

MORE TALES OF SAUCY SEASIDE FUN

*Smut by the Sea*  
Vol #2



*Edited by*

**Victoria Blisse & Lucy Felthouse**



# Contents

Front Matter .....	3
<i>Title Page</i> .....	3
<i>Publisher Information</i> .....	4
<i>About the Editors</i> .....	5
<i>About the Authors</i> .....	6
<i>Introduction by Victoria Blisse</i> .....	11
Smut By the Sea - Volume 2.....	13
<i>Honeymoon Suite</i> .....	13
<i>Stuck on the Edge</i> .....	25
<i>Beach View</i> .....	40
<i>Arcane Arcade</i> .....	53
<i>Shipwrecked</i> .....	68
<i>On the Big Wheel</i> .....	84
<i>Escape</i> .....	96
<i>Charmer</i> .....	114
<i>The Beach House</i> .....	128
<i>Honeymooning with Max</i> .....	140
<i>Vanilla Sands</i> .....	148
<i>Sharing the Captain</i> .....	161
<i>Cerulean</i> .....	175
<i>Shrimping Season</i> .....	188
<i>Brazilian Fantasy</i> .....	202
Back Matter .....	219
<i>Also Available</i> .....	219
<i>About House of Erotica</i> .....	223

# **SMUT BY THE SEA**

**Volume 2**

**Edited by Lucy Felthouse and  
Victoria Blisse**

# Publisher Information

Smut by the Sea - Volume 2 published in 2013  
by Andrews UK Limited  
[www.andrewsuk.com](http://www.andrewsuk.com)

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior written consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published, and without a similar condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

The characters and situations in this book are entirely imaginary and bear no relation to any real person or actual happening.

Copyright © House of Erotica 2013

The right of the authors to be identified as authors of this book has been asserted in accordance with section 77 and 78 of the Copyrights Designs and Patents Act 1988.

# About the Editors

## *Lucy Felthouse*

Lucy Felthouse is a very busy woman! She writes erotica and erotic romance in a variety of subgenres and pairings, and has over seventy publications to her name, with many more in the pipeline. These include Best Bondage Erotica 2012 and 2013, and Best Women's Erotica 2013. Another string to her bow is editing, and she has edited and co-edited a number of anthologies. She owns Erotica For All, and is book editor for Cliterati.

## *Victoria Blisse*

Victoria Blisse is a Mother, Wife, Christian, Manchester United Fan and Award Winning Erotica Authoress. She is also the editor of several Bigger Briefs collections, and the co-editor of the fabulous Smut Alfresco and Smut in the City and Smut by the Sea anthologies.

Victoria is also one of the brains behind the fabulous Smut by the Sea Event taking place at Scarborough Library (UK) on the 22nd June 2013. A day dedicated to erotica with a mini erotic marketplace and lots of author readings, fun giveaways and exciting talks.

She is equally at home behind a laptop or a cooker (She is TEB's resident "Naked Chef") and she loves to create stories, poems, cakes and biscuits that make people happy. She was born near Manchester, England and her northern English quiriness shows through in all of her stories.

Passion, love and laughter fill her works, just as they fill her busy life.

# About the Authors

## *Kate Britton*

Kate Britton has lived all over the world and now loves living on the West Coast, sitting down at her favourite pub, The Sandpiper, and looking over the Gulf Islands. After a varied career, she decided to get brave and write erotic romances. Kate has travelled widely, and lived in Australia and England.

Kate had published two books on Amazon.com, Jennie's Joy and Taming Graeme. She was braver writing about Graeme than she was about Jennie...as she says, the more sex you write, the wetter your panties get and the harder it is to stop...

When an interviewer asked her where she gets her plots from, she smiled coyly and replied, "I've lived a lot, loved a lot, travelled a lot, watched a lot, listened a lot, read a lot...and it's all coming together now in my books. Lucky Kate, if she's known some of the men she writes about!

## *Tenille Brown*

Tenille Brown's smut is featured in over fifty print anthologies including Chocolate Flava 1 and 3, Curvy Girls, Going Down, Best Bondage Erotica 2011 and 2012, Sapphic Planet, Suite Encounters, Open, Best Lesbian Erotica 2013, Only You, How to Write Erotic Fiction, and the forthcoming Baby Got Back. She writes for Mischief Books, blogs at <http://therealtenille.com> and tweets @TheRealTenille. She is currently editing her first anthology, Can't Get Enough, for Cleis Press.

## *Erzabet Bishop*

Erzabet Bishop has had a love affair with books since she first started reading. Just recently, she discovered that writing naughty stories was even more fun. She lives with her husband, menagerie of dogs and a mountain of books she is sure will crush her one day in her sleep.

### *Annabeth Leong*

Annabeth Leong has written erotica of many flavors—dark, romantic, kinky, vanilla, straight, lesbian, bi, and menage. She's lived near the coast her whole life, though she has not always taken the time to get to the beach. Her work has been published by Cleis, Xcite, Cirlet, Coming Together, and others. She lives in Providence, Rhode Island, blogs at [annabethleong.blogspot.com](http://annabethleong.blogspot.com), and can be found on Twitter @AnnabethLeong

### *Giselle Renarde*

Award-winning erotica writer Giselle Renarde is a queer Canadian, avid volunteer, contributor to more than 100 short story anthologies, and author of numerous electronic and print books, including *Anonymous*, *Nanny State*, and *My Mistress' Thighs*. Ms Renarde lives across from a park with two bilingual cats who sleep on her head.

### *Jillian Boyd*

Jillian Boyd is a writer, blogger and geekazoid, based in London. She had been published by the likes of Constable and Robinson and Cliterati. Her blog, called *Lady Laid Bare*, charts her sexual evolution and revolution. In her spare time, she likes crafting, reading, cooking and dancing like no-one's watching.

### *Tamsin Flowers*

As a naughty girl on a journey of self-discovery as an erotic writer, Tamsin Flowers is as keen to entertain her readers as she is to explore every aspect of female (and male) erotica. Hoping to touch you on your most erotic zones, she writes light-hearted stories that are sexy and fun, perfect for reading on your own or with someone in whom you have more than a passing interest... She is currently working on a number of novellas, as well as keeping her hands busy with plenty of short stories and blog posts. Her stories can be found in anthologies from Xcite Books, House of Erotica and Cleis Press – and there are plenty of excerpts available at [www.tamsinflowers.com](http://www.tamsinflowers.com)

### *Rachel Randall*

Rachel Randall draws inspiration from the kinky, classy, cool of London. She writes characters with interesting day jobs, who know what they want and how to ask for it (usually with a slow slide down to their knees). Her favourite words include “indulgence”, “filthy”, and “Here are your backstage passes to the Franz Ferdinand gig”. One day she’ll figure out how to get away with naming a character after Isambard Kingdom Brunel, especially now that she’s moved to Bristol.

Rachel believes in evidence-based smut, and keeps a pet scientist in the house for peer review.

Her novellas are currently published with UK e-publisher Total E-Bound and her short stories can be found in Mischief Books anthologies and others.

Visit her website for book excerpts, interviews, music mixes and more at <http://rachelrandall.wordpress.com>.

### *TC Mill*

T.C. Mill lives somewhere, watches more BBC programming than is probably healthy, takes more books off the library shelf than she can ever read, and is currently writing her next story either in a cute notebook or on the world’s smallest laptop. She wants to save the

world but is not sure where to apply for that, making her career path a challenge to describe. Her stuffed animals have distinctive personalities and do not complain when she forgets to feed them, making them far superior to any pets or human housemates she may one day acquire. Dreamspinner press has published her m/m fantasy and steampunk romances *After the War* and *A Spell of Passion or Fear*, and her science fiction, fantasy, and historical short stories have appeared in *Every Night Erotica* and anthologies from Circler and Storm Moon Press. She also writes sweet romance at T.L.K. Arkenberg.

### ***Delyth Angharad***

Delyth is a young Welsh woman currently living in South Africa with her boyfriend. She spends most of her time chasing lions off the lawn and keeping the sofa warm. She writes poetry and short stories, and is also an avid photographer.

### ***Tilly Hunter***

Tilly Hunter is a British erotica author and newspaper journalist with a wicked imagination and a fondness for stories of fresh air, wholesome fun and BDSM. Her work has been published by Xcite Books and the website *Every Night Erotica* and she has stories coming up on *Oysters & Chocolate* and *For The Girls* as well as an anthology from House of Erotica. When she is not writing she can often be found halfway up a mountain or curled up by her imaginary fireside with some knitting and a slice of cake. Find her blog at [tillyhuntererotica.blogspot.com](http://tillyhuntererotica.blogspot.com).

### ***Bel Anderson***

I write short stories for both the mainstream and erotic markets and have several stories in anthologies published by Xcite Books.

I love writing and I couldn't stop even if I wanted to! I find writing erotica very liberating and have found that veering between erotica and my mainstream work keeps life interesting... I just love the thought of people enjoying my words!

### *Cass Peterson*

Cass Peterson is passionate about many things; writing, chocolate, wine, sunlit beaches, moonlit bedrooms and good romantic novels to name but a few. Sadly she has to spend much of her time at the day job, but she tries to fit the other things in as often as possible.

She is a cat lover, an all-weather walker and an enthusiastic cook. Unfortunately her love of all things foody have made her rather rounder than she would like to be, but you can't have everything in this life, and the walking helps.

Cass likes to laugh, especially at Bill Bailey, Victoria Wood, Michael Palin and Eddie Izzard. She would happily live next door to any of these comedians.

# Introduction by Victoria Blisse

## *Why Smut?*

Smut is a word with negative connotations to some. It can be seen as something insulting, creepy and seedy. I'd like to change that perception to the light-hearted definition myself and many Brits hold for smut. Have you ever watched a Carry On film? Well that's smutty. It's sexy, humorous and fun. How about the old cheeky seaside postcards of the fifties and sixties? They're smutty too and that's exactly the feel we wanted to evoke in our Smut by the Sea stories.

## *What is Smut by the Sea?*

It's that typically saucy seaside fun and carefree attitude, when you have an ice cream in hand, sand between your toes and an Adonis putting the suntan lotion on your back. It's those moments when you are sunning yourself unaware of the stranger watching you and just what they'd like to do. It's the romantic getaways, naughty weekends and those stolen moments of pleasure along the promenade. It's magical sea creatures, the lure of the ocean, fish, chips and a cock or two.

## *This anthology*

The stories in this volume feature a computer programme, a big wheel, honeymoons which don't go quite to plan, arcade games, a hot captain, a shipwreck, warm waters and really cold waves.

Each story has been picked for its unique maritime feel. Each tale is filled with love for the ocean and the areas where the land borders the deep blue. The authors skilfully transport you to these special places with their words. So find somewhere to recline and enjoy

your read. It doesn't matter if it's raining, if you're on the bus, in your garden, kitchen or bedroom; be ready to be transported to the beach for some smutty seaside fun.

# Honeymoon Suite

By Victoria Blisse

“See you later, honey.” Samantha leaned in and kissed my cheek.

“Yeah, bye,” I waved, cheeks heated with embarrassment, “erm, darling.”

I shut the white door behind her and turned to take in the splendour of the room I was going to stay in for the next two weeks. Light, bright and minimalist with a view from the balcony over bright blue sea and stunningly white sands. It was a fantasy come true.

Being there with Samantha however was not. I broke up with Eddy three months ago and just before we went our separate ways I had entered a contest to win an all-expenses paid honeymoon, which I consequently won.

“I can’t go on my own,” I told Sam, “I’ll have to refuse it.”

“Don’t be daft.” She slapped my arm. “You need a damn holiday and this is an all-expenses paid vacation to bloody Barbados. You’d be mad not to go.”

“But it’s a honeymoon and if you hadn’t noticed my groom ditched me at the altar.” I snapped. She was only trying to be helpful but it was still a sore spot and even thinking about Eddy made me cranky.

“Ah, but you don’t need to tell them. You just take someone else with you.”

“Like who? I’ve not exactly got a queue of hunks waiting to sweep me off my feet have I?”

“All right, less of the sarcasm missy. I was going to suggest you take your best friend. That’s me, of course, before you say something stupid.”

I looked at Sam, jaw hanging. She's a pretty little thing, blonde haired and spindly limbed and we'd make quite the couple. Something like Little and Large with my voluptuous curves and tall frame dwarfing her.

"But we'd have to sleep in the same bed and mate, you toss and turn something chronic."

Sam looked shocked for all of three seconds.

"All right, that's true. Well, I'll get a room somewhere else then, won't be half as expensive if I can fly over with you on your free ticket. Then I'll be able to come and lounge about with you at the hotel through the day, eat my free food there and whatnot. Go on, it'll be fun."

I thought about it for a bit. I'm an honest woman by nature and I wasn't sure it was right to lie to get a holiday. But I really could do with a break. I nodded.

"Oh, why the hell not. I might as well get something out of this whole disgusting mess."

And that's how I ended up at the five-star Sparkling Cove Hotel, Barbados, in the honeymoon suite with a bottle of champagne and a basket of fruit all to myself. I tried to relax. I was on holiday and I was surrounded by luxury. It should have been an easy task. I wasn't achieving it inside so I strode over to the double glass doors and pressed down the handles to let myself outside onto the balcony. I slipped past the little wooden table and its two chairs and leant on the rail. I looked out over the sparkling white beach that still dazzled even under the black velvet blanket of night. I drank in the exotic fragrance of a foreign land and drank in the surroundings.

The moon and stars seemed huge. I knew it was just because of the lack of light pollution in the area but I still felt like I was somewhere otherworldly. The calming slap and rumble of the waves rolled over me, the soft breeze tickled my naked arms, pleasantly cool after the shocking heat of midday. I felt very alone in the vastness of nature.

It was when I climbed into the huge four poster bed that the sadness really hit me. The bed was meant for sex. It was meant for loving couples to seal their passion and commitment. It was not

meant for a lonely woman like me. I finally slept, albeit fitfully and when I met Sam in the hotel dining room for breakfast the next day I wasn't on top form.

"Stop it," I hissed after she stroked my hand for the umpteenth time. "I know you're trying to help but just tone it down would you?" I don't know if she really was being overly touchy-feely or if I was just ratty from lack of sleep.

"All right," she smiled, "but I do like the way that guy on reception keeps staring at us. I think he wants to see us kiss."

I glanced to my right and sure enough the man behind the reception desk was looking our way. I was sure he'd be eyeing up Sam. He was gorgeous. Tall, tanned and well proportioned. My heart thudded madly just imagining what it would be like to kiss him.

"He's eyeing you up, love." I replied with a laugh and dismissed my thoughts as the desires of an overtired and constantly horny single woman. "Anyway, what's our plan for today?"

"The beach," Sam exclaimed. "I have the cutest bikini I want to try out."

"Oh, okay, well, as long as I can find some shade, I can read my book." I hate the heat, I really do and lying under the sun is not my idea of a good time and trust me, no one wants to see my ample curves in a bikini. But if I could find a little shade, I could read and maybe nap and that was certainly an attractive prospect.

Sam shook her head then munched on a slice of melon.

"Meet you on the beach in ten?"

I like beaches, I do. It's just I like to see them from a shaded, secluded spot. Sam was spread out on a lounge in the bright sunshine, her pink bikini glowing in the lazy Caribbean light. I huddled under a sunshade a few metres away in my long lined floaty dress sipping from a large glass of ice cold water. I really wanted to be inside in the cool of the air conditioning but as I'd only been outside for half an hour I didn't think Sam would be awfully impressed with my retreat.

I tried to read my book but kept being distracted by just how hot I was.

“Having fun, Becks?” Sam didn’t look my way, but the sound carried over the lazy wash of the ocean as there were only a few other, mostly silent guests on the hotel’s private beach.

“Hmm,” I replied. “If I had a cabana boy to waft me with a huge palm leaf I’d be in heaven.”

“Well, ma’am, we can’t provide that but we do have some pretty efficient fans if you’d like me to get you one.”

I was startled by the voice of a man with a personally unfamiliar but instantly recognisable English accent. I was so startled I spilt water on my chest. Thankfully my Kindle was on my lap away from the eruption of liquid.

“Oh, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to make you jump.”

“It’s okay,” I replied. It was the incredibly hot guy I’d seen on reception earlier. “I needed cooling down and that fan sounds fantastic.”

“I’ll be right back.” He smiled and my stomach did back flips. When he came back and set up a powerful battery powered fan I could have kissed him.

“Oh, that’s perfect,” I moaned with inappropriate delight. “Thank you so much - ” I looked up at him and his name tag, “Ben.”

“You’re very welcome. If you need anything else, just call.” His smile was delightful; the cool of the fan was forgotten as the depths of my libido flooded me with wanton heat.

“Oh, Ben, could you get me a Mojito?” Sam fluttered her lashes and the hot guy jumped at her command. Nothing new there. I loved Sam dearly, but she didn’t do me any good in the men stakes. Even Eddy asked her out first, but then he was asking everyone out all the time apparently. I should be relieved he left me on my wedding day, dressed in my finest. I felt like a princess until the news arrived that he was a no show.

When Ben brought Sam her Mojito, she touched his hand and flirted with him like she does so easily.

“Well, I’d love to stay here chatting to you and your lovely lady wife, but I must get back to reception. Sadly, it doesn’t run itself.”

Sam giggled as he walked off. “I convinced him that we’re queer. Think we’d be able to bag him for a threesome, he’s pretty damn hot.”

“Sam!” I gasped. “Don’t be ridiculous. I wouldn’t fuck you if my life depended on it.”

“Oh, gee, thanks. I’d fuck you if it meant I got my hands on that hot, tasty morsel.”

“But you’re the easy one in this relationship,” I chuckled. There was no use getting mad, I was there as part of a lesbian couple on my official documentation, letting a member of staff know that was in fact a lie wouldn’t be clever.

“That’s why you love me,” she lifted her sun glasses and winked broadly sending us both into gales of laughter. I started to relax into the holiday with the aid of the powerful fan. I had nothing to do, nowhere to be and crystal clear waters in front of me and a beach that stretched on for miles. Maybe I could make it work.

And in the daytime I was happy and I did enjoy myself, but the minute Sam left that night my heart sank. I was left alone in my huge room with a bouncy, four poster bed and a big bottle of champagne I’d still not opened because I wasn’t really on my honeymoon. I was a jilted bride. At night I found it hard to forget that. I wondered if it’d get any easier as the holiday progressed.

A knock on the door roused me from my melancholy. I assumed it was my pretend wife, she’d have forgotten an item of clothing or she wanted to nick my champagne or something else typically Sam-like. I flung opened the door and stepped back.

“So what’ve you forgotten now, you daft sod?” I laughed, not even looking at who stood there.

“Erm, ma’am, I don’t think I’m who you think I am.” A polite and familiar male voice replied.

“Oh, geez, I’m sorry!” I covered my mouth with my hand then realised I was wearing nothing but a very flimsy nightdress and wished I had enough hands to cover all of me.

“No, it’s fine. I was just bringing you your Kindle, you left it on the beach earlier.”

My instantly recognisable hand-sewn cover lay in his hands, bulked out by my eReader inside.

“Oh, I did, didn’t I? Thank you so much for bringing it back.” I smiled, genuinely happy to have it back but still nervous considering my state of dress.

“You’re welcome,” he replied. “Where’s your lovely lady wife?”

I opened my mouth to answer him then words just wouldn’t come. I searched for one of the excuses Sam and I had played around with but as I looked at his handsome face, the sincerity in his eyes just stopped the lies in their tracks.

“I might as well confess all,” I sighed. “Come in a minute.” I ducked behind him when he stepped forward and closed the door.

I was encouraged to see he didn’t look too scared. Confused, yes but he even managed to wear that well.

“I’m not a lesbian,” I blurted. “And neither is Sam.”

Ben still looked dazed. I took the Kindle from his hands and put it down on a side table, then sat down on the edge of the bed.

“We’re not even married. She’s just my mate.”

“O--kay,” Ben exhaled. “Erm, why do I need to know that?”

“Because you work here, and I won this holiday as a honeymoon and Sam and I have been lying about being a couple so we could take advantage of that prize.”

“Oh,” Ben sat on the chair opposite the end of the bed. “Well, there’s two things you should know.” He leant forward, rested his arms along his knees and he looked directly at me. I wilted under his gaze. I was mentally packing my bags before he even said a word.

“Firstly, I’m an employee so honestly, I don’t care what you do as long as you don’t complain about it to me or make a complaint *about* me. Then secondly it doesn’t matter anyway. The company gives out quite a few of these holidays and as long as they’re taken they don’t really care if you’re married or not.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, really.”

“Well that’s a relief, I can tell you,” I giggled as the anxiety lifted, holding on to my chest to steady myself after the good news.

“I’m glad to have been of help,” Ben smiled. “Anyway, my shift just finished so I’m off for the night.”

“Oh, right. Well thanks for bringing my Kindle back for me.” I don’t know whether it was the heady relief that gave me the bravery to carry on or if it was just the presence of a highly handsome man in my bedroom but I managed to sputter out an invitation.

“Look, I’ve got this huge bottle of champagne, a basket of fruit and a licence to call room service. Would you like to join me? You know, as a thank you.”

“Really, we’re not meant to erm, fraternise with the customers.” He coughed.

“Oh right, well, yes, then, well...erm.” I was completely embarrassed until he stopped me with his next sentence.

“But I’m off duty so I don’t give a fuck.”

“Ha, brilliant,” I laughed. “You pop the cork and I’ll order some... how do you fancy pizza?”

He nodded, stood and went over to pick up the champagne. “I’m easy,” he said, “you can go on top if you like -I mean choose what goes on top.” He winked. Was he flirting with me?

I shook my head and reached over to pick up the phone.

“Hi, yes I’d like a large pizza sent to my room, cheese and tomato will be fine, thanks.”

A pop and a fizz indicated the champagne bottle was open.

“Here you go.” Ben passed me a glass. “To your good health.”

“And yours,” I replied, clinking my glass with his then taking a short sip of the madly bubbling liquid. “Shall we sit out on the balcony?”

“Why not?”

I followed him out into the cool evening breeze, drink in hand. I was completely absorbed in the moment and had all but forgotten I was wearing nothing but my lightest nightie.

“I never grow weary of watching a Caribbean sunset,” Ben sighed. I walked over to lean against the balustrade next to him.

"It's very beautiful," I responded, looking over the beach and the sea, tinted orange, red and peach from the glow of the disappearing sun. "How long have you been out here?"

"A few years."

"Don't you miss home?"

"Occasionally," Ben nodded, "but I'm mostly happy here."

We slipped into silence. The world around hummed with noise, the slap of water on sand, the low hum of faraway conversation and laughter and the rustle of light breeze through palm trees.

I was thinking hard. How does a person go about seducing another? All I wanted to do was throw myself into his arms and kiss him but I was pretty sure that you had to build up to that kind of thing. How do you flirt? I'd never been very good at it. I was always surprised when a guy showed any interest in me at all.

As I thought and didn't pay attention to what I was doing, my elbow slipped on the polished wood and knocked into his, throwing me completely off balance.

"Whoa, steady there." He turned to face me and I fell into him, tossing the contents of my glass all over his front.

"Oh, shit, I'm sorry." I found my feet and steadied myself. I looked into his eyes and words dried up in my mouth. I didn't worry about my wet chest butting up against his. It felt quite good, actually. He took my champagne glass from my hand and set it down on the table beside us. He didn't let his gaze leave mine, not even for a second. The tension built. I gulped. He kissed me.

My eyes widened in shock at first then I closed them as I sank into the heat of the kiss. Ben held me tightly, our wet chests rubbing together through damp layers of cotton. He stroked my back as I desperately gripped onto his hips and our mouths pressed into one another determinedly. I was aware of a vague knocking, but I had assumed it was my heart or maybe my knees giving way beneath me.

"The pizza," Ben gasped and pulled away. "You jump into bed, I'll get it."

I nodded, picked up the glasses and champagne bottle and walked into my room. I left the balcony doors open, unable to shut them

with my hands full anyway. I refilled my glass and took a huge swig as I climbed onto the bed sheets. Why I so happily complied I don't know. He was being somewhat assumptive. However I wasn't in any kind of mood to kick up a fuss about it. I did want to fuck him.

"Dunno about you," Ben said as he walked back towards me, a covered cloche in his hand, "but I really have lost my appetite for pizza."

He put the room service order down on a side table and stripped off his sodden t-shirt. He kicked off his shoes and pulled off his trousers as he approached the bed. My heart palpitated and I wondered if it was all a bit of a dream. Ben's delicately tanned flesh was revealed, his long, lithe legs flecked with dark hairs that matched those in the centre of his sculpted chest. I decided I should show willing myself. I pulled off my nightie, wiggling in a most unladylike manner and peeling the wet material from my skin before discarding it.

I was completely naked but didn't feel uncomfortable. I just wanted to feel him pressed against me. He slipped off his underwear too and I couldn't help but glance at what he revealed. He was turned on, way, way on. I gulped again as he climbed onto the bed and over me. I giggled, a nervous reaction to his body rubbing up and over mine and he ducked his head to bring our lips together.

His naked flesh pressed into mine and I felt like I'd explode any moment from the overload of sensation. I was fantastically overwhelmed. I reached up and grabbed him just above his hips and as the kiss deepened I felt emboldened and moved my hands over him. I tested the dip at the bottom of his back, the tautness of the skin across his ribs and the fleshiness of the top of his buttocks.

He knelt between my spread thighs, his chest pressing against mine and everything in my body strained towards him. I wanted him inside me desperately. At a break in the kissing I made this known.

"Fuck me, Ben, please." I pleaded eyes wide and breasts pressed up to his chest. He opened his eyes and smiled down at me.

“With pleasure,” he replied, setting my pulse racing. I was surprised to feel him lean over but when he opened the bedside drawer and pulled out a condom I realised what he was doing.

“We provide lots of these in the honeymoon suites, first time I’ve gotten to use one, though.”

He sat back on his heels and I watched as he ripped open the packaging. My skin tingled with need almost painfully so I stroked away the pain with the back of my hand. I wasn’t really thinking about it as I caressed myself but when Ben finished covering himself his stare lay heavy on me and my hand stopped stroking over my belly.

“No, no, carry on,” he whispered. “Let me watch.”

I could feel the heat in my cheeks and over my chest as I tentatively stretched out my fingers down over my skin. I slipped them down into the fuzz of my wild pubic hair and became hyper aware of the sound of my breathing melding with his. He groaned as my pointer slipped down and between my folds. I nestled it over my clit and let out a gasp of sheer delight at the electric buzz that rushed through me.

Ben shuffled forward and I split my thighs wide around him to pull him in. I left my finger poised on my clit as he pushed forward, the tip of him entering me. Our gazes kept together. I looked deep into his eyes and he pressed his covered erection into me. I was hot with desire and delighted to see the lust burning in his gaze, the red of his cheeks and the tightness in his face. He held still within me.

I wrapped my legs around his hips and gripped him tight. My hand was trapped between our bodies but I could move my finger and manipulate my sticky clit.

“Yes,” he growled and pumped his hips. Lust awakened and my eyes closed under the weight of it. Ben started slowly, I moved my finger each time he lifted and as his pace quickened so did the stroke of my clit. I wasn’t going to last much longer and from the signals Ben gave off I knew he wouldn’t either. His pants and moans, his jerking hips and the thickness of his cock inside me.

“Gonna come,” I gasped through my pleasure peak, I tightened around him and he fought between my thighs to continue to thrust into me. As I shook and shuddered, my internal muscles squeezing him, he cried out and held still, his own climax achieved. We moaned and panted, limbs loosened and we slipped apart. Ben rolled beside me, freed himself of his condom then snuggled back against my body.

The silence was deafening. I wanted to say something but the reality was I’d just fucked a man I barely knew and I didn’t know the etiquette for that kind of situation.

“You okay, Rebecca?”

“You can call me Becky,” I replied. “I’m not keen on my full given name, and I’m really, really fine. A bit embarrassed, maybe.”

“Why?”

“I just took advantage of you.”

“Oh, I don’t think so. I don’t think it counts as that when your victim enjoys it as much as you do.”

“Right, so you wanted to fuck me?” I went slack-jawed for a moment, then snapped my mouth back together when I realised I was doing it.

“Yeah, of course. Why do you think I made a feeble excuse to come up to your room just as I clocked off?”

“That’s a good point.” I giggled. “Sorry, I’ve never done anything like this before.”

“Me neither,” he said. “But give me a few minutes and I’ll be ready to give it another go.”

I slapped him playfully, the atmosphere lightening dramatically between us.

“Sam thought you were perving over us,” I laughed. “Thought you wanted to watch me and her going at it. I thought you fancied her.”

“No,” he picked up his champagne flute, “not at all. I’ve been watching you since you arrived. I was convinced you and your lady wife weren’t actually an item.”

“How’d you work that out?”