**A Naughty Holiday**

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**A Naughty Holiday Pt. 01**

UA1465 to Providenciales is now boarding at gate C137...

Alex heard the announcement echo through the airport and looked up from the newspaper stand. The headlines were still dominated by analysis of the recent terrorist attacks in Paris. He checked his watch, the flight was on time. Walking out of the bookshop he spotted a gorgeous blonde standing by the shelves of a nearby cosmetics store and advanced towards her. She appeared to be trying to make up her mind about which sunscreen to buy.

"That's us darling, they just started boarding, are you ready?" he called out.

"So many choices," Sophie complained, "allez, let's get this one, protection 20. That way we don't burn, but we can get a little colour. Also it's French," she added wryly, "so it is superior to the rest of this American junk."

After paying at the till they walked hand in hand towards the gate.

"We should have done this a long time ago," she said excitedly, kissing him on the cheek and squeezing his palm.

Sophie could still remember her shock when Alex had surprised her with his plan just a fortnight before.

He had secretly arranged for her mother to fly over from France for 2 weeks, and had booked a three night holiday for just the two of them. He had thought of everything. She would get to spend time with her mum, and then could relax knowing the kids were in good hands whilst they were away on their first romantic getaway since the kids were born.

Sophie had immediately started reading more about the hotel and thinking about what she would wear to look her best. She suspected that her husband would be wanting lots of sex, which was just fine, as her libido had never been higher.

Studying her pale reflection in the mirror that evening she decided to book a few visits to a tanning salon to get a head start.

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As the flight turned south and reached its cruising altitude above the clouds sunlight pored through the window. Alex lazily reached across and pulled down the blind. 'That's better,' he told himself, as he settled back into the plush leather seat and continued to read the surprisingly good spy novel that had caught his attention at the airport bookstore.

"Champagne?" Came a voice in the background.

But it wasn't enough to disturb him from his reading.

"Champagne before lunch Mr Marino?" The voice tried again.

This time Alex noticed the stewardess and the bottle in her hand. Usually condescending of people who actually drank the free champagne just because they were flying at the front of the plane, today he took an unusual delight in the crispy light bubbles as they danced across his palate.

The film playing on his wife's personal monitor caught his attention. Alex recognized the handsome actor, who seemed to be in every French film which needed a troubled dad or husband. He decided to watch for a few minutes in order to guess the story.

"50 year old man takes his 18 year old daughter and her hot best friend to a disco...the best friend obviously has a crush on him...he is drinking too much...so is she...so it seems pretty obvious that they will hook up... and then it will lead to an existential crisis, and then someone will die of cancer and turn out to be an illegitimate child...typical French story line ..." and then he paused.

On screen, the very hot 18 year old best friend stripped on a beach and then, as he had predicted, forced herself on the old guy. But what Alex hadn't expected was that the airline would leave the movie uncensored, showing the girls incredible naked body and the passionate sex that followed. It was even obvious that she shaved (the film was called Un Moment D'égarement it turns out, if you are curious). Seeing the kinky sex on screen reminded him of one of the main reasons he was on the plane in the first place.

For a few weeks during the summer Alex had come close to having the perfect sex life. His wife had had a sort of sexual awakening, and had agreed to being tied up, blindfolded, fucked on camera, and even engaging in light anal play. And as a bonus their 19 year old babysitter had watched them do it all. It was pretty much the perfect porn fantasy setup. He had even dared to start wondering if there was a way to bring the babysitter into a threesome.

But unfortunately he lived in the real world, and not a porn movie or Literotica story. And after the amazing night of sex that resulted from watching their first ever homemade sex tape, everything seemed to fizzle out. First he got food poisoning, and then Sophie's period kicked in. When that finished the kids took turns being sick, he got swamped at work, and finally, to add insult to injury, their babysitter Louise had headed back to university, removing any kinky possibilities with her.

By the time school started again Sophie had lost her summertime joie de vive, and Alex had other things on his mind as well. Winter's approach was a constant reminder of how much their sex life had cooled, with vanilla sex a few times a month the only dish on the menu again.

Which is why Alex had the brilliant idea of getting away. He figured a few days at an exclusive luxury resort without the kids would be just the trick to heat things back up.

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"Welcome to Parrot Cay," the smiling young lady said as they stepped off the speedboat. "I hope you had a good flight and transfer."

It was as beautiful as Sophie had imagined. The private island had white sand beaches, lush foliage, a bright blue sky and transparent water. Fish were swimming around the jetty legs and seagulls squawked in the distance as they glided on the light afternoon breeze.

Sophie paused to allow her skin to absorb the afternoon sun, feeling the vestiges of the colder weather back home burn away. She loved the smell of sea in the air, and immediately fell in love with the place. Three nights was not going to be long enough.

After a brief check-in and welcome cocktail they made their way to the 1 bedroom villa that would be their home for the next few days. The single story building was discretely located among palm trees, towards the northwest of the Island. The interior design was beautiful, even if it did look a little like a pottery barn catalogue. The architect had obviously understood why people would be coming here, for if the doors between the bedroom and the living room were open, one could see straight from the four post bed out to sand dunes and the turquoise waters beyond. The sea couldn't have been more than 50 yards from their villa.

As soon as the hotel guide left them Sophie rushed over to hug her husband.

"Cheri," she said, kissing him, "it's perfect. Did you know this is one of the hotels I have always wanted to stay at?"

"That's why I booked it, I remembered you mentioning it after you saw this place in a magazine," he answered.

"And I thought you never listened to me," she laughed. "Let's unpack, put on swimmers and check out the beach," she said excitedly.

"Let me help," Alex said moving quickly towards the suitcase. And before Sophie knew what was happening he had removed his pile of folded clothes and carefully moved them into a drawer. She was impressed by his willingness to help, although if she had stopped to think about it she should have been a little suspicious too. But she had other things on her mind.

Alex was the first to get ready, and wondered onto the outside terrace to study the plunge pool and the sand dunes beyond it. The warm deck was comforting under his feet and he inhaled deeply, enjoying the salt tinged air.

After a few minutes absorbing the sun's rays, he finally heard footsteps coming from inside and turned back to see Sophie emerge into the sunlight. She was a vision. Despite being in her early thirties and having had two kids, her athletic 5'7 body was always something to behold.

"Wow!" Alex whistled as she approached. She was wearing a new bikini that was bright orange with a strapless top and low cut bottoms.

"You like?" She said coquettishly, swaying her hips suggestively.

"Wow," was all he could respond again.

Sophie kept on walking past him towards the beach, knowing that her husband would be fully appreciating the tiny bikini bottom. She had ordered it from Victoria Secrets and it was called an 'itsy', because it didn't cover much at all. Most people would probably have called it 'Brazilian style'. She had never worn such a revealing bikini before, and certainly wouldn't have worn it by the pool at their country club.

But the emptiness of the resort made her feel less self-conscious, and she knew her husband would love it. And if she was being honest, she was looking forward to flaunting her new found confidence.

As she stepped onto the fine white sand Sophie felt like a different person. Knowing there were no kids or house to think about for the next few days was a weight off her mind. And the free bandwidth quickly filled with thoughts of her husband and her longing to be more intimate with him. She recalled some of the naughty things they had done together over the summer, and hoped to reignite that passion and intensity.

The warm waters of the Caribbean were welcoming as they waded into the gently lapping waves. After swimming and splashing for a little they embraced. Alex could taste the salt on her lips as they kissed like teenagers. Sophie wrapped her legs around him and could feel his hard-on as it poked against her crotch.

Sophie broke off, "I know since the summer you have been frustrated honey," she began, "me too. But I just haven't been in the mood. I hope you can understand, it's exhausting between the house, kids, and everything else. But we are here now, and I want to make it up to you. So let's go back to the villa and have sex."

Alex was surprised that she was so forward, and Sophie could see his confusion.

"This place is so beautiful, and you really are the perfect husband for surprising me with this trip...and...the video I watched on the plane made me really horny," she confessed, giggling.

"We can buy the DVD when we get back," Alex joked, following his wife up the beach and adjusting his hard-on so that it was more comfortable. He couldn't take his eyes off his wife's ass and the way she looked in that itsy orange bikini.

Their villa and terrace was flanked on both sides by a large hedge, with a few similar villas to the north. But it felt very private nonetheless. The only way someone could actually see their terrace was by walking along the dune directly in front of it.

Alex watched in lust as his wife approached the plunge pool and sexily removed her top, before leaning forward and slowly peeling her tiny bottoms down. Tossing them aside as she jumped into the water.

"It's heated," she called out happily.

Sophie then watched as her husband removed his trunks. She glanced behind him, knowing that they were taking a small risk that someone might pass. But if anything, it added to the excitement. As his erect penis sprang into view it looked different to her, bigger and somehow tidier. But before she could dwell on it he slid into the water next to her.

Sophie didn't waste any time and immediately embraced him. Her legs wrapped around his waist and she positioned herself so that his cock was rubbing against her clit. Strong sensations radiated through her body as she kissed him forcefully and ground her body into his.

"I missed this," she said, reaching down and positioning his swollen head so that it was between the folds of her pussy.

Alex thrust up. The first few movements didn't allow him to go very far as the friction was too great. He knew from experience that in the water her pussy juice would be deeper inside. So he pushed more forcefully, searching out her natural lubricant and enjoying how tight she felt. He hadn't fucked a teen for over a decade, but this is how he imaged it must have been.

"Ouch, easy," Sophie groaned. Her hand instinctively reached down to his groin to slow him down and control how far he could push. That's when she realized that his pubic hair felt really short in her fingers.

"Wow, you seriously trimmed," she said, now understanding why his cock had looked more appealing.

"I thought you might like it with less hair down there," he replied, not mentioning that he also thought it would improve his chances of getting a blow job at some point during the holiday.

"Is that a hint?" She asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Hint?" He responded, unsure of what she meant.

Sophie was quiet for a second, and then to Alex's frustration pushed off him.

"I will be right back," she promised, a cheeky smile on her lips.

He watched her wet body disappear back into the villa and waited. And after what felt like an eternity she finally emerged back on the terrace. She had put on a hotel robe and was carrying a few things in her hand. Alex watched with curiosity as his wife grabbed the cushion from the nearby sun chair and lay it by the corner of the plunge pool. Once it was in place she threw off her robe, sat down, leaned back, and spread her legs wide in front of him. She scooted to sit right on the edge of the pool facing him, and the dune.

"I was going to shave before we left, but I didn't have the time, or the courage, or both. But everyone is shaving nowadays right? The girl in that video we watched back home. Even the girl in the film I just watched on the plane was shaven. So I figure we might as well do it now so that we can enjoy it for the entire holiday," she explained, with more confidence than she had expected.

And that is when Alex noticed the small white towel, the can of shaving cream and his Mach3 razor. He also noticed that Sophie's clit was standing to attention.

"So I researched it, and first I should put a hot towel to make my hairs soft and prevent ingrown hairs," she explained.

Sophie inhaled deeply as she placed the small white towel over her crotch. It felt much warmer against her sensitive skin than she had expected, and she quickly removed it. After a few seconds she placed the towel back again and left her hand on it this time, moving it around a little as different parts became too warm. Her nipples hardened in response. Looking down at her husband she continued moving the towel, not unaware of the pleasant feeling the actions generated.

With his shoulders just out of the water Alex had an incredible view of his wife effectively masturbating less than a yard away. Sophie realized she needed to calm down.

"First things first" she reminded herself, and removed the towel from her hot and flushed skin.

"Probably easier if you do it honey," she said, handing him the travel size shaving canister and razor.

This had always been a fantasy of his, and as he took the canister and shook it, he savoured every moment. Sophie was leaning back with her legs spread, unabashedly showing herself off and waiting for him to shave her. The hot pink of her vagina was just visible, and it was clear from how erect her clit was that she was horny as hell. He sprayed some white foam into his palm and then proceeded to liberally apply it with loving motions.

"Hmm," Sophie moaned.

She reveled in the feeling of her husband's fingers spreading the cool foam, and could tell that he was making every effort to rub her clit and slit. Her breathing accelerated and she couldn't help moving her hips every now and then. She looked at the dunes behind and imaged someone spying on them, disappointed that it was only a dream.

"Please stop that," Sophie pleaded, "I don't want to cum like this. Please shave me now."

So Alex began to carefully shave all of her blonde pubic hair, making sure not to miss a single strand, or to cut her either. Every now and then he would use the small towel to wipe an area, or shake the razor in the plunge pool to clean it out. He was taking the job very seriously and after a few minutes was finished. With a few final handfuls of water to rinse off all the residue, Alex leaned back to admire his handiwork. His wife's cute pussy was a work of art.

Moving forward he inhaled the smell of her sex, and then ran his tongue over her smooth skin. He had never experienced a hairless pussy before, and the feeling was incredible. It took cunilingus to another level. He lapped, licked and sucked with vigour. Sophie was enthralled by the sight and sound of her husband feasting on her bold pussy, and struggled to keep her eyes open under his sensorial assault.

And then suddenly it stopped, and she heard her husband move in the water. Sophie's eyes shot open, wondering if they had been caught. Her pulse was racing. But she could see no one. Between heart beats the only thing she could hear was the sea and the circulating water in the plunge pool. Instead her husband had simply backed away.

"Open yourself for me darling," she heard him command.

Sophie obeyed, smiling wantonly. She lay completely back to rest on the cushion, closed her eyes and then reached forward between her open legs. She loved the feel of her bare skin and how smooth it was against her finger tips. Alex watched as she then spread her cunt. Its fleshy pink insides were calling out to him. He dived back in, sticking his tongue as far as it would go, reaching for that deep musky taste that he loved so much.

Sophie writhed on the floor. "I'm going to cum soon," she cried out, "let's go finish this on the bed, I want your big dick inside me," she pleaded.

Alex lifted his head, "I have a better idea," he replied, juice and saliva dripping down his chin, "show off your new pussy for me, and then I promise to fuck you afterwards."

He loved the dirty talk and knew that Sophie only engaged in it when she was really close to climaxing. He took her hands in his and guided one finger into her pussy, and another to her clit. She understood what we wanted. And as much as Sophie wanted his cock, the exhibitionist inside her decided to put on a good show. Besides, she needed to release the tension that had started building with the video on the plane, and which was now unbearable.

Alex watched as his wife masturbated unashamedly. A wet finger plunging in and out whilst another rubbed her clit furiously. Her hips rose and fell more quickly and her moans got ever louder, building towards a crescendo. Sophie was so into herself that she stopped caring about the world around her. Even if the neighbors could hear, even if someone walked onto the dune, she wasn't going to stop. Wriggling in ecstasy she cried out incomprehensively and came hard all over her fingers.

Her legs and hips convulsed as the orgasm spread through her body. And Alex watched enthralled as she tensed and relaxed her core in rapid succession. Each wave seemed to be less intense than the last, until finally Sophie lay there in post orgasmic bliss, recovering from the exertion.

Alex needed his own relief now, and hoped his wife was not going to be too sore to indulge him. Climbing out of the water he quickly toweled himself off using the robe that Sophie had cast aside earlier, and bent down beside his naked wife. Although part of him felt bad about disturbing her, it was not enough to stop him scoping her up into his arms.

Carrying her back inside Alex lay her on the bed. As desperate as he was, he hesitated for a moment whilst his inner angel and demon fought it out. Should he leave her in peace, or use her for his own pleasure? As if she could read his mind, Sophie opened her blue eyes and looked lovingly at him. She could see his uncertainty and desire, and wanted to be the good wife. Adjusting her position she spread her legs, and then reached down to open herself back up, offering her cunt and letting him know it was alright to use her.

Alex loved his wife more than ever at that moment and kneeled between her legs. He rubbed the tip of his cock against her wet lips, building up his anticipation before he would stick it into his first ever shaved pussy.

"Oh my God this looks amazing," he groaned, as he finally pushed into her. "Do you think you can come again?" He asked.

Sophie didn't speak, but nodded. She could already feel another orgasm building. That being the case Alex pushed his wife's knees back against her shoulders, making her vagina as tight as possible, and pushed deep and hard.

"Oh my God," he groaned.

The sound of squishing flesh and bed springs echoed around the room, which quickly started smelling of sex. His sweaty hips crashed against her as he pumped with abandon. Sophie squirming under him, her legs firmly pinned back, enjoying the rough fucking.

"Don't...move...I'm...going...to...cum" he grunted, shooting a massive spurt deep inside her.

That was followed by another, and another, until he had emptied himself completely. Sophie climaxed again, in her fist multiple orgasm in years. Panting heavily Alex finally let go of her legs, before collapsing onto the bed. Sophie uncoiled herself and stretched her sore limbs and back. And like a professional having completed her business, she then got up and went to the bathroom to clean herself.

Returning from the bathroom Sophie turned off the lights and then joined her husband naked under the sheets for a well earned nap.

**A Naughty Holiday Pt. 02**

Alex stirred. Looking around in the darkness he had the feeling that something wasn't quite right. He paused, concentrating on the sound of the sea nearby. Then it all came rushing back. Turks and Caicos, an orange bikini, shaving his wife's pussy, and incredible sex.

But why was it so dark? It was mid-afternoon when he had fallen asleep just moments ago. He flopped his legs out of bed. There was an alarm clock nearby and he looked at it suspiciously, for it displayed '20:01'.

"Damn," he said under his breath, rubbing his eyes.

He looked across at his wife's exposed shoulder and leaned forward to kiss it.

"Time to get up darling," he whispered, rocking her gently.

"Go away," came a weak reply.

"You will struggle to sleep tonight if you don't get up now, it's 8 o'clock already" he said, turning on a few lights from control panel next to the bed.

"Ugh, let me sleep and I might even have sex with you again," she pleaded.

"Come on, get up lazy," he pressed, shaking her.

Finally with a sigh, Sophie heaved herself up into a sitting position. The white sheets slipped down her lightly tanned skin to reveal her lovely breasts and pink nipples. Her blonde hair tumbled down in messy waves until she swept it to one side.

"8? Seriously?" She said stretching, "I feel like I just slept for a week."

"Did you book the diving in the end?" Alex asked, as he walked over to the closet.

Sophie remained on the bed and enjoyed the view of her husband's firm buttocks. She reached down and ran her hand over her smooth groin, smiling as she recalled how much fun it had been to let him shave it.

"Sophie?" Alex said, turning around.

She snapped out of it, and started to explain the situation. Turks and Caicos turned out to be a world famous diving destination and there were some great diving spots near the island. Scuba diving was one of many things that they hadn't had the time, or opportunity, to continue since the kids were born, and Sophie was keen for them to get back into it. She had booked them to dive tomorrow, and the day after as well.

Alex opened his draw and took out a pair of blue shorts. As he did, he discreetly glanced under his pile of clothing until he saw the red material. It was still there. He hesitated for a second, but left it in place as the timing didn't feel right. Then he reached up and grabbed the white shirt that was hanging. Sophie smiled as her husband slipped on his shirt and shorts, without bothering with any boxers.

Alex returned to the bed and nudged his procrastinating wife out of it, watching her as she then walked naked to the wardrobe and leaned forward to open a drawer. As much as he liked the naked female form, he also appreciated that with the right lingerie a woman could very desirable indeed. And his wife's choice tonight made him desire her very much.

Sophie slipped on a pair of sheer white panties. They were not the G-string type that she typically wore, but covered her entire bum. However, he wasn't complaining as they were so sheer they didn't hide anything. If anything they accentuated her delicious rear, packaging it in a lovely white tinge. Next she put on a bra and turned around. Alex's growing bulge responded immediately. The front of the panties were as sheer as the back, as was the matching bra. Her shaved slit was clearly visible, as were her perky pink nipples.

Sophie caught him staring and smiled. 'Seriously, do you ever think of anything else?'

Although flattered, she thought it would be easier to get ready without the extra attention. So she took her clothes and headed to the bathroom to finish getting ready in peace, teasing him with a flirtatious wiggle before disappearing behind a closed door.

Sophie never put on much make-up, and so a few minutes later she emerged from the bathroom in a short white skirt, and a sheer blue blouse with a liner underneath. Moving in front of the full length mirror by the wardrobe she looked at herself, changing her angle and posture to study the ensemble. She didn't look totally convinced and turned to Alex with a raised eyebrow.

"You look great...although I am not sure about the t-shirt liner thing, wouldn't it be better without?" he asked.

Sophie frowned. She had actually thought about not wearing the singlet, but had worried Alex wouldn't approve of her showing so much in public. In fact, she wasn't even sure she had the guts anymore. Part of her was up for it, but part of her was hesitant.

"So you don't think it would be too much if I removed it? After all, this top and my bra are pretty sheer."

"It would look incredibly sexy," came the response, "besides, we are on holiday without the kids, and we don't know anyone here. So why not be a little risqué? Why not have a little sexy fun? I'm not wearing boxers!"

Sophie giggled, Alex not wearing boxers was nothing like her walking around essentially topless. But her revived kinky side didn't need too much convincing. She faced the mirror again and proceeded to remove her blouse and the liner, before only putting the blouse back on. Studying her reflection, she felt her husband move behind her.

"So you don't mind if people can see my breasts?" She asked, putting her hands by her sides and noting that they would definitely be visible whenever there was light.

But instead of hearing a response, she felt her nicely combed blonde hair being gently pushed to one side to expose the smooth nape of her neck. This was an erogenous zone, and although she knew what would follow, goosebumps still erupted down her spine as Alex's breath, and lips, made contact.

"Um," she purred, closing her eyes and leaning back into his warmth.

To the sensation Sophie was already experiencing, more were soon added. She felt the tickling of his fingers as they slowly traced up her thighs, across her ribcage, and towards her chest. Her nipples hardened in response as his strong hands cupped and kneaded them lovingly. If that wasn't enough to answer her question, she could feel his hard-on pressing against her rear, and reached around to rub it.

"How about you, do you mind if people can see your beautiful breasts?" Alex whispered into her ear.

With her eyes still closed Sophie moved her head slightly from side to side. Her breathing accelerating and she shifted her weight from one leg to the other.

"And your cute pink nipples, do you mind if strangers can see them?" Alex continued, pulling her blouse tight against her chest so that they were very visible through the sheer material.

Sophie bit her lip and squeezed his bulge, again moving her head to say no. Then she felt his hands leave her breasts and move down her tummy. Anticipation growing as she thought about where they might be going, drawing in a deep breath when she felt a draft between her legs.

"And what about your pretty shaved pussy, doesn't it want to come out and play as well? Don't you feel bad about hiding it from me...hiding it from everyone?" Alex said.

Sophie shivered and opened her eyes. He had flipped her skirt up at the front and was caressing her slit through the sheer panties. Although she knew, and could feel, that it was her body being played with, she saw herself through her husband's eyes, and imagined that the hot blonde being fondled was someone else. And in that brief moment understood how irresistible she was. And like her husband, she also wanted to run her hands all over the scantily clad goddess in the mirror.

Releasing his bulge Sophie reached up to pinch a nipple whilst covering Alex's lower hand with her own. His fingers would be feeling the wetness of her arousal by now, and she pressed them in harder, forcing them to dip into her lips.

"Hmm," she moaned, as her hips ground gently against the pressure.

Sophie looked into her deep blue eyes in the reflection and was scared by the intensity of her desire.

"You have no idea how sexy you are, and how much I want you," came the breath in her ear, sending another shiver down her spine.

Sophie then felt her husband's body moving down against her back, and watched in the mirror as he moved his hands to her side, hooked her panties, and peeled them down her smooth thighs to the floor. The white skirt fell back into place as he carefully helped her step out of them and then stood back up, panties in hand.

Sophie watched as he put them to his nose and inhaled deeply with a moan of satisfaction. Curious to know what he was experiencing, she reached back and guided his hand under her own nose. Following his example.

"Isn't your scent intoxicating?" Alex whispered into her ear, "now you know why I get so hungry around you."

Sophie knew exactly what he meant, and although she had been looking forward to a drink and some food, dinner could wait. She needed to be taken.

But to her disappointment Alex then backed away and slipped on his shoes. "I'm starving, let's go to dinner," he said, as if nothing had just happened.

Sophie sighed in disappointment, but when she realized he wasn't joking, accepted that it would have to wait.

As Alex went to turn off the lights she raised her skirt to look at her cute little pussy one last time. Coupled with her see-through top she felt vulnerable, but at the same time sexually empowered.

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The evening had cooled as they strolled hand in hand along the path. Neither of them thought anything of it as they talked about how beautiful the island was. They were heading for the Lotus restaurant by the infinity pool so that they could eat alfresco. Sophie grinned at that thought, thinking of herself as already being alfresco.

Alex ignored the first drop that he felt, but when he another one landed on his hair he turned to his wife, "did you feel that?"

"Feel wh...yes, I just felt it. And another one. We better hurry," she said.

But they still had almost a hundred yards to walk, and the few drops quickly developed into a light shower. They picked up the pace towards the dimly lit restaurant ahead. And just as they seemed close to arriving, the heavens opened, and the shower turned into a tropical downpour, with sheets of water enveloping them. Running the last few yards Sophie and Alex bust into the shelter of the restaurant foyer. They looked at each other and laughed, they were soaked and out of breath. A member of staff approached them with a knowing smile on her face.

"First day on the Island?" She asked, handing them each a dry pool towel. "There are umbrellas by the entrance of your room in case you hadn't seen them. At this time of year evening rain is common. Can I offer you a drink at the bar whilst you dry off?"

"Absolutely," Sophie said, patting and rubbing herself with the towel to remove the worst of the water.

"Please follow me then," the hostess invited, before leading them under a covered walkway, to what looked like a semi-circular stone building with large bay windows just beyond the dining tables. The pitter patter of the rain against the roof reminded them that they were lucky to arrive when they did.

Halfway down the corridor there was a table, and Sophie placed her towel on it. Alex moved to do the same but stopped mid movement and drew a sharp breath. As Sophie passed under the lights in front of him she looked almost naked. Her light blue blouse was already sheer, but where it was wet it clung to her back and essentially disappeared. Her short white cotton skirt was no different, and where it was stuck to her rear it had become somewhat transparent.

Alex wondered if Sophie had realized, and looked at the diners to their right as he followed her down the walkway. She was the sort of woman that attracted glances even when she wasn't wearing see-through clothing, and Alex smiled as he saw a few people staring, knowing that they would be seeing far more than they could have hoped for.

As Sophie entered the bar she ran her hand over the large stone blocks that made up its walls. The candle lit space felt romantic and intimate, even though it was almost empty. There were a half dozen sofas against the circular wall, and they were designed to follow the curve of the building. A well-stocked bar faced the sofas, the first of which was the only one occupied. Sophie headed to the third one, deciding to leave a bit of space between them.

Alex glanced at the only other couple in the bar as his wife passed them, but to his disappointment they didn't look up. And that's when he realized that he didn't mind showing off his wife. That a little exhibitionism didn't bother him. In fact, it was a major turn-on. Besides, this wasn't a seedy bar or anywhere dangerous. Nothing was going to happen that they didn't want to happen.

Since the drinks tables were positioned between the sofas, rather than in front of them, his wife looked very vulnerable sitting there exposed to the bar in her short skirt and rain soaked transparent top. She might have felt it too and crossed her legs. Alex joined her and sat with his back towards the other couple.

"Alex," Sophie whispered with concern as he sat down, "look." And she stuck her chest out and then pointed to her thighs.

Even in the dim lighting her nipples were clearly visible against the wet fabric, as were her thighs through the wet skirt.

"Your breasts were sort of visible anyway darling, so what if they are a little more now?" He responded without sympathy.

"I guess, but nothing like this," she pointed out.

"It's not very bright, and there is practically no one here. Look at me, my shirt is see through too, and I don't mind. Look, let's have a few drinks, wait until we dry, and then go to dinner once you're sheer top is only sort of see-through again," he joked.

Sophie giggled nervously.

"May I take your order?" the bar tender asked, as he approached.

Sophie could tell that he was desperately trying to avoid looking at her breasts, but he was failing miserably. She felt self-conscious, but decided it would be even more embarrassing for herself and the bar tender if she tried to cover up. Instead she took a deep breath and tried to relax. Of course that just drew more attention to her chest.

"Two strong Mojitos please" Alex ordered, amused at the effect his wife was having on the poor bar tender, and vice versa.

"I like this bar, you have a great view" Alex added, taking his drink, watching both his wife and the bar tender blush.

The drinks soon arrived and Sophie started to relax. She had noticed the bar tender sneaking glances, but after a while it didn't bother her so much. So he could see her breasts, so what? It was nothing compared to what the babysitter had seen back in the summer. And Sophie briefly recalled some of those torrid evenings. How her husband had tied her up, what she had looked like in her own sex tape, and what a turn-on it had been to pretend she was being watched once she found out the babysitter had been spying on them. The Mojito had a hint of vanilla, and although it was cold, she could feel her insides warming up.

As they talked and laughed Alex shifted back into the sofa. Sophie suddenly felt like the wind had been knocked out of her, and did a double take as the guy sitting on the other sofa came into view. He looked just like her ex. The 'too handsome for his own good' Italian that she had dumped to be with Alex. He had been her physical ideal, but wasn't a keeper.

Since there weren't any coffee tables to block the view, Sophie checked him out. He was just as handsome as her ex, probably in his early thirties, and obviously worked out. If she had to guess from his clothes and body language, she would say that he worked on Wall Street.

One round of Mojitos quickly turned into two, and on an empty stomach the alcohol flowing through her veins didn't seem to be helping her judgement or control. Although she tried not to look, she found herself drawn to him. Sophie hadn't flirted with anyone except her husband for years, and every time she caught him looking at her, she felt a tingle of joy. A reminder of what she had given up.

The handsome strangers partner then got up, and Sophie checked her out as she headed out of the bar, and back down the walkway. She had gorgeous flowing brown hair, a beautiful dress, and by the look of her rear had a decent amount of curves. Sophie looked down and studied her own long legs and damp cleavage in comparison. Her competitive side wanted him to desire her, and she shifted her body so that her skirt rode up and exposed more of her thighs. And, although it wasn't going to show anything that wasn't already on display, she then unbuttoned the top of her blouse, thinking it would look sexy.

Alex was enthralled with his wife as she acted like the perfect tease. He couldn't believe she was actually making herself look even more wanton, and part of him wanted to her go further. He thanked God for giving him such an incredible woman, and imaged all the sinful things he wanted to do to her. Looking at her husband Sophie could tell how turned on he was, and hoped she was having the same effect on the stranger.

"What are you thinking?" She asked him, knowing full well what it was.

Alex's alcohol impaired mind just blurted out the truth "I was just admiring you, and thinking how hot it would be if you uncrossed your legs and separated them for me."

But as soon as the words escaped his lips he regretted it, scared that he might have pushed too hard and broken the magic of the moment. But to his amazement, like she was in a trance and looking right through him, Sophie slowly began to uncross her legs.

She left one on the floor and shifted it away a little, and then raised the other onto the sofa, bending it at the knee so that it wouldn't block the view. Alex's senses immediately heightened. Was she really doing this?

With a sultry look Sophie then let her knee fall open against the side of the sofa. Her short white skirt teasingly clung to her thighs, and so she helped it fall into a bunch around her waist, fully exposing her naked sex.

Alex stopped breathing. He was so absorbed by his wife that he didn't think to look behind him or towards the bar, at the other pairs of eyes that were now devouring her. Sophie felt giddy as she sat there allowing everyone to see her private parts. It was like she had discovered a secret desire that was only now boiling to the surface. Leaning back she scooted her hips forward to ensure the light gave her audience the best view possible. Not since her youth had she done something similar, except this time it was voluntary.

Despite showing herself in public, the situation seemed oddly intimate. Was it the romantic lighting? The familiarity of the stranger? The fact that she now had a porn star pussy? The desire in the men's eyes? The strong drinks? The fact that she was on holiday? She didn't know. But whatever the drug was that was surging through her body, she couldn't resist it's effect.

Alex looked at the blonde in front of him. And instead of seeing his wife, he saw a professional at a men's club, and wanted her to do nasty things to herself. Sophie glanced at the three sets of eyes and could see that she had their absolute attention.

The sexual tension in the room could have been cut with a knife as they all waited for her next move. She thought back to what she looked like in the mirror earlier and knew what they wanted. Her hand slowly moved down to her crotch and towards her pulsing clit, sending a bolt of joy through her body.

"Oh!" she cried out, "Is this what you want? To play with my...pretty pussy," she whispered in a husky voice.

They all nodded, each one of them no longer conscious of anyone else except the gorgeous blonde that was lewdly flaunting herself. Each one of them thinking she was only speaking to them.

Losing herself Sophie spread her legs further apart and let two fingers run up and down through her slit. Waves of pleasure forcing her to squeal in delight. With each pass she moved her fingers deeper and faster, sexy whimpers and the sound of her wet flesh filling the air.

Sophie wanted to show her men how horny they were making her, and raised her finger tips level with her eyes. Studying how the candle light bounced off the sticky pussy juice, hoping they could all see it as well. Her horny blue eyes glanced at each man in turn. They were all rubbing themselves through their clothes, and she thought about their hard cocks.

Alex was speechless as the nasty blonde sitting just in front of him then opened her mouth and began to sensuously suck each of her wet fingers in turn. His wife had never tasted herself before, and it was mind blowing to watch.

"I need to be fucked, right now," Sophie said seductively.

And all three men wanted to shove their dicks into this insatiable slut. And maybe that is what she wanted too. Maybe on some level she wanted all of them to fuck her brains out. But Alex had not completely lost touch with reality, and was vaguely aware that there were other people in the bar, and that more could arrive at any moment. And for the first time ever, it was him that would be the more conservative of the two of them.

"Let's go," he said, wanting to get out of there before things got even further out of hand.

Getting up he adjusted the bulge in his shorts, and then went to the bar to sign the bill. The bar tender quickly pretended to be busy doing something else, but Alex realized that he had been watching the show. How could he not have been? But it didn't bother him, in fact his bulge jerked at the thought.

As Alex signed Sophie reluctantly stood up, straightened her skirt and walk out, her tits and ass still largely visible through the damp clinging clothes. Alex noticed his wife look at the guy on the first sofa as she exited the bar, and a thought occurred to him. Had he been watching too? Had she been performing for all of them?

As he left the bar consumed by thoughts of his wife, he barely noticed the attractive brunette who passed him back into the bar.

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Sophie was waiting at the entrance of the restaurant for him, lingering in the shadows. Alex embraced her and they kissed passionately. His hand went under her skirt and she pressed her naked slit into it like a bitch in heat.

It had stopped raining and the clouds had moved on.

"Follow me," he said urgently.

But he didn't go down the path towards the villa, instead he led her down some stairs towards the beach. The sound of creaking wood soon giving way to shifting sand.

As their eyes adjusted to the moonlight they scanned the hotels main beach, which looked deserted. Sophie couldn't wait any longer. Stopping her husband she frantically unbuttoned his clothes, throwing off his shirt and whipping down his shorts. Then kneeling in front of him, she took his engorged cock in her hands and wrapped her luscious lips around it.

Alex groaned in ecstasy as he felt her mouth clamp down around his sensitive head. Blow jobs were not common for him and he savored each one. But he knew this one would be legendary. Sophie did her best, using her tongue, hand and lips to give him a sloppy blow job, bobbing her head back and forth like a circus seal. She could feel his hips wanting to thrust deeper, and didn't resist when he grabbed her head and started roughly fucking her mouth like she was a cheap whore. With her free hand she even reached under her skirt to frig herself.

"Hmm," she moaned onto his cock as her finger rubbed hard against her desperate clit.

The vibrations made Alex groan and thrust deeper into her throat. And as he pushed beyond a certain point there was a bump at the back of her mouth that felt glorious against his swollen head.

He looked at the nearby alfresco restaurant to see if they had been spotted. But they hadn't been, the waiters were still serving dinner guests like any other night, whilst only 30 yards away an insatiable blonde gagged on cock. The entire situation was surreal.

Sophie couldn't stand it anymore, her aching pussy needed to be filled. She left him dangling in midair and turned around onto her hands and knees, arching her back, offering herself like an animal.

As Alex moved behind, Sophie noticed his discarded shirt laying nearby. She reached out and dragged it under her face so that she could then lay her cheek against it and raise her rear even higher. As she did this her damp white skirt was raised and draped over her lower back, out of the way.

"Ouch," she suddenly squealed in surprise at the burst of pain.

But there was no apology forthcoming.

"You've been a naughty girl," Alex said, spanking the bare cheek again.

"Showing yourself off to strangers like a cheap whore," he continued, with another spank, "and now I am going to have to teach you a lesson," he added with a final hard whack.

Another 'ouch' escaped Sophie's lips on the last one, and she wriggled in the air for relief. But Alex wasn't worried about soothing her rose colored butt cheeks as he ran a hand down between them and round and under so that he could cup her pussy. And soon Sophie couldn't feel the pain either. Instead she was crying out in pleasure as her sex was rubbed aggressively, juice spilling out all over the invading fingers.

Alex had never seen his wife so wet that she was literally dripping, and tasting his soaked fingers he decided it was time. Kneeling down in the cold sand behind her he lined up and then pushed deep into her ready cunt.

"Oui, oui," she whimpered as his cock stretched and filled her.

Alex thrust so hard that her body moved forward in the sand and almost lost balance.

"This is what a naughty wife deserves," he hissed, spanking her again and spreading her flushed cheeks in his hands.

As he watched his cock slide in and out, Alex was captivated by his wife's cute little anus. Given she was as horny and deprived as he had ever seen her, it was time to seize the moment. Sliding his index finger into her cunt alongside his shaft, he got it well covered in human lubricant. Then he began probing and tickling her tight rear, coaxing it let him in.

Consumed by lust, Sophie didn't protest. Gasping as the digit pushed past her sphincter and penetrated deeper into her rectum. Loving how full it made her feel, and the extra nerve endings that were now lighting up, taking her to a higher level of ecstasy.

"I'm so close," she panted, reaching back to rub her clit, "fuck me harder," she begged.

Alex loved the sound of his flesh slamming violently against her rear. He curled the finger that was lodged in her ass so that he could feel his cock through the thin skin separating her two holes. He couldn't hold off much longer, but did his best until he was sure Sophie was in the throws of orgasm.

And then he felt it. She cried out and her pussy and rectum clamped down hard in waves of climax. He pulled his finger from her bum with a 'pop', and grabbed her hips, holding tightly and riding her as he finally let go and spurted sticky cum deep into her core.

Slowly their climax's faded. And Alex stepped back to admire his wife in the moonlight. Sophie stayed in place for a while, her hips swaying gently in the evening breeze, as cum dribbled out of her gaping used hole and fell into the sand. Until slowly she stirred, sitting back on her heels, looking around and smiling at him.

"That was incredible," she said, "thank you."

Alex rose to his feet and then gave her a hand up, kissing her still trembling lips. Collecting his damp, sand covered clothes, he decided it would be better to walk back to the villa naked along the beach.

"Room service it is then," he joked, as they started walking hand in hand in silence, each of them lost in thought and wondering what the holiday still held in store.