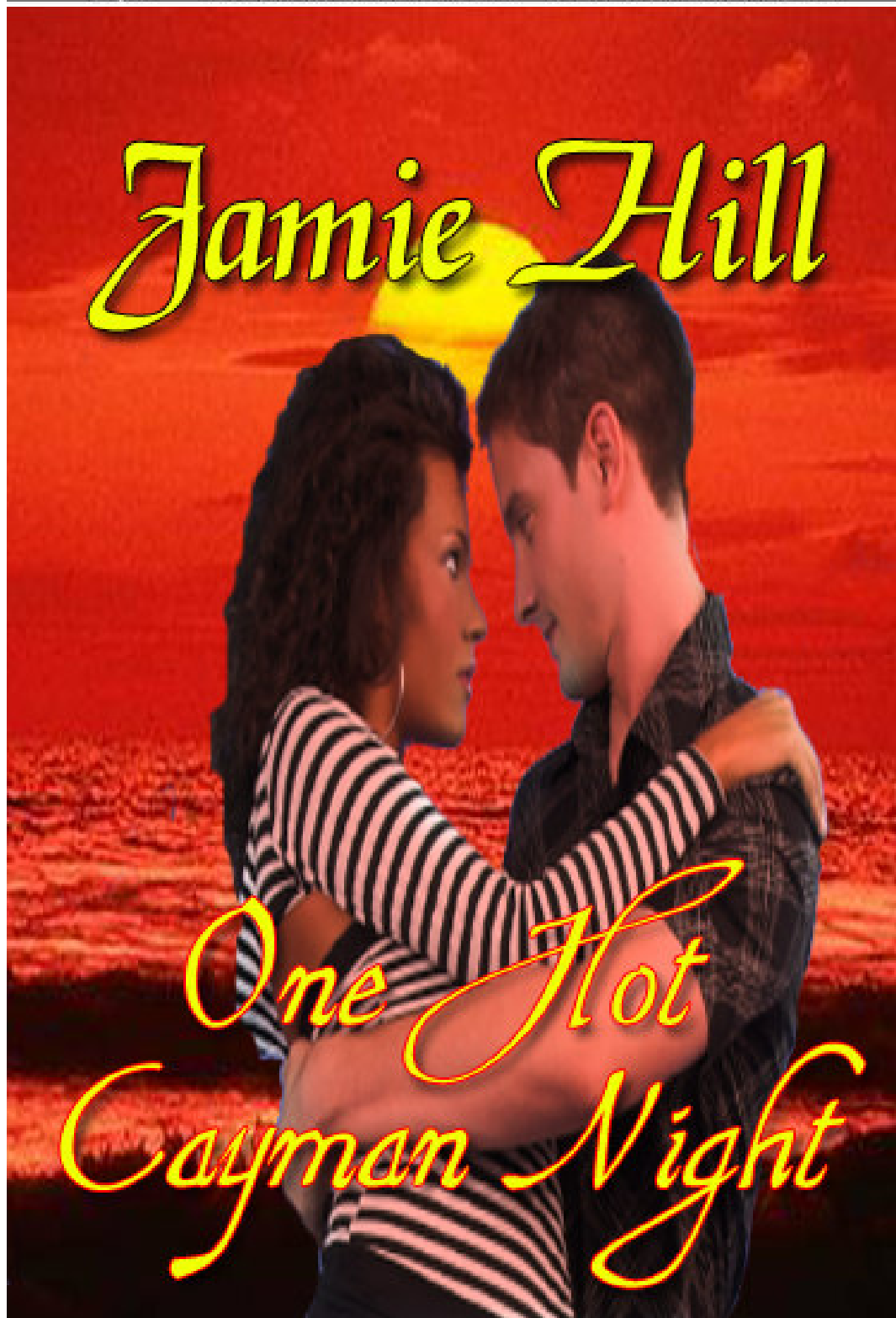




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One Hot  
Cayman Night



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ONE HOT CAYMAN NIGHT

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One Hot Cayman Night  
by  
Jamie Hill

“Was that Orlando Bloom?” Jaden Donner twisted her neck to catch a glimpse of the man who strolled past her.

Laughing, her friend Keisha Cooper shook her head. The man looked handsome, but not a famous movie star by any means. “They told us at the Hyatt that he checked out, remember?”

“I know that’s what *they said*.” Jaden gave one last look and continued walking down the sidewalk. “I figured after he finished shooting his movie he might hang around for some playtime. It’s so beautiful here.”

“You’re right about that, but he was here for several weeks on location. He probably needed to get home, wherever that is.” Keisha looked around the streets of George Town, the bustling capital of Grand Cayman, the largest of the three Cayman Islands. “This place *is* fantastic. I can’t wait to hit the Seven-Mile Beach. I hear it has the whitest sand in the world.”

Jaden grinned and stopped to look in a shop window. “Yeah, a beach, beautiful blue water and a margarita in my hands—sounds just about perfect. Oh wow, look at these shoes! Let’s go in!”

“Cute,” Keisha agreed. “But we just got here, and we’ve barely unpacked, remember? We agreed to walk around a little, get the lay of the land before we start our serious shopping...and partying.”

“Oh, yeah,” Jaden grinned again. “All right, but remind me to come back here, okay? I’ve got to check out these shoes. Tax-free, duty-free shopping calls my name.”

“I’ll remind you.” Keisha grabbed her friend’s arm and pulled her along the sidewalk.

It was the first visit for either of them to the beautiful little islands which lay nestled between Cuba and Honduras in the Caribbean Sea. They were staying on the main island with day trips planned to each of the sister islands, Little Cayman and

Cayman Brac. Their week's schedule contained sight-seeing and snorkeling trips, but the other half of the time they intended to spend lying on the beach.

Keisha couldn't remember much about her last vacation, but knew she had spent it somewhere in the Ozark Mountains near her hometown of St. Louis, Missouri. This first trip out of the country with a friend rather than her parents was a milestone for Keisha. At twenty-four she'd been of legal drinking age for a while, but never got much of a chance to enjoy it. She intended to make the most of this vacation, even if it meant tons of Tylenol and coffee on the plane ride home.

Keisha met Jaden in beauty college and they hit it off immediately. Both girls grew up in St. Louis, but went to different high schools and never crossed paths. Once they did, they became almost inseparable. After graduation, they were both hired by the same hair salon, so the girls rented an apartment and became roommates.

It took three years to save up enough for this vacation, and Keisha knew Jaden had looked forward to it as much as she did. When they arrived, both girls phoned home and checked in with their parents, and then turned their cell phones off. They would call home every day as requested, but it would be on their schedule, and they would not be interrupted by calls from their families.

"This is great, but I'm dying to get to the beach," Keisha reminded. "Let's go back and change into our suits."

"I'm dying for a margarita!" Jaden agreed, and they giggled and returned to their hotel.

Flipping open her suitcase, Keisha pulled out two bikinis. "What do you think?" She waved them in the air. "I'm thinking red and white stripes."

Jaden nodded. "That'll look hot with your dark skin. I love the peach-colored one, too. Save it for tomorrow."

"My thoughts exactly." Stripping out of her clothes, Keisha wiggled into the tight suit and stepped in front of the mirror. "I like it. I liked it in the store, but I like it even more here in the Caribbean." They laughed, still barely believing where they were.

"God, you look fantastic!" Jaden whined as she stripped out of her own clothes. "Your boobs are totally perfect. Mine are barely even there!" She stepped in front of Keisha stark naked. "Look at me! It's like someone smashed two tennis balls on my chest."

Keisha chuckled, shaking her head. "Put your suit on, let's go!" She tied a cover-up around her waist and grabbed her beach bag.

"I'm coming," Jaden muttered, struggling with her cover-up. She tossed some bottled water in her bag and followed Keisha out.

Approaching the beach, Jaden read from a brochure as they headed toward the water's edge. "Did you know the Seven-Mile Beach is actually five-point-six miles long?"

"I did not know that." Keisha donned her sunglasses and looked around at the throngs of people surrounding them.

"It says here that it's the Islands' most popular beach."

"That part, I figured out." She stopped for a trio of children running in front of them, and then continued to the water. Finding a spot big enough for their two towels, Keisha looked at her friend. "How about here?"

"Sure." Jaden dropped her bag in the sand and spread out her towel. She sat and began applying sunscreen.

Keisha settled in next to her and did the same.

"Get my back, will you?" Jaden handed over her bottle of heavy-duty sun block. A fair-skinned red-head, she freckled and burned easily.

"Yep." Keisha poured lotion into her hands and slathered it on Jaden's back. "Hair," she snapped, and Jaden pulled her long hair off to the side. "Thank you." She rubbed the lotion in slowly, thoroughly, taking her time as she massaged the tight skin beneath her hands.

"That feels good." Jaden shrugged her shoulders a few times. "Let me do you."

"Yeah, okay." Keisha pulled her own sunscreen from her bag and handed the bottle over. Her skin wasn't the dark color of her African-American father's, but more

like the light tan color of her Mexican mother's. Keisha didn't burn easily, but she wasn't taking any chances in the hot Caribbean sun. "That does feel good," she agreed as Jaden rubbed the lotion onto her back, and Keisha held her long black hair up off her shoulders. "Thanks."

"Yep." Jaden patted Keisha's shoulder and settled back in her own space. She finished rubbing sunscreen on herself and then pulled the two bottles of water from her bag. "Drink?"

"Sure." Keisha took the bottle, opened it and sipped.

"You missed a spot." Jaden rubbed a thumb over Keisha's cheek, spreading a small white glob of sunscreen. "Got it."

Keisha smiled as she looked over the beach. "Can you believe all these people?"

"Un-fucking-believable," Jaden agreed, and they lay back on their towels and closed their eyes.

A few minutes later they were assaulted by a spray of water as their towel neighbors returned and yanked off their life jackets.

"Hey, watch it!" Jaden sat up, wiping water from her legs.

"Sorry." One of the two soaked guys smiled at her. *His blonde hair and blue eyes are overshadowed by that goofy smile*, Keisha thought. He couldn't seem to help himself when he asked, "Can I wipe that off for you?" and grinned at Jaden, almost leering.

"Uh, no," she said simply, staring at him.

The second man made an eye-rolling gesture and mouthed, "Sorry," to Keisha.

She smiled at him with his spiky dark hair and scruffy facial hair. *Much cuter than his friend*, she thought. "No problem." She wiggled her toes. "Been swimming?"

"Kayaking, actually," he replied, and reached for his towel. He dried himself off and turned to his friend. "Would you stop dripping on the lady, Pete? Jesus!" He grabbed the second towel and thrust it at Pete.

"Oh, uh, sorry." Pete attempted to dry off, but splashed Jaden more in the process.

"Here on vacation?" Keisha asked, suddenly feeling brave.

"Yes, we are. You?" Dark-haired guy appeared to look her over.

"Yep." Keisha shifted her legs a bit.

He seemed to notice and appreciate the gesture. "I'm Rob Walsh, and this is Pete Turner. We're from Kansas City."

"Really?" Keisha perked up. "I'm Keisha-"

Jaden extended an arm and popped Keisha in the stomach. Taking the hint, Keisha continued the introductions using first names only. "This is my friend Jaden."

"Keisha," Rob repeated.

She tried to tune out the conversation next to her, as Pete asked, "So, Jaden is it? What kind of a name is that?"

Keisha couldn't bear to hear the answer. Jaden put guys like Pete in his place on a regular basis. And if Jaden didn't like Pete, then Keisha might not have a chance with Rob. She continued to focus on the dark-haired hunk in front of her. "So, Kansas City, huh?" She didn't dare tell him they lived a mere few hundred miles apart.

"Yep. Pete and I work for the Royal's baseball club, in the Kaufman Stadium offices."

"The Royals suck," Jaden piped up.

"So who do you like better?" Pete asked defensively.

Jaden and Keisha exchanged glances. If they said the St. Louis Cardinals it might give their hometown away. "Baseball's stupid," Jaden muttered instead.

Ignoring the jab, Rob asked Keisha "Are you girls doing anything special tonight?"

"We're going to the carnival," she told him with a little bat of her eyes.

"We're going to the carnival," he repeated slowly, a smile playing at his lips.

"Really?" Keisha returned the smile and maintained eye contact.

"Some big fucking surprise," Jaden added. "The Batabano Carnival is the biggest spring event in George Town. Everyone will be there."

"Maybe we'll run into you." Rob continued to stare at Keisha. "Or maybe we could meet you there."



"Yeah," she started to agree when Jaden hit her again. Keisha smiled at Rob apologetically. "Maybe we'll run into you."

"Sure." He gave a last, lingering look over her body, seeming regretful to turn away and gather up his things. "Come on, Turner. Get your shit and let's go."

"Right behind you." Pete picked up his stuff and shuffled after Rob.

Keisha watched them go as Jaden leaned back and groaned. "We'd better *not* see them there! Christ! What an oaf!"

"You think so?" Keisha mused.

"Um, yeah. No doubt. Keep looking, Cooper."

"Um, yeah," Keisha repeated, lowered her sunglasses and laying back on her towel.

\* \* \* \*

Keisha and Jaden let the sun bake them for two hours before returning to their hotel room and showering. After changing into pretty dresses with sandals, they carefully applied make-up and paid special attention to each other's hair. While Jaden liked a loose ponytail at the base of her neck, Keisha preferred to leave her hair flowing, with just two strands from the front pulled into a braid that ran down the back.

"You look hot," Jaden confirmed as they checked each other out.

"You too!" Keisha agreed. "This is going to be a blast."

"Promise me we'll *try* to meet some different guys. Pete and Rob practically fell into our laps – we should be able to meet others just as easily."

"We can try," Keisha replied, thinking that she'd be quite happy if she got stuck with Mr. Rob Walsh from Kansas City. In fact, she intended to look for him.

They headed out and ate dinner at a sidewalk café in town. There were hundreds of people milling around on the street and Keisha watched them come and go with amazement. "This is incredible," she finally said.

"I think so, too." Jaden downed the last of her margarita as the waiter brought them two new drinks and traded glasses. "Thank you." She smiled up at him, and he smiled and nodded in return before he left.

"These are incredible," Keisha said again, picking up her third giant margarita. "They taste sooo good."

"Mm, hmm. But I'm getting tired of sitting here. I'm ready to dance! I hear music down the street; they say there's supposed to be dancing."

"Yeah." Keisha looked around the crowd. She saw no sign of Rob, Pete or any other available man for that matter. "We may be dancing with each other."

Jaden stood up and shrugged. "So, we start out dancing together. I bet it won't take long for a couple of good-looking guys to join us."

Taking one last sip of her drink, Keisha left money for the check and followed Jaden out. "I hope you're right."

Reaching the part of the street cordoned off for dancing, they found it jam-packed with people. "Holy shit!" Keisha muttered as they squeezed into a little spot and began dancing. "Good thing we like each other." Their bodies were almost touching as they moved to the fast beat.

"I do like you." Jaden smiled, raised her eyebrows at Keisha and bumped their hips together. "It may be the tequila talking, but I think that if we don't meet up with any guys tonight, it might not be such a bad thing." She rubbed her thumb over the front of Keisha's breast and watched the nipple pucker through the thin dress fabric.

The movement surprised Keisha, but being tequila-heavy herself she was giddy and suddenly realized the idea appealed to her. "Oh," she murmured, "you may be right." She turned so Jaden would touch her other breast.

Jaden smiled again and took a step closer to Keisha, letting one hand slip down the halter front of her friend's dress. She massaged the full breast and rubbed the nipple until it grew hard.

"Mmm," Keisha closed her eyes as she danced, enjoying the feel of the hand playing over her. She couldn't believe how excited she felt to have Jaden's hands on her,

and began thinking of what the night might hold in store. "We're in awfully close quarters, here. We might want to leave soon to find a little more space...and privacy."

Someone nudged Jaden and her body pressed up against Keisha's. She took the opportunity to run her free hand up between Keisha's thighs and touch the silk of her little panties. "Close quarters is nice," Jaden said quietly, letting one finger slide under the edge of the panties and through Keisha's slick folds. "Very nice, in fact. And who needs privacy? Let's see how much anybody notices."

Keisha squirmed against her friend's body, the idea of their touching in public sending thrilling shivers down her spine. Suddenly very hot, Keisha knew she wanted more. "Oh Jesus," she muttered as she felt Jaden slip a finger inside her pussy. "God, don't make me come right here..."

"Why not?" Jaden grinned, releasing her hold on Keisha's breast and cupping her friend's ass instead. She worked the fingers of her other hand deeper. "Feel that?" She wiggled another finger into Keisha's sopping cunt. "Mmm...two feels nice...should I go for three?"

"Oh please, yes," Keisha gasped and leaned into Jaden. On the verge of an intense orgasm, she ignored the hundreds of people pressing around her. "Rub my clit a little..." That's all it would take to make Keisha come, she just knew it.

"Well, hi there!" A male voice said, jostling Keisha back to reality as she opened her eyes to see Rob Walsh in front of her.

"Oh!" she muttered with a vague expression, that being all she could muster at the moment.

Jaden let go of Keisha and stepped back quickly. They looked at each other and Jaden licked her fingers seductively.

Keisha stifled a groan and straightened her dress. So close to climax, if a waft of air hit her just right Keisha thought she might explode. Something needed to be done about the situation. She smiled up at Rob, who stood several inches taller than her. "Well, hello."

"Fancy meeting you here," he said pleasantly, seemingly unaware that he arrived one minute too soon for Keisha's pleasure.

"Where's your buddy?" She looked around.

"Right there...Pete, over here, man!" he called, as Pete squeezed through the crowd to get to them.

"Hey," he said.

"Well, good, now we can dance," Keisha grabbed Rob and looked at Jaden hopefully.

"Why not?" Jaden shrugged and latched on to Pete.

Happy that Jaden seemed content, Keisha pressed her body against Rob's and slid her arms around his neck.

"Well, gee." He steadied himself as she grabbed him.

"It's so crowded here," Keisha told him. "Hope I'm not crushing you."

"Not a bit." He smiled and held her in his arms. "It is the most packed I've ever seen George Town."

"Have you been to the carnival before?"

"Nope, first time. It reminds me of Mardi Gras."

"Yeah," Keisha agreed, acting like she'd been to Mardi Gras before. Tonight was a first in *a lot* of ways for her. She pressed against Rob and felt his solid erection pressing back. "Mmmm," she sighed, enjoying the feel of it.

"Let me guess, you've been drinking," Rob said softly in her ear.

"What makes you say that?" She pulled back and looked in his eyes.

He laughed. "The red blurry eyes, for one thing, and the body wrapped around me tighter than a scuba suit for another...not that I'm complaining, mind you."

She wiggled her hips and felt his cock jump. "I hope not. Because I hoped we might have some fun tonight."

Rob leaned in and nibbled her earlobe. "I like fun. I just don't like regrets the next morning in the sober light of day."

"I'm not that drunk." Keisha looked at him. "Just having fun on vacation and it's been a while between boyfriends. I thought a good fuck might clear my head."

He coughed and choked back a laugh. "Straightforward. I like your style, Keisha-?"

"Cooper. Keisha Cooper, from St. Louis, Missouri."

"St. Louis?" His eyes lit up. "That's not far from where I live."

"I know." She gave him a seductive smile.

"You were holding out on me."

She shrugged. "Only one small detail. I'm practically throwing myself at you, so I wouldn't complain too much about my holding out."

Rob laughed and nuzzled her neck. "Okay, no complaining, other than the fact that this place is a madhouse. Would you like to go back to our hotel?"

"Maybe we should all go to *our* hotel," she suggested.

"All of us?" He raised his eyebrows.

"I don't think Jaden and I are ready to split up. We don't know you that well."

"Well enough to fuck," he teased.

"Oh, sure," she teased back. "Come on." Keisha grabbed Rob by the hand and led him to where Jaden danced with Pete. "We're going back to the hotel." She motioned with her head. "You ready?"

"I don't know," Jaden hesitated, looking at Pete who appeared so drunk he could barely stand.

"It'll be fun," Keisha encouraged, and grabbed both Jaden and Pete by the arm. "Let's go."

"Whatever you say," Pete agreed willingly, and they started walking.

"We have two adjoining rooms," Rob offered.

Smiling, Keisha nodded. "Now he tells me. Okay, your place it is, then."

The men's hotel sat a block down from the Hyatt, and they reached it quickly. Rob unlocked the doors, allowing Pete and Jaden into Pete's room. He pulled the adjoining door closed and turned to face Keisha. "Alone at last."

"Finally." She took a step toward him.

"You're very beautiful," Rob told her.

She chuckled and ran a hand through his spiky hair. "You're not so bad yourself."

He ran one finger up her bare arm. "I love the color of your skin. Golden tan, almost."

Keisha replied in a Jamaican accent, "You can tank my daddy for 'dat. He's from the island, Mon." She leaned into Rob and circled her tongue around his earlobe.

"Ah, I see." He held her shoulders firmly. "Listen, Keisha. I'm all for this, but I know you're pretty drunk. I need to make sure this is what you really want..."

She laughed, tugging at his shirt. "It's definitely what I want. Make love to me, Rob, before I explode."

"If you're sure..."

"Shhh." She placed one finger on his lips. "Don't make me beg. I want you to fuck me hard and fast. I want it bad, baby."

He seemed to need no further urging. Reaching for the bottom of her dress, Rob pulled it over her head swiftly and tossed it aside. He groaned as he looked over Keisha's body, clothed in nothing but a tiny pair of panties. Dropping to his knees, he dragged the panties down slowly, admiring her as he did. "You're so beautiful."

"Mmm," she moaned, almost *feeling* the intensity of his gaze. "Touch me."

Rob settled her back on the bed gently and brought his mouth to her breast. He suckled one nipple into a cone-shaped nub before moving on to the other. She squirmed under his weight, tugging at his slacks to free his rigid erection. He groaned as she pulled his cock into her hands and massaged him.

"I want to taste you," Keisha whispered.

"Me too," he agreed, and flipped her over so she stretched out on top. He wiggled around until his head slipped between her thighs and pressed them open.

"Yes," Keisha sighed as she felt his tongue stroke her clit. She clasped the thick cock in front of her and swallowed it whole.

"Oh, Jesus," he muttered, and she laughed.

She licked his length base to tip several times before sucking him back into her mouth. When she released him, a drop of milky-white cum appeared on the slit at the tip of his cock, and she gulped it down.

"Jesus, please stop..." Rob moaned again. "Don't finish me off yet."

Keisha chuckled and sucked him once more before releasing his throbbing dick.

"Thank you." His voice trembled.

"You can finish me off," she advised. "The sooner the better."

She heard his throaty laugh. "I intend to. And then I'm going to fuck you until your brains rattle."

Keisha pressed her drenched pussy into him and groaned as she felt his fingers enter her. She felt close, so close to orgasm for the second time tonight. But this time she felt sure it would happen. Rob's mouth worked over her clit and before she realized it, glorious waves of pleasure washed over her. Bucking her hips, she rode out the waves as they crested and fell. "Damn!" she sighed loudly.

Rob chuckled again and flipped Keisha to her back. His mouth dripped with her sticky juices as he turned to face her. "You taste good, baby. Wanna taste for yourself?"

"Sure." She kissed him deeply, sucking her own juices off his tongue. She *did* taste good, or maybe the tequila was messing with her head. "Mmm," she groaned. "Let's fuck."

Rob grinned as he reached for the condom he left on the nightstand.

"You don't need that," Keisha said as she watched him rip the foil packet and roll the latex over his thick shaft.

"You tell me that when you're sober, and I'll believe you. Tonight, we're using a rubber." Rob brought the tip of his cock to her opening. "Ready for this?"

"More than ready." Keisha spread her legs and arched her back as he drove into her. "Oh, yes!" she cried out as he pummeled her. "God, yes! Hard and fast, baby!"

He growled at her enthusiasm and rocked back and forth as she wrapped her legs around him. "You're hot and tight," he muttered through gritted teeth.

"Oh yeah, that's it! Fill me up, baby!" Keisha shuddered as another orgasm swept through her.

Rob kept up the pace until she came a third time, then he joined her. His body collapsed on hers, and she felt his heat pumping into her quivering pussy. When she could move she reached up and kissed him gently.

"That was..." he trailed off.

"Yeah," she agreed, exhausted. "Fan-fucking-tastic."

Laughing, he rolled off her and tossed the condom into a trash can. He nuzzled her breasts and sighed, "So beautiful."

Keisha ran a hand through his hair. "A girl could get used to you, Rob Walsh from Kansas City."

He flicked her nipple lightly. "I could definitely get used to the girl, too. That highway between KC and St. Louis is getting shorter by the minute."

"Mmmm," Keisha moaned as he stirred her desire again. "That feels good."

"Looks good, too," Jaden said from the doorway.

Keisha and Rob looked up, surprised. Jaden leaned against the door, totally naked, smiling at them. "My date passed out. I don't know how much he drank, but he obviously couldn't handle himself. I only came once, and that's because I eavesdropped on you--no thanks to him."

Keisha smiled. "Would you like to join us?"

Jaden smiled at Keisha and looked at Rob.

He glanced quickly from one woman to the other in disbelief.

"Would that be okay?" Keisha touched his cheek. "I don't want to freak you out."

He seemed to think about it for a minute before he shrugged. "What the hell? I'm on vacation. Nothing like trying something new."

"My thoughts exactly." Keisha's eyes sparkled. She patted the bed next to her and Jaden climbed in.



"I've wanted to taste these for a long time." Leaning in to Keisha's breasts, Jaden played with a nipple. She sucked it into her mouth as Rob watched, doing the same to the other breast.

"Oh, yeah!" Keisha squirmed, feeling sexy and wonderful. She never experienced sex with two people, and she could already tell her orgasms would be zinging fast and furious. "Somebody touch my clit."

"I can do better than that." Jaden slid down and spread Keisha's thighs open. "I want to eat you and suck your clit into my mouth."

The words sent a thrill through Keisha, and when she felt the soft lips on her most sensitive area she melted into a shuddering climax. Jaden tongued her pussy and lapped up the juices that spewed.

"Ooh, baby, you're quick. You must be really hot." Still teasing the hard nub of a clit with her tongue, Jaden worked three fingers into Keisha's wet cunt and finger-fucked her. Soon, Keisha cried out again as the explosive waves again washed over her.

"God, that's beautiful," Rob commented, watching the dark and light skinned women rolling together on the bed.

"Bring your cock up to me," Keisha demanded, and he knelt before her face. "Yeah, that's it." Stroking his length and finding him rock-hard again, she pulled him into her mouth. "Mmm, nice," she murmured. "I love your hard cock."

"I think he loves you, too." Rob gasped as she swallowed him. "Damn, you have one hell of a mouth."

"What about me?" Jaden climbed up, pressing her pussy into Keisha's so the two women could rub each other. She moved her mouth next to Rob's firm shaft and began licking what she could reach.

"Jesus," Rob grunted as the two women took turns licking and sucking his dick. "I can't believe this."

"Believe it, baby," Jaden told him. "But don't come yet. I need to be fucked in the worst way."

"Then you'd better stop that." He pulled his cock away from their hungry mouths. "Christ, this is incredible. I need to get another rubber."

"Don't bother," Jaden said.

He chuckled as he went to retrieve another condom from his wallet. "You drunken women will thank me in the morning."

"How about a little something to thank you for now?" Jaden rubbed her own pussy with her hand.

He leaned over Keisha and kissed her lips gently. "Do you mind?"

She smiled. "Save the last dance for me."

"You got it." He kissed her one last time before Jaden climbed on her knees and presented her ass to him. She used her hand to part her swollen pussy lips. "Find your way home, big boy. Do it now. I need it so bad."

Rob knelt behind Jaden, donned the rubber, and pressed the tip of his cock into her cunt. "Nice and wet. Here we go, sugar." He thrust into her and Jaden's head flew back.

"Oh, yeah!"

Holding her by the waist, Rob clutched Jaden's hips and drove his cock into her.

Keisha worked her way in front of them and sucked Jaden's tits, letting one hand drop down and massage her clit. Every so often she reached for Rob's balls as they slapped against Jaden's ass and squeezed them.

Jaden's eyes glazed over and she grabbed Keisha for a kiss as she came. Keisha let her tongue search her friend's mouth and Jaden shuddered out her climax. When Jaden stopped to catch her breath, Keisha leaned over her and kissed Rob deeply.

"I want you," he whispered to her, and Keisha smiled.

"I want you, too." She turned to Jaden. "Trade places with me."

Jaden looked about ready to pass out, and dropped onto the bed without complaint. Keisha slipped in between them, pressing her ass against Rob's slick shaft. "You're nice and wet, want to take me in the ass?"

He gulped. "Christ, are you sure?"

"Oh, yeah. Stick it in me, baby. Come over here, Jaden, and suck my tits."

Rob nudged his cock to Keisha's puckering hole and pressed hesitantly.

"Here." Keisha reached between her legs and rubbed moisture from her pussy into her rosebud opening. "Now, harder, baby. You have to push harder."

"I don't want to hurt you."

"You won't. Stick it in me."

He groaned at her command and forced himself into her ass.

Keisha felt the resistance of her outer ring give way and soon Rob sank in up to his balls. She loved the feeling of a cock in her ass, but needed some clit play to achieve orgasm. "Jaden, rub me."

Jaden's eyes were half-closed as she sucked Keisha's nipples and rubbed her clit. Keisha reached down and inserted her fingers into Jaden's wet pussy, finger-fucking her friend at the same time as Rob ravaged her from behind.

When she thought she might burst, Keisha cried out, "I'm coming!" and shuddered through an exquisite orgasm. Rob grunted something incoherent, and she felt his cock spurting waves of heat into her ass. He clung to her as Keisha held on to Jaden, and when she could think again she drove her fingers rapidly in and out of Jaden's hot pussy. The slick walls closed in around Keisha's fingers as she felt Jaden experience an intense climax.

"Sweet Jesus," Rob finally muttered.

"What he said," Jaden sighed.

Keisha laughed. "God, how fantastic! Back up, you two, and let's lie down."

Rob pulled his dick out slowly and the three of them collapsed on the bed. "I might just sleep here," he whispered, face down.

Keisha grinned and rubbed her face against his back. "Oh, I'm sorry. But I want ice cream. We're going to have to go get some."

"Ice cream?" Jaden perked up. "That's sounds awesome."

"You've got to be fucking kidding me," Rob muttered into the pillow.

Keisha laughed. "Not kidding, just an incredible case of the munchies. Doesn't drinking and hot sex make you hungry?"

He raised his head and looked at her. "The sex was hot all right, but I haven't had anything to drink."

"What?" Keisha asked, surprised. She assumed Rob to be as drunk as the rest of them were.

He rolled on his back and smiled sheepishly. "I don't drink. But Pete's definitely plastered, so I'm sure he'll be hungry."

"Okay," she said, a little embarrassed. She'd never thrown herself at a man so brazenly before and now to discover him stone cold sober—sheesh! "Let's go get dressed," she said to Jaden.

"I'll grab my clothes and be right behind you." Jaden went out and returned momentarily with her things bundled in her arms. The two women went in the bathroom together.

"Oh, my God!" Keisha leaned against the wall. "He doesn't drink! He's going to remember all of this in the morning!"

"So what?" Jaden shrugged as she yanked at her dress. "We won't, and we'll never see him again."

"I might see him again." Keisha faced Jaden. "I like him, Jae."

Jaden looked at her before shrugging again. "Well, let's hope he likes you, too. Sorry about jumping in, but I felt so horny! I never imagined you really liked him."

"It's okay," Keisha told her. "You know what they say, 'What happens in the Caribbean, stays in the Caribbean.'" She quickly cleaned up before slipping back into her panties and dress.

Jaden straightened her own clothes and smiled at Keisha. She fluffed her friend's hair and planted a light kiss on her lips. "You got it. Now let's go eat—I've got a serious jones for some Rocky Road."

Keisha grinned and followed her out to the bedroom. Pete and Rob were pulling on their shoes. "Hungry, Pete?"

"I could eat," he replied, looking somewhat dazed and confused.

The other three chuckled at his vague look; Keisha felt sure he had no idea what he missed out on. She held a hand out to Rob and he smiled as he took it. "Ice cream, eh?" He stood and slid an arm around her waist.

"Definitely."

Grabbing his keys, he nodded. "Then let's go. The ladies want ice cream."

They wandered down to the lobby and out into the dark night. Pete and Jaden walked ahead and Keisha slowed her pace to put some distance between the two couples. She held Rob's free hand, and cozied up to the arm he had wrapped around her. "I'm really embarrassed," she finally said.

"I thought you promised no morning-after regrets? Technically, it's not even the morning after..."

"No regrets—but I thought you were as drunk as me. I've never acted like such a slut before, believe me."

"Of course, I believe you." Rob leaned in and kissed her temple. "You didn't act like a slut. I liked it. A woman going after what she wanted."

Keisha grinned up at him. "Didn't hurt that *you* were what I wanted."

He laughed. "No, that didn't hurt a bit. You're a real beauty, Keisha Cooper. I must admit, if I'd been drinking there's no way I would have had as much stamina as I did. Alcohol does different things to the male and female anatomy, as my friend Pete can attest to."

She chuckled this time. "I'm not sure Pete can attest to very much right now. He looks a little out of it."

"You got me there. Well, then, your friend Jaden can verify it. She was the one left high and dry."

Keisha glanced up at him. "She didn't end up that way. I'm sorry, I hope her joining us didn't bother you. She never would have done it if she knew we might want see each other again."

Rob stopped and faced Keisha, holding her arms. "I definitely want to see you again. I hope it won't be weird with Jaden because tonight was a wild trip--but it's you I'm interested in."

Her heart soared. "Yeah, I feel the same way. Jaden and I don't usually--I mean we've never--before tonight, you know. It's just that we're on vacation and we promised ourselves a really great time..."

"What do you say to letting *me* show you the really great time from here on out?" Rob pulled Keisha to him and kissed her gently.

"Oh, yeah." She slid her arms around his neck and returned the kiss, letting her mouth open and their tongues dart against each other.

"Well, what do we have here?" An unfamiliar male voice rumbled behind them, and Keisha pulled back quickly from Rob. She glanced up to see two big men leering at them with evil grins on their faces.

"What do you want?" she asked softly.

Rob didn't wait for a reply. He took Keisha's arm and tried to steer her away. "Excuse us," he said to the man that stepped in front of them.

Keisha glanced around, searching the street for the others. Her heart sank when she saw Jaden and Pete standing next to two similarly large men. "Shit, Rob!" she muttered, and he looked where she motioned with her head.

"Fuck me," he muttered under his breath, and looked around quickly. The night loomed dark and the street deserted. Somehow, they had wandered away from the street party instead of toward it.

"So, pretty *Senorita*, what's happening tonight?" One of the men touched Keisha's cheek and she jerked away. He laughed and she could see his teeth were crooked and yellow.

The other men brought Jaden and Pete into a small circle they formed around the two couples. "Look what we found." A tall, dirty-looking man grabbed a handful of Jaden's shiny red hair. "This one will bring a pretty penny. Our associates *just love* Americans with soft, fair skin."

Keisha gulped and saw Rob do the same. They were in real trouble here. She winced as another man pulled her hair and laughed wickedly. "This one won't bring so much with her dark skin. We may have to use her up ourselves, and then toss our leftovers to the dogs back at camp." He licked Keisha's cheek and she jerked away, disgusted, but he held her hair firmly and continued breathing on her.

"Stop that!" Rob yelled, and then swore as someone grabbed his arms roughly.

Pete's face turned a sickly shade of green and he leaned over to retch in the street.

"Stupid American gringo," the first man muttered and brandished a gun, aiming at Pete's head.

"No!" Rob freed one arm and swiped at the man's gun hand. He shoved it aside as the gun went off, the bullet striking his friend's shoulder. Pete cried out and dropped to the ground.

Rob took the opportunity to kick his captor and knock him down. Keisha followed his lead and swung around, landing a high-heeled blow to the nuts of the man in front of her. He muttered "Ooof!" before he doubled over, and Rob smacked the man on the back of his head.

"The gun!" Keisha called and Rob glanced up quickly. The gun-wielding man took aim, and Rob jumped up to grab him.

"Son-of-a-bitch!" Jaden swore and swung her purse into one of the men's faces.

"Rob, watch out!" Keisha hollered before the gun exploded.

He ducked and whirled around, kicking the man's gun arm, but Jaden still fell to the ground.

"No!" Keisha screamed, dropping next to her friend as the sound of sirens filled the air. The three men who could run took off, and Rob continued to kick at the fourth man as he lay in the street, semi-conscious. "Jaden!" Keisha scanned for an entry wound and found one in her left forearm. "Jaden, can you hear me?"

"Yeah," she replied. "God damn it, I've been shot!"

"Yes, you have." Keisha smiled at her friend, knowing the injury wasn't life-threatening. She glanced over at Pete. "Pete! You okay?"

"I've been shot, too," he muttered.

"Yes, you have," she agreed again. She eyed his injury; it appeared to be a flesh-wound. He would be okay, as well.

The authorities approached and took the downed man into custody. They called for an ambulance and Rob went to kneel between Pete and Jaden. "Everybody alive over here?"

"Thanks to you," Keisha told him.

"And you!" he answered. "Remind me, if I ever see those high heels aimed at my balls to steer clear. You have one mean kick."

"If that didn't work I thought about taking the shoe off and nailing the guy with the heel." She grinned at Rob, and mouthed, "Thank you."

Nodding, he smiled back. "Don't go anywhere. The authorities need our statements."

"I'm not going anywhere without you," she told him, and he smiled again.

The ambulance arrived and the technicians loaded Jaden and Pete, giving Rob and Keisha directions to the hospital. "We'll be along as soon as we can," Rob told them.

"Hurry," Jaden implored Keisha. "I don't want to be here anymore."

"I know, we'll hurry." She looked at the supplies in the ambulance. "Can I have one of those antiseptic wipes?"

"Sure," the tech handed one to her and closed the doors between them.

As the ambulance sped off, Keisha scrubbed at her face where the man licked her. She moved next to Rob and the police officer who took his statement.

"I'm sorry," the officer said to her. "This is not typical of the Cayman Islands. But occasionally a few bad apples slip in and try to ruin the whole barrel."



"I'm sure it's not," Keisha agreed. She wasn't afraid to stay there, realizing they wandered into a bad area late at night. But with Jaden's injury, she knew her vacation would be cut short.

Rob slid his arm around her waist and stood with her while the officer took her statement. The man finally closed his notebook and nodded at them. "Thank you for your time. Please be more careful late at night."

"We definitely will," Rob agreed, and they accepted the officer's offer of a ride to the hospital.

In the back of the police car, Rob held Keisha's hand. "How are you feeling?"

"Like I need a shower. But lucky, I guess. And I feel bad for Jaden and Pete."

"I need to call his folks." Rob glanced at his watch. "I wonder what time it is back home?"

Jaden shrugged. "I have no idea. Maybe we should wait until morning; I don't want Jaden's parents freaking out."

"Yeah." He rubbed her hand gently. "So much for our vacations."

She looked at him. "I wish they didn't have to end."

Rob smiled slyly. "I don't suppose we could send Pete and Jaden home, and you and I could stay on the rest of the week?"

Keisha chuckled. "No, I don't suppose so. That sounds pretty great, though."

He pulled her into his arms and they kissed. "Maybe we'll just have to continue this in St. Louis, then. I'm not ready to let you go."

"Me, either," Keisha agreed softly, looking into his eyes.

"Here we are," the officer said, and Rob thanked him as they got out. He held Keisha's hand as they went up the steps to the hospital and into the lobby.

"An ambulance brought Pete Turner in with a gunshot wound," he told the receptionist.

"And Jaden Donner," Keisha added quickly.

Checking her call sheet, the woman directed them to the hallway on the left. "Room 6, down the hall."

"Thank you." Rob led Keisha down the hall. "I wonder which one's in here?" He pushed open the door and found both of their friends: Pete lay in the bed and Jaden sat in the chair next to him with a sling on her arm. "Hey, you're both here!"

"Where have you been?" Pete complained. "Seems like we've been waiting forever."

"I'm sorry." Keisha stepped next to Jaden and touched her good arm. "The police had lots of questions. Are you okay?"

"I just want to get the hell out of here. I called my dad and he found a couple seats on a plane that leaves in a few hours."

"Oh." Keisha glanced sadly at Rob.

He bit his lower lip.

Jaden went on, "I hate to do this to you, but Pete and I thought we could use the tickets tonight. He wants to get home just as badly as I do. Our folks are driving to St. Louis and meeting our plane. Dad said there are more seats available on a flight tomorrow, if the two of you want him to book you something--"

Keisha and Rob exchanged glances, trying not to smile. "No, we can do it," she said. "But tell him thanks."

Jaden stood up. "We're free to go, we just need to get a nurse to sign us out and call a cab. I'm not walking anywhere on this island ever again."

"I'll call a cab," Rob said, and headed for the door. "Wait here, I'll be right back." He glanced at Keisha. "Want to come with me and find the nurse?"

"Sure." Keisha followed him out.

In the hallway, Rob stopped and swung her into his arms. "Can you believe it?"

Keisha grinned and let him swirl her around. "I almost can't! This is too fabulous!"

He kissed her gently and said "Let's get them to the airport and then move my stuff to your hotel. A couple of quick calls to our parents will let them know we're safe, and that we're staying. Then we'll have the rest of the week to spend together." He pressed into her and let his hands grope her back and butt.

"Just a week?" Keisha murmured, squirming under his touch. "It doesn't seem nearly long enough."

"A week for starters..." Rob smiled. "I'm not bound to Kansas City. I do like my job, but I hear they have a ball club in St. Louis."

"I did hear something about that," Keisha nodded, grinning, and they kissed one more time. Slipping their arms around each other's waists, they headed down the hall.

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Jamie Hill was born and raised in the Midwest, where she still lives with her husband and two sons. An avid reader, she grew up with Nancy Drew and graduated to mysteries with a touch of romance. She enjoys writing romantic suspense and short stories with erotic and paranormal elements.

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