



Lust Bites

THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT

Suzanne Graham

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The Birthday Present

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Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-melting*.

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Suzanne Graham

Dedication

Thank you to my first readers, Will, Barbara, Eileen, Monica and Christi.
Your enthusiasm inspires me to keep working.

Chapter One

“Do you want to go to the beach or the pool today?” Tom asked me as he stepped into his navy plaid swim trunks. His tall, lean body was darkening to a deep tan after the hours we’d been spending in the sun.

I loved being on vacation when the hardest decision of the day was choosing between sun and sand or sun and pool. My husband and I were having a great vacation on Tenerife, celebrating my thirtieth birthday. Everything about the island felt exotic to a Midwestern girl like me, the colours and fragrances of the tropical gardens, the spicy sauces of local dishes, the fruit seller walking the black sand beaches calling out, “Ananas, coconut”, the topless European sunbathers, even the British pubs lining the main street. All of it was foreign and intoxicating.

“I would prefer to sit by the pool. I’m tired of trying to get sticky sand out of my bottom creases,” I said, adjusting the fit of my turquoise bikini bottom.

“I offered to help,” Tom said with a suggestive smile.

I laughed. “I know, but I can think of more enjoyable activities you can help me with concerning my bottom creases.”

He walked up behind me as I finished tying my bikini top around my neck. He slid his large, warm hands over my flat stomach, dipping his fingertips into the top edge of my bikini bottoms.

He spoke softly into my ear. “Would you like to partake of some of those activities now?”

I stepped forward, out of his embrace, and threw my cotton beach dress over my head. “No, thanks. I really want to get to the pool. I feel like we’ve been cooped up in this room all day.” We had already spent all night and most of the morning making love, and frankly, I was a little tired and a little bored.

After eight years of marriage, I loved my husband, and his tall, lean body still turned me on. But sex had become a predictable routine. Touch here, rub there, kiss here, suck there,

then insert his tab into my slot, a few hip pumps, his and hers orgasms and then finito. Round one was finished and we got prepared for round two.

After going several rounds with Tom in the past twelve hours, I was looking forward to laying still and letting the sun's warm rays soothe my weary body. I was tired, but I wasn't fully satisfied from our love making. I wondered what we needed to add to make sex hot and exciting again.

Tom was a faithful and loving husband, but he wasn't the most imaginative lover I'd ever had. I wanted him to initiate something new into our sex life, without me having to tell him what to do. I wasn't even sure what we should change. All I knew was that I was becoming increasingly dissatisfied with our predictable routine.

Down at the pool, Tom and I found two free chaise lounges and laid down our towels. I handed Tom the suntan lotion and turned my back to him.

"Would you do me, please?" I asked.

"Anytime, sweetie," he said.

The contrast of his warm hands and the cool lotion on my skin gave me goose bumps as he massaged my shoulder blades and along my spine. I lifted my hair off my shoulders so he could access the skin on the back of my neck.

"Your hair looks nice. With all the sun, it's giving you reddish-brown highlights," Tom said.

"Thanks. I noticed that in the mirror this morning, too. It's a nice change from my monotonous brown," I said.

"Your hair is not monotonous. It's beautiful, dark, shiny and silky. I love your hair," he said, placing a kiss behind my right ear. "I love everything about you."

"Mmmm. I love everything about you, too," I said, leaning back towards him.

He slid his hands around my sides and rested them on my stomach, rubbing his thumbs in little circles on my skin. "I can do your front as well," he said.

I laughed. "Thanks for the offer. I can reach everything else." I didn't want to make a spectacle of myself by having him rub lotion all the way down the front of my body.

He pulled me backwards, tighter against his chest. "You feel so good, I could eat you up," he whispered into my ear.

A shiver ran down my spine at his words, and I could feel his cock getting hard nestled against my lower back. I nearly grabbed our towels and led him back up to our hotel room. I knew exactly where I would like him to start eating. Then I remembered my frustration with the lack of creativity in our relationship, and I decided to stay at the pool.

"Maybe a little later," I said, stepping out of his embrace.

I sat down on my chaise and glanced over at the woman on the chair next to mine. She had a classic, English rose complexion, porcelain-pale skin with peach undertones, and she wore her blonde hair pulled back into a ponytail. My eyes travelled down the rest of her. She was voluptuous with lavish curves, completely opposite of my lean, thin frame.

The woman was topless, wearing only a tiny patch of hot pink cloth over her cleanly shaved mons held up by two thin strings. Her stomach was slightly rounded and her bare breasts were full, perfectly sized to fit in the palm of my hand.

I'd never thought about touching a woman before, but now I imagined the weight of her breast in my hand and how I would tease the nipple until it became erect between my thumb and forefinger. Then I would lave it with my tongue and pull it into my mouth, sucking on the fullness. I imagined she would taste like peaches and cream, delicious.

The woman looked over at me and caught me staring at her chest. Embarrassed, I felt my face flush. I quickly averted my eyes, but not before I saw her smiling at me.

I stared ahead at the rippling water in the pool. I could feel the woman's eyes scanning my own body from head to foot and my nipples pebbled at her attention. The fabric of my bikini top created friction against them as they grew hard under her gaze. My breasts were much smaller than hers, nearly flat against my chest under the two turquoise triangles of my top as I lay on my back on the chaise. Certainly not as enticing as hers.

Finally, I looked back at her and met her eyes. She smiled brightly at me.

"Hi, I'm Sabrina," she said with a British accent. She reached out to take my hand in greeting. Her fingers were soft, but firm. "This is my husband, Mark." She pointed over her shoulder to the man sitting next to her.

"Hi." I licked my lips. My mouth had suddenly gone dry at the sight of Mark's broad, hard chest and chiselled abs. His bronze skin glistened with tanning oil. When I was able to speak again, I said, "I'm Amanda, and this is my husband, Tom."

"How cute, you're T&A and we're S&M," Sabrina said.

I hastened to close my dropped jaw. I was surprised a stranger would say such a thing when first meeting someone. I didn't consider myself a prude, but I certainly didn't bring sex into the conversation when meeting someone new.

Mark chuckled. "You can tell where Sabrina's mind is most of the time."

Mark's deep voice with its lyrical accent reminded me of my fantasies about having an English lover after I fell in love with Jane Austen's Mr. Darcy in high school. I always imagined he was tall with dark hair and dark eyes like Mark's.

As I listened half-heartedly to the getting-to-know-you conversation going on around me, I placed Mark in the starring role of my erotic daydream. I envisioned him lifting me from the chaise in his strong arms and ravaging my lips with a powerful kiss as his hand slid between my legs to claim my body as his to pleasure as he desired.

I would be completely at his mercy as he demanded his satisfaction. If I tried to stroke him, he would hold my hands behind me with his strong grip. He would tell me I couldn't touch him without his permission. With his other hand, he would twist my nipple and I would gasp at the exquisite torture. He would tell me I couldn't orgasm unless he gave me consent. He would drive me to my limit until I was begging for my release.

"Amanda, did you want one?" Tom asked me.

I slipped out of Mark's fantasy arms to look blankly at my husband. "What?" I asked.

"Did you want a margarita? Mark and I are going to get drinks from the bar," Tom said.

"Yes, thanks. That would be great," I said, feeling my face flush from my erotic daydream.

After our husbands left for the bar, I looked over at Sabrina and saw she had flipped over to lie on her stomach. I had been enjoying my surreptitious glances at her earlier and was disappointed to be denied additional peeks at her beautiful breasts. But my disappointment was short-lived when I saw the back of Sabrina's bikini was a mere strip of string between her two round, lush buttocks. The sight of them was as arousing as her naked breasts. I could feel my bikini bottom dampening with my wet heat. I wiggled a little in my chair to ease the ache that was beginning to settle between my legs.

She turned her head to face me and caught me staring at her again.

I froze, desperately trying to think of something to say. "You have such a fair complexion. Do you worry about burning?" I finally managed to stammer.

"Oh, I have to use lots of sunscreen," she said. "I always wanted to have olive skin that would tan as beautifully as yours."

"Thanks, but I always wanted to be blonde and fair like you," I replied. "I guess we're never satisfied with what we have."

"I think you're right. Women with straight hair spend hours getting perms for curly hair. And women with curls spend hours with flat irons to get their hair straight." She laughed.

I laughed with her. Then I turned and lifted my face to the bright heat coming from the sky. "The sun feels so good and hot today."

"It's pretty intense. I don't think I have enough sunscreen on my back. Would you mind giving me a hand?" she asked, reaching into her straw bag for the sunscreen.

"Sure."

My heart beat harder at the thought of touching her body, and my hand shook slightly as I took the bottle of sunscreen she held out to me. I rubbed some lotion between my two palms so it wouldn't feel cold when I applied it to her sun-warmed skin.

I knelt on a folded towel next to her chaise and caught the floral scent of her hair when I leaned over her body. As I worked the lotion into skin, she felt soft and silky under my hands. I massaged her neck, shoulders and down her spine as I worked my way over her back.

"Mmmm, that feels lovely," she purred beneath me.

My stomach fluttered at the sound of her enjoyment. I wanted to do more to please her, but I had finished applying lotion to her back. I hesitated to continue any lower to her naked bottom.

I rested my hands on her waist with my eyes riveted to her ample ass.

"Would you mind doing my bum?" she asked. "I've learned from experience not to let it get burned." Her laugh sounded huskier.

Was she enjoying my massage in a sexually charged way like I was?

"Okay." I swallowed around the lump of desire building in my throat.

I rubbed more lotion between my palms and felt a trickle of sweat glide down between my breasts. I tentatively placed my hands on the soft, round globes of her butt and paused for a moment as I enjoyed the heady feeling of touching another woman's naked body.

I rubbed the sunscreen over Sabrina's perfect ass using smooth, circular strokes.

I thought I heard her sigh, "Oh, yes," and my bikini bottoms grew thoroughly wet.

When I couldn't justify spending any more time and attention on her butt, I reluctantly moved down to massage the lotion onto the backs of her legs.

As I glided my hands over her hamstrings, she let out a little moan. I grew bold with the knowledge I was pleasing her. I let my fingertips lightly skim the lips of her vulva where the thong left her exposed. Her body shivered under my hands, and my vagina throbbed in time with my pulse. I had no idea how arousing it would be to pleasure another woman.

The adrenaline rushing through my veins tempted me to explore her a little further, but I glanced up to see our husbands returning from the bar with our drinks. I quickly finished applying lotion to Sabrina's calves then sat back in my own chair before the men reached the spot where we were sitting.

Mark smiled at me as if he had watched my ministrations to his wife and knew what I was feeling. "Are you girls having a good time?" he asked, locking eyes with me.

I stared back mutely, trying to ignore the slippery wetness between my legs and my hard nipples pushing out from my bikini top.

Sabrina sat up to reach for her margarita. "Yes, we were just getting to know each other better." She winked at me.

I felt my cheeks flush deeper and looked away quickly again. I was so far out of my league here I didn't even know what game we were playing, but it was the most excitement I'd felt in a long time.

"Mark and I were, too," Tom said.

I looked up at him surprised. They had been playing together, too? That didn't sound like Tom at all. I searched the front of his swim trunks for a sign of his arousal.

"We were finding out we have a lot in common with our work. Mark is a management consultant, too," Tom continued.

Oh, they were getting to know about each other's work, not exploring each other's bodies, of course. It would have been so out of character for Tom to make a move on another man. He had never expressed an interest in having a same sex relationship. I couldn't believe I'd jumped so quickly to that conclusion. I was feeling way too overly stimulated.

I took a large swallow of my margarita before setting it on the table next to me. The heat of the alcohol flowed directly to my inner core, which increased the throbbing in my vagina. If my inhibitions were lowered after a few more sips, I was going to seriously embarrass myself given the sexually charged state I was in.

I stood suddenly. "I'm going for a swim," I said.

I walked to the deep end of the pool, conscious of three pairs of eyes on me and enjoying the attention. I dove into the cool water, hoping to put out the sexual flames burning inside me. I swam several laps until I felt more in control of my desires.

When I swam to the side of the pool near Tom's chair, Sabrina and Mark were gone.

"Where did they go?" I gestured to the empty chairs.

"They said they needed a nap." Tom grinned. "How about you? Do you feel like an afternoon nap?"

"No, not really. I want to enjoy the sun a little more," I said, disappointed the sexy British couple had departed, though I don't know what I would have expected to happen if they'd stayed. It had just been really nice to feel so stimulated. I mentally kicked myself for running away from the situation and for not staying to enjoy it more.

Chapter Two

"Tom, can you hand me a washcloth?" I yelled from the shower stall in the hotel bathroom.

"Isn't there one in there?" he asked as he came into the room.

"The maid took out the dirty one, and I forgot to grab a clean one before I got in here. I don't want to get the floor all wet and slippery trying to get a new one. Can you hand me one?"

"Here you go," he said. "Shall I wash your back for you?"

I turned around to see him standing naked in the shower, holding out a washcloth to me. I grinned. "Oh, what good service they have in this hotel," I said.

"Only the best for you." He wrapped his arms around me and kissed me firmly on the lips.

The hot water washed over us as Tom slid his hands up and down my back. I pressed up against his hard body and felt his arousal against my belly. I reached between us and stroked his penis with my hand. He let out a soft groan.

"Shouldn't we do something with this before we get dressed for dinner?" I asked.

"Sounds like the right thing to do," he said, trailing warm kisses down my neck and shoulder. He reached behind me to turn off the shower. "We wouldn't want to waste water."

Reaching out of the shower stall, he pulled two towels off the rack and wrapped one around each of us. Then he led me by the hand to the bedroom.

He gently pushed me down on the bed and covered me with his body. He continued the kisses he had started in the shower on my neck and shoulder. He then moved down to my breasts, circling each one with soft, wet kisses as my nipples ached for his touch. When he drew one into his mouth, I gasped from the jolt of pleasure that connected my nipple to my clit. He feathered his fingers down my stomach to my inner thigh and stroked lightly.

As my body enjoyed Tom's touch, my mind was playing out the typical sex scene between us. I knew where he would touch next, for how long and what he would do after that. I grew impatient with the sameness.

Instead of surrendering to the status quo, I decided it was time for a change. I pushed Tom away and sat up abruptly, looking around the room for my dressing gown.

Tom sat up, confused, as I jumped off the bed.

"What's wrong? Where are you going?" he asked.

"Just a minute," I said, pulling the belt out of my dressing gown. I returned to the bed and stood over him. "Give me your hands."

He hesitated with a puzzled look in his eyes.

"I said, give me your hands." I spoke with more authority in my voice this time, surprising both of us. He lifted his hands to me and I tied them together with the belt. Then I pushed back his shoulders until he fell onto the bed.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"You thought you could dominate me, but I outsmarted you," I said, trying on a fantasy persona. "Now, you are under my control."

His face broke into a grin. Then he changed his expression to look menacing. "This time you've got me, but when I get free of these restraints, you will pay for whatever you do to me," he threatened.

"I'm not worried. I won't let you get free. I've tied these bonds so tight you'd need a knife to cut yourself free."

I stood over him as he lay on the bed and shoved his tied hands above his head. "Don't try to touch me, or your punishment will be severe," I warned.

I started in the middle of his body, using my tongue to torment him with tickles and teases as he squirmed and bucked his hips. Kneeling on the bed next to him, I lightly kissed a trail over his stomach. His skin twitched under my touch. When I swirled my tongue inside his navel, he sucked in a moaning breath.

I nibbled up his ribs with my lips, blowing gently on the wet trail of my kisses until I reached his chest. I circled around his nipple with my warm, lapping tongue. He shuddered beneath me when I pulled his hard tip into my mouth and gently bit with my teeth.

He tried to grab my breasts with his bound hands, and I bit harder on his nipple. He gasped and writhed beneath me. I shoved his hands back behind his head.

"I told you not to touch me," I said. "Now you'll be punished."

I lowered my mouth over his cock and exhaled hot air over the tip without touching him. He jerked upward, and I slapped his inner thigh.

"Patience and restraint, Tom. I will take you when I think you are ready," I practically purred at him.

I wrapped my right hand around his cock as I teased his balls with feathery touches from my left hand. I exhaled over his tip again before I swirled my tongue around the crown. He moaned and bucked into my hand. I slapped him again on his thigh. His body shook with pent-up need.

I licked the firm ridge of his head with tiny light flutters, and he shuddered again. I closed my lips over his cock and slowly sucked him into the back of my throat, causing him to moan. I lifted my head slowly as I tightly held him between my lips.

"You killing me, Amanda," he groaned.

I sucked and slid my mouth up and down his cock slowly, driving him to pump his dick into my mouth. I slapped his thigh harder and released his cock until he stopped thrusting.

"Oh, God. Please, Amanda," he pleaded.

"Not until I say it's time," I said.

I continued to suck and lick and stroke him without letting him come. He begged for his release. I refused him, getting hotter and wetter by my power to make him moan and beg.

When I could tell he was really close to having his orgasm, I stopped sucking and waited until his breathing slowed. Then I revved him back up with my tongue, lapping over the ridge of his penis. With a strong suck, I took him fully into my mouth.

"Oh, Amanda. Please!" he cried.

Finally, my own need for satisfaction overrode my pleasure in dominating him. I moved on top of him, straddling his hips and guiding his cock into my opening. I slammed down on him. The thrust was hard and deep, and I nearly exploded immediately. He matched his hip thrusts to my driving force. Within moments, my muscles clenched tightly around him as my orgasm exploded through me. Tom's thrusts grew more frantic before he tensed and spasmed within me, reaching his own climax too.

I fell forward onto his chest and nuzzled into his neck. With his hands still tied together, he brought his arms over my head and rested them on my back. We lay panting until we caught our breaths.

He kissed the top of my head. "I love you," he said, giving me a squeeze with his arms. I kissed his neck. "I love you, too."

* * * *

After another shower, Tom and I got dressed for dinner. He wore a black silk camp shirt with his twill shorts and brown leather flip flops. The combination of casual and dressy was sexy. Looking at his dark, hairy legs and his bare feet in flip flops made me consider taking him to bed again, but my stomach rumbled, reminding me how hungry I was for food.

I slipped a short black linen halter dress over my head, deciding against wearing undergarments. I didn't need a bra under the v-neckline halter as my breasts were small enough they didn't need any lifting, and I hadn't brought a strapless bra on the trip anyway. I skipped panties, too, feeling a little daring going out to dinner without underwear. The feel of the linen against my bare bottom was stimulating.

Tom took me to a nice restaurant on the seafront serving Canarian cuisine. The maitre d' led us to a table outside on the terrace overlooking the water and a blazing sunset. The sky was lit with fiery reds and burnt orange, doubly impressive as it reflected off the ocean.

As I sat on the chair the maitre d' held for me, I felt the ocean breeze blow across the curls between my legs. I shivered a little at the new sensation.

"Are you cold?" Tom asked.

"No, quite the contrary."

He smiled. "You seem to be enjoying your birthday. Will you let me know if there's anything special you want?"

I smiled. "Oh, I'll be sure to let you know." I wriggled a little in my chair, very aware of my dress rubbing against my bare skin. A wave of adrenaline at my risqué behaviour left me a little lightheaded.

Tom ordered a bottle of local wine, Viña Norte, with a strong, fresh fruity flavour to go with our dinner. As we ate, I slipped off my sandal and drew my foot up the inside of Tom's leg. The long white tablecloth hid my activities under the table.

Tom looked up at me suddenly when I slipped my foot inside the leg of his shorts. I wanted to stroke his penis, but the shorts were too confining. I couldn't reach him. I removed my foot from inside his shorts and rubbed him through his clothes.

He shifted in his seat.

"If you continue playing like that, I'm not going to be able to leave this table after dinner," Tom said quietly. A smile played at his lips.

"Hmmm, and I was planning on having you for dessert back in our room," I said, leaning towards him across the table.

"As much as I am enjoying your attention, I would suggest you desist if you would like to leave anytime soon."

I considered continuing my stroking and making Tom leave the restaurant with a hard-on pressing at his shorts, but I didn't want to make him feel self-conscious in a public place. He was a very private person. Reluctantly, I removed my foot and put my sandal back on.

After dinner, Tom and I walked back to our hotel. I was acutely aware of the feel of my dress against my bare ass as I walked uphill, and I was enjoying my growing arousal. Tom had been in the bathroom when I'd gotten dressed. He didn't know I wasn't wearing undergarments. A shiver ran down my spine as I imagined his reaction at discovering the naked me under the dress.

I tugged on his hand and made him stop walking and turn to me. "Kiss me," I said.

He put his hands around my back and drew me to him. Before his lips met mine, I whispered, "I'm not wearing anything under this dress."

Tom's arms tightened their hold, and he kissed the breath out of me. He slid his hands down to my butt, squeezing it as he pulled me closer to him. I melted into his body, losing touch with everything except the feel of his mouth and his hands on me.

He kissed and teased my lips with his tongue as he massaged my bottom. I was afraid he would pull my short dress up too high and display my naked ass to the busy street. I trembled at the unexpected thrill of exposing myself in public. When had I become an exhibitionist?

Tom seemed lost in our kiss and his groping of my ass. I realised it was up to me to step away before he pulled my dress over my head right there on the street. He obviously wasn't having a problem displaying private behaviour in a public place tonight. We both seemed to have turned into different people this evening.

I tried taking a step out of his arms, but he held me more firmly against him. His cock was a hard rod pressed against my belly. He moved his hips a little to rub himself against me. I wanted to wrap my legs around him and rub his penis against my swollen clit.

"Tom, let's go back to our hotel room." I managed to say in between his licks and nibbles on my lips. My hands itched to reach up under his shirt and feel his hot skin under my palms. But I was afraid if I started to reach under his clothes, he'd reach under my dress and unveil me to everyone around us.

He proceeded with another deep kiss until the sound of a wolf whistle across the street interrupted our bliss. He took a step back from me. I nearly stumbled on my weakened knees. He reached out and held my arm until I regained my equilibrium.

"This has been an interesting evening. You're just full of surprises tonight, aren't you?" he smiled at me.

I nodded and smiled back at him. I was enjoying our new unscripted play, but I still wished that he would come up with some new ideas himself.

* * * *

At our hotel, we stopped at the pool bar for a final drink before going up to our room. The air was full of the heavy, intoxicating fragrance of night-blooming jasmine. A band was playing on the small stage near the pool. The music was slow and sensual with a Latin feel. Several couples were dancing on the patio.

Tom got a lime margarita for me and a beer for himself from the bar. I took a sip of my drink and noticed it had more than the usual amount of tequila in it. I took another sip, enjoying the floating feeling in my head from the alcohol and our recent make-out session on the street.

We walked to an empty cocktail table where we could stand and watch the dancers. The couple dancing closest to Tom and I had their bodies pressed against each other,

swaying to the rhythm of the beat. They were more nicely dressed than some of the other couples who wore beach clothes. The woman was wearing a red strapless dress and the tall, well-built man looked good in a black silk t-shirt and khaki pants.

In the dim glow from the candles around the patio, I was surprised to see the woman was fondling the man's penis with her hand down his pants. The man had his hands wrapped around her buttocks and was slowly savouring the taste of the woman's jaw, neck and bare shoulders.

I felt wet heat gathering between my legs as I watched the couple making love on the dance floor. I couldn't tear my eyes away from the erotic sight. I wondered if I had turned into a voyeur as well as an exhibitionist.

When the band broke between songs, the couple drew apart a few inches. I realised I recognised them from earlier in the day at the pool. They walked towards our table on their way to the bar.

"Good evening," Sabrina said. "Are you having a good evening?"

Mark walked close behind Sabrina with his body pressed against hers. Probably to hide his raging hard-on, I thought, or maybe he was just enjoying being snuggled up to Sabrina's lush ass. He gave me the impression he was self-assured enough to not be embarrassed to show he was aroused in public.

"Yes, we are having a great night," I said. "Tom took me to a wonderful restaurant down by the beach for dinner."

"And now we are having a drink to celebrate Amanda's birthday," Tom added.

"Oh, I love birthday celebrations. We're going to have to do something special for you, Amanda," Sabrina said. "Don't you think so, Mark?" She looked up over her shoulder at her husband.

Mark gave me a slow smile. "Yes, I think we should do something special for Amanda."

Before I could reply, the band began playing a song with a salsa beat. Mark's eyes were still on mine. "First, I want to dance with the birthday girl. If you don't mind, Tom?"

"Help yourself. Amanda loves to dance, but I'm not too quick on my feet," Tom said.

Without asking my permission, Mark picked up my hand and tugged me towards him. He led me a few feet away from the table and placed his large, warm palm on the small of my back. I placed my free hand on his wide biceps. I had to restrain myself from stroking my

hand over his arm and shoulder and down his beautiful pecs. I wanted to touch those hard, defined muscles that I could see outlined under his snug-fitting black t-shirt.

Mark looked into my eyes as he began to move with me backwards and forwards to the pulsing rhythm of the salsa. His gaze was intense and direct, and I couldn't look away.

"I like your dress tonight," he said before leading me into a quick underarm turn. When I faced him again, he said, "I especially like what you're not wearing underneath it."

My face flushed, and my nerve endings tingled from the heat of his gaze on my body. How could he tell I wasn't wearing panties? Could he feel the lack of a waistband with his hand on my back?

"I thought I would try something new." My words came out a little breathy.

He leaned next to my ear and whispered, "Yes, new can be exciting."

My knees went soft at the possible implication of his words. Was he suggesting he be my 'something new'? I didn't think Tom would be too pleased with that.

Mark pulled me in closer to his firm body, and his prominent arousal pressed against my belly. Was that from me or leftover from his dance with Sabrina? I felt a little giddy thinking I could affect him that way with my lean, less curvaceous body.

With his muscular arms wrapped around me, I felt small and feminine. He was so big and dominant. I shivered with pleasure as I thought how easily he could overpower me and take me right here if he wanted. Whatever he initiated, I was ready to participate.

"Are you cold?" he asked. Before I could reply, he said, "I'll have to see what I can do about that."

He spun me out away from his body. When I came back to him, he slipped his muscular thigh between my legs and wrapped his arm around my back, holding me pressed tight to him. We moved in a hip-swaying rocking motion with my bare clit rubbing against the fabric of his khaki pants. The friction was pushing me close to an all-out orgasm. I could feel my wet arousal soaking his leg, and all I wanted was a little more pressure on my clit to reach my release.

His eyes locked onto mine and the corners of his lips turned up in a knowing smile. I flushed but couldn't take my eyes off him. He had complete control of the situation and me. I felt like I had stepped into my erotic daydream from earlier in the day. He could claim my body as his to pleasure as he desired, and I would be completely at his mercy as he

demanded his satisfaction. A dizzying wave of desire swept through me as I waited for him to grant me permission to have my orgasm.

"Are you feeling a little warmer?" He grinned down at me.

I nodded. My sexual excitement was obvious. I wondered how far he would take this teasing he had started. We locked eyes, and I risked touching him more intimately, sliding my hands along his shoulders and down his chest. I felt his heart beating under my right palm before I slid my hands back up to his shoulders and down to his biceps. His muscles were hard and thick, and I shivered at the power in them.

He ground himself closer into me, but before I could get off on his leg, he spun me away again. When I returned to facing him, he looked over my shoulder and nodded. I turned my head to see Sabrina standing near us, holding Tom's hand. Tom had a big grin on his face. Was he enjoying watching my dirty dancing with Mark? He certainly didn't seem jealous.

"I've invited them up to our suite for drinks. Are you done with your dance?" Sabrina asked Mark.

"For here and now." He slid his hands up my body, nearly touching the sides of my breasts. My nipples beaded against the linen of my dress and my legs felt wobbly. He took a step back from me and grabbed my hand as we followed Sabrina and Tom into the hotel. His large hand enveloped mine and I, again, delighted in feeling small and feminine next to him.

We walked behind my husband and I stared at his back, wondering what he was thinking. How did he really feel about my sexy dance with Mark? Had he and Sabrina been engaged in any behaviour similar to Mark's and mine while my attention was focused on our dance?

I looked at Tom's hand joined with Sabrina's. She was rubbing her thumb across his knuckles and pushing her breasts up against him as they walked. Tom glanced over his shoulder at me and grinned. Whatever was happening, he looked pretty damn happy about it. I smiled back at him, glad he was enjoying himself, too.

In the elevator, Tom leaned over to me. Quietly he said, "Remember how I promised to give you anything special you wanted for your birthday?"

I nodded.

"How do you like this present?" He inclined his head towards Mark and Sabrina.

I grinned. "For me?" I whispered.

He nodded. "For us."

"In case I forget to tell you later — thanks! I really like my present."

Chapter Three

Sabrina continued to hold Tom's hand as she led us down the hallway to the door of their suite on the top floor of the hotel. I was trembling with nervous energy and sexual stimulation. I didn't know what Tom and I were getting ourselves into, but I was getting really turned on by the anticipation of something new, especially with these sexy strangers.

In the sitting area of the suite, a chocolate brown leather sofa faced a flat-panel television on the wall. The beige, raw silk curtains at the sliding doors to the balcony matched the textured silk bedcovering on the large king-sized bed on my left. I drew in a shaky breath. This room was way more elegant than the little queen-sized room I shared with Tom several floors down.

"Come in and take a seat," Sabrina said, leading us to the sitting area.

Sabrina plopped down on the sofa and made herself comfortable sitting close to Tom. Mark guided me with a hand on the small of my back to a leather club chair. I sat perched on the edge of the seat while he stood next to me.

"It's your birthday. We want to treat you special," Mark said in his deep voice that sent a chill down my spine. "Would you like me to make you another margarita?"

"Actually, I think I'll just have the tequila." I tried to discreetly wipe my sweaty palms on the sides of my dress.

He chuckled. "Tequila shots. That's one way to get this party started." He moved to the bar on the wall next to the TV and came back with four shot glasses and a bottle of honey amber coloured tequila.

"That's a beautiful bottle. What's inside?" I asked.

"This is Milagro tequila. The crystal bottles are handmade with agave plants blown into the bottom of the glass," he said, tilting the bottle so I could get a better look. Then he filled the four glasses and handed them around. "I propose a toast to new and exciting relationships." He looked pointedly at me on the word exciting.

I tossed back the shot and enjoyed the honey, peppery spiced taste left on my tongue.

Mark raised a brow at me and refilled my glass. "Another?" It should have been a question, but the way he said it left no room for me to refuse.

"Thanks." I tossed back the second shot.

When the room stopped doing its little alcohol-induced spin, I looked over at Tom and Sabrina, who were laughing at a privately shared joke. Sabrina had Tom's legs in her lap and was massaging his feet and bare calves. He looked relaxed and happy, whereas I felt uptight and jittery sitting on the edge of my seat.

Mark walked over to me and lifted me up. He sat in the chair and placed me on his lap with my back to his chest.

"Let me help you relax," he said, placing his warm hands on my bare shoulders and kneading my muscles with his strong fingers. My spine melted at his tender touch, and I relaxed against him with my head resting on his shoulder.

He kissed along the side of my neck up to my ear where he nibbled on my lobe. I shivered.

"You taste so sweet," he murmured. His hot breath on my skin had me wriggling in his lap.

He slid his hands down my waist to my outer thighs. Slowly he caressed the tops of my legs and brought one hand up under the front of my short dress. I held my breath as he cupped my mons. He slipped one finger into my cleft, and my breath came out in short pants.

I turned my head to the side to see if Tom was aware of my wanton behaviour, but he was completely engaged in kissing Sabrina. I could see them exploring each other with their tongues. Instead of feeling jealous, I was aroused, especially as I watched Tom fondle Sabrina's breasts that I had admired earlier in the day. Tom and I were definitely exploring new sides of our personalities tonight by hooking up with other people. I'd never have expected this to happen in our marriage. I didn't think Tom had it in him.

Seeing Tom and Sabrina kissing made me ache for more stimulation and I twisted in Mark's lap to capture his mouth with mine. He gave a little chuckle at my boldness and willingly returned my kiss, but not the way I wanted it. Instead of the deep, hard penetration I needed, he slowly explored my lips with his tongue and nearly drove me crazy before he finally slid his tongue unhurriedly into my mouth.

I moaned my frustration as I tried to pull his face closer to mine.

He broke the kiss. "You want it now, don't you? But first, I want to enjoy you a little longer," he said. "Let me help you relax and enjoy your birthday present."

He untied the strings of my halter top behind my neck. Drawing it down over my breasts, he lightly dragged his fingertips over my nipples. My tips hardened into tight buds. He leaned down and pulled one nipple in his mouth while he tweaked the other with his forefinger and thumb. My head fell back as I pushed my breast farther into his mouth. I gasped when he grazed his teeth on my tit.

He released it and licked around the nipple in larger and larger circles. Then he dragged his mouth across my chest to my other breast. He started his kisses under the small swell of my breast and worked his way up the side. Finally, he made his way to the top of my nipple and sucked it into his mouth, swirling his tongue around the tip. He continued the stimulation of my other breast with his fingers, twisting and pulling my nipple into a harder point. I moaned as I felt my pussy flood with hot, slippery wetness.

"Let's go somewhere a little more comfortable," Mark said.

He stood up from the chair, lifting me with him. I wrapped my legs around his waist and my arms around his broad shoulders. He carried me to the bed as he continued his devotion to my nipples.

After he set me down on the edge of the bed, he lifted my dress over my head. The cool, conditioned air touched my naked skin and jarred me into remembering where I was and what I was doing. I folded my arm across my chest with sudden shyness, looking around the room for Tom and Sabrina. They were completely oblivious to anything except each other as they kissed and petted each other on the couch.

Mark gently pushed me backwards to lie down on my back, and he knelt next to me on the bed. He trailed warm, wet kisses along my flat stomach, heading down towards my hips and thighs. I shivered at his touch.

Nothing he did was very different from my love making with Tom, but a large part of my excitement now was due to not knowing what Mark was going to do next.

He kissed and blew softly across my pubic hair as he worked his way lower to my cleft. He covered me with his mouth and blew. I gasped at the rush of hot, moist air.

He gently spread my thighs with his hands and began to lick me with long strokes. He used his thumbs to circle around my opening, spreading my slickness between my folds. When he suddenly thrust a finger up into me, I cried out, "Oh, yes!"

He stopped moving, but left his finger deep in me. "Did you want something?" he asked in a husky voice.

"Yes, please," I said between panting breaths.

"I want to give you a special present. What do you want me to give you?"

I was embarrassed to use any words to describe what my body was craving. Tom and I didn't talk much about what we did.

"Please," I said, hoping he would continue what he had started with his finger.

"But you haven't told me what you want."

"Please... more fingers," I begged.

"Like this?"

He added another finger to the one already inside me. He slowly drew them in and out, rubbing the walls and opening of my vagina with a gentle touch. I writhed on the bed, searching for more stimulation and release.

"Do you want something else for your birthday present?" he asked.

"Yes, please," I panted.

"Tell me what I can give you."

"Please more."

"More what?"

"More... Faster... Please."

"Are you asking for an orgasm for your birthday?" he asked, his voice was rough.

"Yes, please. An orgasm," I begged.

"I thought you would never ask." He chuckled deeply.

He added a third finger and increased the speed of his thrusting while he used his tongue on my clit. I was swept up in a rush of pulsing need as I clutched at the bedcovering under me and climbed to my climax. He found my inner sweet spot with his longest finger, and with a cry, I reached my orgasm with tensed, shaking, and contracted muscles.

I lay gasping as Mark moved up on the bed beside me. He pulled me into his arms and held me while I struggled to gain my breath. He trailed his fingertips lightly across my back

as he kissed the top of my head. Such tenderness from this powerfully dominant man melted my insides.

“Is this a private party or can anyone join?” I heard Sabrina say.

I opened my eyes and saw Tom and Sabrina standing naked at the foot of the bed with their arms around each other. Tom’s erection was huge, and he was looking at me with hungry eyes. My attention had been so captivated by Mark, I had forgotten about Tom and Sabrina and hadn’t noticed when they’d gotten undressed. What had they been busy doing while Mark gave me my orgasm?

“Come up and join us. I need to take a moment and get these clothes off,” Mark said.

I looked at him and realised he was still fully dressed.

Tom lay next to me on one side and Sabrina took Mark’s position lying next to me on the other side. Sabrina lightly skimmed her hand along my stomach, smiling at me. I held still, not knowing what she expected of me.

“You can touch me, Amanda,” she invited as Tom watched us.

I ached to suck on her rosy nipples, so I reached for her breasts and leaned towards her to pull one into my mouth. She was warm and soft and sweet. I flicked my tongue around her nipple and heard her moan in the back of her throat. I was overwhelmed by the urge to make her come. I wanted to touch her and hear her sounds of pleasure.

I slid a hand between her legs and felt for her clit. I had never touched a woman intimately like this. I was amazed at how stimulated I felt from touching her. She was soft and slick and hot beneath my fingertips.

I slowly and gently circled her clit with the pad of my middle finger. I could feel her shudder beneath my touch. I changed the speed of my stroke, going slower then going faster then going slower again as I felt her body shaking with need. I returned to a steady rhythm and took her breast back into my mouth. I worked her nipple with my tongue and teeth as I swirled my finger over and around her clit. I felt her convulse, and she came with a scream. As she struggled to regain her breath, I held her luscious body pressed to mine, running my hands over the smooth, satiny skin on her back.

When she had recovered, she held my face between her hands and gave me a long, gentle kiss with her supple lips and sweet tongue. The dizzying effect of being kissed by a

woman was more intoxicating than the tequila. My head spun as I surrendered to the experience. With a final lick along my bottom lip, she pulled away from our kiss.

"Mmmm, thank you. You taste good, but I think it is Tom's turn now," she purred. "And I need to go find my mate." She rolled away from me off the bed. Then she stood and walked to the sofa where Mark sat watching us with his cock jutting out from his body.

Tom possessively spread himself over me and took my mouth with a hard, hungry kiss. He had never acted so aggressively with me before. I melted in his embrace as I submitted to his demanding kisses.

"I'm going to make you scream when you come," he said gruffly. His dominance aroused me and I grew slick again.

He grabbed my breasts with his hands, rolling and pinching my nipples between his fingers. I gasped from the sting when he pulled them taut and squeezed the tips hard.

"Oh, yes," I moaned, digging my nails into his biceps as I held tightly to his arms.

He shifted the head of his penis to my waiting hole. My vagina ached for his thrusting cock. I writhed under him, pushing up my hips trying to get more of his rod inside me. He pushed my hips down on the bed with one firm hand, preventing me from moving.

I moaned for more.

"Not until I say it's time," he said roughly.

He held me behind my head with his other hand and lowered his mouth over mine for another ravenous kiss. He plunged his tongue into my mouth, making me desperate for more penetration. I tangled my tongue with his, hoping to make him as crazy with need as I was.

He pushed my hips down on the bed with the weight of his body and reached to pinch my nipple between his thumb and finger. He squeezed and pulled until I cried out from the stinging pleasure. Then he reached for my other nipple and repeated the exquisite tormenting. I was breathing hard and fast and moaning for him to take me.

"Please, Tom," I begged. "I want you inside me. Please."

Without warning, he bucked his hips, shoving his penis into my throbbing vagina. My breath caught in my throat. He drove his hips with such fierce strokes that I thought he was going to break me in two. The pain mixed with pleasure was so intense that I was flying to

my peak within seconds. With his next thrust, Tom sent me rocketing into my orgasm with a scream, just as he had promised.

* * * *

I awoke, tucked in the big bed, to the sound of the shower running in the adjoining bathroom. The thought of warm water washing over my tired skin was inviting, but I was spent. I didn't think I could move a muscle to get myself into the bathroom, but it turned out that I didn't need to make a move.

"Hello, birthday girl," Mark said, walking over to the bed where I lay. "How about a hot shower?"

He was naked, and I was finally able to admire his entire body. My eyes travelled from his wide shoulders down his narrow waist to follow the trail of dark hair to his engorged penis. I sucked in a gasp as I admired the length and width of his cock. He was powerfully built *everywhere*.

He smiled at me as I stared at him, trying not to drool too badly on the pillow under my cheek. Then he reached down to lift me with his muscular biceps as if I were as light as a doll. I loved the feel of his arms holding me against him.

"Did you have a good nap?" he asked, nuzzling my earlobe and giving it a little nip.

"Mmmm, hmmm," I murmured as I took advantage of his proximity to brush my hands across his chest and shoulders. I didn't think I could ever get tired of touching the hard muscles under his warm skin. I was beginning to think I'd developed some new fetish for pumped up physiques.

Mark carried me to the large, steamy shower stall where Tom and Sabrina were already soaping each other clean. He set me on my feet and held me steady with my back against his solid chest.

"Hello, sweetie. I'm glad you could join us," Sabrina said, facing me and gently rubbing a soft, soapy cloth over my body. She started at my shoulders and worked down my arms in a smooth, circular motion. Then she washed down the middle of my chest, avoiding my tight nipples that begged to be touched. She circled the cloth under and around my breasts as I moaned for more stimulation. Finally, she pinched my tender nipples with her fingers

through the washcloth. I gasped and would have sunk to the shower floor if Mark hadn't been holding me from behind with his arm around my waist.

Tom held the shower sprayer over my head and ran his hand down my long, wet hair. He used the water to rinse the soap off my shoulders. I felt the bubbles run between my breasts over my stomach and down the cleft of my vulva.

I was the centre of attention, and I felt special and cared for. These three people wanted to bring me pleasure without asking for anything in return. It was a truly selfless birthday present they were giving me. I didn't think I would ever enjoy a birthday more.

Sabrina was using the cloth on my legs, washing in long, light strokes from my inner thigh down to my knee then down to my feet. When she brought the cloth back up my leg, she paused at my mons.

"Open up for me, Amanda," she said softly.

I spread my feet and bent my knees slightly so she would have better access to my pulsing vulva. She brought the cloth down over my clit and rubbed in a slow circle. My pulse throbbed in my head as waves of pleasure vibrated through me. It didn't take long before I cried out and came with a shudder.

Mark still held me pressed up to his chest. I felt his stiff penis nestled between my buttocks. His hands held my breasts as he gently massaged my nipples. I sank against him as he trailed feathery light kisses down my neck and shoulder. His breath was hot on my sensitised skin.

Sabrina slipped her four slim fingers into my open vagina and continued to massage my clit with the cloth. She firmly thrust her hand in and out of my hole, reaching my innermost sensitive spot. I came a second time with a scream as every muscle in my body clenched, shook and slowly released. Again, I would have collapsed onto the shower floor if Mark hadn't held me in his arms.

"That was lovely," he whispered as he teased my ear lightly with his tongue.

"Mmmm, hmmm," I murmured in a daze.

Tom used the sprayer to rinse the remaining soap from my body in long, warm streams of water. Then Mark lifted me out of the shower stall. The three of them wrapped me in thick white towels and dried me with gentle, soothing strokes as I tried with difficulty to keep my eyes open.

I was drowsy with satisfaction as Mark laid me down on the bed and lightly caressed my stomach with his large warm hand as I fell back into deep sleep of oblivion.

Chapter Four

The sunlight coming through the window was warm on my face when I woke naked with Tom's arm around my waist. I opened my eyes and recognised our hotel room with the queen-sized bed and plain white curtains. The clock on the bedside table showed it was ten in the morning.

I closed my eyes and remembered the pleasures of the night before, but I didn't know how I had ended up back in my room with Tom. Had I dreamt the whole experience? Did Tom and I really have a night of intense sexual pleasure with another couple?

I stretched and felt the tenderness between my legs. It hadn't been a dream, I thought groggily with a smile on my face.

Tom leaned over and kissed my cheek. "Good morning, beautiful. Did you enjoy your birthday?"

"Oh, yes, immensely. I'd have to say that was the best birthday present I've ever received." I rolled onto my back to face him.

"I'm glad because I was thinking of giving you the same present for Christmas, unless you wanted something different."

"For Christmas?"

"Yes, I invited Sabrina and Mark to visit us for Christmas. They're looking forward to seeing us again."

"How did I get back to our room?" I asked, realising I had no memory of putting on my clothes to come downstairs from the suite.

"Mark carried you."

"Naked through the hotel hallways?" I shot him a look.

He laughed. "We wrapped you in a sheet, and we didn't cross anyone's path. So no, you didn't flash anyone."

"Are we going to see them today?"

“No, they had to leave for an early flight home this morning. They were sorry they didn’t get to say goodbye, but you fell asleep last night, and they didn’t want to wake you,” Tom said.

I was disappointed I hadn’t gotten to say goodbye to Mark and Sabrina. They had given me a very satisfying birthday present. My skin tingled as I remembered their caresses. I wished I’d had a chance to thank them.

Christmas seemed so far away. It wasn’t for another seven months. But maybe Tom and I could use the time to try some new things between the two of us before we saw Mark and Sabrina again.

Because I had definitely learned that something new can be very exciting.

About the Author

Suzanne Graham has always been an avid reader and diary writer. After inheriting boxes of romance books from her aunt, she decided to try putting her own stories on paper. Suzanne met her husband, a fellow American, as an exchange student at the University of Warwick in England. They are proud parents of three boys. In her spare time, you can usually find Suzanne on the living room couch reading romances.

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