



# Jamaican Holiday

by Jennifer Connors

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*This story describes sexual acts and should be considered adult entertainment. If you are not a consenting adult, please read no further.*

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I raised my head slightly from the pillow, my eyes centered, as were my partner's, on our point of union, the point at which his long, thick cock was thrusting into my cunt. I was twenty-three and had never been fucked so well before. Now this lean, muscular man was beginning to moan that he was going to cum in me.

His head bent back and his eyes rolled upward as he began to growl and fuck me even harder than before. I thought I could feel the throbbing of his cock as he shot his load into me. I licked my lips with excitement as I stared at the black body, balanced, cradled, pumping between my spread thighs. His orgasm

seemed to go on for close to two minutes before his body began to relax on top of mine.

It was surprising to me because this was his second; I'd given him a blow job and sucked his first load into my mouth in a cabana on the beach less than a half hour earlier.



"Roll over," I said, "but don't pull out of me. I want to cum, too."

We rolled over in the bed and, from my position on top of him with his cock still hard inside me, I tightened my stomach muscles and ground my clit against the base of his cock. He reached for my tits, swinging in front of his face, and rubbed the left one with both hands while he sucked on my erect nipple. In a moment or two, I had an orgasm I wanted.

"Oh, fuck! Oh, cum. Ohhhhh. Oh, God, I'm cumming." The waves of my orgasm seemed to envelop my entire body.

Then I lay still on top of him.

I had come to Jamaica for a mid-winter vacation, as much to get away from the ski instructor I'd been fucking for the last four weeks as to get away from the cold weather. I had turned 23 three months earlier. At five-six and 120, I know I'm attractive to men. I have short, light brown hair brushed away from my face that a guy once described as terminally cute, blue eyes, and what my father said was an electric smile. Those are the obvious features.

On arriving at the hotel where I planned to spend a long week, I'd changed into a bikini and headed for the beach. The bikini bottom was cut high on the hips with little more than a thong up the back, exposing most of my round ass to view. I'd had my pussy waxed free of hairs that might have shown at the crotch. The tit pouches of the bikini were adjusted to show off my perfect breasts; I was showing off the parts of my body I felt were most attractive to men.

When I got to the beach, I was surprised to see that most women were topless. Although I felt some reluctance at first, I hadn't been in the sun more than fifteen minutes before I decided to remove my top, as well, and expose my tits to the Caribbean sunshine. I rubbed some sunscreen on my nipples to keep them from burning and tanning lotion on the rest of my tits. It excited me to think of the surprise some new lover back home in Colorado would find in my fully tanned tits. My nipples became erect from the thought and the rubbing. As I looked around, sizing up the other women, I realized I had the best tits on the beach.

As I sat there by myself, a slender, muscular man detached himself from a group nearby and walked toward me. As he approached, I could see the bulge in the crotch of his French-style bathing suit. I wondered if his cock were hard from looking as so many sets of bare tits and round asses on the beach. And how long it might be. I found him attractive, in an earthy, animal way and wondered what it would be like to fuck him.



He introduced himself as Paul, one of the managers at the hotel, and welcomed me to his island. I could see that his eyes were alternately on my face and my tits as he spoke. I felt my nipples get even more erect; I could feel a mild pulse in the right one. He invited me to join him at his cabana down the beach for a welcoming drink. After brief consideration and more conversation, I agreed.

I felt amazingly excited, walking down the beach with a handsome and muscular man, whose crotch was bulging, while I could feel my bare tits bounce with each step I took through the sand. I realized my crotch was getting wet

from the excitement and hoped it wouldn't soak through my bikini bottom.

At his cabana, he poured a rum drink for me from the iced pitcher on the miniature bar and then one for himself. He toasted to my happiness on the island, we drank, and he put his glass on the bar. With no warning, he reached out and stroked my tits, running one hand over both. To my surprise, I stood in my tracks and, unwillingly, began to smile. Encouraged by my response, he continued to rub them, now one in each hand, and roll my erect nipples between his thumbs and forefingers.

"We're by ourselves, here," he said softly.

I put down my drink and reached for his crotch, rubbing his hard cock through his bathing suit. Then, without hesitation, I pulled down his bathing suit and freed his cock. It bobbed up in front of me, more than seven inches of slender, hard, black meat.



At first I had thought to try and be as forward as him, to see what he would do but as I looked down at his magnificent rod, I knew that I was going to fuck this man. I'd never been with a black man before, and the prospect was strangely exciting to me.

I sank to my knees on the sandy floor of the cabana and stroked it with one hand, caressing the purple and bulging cock head, then sliding my lips over it. I began to suck gently on it and felt his hand move behind my head, holding it in position, as he began to thrust with his hips, taking control of the blow job, fucking my mouth, fucking my face.

"That's good," he said. "Your mouth feels very good around my cock. Let me fuck your face for a few minutes, then

I'll sit down and you can suck me until I cum. Later, we'll go to your room in the hotel and I'll fuck your cunt several times okay. Would you like that?"

I hummed a, "Um, hum," positive answer as the thickening cock continued to fuck my mouth. I was thrilled by the length of his cock and could imagine how it would feel deep in my cunt. I kept my hand wrapped around the base of it to keep him from putting too much of it down my throat.

After a few minutes of face fucking, he released his hand from my head and

took his cock from my mouth. "Over here please," he said as he sat in a folding chair on the sand. I moved to the chair and continued the blow job, my hand stroking his nuts and my lips sucking and sliding across the head and the first three or four inches of his cock.

Soon it was throbbing and spurting its load of cum into my mouth. It was a large load and a long cum; I had to swallow four times. My companion, his orgasm finished, smiled at me as I stroked and kissed his now-softening cock.

"You're a swallower. You swallowed every drop of my cum. That's good. Only the most sexually exciting women swallow a man's cum."

"I like it," I said. "I like the taste of cum. It seems to make me want to fuck more. Let's go up to my room now. I want to feel your cock in me. I want to cum, too."

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Now I had cum, here in the privacy of my hotel room. I rolled off him, feeling his softening cock slide out of my cunt, thinking about the next position in which we might fuck. Missionary was good for a first fuck but we could be more creative.

"That's the first time I've fucked that well."

"Was it that different from the other men?"

"A lot. Everybody fucks differently. But your cock is longer than most. I could feel the head of it rubbing against my cervix. That was exciting, having you that deep in me. Would you like another blow job? I'd like another fuck if I can get you up hard again."

"Here, let's do a sixty nine. I'll get hard faster if I lick your pussy while you suck me."

He positioned himself above me, his limp cock dangling above my face, and buried his face between my thighs. Even before I could start sucking, he began to lick the mixture of his cum and my cunt juices from between my pussy lips. Then he began stroking my clit shaft with his tongue. It created a wonderful, tingling sensation in my hips. I realized I might cum again, soon.

I licked his cock head, then began sucking on it steadily. As he began to harden, his hips began to move in a fucking motion, again. I enjoyed having my face fucked and relaxed, letting him pump his hardening meat into my mouth, running my tongue around it as it entered and left and re-entered my mouth. I tightened my stomach muscles and began to cum as he licked me.

Now he was fully hard and I was orgasmic. I pulled away from him, sliding to

the side and out from underneath him.

"Fuck me again. Stick it in me from behind. Hang on to my ass and get it as deep into me as you can. And fuck me hard; I'm already cumming."

I knelt on the bed, my hands on either side of a pillow, as he positioned himself behind me. I felt the head of his cock between my pussy lips and then, with a single thrust, he buried all seven inches of thick meat in the warm wetness of my cunt. My orgasm, which was well underway from the pussy licking, swept me away. He was giving me long, fast, deep strokes. I reached back and began fingering my clit. I could feel my tits swaying with the thrusts, my nipples brushing the pillow. I wondered how long it could last.

In the positions that were to come, the fuck lasted a long time. He'd been fucking me, hard and deeply, for more than five minutes when I decided I'd like a different position.

"Let's switch," I said. "I'll lie at the edge of the bed with my legs over the side. You put your feet on the floor and lean over me, brace yourself on the bed with your hands."

He pulled his cock out of my cunt and I slid to the side of the bed, my pussy at the edge of the mattress. This position would stress my tummy muscles even more and the orgasm I'd been enjoying would be even more intense.

Then he was in me again, this time fucking me with a slow, steady stroke, but as deeply as before. And he was able to lean forward and suck my nipples again, first one, then the other, and kiss my tits. The orgasm was even more intense than I had expected. I could feel my cunt going into spasms. It had happened to me only twice before.

The contractions in my cunt made it even tighter around his cock. As much as he tried to hold back, to delay cumming for a third time in me, a beautiful, big titted blonde, he couldn't contain it. He came again, waves of beautifully agonizing spasms seizing his cock as both of us bent our heads to look at our fuck. It was too extreme. He had to pull it out of me.

As he flopped down on the bed beside me, I was in a frenzy. I grabbed the still hard rod and began sucking on it. He screamed as he went back into orgasm again but he didn't pull away, continuing to cum in my mouth for a full minute before I stopped and turned to lay beside him.

"You are a great fuck," I said. "I think I'm really going to enjoy this vacation."

It was three hours later before we dressed to leave my room. We'd fucked four more times. I lost track of my orgasms. We'd fucked in every position I knew, some of which were new to Paul.

We'd fucked in missionary, rear entry, edge of the bed, sitting in a chair with me straddling him, in the same position on the edge of the bath tub, standing face to face against the bathroom door frame, standing from behind with me bracing myself against the bathroom sink, with me sitting on his cock as he lay in the bed -- facing first toward his feet, then toward his head, lying on our sides and with him holding me, my legs wrapped around him, as he walked around the room. A dozen positions, my full repertoire.

We showered together, dressed, Paul from a bag that he'd brought from his cabana, and headed for the dining room.



"After dinner, would you fuck my asshole?" I asked. "It's never been fucked before and your cock is so slender it might be just right to break it in. I have some condoms you can use and a tube of K-Y. Would you like to try that?"

"Dinner can wait." Paul took my arm and turned me back toward my room as I giggled.

Despite the afternoon of fucking, Paul's cock was hard before he got his clothes off. I stripped my cotton sundress onto the floor and stepped out of my panties. I'd been wearing nothing else. I went to the bathroom and came back with the K-Y, condoms and a syringe. I loaded the syringe with the jelly and inserted it in my tight asshole then smeared some more jelly on the adjoining cheeks of my ass. Pierre had unrolled a condom on his cock.

"I know you've been gentle with me when you fucked my cunt but please be very gentle with me now."



I got on my knees on the bed and put my chest against a pillow. Paul tried to put his cock into my asshole but it was too tight. He couldn't get the head to penetrate.

"Breathe slowly and deeply," he said, "and try to relax."

I took several slow, deep breaths and concentrated on relaxing. It was difficult with the end of Paul's cock waiting between my ass checks. Then I felt the relaxation. Then I felt his first thrust.

He managed to get the head of his cock into my asshole. It hurt just a little, but not as much as I had expected.

"God, that's good, Sandy. You are really tight. Try to relax a little more and I'll see if I can get the rest into you."

I tried, again, to relax while bracing my shoulders against the bed. Slowly, gradually, Paul slid the rest of his seven inch cock into my asshole, burying it between my ass checks. He held on to my ass and began a very short, gentle fuck stroke. But not for long. My virgin asshole was so tight, so thrilling to him, that he couldn't contain himself. Despite the fact that he'd cum so many times in me, he was cumming again in less than two minutes.

When he finished cumming, he slid his cock out of me. I turned and examined the condom. It was empty except for the still-hard meat it covered.

"You've gone dry," I laughed. "I've fucked you dry."

"And I hope you'll fuck me even drier after we take another shower and have dinner. But maybe by then I'll have produced a little more cum."

"If you do, I'll have to suck it into my mouth for desert."

"Stop that sexy talk and get into the shower, before I fuck your cunt again."

"Promises, promises," I giggled as I headed for the bathroom...



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