feeling Stuart's seed spreading across her thighs and in her underwear. They had quickly straightened themselves up and went inside. If this was the type of reaction this trip was going to cause, it was going to be an amazing time.

**Chapter 2**

Stuart was stressed. He couldn't find his passport; he hadn't finished packing and Jayne was coming to pick them up in 30 minutes to take them to the airport. Elizabeth was her usual self - calm, collected and extremely organised. She had finished packing 2 days earlier and all her luggage had been sitting at the front door, mocking him every time he walked past. Shaking his head, he went to his office for the third time that morning to search for his passport. Just as he was on his hands and knees, looking under his desk, wondering how on earth it would have ended up there, Elizabeth walked into his office.

"Baby - what on earth are you doing?"

"I am looking for my god damn passport. I swear I had it in the filing cabinet but it's not there. If one of the kids have moved it..." he let his sentence trail off - why would the kids touch it?

"I packed our passports into the carry-on bag last week - I told you that!"

Stuart put his forehead on the floor, harder than he meant to. Taking 3 deep breaths, he stood up, rubbed his now throbbing head and walked over to his wife. He wrapped her in a massive hug and kissed her on the head.

"I can never understand how I coped before I met you."

Elizabeth pulled back slightly and looked up at him, a wry smile on her face. His heart leapt - even after 12 years together, she was still the most beautiful woman he had ever met. She reached up and pulled his head down, kissing his forehead gently. She raised his head back up and kissed him, passionately. Her left hand dropped down and fondled him through his shorts, breaking the kiss at the same time

"Finish packing and soon we will be in paradise with nothing to do but drink and FUCK!" she whispered into his ear, causing the hairs on his neck to stand up - as well as other body parts.

Soon enough, Jayne arrived to pick them up. After some tears from the kids, the car was loaded and they were off. Stuart sat in the back, allowing him to focus on some last-minute emails and phone calls he needed to finish and to allow the girls to chat. He had just finished up a call when he overheard Jayne.

"...the water looks amazing! Are you going to sneak off and get some action in the water like when we went camping? I remember seeing you and Corey in the river that day - it was so hot!"

Elizabeth shook her head, her face going red.

"I can't believe you watched us! Did I tell you he came to my tent later that night and we fucked 3 times? God, that bloke went all night. I could barely walk the next day!"

"Oh, I know - the whole camp-site heard you moaning and crying out his name" Jayne replied, a big smile on her face as she saw Elizabeth go a darker shade of red.

Stuart's attention was definitely peaked. He felt bad eavesdropping but at the same time, his mind was in overdrive. The only time he could remember hearing about Elizabeth going camping with Jayne was 12 years previously - she had left the day after their first date! Stuart and Elizabeth's first date was one of the greatest days of his life - after meeting on New Year's Eve, they had caught up two days later. Meeting up in the city, what had been planned as a lunch and a movie had turned into lunch, a movie, dinner and the night spent in each other's arms, barely sleeping. The next day, Stuart had gone home and Elizabeth had gone away for 4 days with Jayne and friends, camping on a river. She had not had cell reception where she was so their communication over the 4 days had been limited to when she headed into town, usually once a day. Now he was hearing that she had been with someone else at that time also?

He wasn't sure how he felt. A large part of him felt extremely turned on. A small but significant part of him felt pangs of jealously - that 4 days had been a key part of their relationship early on as they both agreed that, if Elizabeth hadn't gone away, they probably would have spent a week in bed and the relationship would have gone nowhere. Did she actually feel this way? And who was Corey? All these things were bouncing around in his head as they arrived at the airport. After collecting their luggage from the car and getting a bear hug each from Jayne, they were off to check-in. Stuart couldn't get what he overheard out of his head. Had they planned this? Was this another story like the night at the strippers - something neither Elizabeth or Jayne would confirm or deny happened still?

**Chapter 3**

When they finally made it through the lines to the check-in counter, there was a surprise. Stuart's client had upgraded their flights, meaning they had their own "cabin" in the plane. Considering they had a very long flight, this was very welcome. It also meant they were given access to the first-class lounge - a new experience for both of them. They checked in, got their boarding passes, navigated their way through security and finally ended up in the lounge. Stuart had been in airport lounges before, so he was prepared for the experience but even he was shocked at how nice it was. Big comfy couches and chairs and instead of the normal long tables and buffets of food, there was a restaurant with a fully stocked bar - it was a great way to spend the 2 hours wait for their flight to board. They headed to a table and ordered what would be the first of many drinks on this trip.

"Now this is the ONLY way we are travelling from now on!" Elizabeth said as she sipped her cocktail. She sighed and leant back in her chair, taking in the surroundings. Stuart chuckled - there was no way they could afford this unless they won the Lotto. A waitress and came and they ordered some nibbles - Stuart didn't like to eat a lot when flying and they were both too excited to be overly hungry. They sat in silence for a while, Elizabeth watching the other people in the lounge, Stuart watching Elizabeth. He was trying to work out if she knew he had heard the conversation in the car or not.

"I am going to take a walk around, stretch my legs a bit." Elizabeth stood from the table, downed the last of her cocktail and gave Stuart a deep, passionate kiss.

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Elizabeth was fascinated by the lounge. They had private shower rooms, a great view of the tarmac and all the planes, computers for accessing the internet and a designated electronics free area for people who just wanted to relax and read or just sit quietly. She stood at the window watching the planes for a while, just contemplating life. Their lives had been crazy busy lately - work, kids, her Mum living with them. She was so excited to get away and spend some time with the man of her dreams. It was going to be great to have a break from day to day life. She was lost in her thoughts and went to turn around but caught her foot on a chair behind her. Before she could regain her balance, she started falling. Two strong arms grabbed her and pulled her in close, preventing a fall.

She looked up into the face of a very attractive older man. Short dark hair, brushed with grey, intense but kind blue eyes, a tanned face with wrinkles near the eyes and mouth. He was looking at with concern. His hands gripped her arms tightly and had pulled her to his chest, holding her steady. She could feel his breath on her neck, his muscular arms around her and she felt a little light headed. The man stepped back and checked she was stable on her feet, then let her arms go. The spot where his hands had been on her arms were warm and tingly.

"Are you alright Miss?"

"Yes, thank you. My foot got caught." For some reason, Elizabeth didn't seem to be able to look him in the eye. She noticed she felt flush, a warm sensation seeming to run from her head to her toes.

"You are quite welcome. My name is Dominick." He offered his hand.

Elizabeth took his hand and shook it, feeling the rough skin and the tight grip. The warm sensation was not going away.

"Elizabeth. Can I buy you a drink to say thank you? My husband and I have a table near the bar."

"That's kind of you but there is no need. I couldn't stand by and let a beautiful lady fall over. Just doing my gentlemanly duty."

Elizabeth blushed and looked down, unsure how to respond. The warm sensation was not going away, if anything it was getting stronger. She realised he was still holding her hand. She dropped her hand to her side and looked up. He had a wry grin on his face. Elizabeth had a feeling this was not the first time he had caused this affect on a woman and that he was well aware of it.

"No please, I insist. It is the least I can do."

Dominick shrugged and motioned for her to lead the way. Elizabeth turned and headed back to the table where Stuart was typing away on his tablet, brow furrowed. He looked up as they approached and stood up.

"Stuart, this is Dominick. He saved my from falling over so I said we would buy him a drink."

Stuart reached out his hand and shook Dominick's. Elizabeth couldn't help but notice the differences between the two. Dominick was obviously in good shape - muscular, tanned, wearing a bright coloured, brand name polo top, shorts and sandals. Stuart was in good shape but not as muscular, nowhere near as tanned and was wearing a Captain America t-shirt, old faded jeans and a pair of sneakers. Elizabeth remembered the roughness of Dominick's hands and then thought about Stuart's - soft and smooth, definitely the hands of an office worker. The warm sensation wasn't going away as she looked at the two.

"What can I get you Dominick?" she asked, more to break her train of thought than anything else.

"Gin and tonic on ice with a wedge of lime please Elizabeth."

"Anything for you babe?" she turned to Stuart, who was looking at her with a quizzical look on his face.

"Just a beer for me baby, thanks."

Elizabeth walked over to the bar, aware of the heat radiating from her skin. Had Stuart picked up on something?

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Stuart offered Dominick a seat and sat back down in front of his tablet. He tapped the screen a couple of times and then laid it facedown on the table. He smiled at Dominick

"Apologies - work never seems to stop. Last minute crisis that only I can solve, apparently."

"Ahh yes, I know all about that." Dominick chuckled "What line of work are you in?"

"Telecommunications. I have been finalising a major deal with a new client and have to present to them tomorrow. Then Elizabeth and I have a week to ourselves in paradise. Cannot wait."

"That sounds fantastic. I am on sabbatical at the moment. I sold my company recently and have decided to spend the money wisely - alcohol and travel."

"What sort of company was it?" Stuart asked, genuinely interested. Dominick was probably only 7-10 years older than he was and seemed to be living the dream. Maybe he could learn a thing or two.

"IT Security. I built it from the ground up. Had it for 20 years and then an offer came I couldn't say no too. Best thing I ever did. Now I am on the board of a few companies and do some consulting work when I want too. But mostly I travel."

Elizabeth returned just then with their drinks. She had gotten herself another cocktail. Both men stood when she arrived at the table. They both waited until she had sat down before returning to their own seats.

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The guys talked business for another few minutes before Dominick turned the conversation to them. They talked about their boys, their respective jobs and the holiday they were about to go on. Dominick explained he was headed to the same destination. They were even staying at the same resort. The conversation flowed easily - Dominick was very engaging and personable - some of his travel stories were amazing and they all got lost in the conversation. Soon an announcement went over the loudspeaker that their plane was ready to start boarding. Stuart paid the tab and they all headed down to the gate together. They were all in First Class, Stuart and Elizabeth in a cabin at the back, Dominick in his own cabin right at the front of the plane. They boarded and said their goodbyes, all promising to try and catch up again at the resort.

**Chapter 4**

Stuart and Elizabeth boarded the plane and were very excited. The upgrade meant they had a first class cabin all to themselves - the table and couch in the room converted into a double bed, there was a sliding door that gave them complete privacy, they had a TV for watching movies, internet access - everything you could ask for on a long haul flight. The flight attendants took their baggage and stowed it for them. They settled into their seats and prepared for take-off. Stuart had his iPad out, working on his presentation. Elizabeth flicked through the entertainment options for a bit before deciding on a movie. The first few hours of the flight were mundane - Stuart was putting the final touches on his presentation, Elizabeth tried to watch a couple of movies but nothing held her attention for long. The flight attendant came around and offered them food and beverages. Elizabeth decided to have a drink and ordered a vodka and lemonade and some snacks. She laid her seat all the way back and tried to get comfortable.

After a couple of drinks though, she needed to go to the bathroom, so she got up and left their cabin. She walked around first class for a bit, stretching, just trying to pass the time. She made her way up to the front of the plane and went to the bathroom. When she had finished, she was making her way back to her seat when the door to a cabin at the front of the plane opened and Dominick emerged. He had changed into sweat pants and a t-shirt. As he stood up, Elizabeth was shocked to see the outline of his cock against his pants - he was obviously not wearing any underwear. She quickly looked away but felt the warm sensation from earlier returning. They made some small talk and Elizabeth made her way back to her seat. Stuart was still working when she came back. She sat down and sighed. She was still feeling very warm and could not make the feeling go away. She fidgeted in her seat for a bit, flipped through a magazine, attempted to watch a movie or two. Stuart looked over at her

"Baby, are you ok? You have not been able to sit still since you went to the bathroom."

"I am ok. Just a little restless. I can't wait to land and start to relax is all" she replied, sighing again.

Stuart put his iPad down and leant over to her. Taking her chin in his hand, he pulled her face to his and kissed her - softly, passionately, his tongue slowly running across her lips before pushing past and into her mouth, the tip brushing against hers. Elizabeth sighed, this time longer and out of satisfaction, not boredom. Stuart's hand went to the back of her neck and held her in place as their tongues danced. His other hand dropped to her chest and started to massage her breast, his thumb attempting to rub her nipple through her clothes. This drove Elizabeth wild - the action of his hand, the magic his tongue was working and the fact they were making out on a plane all combined to make the warm sensation she had been feeling amplify. She reached down and lifted the arm rest between their seats up and scooted closer to her husband. She dropped her hand to his lap and felt his cock through his pants - hard as iron as they continued to devour each other.

Stuart's hand left her neck and dropped to her bare thigh just below the leg of her shorts. His soft hand felt like it was on fire - the heat not helping her warm sensation any. He began gently stroking her thigh, all around her knee and then slowly sliding it up under her shorts. She shifted in her seat again and opened her legs, trying to give him access. His hand stopped just short of her crotch as he pressed his mouth against her harder, squeezing her tit as he did. He removed her hand from his dick and leant back, a sigh escaping his lips now. He smiled at her - a smile akin to a predator that is playing with its prey.

"Sorry baby but I need to finish this presentation. Do you want to order something to eat and drink?"

Elizabeth stared at him blankly. He had just kissed her with as much passion as he had ever shown, the warm sensation had now spread all over her body and she could feel her underwear sticking to her pussy, completely soaked. Her nipples were hard under her bra and she was shaking slightly due to be so turned on - and he was asking her if she wanted something to eat or drink!! She slammed the armrest back down and pressed the call button. When the flight attendant knocked on the door, Elizabeth wrenched it open and ordered the most expensive bottle of wine on the menu. When the flight attendant returned, she poured herself a glass and proceeded to drink it like water - the whole bottle was gone in less than an hour. She put on some trashy movie with lots of buff men without shirts, laid her seat back and completely ignored her husband.

Stuart finished his presentation and spent a little while browsing social media on his iPad. He knew what he had done to Elizabeth was cruel, but he also knew that he had turned on her on so much that it wouldn't take much for her to forgive him - and to maybe get a little mile high action. After she had finished her wine, he turned off his iPad and laid his seat back so they were both down and essentially in a double bed. Elizabeth had pulled a blanket over herself so Stuart slid himself closer to her, lifted it and snuggled up behind her. He placed his hand on her hip, only to have her shove it away and huff angrily, trying to move away from him as far as she could. He smiled, waited a moment then snuggled closer again, his hand rubbing the backs of her leg. He could see on the TV that the movie she was watching had her favourite eye candy actor, no shirt, currently ploughing some young blonde thing, the camera showing his naked butt and muscly back flexing as he pounded the girl into the mattress. He knew the movie - they had watched it numerous times at home and it always ended with them fucking each other silly.

He rubbed his hand on her arse, squeezing her cheeks as he did so. He ran his hand up and down her arm, tracing little patterns with his fingertips. Finally, he dropped his hand and grabbed her breast again, gently kneading it. He pushed his groin, his cock semi-erect again, into her arse and after a moment, he felt her push back ever so slightly and grind against him. Stuart smiled, knowing he had her right where he wanted her.

**Chapter 5**

Elizabeth was so turned on she couldn't think straight! The cocktails at the airport, Dominick's trouser snake, the make out session with Stuart and now her favourite scene in her favourite movie all had her so hot and bothered, she felt like she might melt. Now she had Stuart pressing his iron cock into her arse, his hands massaging her tit and his super soft lips leaving little kisses all over her shoulder. He moved his hand from her tit and placed it on her thigh, again snaking it up under her shorts. Elizabeth opened her legs, giving him access again. This time she wasn't disappointed as he lightly rubbed her pussy through her underwear, feeling how damp she was. He removed his hand and deftly undid the button and zip on her shorts - Elizabeth raised her hips and he slid them down her thighs, past her knees.

Once she was settled again, his hand was straight back on her pussy, massaging. Elizabeth moaned - she felt like there was lava between her legs. She rolled over onto her back and their mouths were instantly on each other again. Tongues whirling, Stuart slipped his fingers inside Elizabeth's panties and found exactly how wet she was. He slowly ran his fingers up and down her lips, causing an extremely loud and long moan to escape her into his mouth. Her hands flew to his shorts, rubbing his length. He shifted and broke their kiss, looking deep into her eyes.

"No, no - this is all about you, not me! You were the one who was bored!"

With that, his finger flicked her clit for the first time, causing her to arch her back in pleasure and moan again. He kissed her lips again and then started kissing down her body. He paused at her collarbone, tracing his tongue along the bone. He kissed her tits through her top, using his teeth to tease her nipples through the fabric. He kissed her stomach, little butterfly kisses all over. His fingers were still working magic in her underwear - he thrust two fingers into her sopping pussy and was pumping her while using his thumb on her clit. She could feel herself getting closer and closer to the peak - she happened to glance at the TV and saw a close up of her eye candy on screen, bare chested, sitting up on the bed and slamming himself into his blonde partner. That image combined with her husband's actions sent a pulse of pleasure through her body - she was very close now!

Stuart was shocked at how wet his wife was. His fingers were soaked in her juices as he plunged them into her, curling them, searching for her g-spot. His thumb was working on her clit, brushing it, alternating between soft and firm touches. He could tell she was very close - her breathing had quickened, her face was red and her thighs were tensed - all signs she was about to explode. He grabbed a pillow with his other hand and tossed it to her - she would alert the whole plane to their activities if she wasn't careful. He watched her clamp the pillow over her face and then took her clit in his mouth - pursing it between his lips and holding it there while the tip of his tongue flicked it. That was all she needed. Her thighs and her pussy both clamped down simultaneously. He kept the pressure on her clit but stopped flicking it, knowing how sensitive she was in this moment. However, his fingers kept working inside her, curling and plunging - made harder by how hard her muscles were contracting. Her hand that wasn't holding the pillow went to the back of his head and grabbed his hair, forcing his face into her. She bucked her hips against his face and fingers, riding the wave.

After what felt like an eternity, Elizabeth's orgasm finally subsided. She let go of Stuart's hair and felt like melting into the seat - she was exhausted and that had been huge. She hoped the pillow had muffled enough of her screams. Stuart still had his fingers inside her, slowly pumping away. As nice as it felt, she needed a rest. She grabbed his wrist and pushed his hand away. He sat back up on his seat and kissed her cheek, whispering in her ear "I hope that cured your boredom." She laughed and pushed him away. She reached for his cock and again he stopped her. Puzzled, she looked at him.

"I want to wait for my turn. I want you on the beach, in the water. I want to bury my cock in you and pound you while the people on the beach have no idea. I want the waves crashing against your back to drive me deeper inside you. I want people to see you cum while you ride me!"

Elizabeth was shocked - Stuart had never told her about any beach fantasy. Her thoughts drifted back to her conversation with Jayne in the car, about camping and Corey. Her body gave a shiver - that had been a crazy week.

Elizabeth had met Stuart on the Monday, which was New Year's Eve. They had met up again on the Wednesday and did the normal first date activities - lunch, a movie, dinner. When the date was coming to an end, she decided she didn't want to leave him yet so she invited him back to her place. They ended up fucking all night. The next day, Stuart had gone home and Elizabeth went camping with Jayne. It was an annual tradition for Jayne and a bunch of her friends - she had been asking Elizabeth every year for as long as she could remember and she finally gave in and said yes. She almost cancelled during her date with Stuart but decided against it. She drove the 3 hours to the riverside campsite and had met Jayne. The first day was spent drinking and lounging in the river - it was wonderful.

She spilled all the juicy details to Jayne about Stuart. Being out of cell reception meant that when they went into town on a supply run, everyone's phone would start to ding - messages, missed calls etc. On the second day, Elizabeth went into town and had a message from Stuart. He told her how much he enjoyed their date, how easy she was to talk too and that he couldn't wait to see her again when she got back. This made Elizabeth smile - she felt the same way. She had dated other guys, had relationships, been engaged but none of those men were as easy to be around as Stuart. They messaged for a little while and then she headed back to camp. When she got back - there was Corey.

**Chapter 6**

Corey was a friend of Jayne's; they had been friends since school. While they were not overly close, they had lots of friends in common so they ended up at a lot of the same parties and trips away. Having know Jayne for almost 10 years at this point, Elizabeth had met Corey a long time ago. Early on, they had been drawn to each other. Corey was a couple of years older than Elizabeth and seemed to just draw her in. Their first "encounter" had been at a party - both drunk, they had spent a lot of the night talking and flirting and had ended up making out in Corey's car. After that, each time they saw each other, they ended up getting physical. Elizabeth remembered the time she had given him a blowjob out the back of the hall where Jayne had her 21st birthday party. At Elizabeth's 21st, Corey had shown up late, drove Elizabeth home and they had fucked in the back seat of his car.

Whenever she was in between relationships, Corey always seemed to appear and then invariably ended up getting together. Part of her wondered if Jayne was doing it on purpose. Part of her didn't care because the guy was a stud in bed. The things he did to her, the way he made her feel was like none other. He touched places in her that no one before had ever touched. He was a confirmed bachelor however - never wanting to be tied down. Elizabeth was happy for that though, as she could never imagine herself in a relationship with him.

When they arrived back at camp, Corey was sitting in Elizabeth's camping chair, lazily sipping on a beer. Jayne ran over and said hello and gave him a hug - Elizabeth watched as he patted her on the arse, his eyes never leaving Elizabeth's. He strolled over to her and said hello, kissing her gently on the cheek, brushing his hand along her bare arm as he did. Elizabeth shuddered involuntarily, her whole body going warm. The whole group cooked lunch on the fire and then decided to go swimming in the river. The whole group, all 15 people, were swimming around. Eskys on the riverbank held everyone's drinks and everybody was having a good time. A few of them had pool toys to float on and at one stage, Elizabeth and Jayne were floating on one each, talking and drinking. Some of the guys were wrestling, dunking each other under the water - just being goofy.

All of a sudden, Elizabeth's pool toy was tipped on its side, sending her crashing into the water. The suddenness of it and the amount of alcohol she had consumed made her struggle to get to the surface. Two strong hands appeared on her hips and she was hoisted above the surface. When she finally stopped coughing and could open her eyes, she realised it was Corey holding her up. He smiled and pulled her closer, leaning back in the water slightly until her legs were around his hips. He put both his hands on her arse and pulled her closer, squeezing her cheeks. Elizabeth glared at him but as soon as he smirked at her, she couldn't resist him. He leant in and they started kissing, tongues going crazy.

The rest of the group kept swimming but Corey led her to the bank and out of the water. He took her hand and they walked a few meters into the bush before he pushed her against a tree and kissed her again, HARD. He ground his cock into her belly, groaning into her mouth as he did so. His hands were all over her tits, trying to get them out of her top. He finally succeeded and dropped his head, taking her nipple in his mouth. She held the back of his head in place as his tongue worked her sensitive nubs. His hands found the waistband of her shorts and worked inside - even after swimming, Elizabeth knew she was wet for a whole different reason. As he slid his hand over her mound, he gently bit her nipple, sending a wave of pleasure through her. Then his finger found her clit and went to work. She reached down and rubbed his cock through his shorts - she wanted to make him cum because he was certainly about to do that to her.

They continued in this way - Corey sucking on her nipples and fingering her, Elizabeth working his impressive length. She leant down and told him she was getting close and all of a sudden, he stopped. He stood back spun her around away from the tree and stood behind her. His left hand went to her left tit, squeezing, massaging the nipple. His right hand went back in her shorts, straight back to her clit. He crouched slightly and started rubbing his dick into her arse cheek. As he did this, he whispered in her ear.

"I am gonna make you cum, in front of everyone. Look at them, just over there. Do you think they see you? Do you think they see you with your tits out, getting fingerbanged on the side of the river? Do you want them to watch you cum?"

Elizabeth had never been so turned on. She had never been one for exhibitionism. She had sex with guys while other people were in the house or in the next room, but never out in the open where everyone could see! The closest she had come was giving a guy a blowjob in an alleyway, but that was after midnight and it was pitch black. Here she was, the middle of a hot summer afternoon, 15 people a stone throw away and she felt like she was about to explode! Corey kissed her shoulder one last time and she orgasmed, her legs going to jelly, her stomach clenched, trying to hold herself upright as she stared at her friends mere meters away. Corey took her weight, holding her in position while she finished. After a few moments, she composed herself and got dressed. Corey kissed her again and said "I will see you tonight, buttercup" and walked back to the river, adjusting his erection as he went.

All Elizabeth could think about the rest of the day was Corey and what had happened. She felt flush the rest of the day and kind of nervous. She knew he would come to her tent that night and she wasn't sure how she felt about that. The group had some dinner, some more drinks and finally everyone started heading off to their tents for sleep. Elizabeth said goodnight when Jayne, Corey and 3 others were still around the fire. She stripped down to her bra and underwear and climbed into her sleeping bag, not zipping it up as it was still quite warm. She laid there for what felt like hours, slowly drifting off until she heard the zip to her tent being cautiously opened. She saw it was Corey and closed her eyes, pretending to sleep but shaking in anticipation. Corey came in the tent and closed the opening behind him. She heard some rustling then felt him climb under the sleeping bag with her. He spooned her, his cock already erect and pushing into her arse. His hands went to work quickly, undoing her bra and sliding underneath to once again feel her generous tits. He began grinding into her, slowly but gradually increasing his pace. He slipped her underwear down and she lifted her hips to allow them to be removed - they both knew she was faking being asleep and she needed him badly.

Once her underwear was off, Corey lifted her top leg, opening her wide. He took his cock and rubbed it at her entrance, causing her to moan. He then shifted his hips, plunging all the way in first try. Elizabeth had not recovered from her earlier orgasm - she had been soaked all day, so he slid right in. She cried out - his cock was so long. He began pumping her - this time was all about him. She slammed her from behind, gaining pace as he got closer. She felt his cock get thicker, a sure sign he was about to cum and this drove her over the edge. She cried out as her second orgasm of the day hit her, just as Corey exploded inside her, filling her with a warm sensation. He kept pounding her until finally, he dropped her leg and rolled back, exhausted. Elizabeth felt him leaking out of her and didn't care - what had just happened was raw, animalistic even. She laid there, on her side, panting - his cum oozing out across her thighs. They fell asleep that way, spooning.

During the night, they had fucked again twice - once when Elizabeth woke, looked over and in the dim light saw his naked body, cock pointing towards her, resting on his leg. She wanked him until he woke up and she fucked him, riding him until she came. The third time was just before dawn - this time he woke her, and he fucked her doggy style and this time came on her back. They slept again and awoke mid-morning. Everyone was already awake and in the river. They quickly showered and cleaned up and when Jayne asked if anyone wanted to go into town for supplies, Elizabeth volunteered. She drove into town, feeling very sore but on top of the world. When she came in range, her phone starting pinging.

Once she stopped, she looked at the messages. Stuart had been texting her all night, apparently while out drinking with some mates. The messages started off sweet, telling her ideas he had for their next date. Then there was a video message - two of Stuart's mates had taken his phone and recorded a funny but vulgar message for her, serenading her to the tune of a popular song, changing the name to hers. At the end of the message, Stuart appeared and apologised. Finally, there was another message, apologising again and explaining his mates had gotten annoyed with him as all he had spoken about was her all night. Her heart sank - here was this great guy - a guy who, if she was really honest with herself, she could probably see a future with, and while he was talking about her non-stop to his mates, she was getting fucked like an animal by someone she never really thought about other than when she saw him. What was she going to do? Did she just want the sex with Corey or did she really believe there was something there with Stuart, who also happened to be absolutely incredible in bed and if so, what did that mean for the rest of the trip?

She went and grabbed the supplies and a hot chocolate, sitting in the café thinking. Finally, while looking at the ideas Stuart had for their second date, she made up her mind. She messaged Stuart back, telling him she couldn't wait to see him and that his ideas sounded great but as long as the date ended up in bed with him, she would be happy. She snuck into the bathroom and took a photo of her tits, telling him she longed to have his mouth on them again. She left town smiling, knowing she had made the right decision. When she got back to camp, she took Corey aside and told him that the night before was great, but that she was seeing someone back home and it couldn't happen again.

**Chapter 7**

Elizabeth looked over at Stuart. He had his eyemask on, sleeping. They were about halfway through the flight. She thought about how she felt when she had made the decision that day. She thought about how her life had changed because of it - a wonderful husband, two fantastic kids, a life she never would have dreamed of. She did feel guilty for not telling Stuart about Corey, but the jealousy he had shown early on in their relationship about her past reinforced the fact she had made the right decision. She turned off the TV and snuggled up behind him. As she wrapped her hand around his chest, he took her hand and kissed it. Elizabeth knew one thing - she was going to make this holiday the best he ever had! They fell asleep together.

After waking up and having some breakfast, they prepared for landing. Once the plane landed, the flight attendants got them their bags and thanked them for flying with them. As they collected their baggage from the carousel, they bumped into Dominick again. He mentioned he was going to get a cab to the resort, but Stuart insisted he accompany them in the town car his client had organised for him and Elizabeth. They made their way over to the driver holding a sign with their name on it. He took their bags, loaded up the car. Due to the extra passenger and his baggage, the three of them had to squeeze into the backseat. Elizabeth sat in between the two men, trying as hard as she could to lean into Stuart and not Dominick. The driver was a friendly local, very chatty. He told them all about the island, how many people lived there, the best places to visit. The island was small but due to local traffic, the drive took longer than any of them would have guessed. As they all chatted, Elizabeth was keenly aware of her proximity to Dominick. Even though he had changed out of his sweat pants and back into a polo shirt and shorts combination, she couldn't help but glance at his crotch every so often, remembering what she had seen on the plane. Her body had the warm sensation again and Stuart wasn't helping by resting his hand on her knee and running his hand up and down her thigh. Her mind started wandering.

Dominick's hand was on one leg, Stuart's on the other. They both started rubbing her legs, starting at the knee and working higher up her leg. Stuart leaned over and started kissing her neck, just below her ear. Dominick shifted in his seat, turning slightly toward her. He placed his left arm on the back of the seat and placed his right hand on her knee, resuming the rubbing. As Stuart continued to kiss, and nibble, her neck, Dominick's hand started working higher, under her shorts leg. His smell was intoxicating as he leant into her. She felt herself opening her legs, allowing him more freedom to move his hand. Stuart meanwhile had his hand down her top, playing with her tit, still kissing her neck. Elizabeth gasped as Dominick's hand touched the front of her underwear, rubbing softly. She turned her head to look at him and found him staring at her intently. His eyes felt like they were looking into her soul. They were so blue, so dreamy. He continued to stare at her as his fingers pushed her underwear to the side and his bare fingers touched her pussy lips, rubbing the wetness up and down. Elizabeth's breathing was starting to become laboured. She felt him spread her lips slightly and start to finger her entrance, placing just the tip of his finger in and withdrawing it again. Each time he entered her again, his finger went deeper and deeper. The rough skin felt amazing on her soft insides.

He increased his pace and then added a second finger. Elizabeth threw her head back in ecstasy - the feeling of Dominick's fingers and Stuart's lips on her at the same time was incredible. Stuart had worked his way into the cup of her bra - fingers working on her nipples. His lips were all over her neck and cheek. He took her left hand and drew it to his lap, placing it on his cock. It was hard as rock and throbbing. She began to rub it through his pants, causing her husband to groan in her ear. She made a snap decision and dropped her right hand into Dominick's lap. She was shocked to find his cock was already out of his shorts. He looked over and watched it throb as it pointed at the roof of the car. The head was a deep purple, some pre-cum leaking from the opening. She slowly raised her hand and wrapped her fingers around it, shocked at the sheer girth. Dominick moaned, plunging his fingers as deep as the angle would allow. He then used this thumb to flick her clit.

Elizabeth jumped like she had been electrocuted. She looked around, confused. Stuart had his iPad out and was typing away. Dominick was looking out the window, admiring the scenery. The driver had his window down, talking to another driver in the car beside them. Realising she had been day-dreaming, Elizabeth sat up a bit straighter - her panties were soaked and the warm sensation was stronger than ever. The driver finished his conversation and the car started moving again. They turned a few more corners and then they arrived at the resort. They pulled into the driveway and the concierge came and opened the door for them. They took their bags from the driver and walked into the lobby. Stuart shook Dominick's hand and told him to look for them at the bar over the next few days and that he would love to have a beer. Dominick agreed and turned to Elizabeth. He leant forward and his lips brushed her cheek. He said it was lovely to meet them and he would buy them that drink to say thanks for the lift. As he walked away, there was a shriek from behind them

"LIZZIE!!"