

**THE  
HONEY  
MOON**

Harper Bliss

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# THE HONEYMOON

Preview

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Warning: This title contains graphic language and f/f sex.

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“Time for a fresh layer of sunscreen, babe,” Anna said. “Come on, I’m offering my services.” Roz opened her eyes to slits and was blinded by the reflection of the midday sun on the ocean. Everything around her was blue, except for the waves when they crashed to shore with white frothy heads, loud and wild. She turned sideways to look at her wife whose skin was always the colour of lightly milked coffee. Grains of sand dotted Anna’s long legs and Roz felt them drizzle on the back of her thighs as she straddled her from behind.

“This place is paradise,” Roz said and let her forehead fall back onto the deck chair. The lotion was cool on her hot skin and the touch of Anna’s fingers sent a small shiver up her spine. They’d arrived three days ago and had divided their time between sun tanning on the beach and sipping mango daiquiris by the hotel pool.

“It’s not a bad life,” Anna agreed. “I could get used to it.”

This trip was their honeymoon. They’d flown into Bangkok Airport from New York a week ago and this stop in Phuket was what Roz had been looking forward to the most.

“Maybe we should change careers. I’m sure Phuket needs lawyers.” Anna’s fingers still lingered on Roz’ back. When her wife didn’t immediately reply, Roz pulled one eye open and, before turning to face Anna, peered into the indigo sea. “Try to keep your eyes in your head, babe.”

They’d first noticed the woman two days ago when she dined at a table next to them at the beach club, just her and a copy of Jeanette Winterson’s ‘Why Be Happy When You Could Be Normal?’

“Hardly a beach read,” Anna had said.

“Maybe.” Roz had leaned over the table. “But it does give us some vital information about its reader.”

They had both appraised the Asian woman in their own way.

“What a shoulder line,” Anna, the more sporty and health-aware person in their relationship, had said. “You don’t get muscles like that just by sitting around reading books.”

“You should know.” Roz had admired Anna’s toned biceps and pronounced collarbone and vowed to take more body pump classes when they got back. Anna’s gym attendance was regular like clockwork while Roz practiced a more slacking regime. She’d turned her attention back to the woman. “A white tank top on exotic skin should be declared one of the great wonders of the world.”

The woman had briefly looked up and Anna and Roz had quickly averted their gaze, realising they must have come across as lusty teenagers. Of course, only Roz’ cheeks had turned pinkish—the curse of being Irish and having the sensitive skin that comes with that particular heritage. The woman had smiled briefly and when they’d returned to their room half an hour later Roz had practically jumped Anna’s bones.

“You’re one to talk,” Anna teased. “Every time we see her you can’t get in my pants quickly enough.” Anna tied a knot into Roz’ bikini top, pushed herself up and sat down next to her wife.

“Some women just beg to be ogled. Look at her, she oozes sensuality.” Newlyweds or not, Roz had been together with Anna long enough for remarks like this to be considered harmless. The woman dipped her toes into the water, both her hands resting just above her buttocks. She stood sideways and Roz feasted her eyes on the copper-skinned profile a few feet away. She wasn’t tall like Anna, probably about an inch shorter than Roz even, but her breasts nearly spilled out of her floral-themed bikini. “Curves in all the right places,” Roz murmured and, for an instant, forgot where she was.

The woman turned on her heels and walked away from the sea. Backed by the sun she seemed more like a magical apparition, or a naughty wedding gift, Roz thought. She shot them both a sly smile and Roz, who’d already been melting because of the heat, expected to find herself reduced to a mere puddle of wetness when she could finally pull her gaze away.

“Room. Now,” Anna whispered in her ear and Roz could only be grateful that, at least when it came to Asians, they had the same taste in women.

As soon as they set foot in their hotel room, Anna slammed Roz against the door and thrust her tongue deep into her mouth while peeling off her bikini top. Anna was usually a patient lover, someone who revelled in postponing her partner's climax long enough for it to leave them ruined and breathless in bed after. This woman must have quite the effect on her. Roz wasn't complaining though. After seven years together, they still had a more than satisfactory sex life. Who cared if it involved lusting after strangers and transporting the spark into the privacy of their bedroom? It only added to the intimacy between them. They didn't stray, didn't feel the need to open up the relationship. They just made it work. Of course, with Anna being as fit as she was, with her long brown limbs and big dark eyes, Roz would have to be blind and very stupid not to take regular advantage of what was on offer.

Anna rolled a finger over Roz' left nipple, gently at first but soon she was tugging at it, almost pinching, and Roz cried out with pleasure. She caught Anna's glance and the feverish glint shining in it. Roz braced herself for a rough quick ride. Anna caressed Roz' lips with her thumb before inserting it into her mouth. Roz tasted sand and salt and sunscreen on her tongue. The door was cold against her slightly burned skin and goosebumps spread across her body. Roz yanked the cups of Anna's bikini top down and was floored again by the majestic curve of her breasts. As much as she loved Anna's never-ending legs and toned arms, the bronze complexion of her skin and the tautness of her abs, her breasts were the real masterpiece of her body. Drops of sweat cascaded down from them, curving around the nipples and resting there. Roz cupped them in her hands and ran her thumbs over Anna's erect nipples. She wanted to kneel and suck them, but she knew Anna was in charge now and she was ready to follow her lead.

Anna's right hand trailed down from Roz' throat to her collar bone, stopping for one last squeeze at a nipple and then shot straight down to her bikini bottom. With one finger she traced a path between Roz legs, tantalising her and sending rush after rush of pure desire through her blood.

"Let's see how wet you are," Anna said, flashing her a dangerous smile. Anna slipped a finger between the fabric of Roz' bikini and the softness of her wife's touch made Roz' head spin. Roz pulled Anna closer and kissed her ferociously. She bit her lips and sucked her tongue while Anna ripped the fabric off her and let it drop to the floor. Instinctively, Roz spread her legs wider. Anna's index finger rubbed her clit now and Roz' pussy lips throbbed and slithered beneath it. She was more than adequately wet.

Roz' knees buckled slightly when Anna inserted the first finger. Anna's mouth was at her ear now and she breathed heavily onto the sensitive skin of Roz' neck. Anna quickly added another finger and, with the thumb of her other hand, kept stroking her clit. Roz caught her reflection in the wall mirror. She was pushed into the door by Anna, naked and shivering, her eyes on fire and her legs spread wide. The sight of herself on the brink of orgasm aroused her even more and she brought one hand to her breast. She watched herself as she pinched her nipple and gasped at the obvious effect it had on her body. Anna's dark skin, contrasting with the milkiness of her own, stretched tautly over her muscles as she worked on Roz, fucking her with three fingers now, filling her while manipulating her clit. Roz wouldn't be able to hold it much longer. She let her finger dwell on her nipple and, with one final tug, came all over her wife's hand. It was quick and messy and moist but highly satisfactory. Roz let Anna hold her up and kiss her, too spent to rely on her own muscle power.

"You were dripping wet, babe," Anna said, a smidgen of irony tainting her voice. "Yellow fever?"

Roz caught her breath and made her way to the bed. She pushed Anna down onto the stark white sheets and towered over her.

"It seems to be spreading these days," she hissed into Anna's ear, undoing her half torn-down bikini top. "I'm sure you won't last longer than five minutes either." Roz kissed Anna right next to her lips and felt her mouth stretch into a smile.

“Only because of your expert tongue.” She planted her hands in Roz’s hair and nudged her head down. Roz delayed briefly at Anna’s chest, dividing her attention between the two perfectly rounded domes. Anna’s nipples were so tiny and perfect, the way they reached up all perky and creased. Roz enjoyed their stiffness on her tongue and the testament they were to how her wife still longed for her—and the mysterious Asian woman.

Roz manoeuvred Anna out of her bikini bottom and savoured the tangy sweet smell of her pussy. It glistened and shone with wetness and Roz licked it up and down, her tongue only sparsely disappearing into the folds. Roz let her hands roam over Anna’s belly, her fingers travelling daintily over her hot skin. Anna’s head was already thrown back into the pillows, a soft sheen of sweat covering every inch of her. Roz delved deeper with her tongue and gave Anna’s clit a nudge along the way. A soft moan escaped Anna’s mouth, spurring Roz on to finish what they had started. This wasn’t a sexy lazy honeymoon afternoon. This was about getting off and going out there again, in search of the stranger who brought it on.

Roz rubbed Anna’s clit between her lips and allowed her tongue to slip down occasionally until she felt Anna squirm underneath her. She shoved her tongue as far into Anna as possible and tasted her salty stickiness.

“Yes, there, babe,” Anna groaned and Roz intensified her movements. She positioned one thumb right above Anna’s clit and focused all she had on licking her wife. She pouted her lips and applied pressure on Anna’s outer lips while her tongue kept penetrating, stopping every few seconds to let it swirl around the rim of her pussy. Anna pushed her body up now, brushing against Roz’s thumb and Roz noticed her breasts shaking to the joint rhythm of their movements.

“Oh God. Oh yes.” Anna started shuddering underneath Roz’s mouth, short uncontrollable movements Roz was so familiar with. Hair next, Roz thought, and sure enough, a moment later Anna’s hands gripped her hair, pulling at it and pressing Roz’s mouth into her. The trembling stopped and Anna released the pressure on Roz’s head.

Roz straightened herself and covered Anna’s sizzling skin with her cool limbs. Anna kissed her full on the mouth, lapping at the juices that still clung to Roz’s lips.

“Great honeymoon so far, babe,” she said. “And we haven’t even gotten to the toys yet.”

Roz smiled as she remembered the velvet-lined handcuffs they’d packed—and the double-headed dildo. Without warning, another thought entered her mind. Oh, how she’d love to tie the Asian woman to the bed, strip off her top and tease her nipples. The idea of two pairs of perfectly shaped breasts at her disposal made her a little dizzy. Would it be wrong to make this kind of suggestion on their honeymoon? Judging by how opulently the juices were oozing from her wife earlier, Roz figured it would be more like a wedding present to each other.

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