

The Affair in the Caribbean

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I do NOT grant this to the public domain.

Two coworkers sneak off to enjoy a passionate encounter while on a work trip.

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A long weekend in the Caribbean on the company dime seemed like a fantastic idea, but the reality of seeing Chris with his wife during the whole trip was frustrating. Also, the sexual tension had been building between us as the days went by. Because Chris was there with his wife, and our other coworkers were around, we had to behave ourselves. I could not always be good, though. I am 5'4" with small but perky tits and shapely legs, and because I know that he loves my ass, I wore my smallest bikini and walked in front of him, swaying my hips, whenever possible.

I would also purposefully float close to him in the pool and brush the palm of my hand against the front of his bathing suit, feeling his cock which was buoyant in the water - that never failed to make me wet. We were never really alone, but whenever we were out of earshot of the others he told me how badly he wanted to fuck me.

Our opportunity finally came on the last night of the trip. Everyone went to dinner together, but one woman in our group got sick part of the way through dinner. A few people left with her to make sure she was okay, including Chris' wife. The rest of us went back to the hotel bar, and eventually everyone else filtered back to their rooms over the next hour or so until it was just the two of us.

We stood up and knew without saying so that we had to be together immediately. As we walked outside and headed toward the beach, he grabbed my hand and held it while giving me the lustful stare with which I was already well acquainted. Even in the low light from the outside lamps, I could see the outline of his large cock against his pants and longed to wrap my lips around it. In the pool area, there was a small building where the bathrooms were located and plastic chairs were stacked behind the building. He pushed me against the wall at the back of the building, where we were partially hidden by the chairs, and kissed me with his full lips which were both soft and firm, his tongue seeking out my own. I wrapped my arms around his waist and pulled him as close to me as possible. He is 6' tall, so with my petite frame, I knew how turned on he was because his hard cock

was pressing into my stomach.

He pulled up my dress and grabbed my ass with both hands, kneading it as we passionately kissed. I groaned softly as he turned his attention to my breasts, pulling the straps of my dress and bra down my shoulders to expose my nipples, which were hard, to his warm mouth and teasing tongue. I slipped my hand beneath my dress and thong to massage my throbbing clit while he sucked and lightly bit my sensitive nipples.

Then he slowly slid his tongue up my milky white throat to my earlobe, which he licked before telling me to get on my knees and suck his dick. I obeyed his command more than willingly, unzipping his pants and reaching in to free his long, hard cock. I kneeled down and teased him by just licking the underside and the tip before taking him into my mouth, relishing in the sensations from the combination of his warm, soft skin and the engorged length of his cock on my tongue. I explored every detail, every ridge, well known and loved by me. I slid my soft lips up and down the length of his cock while swirling my tongue around him, and his low moans served to excite me more.

By this time, I needed him inside of me with an overwhelming intensity. I noticed a lower stack of chairs close by and hopped up onto the top chair which conveniently put my pussy level with Chris' cock. Because of the possibility that we could be seen, Chris kept his pants up with his cock sticking out through the zipper area. I left my dress on but slid off my thong. Before he entered me, he leaned down and licked the entire length of my pussy, which was very wet by this time, before sucking on my clit. He then stood up and filled me with his cock causing a feeling of satisfaction to flow through me as it always did whenever his cock was inside of me. I wrapped my legs around his waist, and he slowly fucked me, sliding his cock in and out of my warm, wet pussy, while kissing me deeply.

Although we started off discretely, so that anyone who came upon us might not realize that we were fucking since we were mostly clothed, we eventually abandoned ourselves to the passion that was coursing through us. I got off of the chairs and leaned on them with my elbows, begging Chris to fuck me from behind. He grabbed my hips tightly and fucked me hard and fast – just the way I like it. I massaged my clit while he was pounding my pussy faster and faster. I could tell by his groans that he was getting close. He ordered me to beg for it, so I begged, "Please, please give me your come!" I clenched the walls of my pussy around his cock as tightly as I could, and with one last thrust he came as I did, his cock pulsing inside of me while I listened to the waves crashing on the nearby beach.

He kissed me again before we went to our separate rooms, and the next day at the airport we gave each other knowing looks. Our affair continued for several more years, but that's a story for a different day...

