Rachel's Reward

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Good karma comes to Rachel on her friends' honeymoon.

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“On behalf of my wife and myself…” It was a traditional opening gambit for a groom’s wedding speech and it caused everyone, Rachel included, to laugh and applaud. Reece could carry off even the corniest of lines with grace and charm. “I’d like to thank you all for being here to celebrate our special day,” he said, concluding the sentiment and drawing out another appreciative murmur. American and Brit guests alike were loving him, especially the female ones. His dark tuxedo was tailored to heighten their imagination of the near-triangular athlete’s torso beneath and ever tuft of his dark hair was waxed perfectly into place. *He’s immaculately-groomed, therefore so is the bride.* Rachel smirked at her own wordplay and swallowed the tinge of envy which coloured it. Kyla was gazing up at her new husband with a got-the-cream smile on her perfectly-curved lips. At least this bride knew what a catch she’d reeled in, but then a woman as smart, sassy and gorgeous as Kyla could keep chucking them back in the sea until she knew she’d landed a prize. Then again maybe it was Reece who’d caught *her*. Or maybe they were two expert anglers whose lines had snagged and… Rachel’s metaphor grew tangled as fishing-wire and she felt glad it wasn’t her making the speech.

“Kyla wanted me to say special thanks to my friends and relatives who have hopped across the Pond to join us. Not that coming to Hawaii is an especial chore, but it’s an expense that none of you needed to incur and we’re delighted that you took the opportunity. So delighted, in fact, that we’re bringing you all on honeymoon with us…” Laughter broke out once more around the palm-fronded reception area. “I’m not joking… Kyla and I will be spending the first few days here in her native state and have invited some friends along with us – many thanks to Kyla’s parents for allowing us all the fabulous Frutchey-family beach house in Maui. That’s on the proviso that our guests allow us a little ‘us’ time.” Much grinning, Rachel noticed, particularly from the British party in the reception’s middle table.

“Of course there’s one person joining us there to whom Kyla and I owe particular thanks.” Reece glanced down at Rachel, and his bride turned her garlanded head to bestow a radiant smile. Rachel was blushing even before Reece had named her. “People have been inquiring since the rehearsal about the identity of our beautiful second bridesmaid. Let me introduce you to Rachel Stanton, without whom this celebration would never have happened.” The ripple of amused interest made her

drop her eyes further, though Reece's acknowledgement gratified her. "Rachel was Kyla's student and the daughter of my client and she took it upon herself to – well – throw us casually together. Kyla had no idea that her top student was plotting to hook her up with a family friend."

Rachel was pleasurably mortified. The sun-blonded bride was bedazzling her with a grateful, slightly impish smile. The groom, towering above her in six foot two of bespoke-tuxedoed magnificence, was gracing her with a grin fit to melt a girl. For that moment in time she got to bask in the twin suns of their affection. On one level it wasn't much consolation, but on another it meant everything – to be decked out in an exquisite pale green bridesmaid dress, hibiscus flowers in her hair, seated at the head table on the day of this beautiful couple's gorgeous wedding.

"Well our happiness is much to do with her subterfuge, and we hope that her place here today demonstrates something of the gratitude we share. You know, if I were Mormon I'd marry her as well." It was the sort of cheeky aside Reece could pull off safely, eliciting only a comical slap from his new wife. All perfectly clear that Rachel was a shy little girl, however curvy, to Kyla's fully-flowered woman. *Your loss, mister,* she thought, not remotely believing it.

The bride leaned down the table to her, looking ravishing in her simple spaghetti-strapped wedding gown, her bosom peeking out discreetly from the corseting of the white bodice. "I'd marry you too, baby," she whispered in Rachel's ear, so that Greta Frutchey, chief bridesmaid and Kyla's sister, could not hear. The little flourish was so unexpected that Rachel was sure she blushed right down her bare neck to the tight-compressed orbs of her breasts. Her ex-teacher shot her a cheeky wink and resumed a graceful pose next to her husband.

It said much of her, Rachel sometimes joked, that she had brought together the two great crushes of her teenage years. An act of unswerving selflessness. "So how did you become the great match-maker?" asked Tyler, the bride's college-grad cousin, as she danced with him after the meal. He was slender and well-presented, two years her senior and obviously hot for her. A cooling sea breeze wafted across the dance floor and the sun setting the horizon ablaze, but even as this young fair-haired suitor pressed himself gently to the skirts of her dress, arms linked around her waist, she could not summon up much sense of romance. Maybe the proximity of the groom was spoiling her for any other man, or at least for any around her own age.

"When I was still at school Reece was helping my dad build this modern town-house right in the middle of London. It featured in *Dream Dwellings*, this show all about crazy ambitious building projects? It was all reinforced glass and loads of light pouring in from above. Reece was chief architect on the build so we all got to know him pretty well."

Got to know him ... He'd been suave and funny and cool, totally intimidating a girl embarking on her

A-levels. At school Rachel had brushed off advances from boys and the occasional creepy teacher. So smitten had she been by Reece Everett, however, his mere presence had rendered her a babbling fool, even after the squash lessons he'd given her on her dad's suggestion. He acquired for her the status of a Ryan Gosling or a Heath Ledger, only *this* idol showed up in her house most weeks. Then began his appearances in her night-time visions, the ones where he took her in all sorts of charming naked manly ways.

When she tried a little nervous flirtation during waking hours – "So, who are you building your own dream home for?" - he brushed it off with a brotherly "Haven't met her yet." She knew she was growing into quite the little hottie; glossy black hair, juicily-rounded tits and ass, and didn't the schoolboys notice? Reece's refusal to play, however, always made her feel like a kid again.

"And my cousin taught you history, right?" said Tyler, giving her all his best slow-dance moves. "She must have stood out a little."

"Yes…" Rachel smiled. "Miss Frutchey was quite the exotic staff-member. We'd always ask her why she'd left the sunshine."

It *had* seemed unlikely, this slender, glamorous Hawaiian teaching History at *North London Collegiate School*. Bombshell-blonde with mesmerising Pacific-island eyes. "*Hapa haole*," she'd once explained. "My mom's Caucasian as all get, and my daddy's an Islander. "As for how I got here," she would respond affably to the students' queries, "it's just where life took me."

She had confided more to Rachel after class one day. "Between ourselves, I moved here because of a guy, but stayed because of a job. Always have a Plan B, Rachel, just in case Plan A flakes out on you."

"So why England?" Rachel had pursued. Kyla had been sitting cross-legged on a desk, lovely in a print dress, hair draped over one shoulder in a long ponytail. Rachel had imagined her teaching some kind of Hawaiian beach class in a bikini and sarong, the very fact that she could conjure up such an image rather disconcerting.

"Hey, school is school," Miss Frutchey had replied blithely. "Plus, I've always had a soft spot for those sexy Tudors and naughty Victorians. And I get to teach that stuff here. I guess I'm not a traditional Hawaiian gal…"

Rachel had giggled with her and thought she was just *so* sophisticated. They had discussed Rachel's university prospects along with her boy-troubles and man-crushes. Kyla had been sympathetic and funny, helping her laugh off her sillier teenage notions. She had also lent her books, the most

memorable of which was Sarah Waters' *Tipping the Velvet*. "It's a whole aspect of Victoriana which might not even have existed, but you'll wish it had, it's so vibrant and liberating…"

Miss Frutchey's motives for recommending a young Victorian woman's journey of lesbian self-discovery had surely been innocent. Still the proffering of the book along with the vivid eroticism within its pages had resulted in deliciously wet dreams. Thoughts and sensations of being wrestled into Reece's masculine control were now as odds with those of Sapphic seduction at the hands and tongue of her beautiful worldly teacher. So foreign were the latter thoughts to Rachel, she had become hopelessly tongue-tied the next time she met Kyla. She had started blathering about Reece as a cover: "You should meet him, Miss – you two would get along so well…" Remembered the contents of the book, she added: "That's if you're still…" Then she faltered and floundered, feeling wildly silly.

"Honey…" Kyla came to her rescue. "I still date guys. Rachel, just because I enjoyed a lesbian-themed novel. I haven't crossed over. Although maybe I've straddled the line a little. Now shouldn't you be going to your next class?" That was the way of it. Either Reece or Kyla could so have had her – it made her squirm to admit it to herself - but the objects of her schoolgirl desire remained frustratingly appropriate in their behaviour.

"I set them up," she explained to her dance-partner, leaving out all the other stuff. "I showed Reece some photos of Kyla I'd taken on my phone during a school trip to the Globe Theatre and told him he had to come meet her. She was taking our History class to TGI Friday's just after we'd finished our finals and I told him he had to show up just as though by accident. He said he didn't do set-ups, but he was still there that night. I knew he wouldn't be able to resist."

"You're quite the little one-woman dating agency," said Tyler, his face hovering close to hers.

"I suppose so…"

Rachel wondered what exactly had possessed her to do it. She supposed that since *she* wasn't going to have either of these older, wiser individuals that they might as well have each other. There had been the 'giving two nice people a shot at happiness' element, but just as strong was a wicked sense of pimping them, of instigating something wild and hot. Of course however fevered her imagining of their first meeting, the reality might have fizzled like a soggy firework. She recalled her trepidation on the night in question.

How deliciously her stomach had squirmed on spying Reece at a table across the restaurant. His grin on seeing her had been sheepish, as though this slip of a girl had him at a disadvantage. She had waited till most of her classmates had departed, then made her move. "Hey, Miss Frutchey…"

“Rachel, it’s Kyla now. You’re not in school anymore.”

“Kyla… I’ve just spotted someone. Back in a moment…” She had chatted to Reece self-consciously for a while (“Well, isn’t she even prettier than the photo?”), then drawn him over, her heart pounding, feeling excited and silly in equal measure. He’d had a wryly amused air, but could not take his eyes off Kyla from the start. “Miss… Sorry, Kyla… This is *Reece*, you know, the guy who planned out our new house, the one who’s going to be on the TV show with Mum and Dad. Reece, this is… is Kyla, my History teacher. Best teacher in the world…”

“Right… Rachel’s mentioned you a lot,” Reece smiled, shaking her hand, looking splendid in dark shirt and sports jacket, smelling subtly of Acqua Di Parma. “Inspiring teachers are a rare commodity, you must be pretty impressive…”

“I don’t know about that…” Kyla’s smiling eyes had locked into his. Her hair was down and she looked great, her pert bosom accentuated in a silk wraparound dress. “I mean are you the architectural genius she seems to think?” She raised an eyebrow and her grin was playful.

“Maybe… Seems like she’s been talking about us both behind our backs.”

Something quietly powerful had existed between them from the start and had become more thrillingly apparent as the seconds ticked by…

“I think this interfering young lady has kind of aimed us in each other’s direction, am I wrong?” Kyla smiled archly to Rachel, who bit her lip in embarrassment.

“I should take some of the blame,” Reece replied gallantly. “She was insistent that we be introduced, so I came along to placate her.” It was already clear that his feelings were rather different.

“Well you’ve passed yourself,” Kyla smiled, running her finger around the rim of her mojito glass. “Don’t let me take up any more of your time…”

“Now Kyla, since Rachel here is so keen for us to get acquainted, the least I can do is buy you another drink…”

“Okay, for a mojito you can have half an hour of my valuable time.”

“A whole half hour, I feel privileged.”

“You should do…”

Two pairs of eyes fixed, unblinking… Currents of testosterone and estrogen crashing in silent explosion and eddying together, while Rachel watched it happen. The attraction was so tangible she felt she would be sucked into its vortex. She was witness to the creation of something primal and amazing; to an extent it was *her* creation. What a freaking result!

Tragically she could only observe the first few moments. Anything more would have been impolite, to say nothing of embarrassing. Kyla and Reece were civilized about it, engaging her in friendly chat and inviting her to join them for a drink, but she knew this embryonic passion could only develop once she had absented herself. So she made her excuses and joined her remaining peers on a pub excursion.

After that night she saw little of either teacher or architect. School was out forever and the build was pretty much wrapped. She met Kyla in Camden Market once over that summer and they went for coffee, where she inquired after Reece. “Well we’re dating,” Kyla had assured her, unable to stop breaking into a conspiratorial grin. “It’s *very* fun. He’s so charming and attentive. I have… a lot to thank you for.” Rachel had felt a peculiar combination of pleasure and envy. It was so delicious – if a little wrong – to imagine her sexy ex-teacher getting the use of Reece Everett. Rachel’s sexual experience at that time had been limited to furtive back-seat fumblings with Clive Rintoul, ex-student of her school; she could scarcely imagine what it was like to be taken properly by a fine specimen of manhood like Reece, but her foxy ex-teacher knew.

After that it was occasional Facebook chat with one or the other and a sense from their photos of a hot accelerating romance. The holiday snaps from Kyla’s Hawaiian home had been particularly loin-stirring – two lovers happy, tanned and svelte in beachwear on some sun-blessed strand. Thoughts of what the sexy couple would be like in bed together fired up her night-time masturbation. If they had known how many times they had joined her under the sheets and made love next to her…

And then the phone-call, out of nowhere, not two years after she had helped create that initial spark… “Rachel? It’s Kyla. Kyla Frutchey? I’ve got some great news. *We’ve* got some great news and we’d really like you to be a part of it…”

“So will you be staying any longer when you get back from Maui?” Tyler interrupted her reverie as they slowly rotated to a Sinatra number.

“Ehhh – yes, I’ve booked into a hotel for a few days, why?” She was semi-interested, she supposed, in what he might have to suggest.

“Well if you’d like to hang out, do some tourist stuff, go check out volcanoes in the National Park, I’m a great guide…”

“Yes, that might be fun…” Rachel was not totally dismissive. She wished she could muster more enthusiasm for Tyler – he was pretty good company and pretty good-looking – but the proximity of other more mature company was rather draining her interest. Still, once back from Maui she might take him up on the offer… She looked around for the happy couple and saw them having a moment’s respite from the wedding’s whirl of socialising. “Tyler, is it okay if I just go say hello to the bride and groom? I haven’t spoken to them properly since dinner…”

The combo of wine and champagne was making her spin a little as she sought them out; she supposed Tyler had been propping her up. The bride and groom’s covert chat looked so cosy she almost left them alone, but Kyla spotted her and they drew her into a joint embrace that made her shudder. She kissed them both, Reece’s trademark Acqua and Kyla’s Kauai Rose combining in her nostrils. “I bet you two just can’t wait to get shot of all us guests. I mean… have a little down time.” She knew exactly what she meant. *Go fuck each other’s brains out in the privacy of the bridal suite.* From their sly glances to each other, they knew it too.

“We will,” Kyla smiled. “Soon. What about you, honey? Getting along well with my handsome cousin? He’s taken quite a shine to you…”

“Yeah, sure, he’s great…” Rachel sidestepped the topic, returning to them. “You know I can’t get over how perfect you two look together. You’re like… like the prototype for the little couple on top of the cake!”

Reece applied a playful squeeze to his wife’s waist. “We’re such a model couple, aren’t we, sweetheart?”

“Yeah, we’re just sick-makingly perfect,” Kyla laughed, screwing up her nose and poking his ribs in response. “And we have *this one* to thank.” She beamed benevolently on Rachel, who felt a rush of happiness.

“That’s right,” she smiled, loving this moment of unity. “I created you. I’m kind of like Frankenstein only better. Now you can go off and add amazingness to the gene pool and it’ll all be my doing.” Wow, she’d had more champagne than she remembered.

“We will, eventually, just give us a little time, okay?” Reece feigned panic, but ended up grinning along with the new Mrs Everett. Rachel had an image of them heatedly making babies, and went a bit swoony. She wondered if they’d be beautifully tender that night or bounce each other off the walls of

the suite…

“You know I’ve got the most massive crush on you both…” The thought was out of her mouth before she could edit. She followed it up with a giggle to try and underline the comment’s jokey nature.

“Yeah…” Kyla was laughing with her. “We know.” The briefest shadow of wickedness crossed the bride’s face and her eyes flicked to her husband, who dropped his gaze as though in amused embarrassment. Kyla reached out and squeezed Rachel’s arm to diffuse the moment. “You’re the sweetest girl in the world, Rachel, and we’re both crazy about you. We want you to have a great time in Maui… It’s simply beautiful there. Part of our thank you to you, okay?”

“It’s true,” added Reece. “We can’t thank you enough.”

“If you like, we can see if Tyler would like to come along as well…” Kyla suggested sweetly. “Something tells me he’d say yes…”

Rachel felt a flicker of temptation. Some company would be nice to distract from the thought of the couple’s amorous honeymoon exertions. But Kyla’s family had shown enough generosity in flying a group out from the UK. Three days’ sunbathing on island sands would be all she needed. “It’s fine,” she assured them. “I could just do with the relaxation. I’m sure I’ll have a great time.”

* * * *

They all flew out from Hawai’i to Maui late next morning – a party of eleven. Reece’s mum and dad were there, as were older sister Jess and her husband Brian with their teenage son and daughter Philip and Saskia. Then there was best man Graham with partner Teri. An amiable family group and Rachel mixed in passably well, not too noticeably the outside member. A hired minivan picked them up from Kahului Airport and took them around the north coast road towards their destination. The whole place was possessed of a something primeval – Rachel could almost breathe it through the van window as they travelled, the rest of the group joking and singing around her. Tourist developments could not detract from her vivid sense of an island forged in the midst of wild volcanic explosion. It was fringed with white-gold beaches and overlaid with lush vegetation, but the primal forces of its creation were still set deep into the basalt rock. This island was romantic, she thought, but not in any comfortable, predictable way.

As the party neared its destination, Kyla nestled beside her briefly, all sexy in shorts and knotted tee-shirt, sunglasses perched in her blonde hair. “You okay, honey? You seem a bit quiet.”

“I’m fine,” Rachel reassured, cuddling up to her former teacher. “I love it here already. I know it’s kind

of home for you, but… what a perfect place for a honeymoon. You're so, *so* lucky…"

The Frutchey family's villa in Hana was almost an anti-climax to Maui's vibrant natural beauty, but impressive nonetheless. It had high ceilings, white-washed walls and polished bamboo flooring, every room luxuriously furnished. Great bay windows stared out across macadamia-studded lawns to the Pacific. There was broad decking at the front for sunbathing and a huge Jacuzzi out back. The whole place was impeccably clean and the larder well-stocked, courtesy of the staff employed in the absence of any family member. Rachel knew she would be sleeping on a futon in the living-room, making space for the couples on the trip, but she felt buoyed up by luxury nonetheless, enjoying the space with all the others, joining in the festive laughter and helping prepare food around the broad granite bay in the kitchen.

The first night she was lulled into sleep by the sound of night birds filtering from outside and the gentle bubbling of the vast tropical fish tank which took up one end of the room. Kyla's family had done well, she thought, drifting on the fringes of consciousness, yet this exotic woman had ended up a regular hard-grafting teacher in North London. Rachel thought she loved her all the more for that. She hoped that the one-time Miss Frutchey was being taken long and hard that night by her manly lover and that the thick walls would insulate her screams of ecstasy from the rest of the house. *Except if I'm listening…* The naughty thought stayed with her and she fingered herself idly beneath her panties as fatigued slumber swallowed her up. Hours later she awoke, vest clinging to her breasts with sweat, biting down her moans as she masturbated to thoughts of Reece lustily impaling his new bride.

She could barely look at the couple when they joined everyone else for a late morning breakfast, looking fresh, showered and radiant, if somewhat heavy around the eyes. They were welcomed with warm greetings from all and innuendo from the best man just shy of scandalising Reece's mother. Bride and groom looked thoroughly pleased with themselves and helped out with serving large quantities of eggs, bacon and pancakes.

They departed shortly after to pursue the 'us-time' Reece had mentioned – to where, Rachel and the others could only imagine. Over three days they appeared sporadically, at mealtimes or late on, to laze in the Jacuzzi with their friends. In the couple's absence the others had the run of the house, best man Graham leading the entertainments. There were treks to Hana Bay Beach and out into the woodlands surrounding the villa. There was an afternoon of surfing, Rachel laughing and gasping her way through strenuous watery exploits in the frantic waves. There was one arguably foolhardy attempt at a kuala pig roast using the kitchen's vast Aga stove; the results were partially scorched, partially rare, but everyone tore into the meat, the adults drinking too much blue curacao and indulging in amateur hula around the Jacuzzi.

The whole four days were happy and soaked in laughter, but Rachel could not evade a certain melancholy, the sort that always threatened in special places minus a special person. Of course there were two *very* special people close by, but they had each other, and that was as it should be. Maybe she should have let Kyla invite Tyler, to see if Maui could ignite the few glimmers she had felt into something more heated. But there was no point in going there. On the final afternoon Rachel felt the need for alone-time. The bridal couple were gone and while the Everett family went snorkelling at Hana Bay, she opted for her own private explorations.

Kaihalula Beach, better known as Red Beach, is a striking alternative to the more tourist-populated Hana Bay, tucked away as it is within a volcanic ash cone ; so explained her guide-book. She was sure she had heard the place mentioned in the villa's babble of conversation. It sounded perfect for peace and contemplation, so she packed her beach-bag and took a taxi around the bay, stepping out at the head of the beach trail. "It's a bit tricky to get to," the dark-complexioned young driver warned. "You know I'd take you there myself if I wasn't on the clock…" Her bikini-top was a little exposed beneath her plunging tee and she knew he'd been checking it out in the rear-view.

"It's okay, I'm in the mood for adventure," she said, flashing him what she knew was a pretty smile. She did well, thought Rachel, to keep her inner flirt at bay – she could make way more use of it than she tended to – but when you were on holiday and adrift from the more mature members of the party, it was okay to have a little fun, right? Hence the application that day of her most daring swimwear, the dark navy sequined one which showed off most liberally her tight and curvy five-foot five. The little top which hoisted and squeezed her full ripe breasts and the string bottoms, their rear clinging tenaciously to the nicely swollen bottom about which she tried not to be vain. In deference to modesty she tightened a transparent blue sarong about her waist, though she did strip off her tee-shirt and reapply sun-screen liberally to her upper body in full view of passing motorists, several of whom honked loudly. A party of young native Hawaiian guys with baggy beach shorts and ripped torsos were desirous of her company as well, apparently, but she laughed off their hollered advances pleasantly and went on her sandaled way.

The mid-afternoon sun burned deliciously on her shoulders till she sauntered off-road. She made her way down the ironwood-gladed path towards the beach, fir needles crunching under her feet as she went. She took only brief pause at the 'Use at your own risk' sign. The land dropped away in a steep slope to her left and far below she could hear the rush of the Pacific tide. This was what she needed – to descend somewhere secluded, which shut out all but the most hardy explorers from its natural delights. To slather herself with cream and stretch out in her skimpies, only bottled water and a nice fat historical novel for companionship. Surrounded by the glories of the Polynesian islands.

She followed the canopied trail till the path twisted and plunged more acutely downwards, the crumbled cinder shifting precariously under her feet. It was a more treacherous descent than she'd

bargained on, but she clung to overhanging ironwood branches and made steady shuffling progress, edging and ducking her way to her destination. She was sure she looked a proper sight, slithering her way downwards, sarong snagging and plumped breasts almost hanging out of her tight bikini top as she leaned under trees. *Bloody stupid situation. This beach had better be worth it…*

Then she twisted around another bend and it came into view. Red Beach indeed – a long stretch of burnt-red sand bordered by the rocky wall of the cove, stretching down to a sea glinting turquoise in the afternoon sun. A line of jagged black volcanic rock thrust from the water, severing off a broad calm swimming pool from the rest of the ocean. It was exotic, breath-taking. Rachel wanted to be there, luxuriating in the beauty of this special place she had discovered. A scattering of others had made it there before her and were already lying on blankets or cavorting in the water, but she would ignore their presence and make it all her own. So she continued down, rebalancing carefully every time her heel skidded in the cinder.

It was only when she proceeded a little further that she realised most of the beach's denizens were naked. These few far-scattered sun-worshippers were laid out in all their fleshy glory or as good as, and in the water breasts and asses were jogging freely, guys standing full-frontal with nary a thought for their modesty. Rachel paused only momentarily in concern. Then she felt a mini-burst of excitement. Maybe she would join them in their freedom. She had shaken off the rest of her party, so maybe she would fling away her top, or even the whole kit, and splash brazen in the waves. Thrilled by her own flash of daring, she shuffled her way down the curve of the shifting path towards the dark sands. Then she decided that the dirt-track was just too much hard work. It might be easier to climb the final hundred yards down the slope to her right, using the tangle of tree branches to support herself.

She was halfway down, focusing on not causing one of the flimsier branches to spring back and slap her in the face or the boobs, when she heard them. The ocean's steady rush and the rustle of wind in the ironwood foliage had masked their sound till she came close. A breathy feminine voice was panting in rhythm with harsher masculine grunts. The steady vocal duet was echoing up from the mouth of a cave which had been naturally eroded into the volcanic strata of the red-rock wall. She edged further downwards and moaned words from the woman became audible. "Oh God, oh my God, oh yeah…" Rachel felt sure she recognised the voice, even from this very unusual context; in that moment she could not have brought herself to climb back to the path, even had the task been easy. She continued her trek, pulse racing, till she could see past one especially large trunk to the expressive couple below.

Kyla and Reece were naked on a beach blanket in the cave mouth, mid-copulation. Rachel's mind spun with excited shock, her eyes drinking in the sight of ex-teacher and family friend screwing hard in broad staring daylight. The bride was face-down, knees and elbows digging through the purple

blanket into sand, as she received her husband from behind. Her bounteous blonde hair was scattered around her face, her cheek pressed to the ground. Rachel had a side-on view, so she could appreciate the long curve of Kyla's graceful body, from tautened shoulder-blades all the way to the pear-like swell of her lewdly upthrust ass. Her skin was a rich honey-gold, with patches of damp sand stuck about her firm calves and thighs, and her breasts were compressed beneath her, their fullness squeezing out as her lover pushed her down against the blanket. This was the history teacher as Rachel could never have fully imagined her.

Reece cut an equally impressive figure as they coupled. He was squatting low to meet his wife's proffered rear, muscular thighs bulging and firm buttocks flexing hard as he thrust deep. Every inch of him was lean and chiselled, his long upper body tapering from broad shoulders to tight waist. Rachel could see the base of his clearly thick cock, each time he withdrew to plunge another hearty stroke into his bride. Most striking was his face – the genial charm she was used to transfigured into something dark and wolfish.

So this was what they looked like when they fucked. It was even more amazing than Rachel had dreamt. Her cunt became a slippery core of excitement just by looking and her mouth opened in awe. She rested her bag against a tree, gripping the trunk for support as her free hand plucked involuntarily beneath her bikini bottoms.

"This how you like it, Mrs Everett?" Reece's voice carried up to her, gleefully savage and accompanied by several appropriately searching dick-thrusts.

"Uuuugh!" Kyla prized herself up a little and stared back defiantly. "That's Ms Frutchey to you!"

"Oh yeah?" he queried, instantly fired by her words and glance. "Well when my cock's inside your cunt, you're Mrs Everett!" He sank a volley of masterful fuck-strokes inside her to illustrate.

"Ohhh God, ohhhh fuck… Well when you put it that way, honey…"

"You like it any way I put it, sweetheart…" Then he leaned on the small of her back and shafted her till she screamed. Neither seemed to give a damn about potential watchers in the heat of the animal fuck. Rachel watched in awe, her hottest pornographic fantasy brought to vivid life before her on these sun-baked red sands. She let her middle finger slip onto her wet clitoris and rotate steadily as the scene progressed.

Reece pulled out and Rachel saw the full glistening majesty of his erection for the first time. He pulled his wife up by the shoulder and hauled her around in a kneeling position, dropping before her onto his knees. His thighs were splayed, the stout trunk of his bulging cock sprouting tall from their junction.

He was shaved clean, Rachel saw, perfectly groomed even for the act of sex. “Suck on me,” he told his spouse, and wrapping one hand around the thick base to steady his extension, she gobbled him up hungrily. Were they always like this, their shallow-breathed voyeur wondered, as she fingered herself, or had the intimacy of their nuptial vows fuelled them to incendiary new heights?

Kyla slurped deliciously all over and around Reece’s swollen head, her eyes fixed intently on his. She only released him to spit out further sexy tease. “So am I a dutiful little wifey then?” Her tongue flickered rapidly under the hood and he fell back with an aching groan, propping up his long hard body with clenched fists. He was making an arc of himself, thrusting his loins into the air as though offering up his cock for further attentions.

“Ohhhh fuck yes, you are… You’re the best wife a man could have…” Then she went down on him once more, sucking diligently, one hand kneading his balls while the other massaged his shaft’s thickness. Her breasts swayed gently beneath her and Rachel could glimpse her proud nipples, delectable rose-pink cones of lust. Her legs were arched wide as she fellated, so that anyone strolling behind her could surely have seen the stretched-open entrance to her freshly-fucked cunt.

Rachel bit her plump lip as she frigged herself. It was wrong to peep, she knew, but this was *her* couple, right? And now she was able to gaze on what she had made, to see that it was oh so very good. She shifted a little for an even clearer view, but lost her footing and clung hard to an overhanging tree branch, making it sway. The movement was enough to alert Kyla’s eyes upwards as she sucked. Her eyes locked with her ex-student’s and widened in a moment of surprise. Rachel flushed with guilt, snared in the voyeuristic act. Partway down the slope she could not easily rush away in shame. Kyla, however, did not miss a beat. She did not even empty her mouth of her husband’s cock. Her eyes softened as though into teasing delight and without diverting her eyes from Rachel’s she sucked harder, her cheeks concave, diving deeper onto the shaft, swallowing up inches more of Reece’s rigid manhood. His head dropped back in delight, jaw hanging slack, way too distracted to notice any third party.

You want to watch, honey? Kyla’s eyes were laughing. *Then watch. Take a good hard look.* She pushed herself down not far off the base of the thick-veined pole and did a kind of waggling move with her head, which seemed to drive her husband crazy. His throat released a constricted groan as his wife gurgled on his shaft. Even in her embarrassment Rachel loved it – the intensity of pleasure Reece was taking from his bride, the freedom of sexual expression in which Kyla was indulging. She watched in dazed amazement as Miss Frutchey came off her lover’s dick and pumped its saliva-slickness with her clenched palm, drawing from him further ecstatic moans.

Ohhh God , Rachel was thinking, *that’s it, make him feel good, Miss, make that beautiful man feel good…* She was properly caught, but if her teacher didn’t mind, she might as well enjoy.

Then Kyla undid her completely. “Look, baby,” she said to her aching husband, and her upward gaze directed his. “A little bird’s come spying on us…” He stared, stretched out in all his erectile glory, and Rachel burned anew with shame under the gaze of this charming, respectful friend. She felt like she was repaying all that friendship with something mean and seedy. Beyond an initial jolt of surprise, however, Reece displayed no more embarrassment than his wife. If anything he appeared amused at this young girl’s predicament. He looked to Kyla, whose hand still rested on his cock, and she returned the stare. Some flicker of mutual understanding seemed to pass between them, for when they returned their gaze to Rachel, she saw an identical wicked welcome in their faces. “You can’t stay there all day, honey,” smiled Kyla, idly stroking her husband’s dick. “So you’d better get your cute ass down here.”

“That’s right, you naughty little spy. You’ve been rumbled, so come join us.” Rachel didn’t know which flustered her most - negotiating the slope under scrutiny of two naked married friends or the fact that these friends were addressing her in the same sexy way they had each other. With no clear idea what turn her day had just taken, she grabbed her bag and started to shuffle downwards. Not carefully enough, for she tripped and completed the descent in a desperate scrambling run, every step increasing her momentum. Now she was crunching over the grainy red sand, still trying to arrest her hurtling progress, breasts jostling within her bikini top in what she knew was an undignified fashion. Reece and Kyla had both leapt from the blanket and they caught her, laughing.

“Steady there, honey,” Kyla was saying, and Rachel felt a split-second’s gratitude for their aid. That was before she realised the two impossibly hot grown-up lovers were guiding her back to the cave-shaded blanket along with their nude lustful selves. They were both taller than her and gloriously-bodied - Reece hewn as though from the same volcanic rock as the beach-cove and Kyla like soft sculpted sunshine. Close-up the couple smelled of tan-lotion and sea salt; their hair was tousled from bathing and both their sweaty forms were matted intermittently with sand. The teacher’s hard nipples were grazing Rachel’s side, while the architect’s superbly-designed erection brushed her hip, as all three of them went to ground.

“I’m… I’m sorry,” Rachel gasped, as the naked honeymooners enclosed her on the rug. “I didn’t mean to watch…”

“Sure you did,” Kyla beamed delightedly, stroking her thigh. “Had you been there long? Did you catch all the show?”

“Really… I had no idea you’d be here.” The college girl could hardly find her breath. “It was an accident…”

“You know, I don’t believe that for an instant,” Reece grinned to his wife, brushing back Rachel’s hair with the back of one slightly roughened hand. His cock was stiff against the swell of her ass. “I think she overheard us mention Red Beach. I think she came here looking…”

“I didn’t, I promise… I might have overheard you mention this place, but…”

“You’re a sneaky little Peeping Tom,” whispered Kyla, nuzzling her ear and making her writhe with exquisite sensation. “Look how hard those nipples are from watching…”

“I’ll bet she’s soaking wet too,” Reece added with relish. Rachel could hardly believe he was casually referring to her pussy that way. “What do you think, baby?”

“Oh, I’ve no doubt. Who’d have thought she’d turn out such a kinky little thing?”

Rachel’s head swan with confused desire. “I’m not, honest I’m not… It was an accident…”

“It was serendipity,” said Kyla, her voice softening with affection. She drew Rachel’s face to hers and suddenly the girl’s ex-teacher was kissing her with her tongue, her soft mouth salty and delicious. “You want to watch a little closer?” she asked when their lips detached.

“Or do you want more?” Reece drew her head around with a fingertip to her chin and kissed her too, his firm mouth hot and tender on hers.

His question was still in her ears when the couple raised her up into sitting, Reece deftly unhooking her bikini top at the back. “Oh… Oh my God… What are you…” Her words came in little startled gasps. She was as wet and as swollen as they had suggested, but what was happening to her simply defied belief.

“This is a clothing-optional beach, Miss Stanton,” said Kyla, addressing her firmly like she would have done a student. She slid the bikini-straps from Rachel’s shoulders and eased the garment free. “Now if you’re going to join us, young lady, you’d better get with the program! Oh God, honey, your breasts are so pretty…” The final line was spoken in contrast to the others; on its cue Kyla and Reece seized hold of one pert globe apiece and sucked up Rachel’s nipples into their mouths.

Rachel almost fell back, jamming both arms behind to prop herself up. She watched astonished as the bride and groom from four days prior squeezed and suckled her tits. “Ohhhh… Ohhhhh myyyyyy…” Her pussy welled up with moisture as twin tongues lashed her hard areolae. Both teacher and architect stared up at her like she was a delicious surprise meal.

Kyla abandoned her nipple and drew herself up to kiss Rachel full once more on the mouth, leaving her man to grope and suck on both supple spheres. “Don’t you think we noticed you, honey?” the teacher asked, her lips still brushing Rachel’s. “Don’t you think we saw what a beautiful young woman you’d become?” The young woman in question felt a soft feminine hand sliding down over her tummy on a slow inexorable downward investigation.

“We’ve got eyes,” said Reece, sliding his mouth to Rachel’s ear and kissing, while continuing to fondle her pliant mounds. “We both thought you were a hot piece of ass, sweetheart, however off-limits.”

“You did?” Wild sensation was shivering Rachel’s whole body and her words were a breathy whisper.

“Just because we couldn’t say so, didn’t mean we weren’t thinking it,” Kyla told her, and she let her hand slither under the skimpy band of fabric around Rachel’s loins.

“I didn’t want to admit it, but she made me own up. I can’t keep anything from my beautiful lady.” Reece’s voice had all the kindness she had come to expect, but with a new lusty playfulness. “She told me I could only play with you if she were there too.”

“Of course that was just late night fuck-talk, naughty fantasy, nothing more. We never expected it would happen,” said Kyla, staring deep into Rachel’s eyes. “And yet *here you are*.” One of her fingers split the girl’s wet labia and plunged inside. Rachel gasped to be fingered by her ex-teacher, to have the fluid curve of the woman’s body pressed to hers and their lips caressing. She had not even adjusted to their new intimacy when she felt Reece take and guide her hand, wrapping it full around his cock. It was huge and hard beneath her palm, like a massive veiny trunk of ironwood. Her heart thrilled and her voice cried out a little, into Kyla’s mouth such was their proximity.

“God, I should be jealous, Miss Stanton,” smiled the one-time Miss Frutchey, as she continued her explorations of Rachel’s cunt. “You’re holding my husband’s dick.” Rachel automatically went to let go, but Reece folded his strong hand around hers and clutched her to him, running the palm up and down his shaft, so she felt all his lovely thick inches. “But you’re a very special exception. And so’s this afternoon.” She smoothed wetness from inside Rachel onto the girl’s fully-budded clitoris and rubbed her there, making her shudder almost out of control. “Reece, baby, would you strip her? Get her all nice and naked?”

“Darling, it would be my pleasure. Pardon me, Rachel…” With his free hand he tugged and worked the bikini bottoms away from her ass, pulling them all the way down below her knees. She had an acute sense of her own exposure, of Reece staring at his wife’s hand, busy with college-girl pussy; it made her leak a little more over those teasing fingers. She crooked her legs so Reece could rip the

bikini free of her sandaled feet.

“Didn’t even let go of his cock – good girl,” Kyla commended. “Now, baby… Would you like to suck it?”

Rachel’s mouth opened and shut vainly. Years of sexy daydreams were coming to life so fast, so unexpectedly it scared her. “I… I…”

“It’s a simple question, Rachel honey - would you like to suck on my husband’s dick?”

“I…” Of course she would, she’d *love* the opportunity to pleasure this man with her mouth, but it just seemed so outrageous, so wrong…

“What if you do it with me? Come on, Rachel, let’s please him together.” Kyla’s voice was earnest and encouraging, like she was taking class again, helping her student tackle a tricky question. Somehow that just contributed to the situation’s crazy heat. Suddenly Rachel was climbing onto hands and knees with her beautiful mentor and both were laying down this fabulous athletic male, so they could go to work jointly on his huge phallus.

Rachel felt bizarrely honoured. Here she was on a stunning Hawaiian beach framed with volcanic cliffs and a canopy of green foliage, the ocean roaring somewhere behind her, kneeling alongside the ravishing woman who had scintillated and inspired her for years. She was teamed with this knowing older female as Reece Everett’s hot naked bitch. It was a moment which had come out of nowhere and she worked hard to rise from her bafflement and embrace it. Kyla held the robust cock-tower upright and from either side they worshipped it with their mouths, slavering their tongues upwards like a twining, curling dance of snakes. They met around the salty leaking dome and it seemed strangely natural when they weaved their tongues together and locked into an open-mouthed kiss, sharing Reece’s delicious pre-cum tang. They dove again, skating around his thick column to the base, Rachel following her instructor as to what best suited the groaning object of their attentions.

Slowly she grew in confidence, sucking Reece’s heavy shaved balls and rolling them around her mouth as she had just observed Kyla doing, while the wife slurped rhythmically at the head. Then they swapped places, Rachel taking Reece into her mouth properly for the first time. “That’s it, baby,” Kyla encouraged, abandoning oral duties on her husband and leaving her student working scarily solo. “Have a good suck all on your own. Show him what a hot tamale you are.” Rachel didn’t even know what a *tamale* was, but she sure as hell wanted to be a hot one for this magnificent guy. She gripped Reece just above his balls and sealed her mouth around him, undulating slowly, sucking his cock steadily and firmly. The underside of his glans she stroked lovingly with her tongue, drawing from him guttural moans that made her heart sing. It was real – she was providing Reece Everett with

sexual delight while his beautiful wife let her do it! The weirdness of it all came flooding over her and she compensated by taking him deeper, guzzling several inches into the back of her mouth.

Any strangeness Rachel was feeling doubled when a new sensation overtook her. It happened when determined female hands grabbed her ass from behind and Kyla's tongue began to slither up and down the lips of her cunt. She almost came off Reece, but he reached out and held her down so that she had to keep on sucking. "Keep going, baby… You see to my husband and I'll see to you," she was instructed from the rear, just before Kyla's tongue went to work like a high-powered vibrator on her clit. Flames of delicious sensation shot through her and she moaned onto hot hard cock. She gripped Reece's shaft firmly and ran a palm all over his wet stomach and chest as though to ground herself. Then a slim finger inserted itself into her pussy and began to piston in and out, bringing Rachel to a whole new level of delirium. The flicker on her button continued, combining with the finger-fuck to make her squirm and writhe. Her pussy was her hot teacher's plaything and her mouth was full with Reece's pulsing fuck-meat. Surely there wasn't a better place to be in the world.

"Take him to the throat," came Kyla's instruction, in amongst the frenzied clitoral assault. "Go on, you can do it, honey…" In this furnace of lust Rachel felt she would have tried anything. She took a deep breath and plunged recklessly, but choked and gagged when the head of Reece's cock surged to the back of her tongue. She came off, spluttering saliva, but took a second to recover before another attempt. She did better this time, getting his stout length some way down before she panicked and backed off. On a third try she relaxed enough to swallow him all and felt a moment of heady victory at having the entire Everett cock in her throat. The thought was too much for her and she beat another squelching retreat, drool spilling everywhere. Of course the blissful things being done to her cunt hadn't helped her performance.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," she gasped, but Reece reached to stroke her face in reassurance.

"You did just fine," he panted, fixing her with a wolf-like stare that made her sizzle. "A game girl like you will do it like Kyla someday, and the guy will be a lucky fuck." Rachel felt gratitude at his words, along with mourning that she could not be the woman for him Kyla was. She took his cock once more and meant to lick all around the head, show him what a good little slut she could be. The plan, however, was shocked out of her head when the teacher plunged her tongue deep into her pussy. Hands slapped hard to her ass checks and pulled her closer, that talented tongue lashing her inner walls in a committed fury. Rachel looked to Reece in a panic of ecstasy and he gripped her hand, his face full of amused tenderness. "My wife seems to be enjoying you," he grinned. "If I were you, I'd just let it happen." She stared back and hazily returned his smile. Then Kyla's tongue slithered a retreat from her pussy and just when she was starting to catch her breath it surged again, wickedly, into her anal entrance.

She cried out wildly, but her startled response only seemed to add incentive as Kyla thrust deeper, increasing the weird, squirmy sensation in her anus. *Aaaaagh! My teacher's got her tongue in my ass!* The thought screamed in Rachel's head, but all she managed was "Oh my God, Miss Frutchey!" She spun around as she cried out the old classroom mode of address and Kyla broke from her, as amused as she was aroused.

"Too much, honey?" Rachel turned fully to face her one-time school-mistress, desirous to show that she wasn't offended. Kyla crawled to meet her, placing a hand lightly on her cheek. "I always did push you as a student, right?"

"That's why you were my favourite teacher…" Rachel answered hoarsely, touching Kyla's face in response, staring into her eyes. Spontaneously their mouths locked into a full-on tongue-thrashing. They folded into a mutual embrace and explored each other's face and neck in a frenzy of kisses.

"Baby, you're so beautiful," Kyla told her, sliding her hand once more between Rachel's legs.

Rachel gasped and shuddered in delight, moulding her hands to Kyla's firm high breasts while kissing her neck. When had she ever expected the opportunity to be this brazen? "You too, Miss, you too…"

Kyla gave a silky laugh. "God, that sounds so naughty. You're such a hot little darling…" She kissed her way to Rachel's ear so she could whisper. "Are you still on the Pill?"

Rachel's heart jumped a little. It was with her teacher that she had talked through use of oral contraception years before, but that had been to do with menstrual pain, rather more innocent than what she knew was being broached now. "Yes…"

The bride's hard nipples were brushing her own bosom, those fingers still teasing between her legs, when the question came: "Would you like my husband to fuck you?" She was looking past Rachel when she said it and suddenly the bridesmaid felt Reece's mouth upon her neck, his kneeling body closing in on her back, so that his upright cock pressed to her spine. Rachel tensed at both exquisite sensation and thrilling idea, but balked too at the thought of stealing this precious intimacy from the woman she adored. "Would you like him to put his cock inside you, honey?" Kyla pursued, their faces a mere inch apart. "Because I *want* him to. I want him to do you, right here, right now." One of Reece's hands stroked Rachel's hip. The other cupped and cradled her breast. He kissed her through her hair. "You've given me a precious gift," Kyla told her softly.

"Given us both a gift." Reece spoke the words into her ear, as he caressed her soft body again his hard male frame.

“So we want to give something back.”

“It’s an act of generosity, you see.”

“He’s right, honey. It’s not because we both want to get off on a super-hot college girl as a special honeymoon treat…” The remark caused Rachel to giggle and both members of the couple laughed gently with her. Kyla’s eyes were glancing to her husband’s and Rachel felt they must have been silently communicating from the second she joined them. She felt like she was in the presence of two telepaths. “So?” Kyla inquired lightly. “You going to tell me what you want?”

Rachel luxuriated a moment in the joint caress of husband and wife. The ocean breeze was caressing them all too, cooling their trio of sweaty bodies. Seabirds were squalling above and the Pacific waves were crashing mere hundreds of yards away on the thrusting volcanic ridge. The sea, Rachel thought, was the same aqua-marine as Kyla’s eyes. Were other people concerned with them, watching from a distance? She found that she cared no more than her favourite couple. This was an enchanted moment. Unplanned and perfect.

“I want Reece to fuck me,” she said, and even the saying made her whole body quiver with illicit delight. “I want him to fuck me any way you both like. That’s if you’re sure…”

“I’m sure,” smiled Kyla. “And *he’s* not complaining.”

With a touch to Rachel’s jaw Reece drew her head around, so he could kiss her strong and searching on the mouth. His late-afternoon shadow rasped a little against her smooth skin, as her tongue fluttered around the bold invasion of his. His cock remained swollen against her ass cheeks. “I’m going to enjoy you, pretty Rachel,” he breathed to her, and she wondered to where the genial family friend had vanished. “Just don’t tell your mum and dad.” And he winked at her.

She was still marvelling at his boldness when Kyla took hold of her wrists and, lying back on the blanket, drew her down on top. Reece was guiding her too from behind and she ended up kneeling between Kyla’s parted thighs, her arms spread into an arch either side of the Hawaiian blonde’s shapely upper body. Her dark hair spilled down and draped itself all around Kyla’s face. Reece was nestling close up behind her in kneeling, manhandling her ass with one strong hand and fitting the head of his cock to her soaking cunt lips with the other. Her body braced in expectation, eyes involuntarily closing as the bulging head popped through her satin entrance, but Kyla raised a hand to her face and claimed her gaze: “Look at me, honey… I want to see your face as he fucks you…”

Rachel stared into bride’s blue-green eyes as groom’s cock sank long and slow and deep inside her. “Ohhhhhhhhhh…” She sucked in breath as he filled her up.

“Big, isn’t he?” said Kyla, her eyes alight with relish.

“Yyyyesssss…” Rachel’s voice trembled as Reece’s hands dug into her soft upper thighs and drew her down onto his great marital weapon. She had dated one or two well-equipped guys in her first years at college, but Kyla’s groom most definitely had the edge. Her bottom was cradled in his loins, pussy already stretched out by his impalement. “Ohhhhhhhh fuck yes…”

“Good girl… You’re loving it already…” Kyla slid her palms smoothly over Rachel’s upper arms. Reece began to shift back and forth, probing inside her tight cuntal-tract as though searching out more fuck-space. His shaft was sliding tight against her pussy’s slick insides as the head of his dick searched steadily deeper. Finally he bottomed out and began to launch full, deliberate strokes, forcing a wild cry from her lungs on each. She felt the meat of his solid thighs on hers, his hard loins impacting against her rump every time they achieved that full connection. His hands stretched around the upper curve of her ass, fingertips pressing deep into her soft flesh as he shafted her.

“Ohhhhh yes, now we’ve got a nice tight fit,” said Reece, with grating clench-jawed satisfaction. The thrill only increased for Rachel – he liked this, liked thrusting his cock inside her as much as she liked having it buried there. Reece bloody Everett, so goddamn big and throbbing inside her, with Miss Frutchey, for Christ’s sake, palming her naked tits and soaking up all her pleasure with those dreamy eyes. Rachel felt she must have been wired-up to some dream machine and projected tumbling into her own craziest fantasy.

“This is your one chance to fuck her, baby, so make it count!” Kyla’s words to Reece were spoken into Rachel’s face with wicked delight. Her husband responded by speeding up his stroke-rate, driving his dick into his honeymoon-surprise full and hard, producing from her a long punctuated wail. Kyla squeezed Rachel’s full breast with one hand and reached up to clutch her moaning face with the other. “You like that, honey? That feel good?”

“Uh-huh… Uh-huh… Oh God…”

“Tell me, tell me how he feels inside you…”

“Oh my God…” It was all she could do to articulate a few brief sobbing words. “So big… So big and so… so fucking deep…” It went at least part way to expressing what Reece’s strident attentions were doing to her.

“And is he fucking you hard enough?”

Was he fucking her *hard* enough? “Oh God, I…”

“Harder, baby, fucking give it to her!” Rachel could believe neither the instruction nor the wild relish with which it was delivered. “Don’t you hold back! I want you to fuck our little sweetheart’s brains out!” She seized Rachel’s now sweating face with both hands. “And you’re such a brainy girl, that’s going to take some doing…”

If Rachel had thought Reece was going full-throttle she was wrong. Under his wife’s encouragements he grabbed the college-girl’s shoulder and flung an unprecedented barrage of searching fuck-strokes into her cunt. Rachel lost herself to wild incoherence once again, as she was stretched and speared more completely than she had ever known. Reece’s body smacked into hers in an urgent fury, as his mouth expelled great rasping breaths of exertion. It amazed and gratified Rachel that he was expending so much physical energy on her. Kyla had lent out her husband with the expectation that he master her ex-student utterly and he was not letting his wife down. The bride’s fingers clenched tight into Rachel’s hair. “That’s it, take it honey…” she seethed in a hot sweating ecstasy. “Just like you’ve dreamed of. You’re going to remember Hawaii for the rest of your fucking life…”

She reached between their bodies, lascivious glee all over her face, and began to rub Rachel’s engorged clit harder, more insistently than before, ramping up her excitement. The bridesmaid might have felt guilty that bridal couple were so invested in her pleasure during this, their special time, but the overwhelming sense of being fucked and frigged while squished between them left little room for such considerations. Reece’s palms slapped onto her back and pushed her down, tight to his busily fingering wife; she felt him alter position, raising himself somehow so he could pump even more forcefully from above. His pelvic propulsions were shunting her back and forth on Kyla now so that her hard nipples grazed the bride’s stomach, her face crammed in between those beautiful breasts. Too fucking much. Total sensation overload…

Kyla grabbed hard on Rachel’s hair and held her face down, fingers working determinedly on her juicy clit. “Come on, honey-girl, time to come all over that beautiful big dick…” Rachel *knew* it was time. She could hear the damn bell ring. In between bride and groom she peaked and exploded, her cunt clenching hard as though trying to vain to grip that hard-pistoning cock. Her manic joy she howled out under Kyla’s chin, as her naughty instructress spoke low and sweet to her: “That’s it, honey, let it all go, let it allllll out…”

Rachel might have passed out on top of Kyla had Reece not been ramming his way towards his own completion. She lay, moaning helplessly atop the bride, who appeared to be masturbating herself now, with the same fingers which had just finished stimulating her student. Reece crammed himself some minutes more – or to her pussy it seemed that long – the urgency of his breath steadily increasing, until he pulled out and dramatically flipped Rachel off his wife. She landed on her back

beside Kyla and witnessed the amazing sight of Reece, standing astride them both, jacking his bulged and reddened organ in the late afternoon sunshine. Kyla was erupting into panting orgasm beside her, right as Reece hit his own volcanic peak. Jets of molten white spewed from his cock, splattering, so he had aimed them, over stomach and tits of bride and bridesmaid alike. It was an appropriate final flourish, Rachel would think once she had regained the facility, to a deliciously naughty encounter. The icing – copious, thick and hot – on the bridal cake.

Reece wilted, along with his cock, and landed on his knees between the twin sources of his afternoon delight. Rachel's head fell back to rest in sand. She stared into the sky's darkening blue and listened to the rustle of waves on the shore, her loins a-throb with the pounding they had just absorbed. Kyla laid a hand on hers and she subsided into a blissful near-slumber, only vaguely registering that she was on public display. Post-threeway, after all, they were just a trio of nude sunbathers. Slowly the breathing of all three evened out, as they drank in the reality of what had just transpired.

It was Reece who broke the silence. "Well we've got sand bloody everywhere. I'm going for a swim. You two ladies care to join me?"

"You go, baby, we'll catch you up." Kyla's fingers wove into Rachel's, as her spent husband hopped up from the rumpled blanket and headed off for the sea at a run. She turned her head and so did Rachel, their eyes following his muscled back and ass. "That's quite a man you found for me," she said dreamily. "Seemed only fair in the circumstances to let you have a piece of him."

"I…" Rachel looked around at her friend, the sexy bride, and found she had no clue what to say, much less to feel. "Kyla, I…"

Her teacher put a finger to her lips. "Hush, honey. No need to say a word. Everything's good, okay?"

Kyla's tone gave her all the reassurance she needed. "Yes, okay." They shared a smile that felt beautifully, wonderfully secret. A vague concern occurred to Rachel and she felt liberated enough to voice it. "All the guys who want to take me out are going to seem such boys now. More than before."

"Ah." Kyla grinned. "So does that mean you won't be dating my cousin when you get back to the other island?"

"I… well… I don't know… I mean he's sweet, I like him… He's just so… eager to please, I suppose. Maybe. I'll see."

"Fair enough, I won't push it. Although I'm sure Tyler would like me to. Swim-time?"

“Yeah, swim-time.” A few other naturists watched them as they went, clearly in no doubt as to how they had been passing their time; Kyla’s utter lack of concern, however, somehow transmitted itself to Rachel. They hit the water at a run – hair flying, tits bouncing, hand-in-hand, exploding into the relative calm of the lava-cordoned pool and ambushing the man who had just done fucking them both. They pushed him under easily and he erupted from beneath the surface moments later, water flooding aesthetically down his torso. He pulled both his naked ladies to himself and planted a briny kiss on Rachel’s mouth, before bestowing a similar more lingering favour on his wife. They bobbed together in triangular formation, basking in their shared adventure. Rachel floated blissfully, stretched toes just tickling the grainy sand below, her nude body enjoying the soft-hard combo of theirs just a little longer. Then they all went swimming and when Reece reconnected with his wife, kissing her long and tenderly in the gently foaming surf, Rachel left them alone. She sensed that the delicious summertime madness in which she had briefly revelled was over.

“I’ll go get my stuff and… you know, see you back at the villa,” she told them both, when they were waist-deep returning to the shore, hers and Kyla’s peaches all prettily on display.

“We can all go back together, honey,” Kyla said, squeezing her.

“It’s quite a climb back up to the road,” added Reece.

“I’ll be *fine*,” Rachel told them, and when Reece went to protest, she poked a finger in his chest. “You, mister, have unfinished business here with your wife, and I’m leaving you to do it.”

“She has a point,” said Kyla, grinning along with her husband. “This little girl’s got all grown up, hasn’t she?”

“Definitely,” he agreed.

Their mouths caressed Rachel’s a final time, first his, then hers. The bridesmaid knew, despite later at the villa, that this was their proper secret goodbye. “Thank you,” she said softly.

“No, honey,” Kyla corrected as Rachel went to go. Her eyes moved to her husband’s and back and it was clear she spoke for both of them. “This was our thank-you to you. You be careful up that hill now.”

There was melancholy as Rachel left her two special people behind. Then she looked back to wave, halfway up the beach, and felt a swell of gratification when she saw they were both checking out her ass. As she slipped into her scant beach costume and set off on the uphill trek to the road, she carried the feeling with her. It felt like she had been inducted into some new wholly adult realm of

sexuality. A little way into her scrabbling ascent she looked back to the pair who had taken her through the ceremony. They were wrapped around each other on the sand, locked into a very different type of coupling from the one of which Rachel had partaken – as tender as it was intense, perfectly in keeping with the sunset fragmenting behind them onto the water. She felt jealous of them both and gorgeously happy for them all at once.

Smiling her mixed emotion she turned away, leaving the honeymooners behind.

* * * *

If they knew what I'd been up to… Rachel felt herself turn redder than sunburn when back with the Everett clan. But it made her feel deliriously wicked as well. Reece and Kyla got back to the villa an hour after her and enacted 'everything's normal' with aplomb. Over dinner and in the Jacuzzi they were their regular disarming selves with everyone, Rachel included, just the sliest of glances shot her direction as everyone lazed in the bubbling waters – enough to reassure her that it had been real. The newlyweds took an early night – they were off to Honolulu in the early hours – and let their eyes linger on Rachel just a little before disappearing. She wondered if they would rest up for their morning flight or indulge in more marital recreation. The latter, she hoped, lying naked in her bed that night, and she ached with a blissful sadness at the thought as she came.

She awoke mid-morning with dreamlike memories in her head and gritty sand in the bedclothes. It made her smile to think how both had got there. She checked her mobile phone – it had bleeped late on, when she had been drifting to sleep – and found a single text, from Kyla's cousin: HEY RACHEL, YOU BACK IN TOWN TOMORROW? THAT TOURIST-GUIDE OFFER IS STILL OPEN. TYLER

Rachel supposed his company would be welcome. He and volcano parks would be a healthy shot of reality following yesterday's crazy fantasy. A fun, interesting, decidedly non-spectacular way to round off her island holiday.

It was only once she had showered herself to alertness that she discovered the other communication, the one slipped under her door in a pale-yellow envelope. Her name was on the front in gracefully-curling fountain pen and the message within was written in the same flowing script: *All men were boys once, even Reece. It's our job to show them the way. Go have fun. X*

Rachel beamed as she looked on the note, thrilling to its sentiment. A sense of erotic power blossomed within her - like she no longer had to wait for those good, good things in life to come to *her* . The chance interlude with Kyla and Reece had been a gift indeed – much more than the memory of soft bosoms and hard cock. She had been invited her into their mature adult world and made to feel as one with it. Well now it was time to take that gift and pay it forward.

She picked up her phone and called Kyla's cousin direct. A shiver of devious delight ran down her spine when she heard his voice.

"Hey Rachel, how are you? How's Maui?"

"Maui's great," she told him, grinning to herself. "Maui's the best. But I'm looking forward to getting back to Hawai'i too. I got your text – you going to take me under your wing, are you?"

"Under my…"

"'Cos I'd like that."

"I… Yeah, sure!" He sounded taken-aback and delighted. This was more flirtation than she had shot his way over the whole wedding-day. "There's so much we can do… I mean the island here is beautiful, so many… amazing geological features... So much I can show you…"

So much I *can show* you, Rachel thought. She let him ramble on for a while, before jumping in. "That all sounds wonderful, I can't wait. But I've got to go pack. Look, are you free this afternoon? Maybe you could pick me up at the airport…" Suddenly it seemed like such a fun game – popping the circuits in his head one by one.

Packing her suitcase, Rachel recalled the endearing, slightly awkward boy – two years her senior but a boy nonetheless – with whom she had danced. How lucky he was, if he only knew it, to have a cousin as solicitous as Kyla. He had no idea how his luck had just changed and what delights the next three days held him in store.

She snapped the case shut and sat on it, contemplating her strategy. What would Tyler be like, she wondered, if someone took him in hand and manned him up? Maybe he had the makings of a Reece – confident, strong and thrusting. All he needed was a vibrant, powerful, sexy woman to show him the way. A woman who'd absorbed a little sexual magic. A real woman - called Rachel Stanton.