Summer of Amy's Dad - Part 1

By Jaymal

Published on Lush Stories on 30 Aug 2010

Young Ali succumbs to illicit lust on her Greek vacation.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/mature/summer-of-amys-dad-part-1.aspx

Flight BA 233 from Larnaca to London Heathrow was twenty-thousand feet somewhere above Western Europe and for at least one passenger the plane was a flying prison. Ali Fisher toyed with the chicken in white wine sauce in her compartmentalised plastic tray. She leafed through the in-flight magazine without reading a word. She even tried watching a movie, but Drew Barrymore's roller derby antics could not retain her attention. The images on the screen were blurred by the ones already in her head, the actors' faces obscured by those of Amy and David. And Melanie come to that.

Passion and pain. Lust and betrayal. Quite a lot of mess to create in ten short days.

She leaned back against the head-rest and closed her eyes, but that only served to bring the faces into sharper focus. Checking her watch, adjusted back to British Summer Time, she saw three hours' flight-time remaining. A brief wait at the baggage carousel please God, and then take the train home. Strip off, get showered. Try and wash away the guilt. Like that would work. Hot milk, codeine for her headache, something to make her sleep. Her night at the airport had been unending. She needed unconsciousness. She needed to blot out the whole sorry denouement. She needed to quell the arousal which still surged intermittently through her, for with it came an accompanying surge of remorse. Damn.

She bit her lip, then stopped, recalling his words, the ones breathed to her over the breakfast buffet the morning after their first time. "Little tease. You know what I feel when you do that? You know what I want to do to you?" She'd blushed, for by then she'd known very well, and she'd bitten her lip all the more knowingly, played up the girlish innocence and blended it with the oh-so-knowing big-girl-now routine to drive him wild.

Big-girl, who was she trying to fool? Her eyes stared wide as she tried to stem the tears which threatened. The last thing she needed was concern from the elderly couple beside her.

"Everything okay?" Shit. The young flight attendant with her hair in a French plait had noticed instead.

The girl was stooping over her, a hand laid solicitously on her arm. “You’re looking a bit peaky.”

Alison shook her head. “I’m fine thanks,” she lied. “Could I maybe have a drink of water?”

The attendant was just going to fetch one when the seat-belt lights dinged on. Ali half-listened to the pilot’s intercom voice. “…Going to be experiencing some turbulence… trays in their upright position… seatbelts on please.”

“Water’ll have to wait,” the girl smiled apologetically. “You’ll be all right?”

“I’ll be great.” A little turbulence she could deal with. She’d left much more back in Cyprus, hadn’t she?

Flight BA232 from London Heathrow to Larnaca, ten days earlier. Ali Fisher outward-bound for two weeks in the Mediterranean sunshine. Same plane, same menu, but angst-free and set for fun. Rotten shame that Sara was still in hospital with a compound fracture, but Alison’s friend had provided a blessing from her sick-bed. “Don’t stay at home, for God’s sake, get out there and raise hell for both of us! Just think how many more boys there’ll be without me as competition!”

Ali felt she’d had enough of boys. A girl of maturity and academic prowess beyond her years should be with someone a little less callow than Adam Rylance. There was still a pang of sorrow however at the thought of him. He had been a sweet first boyfriend in an endearingly clumsy jockish sort of way and a perfectly adequate popper of her cherry. His sexual style had been a triumph of enthusiasm over technical ability; she’d always felt like the novice were teaching her own deflowerer. Still there had been affection between them. That plus the sheer thrill of illicit manoeuvres in one or other of their family homes, or similar covert sex-games in whatever other naughty locations they could find. Backs or bonnets of cars, secluded glens in the New Forest and at least one night-club restroom.

She still grinned at the memory of him peeling off her panties on his bed, while his parents watched television below, or the night when her father had nearly stumbled on their mutual masturbation in her living-room. Adam’s climax had already been triggered when the paternal voice sounded on the staircase; he had staggered into the lower bathroom hoisting trousers with one hand and clutching his spurting cock with the other, while she giggled desperately, still semi-delirious from where his fingers had been. That recollection, she thought, would always make her laugh out loud.

End of school and different college aims had heralded the break-up. Her sights were fixed on Edinburgh, he wanted to stay a London-boy. She had paid lip service to trying the long-distance thing, but in her heart she had known it was time for the split. An act of cruel kindness for them both. He’d grow up properly and become a better lover for someone else. And she would start on a whole new

life-chapter with minimal reference to the previous one.

Their final conversation had been wrenching. She'd been tender but resolute and had cried as she held him. But along with the next day's melancholy there was undeniable excitement. Life was an adventure. Fresh fields awaited to be romped through. And where better to start the romp than Ayia Napa?

She had got made-over especially for her pre-university sunsplash. Sad break-ups sparked serious gym-training and Ali had run, lifted and stretched herself to a womanly tautness over six weeks of summer. Her long straight brunette mane had been trimmed so that shaggy tresses spilled around her shoulders and a broad fringe brushed the upper lashes of her green eyes. Oh, and she had dyed it a deep reddish-burgundy which complimented her dark red lips and the natural strawberry of her nipples in striking fashion. Ali felt positively sultry on that flight. Virginity happily jettisoned, she was on the cusp of adult life. A vibrant fusion of girlish fun and burgeoning sophistication. It seemed almost apt that she were a lone-traveller. Look out Cyprus, look out fucking world - Ali Fisher is landing!

Her wrangle at baggage reclaim and the hauling of her suitcase through a crowded airport did much to see off that initial bravado. The glint of sunshine of Mediterranean blue water stirred her heart during the coach trip, but how much better to have had a comrade in arms beside her with whom to share the adventure. By the time she arrived at the *Grecian Sands*, her Ayia Napa hotel, Ali could not shake the sense of lostness. Sure she could hit the beach, but the prospect of heading out to party alone was a daunting one. Small wonder that she allowed herself to be picked up so easily by Amy Gosling.

The vivacious teenager struck up conversation as Ali was checking in; she was standing at reception as though waiting for someone, dressed in baggy beach-wear and flip-flops, her sunglasses pushed up into her mousy fair hair. "Tough journey?" she asked on seeing Ali flag against the cream-veneered desk.

"Early start," Ali answered ruefully. "I need sleep."

"I know how you feel… We just got here an hour ago." The girl had an attractive round face and smiling eyes. "Mum's still crashed out, but Dad and I are headed for the beach. I swear it's my last ever family holiday. I mean I love them…" Her voice dropped so she could confide. "…But once I'm seventeen I'm making my own plans. It's just I've always wanted to go to the Greek islands, so I'm tagging along this year. Not so much for the party scene - I'd have to sneak away for that anyway - more the history, I love all that stuff. I'm a bit of a geek I suppose. Hey, I love your hair!"

"Ehhh - thanks." Ali was overwhelmed by the sheer rush of words, but gratified nonetheless. "It's…

something new. Just got it done a few days ago.”

“And you’re trying it out some*where* new… Re-inventing yourself, that’s so cool!” her new acquaintance gushed. “Like you can go a bit wild here. Not that *I* can, with Mum and Dad around…” The last bit was a cheeky aside for the benefit of the tall athletic-looking man who had just joined her.

“I’m keeping tabs on you as long as I can, sunshine,” he grinned, giving the girl a jokey punch on her arm. “Just arrived then?” His amiable stare fell on Ali and she made an instant favourable comparison between him and all of her friends’ dads back home. He had a rumpled still-boyish look about him, despite the mild creasing of his face, along with sun-streaked fair hair and cornflower-blue eyes that just held a girl’s gaze.

“Yeah.” Ali made a conscious effort to keep her thoughts internalised. “Just got to get this monster to my room.” She patted her substantial suitcase.

“I’ll help you,” the daughter almost sang, “and then why don’t you come down to the beach with Dad and me?” She looked to her father for approval.

“You’d be welcome.” He smiled and Ali reciprocated. She’d planned a nap in her room and might have rain-checked on the precocious girl, but the dad was so instantly likeable that she found herself agreeing. “I think you’ve just been commandeered as Amy’s friend,” he told her cheerily. “I’m David by the way.” He reached out and shook her hand, eyes lingering on her just intently enough to fluster her a little, inwardly at any rate.

“I’m Alison. Call me Ali, please.”

“Let me take this!” Amy was already wheeling Ali’s great trunk towards the elevators as the newcomer was passed her room key. “You’ll love it here. They leave fruit and a bottle of wine in your room and everything. And you’ve *got* to check out the outdoor pool and the sports facilities… Do you play tennis?”

“She’s always like this,” Amy’s dad grinned semi-apologetically. “Forward. Gets it from me.”

“It’s fine,” Ali smiled, happy to have fallen into such pleasant company. “I like her. See you in a bit…”

She made the ascent with Amy to her room, on the same floor it turned out as the younger girl’s. Amy gabbled merrily about ancient Cypriot history and Greek boys and what few phrases of the language she actually knew. She showed Ali all around the room, resembling as it did her own. She’d been right about the fruit and the wine; both were laid out and ribboned on the dressing-table. Ali felt a

moment’s sadness that there’d been need to change from twin to single, but fate seemed to have provided a stop-gap friend, so she let it pass.

Amy returned downstairs to let Ali shower and change, insisting that she and her dad would wait. Delving into her suitcase, fresh from under the cooling jets, the London girl considered a modest one-piece costume for the beach, but opted instead for the little red bikini. No faffing around - she was here to feel the sunshine on her skin, on as much of it as possible, so to hell with coyness. She glanced at the pretty green-eyed girl in the mirror with the smattering of sun-freckled over her gracefully ski-sloped nose and gave a cheeky smile. Refreshed and renewed in her spirit of adventure she joined father and daughter in the lobby, a beach-bag slung over her shoulder and a pastel-green tee-shirt barely concealing the hot red number beneath.

“Ready to hit Paradise?” asked David, as they set out into the late-afternoon sunshine.

“After the Great British Summer fizzled out mid-July?” returned Ali. “I should damn well think so!”

They all grinned their way through the palm trees which fringed the warm sands, Ali basking in the sub-tropical heat, loving the breeze coming off the crystal-blue Mediterranean Sea. The beach was still crowded - a mix of partying teens and twenties and more sedate family groups. A boom-box was pumping out Katie Perry’s *California Gurlz* a few hundred yards off. Everything screamed of high summer.

“Now we’re talking,” breathed David in a tone of someone who had abandoned all workaday concerns. His daughter had already flung down a blanket and was beginning to comfy herself. He whipped off his tee-shirt in a single flourish, revealing a compact and already tanned upper body. Ali admired involuntarily but discreetly; it was good to see a married man in his - what? - late-thirties, early-forties, who took care of himself.

Amy was stripping down to swimwear as well, though in her dad’s presence she had gone with a rather more demure costume than Ali’s. There was a moment of doubt in Ali’s mind before she went for the big summer reveal, hands crossed to grip the thigh-brushing hem of her tee-shirt. Was this a little too much - make that a little too *little* - in front of these strangers? But then *they* had adopted *her* , and she was on her holidays for Heaven’s sake. Let the good times begin. She peeled the tee up and over her head in similarly cavalier fashion to David, introducing her lissomness to the Greek sunshine.

It was all she could do as she plonked her neat rump onto the blanket not to look see if Amy’s dad was reacting. She knew how to use her body to tease, Adam Rylance could have told anyone that. How many times had she slinked her sinuous form around his or her bedroom butt naked or as good

as, wiggling he pert rear for him as she snaked from the bed or drawing her firm hard-nippled little handfuls the length of his body as he gasped and tensed? Or that memorable occasion she had danced in the mesmerised boy's car headlights wearing a rain-soaked, translucent summer dress, just like she'd seen Nicole Kidman do in a movie. She found herself hoping such magic could work on this older experienced man and checked herself immediately. A little propriety was called for, so she settled on the blanket as primly as she could in her tiny two-piece.

"God, you look amazing," Amy enthused. "You're just built for the beach. All the boys will be looking, you'll be fighting them off!" 'Boys' again. Like everyone was urging her to court the interest of boisterously inept youths. Amy looked over to her father with an arch grin. "Just as long as I don't catch my dad checking you out. I'll make you cover up!"

Ali glanced inadvertently at David, but he betrayed no sign of guilt. "It's supposed to be the other way around," he told her with a wry smile. "The father embarrassing his teenage daughter. Feel free to swat my offspring on the back of her head. I'm off for a swim." She smiled in return, liking him all the more. As she set about her body with sun screen, she felt a moment's regret that he had not stuck around to view the creamy application, but she shook off such an inappropriately naughty thought. What sort of temptress did she suddenly think she was?

"Your dad's cool," she told Amy, by way of atonement for her secret thought-crime.

"Yeah, I suppose he is," Amy replied affectionately, "but not as cool as he thinks he is. He pretends to like Kings of Leon, but he's got Dire Straits in his collection. He's still an Eighties guy at heart." They giggled together and shared sun screen and Amy's i-Pod. Ali dozed to the sounds of N-Dubz and of Ayia Napa at play, the soft rush of waves on shore underlying it all, as the sun reflected off her skin.

She was awoken by David's return, opening her eyes to the sight of his salt-water-glistening frame sitting down the other side of Amy. "It's great in there, it's like a heated pool. You girls need to try it out before we head back."

They did, David accompanying for a second dip. The waters were truly blissful, caressing Ali's body as she floated on her back, her flat tummy just shy of the surface. She couldn't help but feel proud of the slender physique she was sporting this summer. Amy lay buoyed up beside her, till her father made to duck her under. "Dad, you can't do that any more! I'm not a kid!" She flipped over and swam off, still protesting merrily at the dad-perpetrated indignity, Ali laughing at the whole performance. Amy evaded her flailing parent and as he spun around to seek her he found Ali confronting him instead. For a moment he looked like he might dunk *her* in Amy's place, but he backed off immediately in his intent.

“My daughter’s now officially too fast for me - that’s bad,” he quipped instead. They smiled together and Ali could not help the tingling sensation in her bikinied loins. Then Amy surfaced behind her father and pushed him under, so that both girls squealed with laughter.

“All that running, dad,” Amy giggled when he spluttered to the surface. “And you still can’t catch up with me.”

“You run?” Ali asked, as she bobbed in the water, hopeful that David might share one of her favourite pursuits.

“It’s his fitness regime. He’s going to be ready for the London Olympics,” Amy laughed. “He says he’s going to go beach-jogging every morning before breakfast. You run too, Ali?”

“Inter-school athletics. I’m trying to keep it up, maybe do some competitive stuff at Uni.”

“You should join dad in the morning. Shouldn’t she, dad?”

“Give the girl some space,” David responded hastily. “She’s only just arrived. Although maybe you’d like to join us all for dinner tonight…?”

Ali accepted the invitation, to Amy’s delight, and that evening she accompanied them all, meeting Melanie Gosling for the first time. Amy’s mother was a neat and attractive woman with short-styled dark hair, around the same age as her husband. She was friendly enough, but cast an appraising eye over her daughter’s holiday friend as they ate souvlaki and Greek salad at the gladed taverna.

“So what are your plans for after the summer, Ali?”

“I’m starting my Degree course,” Ali responded with a surge of pride. “My A-level results came in last week.”

“She got an A and two Bs,” Amy interjected with delight at her new friend’s success. “She’s super-smart.”

“And just maybe she studied hard,” Melanie suggested meaningfully to her daughter. Amy protested about her own academic endeavours and Melanie let the subject go, turning back to Ali. “What course will you be studying?”

“Business Studies and Applied Economics,” Ali said a touch sheepishly. She always felt embarrassed and pleased in equal measures when revealing her smarts to strangers.

“That’s impressive,” Melanie smiled, glancing at her husband. “Maybe she could give you some advice, David, on managing your new enterprise.”

“Dad’s kicked in his job to start up a restaurant,” Amy informed, beaming at her father.

“Despite knowing little or nothing about the restaurant trade,” added her mother, though there was more indulgence than reproof in the woman’s voice.

“And it’s going very well,” David replied, swilling retsina around in his glass. “The good people of Bury St Edmunds are really taking to Cajun cuisine.”

“Initial signs are… modestly encouraging, I’ll give you that,” said Melanie, and she gave her husband’s hand a brief squeeze. “Although you picked your moment with all Amy’s university fees ahead.”

“Sometimes you just need to go with your instinct and the moment,” he replied, his blithe tone coloured with just a touch of defensiveness. “I think that’s a good lesson in itself.”

“It will be if everything works out,” Melanie said quietly.

Amy’s eyes darted between her parents, a touch of concern on her face. “Ehhh - can we maybe lighten up here?” she requested. “Like we’re on holiday?” They both smiled as though she had called them on their silliness and relaxed into the meal.

“She’s supportive of him really,” Amy explained to Ali later on. “She even took on extra legal work to help support while he was getting it off the ground. He’d been a manager in his firm, you see? Doing really well. And then he said he got fed up with it all, so he felt he needed to go change some things in his life. Mum thought he was mad. Hey, are you going to go running with him tomorrow?”

Ali didn’t join David on the beach next morning, with her need for a lie-in and a certain bashfulness which had come over her. She did however hook up with him two days later. By that time she had spent a full forty-eight hours bonding with the father-daughter team; they had played tennis, swum in the expansive hotel pool and gone windsurfing - laughing and taunting each other at their sometimes faltering progress. Ali had found much to admire in the wet-suited David taking control of his sailed board, standing strong and harnessing the breeze to surf smoothly shorewards. She got the measure of her sail as well and they shot each other appreciative glances as they sped.

Melanie Gosling chose a beach novel and a cocktail from the nearby bar over more active pursuits.

She gave occasional encouraging waves from the sand. The friendship between Ali and her daughter she seemed to encourage along with her husband; perhaps they saw Ali as a fellow-boffin, despite her skimpy choice of beach outfits, capable of steering Amy clear of fleshly distractions. Certainly Ali spent less time cruising for male company than she had expected; hanging out with the Goslings seemed a perfectly acceptable way to spend her time. Most of her conversation was with them, or the other younger marrieds at the *Grecian Sands*. She accompanied Amy to the *Mambo Bar* at night on insistence that the sixteen-year-old return by eleven; somehow Ali had no problem with keeping early hours.

That third morning she saw David departing the hotel at a light jog and ran to catch up. Four days had passed since her own most recent run and she wanted to keep her regime on track. It made sense to team up with an available partner, right?

“Hey, Mr Gosling, wait for me!” She sped up to him in her little satin shorts and white running vest. “Want some company?”

“Ali! That’d be great.” They established a steady trot towards the beach and he added, “Less of the ‘Mr Gosling’, or I *will* start feeling old. It’s David.”

“I’ll see if you can keep up with me first,” she laughed. “If I leave you wheezing and clutching your chest, I’ll stick with ‘Mister’.”

“Okay, it’s like that, is it? Maybe I’ll leave *you* standing, little girl!”

“What, you want a competition, *David*?’’

“I want a running partner, so just hush up or I’ll…”

“Or you’ll what, old guy?”

“Or I’ll… Look, just hush up and run!”

It was seemingly instant, now they had no other company. A rapport, a cheeky edgy banter which they had never before indulged. The steady pounding of their feet on the sand, their fleet momentum into the balmy morning breeze, the uniting power of their joint physical exertion - it all released them from inhibition. As though something held back through Amy’s presence and that of Melanie had been enjoyably set loose. Some degree of friendship between a forty-year-old man and a girl not quite out of her teens. It was fun and freeing. Hell, it was sexy. They matched each other in pace and kept volleying each other the whole two miles down the coast and back, like a verbal form of

yesterday's tennis.

"So what's with the restaurant? You reinventing yourself?" That was what Amy had suggested *Ali* was doing.

"Why would I need to re-invent *this*?" he gasped in mock-offence, indicating his whole self. "What are you trying to say?"

"Nothing! Nothing… You're an Adonis."

"Thanks, I'm glad you can see that. As for the restaurant, I just like to cook more than I like pushing paper. And I'm better at it. Plus I've loved Cajun cuisine ever since I holidayed in New Orleans in my student days."

"So what would you cook for me? To prove how good you are?"

"I'd show you what to do with a tomato, three wizened mushrooms and some processed cheese, since they'll probably be the sole edible contents of your student fridge these next few years."

"What do you take me for? I…" But David had seen the hotel ahead and upped a gear, pulling away from her. She put her final reserves into catching him up and together they slowed to a panting stop, opposite the *Grecian Sands*.

"Wow," she said, rising hot-faced from her recuperative crouch. "Who'd have thought an old guy would have so much stamina?" She was staring straight at him as he said it and hadn't even tried to stop herself when she saw the imminent *double entendre*. She kept looking, faking a boldness she didn't feel at her own sudden flash of daring.

"I could show you stamina," he said, matching her daring and raising it. The suggestive exchange hung in the air between them and they stared in silent acknowledgement of mutual attraction. The moment seemed endless and utterly intoxicating to Ali. Like nothing else mattered in the world, just this heart-thumping shared excitement. Then David's eyes flicked away, breaking the moment along with his gaze.

"Breakfast. Better get back."

"Yeah… Yeah, get showered. Changed."

Amy and Melanie and all of reality seemed to come rushing back. Ali's face burned again, with

embarrassment this time, but David reassured her with a smile as they returned to the hotel. “You’re a good runner.”

“You too.”

“We should do that again.”

“Yeah. Yeah, that’d be good.”

Ali carried the moment with her all the way up to her room. She could see the charged expression on David’s face as she stripped, and she carried it with her into the shower. He was there next to her, divested of his own running gear, as she lathered herself. *I could show you stamina*... God, she wished he would. The thought she had refused to let form from the first time she met him finally crystallised as she soaped her pussy. She allowed herself to go with it for just a moment, before conscience kicked in.

Amy met her when she went down for breakfast, making her cheeks prickle a little. “You and dad have a good run? Did you kick his ass?” Ali's younger friend asked cheekily, as they filled their trays from the buffet.

“Yes, it was good. And no, no I didn't. He's quite an athlete.”

“I know he is, but you can take him no problem. You going out every morning?”

“I... don't know. Depends on the night before.”

“You should. He needs a partner. He can't convince mum to go. Hey, I was talking to Brian, you know, one of the two Scottish guys on our floor... There's a volleyball game every day down the beach from where we went surfing. Want to check it out? Try and get to play? You'd be so good.”

Ali agreed. She agreed because hanging out with Amy meant hanging out with David - no point in lying to herself any more. Not that it was terribly wicked. She liked the sophistication of company with an attractive, interesting older man and Amy would be there to prevent any real danger. God, there *was* danger, wasn't there? How fun to hang out with *that* for a while.

“Hey,” she said ultra-casually, showing up beside the danger’s source at the smoked fish. Melanie was a few places down the table, pouring herself some juice. “So how's Olympic Dave? Any cramps setting in?”

“You never let up,” he grinned without looking. “I'm just fine thanks.”

“You joining me and Amy for beach volleyball today?”

A slight pause. “I think I might leave that to you youngsters.”

“Youngsters?” What was this? “You need to show the twenty-year-olds how it's done!”

“You and Amy don't want me cramping your style.” He still wasn't looking at her. “There's a street market Melanie wants to visit... I said I'd go along with her.”

“You're going shopping? Maybe you *are* turning middle-aged!”

“Yes, Ali, maybe I am. And I'm going shopping.” Voice firm, as though he were making a point. “You girls enjoy yourselves.”

Ali felt a little ashamed of her bitchy jibe, but more disappointed and hurt and pissed off. Made to feel like a little girl again. *I thought we were friends*, she wanted to say, but it sounded in her head as silly as she felt. Of course he wanted to go spend time with his wife. Of course he wanted to smooth over the unguarded moment of earlier. But he didn't have to make it look so easily done. David spent that morning with Melanie by the pool and was frustratingly restrained in what few interactions he had with Ali. Not that he was going to be overly pally with his other half there.

Ali came down for the volleyball in her white swimsuit, the tight one which clung fast to her curves and dived daringly front and back. It was perfectly aerodynamic for the game, which was of course why she wore it. She wrapped a little towelled robe over it, which she let fall open as she and Amy waved goodbye to Amy's dad. “It won't be as much fun without you,” she told David, chewing on the corner of her mouth, and she knew she was flaunting herself deliberately before him for the first time. Payback for his refusal to come.

“Of course it won't. You have a good time,” was all he said, but his eyes strayed over her noticeably before he turned away and she felt gratified. Gratified and guilty.

Volleyball was fun. She and Amy got drawn into the game by some admiring boys who she went on to outplay, eliciting their appreciative shouts and a few jealous pouts from some of the other girls. But however much she relished the sport, the whole thing was lacking. Amy was sweet, but ultimately Ali was hanging around with a girl two years her junior. There was no shortage of male attention as she jumped and dived, the swimsuit stretching tight across her lightly-jogging breasts and straining ass. But it wasn't attention from the source she craved.

That night it was dinner with the Goslings again, but David hardly threw a glance her way. There was little talk at all in fact, aside from Amy's enthusiastic prattle about the afternoon's sport. Ali found herself in Amy's company once more that evening - they went out to Ayia Napa’s renowned *Club Kool* - and wondered if this would be her fate for the rest of the holiday. Chaperone to a girl awaiting her GCSE results.

“Mum and dad have been arguing, I know it,” the girl said, apropos of nothing, as they made their way to the venue. She sounded something less than her usual cheery self.

“They have?” Ali could not help but be interested.

“Yeah... It's nothing serious. She just gets a bit annoyed at him sometimes. Thinks he's trying to relive his teenage years or something.”

Ali felt a sudden rush of anger on David's behalf. She liked Melanie okay, she supposed, but why was the woman giving David grief? Couldn’t she appreciate a husband who didn't just let himself fall into a 'dad' routine, getting old before his time? So what if he did want to go windsurfing, not just sit on the beach? He got along well with his own daughter and made time for her friend - was that such a big problem?

She couldn't quite shake her sulk all night. They danced till she saw Amy packed off to the hotel around ten with some friends - “We're going to the Museum tomorrow early, want to come? They’ve got ancient sarcophagus and everything” - then stuck around for more cocktails and flirtation with some of the guys who'd been hitting on her. But she just couldn't get enthused. Around one she tramped back to the *Grecian Sands* with a drink-muddled head and a mood of disenchantment regarding her holiday.

Next morning she was too tired to contemplate either running - bad idea anyway if David was going to turn cool on her - or a cultural excursion with the entire family Gosling. She did not even put in a breakfast appearance. Ten o'clock found her nursing away her mild hangover on an inflatable in the shallow end of the hotel pool, a sun-hat cast over her face. Best to have time out from Amy and family, she was thinking vaguely. Maybe try to ease herself gradually out of their...

“Hey.”

The familiar voice startled her, along with the warmth conveyed by its single-syllable greeting. She peered from beneath the hat to see David ambling along the side of the pool in shorts and flip-flops. “Missed you this morning on the beach.”

Delight bubbled up from within her, but she tried to look scolding, and to hold back the beam that threatened to spread all over her face. She felt intensely glad that she was wearing the red bikini again. “Thought you'd shrugged me off. Didn't want to hang out with a ‘youngster’ any more.”

David slipped off his footwear and climbed down to sit on the pool's edge, feet dangling in the water. “Well in the absence of anyone more serious and mature, I thought I'd come over and say hello.”

“Thanks for condescending.” Ali could not restrain her grin any longer. She rolled off the inflatable with a soft splash and breast-stroked her way over to him. “I thought you were going to see dead people.”

“Not really my bag,” David told her laconically. “Amy went with her mum. She's planning on taking History next year and Melanie tries to encourage her. Apparently - and I quote - ‘she should spend time with at least *one* adult on this holiday’”. His smile was a touch wry.

Ali rested her elbows on the poolside next to him. “So you're a fun dad and you had the balls to start your own business. I think that's *very* adult.”

“Well, Ali, I'm glad someone does.” He smiled at her in gratitude.

“So are we friends then?” She felt her heart jump a little as she said it.

“Of course we are.” He slipped his lean, hard body down into the water beside her and she tremored at his proximity. “Why wouldn't we be? You're all grown up and I'm still a teenager, I’m told, so it works perfectly.”

“Well in that case I might come running with you again.”

“I wish you would. I missed the competition.”

“What, were you slacking?” she smirked. “You bad boy. I'll bet you hardly broke a sweat.” She felt giddy at their re-established intimacy.

“It wasn't the same without your ass to whip.” He was grinning back at her, his former reticence shaken off.

“You did *not* whip my ass…”

“I totally did, so suck it up. Bet I could beat you at swimming as well.”

“How much? You're looking at first place, front crawl, West London Inter-Schools' Swimming Championship.”

“Ohhh, schoolgirl superstar, got me scared. Front crawl it is - far end, loser buys lunch.”

“You're on, old guy. Ready?”

“Gosh, they're back…” He looked over her shoulder and she stalled, following his gaze. “See you!” While she was still distracted, he dived.

“Cheat!” she cried out in exasperated laughter, before launching herself after him. She swam furiously in his churning wake, managing to stay with him, but unable to close the gap. The deep end of the pool was free of other swimmers and in the heat of the contest she was seized with reckless mischief. As David closed on the poolside she leaped and grabbed, taking hold of his shorts with one hand. He floundered mid-stroke, as the garment was dragged some way free of his muscled buttocks, and he thrashed around to stop her. Suddenly they were grappling in the foaming water, laughing as their bodies slid together.

“You bad little... little… girl,” he spluttered, gripping her upper arms as she struggled wildly to get free. “What if I did that to you?”

“Maybe I'd like it.” She'd meant the words as a gleeful piece of cod-flirtation, but it came out breathy and serious, the very opposite of her intention. His face changed utterly at her words, to what it had been on their run, only darker. Her stomach tightened and her pussy squirmed, as the whole dynamic between them resolved into something scary and primal. As they bobbed together in the water, her toes just brushing the pool bottom, his hands slithered all the way down her back, diving under her bikini bottoms to clutch her naked ass and pull her to him. “Ohhhh God…” She could feel his chest heaving against her and the surge within his shorts of his rapidly erecting cock.

“I want you…” He breathed it so quietly she could hardly be sure he'd said it. Her doubt must have registered on her face, because he pulled her tighter to himself and spoke softly and fiercely in her ear. “God help me, Ali, I want to ram my cock deep inside you and fuck you hard.” It was not so much a pornographic come-on, more a desperate guilty confession of something he could no longer hold in. “Do you want that too? Do you, Ali?”

She could hardly speak. This strong beautiful man was pressed to her, whispering obscenity, all his geniality transformed into burning needy lust. In the background somewhere there were other voices,

there was other noise. “People will see…” She didn't imagine he was going to do what he wanted right there, but he seemed to take her words that way.

“Come with me now. We'll go to your room.” His voice was firm, decided, persuading.

She opened her mouth, not sure what might come out. Then his eyes flicked to over her shoulder. “Shit…”

He let her go and she looked around, saw the Richardsons approaching - the thirty-something couple with the two little girls who Ali and the Goslings had got to know. Ali waved automatically as she and David were spotted, trying to transcend her rush of guilt. “Better get out,” David told her. “Go talk to them. I'll join you in a moment.” She looked at him inquiringly. “I can't. Yet.” When she saw him nodding downwards and took his meaning she almost burst out in frightened laughter.

Ali swam back down the pool to meet the family, still fuzzy from the intensity of what had just passed. The Richardsons greeted her as she picked up her sarong from a sun-lounger and wrapped the garment around her waist. There was no awkwardness, thankfully, to suggest that the couple had spotted anything untoward. Keeley and Gracie, their girls, were dancing around Ali, tugging at her and pleading that she come play with them in the pool. Moments later she could hear David talking to the girls' father, his sub-aquatic excitement either under control or concealed beneath his long shoulder-draped towel. The whole encounter she experienced through a kind of delirium.

Then she heard David's voice. “I'm going for that run now, Ali. You joining me?”

Blood pounded in her temples. She could feel her nipples bristling against her bikini top at the significance of her response. Say yes and there’d be no going back. The girls had a hand each and were trying to propel her poolwards.

“Let Ali go,” their mother was saying. “I'm sure she'll play with you later.” David stood waiting. The moment extended to breaking point...

“Keeley, Gracie, we'll go swimming this afternoon, I promise. See you later, guys. David, wait up.”

Oh my God. Oh my God. Adrenalin pumped through her as she walked. As they both walked, not looking at each other, not speaking a word - through the hotel bar to reception. David asking for his room key first, before it was her turn. *We're not together. We're going to our separate rooms. We're not about to fuck each other's brains out.*

“Room 77, please.” Key in hand, walking to the elevator to join David. Pretending now they'd just met

there by accident. That they'd be sharing a ride upstairs. That he wouldn't be sticking his hard adulterous dick inside her the first chance he got. Christ, she was minutes from having David's cock pumping in and out of her cunt... What the fuck were they doing? What if they got caught, if someone they knew saw them and realised? God, then it might never happen! Scared and trembling and so very, very wet. Doors sliding open to reveal an empty space. Passing inside, him pressing for her floor and letting the doors shut them in, seal them off from all else in the world…

David seized her, pushing her hard against the wall, his mouth sealing to hers. His towel had fallen away and as his tongue thrust into her mouth, she felt that other would-be intruder growing rapidly against her stomach. She knew this was insane, but clutched in return even so, pressed herself to him, loving the feeling of his chest crushed to her slim torso, his hands on her naked back. His lips broke from her mouth, kissing her cheek, her ear, her neck - oh God - adhering to that tender expanse and undulating, as his hand tore down her bikini strap to expose her breast. He cupped and groped her freely, as his mouth continued to molest her neck.

"David... God... Someone could come in…"

He reached across and slammed his palm against the emergency button, so that they juddered to a stop mid-floors. Ali gasped at the sudden realisation - she was going to get fucked right there in the elevator.

David's look was wild, far beyond urgent. He scrabbled at the clip on her bikini top and ripped the garment away completely, surveying her curving, near-naked body like a schoolboy, hands roving, caressing and squeezing. Her sarong had already fallen around her ankles, joining David's towel. He fell to his knees, fingers curling around the scrap of red which still clung reluctantly about her loins. Then he tore it all the way down to her ankles, helping her feet negotiate their way clear.

He gripped her bum a moment, lingering at the tidy trim of her mound to kiss and savour her slit. She moaned in response, feeling her own slippery preparedness, as he rose up her totally naked body and hungrily kissed her mouth. His shorts, the final barrier between their sexes, he shoved down his legs and she finally saw it - his long thick maleness, splendidly erect under *her* influence. It twitched and swayed at the light brushing of her curious fingertips. Amy's dad's cock - primed to penetrate her fully.

David reached between her legs. She could almost hear the squelch as his fingers probed and were swallowed up inside her. His face displayed burning excitement. "So wet... God, girl…" He gripped tight under her ass cheeks and picked her up, she automatically wrapping her arms around his neck, spreading her legs and catching her feet about his hips. Now he was there under her, that essential male part of him, prodding to find the yielding soaking entrance to her tunnel. His eyes locked to hers

as he lowered her slowly, filling her up with himself, gravity drawing her down onto his thickness to a full union. Ohhhh God he was deliciously big... She'd thought Adam her ex had stretched her out pretty well, but David's robust extension was making additional demands on her cunt-space. She did not plead, however, that he hold back. Whatever he had to give, she was willing to take it, and her eyes let him know. He stopped short of guiding her to the very bottom of his shaft; rather he pushed her hard against the wall, drew out a little and rammed, as he had promised, deep inside her.

Ali clung to David's shoulders and hips in shocked excitement as he fucked her. He was pressing her back to the cool vertical surface, sliding out and spearing back in, cock-head plumbing her wet centre. Surprised lustful delight was all over his face, like he could not believe he was actually getting to nail this pussy. Her own sheer physical pleasure, the knowledge of his, the whole unexpected sexy wrongness of the moment - it all combined to make her come suddenly, hard, on his first concerted barrage of strokes. Her cunt muscles spasmed all around him, clutching like her limbs were doing to the trunk of his body, as he continued to shaft hard, desperately into her. The confined space rang to her frantic cries and his extended animal groans, as repeatedly he impaled her young climaxing cunt.

"Ohhh God, Ali... Ohhh fuck…" He pounded her zealously, with the ecstasy of a man who had just torn recklessly free of his own conscience. It was a full-throttle screwing, fast and hard; it thrilled her all the more because he was fucking her like she were a woman, not a silly girl. His eyes bored into her as his cock surged, hands cradling her ass securely and clutching tight, so his pelvis could thrust all the fiercer.

He persisted for the duration at that same crazed tempo, but could not sustain long, such was the fury of his arousal and the urgency of their situation. She could sense the approach of his crescendo and clung harder, weaving fingers through his hair and letting fronds of her own red-dyed mane fall about him as he rocked her body. He drove with finality into her liquid depths and through her deranged state she saw and heard his joy as he released and spewed his pent-up load inside her. His body stayed clamped tight to hers throughout his fierce orgasmic seizure, then slowly, tentatively they began to disengage.

"You okay?" He whispered it to her, kissing her earlobe softly, her legs still wrapped around him.

"Yeah - yeah, I'm good. *Really* good. Oh my God…" He had been easing himself slowly from inside her and their hot juices were rushing in his wake. "Oh God, we've made a mess…"

"I know," he said breathily, catching some of the stickiness on his hand, as he lowered her down, and smearing it over her stomach. They grinned at each other in delicious, guilty conspiracy. He mopped up some more with his towel and they struggled back into their swimming togs. "What say we chill out in your room for a bit?" he asked, switching the elevator back into motion.

“Sounds good.” They stood close, holding each other lightly, his face brushing hers, till the elevator dinged its arrival at their floor.

It was only the fact that Ali had dropped her sarong and went back to retrieve it which averted disaster. Had she not, she would have walked into the corridor a sweaty and red-faced counterpart to David, with his cum leaking visibly from her bikini bottoms, the pair of them guilty as sin. She heard his warning: “Amy! What's the matter? Melanie?” and slapped her hand to the door's closing mechanism just in time.

What the hell were they doing back so early?

TO BE CONTINUED