

A woman with long blonde hair is posing on a bed. She is wearing a white bikini with a pink and grey floral pattern. She is leaning forward with her right hand on her hip and her left hand resting on the bed. The background shows a window with brown blinds and a framed picture on the wall.

Sex Stories About

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Bad Girls

Have Better Sex

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Bad Girls Have Better Sex - Part 5

Swapping Experience

I remember sitting pool side and feeling the tropical sun on my skin, I could hear Bob Marley in a distant speaker reassuring me, "that every little thing is going to be all right." I also heard waves lapping at the nearby shore, and couples laughing.

I was replaying the conversation again. She had asked if I ever thought about it. I had thought to myself, "Fuck yes, I think about it. I think about it almost every day!"... instead, I had cautiously said, "Sure, once in a while."

We had been snuggling in bed; she was the small spoon, and I could not see her face. She had asked, "Do you ever think about doing it again?"

There it was, the loaded question. Did I? Did she? It was nuts. It was playing with fire.

I had answered, "I don't know, maybe.... but I am not sure if we should... you?"

I got: "the same I guess... Either way, I think I should call Fiona."

Two weeks later, I sat pool side and wondered for at least the 20th time, why she had brought Fiona up. Why now? I wondered if we should just let sleeping dogs lie.

Hannah's voice had interrupted my reverie. "Earth to Max."

When I opened my eyes, there was my lovely wife grinning at me. She looked so cute, with her freckles and dimples.

She had her hair pulled into a ponytail under a ball cap; at 38, she could pass for 25. My eyes fell to her bare breasts. They were glowing naked in the noonday sun, smallish but perfectly shaped. She was so at ease sitting naked among all these strange men and women.

She smiled, "where d'you go big guy?"

I returned her smile and lied, "I was just thinking how lucky I am; sitting in paradise, having lunch with two smoking hot naked women. Life is good."

Hannah smacked my arm, "hey I call foul, this is a nude beach not a strip club. You're supposed to be communing with nature, not perverting on us women. It's supposed to be all natural and wholesome and shit like that."

"So shoot me, I am a red-blooded American male. The body is strong, but the will is weak."

Hank came to my defense. "I'm with you. As a red-blooded Canadian male, the sights around here can be pretty distracting."

Hank was distracted all right. I had caught him scoping out Hannah more than once. In fact, behind his shades, I was pretty sure his eyes were glued to my wife's boobs even as he spoke.

Hannah teased, "well, you would never catch Candy and me checking out naked men. Right, sweetie?"

I looked at Candy as I waited for her to chime in. I have to admit, my eyes found her breasts before traveling north to her face. Even after two days, I was still entranced by her breasts. They were larger than Hannah's, but not by much.

What I found fascinating was the fact that her puffy nipples were almost always swollen. I was never sure if she was cold, or in a constant state of arousal. Maybe that was just their natural state.

When my eyes drifted up to Candy's face, I saw that she was giving me a devilish grin. I was busted again. She looked at Hannah and said, "I refuse to answer that question on the grounds that it may incriminate me."

Hannah and I had met Hank and Candy a few nights earlier at dinner. We noticed them on the beach the next day. They had kept to themselves at first, but we broke the ice at the swim-up bar. Ice-breaking can be awkward at a nude beach bar, but we managed. In the ensuing days, we became good friends, and they eventually set up "camp with us under a palm tree. It's funny how being on vacation seems to expedite making friends, spending time on the nude beach especially tends to break down barriers pretty quickly.

Hannah and I enjoyed their company immensely, even though we had little in common. They were from Vancouver while we came from Kansas City. Hank was a veterinarian and reminded me of a big teddy bear. He was just a little short and maybe 15 pounds overweight. He was soft in the middle but had a burly chest and a lot of body hair, including a full and well-manicured beard. I, on the other hand, would describe myself as tall {6'2"} and more athletically built. Hank is quick-witted and outgoing, whereas I am fairly subdued in social situations. But we got along and discovered that we shared a passion for golf and jazz. Although we never admitted it, we also shared a keen interest in leering at each other's wives. We both knew it, but we had reached an unspoken gentleman's agreement. I love nude beach resorts, everybody looks, but no one admits it. At least I thought no one admitted it.

Hannah and Candy were also a study in contrast. Hannah is the epitome of the girl next door. She is only 5 foot four and not far north of 100 pounds. Her reddish blonde hair, fair skin and freckles, complimented a redhead's fun and sassy personality. Candy was a pharmacist. She had long, light brown hair and expressive brown eyes. Like Hank, Hannah is outgoing and a natural flirt. Like me, Candy was more subdued until she knew you. She was somehow sweet and friendly yet aloof at the same time. I always had the impression she was thinking much more than she was saying.

Hannah has a great body, but her lively personality exudes cute more than sexy. At her best, she has an aura that seems to invite mischief. Lean, tall and athletic-looking; Candy looked built for sex. She had an almost feline quality to her body and movement. The sight of her stretched out on a beach chair simply could not be ignored. When she reclined, her hip bones stuck out and her pubic mound rose like a bare little mountain that drew attention to her sumptuous puffy lower lips. Her pelvis seemed to create a saddle that begged to be mounted. I had spent those beach days compulsively stealing glances between her legs.

I know that sounds creepy, but Candy had a tattoo of a red rose that started on her inside thigh and bent around her groin. It bloomed on that puffy mound just above her pussy. The eye was just drawn to it. I had even caught Hannah checking it out a few times.

I didn't know Candy very well yet, but what I knew of her made the tattoo surprising. She seemed quiet and self-possessed; I couldn't imagine her lying exposed in an artist's chair while a stranger inked her most private self. She was hard to read. Subdued, but a little wild. Truthfully,

I was kind of crushing on her. At the time it seemed harmless.

While we had become very comfortable with Hank and Candy, the flirting had remained pretty tame. Let's face it when you are talking to a naked woman, and her husband is sitting right next to you, prudence suggests you pick your words carefully.

That's why the path that the conversation took was a bit surprising. It was as if the girls had conspired to ratchet up the sexy that afternoon. I didn't give it much thought then, but I wonder if they had not come to some agreement when the guys were out of earshot. In relationships, women have a way of actively deciding what they want, while we men kind of just blunder along. In any event, things got interesting that afternoon.

Referring to Candy's previous denial, Hank chuckled, "Candy, you two are just as bad as either Max or me. I have caught you both gawking at some man parts on the beach. We all check each other out, it is only natural. It is hard to ignore naked flesh. Let's just agree that we are all voyeurs from time to time."

At that point Hannah decided to fuck with him, "So Hank, you admit to your a being a bit of a voyeur. Have you checked me out?"

He grinned sheepishly,

Candy twisted the noose tighter. "Yes, do tell Hank. Have you been checking out Hannah?"

"Guilty,"

Hannah pretended confusion. "We are on a nude beach, everything is right there to see... Unless... you haven't been trying to peek at my vajayjay have you?"

Hank shrugged, "A man has to do what a man has to do." In mock indignation, Hannah protested. "If I knew you were checking me out, I would've been more careful about keeping my legs crossed."

He chuckled and boldly answered, "I think you knew, it's not like I was all that subtle... it's too late to worry about it anyway, I've got every detail of you locked in my memory."

Candy admonished him. "Hank, behave!"

Daren looked at me to see if he had gone too far. I laughed, "It's a nude beach, you see what you see."

Hannah upped the ante, "So I made an impression on you, huh? Maybe I should send a picture home with you to remember me by." As she said this, she partially turned toward Hank and leaned back in her chair. Although the table blocked my view of her lower body, from her posture and Hank's his expression, I was pretty sure she had not crossed her legs, and she was giving him an eye full.

It surprised me. Hannah could be brash, even a little flirty, but this was over-the-top even for her. My cute little wife was brazenly exposing herself at another man. Even Hank was taken back.

Candy and Hannah exchanged a meaningful glance and broke out laughing. Apparently, they had exchanged notes about me and Hank's not too subtle voyeuristic tendencies. If they were teaching us a lesson, it was an interesting one.

A broad grin broke out on Hank's face. "Now, there's a picture I would look at and worship often."

He then looked at me, "that is if it's all right with Max."

The idea of Hank drooling over a naked picture of Hannah suddenly had struck me as sort of hot; plus turn about was fair play. I replied, "fine by me, but how about the girls both pose together, and we each get a picture to, how d'you put it, worship."

I remember getting high fived by Hank like we were two school kids. He said, "Done, we both get naked pictures!"

Candy groaned, "Slow down horn dogs. This is getting a little too kinky."

I remember feeling suddenly flush. "I am sorry Candy; I did not mean to make you uncomfortable."

Hank bent over and kissed Candy on the cheek. "Don't let her fool you, posing for a nudie picture would not be close to the kinkiest thing she's ever done."

I liked where the conversation was going. "Hmmm. I want to hear this.... Maybe you can tell us what it was like getting that tattoo."

Candy playfully smacked my arm, "I see where you've been looking. You are as bad as Hank."

I am not sure if she was mimicking Hannah's bawdiness, or if teaching Hank a lesson, but to my astonishment she nonchalantly turned in her chair, uncrossed her legs, and used her fingers to stretch the skin where the tattoo sat. She coyly asked, "so, do you like my little rose?"

It surprised me that Hannah flashed Hank, but it was at least in keeping with her character. But I had Candy pegged as a bit shy. Maybe she was trying to keep up with Hannah, or maybe I just had misjudged her. Either way, I was gob smacked at her blatant invitation to stare at her pussy.

I helplessly peered for a few seconds and finally blurted out, "I like the whole garden."

Fuck, I still can't believe I said that. I might just as well have said, "gee, I like your snatch."

Candy crossed her legs and laughed. "Thanks... funny, you should say that. I call it my secret garden. You should feel privileged. Besides Hank, you are the first man I ever showed it to."

I so wanted to ask her if I could stop and smell the roses but thought better of it.

Hannah saved me. "So is getting the tattoo your wild story."

"Sorry to disappoint, but the tattoo artist was a woman, and it was all very clinical and professional."

Hank shook his head. "She can do better than that. Tell them about Mike."

As the saying goes, if looks could kill Hank would be toast. "no freaking way."

As only married couples can, they had a rapid conversation with only eyes and posture. There was a tension that sprung up like a summer storm.

To change the mood, I quipped, "if this was truth or dare, you would have to take off some clothing for not sharing."

I thought it cute as we were all on a nude beach. She seemed to welcome the change of topic.

She laughed, "okay, I guess I will have to show you my boobs."

With that, she stood up, turned, and leaned forward so that her tits were a few inches from my face and shook them. "I like this game!" I said.

No doubt about it, Candy was flirting, plus it was an effective distraction from Hank's challenge.

Hank would not let her off the hook that easily. "If you don't tell the story, I will."

Candy looked at him defiantly and extended her middle finger. "If you do, I will tell them about Donna."

Hannah came to Candy's aid. She said, "oh, so Hank has secrets too. Let's hear it big boy."

The shoe was on the other foot and Hank looked pensively at Hannah. "I would, but the truth is the story kind of makes me sound like a dick, and I'm a little embarrassed."

Hannah's eyes fixed on Hank. "Now, I have to hear it."

I pointed out, "Hey, we've all been an asshole at least once, and when it comes to sex, we all end up doing some embarrassing stuff at one point or another. The world is full of two kinds of people, those who do outrageous sex stuff, and those who wish they had when they had the chance."

Hannah urged him on, "come on, Hank, give it up. They'll never be a better time to tell a sex story; you're among friends, and you probably will never see us again, anyway. Plus, we are all naked, we have literally nothing to hide."

Hannah took Hank's hand in the added with an impish grin, "if you show me yours, I'll show you mine."

Hank returned the grin, "ah, you showed me yours a few seconds ago."

Hannah shot back, "Then I guess you owe me. We will all do a naughty confession if you do."

Hank looked at each of us, "no judgment?"

In unison, we all said, "no judgment."

Hank shrugged, "when I was in my early 20s, I was a groomsman in one of my buddies wedding. His name was Barry, and he and his fiancée Donna had been dating since secondary school. Anyway, when we were still in school, Donna and I ended up making out at a party. We got interrupted when we heard Barry looking for us. It was no big deal; we were just kids fooling around. So fast forward 3 years, we are all at the church just before their wedding. My girlfriend was one of the bridesmaids, and she came up to me and said that Donna needed me to do her a favor."

Candy interrupted, "to be clear, I was not the girlfriend in this little adventure."

Hank nodded, "right, my girlfriend not named Candy, told me that Donna needed me to do her a favor. I asked what it was, and she said she did not know. So, I headed to the

back of the church to the prep room. I knocked on the door and heard Donna tell me to come in. I pretty much expected the bridesmaids to be with her, but she was all alone standing there in a white bathrobe. I remember her wedding gown was lying on the chair next to her."

Hank shifted uncomfortably in his seat.

He continued, "I asked her what she needed. And she stood there for a few seconds, shifting her weight uneasily from 1 foot to the other. She finally asked me if I remembered that night at the party. Nervously, I told her yes, and it was fun. I remember that she looked almost petrified, and I kind of assumed it was because she was about to get married. What came next was a complete shock. She said we had some unfinished business; and that she loved Barry, but always had a bit of a crush on me. She told me she would be married in a little bit and that since Barry was the only man she'd been with this was her last chance for something new."

Hannah interrupted him, "are you fucking kidding me?"

Hank shrugged, "Nope. She dropped her robe and was standing there in just white lace panties. She told me she really wished that we had not been interrupted that night, and that she wanted to get it out of her system before she got married. And so, I ended up fucking my buddy's bride-to-be in the back of the church, 30 minutes before the wedding."

Hannah snickered, "You dog!"

Candy finished her husband's story. "And get this, Barry still doesn't know, and we still see them socially every now and again."

Hank added, "yeah, it was not my best moment. I still feel a little guilty, but I have to admit I enjoy the memory."

I asked, "This really happened? It is not some sort of sex fantasy?"

Candy laughed, "Oh ya, it happened. The 3 of us talked about it once." She added, "I keep a close eye on Donna when they visit."

Hank, then looked at Candy, "okay, I've bared my soul, now it's your turn baby."

Candy made a motion with her hands that signaled capitulation. She said, "what the fuck."

She leaned back in her chair and cocked 1 foot on the edge of my chair. There was that rose again. She began telling her story.

"My first year at grad school, me and my boyfriend went to a keg party at a nearby lake. When we got back to his apartment, we were both a little drunk and pretty horny. His roommate, Michael, was there. Michael and I barely knew each other and had hardly ever spoken. The fact of the matter was he did not make a good impression, and I didn't like him much. He was just sort of a jerk, and he sure wasn't much to look at. So anyway, there's Michael parked in a chair watching some movie that was pretty much soft-core porn. Boyfriend and I plopped down on the couch with a blanket over us and started watching. We were already kind of horny, and the movie sort of added to it. Soon my guy is stroking my leg under the blanket, and before long, his hand was in my pants. We started kissing, and he really

started getting me worked up. It felt so naughty fooling around with his roommate sitting right next to us."

At this, Candy hid her face in her hands and said, "I can't believe I'm telling you this."

In exasperation, I said, "don't stop now; this is getting good."

She glanced at my turgid member and smiled suggestively, "I can see that."

The fact that the usually reserved Candy was telling a racy story was hot; that we were both naked was really getting to me.

Candy continued, "while we were making out, I looked over at Michael, expecting him to be at least acting like he was ignoring us. He wasn't; rather, he was blatantly watching us. I normally would have been embarrassed but for some reason it made me even hotter. When my boyfriend started pulling my blouse up, I should have stopped him and suggested we go to the bedroom. But for reasons I didn't understand then or now, I wanted Michael to see me naked, so I just went with it. Five minutes later, I am completely naked, the cover is gone, and my boyfriend's face is between my legs. I looked over at Michael, he had his cock out and was rubbing it. It was so fucking hot, a guy I barely knew was watching me and masturbating. Fuck, he was masturbating over me like I was some chick in a porno. I just lay there naked watching him jack off over me until he stood up and came over. He took my hand and put it on his cock. I started stroking, and then he started pushing my head toward his dick. I knew he wanted me to blow him. And I wanted to, but it felt a little creepy and scared me a

little so I put a stop to what was going on. I tapped my boyfriend on the head, and I led him into the bedroom."

Hannah sighed, "Candy, that is sexy but a little bit anti-climactic."

Hank chuckled, "oh, she's not done yet."

Candy added, "this is the embarrassing part. So we get into the bedroom, and I am hornier than I've ever been in my entire life. I mean, I had never done anything like that before. The thing is, my boyfriend is so hot and bothered that he immediately jumps on me and goes at it like a wild man for maybe 10 minutes. I had never wanted sex so much in my life, and I was really close to cumming when he goes off. Unfortunately, after he came, the dumb ass just rolled over, and was sound asleep three minutes later. So now I am lying in bed next to a passed out drunk trying to finish myself off. While I was... you know, touching myself, I was thinking about Michael staring at me naked and stroking himself. The next thing I know, I'm walking back into the living room stark naked. Without saying a word, I walked over to Michael and pulled off his shorts. I grabbed his dick and put him in my mouth. When he got hard, I climbed on his lap, and we did each other for the next hour and a half. In that whole time, I don't believe we ever said a word to each other."

Hannah used her napkin to act like she was fanning herself, and in her worst southern belle accent, said, "I do declare that you have given me a case of the vapors."

We all chuckled. I asked Candy, "did your boyfriend ever find out?"

Hank answered for her. "Oh ya, I found Mike & Candy naked on the floor the next morning. I was pissed at first, and Mike and me had words. i was pretty pissed at Candy too for a bit, but I got over it. After all, if the shoe were on the other foot and Michael was a Mary, and Candy had left me hanging, I would've done the same thing... and let's face it, it was a little hot. Truth is, I remember thinking that if she was going to fuck my buddy, she should have at least let me watch."

Hannah and I were taken back. Hannah said, "Okay, I did not see that coming. You two are kinky."

Candy was blushing, "I admit, I was that night, but it really is not like me. Anyway, that was a long time ago." I asked' " So did you and Mike come to an understanding?" Candy adamantly shook her head . "No, it was a onetime shot. I am not that girl anymore."

Hank added wistfully, "I kind of miss that girl sometimes."

Candy looked at Hank, and for just a moment, an odd look crossed her face. "That girl cheated on you."

Hank did not miss a beat, "I also married that girl, didn't I."

An awkward silence passed while Candy seemed to process what Hank meant by that. She then focused on Hannah and said, "now it's your turn to embarrass yourself!"

Hannah looked at me and asked, "should I tell them about Fiona?"

I shrugged.

Hannah let out an exaggerated breath. "this involves both of us. Let me begin by saying that first, I am straight. Second, Max and I are not swingers, but about two years ago, we had a three-way with one of my old friends from my college days. It was the first and last time we ever did anything like that."

Candy threw a napkin at Hannah. "Oh no you don't, you're not stopping there. I want details."

Hannah leaned forward and put her elbows on the table. "Fiona and I shared an apartment during my last three semesters at Memphis state. I met Max at MSU, and he spent a lot of time in our apartment. We all hung out, and eventually, we got really close, but after graduation, we went our separate ways. You know the drill, Max and I got married and moved to Kansas City. Fiona ended up in Denver. She got married and is now selling real estate."

Hannah took my hand and then continued. "So anyway, a few years ago Fiona comes to visit us for a week while her husband takes her boys camping. It was a little awkward at first, but we quickly fell back into our old comfortable relationship. You have to remember that Max was at our apartment so often it was like we were all living together for a while, and so we were all pretty casual about clothing. So, on the last night of her visit Max and I are in the living room watching TV; while Fiona is in the shower. He was sitting at the end of the sectional, and I was stretched out with my head in his lap. Max was wearing a T-shirt and some gym shorts and I was wearing panties and a T-shirt, no big deal. After a while, Fiona walks in wearing a short, crop top, and little black lace panties straight from Victoria's Secret."

At this point, my cock was swelling from the memory of Fiona in that outfit. Like Candy, Fiona was tall. However, Fiona had an athlete's body with defined muscles. She obviously ran and lifted weights. I always found Fiona attractive, but over the years, she had become just plain smoking hot.

Hannah continued, "I was a little surprised by her outfit but not that much. When we lived together, she regularly walked around in her underwear in front of us. Like I said, the way she was dressed was no big deal, but it was definitely sexy as hell. I also remember feeling Max's little friend swelling under the back of my head."

Hannah gave me a playful slap on the arm.

She continued, "so anyway, Fiona sauntered into the living room and stretched out on the other half of the sectional. I remember thinking that I couldn't really blame Max for getting hard because it was a provocative view. Her tiny panties were not hiding much, and when she laid down, the crop top rode up and was dangerously close to exposing her breasts. I thought to myself, that Max must love that. Funny, I remember being very aware of me and Fiona's feet being tangled together."

Hannah's hand now found my thigh.

Hank interrupted, "please tell me Fiona is a blue-eyed blonde."

Candy elbowed him in the ribs.

Hannah smiled, "no, she has really dark hair and olive-colored skin. I think she is from Greek or Italian heritage. Anyway, we settled in, broke open a bottle of wine, and

started talking. At one point, we began to reminisce about our old college days and all the fun we had. Fiona reminded us that me and Max spent most of our time in the bedroom. She then confessed that more times than not, she could clearly hear us getting busy. She teased me about being a screamer."

Hannah shifted in her chair. "That's how it started, I guess. When I told her how embarrassed I was, she looked directly at me and said not to be; that we often got her hot and bothered. I tried to laugh it off and told her she should've knocked on the door and joined us. I remember she gave us a peculiar smile and said that she had thought about it more than once, but she knew that I would've freaked out. I don't know why I said it, but I told her that she should not have been so sure about that, I might have been up for it. It was probably the wine talking, but I then admitted to her that I had caught max staring at her ass a few times and how I had teased him about a three-way."

I interrupted her, "It was definitely the wine talking. When Hannah told her that, Fiona sat up and said, 'Really', and then Hannah told her that we had even included talking about a three-way as dirty talk while we did it....I could not believe Hannah said it."

Hannah took a long sip of her cocktail and continued. "The next thing I know, she comes off her side of the couch and sits beside me. Without saying a word, she bent over and kissed me. As I said, I am straight. I had never been with a woman before or even really thought about it, but something came over me, and I kissed her back. Before I knew it, Fiona had slid her hand in my panties and was fingering me while she was making out with Max. It was so weird, yet so natural at the same time. I was even sucking on my best friend's nipples and rubbing her pussy through her panties. Maybe it was the wine, maybe we all had some unresolved issues, or maybe we were all just horny, but the

next thing I know the three of us are in a naked pile on the floor."

Candy looked at Hannah the way that someone looks at a magician after a particularly good trick, a little shocked and more than a little impressed. A little breathlessly, she asked, "So did the three of you make love?"

Hannah replied, "We fooled around and did some stuff, I was into it but I was kinda nervous, so mostly we took turns with Max. I think Fiona wanted her and I to do more, but I kind of chickened out."

Candy asked, "you didn't get jealous or get freaked out?"

Hannah smiled, "it was awkward the next morning and after she went home, I had a lot of confusing emotions. You know, like a lot of women, I've had the occasional fantasy about playing with a girl, but I never thought about really doing it. Yet, I had to admit that playing with Fiona was so erotic. Now I kind of wish I had not held back, As far as jealousy goes; like I said, we're not swingers, but somehow seeing each other with someone else was just fucking electric. I know it's kinky, and I'm still not sure how or why it happened, but it was some of the hottest sex we ever had. I'll tell you this, for the next month, Max & I couldn't get enough of each other. Even now remembering Max and her together gets me worked up a little."

I could not help but wonder why Hannah had told this particular story. There were other stories she could've told, yet she chose this one. Obviously, she had been thinking about Fiona lately. I wondered if there was some unfinished business there? Or had she chosen the story because she wanted our friends to know that we were not above playing with others? Was Hannah testing them for a reaction;

measuring their interest? Hell, for all I knew she may have been gauging Candy's reaction to bisexuality.

Whatever the reasons, Hannah got a positive reaction from Hank.

He fist bumped me and said, "Dude, you lucky bastard, you lived the dream. I would love to watch Candy..."

Candy cut him off, "chill out, it ain't never gonna happen."

He threw his arms up in surrender, "Hey, I can dream."

Candy retorted, "How about I find a guy for you to play with and I'll watch you?"

He put his hands up in capitulation. "No Mas!"

Candy seemed genuinely curious about Hannah's reaction to it all. She asked Hannah, "You say you never did it again, what happened to Fiona?... Are you still friends?"

"Like I said, It felt a little weird at first, and I kinda ghosted her for a few weeks. You know, it all caught Max and me by surprise and we had to sort some stuff out. She has not been back to visit since.... We stay in touch, but it's a little awkward. Truthfully, I have not invited her back to stay because I was not sure what would happen, or what I would want to happen... But, I miss her and I think I am going to invite her to come to visit. I think we just need to talk it out."

Hannah was telling Candy and Hank the story, but I was sure she was talking to me. She had brought Fiona up before, but that conversation had never gained traction. This and the way she was acting with our new friends made

me think that she had come to terms with what happened and was warming up to the idea of further experimentation.

We all sat quietly for a moment, and then Candy remarked, "Well, that got heavy. How about we refill our drinks and head back to the beach chairs?"

For me, at least, that lunch and sharing intimate stories had reshaped the relationship between the four of us. Sure, we knew each other a lot better, but after there was a new and palpable underlying sexual tension among us. The women were certainly acting bolder.

That boldness became clear when we got back to our chairs. If you have ever been on a nude beach with another couple, you would know that there is sort of a ritualistic seating arrangement. Typically, the chairs are all facing forward, toward the ocean, and in a straight line. And more often than not, the women sit next to each other, thus maintaining distance between the men in each other's wives. I know it sounds odd, but it's how naked people maintain some semblance of propriety. This was how we had been sitting all morning.

However, when we got back to the chairs, Candy pulled her's out of the line and into some shade provided by a palm tree. That's not too unusual, but she then spun it around so that she was facing Hank and I. Without discussion, Hannah followed suit. When Hannah laid down on her chair, she did so on her stomach with her feet slightly spread apart. Again, she was giving Hank an unobstructed view of her pussy. Even more surprising was Candy's lack of modesty. She sat upright on the chair facing me. Her feet were on the ground on either side of the chair, meaning that her legs were spread wide open. She then pulled a bottle of sunscreen from her bag and proceeded to oil herself up. Watching her hands glide all over her body

was quite a show. She seemed to be almost watching me watch her as she applied the lotion to her most sensitive parts.

For two days, Candy had been rather comfortable being naked around me, but she had never blatantly exposed herself like this before. I wondered if she was even aware of what she was doing. I decided she had to be, but I was not sure if she was just that comfortable around me, or if she was flirting. If she knew the lurid thoughts that were going through my head, she would've not been that comfortable.

Hannah lifted her head, "Hey, somebody do my back."

I started to get up, but Candy waved me off. "Relax, I got this."

Candy then sat on the edge of Hannah's chair and slowly [almost sensually] worked the oil into Hannah's back. Hannah made a purring noise. Candy then smiled at Hank and began rubbing lotion onto Hannah's calves, thighs and butt. Hannah's legs opened a bit as Candy approached her upper legs. Candy's hands glided high in between my wife's upper thighs. Candy did not touch Hannah anywhere too personal, but she was close. Candy was certainly not shy about rubbing plenty of oil on Hannah's bum. She had practically given my wife a full ass massage. For her part, Hannah seemed content with allowing Candy to take the grand tour of her anatomy.

When she was done, Candy returned to her chair, smiled at her grinning husband and said, "Merry Christmas honey."

After a few seconds, Hank and I pulled our stares away from each other's wife long enough to look at each other.

We both shrugged as if to say "beats me." We both then resumed enjoying the view. I am still not sure which was hotter, enjoying the view Candy was giving me or watching Hank stare at my naked wife. Either way, it was all I could do to stop from getting hard.

I lost the battle a few minutes later. Candy sat up and again straddled the chair. She said, "since we're sharing secrets, I will let you in on another one. Hank and I occasionally smoke pot. Do you want to join us?"

Hannah and I had not partaken since college, but without hesitation, she said, "absolutely!"

Candy's beach bag laid about 2 feet from me. Rather than asking Hank or me to hand it to her, she stood up and walked over to it. With her back to me, she bent over to fish out the baggie of grass. When I turned my head, her ass and pussy were practically in my face. Every fiber of my being was telling me to give her a friendly bite on that perfect ass. I looked quizzically over at Hannah who apparently was reading my mind. She grinned and gave me the no-no finger gesture. I exercised self-control; unfortunately, my cock did not. I discreetly pulled the towel over my growing erection just before Candy turned around, pushed my legs over, and sat down next to me. I was sitting thigh to thigh and shoulder to shoulder with a gorgeous naked woman. Did I mention I love nude beaches?

Hannah hopped up and planted herself next to Hank. She said, "this is a great idea."

Candy responded, "my back hurts, I am hoping this will help."

With that, she stuck the joint in my mouth and turned toward me with a lighter in hand. Reflexively, I moved my arm behind her to support myself as we leaned in. As we were lighting it, I became distinctly aware of her breast brushing up against my ribs and that my hand was slightly under her ass. As we talked and passed the joint around my arm remained around Candy and she did not move away from me, I also noticed that my wife's hand was casually laying on Hank's thigh. I thought to myself, "well, this is getting interesting."

Eventually, we the finished the joint and the girls returned to their chairs. Just as they sat down, Hank pulled out his phone. "What about that picture?"

I reminded them that cameras on the nude beach were a big no-no. Hank shrugged and said, "bummer."

We spent the next hour enjoying the breeze, the sun, and our buzz. We also enjoyed several frozen alcoholic concoctions called hummingbirds. We were in paradise, although Candy seemed restless and shifted in her chair frequently.

After a while, Candy abruptly stood up. She stretched and rubbed her back. "Between that soft ass mattress in our room and these hard chairs, my back is killing me. I am not sure I will make it another four days."

Concerned, Hank asked, "do you need some Tylenol."

She shook her head, "I doubt it would help, and besides, I have been drinking."

I suggested she should go to the spa and get a massage.

She replied, "I did that day before yesterday, and it really helped, but I can't afford those prices every day."

I remained silent, but surprisingly Hannah volunteered my services. "You should let Max give you a massage. Before he opened his physical rehab business, he was a certified massage therapist at a high end spa. I can attest to the fact that he has magic hands."

Candy looked at me hopefully, "Are you really a masseuse? Would you give me a massage?"

Rubbing her bare back certainly had some appeal, but I was a little nervous about boundaries. I told her, "I don't think it's a good idea. The resort is pretty touchy about decorum on the beach, and we're likely to get kicked out."

Candy replied, "We've had enough sun for an afternoon anyway. Our room is close, let's all go back there, get some drinks, and you can work on me." She added, "if it's okay."

Hannah chirped in, "cool, I could use some air-conditioning."
"

Hank and I put on shorts and T-shirts, and the girls through on coverups. Everyone excluding Candy grabbed bags, and we headed off the beach. Hank and I were about 10 feet behind the girls as we walked. I asked him, "are you sure you're okay with massaging Candy?"

He answered, "sure, if you can help her back, and you're saving me a 150 bucks."

His next statement struck me as intriguing. He added, "besides, it might be kinda fun to watch."

We got to the room in a few minutes. It surprised me that their room was only three doors down from ours on the ground floor. I noticed that the glass french doors to their patio were standing open. Anybody walking by could've seen into the room. I kinda liked that. They had the air-conditioning turned off, and the room was warm; although I felt a gentle breeze coming from the ceiling fan over the bed. There was an awkward silence in the room, only disturbed by the sound of distant music and some faint laughter drifting in from the resort's pool. I also noticed the gentle, rhythmic ticking of the ceiling fan. No one was sure what to say.

Finally, I asked if they had any massage oil, or at least baby oil. Hank shrugged, and Candy said all she had was body lotion.

Hannah said, "I think we have some in our room. We are just a couple doors down."

She looked at me and added, "honey, come with me and help me look."

Candy said, "Good, take your time, and I will hop in the shower and rinse off the sand."

I suspected that Hannah wanted some alone time to talk; I even considered that she was re-thinking the idea, but when we got to the room, she proceeded directly to the bathroom and came out with a bottle of oil.

I looked at her carefully, looking for any indication of her mood. She was smiling. So I ventured, "are you sure you're okay with me rubbing down a strange woman?"

Hannah waved off my comment, "She doesn't seem strange at all."

I needed clarity, "You know what I mean."

Hannah looked at the ceiling for a moment. "Ok here's the deal, I have not said anything yet, but I've been thinking about our little adventure with Fiona on and off since it happened, and I've been sorta fantasizing about playing around lately. Being naked all week around Hank and Candy has kinda got to me. We may never have a better chance to experiment a little. i think she's into you. I think it will be kinda hot watching you give her a massage."

I was not convinced. I mean it sounded great, but this was a big step. Fiona was familiar and what we did was spontaneous; this whole thing seemed a little out there. I said, "I'll keep it professional. I will work on her back and behave like a gentleman."

"Candy will be disappointed; she has been flirting with you since lunch. Have some fun with her, I won't mind."

I responded, "It would be easy to go too far and piss her off, or maybe scare her."

"You are a good guy, but trust me, she is looking forward to this. Just pay attention to how she responds, she will tell you how far is too far."

Again I asked, "And you're sure you're okay with this?"

"Don't worry, I will tell you if I get uncomfortable."

One other thought occurred to me. "I am not so sure Hank will be as agreeable as you.?"