

Our Vacation Fun in Florida - Chapter 1 - Parentus Interruptus

By LizLoops

Published on Lush Stories on 15 Jan 2013

The vacation that changed our lives: The Beginning

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-stories/our-vacation-fun-in-florida-chapter-1.aspx>

It had been a fun start to our dream vacation. His parents had driven up and spent the week with us in the suburbs north of Philly. They left to go home to North Carolina and had been happy to take their two grandkids with them. I loved my two boys very much, but a week alone with Randall sounded like heaven. We hadn't been on our own for six years, since my oldest son was born.

We packed for a week in Florida. We won an all-expense paid week with all the bells and whistles at the Barefoot Suites in Kissimmee. It was a wonderful four star facility with an outdoor pool, hot tub, and volleyball and tennis courts. Included with our stay was a complimentary meal plan at their well-known restaurant and bar, 'Léopard de l'Amour.' We also got a free rental car and VIP tickets to Universal Studios. This really was a dream vacation.

I was looking forward to the searing heat of southern Florida. I didn't mind the summer heat especially after several winters in Pennsylvania. Randall, on the other hand, was a born and bred snow hound from New England. As a tried and true Cajun I could be counted on for three things: a hot temper including the colorful language that comes with it, great cooking, and the joy of living every day to its fullest.

My name is Ella. I am a 5'6" tall brunette. I was no skinny starving model type. I had a full figure with all the curves in the right places. Randall told me how much he loved my 38D-28-36 figure. I tried to keep in shape but it was hard while raising two young kids. I have a nice pair of legs that go all the way up to my neatly trimmed pussy and my shapely ass. I have a pretty face if I do say so myself. Randall loved my full lips and the long curve of my neck and shoulders. By far my best attribute was my voluptuous 38D breasts with their large nipples. I looked pretty good for a 33-year-old mother of two.

I tied the knot with Randall about ten years ago after a three-year romance. He stayed in good shape because of his job in the Army. He had returned from Desert Storm only four months earlier. Randall does not have a muscular build. He is built more like a swimmer, lanky and hard bodied. He didn't

have an ounce of fat on him. At 6'tall and 170 pounds, he was a strong man with long arms and legs. Because of his straight ruddy gold hair and lanky appearance, I called him my spider monkey or just monkey.

Earlier, as I was driving to the airport, Randall had slid his hand up my thigh under my knee length skirt. He was slowly stroking my pussy through my panties, making me so wet enjoying his manual manipulation of my pussy. He had pulled my panties to the side and pushed a finger past my labia into my moist depths.

As he moved his finger in me, his thumb began to lightly brush across my clit. I found it very difficult driving in the heavy traffic headed to the airport. I felt myself climbing toward satisfaction, but I stopped him before I caused an accident.

He just smiled at me and kissed my cheek as he said, "Later, princess."

We got to the airport with plenty of time to check in and get through security. As we headed to our gate to wait for boarding, I noticed we had an hour before we could begin to board the plane.

I was thirsty and said to Randall, "Let's get a drink before we board."

There was a restaurant across from our gate. We went to a booth in the back and gave our order to the waitress. While waiting for our drinks, I decided to give Randall a little payback for being so naughty on our drive to the airport.

I was still wet from his playing with me and was feeling very horny. As we waited for our drinks, I placed my hand on his knee and began to massage his leg, trying not to be too obvious. There were a lot of people around and it was kind of exciting being in public as I stroked Randall's cock through his pants. I leaned over nibbling on his ear lobe and kissing his neck. As I worked my hand up and down his cock and continued to nibble his ear, he got a really big hard on and his breathing got labored.

With all the excitement I knew if I was not careful Randall would cum before we boarded the plane.

When our flight was called for boarding, I kissed Randall, smiled and said, "I love you."

I just loved teasing Randall. Then I got up to head for the gate.

Randall came up from behind and caught my arm, kissed me hard on the lips. "I will get you later, princess."

We boarded the plane. I was in a window seat in first-class next to Randall, with my hand in his. It had been so long since we had any time together for true romance. I felt so frustrated and horny after our two unfulfilled occurrences of lust earlier that day. I searched the cabin of the plane. The other passengers were busy reading, talking or sleeping. Now was my chance.

I took my hand from his and started lightly rubbing his thigh. I reached down to his knee and laid my hand on the inside of his knee. I pulled his knee slightly toward me causing him to spread his legs a couple of inches. He turned his head to look at me and saw the wicked grin I wore.

“Close your eyes and relax, dear. I’ll be nice,” I softly told him.

I began slowly running my palm along the inside of his thigh, progressively moving higher every few strokes, until I reached my goal. I felt his cock swelling under my attentive fingers. I loved the feeling of power I had over my little monkey, Randall. As he stiffened in my hand, his body began to tense up.

If I continued to rub his cock, I was afraid he would not be able to remain quiet. I stopped moving my hand and he looked at me longingly. I knew what must be done. I stood up and wiggled past my husband into the aisle, making sure my ass moved only inches from his face.

I leaned over to kiss his cheek and quietly whispered, “When you can stand without poking someone’s eye out, follow me.”

As I moved up the aisle toward the bathrooms, I heard a guitar playing. I stopped and saw a young girl, maybe 13 years old, lying on a special bench unit with an IV in her arm. She looked very pale and sickly, but content as she listened to a pretty nun singing and playing a guitar. How nice.

When I reached the last bathroom, it was unoccupied. I opened the door and the music stopped with several people clapping including Randall who moved up the aisle. I caught his eye, nodded into the lavatory, entered and closed the door. My heart began to race. Did I dare follow through with this crazy plan?

I was startled when I heard tapping on the door. I reached over, opened the door and let my lover into the cramped confines of the bathroom. I locked the door. I felt alive with an excitement I hadn’t felt in a decade.

We embraced with a passion that had been missing for some time. Our tongues danced, we nibbled at each other’s mouth and we held each other tightly feeding off our combined passion. I felt one of

his hand grab and squeeze my ass, as the other moved up over my stomach to cover a breast.

He pulled away from our kiss and began kissing and lightly biting at my sensitive neck. He was firmly kneading my right breast as I softly began to moan. It felt so good, as tiny shocks from my neck and breast traveled down deep into me making me shiver.

I began unbuckling his pants, and pulled them down to his ankles as I knelt in front of him. I pushed him back and he flopped down onto the toilet seat. I reached into his Jockeys and wrapped my fingers around his stiff penis.

I pulled his underwear down to his knees and began moving my hand back and forth along his 6" cock. I loved the feel of his hard cock in my hand. It was hard and a little less than 2" thick. My little monkey's cock wasn't huge, but it was a mouth full.

I moved my mouth to his dick which was now slick with his pre-cum. I licked the head of his cock and swirled my tongue around it. After mouthing and licking down and then back up his solid length, I pushed my head down on him, impaling my mouth halfway down his cock. He leaned back arched his back and he moaned his pleasure.

I began to bob my head up and down on him as I started lightly massaging his balls with one of my hands. He tasted so good to me. He tasted of sex, desire and love. He placed his hands on my head, but let me continue to control the depth of his invasion of my throat.

Then we heard over the speaker, "All passengers please return to your seats as we begin our descent."

I pulled off him. We looked at each other and simultaneously said, "Shit!"

We quickly straightened our clothes. I kissed him. "Sorry, baby, maybe later."

I sat down in my seat and buckled up. Randall appeared about a minute later, trying to hide his obvious hard on. As we landed I was as horny as I had ever been in my life and Randall looked pitiful. I knew what I wanted when we got to our room.

We retrieved our luggage and picked up our luxury Lincoln Town Car at Enterprise. We headed to our hotel in Kissimmee where we checked into our room. It was fabulous, it had a kitchen, dining room, entertainment room complete with a large plasma TV, and a large bedroom with a king-size bed. We never stayed at a place like this.

After unpacking, we decided to take a fast shower and freshen up. While we were still in the shower, room service brought us a complimentary bottle of Champagne. I put on a burnt orange robe over my panties and bra. Randall opened the bottle and poured us some drinks. I'm not a big drinker like Randall, so after my third glass I felt no pain.

Randall was sitting on the couch wearing an old pair of shorts and as I walked by he grabbed my wrist pulling me down onto his lap. I looked into his pale green eyes as he slowly pulled me closer. He smelled of his apple shampoo. We kissed. It was light and innocent, his lips over mine. I pulled back.

"I love you, you little monkey."

"And I love you, my fairy princess," he whispered as he pulled me back tight against his chest.

This time the kiss was not chaste. He brought me closer pressing his mouth to mine hard. My mouth opened and our tongues danced together. We licked, and sucked, and nibbled at each other. We ate at each other, hungry and hot. His hands opened my robe and brought our chests together pressing my tits hard into him as we continued to kiss and we began touching each other.

Randall moved his hand under my bra and began massaging my breast. Pushing my bra above my breasts, he rolled a nipple between his thumb and forefinger. I moaned as he pulled my hard nipple stretching my tit. He pulled away from me looked at my body.

"You are so beautiful," he said as he leaned over and took my other breast into his mouth.

He sucked hard taking as much of me as he could into his mouth while continuing to manipulate my other tit. The temperature in the room seemed to be rising as we continued our play. I reached a hand down to rub his hardening cock through his shorts. My fingers moved into his shorts and began rubbing and pulling the head of his prick. I felt the wetness of pre-cum on him. We both shivered as he pushed me down horizontally onto the couch.

That's when the phone rang.

To be continued.

This story is a collaboration by lizloops and rolandloops. Our story was skillfully edited by frogprince.