**The Trip Pt. 02**

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**Chapter 1**

Elizabeth spun around quickly. She knew that voice -- the only person who had ever called her Lizzie...

"HOLLY!? Oh my god! Holly, what are you doing here?"

Elizabeth dropped her bags at Stuart's feet and rushed across the lobby. She wrapped her arms around a woman Stuart had never seen before and they hopped around on the spot, hugging and laughing. Stuart moved the bags out of the way of other guests and finished checking in. He could hear his wife laughing, bringing a big grin to his face. He gave his bags to the clerk to be sent to their room and made his way over to where his wife was standing -- grinning from ear to ear.

"Babe, come here. This is Holly! She is an old friend who I haven't seen in about 15 years."

Stuart extended his hand "Nice to meet you Holly, I'm Stu..."

He barely got the words out before his hand was pushed aside and Holly wrapped her arms around him, pulling his head down and planting a big wet kiss on his lips. Stuart tried to pull back but she held him in place a while longer, her hand sliding down his back and squeezing his arse cheeks. Stuart jumped in shock.

"Wow, aren't you a sexy one! You did well for yourself Lizzie!"

Stuart was gob smacked -- he looked over at his wife who seemed to be taking great pleasure in his discomfort. She was shaking her head and laughing.

"Holly, this is my husband, Stuart. Stuart -- this is Holly. Holly used to live with Jayne -- we would all go out together back in the day. What on earth are you doing here Hol?"

"Well when I left home, I kind of bounced around a few places and ended up here about 4 years ago. I love it -- beautiful beaches, a great job, meeting new people every few days -- it's perfect."

"What do you do here?" Stuart inquired, still not quite recovered from the shock

"I am the hotel's 'guest liaison'. Basically, I talk to all the guests when they arrive, answer questions, give them recommendations on activities and sights around the island. I can also organize day trips, access to local museums, that sort of stuff."

Stuart had never heard of a "guest liaison" before but from how she explained it, he could see why Holly was the perfect fit. She was extremely attractive. Long hair, long legs, big breasts -- everything you could want to be greeted by. Add to that she was wearing a see-through sarong over what looked to be a bikini top and the shortest shorts he had ever seen and he had little wonder how she got the job.

"So, what are you guys doing here!? How long are you here for?" Holly was asking, bringing Stuart's attention back to her face

"Stuart has a big presentation here tomorrow -- meeting with some big CEO from the US who could only meet here. So they paid for us to stay and we decided to extend our trip. We are here for a week!"

"Wow...lucky you! I am so happy to see you. What are you up to tonight? I would love to take you guys out, show you some of the nightlife around here AAANNDDDD get to know this hunk of a man who has obviously swept Lizzie here off her feet." The way she drew out the word 'and' gave Stuart the impression he was in for a very thorough grilling

Elizabeth looked over at Stuart. He could see conflicting emotions on her face. She was exhausted from the flight (and the extra-curricular activities on said flight) but she was super keen to go out with her friend who she hadn't seen in years. She also knew he had a lot of work to do before tomorrow and how important his meeting was.

"I have to finish preparing for tomorrow -- I didn't get as much done on the flight as I was planning too." Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Elizabeth blush. "Why don't you girls go out and have some fun and then after tomorrow, we can all catch up together? You can ask me all the questions you like over dinner while we celebrate my successful meeting!"

"What room are you staying in? I will call up when I am ready to go."

Stuart looked down at the card the concierge had given him "It just says 9E. Isn't there usually a room number?"

"Wowee, someone is special. 9E is the penthouse suite in the east building. You really have lucked out Lizzie -- sexy and well connected. I wonder what other things about him can be described as "well?" Holly made finger quotes with her hands while saying that, her eyes roaming all over Stuart. He felt a stir in his pants at the look she was giving him -- something about this woman screamed predator and he wasn't sure if he was scared or aroused.

"Well I better get back to work. There are a few special guests here at the moment so I need to keep them happy. Lizzie, I will get a message sent to your room when I am ready to go. Make sure you dress appropriately -- we are getting jiggy with it tonight!" She leaned in and kissed Elizabeth on the cheek, all the while staring directly at Stuart. As she walked away, Stuart couldn't help but admire her arse, swaying in the breeze as she sauntered off.

"Enjoying the view?" Elizabeth chided him, smiling. They took each other's hand and headed off, following the signs towards their room.

**Chapter 2**

After a short elevator ride, the doors opened into a small entrance lobby. Directly in front of them were large wooden double doors, already open to their room. The view from the lobby was amazing. Directly opposite the entry doors was the balcony and beyond it, blue ocean as far as the eye could see. They made their way into the room and were speechless. The size of a large studio apartment, the room had a full-size kitchen, a large lounge area with a flat screen TV, recliners and a long, comfy looking couch. Off the main area was a large bedroom, bigger than their bedroom at home, with a king-sized bed, an ensuite with a massive shower complete with rainfall shower head and a large 2-person spa bath. Out on the balcony, there was a 4-person jacuzzi, large table and chairs for dining and egg-shaped chairs hung from the ceiling. Elizabeth couldn't contain her excitement. She ran from room to room, calling out all the things she found to Stuart as he stood on the balcony overlooking the rest of the hotel. There were 3 other buildings, all the same size as the one they were in. As Stuart looked around, he noticed movement in the building off to the right. About 2 floors down from the penthouse, Dominick was on his balcony, shirt off, beer in hand. He waved to Stuart as he sat down and took a swig of his beer. Stuart waved back. He was looking forward to catching up with him for a beer or two -- he was an interesting guy and they had hit it off well at the airport and in the car ride to the hotel.

Elizabeth came up behind Stuart as he leaned on the balcony rail, overlooking the pool area. She wrapped her arms around his chest and squeezed tightly, kissing his back through his shirt. She felt him wrap his hands around hers and sigh.

"What's wrong Babe? Why the big sigh?"

"Nothing at all. I couldn't be happier right now. I am just worried about the presentation. I know everyone has been saying they wouldn't fly me all the way here just to shoot my proposal down, but the guy I am meeting with has a reputation for being...shall we say, crazy! I have heard stories of his antics in meetings and I am just concerned. I would hate for the presentation to go awry and for it to affect the rest of our trip."

Elizabeth squeezed him again, tighter this time. She could feel the stress in him. She thought she knew what might help. She let go of him and spun him around by the shoulders. Once he was facing her, she pulled his face down to hers and kissed him, her tongue finding his instantly. As they kissed, she dropped her hand down and started to fondle him through his shorts. As she felt him start to grow, she unzipped his shorts and put her hand inside, feeling his length straining against his underwear. She continued to rub it, feeling a wet patch growing. Stuart groaned in her mouth, his hands moving to her breasts, massaging them through her top. Elizabeth used both her hands to undo his shorts and drop them, then followed with his boxers. His cock sprang free, pointing straight up in the air. Elizabeth broke their kiss and smirked at him, slowly bending at the knees. A sharp intake of breath from Stuart showed his surprise.

Stuart looked around nervously. Here he was, naked from the waist down, bare butt leaning against the balcony railing while his wife slowly sunk down in front of him. He turned his head, trying to see if Dominick was still on his balcony -- the angle of the viewpoint would show quite clearly what was happening. Before he could actually see, he felt his beautiful wife's warm mouth envelop the head of his dick and all logical thought was forgotten. Her tongue ran around the head, slowly and gently, causing his legs to shake slightly. Her hand wrapped around the base of his shaft and slowly pumped him. Her mouth increased the pressure, sucking harder and harder until her cheeks hollowed and Stuart was about to collapse. She relented and leaned back while she kept pumping. Tongue out, she bobbed her head down again, sloppily licking around the head, her hand pumping harder, adding a twisting motion. She continued to lick and pump, Stuart's dick leaking more and more. Stuart looked down at her just as she took his cock back into her mouth, this time her head bobbing up and down, taking more and more into her mouth on the downward motion. Her hand dropped to his balls, rolling them around in her palm, gently squeezing them, tenderly stroking. Her head movements picked up pace, her mouth sucking like a vacuum cleaner. Stuart's hand dropped to her head, gently guiding her movements, trying to get more of his cock into her mouth. He felt the pressure building in his balls.

Elizabeth felt his cock widen, a telltale sign he was about to cum. She raised her eyes and looked at him -- eyes closed, mouth open, breathing heavy. She squeezed his balls, gaining his attention. As he looked down and saw her staring into his eyes, he moaned louder and she knew that was the signal. Quick as a flash, she pulled the front of her top down, exposing her cleavage. She pulled him from her mouth and, without breaking eye contact, pumped him faster, pointing his cock at her tits. She smiled just as he began to quiver and he unleashed a torrent of cum. Shot after shot poured out of him, coating her neck, dripping between her tits. Finally, legs shaking enough that he had to grab the railing behind him with both hands to steady himself, he finished. Not taking her eyes off him, Elizabeth took his cock back into her mouth and sucked it, causing his legs to shake even more. He quickly pushed her head away, laughing shakily as the sensations became too much for him. He collapsed onto the floor next to her, pulling her in for a cuddle. They sat there on the balcony for a while, not talking, just enjoying the post BJ bliss. Finally, Elizabeth said she had to get up because she was covered in cum and it was starting to dry. Once she was back in the room, Stuart stood up and looked around. He couldn't see anybody else in the other rooms, but noticed that Dominick's beer was still sitting on the table next to the chair, the door to his room open and the curtains swaying in the breeze.

**Chapter 3**

Stuart was sitting at the desk in the bedroom, typing away on his laptop. He had almost finished the presentation he was working on for his big meeting tomorrow, then he just had to go over his talking points. He was in for a long night. It was already starting to get dark outside but the temperature was still hovering around 27c Celsius. After their escapades on the balcony, Elizabeth had gone into the nearest town, looking for something to wear that night. Her reasoning was that she hadn't expected to go dancing while they were away so she had not packed appropriate footwear or clothing. Stuart felt like it was an excuse to buy some new clothes, but he didn't mind as she had always put herself last after him and the kids and so why shouldn't she spoil herself sometimes. He had just gone to the kitchen to grab himself a beer when the elevator dinged outside the room. He heard some rustling outside and went to investigate. Once he opened the door, he found his beautiful wife struggling to hold all her shopping bags and open the door at the same time.

"Oh, thanks Babe. I think I got a little carried away at the shops. Everything here is so cheap!"

She dumped some in the loungeroom and took the rest to the bedroom. He followed and found her laying different outfits out on the bed, arranging them this way and that, trying to find the best match. He walked over and took a look at her haul. He saw lots of dresses, some long, most short, some skirts, tops, even some underwear. He took special notice of a couple of matching bra and panties sets -- one light blue, another red and black. Both were very lacy and the panties almost g-strings. He smiled as she snatched them from him, "Leave them alone, perv" she scolded him, grinning. Stuart kissed her on the cheek and went back to work, drinking his beer as he did so.

Stuart was fixated on his work, barely aware of what Elizabeth was up to. He heard her moving around the room -- in the kitchen, talking on the phone to someone, in the shower, but his mind was focused so much on his work he didn't realize she was about to leave until she stood in the doorway to the bedroom and coughed. Turning his head, his jaw dropped -- she looked stunning. Elizabeth had straightened her hair, leaving it flowing down over her shoulders. She was wearing a purple top, sleeveless and showing lots of cleavage. She had a black skirt on that ended just above her knees and had a small slit up the thigh on the left-hand side. She was wearing strappy shoes with a chunky base, adding about 2 inches to her height. She twirled in a circle, allowing him to take in the whole view. His eyes locked onto her rear -- the skirt was tight and it accentuated her amazing butt well. He also noted there wasn't a hint of visible panty line, causing a stir in his gut at the thought of her going commando. He rose from his seat and rushed towards her, only to be stopped in his tracks by her hand on his chest.

"Sorry Babe, I don't wear makeup often and I don't want to have to reapply it."

Stuart looked at her and noticed she had applied some eyeliner and a pinkish lipstick. Now he was really turned on. Elizabeth was right -- she never wore makeup. He didn't believe she needed it and with her sensitive skin, it never really occurred to her to wear. But now he saw it on her, he was blown away. The eyeliner highlighted her amazing eyes even more -- a mixture between green and blue with little flecks of brown, they were one of the first things he had fallen in love with. Her wonderful lips -- very recently seen wrapped around his cock -- were shiny and a deeper shade of pink than normal.

"Wow...I don't know what to say. You don't go to this much effort for me!" he pouted, bottom lip dropping comically low as he tried not to smile.

"Excuse me? If that's true, who the hell did I blow on the balcony about 6 hours ago? Whose spunk was I cleaning off my neck and tits in the shower 5 hours ago? Don't you start with me mister!"

Elizabeth smacked him in the stomach, eliciting a fake groan from him and causing him to double over in mock pain. She shook her head and went to walk away, but as she turned, he grabbed her hips and pulled her towards him. She felt him grinding into her, the shoes meaning his cock was rubbing against her arse instead of her lower back as usual. He slid his hands up her sides, resting them on the outside of her breasts, gently pushing them together to emphasize her cleavage.

"Looking like this, you will be getting plenty of offers for someone else's jizz to be on your tits. You look fucking AMAZING!" He dropped his lips to her shoulder as he said this, trailing light kisses all over her shoulder and the tattoo there. Elizabeth shivered, the sensation causing her skin to break out in goosebumps. She felt his hands drop down and grab her rear, one hand rubbing across it. He put his mouth to her ear.

"Damn, I thought you were going commando. Still, you know what a g-string does to me. How am I supposed to concentrate on work after this, knowing you are out there looking like this? I can just imagine how many guys are going to be hanging around, offering to buy you drinks, asking you to dance."

Elizabeth stepped away from his grip and walked to the kitchen to grab her clutch. She turned back to him "They can offer all they want. I am going out to catch up with a dear friend I haven't seen in years." She stepped back toward him. "Plus, I am certain none of them could give me what you do." She groped his crotch as she said this, rubbing gently. She reached up and kissed him gently, trying not to smudge her lipstick. She turned and walked out the door, telling him not to wait up as she left. Stuart watched her leave, incredibly turned on. He went to the kitchen to grab another beer. As he heard the elevator doors ding, there was a quick knock on the door. He opened it to find the lobby empty. He looked outside the door and saw nothing. Confused, he was just about to shut the door when something caught his eye. On the outside door handle of the door was a piece of blue cloth. It was a light blue g-string.

**Chapter 4**

Elizabeth met Holly in reception. Holly walked in looking like a million dollars. Her long hair was cascading down her back, almost reaching her butt. She was wearing the shortest dress Elizabeth had ever seen -- off the shoulder, it was barely longer than her hair. The look was completed with stilettos. Her skin glowed -- the sun obviously agreed with Holly. Holly wolf whistled when she saw Elizabeth.

"Lizzie!! Look at you! Fuck you're sexy. We are going to be drinking for free tonight with you looking like that."

The hailed a cab and climbed in. It was late but the area around the hotel was still buzzing. People were out walking, others drinking in the bars around the hotel. The beach was packed, people swimming in the dark, occasionally lit up by the lights from the hotel and surrounding businesses. Holly told the cab driver where they were headed and they settled in. They asked each other about a million questions -- all the usual ones when you haven't seen someone in a long time. They reminisced about the past -- all the crazy stuff they got up to with Jayne when they were younger. They were laughing so hard that Elizabeth's sides were hurting when they finally arrived at their destination. Holly paid the cab driver and they hopped out. They were standing out the front of a club, a bouncer at the door on a stool behind a rope that stretched down the front of the building. There were probably 20 people lined up to go in -- mostly locals but some tourists too.

Elizabeth started to walk to the end of the line until Holly took her arm and led her to the bouncer. His face broke out into a massive grin, bright white teeth lighting up his dark face. He stood up and Elizabeth was shocked. Stuart was tall, around 6'3" but this guy would make him look tiny. He removed the rope from the pole and allowed them through, hugging Holly and delicately shaking Elizabeth's hand. Her tiny hand was completely enveloped by his, making it look like she had lost her hand at the wrist. He opened the door and they were met by the deep bass of a dance song Elizabeth recognized. She was getting excited -- as an almost 40-year-old mother of two, she didn't get to go out dancing too often now. Usually it was only at weddings, or on the vary rare occasions her and Stuart had a weekend to themselves and went out. Holly led her past the bar, saying hello to a never-ending stream of people. They went up some stairs at the side of the bar, past another massive bouncer who kissed Holly on the cheek and thoroughly checked out Elizabeth as she walked past, smiling and nodding his approval. They ended up in a much quieter section of the venue -- couches arranged around low tables, buckets of ice in the middle, waiting for drinks. The women sat down and looked out over the crowd below them. The dance floor was packed with people, the bar staff frantically trying to keep up with the drink orders coming in and the DJ was on stage bouncing around, amping the crowd up. A waitress arrived with a tray of drinks and placed it on the table. She leaned over and kissed Holly -- not on the cheek but fully on the lips, their lips parting and tongues darting in and out. Elizabeth smiled and took a drink, unsurprised. Holly had always been bi-sexual.

Elizabeth remembered the first time Jayne had introduced them. They had all met up at a club, before Holly and Jayne had moved in together. Elizabeth had leaned in to give Holly a hug and Holly had kissed her, much like she was kissing the waitress now. Elizabeth had been shocked at her response. Rather than recoil or withdraw, she had enjoyed it, even been a little turned on by it. Jayne had laughed loudly at the look on her face when the kiss ended. They had spent a good 3 years going out every weekend together, made easier by Jayne and Holly living together. Friday nights was the local pub after work. Saturday they would lounge around the house before getting ready and heading out again, usually to a nightclub. A lot of times they would all end up back at the house with a partner. Those nights usually ended with Jayne and Holly in their rooms and Elizabeth on the couch in the lounge room. There had been some awkward mornings, when all three of them had to try and say goodbye to whoever they had taken home. They had enjoyed their early 20s as much as they could, before one day Holly told them she had decided to travel. She left a few weeks later and they fell out of contact. Elizabeth and Jayne had looked for her on Facebook, Instagram etc. but could never find her. The waitress left and they had some drinks, listening to the music and catching up some more. Eventually, Elizabeth stood up and grabbed Holly's hand, practically dragging her down the stairs to the dance floor.

The dance floor was even crazier than it looked from upstairs. They pushed their way through the crowd and found a spot and started dancing. The DJ was intermixing old school hits with newer tracks or dance remixes of the old stuff. Each time a new song came on they recognized, the girls would cheer. Elizabeth felt like she was 22 again! She had hiked her skirt up slightly to give her a little more freedom, ignoring the fact she was showing off so much leg. Her and Holly danced up a storm, reliving their younger days. Elizabeth watched Holly grind with anyone who was close enough and soon enough they had drawn a crowd, men and women. The large group was having a blast, enjoying themselves. After a while, Elizabeth wanted a drink so they headed back to their seats upstairs. They took a bunch of people with them and continued the party upstairs. Elizabeth was shocked to find Dominick upstairs -- apparently Holly had grabbed him on the way up and dragged him along. Elizabeth couldn't help but notice him. Wearing a tight fitting shirt and dark pants, he looked amazing in the lights of the club. They had a drink or two together and then some of the guys in the group moved the couches around the some of the girls, including Holly, started dancing on the table. Drinks were flowing and everyone was getting on well.

Elizabeth found herself dancing with a guy at one stage, tall and somewhat handsome. She had her back to him, keeping a respectful distance from him. He was a total gentleman, keeping his hands to himself and just appreciating her company. Elizabeth was watching Holly on the table, kissing a guy and a girl, when she felt hands roughly grabbing her hips and dragging her backwards. She stumbled until she backed into someone, almost losing her feet. Before she could turn around to say something, the hands moved around and grabbed her breasts, kneading them crudely. She moved the hands and tried to step away, only to be grabbed again and dragged backwards. She felt something poking her in the back and wrenched herself forward, this time actually stumbling into someone. They caught her and helped her steady herself. She turned around, ready to yell at her dance partner but found was someone else entirely.

She found herself looking at a huge slab of a man. He looked at her, leering, his crooked yellowed teeth bared. He was solid but not muscular -- maybe he had been at one time but he had certainly let himself go.

"Keep your hands to yourself, pig! Don't touch me again."

She turned to walk away but he grabbed her arm and dragged her close. She could smell whiskey and cigarettes on his breath, almost causing her to retch. He garbled something in a language she did not recognize, pointing to Holly and then her. He leaned his face forward, closing his eyes as he did so. Elizabeth pulled her free hand back and slapped him across the face, stinging her hand. His eyes flew open and his bright white cheek went instantly pink, little lines of red starting to appear. He roared and shoved her away, sending her flying across the room before slamming into the table, rocking it. Holly and her new friends almost tumbled off, just balancing themselves at the last minute. Elizabeth struggled to stand up, the alcohol and the pain in the back of her knees from the table making it difficult. A few people came to her aid, while others backed right away, not keen to get in between her and the yelling hulk, who was screaming so much that spit was flying.

He advanced toward Elizabeth, rubbing his cheek as he went. Suddenly, someone stepped in between them. Elizabeth couldn't tell what was going on, but she heard another person yelling in a language that sounded like the hulk's and Holly screaming obscenities from the table above her. Getting to her feet, she saw Dominick standing in front of the hulk, whose whole face was now red as he was yelling so loudly. He was gesticulating wildly with his hands, all the while staring daggers at Elizabeth. Dominick replied to his words, calmly and at a much lower volume. Without warning, the hulk grabbed Dominick by the shirt and tossed him aside, sending him flying into some chairs. Elizabeth cried out and rushed toward Dominick. The hulk stepped in between them, reaching for her. Seeing the danger, Elizabeth reached back and WHAM! She punched the hulking creep in the jaw, twisting her hips and following through, just like Stuart had taught her to do. Pain exploded in her hand and wrist. The hulk crashed backwards into some chairs. He roared again, getting angrier. He rushed at Elizabeth, looking like he was going to murder her.

From slightly behind him, Dominick rushed forward, crash tackling the monster to the ground. When they landed, Dominick twisted himself so he landed on top of his assailant. There was an audible crunch as they landed and the hulk yelled out in pain. Dominick scrambled to his feet, shirt torn open, blood leaking from his lip.

The creep made it to his feet slowly, obviously in pain. He swung a wild punch in Dominick's direction. Dominick swayed out of the way and returned one of his own, his left hand crashing into his jaw. The hulk's head snapped to the side, spit and blood flying across the room. He swayed on his feet, obviously dazed. Elizabeth couldn't believe he was still on his feet, and by the look on his face, neither could Dominick. As he wound up again, the hulk suddenly cried out in pain and collapsed forward, crashing to the ground. Standing behind him was Holly, a look of pure fury on her face. She had delivered and almighty kick to the nuts from behind, finally felling the beast. Someone from the group returned seconds later with the two bouncers Holly had greeted earlier. They roughly grabbed the hulk and dragged him down the stairs, not seeming to care when he slipped from their grasp and bounced down the last few stairs.

**Chapter 5**

Dominick was sitting on a chair, a cold glass full of ice resting against his lip. Elizabeth was sitting next to him, her legs aching. She had a bruise on her arm from where the creep had grabbed her but apart from that, she was feeling OK. Holly had spoken to the bouncers and the club owner and apparently the creep had been at the club all night drinking. They had banned him for life and posted a picture by the door -- although it was hard to tell it was him as he had some significant bruising on his face in the photo, much more than Dominick or Elizabeth could have inflicted. The group of people had dispersed, heading back downstairs or going home, leaving Elizabeth, Holly and Dominick alone upstairs. Elizabeth had introduced everybody when the excitement had died down and now they were just sitting, enjoying a quiet drink.

"Thank you so much for what you did! I hope your not in too much pain." Elizabeth asked Dominick

"I am OK. It looks worse than it is. Although I did only buy this shirt today." He replied, wincing as he took a drink. His bottom lip was cut open. The bleeding had started again. Elizabeth reached over and used a napkin to blot at it, soaking up the blood. Their eyes met as she did so, her breath catching in her throat. She started to get the warm feeling again, all over her body. She finished wiping his mouth and sat back, flustered. Dominick stood, his shirt torn from the second button down, barely covering his chest. Holly, sitting next to Elizabeth, inhaled sharply and dug her nails into Elizabeth's knee, motioning with her head. Elizabeth looked and saw his chest, defined without being ridiculously muscly. He had a light spread of hair across his pecs and running down his chest, stopping at his navel. He was very tanned, obviously he spent lots of time without his shirt on. He tried to adjust the shirt to cover as much as he could and turned to the ladies. They quickly looked away, making their staring more obvious.

"I am going to head back to the resort. Are you ladies OK if I leave?"

"Yeah...yes that's fine. Thank you again so much." Elizabeth said as she rose from her seat. She wrapped her arms around him and hugged him tightly, showing her gratitude. His hands fell to her hips, gripping them lightly. She inhaled his smell as she hugged him, the same one she had smelt at the airport the day before. It had the same affect on her, a warm sensation flowing through her. She let him go and stepped back, however his hands stayed on her hips, his body less than an arm's length from hers. He stared into her eyes intently, focusing. "Are you sure? I am happy to stick around just in case." Elizabeth nodded her head, unable to speak. The look in his eyes was mesmerizing.

"We will be OK, Dom! I have asked a couple of the bouncers here to take us back to the resort. They finish in 20 minutes so go ahead." Holly spoke up from behind Elizabeth.

Dominick nodded and dropped his hands and his gaze. He said farewell to them both and exited downstairs. Elizabeth crashed back into her seat next to Holly. She leaned forward and grabbed a drink from the table, downing it in one go. She leaned back in her seat and closed her eyes, trying to shake the image of those intense blue eyes, staring into her soul. From beside her, she heard Holly chuckle.

"Well, he certainly has a thing for you Lizzie. He couldn't stop staring at you all night. That's why I invited him up here. I thought you could have some harmless fun while we all partied. That didn't go so well now, did it?"

"I barely know him. What on earth would someone like HIM see in me?"

"Umm...have you looked in the mirror tonight? You look fucking amazing babe. You were dancing up a storm tonight, looking sexy as hell! Plus, you didn't back down from that creep. When you punched him in the face, I gotta admit, I got a bit wet! It was so sexy to watch you punch him and not back down."

Elizabeth shook her head and had another drink. Soon enough, the two massive bouncers came upstairs and asked if they were ready to go. They were and so they headed back to the resort in a giant, black SUV. Holly walked Elizabeth to the elevators and then headed back to the car, heading to her own place. Elizabeth rode the elevator to the top floor and entered the suite as quietly as she could. Realizing the time, she checked on Stuart in the bedroom and saw him sleeping, snoring softly. Knowing how early he had to be up for his meeting, she grabbed a pillow and headed for the lounge room. It was still very warm so she stripped nude and threw on one of Stuart's t-shirts, not caring that it barely covered her arse. Having sat down to take off her shoes, when she went to stand up, she realized just how much she had drunk at the club. She steadied herself and made it to the kitchen. She had a big glass of water and went back to lay down on the couch.

**Chapter 6**

Elizabeth had just dozed off when she heard the elevator ding and then a light knock on the door. She got off the couch and headed to see who it was at this hour, thinking maybe it was Holly. She opened the door a crack and was shocked to see Dominick. He was wearing a tank top and shorts. His lip had fattened up even more in the hour or so since Elizabeth saw him.

"Are you OK? Is something wrong?" she inquired

"I am fine. I just wanted to check in on you. I wanted to make sure you were OK."

Elizabeth smiled. "I am fine, thank you. It's sweet of you to check in, especially this late."

She opened the door a little more and raised her hand, touching his cheek gently.

"You look like you took the worst of it. Is your lip OK?" She used her thumb to turn his head slightly, allowing more light to shine on his lip. It was inflamed, with a big cut running across the swollen area. She dropped her hand, suddenly aware of the intimacy of touching his face. As her hand dropped back to her side, he looked her dead in the eye, his blue eyes meeting hers. He leaned forward and kissed her, tenderly due to his swollen lip. He leaned back, wincing in pain. He opened his mouth the apologize but before he could get the words out, Elizabeth stepped fully out of the room and kissed him, her lips mashing against his. Her hands raised up and held his face in place, her tongue gently probing his mouth. He gasped in pain and she broke the kiss, stepping back, a look of embarrassment on her face.

"I am sorry, I shouldn't have done that. Please forgive me."

She looked into his eyes and saw a look of pure lust. He lunged forward, grabbing her hips and dragging her too him, kissing her hard. One hand slipped behind her head, the other resting just above her butt, pulling her closer. She melted into his arms, returning his kiss. She threw her arms around his neck, her shirt riding up, exposing her bare arse. His hand dropped lower and caressed her, squeezing her left cheek firmly. Elizabeth moaned and he took the opportunity to snake his tongue into her mouth. Their tongues quickly began to dance, flicking, twirling, sliding around each other. Dominick reached down with both hands and grabbed her butt, lifting her into the air. Without breaking their kiss, Elizabeth wrapped her legs around his waist as he led her inside. As they stumbled into the room, she relented on their kiss to tell him to be quiet and take her to the couch. She resumed kissing him and as he got to the couch, he laid her down softly. He went to pull away to stand up, but she wouldn't let go of him with her legs, tightening them around him. He slid his weight slightly to the side, allowing him to completely drop her weight on the couch and take the pressure of his back, sore from the fight earlier. His hands slid out from under her, his right hand coming to rest very high up on her bare thigh. His touch was like electricity to her skin, sending shock waves through her body.

He began to lightly stroke her leg, his rough fingers dragging across the soft skin of her outer thigh. She moaned in his mouth again. She decided she needed to take control, so she put her hands on his chest and pushed firmly, until he broke their kiss. He sat back on his heels as she shuffled away from him. He had a puzzled look on his face. Sitting up, she took the bottom of his tank top and lifted it over his head. Once it was off, she began kissing his neck, working her way down to his collarbone, then to his firm chest. He sucked his nipple into her mouth, biting down slightly, drawing a gasp from him. She adjusted herself and kept kissing, down his belly towards his navel. As she got to his shorts, she undid the button and the zipper, opening them fully. Dominick stood up, his shorts falling down as he did. Elizabeth's eyes almost fell out of her head. He wasn't wearing any underwear and so, as his shorts fell to the floor, his cock sprang into view.

The outline Elizabeth had observed on the plane had not done it justice. Standing straight out from his body, it was thicker than any penis Elizabeth had ever seen before. The circumcised head was a deep purple, the size of a plum. His balls hung low, themselves quite large. His entire genital area was well groomed, with a slight fuzz on his pubic mound and his balls and shaft completely bald. Below his amazing cock, his muscular thighs rippled, giving her the impression he could absolutely pound her if she wanted him too. Seeing him naked, her lust took over completely. Already knowing she had gone too far, looking at this gorgeous man standing before her, rock hard penis pointing straight at her, any thoughts of stopping this were gone. She reached for him, her hand trying to grasp his dick, but he stepped back. Her hand dropped, a disappointed look on her face. She looked at him and he stepped forward again, reaching for her hand. He took and pulled her towards him, lifting her off the couch and having her stand before him. He took the bottom of the t-shirt in his hands and slowly dragged it up, revealing her body underneath. As her breasts came into view, his breath caught in his throat. Elizabeth smiled behind the upturned shirt. Finally, the top came off and she stood before him, completely nude. His eyes roamed up and down her body, his tongue running across his lips, like an animal about to devour its prey. She couldn't wait any longer, throwing herself forward, lips finding his again.

As they kissed, Elizabeth dropped her hand and found his cock, wrapping her hand around it. She was shocked at the girth and began to explore, feeling the steel-like appendage from base to tip. Dominick groaned in her mouth, causing her to squeeze his shaft. Her hand found its way to the head, covering it entirely. The heat coming from it was incredible. She felt it begin to leak into her hand. Before she could do anything else, Dominick firmly walked her backwards to the couch. As she sat down, he dropped to his knees in front of her. He took her nipple in his mouth and sucked, drawing a groan from her. His hands began running up her legs, starting at her calves. Again, the roughness of his fingers felt remarkable. His hands ran up past her knees, gently pushing them apart until she was fully open in front of him. His mouth was still working on her nipple as his hands finally made their way to her pussy. He used his thumb to gently run around her outer lips, making her moan louder. She had one hand on the back of his head, holding it in place. The other was gripping the arm of the couch, squeezing in pleasure. He slipped a finger inside her, the thickness of the digit and the roughness of the skin causing her to slide her hips forward, trying to drive it in deeper. He removed it slowly, before pushing it back in. He began to rhythmically finger her, each time going a little further.

**Chapter 7**

Elizabeth's whole body felt like fire. Dominick was very skilled. He curled his finger and instantly found her g-spot. Each time his finger entered her, it touched the spot, sending waves of ecstasy through her body. Her breathing began to speed up, her skin flushing all over. She was feeling an orgasm coming and it was going to be big. Just as she started to ride the wave, Dominick removed his finger. Her eyes flew open and she whimpered. He lifted her off the couch and walked her around the back. He kissed her and slipped his finger into her core again, rubbing her clit with his thumb as he put pressure on her g-spot. She almost collapsed, the pleasure almost too much to bear. Removing his hand, he turned her around and placed his hand on her neck, pushing her forward until she was bent over the couch.

Knowing what was coming, Elizabeth spread her legs wide, giving him access to fuck her. She felt his impressive cock poke her in the butt cheek as he leaned forward and kissed her back. He kissed all the way down, over her arse and to the back of her thighs. His stubble felt wonderful on her skin, soft enough to not irritate her. Without warning, he took her clit into his mouth, kissing it, licking it, sucking it. She cried out, the waves rising again. As he worked her pleasure button, his hands ran up the sides of her legs. He grabbed her butt in both hands and pulled her cheeks apart. The feeling of his hands gripping her arse while his mouth worked its magic was too much. Burying her face downwards into the couch cushions, Elizabeth screamed. Her body quivered, her legs giving way and her entire weight was on the couch. Dominick kept going, his mouth attacking her clit.

Just as her orgasm was tapering off, he switched his technique, using his tongue to flick quickly. Elizabeth shocked herself as she started to cum, again. Her hands were gripping the couch, nails digging in and her knuckles white. She felt her fluids leaking out, down her thighs and presumably onto his face. She was shaking like a leaf, her whole body convulsing. Soon it was all too much and she reached back to try and push him away. He got the hint and stood. Before she could get her legs under her or recover from two earth shattering orgasms, she felt his cock head at her entrance before he gradually pushed into her. The sheer width of it was shocking. She felt her lips stretching more than they ever had before, wrapping around his member. Once the tip slipped past the entrance, he pushed forward until he was buried fully. His balls were resting against the back of her thighs, his cock pulsing inside her. She had never felt this full. He pulled out, almost all the way, until his thick head was just inside her. He held there for a minute, slowing his breathing, before he plunged back in, HARD.

Elizabeth was driven forward rapidly, almost completely flipping over the back of the couch. She cried out, her insides being stretched. Now he began pumping in a steady cadence, almost pulling out completely before driving back in. His hands gripped her hips, pushing her into the couch and pulling her back toward him in time with his thrusts. Elizabeth was beyond thought. Her whole body was on fire, tingling from the sensations. The fact Stuart was only metres away sleeping gave her such a thrill that her body lost control and she came again, her pussy muscles trying to clench the monster cock plowing her but not able to get a grip because she was so wet. Her body shook again but Dominick kept pounding. She went limp, little moans escaping her lips every time he filled her again.

Without her realizing, Dominick pulled out completely. Next thing she knew, he was sitting on the couch and she was standing in front of him. His hands snaked around her back and gripped her arse. He pulled her forward and she knelt on the couch, her legs on the outside of his. Understanding what he wanted, she took his cock in hand and positioned herself above it. Looking deep into those blue eyes, she sunk down slowly, enjoying the feeling of him stretching her again. He had her nipple in his mouth and she cried out, the position of his member rubbing against nerve endings she didn't know existed. She began riding him, rising and falling, the pleasure making her feel like she was floating. His hands on her arse, his mouth on her nipples, his cock filling her -- she was in heaven. His hands went to her hips and he began thrusting upwards to meet her. He groaned and her eyes widened as his cock grew harder. He yelled out, growling her name as he emptied his nuts inside her. She kept riding him, slower now, aware of the intense sensations just after an orgasm. She felt him leaking out of her.

She stopped and looked down. His rugged face was glistening with sweat and the glow of sex. She leaned down and kissed him, passionately. Their tongues danced. His hands were rubbing her back again, squeezing her butt. She rocked her hips forward, her clit rubbing against him. When she realized he was still hard, still filling her, she began riding him again, starting out slow, feeling his seed leaking out as she did. They slowly picked up pace, not breaking their kiss. Dominick stood suddenly, staying inside her, lips still pressed to hers. He pivoted and laid her on the couch, his weight pushing her deeper into the soft cushions. He began pounding her again, her body responding as she felt yet another orgasm starting to build. Her moaning started again, louder and louder.

**Chapter 8**

Stuart rolled over in bed and looked at the time. Feeling the empty bed beside him, he sat up to see if Elizabeth was in the room. Hearing noises, he climbed out of bed and walked out of the bedroom. He stopped dead in the doorway. In front of him, on the couch, was Elizabeth. What he saw shocked him...