**A Naughty Holiday**

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**A Naughty Holiday Pt. 03**

Sophie and Alex woke up early and headed to breakfast, both of them nursing mojito induced headaches from the night before. Initially neither one of them seemed ready to discuss the elephant in the room. But as Alex's scrambled eggs arrived, he couldn't hold back any longer.

"About last night in the bar..." he started.

Sophie tensed and put her fork down. "Are you mad?"

"Mad? God no. You were incredible. The sexiest thing I have ever seen. But I guess it was...is...a shock to think that you could do something like that. Do you regret what happened?"

Although greatly relieved that Alex wasn't upset, her clenched body betrayed the fact that she was still coming to terms with it. And in the sober light of day, she was trying to figure out what it all meant. Was she becoming a slut? Had she been repressing something? Was it just a one-off crazy night, or was she capable of doing it again?

"I am not sure how I feel," she mused, pushing food round her plate.

Alex understood, "OK. But let me say one last thing. It was my idea to push our boundaries, and to come on this holiday in the first place. So I can't judge you. I hope you are not mad at me either, I really thought we would be stronger and happier as a couple if our sex life was more dynamic. I will be the first to admit that last night was more dynamic than even I had imagined things could get, and maybe we both need to re-calibrate what that means. But I want you to know that I love you as much now, as I ever have, and I don't respect you any less."

Sophie smiled, leaned forward, and kissed him. He didn't always say the right thing at the right time, but this time he had.

Glancing at her watch she noticed the time. "Oh, its 7:30, we need to head to the jetty in fifteen minutes, so eat up."

And the topic of conversation shifted to the impending dive.

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There was already a group at the jetty, and a friendly and attractive local with a clip board approached them, "Morning, I'm Sam, the lead diver today, what are your names?"

"Sophie and Alex."

"Ah yes, here you are," he muttered, crossing their names off his list. "You are both on the adventure dive, and diving today and tomorrow, is that correct? Good. Can I see your PADI cards please?"

Sophie handed them over.

"Right, only one more couple and we're off," Sam explained. "Weather looks perfect, and if we are lucky, the reef sharks I saw yesterday will still be hanging around."

"Sharks?" Alex gulped.

"Caribbean Reef Sharks. They aren't dangerous. Don't worry, I'll look after you," his wife reassured jokingly, knowing her husband had a phobia.

Casually turning around, Sophie's heart unexpectedly skipped a beat. Her handsome ex-boyfriend was strutting down the jetty towards them. Only, she knew it wasn't him, it was the stranger from the bar who had watched her naughty little performance the night before.

"Ah yes, you must be Ben, and this must be your wife Kristen," Sam said stepping towards them with his clip board, "You are snorkeling, correct? Perfect."

Turning to the group he then announced that they were all present and accounted for, and invited everyone aboard. Sophie's heart was still pounding as she followed the others onto the vessel.

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The small diving boat chugged away as Sam spoke loudly over the engine, going over what lay ahead. He explained that they would be visiting two different reefs, and then lunch would be served on the way back. During the briefing Sophie looked around at the other couples. But her eyes kept returning to the handsome stranger.

Whilst she found her husband attractive enough, Ben was her ideal physical type: chiseled manly features, tall, fit, and with a hint of southern European ancestry. The sort of man that Renaissance sculptors would have used as a nude model, except, she imagined, better endowed. And as she was admiring him, he turned. Their eyes met, and Sophie blushed at the recognition in his confident smile.

Sam finished his briefing by explaining that it was almost an hour to the first dive site, and suggested that everyone head up to the roof deck which would be more comfortable. Sophie followed her husband up, and they wondered to the front, gazing out across the calm blue Caribbean waters and breathing in the fresh air. It was a glorious sunny morning.

"Did you see the guy in the white shirt, the one who arrived last?" she whispered.

"Wait, don't turn around..."

But it was too late, Alex had already turned to search for him.

"The guy sitting next to the brunette you mean? Sure, why?" He asked, now eyeing his wife suspiciously.

Sophie was surprised that he hadn't made the connection, "so you don't recognize him?"

"No...should I?"

"Remember there was another couple in the bar last night? I recognize him, and his wife was there too, although she had gone to the toilet or something when I...got carried away."

Alex's head whipped around again. He was used to guys checking out his wife. But from what Sophie was now saying, this stranger had seen more of her than was decent. And as much as he wanted to dislike him for it, recalling how his hot blonde wife had lewdly masturbated in the bar made his groin strain, not his temper.

He couldn't deny how turned on it had made him, or more importantly, how turned on it had made her. Leading to some of the hottest sex they had ever had. His temperature rising, Alex removed his t-shirt, hoping the cool breeze might provide some relief.

"Could you please put cream on my back?" he asked.

Sophie reached into their bag for the new bottle of Factor 20, and then applied it liberally all over his broad swimmers shoulders. It would allow him get some colour, but without burning.

The holiday had been a sexual revelation for the young mother, and her newly shaved porn star pussy seemed to be on a hair trigger. To the point where the simple act of rubbing cream into her husband's back was enough to get her in the mood. And she took her time following the contours of his muscles, enjoying his warm skin.

It reminded her of how much she used to like exchanging massages, knowing it would always end in hot, oily, sex. However, those days had come to a screeching halt once the kids had arrived. Who had the energy? And it was easy to see, now relaxed and on holiday, that she had been in a negative feedback loop. For otherwise how could she explain the fact that she had stopped enjoying the intimacy of her husband's body?

"That feels great darling, but I think you missed a spot..." Alex said, interrupting her thoughts.

And just as he was about to tell her where, she surprised him by reaching around and slipping her hand into the front of his trunks.

"Sophie!" he yelped.

But her palm was already closing tightly around his growing erection, giving it a few well lubricated tugs.

"Is this the spot you meant?" she giggled playfully into his ear.

Alex managed to nod, but just as he was getting into it, her hand slid back out.

"My turn," she announced with a cheeky smile, turning around.

Scanning the deck it seemed everyone was busy preparing something, except Ben, who was sitting at the back, looking straight at her. And although he had dark sunglasses on, Sophie could feel herself being undressed by his eyes.

More than happy to oblige, and with anticipation building, she reached down. Like a teen undressing before her boyfriend for the first time, butterflies flew in her tummy as she grabbed the hemline of her light cotton beach dress and raised it, wiggling to help it on its way. And bit by tantalizing bit, her athletic figure and tiny orange bikini came into view.

Alex grabbed the sunscreen, and admired his wife's fit body. The Brazilian style bottoms didn't cover much of her perfect rear, and the strapless top looked fantastic. Warming up some cream in his palms, he started off by lovingly rubbing her tempting shoulders. Unable to resist, he leaned forward to plant a kiss on the nape of her neck, sending goosebumps down her spine.

"Ah," she moaned.

Her breathing was getting heavier as the strong hands worked their way down to the small of her back and around her tummy. Causing her nipples to harden under the bright orange top.

"I think you missed a spot," she said coquettishly,

And looking straight at Ben she stepped back, until her barely covered derriere was nestled against a hard bulge. And if Alex had been unsure about what the saucy minx wanted next, she left him in no doubt as she began to discreetly gyrate against his growing wood. And sure enough an eager hand soon reached around to cup between her legs.

"Hmm," she purred approvingly.

Relishing the pressure against her sensitive clit, willing the digits to reach under the fabric and probe more deeply. Again, taking the lead, she separated her legs a little to encourage them. And to her delight the hand responded, slipping into the front of her bottoms, brushing over her newly shaved skin, round and past her hooded clit, and finally sliding between the folds of her already moist pussy. Rewarding her with a jolt of pleasure.

Sophie bit her lip to stop from crying out and glanced down. Shocked by just how indecent it was to see a hand wedged inside her stretched bikini bottoms. Looking back up, Ben's hand had moved to his own crotch. And she loved how naughty it felt to be fingered by her husband as another man watched.

But suddenly Ben's wife looked up. And it brought Sophie crashing back to reality. Regaining her senses, she stepped forward and yanked her husband's hand out.

Alex sighed in disappointment and pinched himself to make sure it hadn't been a dream. His wife was insatiable, and just like the night before, seemed to be relishing being naughty in public, leaving him wondering how far she would be prepared to go. For now though, he unrolled his towel and lay face down on it in order to hide is obvious erection.

Feeling a little light headed Sophie placed her towel next to his and did the same, but kept her head to one side so that she could spy on the others through the anonymity of her sunglasses.

The other couples weren't interesting, so she concentrated on Kristen, who was removing her t-shirt and skirt, revealing an incredible body. She was voluptuous without being chubby, and her boobs were huge without being too big. The sort of body Sophie had seen on erotic blogs.

Next Ben stood up and removed his t-shirt to reveal a perfect six pack, like a Men's Fitness magazine cover. Sophie's husband wasn't in bad shape, but nothing close. And, without any guilt, as she imagined what those abs would feel like to touch and rub.

They were a handsome couple for sure, Barbie and Ken in human form. From her vantage point on the towel, Sophie watched with intrigue as Ben moved behind Kristen and started to apply sun cream. He must have been trying to copy what he had just seen, as eventually his hand slipped round the front of her bottoms. But no sooner had he touched between her legs, than Kristen had turned around to give him an ear full whilst gesticulating a finger in the air.

Sophie had to bury her face in the towel to suppress her laughter.

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Eventually the vessel arrived at the reef and everyone got ready. They were joined on the dive by a few of the other couples, and headed into the water with Sam as their guide. It was spectacular. They saw all manner of coral and fish, including a brief sighting of the promised reef sharks. Returning to the boat they were all thrilled.

After grabbing a snack in the galley, Sophie ascended to the top deck to join her husband, and was taken aback to see him casually conversing with the barbie couple.

"Ah, Sophie darling, come and meet Ben and Kristen," Alex called out, waving her to join, "they are here on their honeymoon."

She may not have been as well endowed as Kristen, but with a killer body and skimpy bikini, she still got everyone's attention as she sauntered over. Especially as the damp low cut bottoms had ridden up, giving her a nice camel toe.

"Pleasure to meet you," Sophie said, trying her best to act natural. "Honeymoon? Congratulations, what a magnificent place for it."

Confronted with Ben's wife in person, Sophie suddenly felt a pang of doubt regarding her previous inappropriate behavior. After all, how would she have felt if a woman had been shamelessly flirting with Alex the same way? And on their honeymoon! Wanton exhibitionism was one thing, but interfering in marriages was something else entirely.

"Bonjour," Kristen curled, in a passable french accent, before leaning forward and kissing her cheeks.

'Oh my God! She knows who I am...does she know everything?' Sophie panicked.

Kristen sensed Sophie's surprise, "I studied French through high school and did a semester in Paris while I was at Columbia. I could hear your accent," she explained, innocently enough.

Sophie breathed in relief. But too soon. Ben then leaned forward and copied his wife, kissing both her cheeks, lingering each time a bit more than necessary.

"Nice to meet you," he said grinning, "although I feel I know you from somewhere..."

His WASP accent and attitude was pure Wall Street. She knew his type from her social circle and the country club. An arrogant, silver spooned, over confident daddy's boy. He was no mysterious Michelangelo, come to sweep her off her feet. He was arrogance personified. And her infatuation instantly crumbled, leaving in its place a sense of regret.

As they launched into small talk Sophie watched her husband for clues about how he was feeling. But he seemed remarkably OK with it all. Kristen had his full attention, and he seemed to be enjoying her company. And it wasn't hard to imagine why, or what he was ogling under the privacy of his dark sunglasses.

The curvy brunette did most of the talking, and managed to bring the conversation round to their recent extravagant wedding, and the honeymoon that Ben's parents had offered. For Parrot Cay was only their first stop on a tour of exclusive Caribbean resorts. They were leaving the next day for the exclusive gated community of Lyford Cay, in the Bahamas.

Despite being a cliche Manhattan princess, it was hard not to like Kristen's bubbly personality. Especially when it came with a pair of beautiful breasts that were straining to be contained by her white bikini.

Although generally happy with her own body, if Sophie could change one thing, it would be to have bigger boobs. Not the size of Kristen's, but maybe a small C cup. It wasn't a major hang up, or anything like that. If hadn't become such a complex that she would risk surgery over it. But there was something about big boobs that she found alluring, to the point that she did on occasion look at erotic photos of well endowed woman whilst masturbating.

In fact, she was probably more into them than her husband. She knew this because the only time she had ever brought up the idea of having a boob job, he was decidedly lukewarm. Explaining that if she wanted to do it for herself then he would of course support her. But that as far as he was concerned, he loved her small perky tits as they were, and so he didn't want her taking any surgical risks for his sake. (Of course, he had gone on to warn her, only half jokingly, that since he was an ass man, if she ever got chubby and lost her incredible legs and bum, it was over between them.)

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After the mandatory hour between dives had passed, Sam announced that it was time to suit up and get back into the water. The second dive was as amazing as the first. This time they managed to see a few seahorses as well as a giant sea turtle, which was sadly missing one of its legs (or is it fins?).

Returning to the boat Alex took off his equipment and then offered to help his wife with hers. And since there wasn't much space, they shuffled out of the way into the corner.

"Turn around so that I can unzip you," he offered.

Sophie did just that and waited, studying the chaos of the lower deck as divers removed their tanks, and wet gear went flying. But when the zip finally started moving down the curve of her back, the sound and feel triggered a flashback, transporting her to a hot summer's night. The night her husband had blindfolded her and unzipped that beautiful black dress. The night he had tied her up and dominated her for the first time.

A shiver ran down her spine as Alex gently pushed the neoprene off her shoulders and inserted his hands between it and her skin, slowly running them down her front and up and over her breasts.

Soon the upper portion of the wetsuit was flopping at her waist, and Sophie could have easily done the rest herself. But at that moment Kristen returned from her snorkeling and climbed out of the water. Her dripping body glistening as she threw her hair to one side and moved gracefully to towel herself dry. It was like she was moving in slow motion, and Sophie followed her every move, studying how her large breasts jiggled inside the sexy white bikini. Fascinated, jealous, and aroused.

Having just coped a feel without protest, Alex figured he might get away with upping the anti. And a Cheshire cat smile spread across his face as he contemplated pushing things even further than earlier in the day.

"Let me help you get this all the way off. Don't move." he instructed.

But Sophie barely registered the words as she continued to be mesmerized by the brunette a few yards away.

With adrenaline pumping, Alex knelt, grabbed the wetsuit, and started peeling it down. Making sure to also hook his thumbs into the itsy bikini bottoms. Sophie felt the heavy material falling away from her hips and didn't think anything of it at first. It was only when the damp feeling at her crotch was replaced by a cool draft that she looked down.

"Oh my," she gasped.

Her cute innie slit was on public display. And her immediate reflex, or lack thereof, betrayed her desire. Instead of covering up, she looked towards Kristen, Sam and the others, willing someone to notice the accident, nervous excitement surging through her veins.

But it was no accident, and the bottoms kept going, until Alex was satisfied they were low enough. Then, unhooking his thumbs, he pulled the remaining wet suit into a heap on the floor. Leaving the lightly tanned blonde standing there, orange bottoms stretched between her thighs, shamelessly showing off her pretty shaven pussy to anyone who cared to look.

Being seen in public, or the risk of being seen, was a massive turn on, and Sophie savored the thrill. Distracted by the moment, she was caught off guard and nearly feel over, as her naked butt cheeks were unexpectedly grabbed behind. To keep balance she quickly leaned forward and placed her hands on her knees, which caused her back to arch and her rear to stick out.

Alex grinned at his wanton wife's reaction. And not wasting a second, stretched her tight buns apart, leaned in, and licked her forbidden hole and fleshy slit. Causing Sophie to close her eyes and squeal in delight as the moist tongue made her nerve ending light up in pleasure.

Re-opening her eyes moments later, Sophie was confronted with a startled brunette. And like a deer caught in headlights, she stood there, bikini bottoms stretched between her thighs and a head slurping at her rear.

Kristen didn't move either, fixated on the unbelievably hot action taking place right under everyone's noses. She knew French people were more relaxed about sex, but couldn't believe someone would go that far in public. It was the first time she had ever watched another couple performing a sexual act in real life. And it was fucking hot!

Sophie was the first to regain her senses, and reluctantly decided it was time to stop, before it got out of hand. Standing up straight she pushed Alex back and pulled up her bottoms into place.

"We can finish this back at the villa," she whispered, turning around and kissing him with intensity, not caring where his lips had just been.

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Sophie decided to avoid Kristen and Ben during the return journey. But as they left the boat and walked down the jetty, Kristen caught up with her.

"I can't stop thinking about what I saw earlier," she said breathlessly. "You guys still seem to have so much passion after all these years. How do you do it, any tips for a newlywed?"

Sophie blushed, She was surprised that Kristen seemed so open about what had happened. Which, as she prepared to respond, actually made her less embarrassed about it.

"It is not as easy as it looks. The way we are on this holiday, is not how we are at home."

"Why not?" the brunette shot back.

Sophie wanted to laugh at how naïve she was, but as she turned the words over in her mind, she starting wondering. Why did things had to be so different at home?

As the girls kept talking they realized that they were in nearly adjoining villas, and so they strolled along the beach together. The men seemed content to follow and enjoy the view. Neither saying anything, but both of them no doubt thinking the same thing. Time flew by and they were soon back at the villas.

"This is us darling," Alex called out.

Ben and Kristen said their goodbye's and headed off to their own villa 20 yards further up the beach.

"I am going to sunbath on the dune for a bit, I don't want to get tan lines," Sophie told her husband.

"OK, good idea. Let me just hit the toilet and I will be back to join you," he replied.

'In France I used to sunbath topless all the time,' Kristen reminisced, overhearing them as she somewhat reluctantly walked away.

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Ten minutes later Alex headed out of the villa, towel in hand. Restless, his thoughts kept returning to his flirt of a wife, and how much he needed to give her a good hard fucking after all the teasing on the boat.

He spotted a trace of orange amongst the dune scrub and headed towards it. Sophie was indeed sunbathing topless, her lovely breasts and pink nipples on display. As he approached, it never occurred to him to glance 20 yards to the north.

"You weren't kidding," he smiled.

"Nope, the sun feels great on my nipples, plus this way I get more vitamin D."

"Great idea," he agreed, arranging his towel next to hers and whipping off his trunks, "I could use the extra vitamin D as well."

Sophie smiled excitedly. She was horny as hell, and keen to live out a fantasy that had presented itself. So as soon as her husband had laid down next to her, she removed her own bottoms and leaned in to kiss him. One tender kiss turned into another, until they were passionate. Without breaking contact, Sophie then hiked a leg over his hips. And, sitting astride her man, reached down and positioned the swollen head of his cock between her ready folds.

"Oui," Sophie groaned as she pushed down, prying herself open with his hard shaft.

"Fuck that feels good," Alex groaned.

He loved the first few thrusts, before her tight hole was fully lubricated. But soon enough it was, and the gorgeous blonde's hips started rotating up and down, taking charge of the pace. They continued kissing until she leaned forward, offering her swaying tits. And her steady groans grew louder as he started sucking and licking them whilst moving his hips up to meet hers.

Sophie knew it was now or never, and with only the briefest moment of hesitation, made the decision to proceed. Sitting back up, so that her naked sweaty body could be admired above the low scrub on the dunes, she verified that the brunette was still nearby.

"Yes, like that," she cried out loudly. "Fuck me Alex. Give me that cock."

The words weren't going to win her an Oscar nomination, but they did the trick. Kristen sat up and looked in their direction. Her large breasts and dark nipples as beautiful as Sophie had imagined.

"Honey, Kristen is topless and watching us from over there," she panted, flicking her head back along the dune.

"Promise me," Alex replied in shock.

"Look for yourself," she offered, "but don't be too obvious, otherwise we might scare her off."

Sophie hoped off him, lay back, and spread her legs. Alex loved how delicious his wife's hairless pussy looked and took her hands, guiding them to it.

"Open yourself up for me," he commanded loudly.

Sophie obeyed and spread herself, revealing the hot pink of her vagina. Alex moved between her thighs and positioned his cock so that it rested at the moist entrance. He loved watching her tight pussy lips yield. How they formed a seal around his cock and moved back and forth as it went in and out. It was one of his favorite sights in the world, and only when he had had enough did he venture to look north.

"Tell me what you see?" Sophie groaned.

"Kristen has propped herself up with one arm, and is frantically rubbing under her white bikini bottoms with the other."

"She's masturbating! I want to see." Sophie pouted.

"So do I."

"...I have an idea," Sophie said hurriedly, pushing him off.

Then she got on all fours and positioned herself at an angle perpendicular to Kristen. Alex understood, got behind her, spread her cheeks, and thrust back in.

"Yes, fill me with your big, hard, cock," Sophie begged, playing her role as exhibitionist slut to perfection, looking straight at the Brunette.

Alex was loving it. He recalled how much fun it had been to perform for their babysitter over the summer. Except this time he could see their voyeur, and she was a gorgeous brunette who was busy fingering herself. The heat of the sun, the foreplay on the boat, and knowing that Kristen was watching and playing with herself as he slammed into his wife. It all added up to an amazing sensation in his loins.

"I'm going to cum soon," he warned.

"Me too! Plus Fort," Sophie pleaded, "harder!"

Kristen seemed to be on the same wavelength, and the couple watched in awe as she pushed her white bikini bottoms to one side and unabashedly rubbed and frigged. Bucking hips and loud whimpers conveying how close she was to climax.

It was too much. Alex grunted and unleashed an almighty spurt of cum deep into his wife's French cunt, which was followed by several more as he emptied himself completely. Sophie went over the edge as well. And the world faded as her senses were overwhelmed by the pure joy that was flooding through her body. It was a glorious simultaneous orgasm, and they both collapsed into a heap on the sand.

Eventually, coming down from their high and drenched in sweat, they both remembered Kristen. But as they looked in her direction, she was already hurrying away, back towards her villa.

**A Naughty Holiday Pt. 04**

It was mid-afternoon by the time Sophie and Alex found themselves back on the private island's main beach. Fine white sand shifting under their feet as they strolled hand in hand past the turquoise waters lapping nearby.

The third day of their luxury Caribbean holiday had so far been a huge success. Starting as it did with sweet love-making before breakfast, followed by another morning of spectacular diving. But what had got Alex's heart really racing, was the promise it still held.

For his gorgeous blonde wife had acted like the perfect tease. Except, without Ben and Kristen around, their handsome black diving guide had become the object of her attention. And she had been merciless. Asking the young local to apply sunscreen, letting her breasts 'accidentally' pop out of her orange bikini top, and 'unwittingly' allowing her itsy Brazilian bottoms to slide down her thighs while she was wriggling out of her wet suit.

But far from being jealous, Alex had been hard most of the day, loving the interplay between his exhibitionist wife and the poor lad. So as the villa came into view over the dunes, his pulse accelerated and his muscles grew taught, like an athlete before a race. Tightening his grip around the delicate hand within its grasp, leading it purposefully up the small rise, towards the appointment with pleasure that now beckoned.

Sand kicked up in their tracks as they navigated the swaying scrub and shadows. Passing the spot where Sophie had been filled with cum whilst the lovely Kristen, and her large round melons, had watched and masturbated nearby. And as if Alex wasn't already horny enough, thinking about it made his lust boil over.

It was incredible how vigorous he felt without work and kids weighing him down. Almost like being a teenager again. Which reminded him of a summer long past, his first with Sophie, when they were both university students. Borrowing her father's beat up old Renault Cinq to drive down the sleepy west coast of France. No commitments, no schedule, no worries, and barely any money. Camping on beaches and in forests. Sneaking into hotels and holiday camps, to use the facilities and steal food from buffet tables. Happy and carefree days, enjoying the simple things in life.

And the sex had been fantastic. Once, twice or even three times a day. In showers, on beaches, in the tent, in the car, on the car, and even being caught in public a few times. Her father's expression as they had tried to explain away the dent on the bonnet was unforgettable.

As soon as they were inside the villa Sophie threw off her beach dress and bikini, allowing her husband to study her delicious body. She could feel his gaze, and smell his testosterone in the air. And although part of her longed to have him inside, she was enjoying being a tease, and wanted to play the role for a little longer.

"Pardon Cheri. My spa appointment is soon and I want to wash my hair. We don't have time for anything right now," she called out over her shoulder, as she sauntered to the bathroom.

It wasn't strictly true, there was a moment to spare, but it gave her a good excuse. Alex did a double take, not sure that he had heard right. He understood that she had an appointment to keep, but couldn't believe she would be inhumane enough to leave him hanging. Worst case, there was surely time for a...

"No, not even for a quickie!" she insisted, reading his mind. "But I promise to make it up to you tonight. Now, allez-y, go to the pool and work on that six pack you keep promising me."

And, before he could mount a rebuttal, or she could change her mind, Sophie popped behind the bathroom door and locked it shut with a heavy thud. Smiling mischievously as she turned on the shower, imagining her frustrated husband prowling like a caged animal back in the room.

'Oh...I'm going to get it good tonight!' she giggled with a tingle.

"Bitch," Alex cursed at the locked door.

She had wound him up and then left him high and dry with a serious case of blue balls. Grabbing his goggles he stormed out of the villa.

"Mark my words..." he vowed, "you're going to pay for this..."

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A robed silhouette emerged back into the silent room. Moving gracefully through the still air, coming to a stop under the spotlight in front of the full length mirror. Pausing, as if waiting for a stage cue. Then, in a flurry of motion, pushing the plush white bathroom robe off to reveal a beautiful glistening body.

Piecing blue eyes critically assessed the naked woman that was standing there. Her fine facial features, long blonde hair, perky breasts, slim waist, cute slit, and toned legs. Evenly tanned, except for a band of pale skin across her chest and a shallow triangle of white between her hips. Temptation in human form.

Unable to resist, hands were soon roaming over her lovely breasts, kneading and savoring, rolling and pinching the sensitive pink nipples until they were standing proud and erect. Eliciting a moan of pleasure. Then, eager to continue their exploration, the hands moved south. Running approvingly over the freshly shaved skin of her mound, down over the bump of her hooded clit, and round to the tight folds of her innie pussy.

As deeply satisfying vibrations emanated from her core, Sophie stared at herself in the mirror and appreciated the irony of what she had become. For it wasn't that long ago that she condemned girls who were sluts or hussies. And yet here she was. Shaving her sex, performing lewd acts, exhibiting herself, and masturbating and fucking in public. All the hallmarks of a world class whore. But then again, after what had happened to her when she was a freshman at college, maybe it shouldn't have been such a surprise that she had the capacity suppressed within.

But Sophie had never been one to care about social norms, preferring instead to live life the way she wanted. And in that context, what was so wrong about enjoying her sexuality? Wasn't it up to her to decide what she did with her body? And if her husband didn't mind, which he clearly didn't, what was there to reproach? As long as no one got hurt, there was no harm done.

Take that morning, surely Sam didn't mind the attention. Besides, she couldn't have been the first female client to flirt with him. Granted, she might have been more brazen than most, but she had no doubt that he had been the object of desire for more than a few horny women.

'Hmm...Sam..." she groaned, thinking of the young stud and his gorgeous six pack.

And although she had wanted to save herself for later in the evening, there was no way she would be leaving the villa without having an orgasm first. All the flirting had got her too worked up, and not releasing the sexual tension was not an option. So sitting in front of the full length mirror, she spread her legs and got to it. Rubbing her clit whilst stuffing herself full of fingers, simulating what she thought Ben's big slab of black meat would feel like.

Watching the reflection was like an out of body experience. Sophie knew it was herself, and yet she felt strangely detached from the insatiable blonde that was jilling away, oblivious to anything except her own primeval needs. Willing the performer on, wanting to see her cum in all her magnificent depravity. And she didn't have to wait long before, accompanied by the sound of squishy flesh and quick breaths, the blonde shook in waves and covered her hand in slick juice.

Satisfied, Sophie cleaned herself up and headed over to the large wardrobe to get ready. But the white beach dress that she was intent on wearing was nowhere to be found. Search as she may, it wasn't in the drawer or hanging above, which was strange, as it had definitely been packed.

"Maybe Alex accidentally put it with his things?" she wondered out loud, opening his drawer and ruffling through it.

But something else caught her eye, a corner of red material that seemed out of place. Curious, she removed the folded garment and turned it in her hands. There was a ball of white cotton wrapped inside, and she put it to one side.

"Oh my," she gasped, connecting the velcro ends.

It was a pleated micro skirt with a red tartan pattern, and a black Hustler label at the front. She smiled at her husband's audacity, knowing there would be another piece of clothing which would complete the ensemble. Plunging back into the drawer she eventually found it, at the bottom of the pile. A tight fitting short sleeve white shirt which she hadn't worn for years.

Pulling it out to examine, Sophie unexpectedly smiled in delight, for underneath it was the white beach dress she had been looking for. Nonetheless, her focus remained on the items in question, and like a cop laying out contraband for official photographs, she placed the guilty pieces side by side on the bed.

A week ago she would have probably thrown them all away in abhorrence. But it hardly seemed scandalous after the last few days. And besides, being a student seduced by a teacher had been one of her oldest fantasies. Had she told her husband that? Or was he hoping to fulfill his own perverted dream? Her usually perfect memory couldn't recall.

'What do you think Soph, can you pull it off?'

The clock confirmed there was just enough time before the spa appointment, so she quickly dug through the lingerie looking for something suitable. But it was all La Perla or similarly sophisticated and expensive brands, nothing that looked remotely like something a schoolgirl would wear.

'Unless, of course,' she giggled, 'it was from a sugar daddy.'

Finally settling on the full bottomed sheer white panties, she slipped into the uniform and returned to the mirror. Her eyes arching in surprise at the transformation.

The long white hot socks finished just above the knee, leaving her sensual upper thighs completely exposed. The red skirt was so short that her see-through panties peeked out from under it, even when she didn't move. Then there was the tight white shirt without any bra underneath, which was left unbuttoned at the top for good measure. Twirling provocatively in front of the mirror, she was impressed with the outcome.

Putting a finger to her mouth and pouting like a spoiled brat, Sophie had to concede that the schoolgirl staring back was just asking to be fucked, and fucked hard. If she had been a male teacher, she would definitely have made the little slut earn her 'A'. But there was something missing, a piece de resistance. Searched for her iPhone she Googled 'sexy schoolgirl'.

The images set her imagination racing, compelling her to click on some of the more saucy ones, especially those where the model had big boobs.

Bing.

A little green box suddenly appeared, interrupting the smut surfing. Swiping it opened a selfie. It was from her best friend, who was sitting at a work desk and looking bored. The text beneath it read:

"Glad to see you back online! At work, pale and jealous...girls night Fri?"

Sophie laughed heartily - and then stopped dead. Clouds parted in her mind to reveal the glorious sunshine of an idea, and her lips curled into a salacious smile.

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Even though they had just finished dinner, Alex still hadn't satisfied his craving. Far from it. Looking across the candle-lit table at his gorgeous wife, his carnal hunger had never been greater.

Sophie could see it in his eyes, and enjoyed taunting him, curling her tongue round the silver spoon, sensuously cleaning the last of the chocolate sauce, her actions charged with innuendo. The blonde's suggestive behavior was in stark contrast to her angelic appearance: a simple white dress, a small solitaire, and a French braid. And the contradiction between her pure look and recent sinful behavior was not lost on her husband, who couldn't wait to defile her.

But the butterflies in the pit of his stomach weren't just related to those desires. They were also related to the fact that he was going to ask his wife to role play for the first time. For shortly after booking the holiday, he had also gone shopping at an adult store, hoping to live out a long held fantasy. But since they had arrived at Parrot Cay, he had chickened out every time he wanted to bring it up, fearing she would say "no", and that it might ruin the incredible holiday vibe. Of course, the chance of her saying "yes" had gone up significantly given her recent deviant behavior. But Alex was nervous nonetheless.

It was their last night, and so his hand was being forced. It was time to put up or shut up. He downed the last of the red wine, hoping the liquid courage would fortify his resolve. Tactics turning over in his mind as he calculated the best way to broach the subject.

"Do you like my hair?" Sophie asked out of the blue, idly flicking her French braid to the side and running a hand over the interwoven locks.

"I love it when you put your hair up like that. You did it a lot when we first met. Why did you stop? You should do it more often," he replied excitedly.

It was the opening that he had been waiting for! Taking a deep breath he composed himself, going over the his pitch. But just as he was about to speak, his wife beat him to it.

"Why did I stop? I'll tell you. Because it felt like every time a man looked at me, they were imaging some sick perverted schoolgirl fantasy."

She paused, allowing the words to sink in. "Degoutant. Gross, right? It's like those old guys who go to Thailand on sex holidays. Super creepy. Major Losers. That's why I stopped."

And, looking straight into his eyes for maximum effect, she took his hand and closed out her performance.

"I'm glad you're not like that. It would really disappoint me."

Alex should have seen the naughty twinkle in her eye. He should have guessed that there was something behind the remark. It was all too much of a coincidence. But he had been so caught up in his own little world, that he missed the signs. Instead, his fantasy shattered into a million pieces, and his heart sank. There was no way he could ask her now. Sophie could see the defeated expression and had to suppress a grin. Her particular brand of french humor could sometimes boarder on cruelty.

"Cheri, let's head over to the bar for a round of mojitos before we go back to the villa. I have to go to the toilet, and I think I left my sunglasses at the Spa earlier. So, go on ahead and get us a place, and I will join you shortly."

Alex felt almost numb as his wife leaned over and gave him a peck on the cheek, before bouncing energetically out of the restaurant. Full of disappointment, he headed down towards the circular bar annex with lead feet. It was much busier than on that infamous night. And, whether by chance or fate, the only sofa available, was the same one they had been sitting at when his wife had first pulled back her wet skirt.

"It is good to see you again Mr Marino," came a familiar voice.

Alex looked up, recognizing the same bartender that had watched Sophie's sex show, and he didn't know whether to be embarrassed, friendly, or angry.

"Thank you," he managed in the end.

"Just yourself tonight?"

"No, no, my wife will be here in a minute."

"May I offer you two mojitos then, on the house?" the bartender said with a big grin.

Other couples gaily chatted away whilst Alex finished his drink and soaked in the ambiance. His thoughts wandering back to that evening, and how erotic it had been to watch Sophie exposing and playing with herself whilst other men had been present. Except, in his replay, the ending varied. Instead of taking her to the beach, he imagined them doing it on the sofa, and the other men join...

"Alex," a voice called out, jolting him from his thoughts.

"Ben!"

"Can I join you?"

"Sure."

"Where's Sophie?" he asked, a little too intently.

"Should be here any minute."

And like the bartender, Ben perked up at the knowledge that the hot blonde would be joining. They started talking about the dives, and as a minute turned into two, and then into five, Alex began to wonder what had become of her.

Buzz... buzz...

A vibration tickled his thigh, and it took him a second to remember that he had reluctantly brought his iPhone at Sophie's request. Something about wanting to take photos on their last night, and hers being out of charge. Removing it from his pocket he held it casually out in front, pressed his thumb down, and then tapped the WhatsApp icon, not even bothering to see who it was from.

"Holy shit, nice photo!" Ben scoffed, as he caught sight of the screen.

Alex had to agree. It was a selfie of a hot body dressed as a naughty schoolgirl and laying on a bed, with the face outside of the frame. He immediately assumed it was from his colleague Marco. Photos like this always were. Single, and something of a Don Juan, Marco enjoyed teasing his married work mates with photos of the models and thousand dollar hookers that he regularly cavorted with.

"Can I see it?" Ben asked eagerly, holding out his hand.

Preoccupied with ruing what could have been, Alex didn't think twice about handing over the phone. He was too busy being jealous of Marco, who was living out the very fantasy which his wife had just destroyed. And, now that he thought of it, not only was he pissed off about that, but also because she had mercilessly teased him all day, whilst refusing to do anything about it. Always holding out the promise of making it up to him. What a load of bullshit. Not to mention the fact that she was keeping him waiting over a pair of fucking sunglasses. Dark shadows of resentment seeped into his mind.

"I'd love a little bit of that," Ben whistled.

But Alex barely heard.

"Where the fuck is she?" he cursed venomously under his breath.

Glancing back towards the bar entrance, not hearing the buzz of his phone as more photos arrived.

"Wow. If you don't mind me saying, that is some woman you have," Ben blurted out, barely containing his excitement.

Alex turned back to look at him, thinking he was referring to the earlier antics on the dive trip.

"Yeh, sorry about Sophie's behavior today, she can be... "

"Sorry about what?" Ben interrupted. "She is incredible. And you guys seem so opened minded. I maybe thought that...you know...she...you guys..." and he paused, suddenly lost for words.

But he didn't need to continue. The penny dropped. Alex understood exactly what he wanted to say, and realized that his showing up at the bar was no coincidence. And who could blame him? After all, Sophie had led him on all morning, and he, the husband, hadn't done anything to stop her. Ben was good looking and fit, so his ego probably put two and two together and concluded he was in with a shot.

Although many people might have taken offense, Alex actually empathized with him. After all, his cock tease of a wife had played them both. If anything, they were in the same boat.

Buzz...buzz...

Alex saw the glow of another photo arriving, and reached out for the phone.

It was the sexy schoolgirl again. Only this time the photo was from behind and at a low angle looking up. She was standing with sheer white panties pulled down around her thighs, her pussy clearly visible under the short red skirt. Alex glanced at the sender. It was from his wife's phone! Blood rushed to his head.

"What the fuck?" he breathed out, processing the unexpected twist.

He clicked out of the photo and looked at the message stream. She had sent half a dozen naughty photos, and included her face in some of them. And there was a message just above the last one.

"I know I've been naughty today. Want to make it up to you. Waiting at the villa."

"Damn..." he whistled.

Suddenly it all made sense! The cheeky minx! Through the fog of desire now clouding his tipsy mind, it all fit together. The comment at dinner, her hair, that she insisted he take the phone, and keeping him waiting in the bar. She must have found the costume and decided to have a some fun at his expense. Classic Sophie. She had played him masterfully, and he admired her deviousness. Maybe he deserved it on some level, but it wasn't his style to let her get away with it either. No, she would have to be taught a lesson...

Alex suddenly remembered Ben, who had no doubt seen all the photos and the message. He closed his eyes to think, trying to make sense of the chaos swirling across the canvas of his mind. Infinite emotions and choices, some of which could change his life forever. And then, as if by divine intervention, it all fell into place, and a work of art spontaneously materialized, breathtaking in its perfection.

His eyes burst open, and his thumbs tapped away excitedly.

"Coming now. And I intend to make you work for your A-level."

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Alex gripped the door handle and swung it open. The villa was dimly lit, except for the table which was bathed in light from the ceiling spots. And there she was, sitting with her back towards the entrance, illuminated like a gift from God. The reverent silence of the hallowed space broken only by the scratching of a pencil.

"Mr Marino," she called out in a sweet tone, not looking up from her pretend work, "Could you please help me? I can't afford to fail your course. But I am scared that I might not be able to handle how hard it is."

Alex's heart-rate accelerated as the magnitude of what was happening sunk in. Steeling himself, he moved past the threshold of the door, and waited until a shadow had passed behind before closing and locking it. There would be no turning back.

"Now...now...young lady. We can't have that, can we?" he responded, slipping into his role with surprising ease. "I am sure we can figure out a way to help you learn to cope with it's hardness."

It was an abused cliché, and their lines weren't going to win an Emmy, but they were both enjoying the famously overused plot nonetheless. And stalking closer, Alex was consumed by the exquisite creature that would soon be at his mercy. Not for one moment thinking of her as his wife, instead seeing her only as prey.

"Oh!" she yelped, as his hands clasped her shoulders.

Causing a shiver to run down her spine as she squirmed her already damp panties against the lacquered wood chair.

"Maybe if you put as much effort into your work, as you do into flirting with all the boys, you wouldn't be failing. So, should we discuss ways for you to earn extra credit, or do I need to call your parents," he threatened, leering over her.

"What? Oh, Mr Marino, please don't do that," she ham acted, turning to look at him with her best puppy dog eyes. "I am sure we can..."

"Did I say you could stop writing and look up from your work?" he unexpectedly boomed, catching her off guard as he pounded the table with his fist.

"Sorry...but..."

"Sorry, who?" he roared.

"Sorry...Mr. Marino," she said reflexively.

Which gained her a painful squeeze of the shoulders.

"Sorry who?" he repeated more loudly.

"Sorry...sir?" she guessed nervously.

"You lack respect and work ethic young lady," he hissed into her ear. "And then you think you can use your looks and charm to get away with it. But I have news for you. Today is judgement day. Today you pay the piper. Am I making myself clear?"

"Yes," she nodded.

"Yes, who?" he barked.

"Yes, Sir," came the dutiful answer.

Sophie was startled by her teachers aggression and dominance. It wasn't at all what she had planned. It wasn't at all how her own long held fantasy was meant to evolve. But before she could reassert her narrative, she was unceremoniously yanked out of the chair, which Alex quickly kicked away.

Embracing her tightly from behind, he nuzzled the nape of her delicate neck, and raised the skirt so that he could wedge his bulge crudely against her barely covered crack.

"Oh, Mr Marino, this is inappropriate," she protested, trying to take back the initiative.

But Alex ignored the coquettish objection, reaching round and roughly grabbing her breasts through the shirt.

"Hmm, Mr. Marino," she pouted, "you grabbed my titty."

But Alex just sneered. Amused by her wasted attempts to push the role play in a more innocent direction. Enjoying her ignorance of the fact that this wasn't going to be the PG rated schoolgirl fantasy that she was expecting. Oh no...she had played with fire and was going to get burned.

Without warning, he grabbed her braid and whipped it back.

"Don't think you have any say in what happens, your future now depends on pleasing us. We own this hot body," he rasped, squeezing and pulling her nipple through the shirt, making her whimper in distress.

And somewhere in the back of Sophie's mind, the 'us' and 'we' registered. What did it mean? Was someone else with him? Why was he hurting her? And there was something in his voice, a sinister edge, something that scared her. But that very feeling of vulnerability, that hint that he might not be alone, just served as an intense aphrodisiac.

"And you want to please us, don't you?" he continued. "You want to be a good girl and earn that A-level."

Sophie strained against his force, unable to nod or speak.

"Answer me!" he commanded, squeezing the nipple harder.

She managed a guttural noise, which Alex took as consent. Satisfied, he eased up. And, just as suddenly as the pain had started, it subsided. Replaced by a flood of relief as he let go the sore nipple and then switched to lovingly caressing it.

A bead of sweat trickled down her cheek as she breathed deeply, recovering. But it was only the calm before the storm.

Rip!

"Oh," she exclaimed in shock.

Buttons went flying across the table as her shirt was savagely ripped open at the front. Her instinct was to cover up, but the next thing she knew her hips were yanked back and her shoulders were driven down. Reflexes kicked in, and she extended her hands just in time to avoid hitting the table too hard. But Alex didn't show the slightest sympathy. Instead he nudged her legs apart, pushed her shoulders down against the wood, and pressed on her lower back to encourage her rear to arch higher in the air.

"Stay like that," he warned.

Taking a step back to briefly admire his petite ecoliere, wanting to savor every moment, to freeze every frame. Her toned legs in the white hot socks, her sensuous bare thighs, and how the red material of the tiny pleated skirt bounced temptingly over the two hills of her upturned cheeks.

The fantasy being played out was so much more intense than Sophie had expected. She didn't even need to act, feeling truly dominated, anxious, and at the mercy of an authoritarian figure against whom she was powerless to say no. So she didn't move whilst the hem of her skirt was lifted out of the way and deftly tucked inside the waistband. Or when her thin panties were bunched together and pulled up her crack.

"You have been a very naughty girl," came the haunting words.

Causing a surge of adrenaline through the vulnerable student's veins as she braced for what was obviously coming next.

"A real cock tease."

Spank.

"Showing yourself off to strangers over the last few days."

Spank.

"And then flirting shamelessly with Ben on the boat this morning."

Spank.

"Ow," Sophie finally whimpered, wriggling her rose tinged bottom in the air, searching for relief from the throbbing.

"And then giving me blue balls all day."

Spank.

"Ouch!" she cried out in pain.

Satisfied by the pink hues of her bare skin Alex decided it was time to move on.

"Now, don't you dare move whilst I take off my clothing and get something," he ordered.

Sophie didn't have to stew for long before she heard his footsteps returning and felt his fingers hook into her damp panties. Peeling them down, stopping only when they had reached the top of the hot socks.

"Those panties better not hit the floor Sophie, or I will use your virgin ass for my own personal pleasure," he stated viciously. "Do you hear me?"

"Yes Sir," she nodded.

Dutifully separating her legs to keep the panties stretched between her thighs. And in doing so, parting her buns enough to allow a tantalizing glimpse of her wrinkled flower and glistening pink slit.

"Oh," she gasped in surprise.

Sucking in air through clenched teeth as cold massage oil dribbled onto her sore cheeks. Suffering from Stockholm Syndrome, she even felt grateful when Alex's warm hands then enveloped her perfect peaches and began to lovingly massage them, expertly rubbing away the lingering sting from the punishment that he had just administered.

Unable to resist the siren call of the schoolgirl's private parts any longer, Alex knelt behind her and spread her sacred crack wide apart. The sight and sound of her wet pussy opening was intoxicating. Her musk scent filling his nostrils as he inhaled deeply and leaned in to lick and probe her holes with gusto.

Sophie bucked her hips, willing the tongue to work its dirty magic as it alternated between lashing her pussy and rimming her virgin ass. If she had any inhibitions left, it didn't show as she shamelessly ground back against the pleasure and asked for more.

"Baise-moi," she implored, "fuck me."

But Alex didn't want his pupil cuming too fast. He wanted to keep her on the edge for a bit longer, making her so horny and desperate that she would agree to anything. Noisily wiping juice and saliva from his chin, he got up.

"I need you inside me," she begged, waving her derriere provocatively in the air.

Alex decided it was time to test his student's willingness for the next stage of his project. So he pushed a finger up her pussy, got it nice and coated, then reached round and offered it to her full lips. That she didn't hesitate in licking it like a lollipop, confirmed that she was lascivious and up for anything.

"Tell me young lady," he asked, "did you enjoy showing yourself off for Sam today?"

She nodded, frustrated that he insisted on dragging things out when she was so desperate to be fucked. Willing him to shut up and get on with it.

"I can't hear you," he growled.

"Yes...Sir" She moaned.

"Louder please. Did you find him attractive?"

"Yes Sir!" she said more emphatically.

Reaching for the oil again, Alex motioned for Ben to step forward. This time he squirted it over her brown eye and down the cleft of her feminine folds. Rubbing it in as the excess dripped onto the floor. Pushed a slick finger back into her aching pussy, bending it to play with her g-spot.

"Have you imagined his big black cock, and what it would feel like inside your tight little white cunt?" he continued.

Emphasizing the last word for effect whilst forcing three fingers to join the one already inside. Pushing his knuckles as far as they would go.

"Oui," Sophie yelped as she was forced apart.

Ben stepped forward into the light, already naked, stroking his thick condom covered nine inch beast. Alex moved his four fingers slowly in and out, stretching his wife, getting her nice and ready, and then positioned his thumb at the entrance of her lubricated star.

"Oh, ow, ow," she winced, as his thumb pushed through the resistance of her sphincter.

Her initial reflex was to clamp down, to try and expel the foreign object that was moving into her rectum. But, as she managed to relax, having both holes filled created a satisfying sensation of fullness.

"Do you wish you could fuck Ben? To feel him stretch your pretty pink cunt just like my fingers are doing right now?" Alex hissed.

"Yes," she groaned deliriously, forgetting the 'sir'.

But in an anti-climax, it all stopped. The fingers slid out of her with a pop, and her husband disappeared from her side. Leaving Sophie feeling desperately empty, regretting that she had forgotten to say 'sir'.

"Please...Sir. I am so close," she pleaded, "Put your dick inside me."

"Ask Ben to do it," Alex commanded from somewhere behind. "Ask Ben to fuck you with his big bad python."

"Fuck me," she implored, not hesitating for a second, "fuck me Ben."

Even without looking over her shoulder, somehow she knew it really was going to be him. Maybe it was the previous hints from her husband, or the sound of multiple footsteps a moment earlier. And, whilst her conservative side was screaming for her to move, to cover up, to do anything...she remained rooted to the spot in anticipation.

And Ben was more than ready to demonstrate how real he was. With an arrogant smirk he pulled apart her white buns and put his thick black shaft against her inviting pink slit. Desperate to get him inside, Sophie pushed back like a bitch in heat. And he snarled at what an insatiable slut the woman was.

Then, for the first time ever, Alex watched another man fuck his wife. He moved in close, enthralled by the black pole disappearing into her, and how it pulled and pushed her entire groin area which was struggling to cope with it's girth.

Sophie groaned and moaned. Pleasure and pain perfectly balanced as her vagina was ravaged. Her clit was screaming out to be rubbed, but every time she tried, she would lose balance under Ben's onslaught. She willed him to fuck her harder and deeper to compensate, as an unstoppable chain reaction started deep within.

"I'm going...to...cum," she panted.

Her legs buckling as an orgasm ripped through her body. It was only the hard cock skewering her, and strong hands at her hips that stopped her from collapsing on the floor. And she was oblivious to the panties as they slid down and hit the floor.

As the climax faded, Sophie felt her strength and senses returning. The pounding had ceased, but the mystery lover was still deep inside. Drawing up all her courage, she slid forward, stood up, and turned around. And there he was. Beautiful black Ben, with his wide smile, gorgeous abs, hungry eyes, and a condom covered monster laced with pussy juice.

Although she had suspected it, her emotions still struggled to process the confirmation that another man had just fucked her. And with the smell of sex filling the air, she looked at her husband; naked, hard and seemingly happy. It was confusing. So very confusing. It didn't make sense, and yet somehow it did. It felt so wrong, yet seemed so right.

Unsure how to act, she remained rooted to the spot, trails of fluid leaking down her inner thighs. Ben stood still as well, also unsure about what to do. Luckily for them, Alex knew exactly what to do and stepped forward to passionately kiss his wife.

"You were incredible, did you enjoy that?" he whispered lovingly.

Sophie was lost for words, but found herself nodding imperceptibility.

"Then come with me," he said, taking her to the bed. "I promised Ben he could fuck you until he came in compensation for your bad behavior. So lay down here and be a good little girl."

Trembling, Sophie obeyed. Her gaze never leaving Ben, her wild blue eyes drinking him in, leaving no doubt that she wanted more of his hot chocolate. She laid helplessly on the bed and waited.

"This won't do, will it? We want to be able to see you as we fuck you," Alex said, folding her red pleated skirt up and out of the way, and then pushing the ripped shirt open either side of her heaving chest. Giving them a good view of her swollen pussy lips and beautiful erect nipples. A thin sheen of perspiration making her glow in the light.

"Now, open up your cunt and offer it to Ben," Alex ordered lecherously.

With a wanton expression, the blonde splayed her legs, ran fingers over her bold mound, and then spread herself, letting them see deep into her fleshy, agitated hole. Ben wasted no time in kneeling before her and rubbing his bulbous head against her ready slit.

"Oh my God, you're incredible," he groaned, as he plunged back in.

Sophie cried out, her eyes rolling back into her head as she struggled to remain conscious under Ben's new assault. White pussy lubricant covered his cock as he thrust in and out. There was so much that it looked like someone had already given her a cream pie.

"Do you like that blondie? Do you love the black man fucking your tight white cunt?" he grunted, keeping her knees pinned down and apart to better watch the incredible sight.

Drooling, Sophie just grimaced and groaned.

Alex looked at her heaving tits and sexy mouth, and decided she had room for one more. Kneeling by her flushed cheeks, he smacked his purple head against her lips. Sophie was completely overwhelmed. Neither responding to Ben's thrusts, nor giving Alex the oral service he craved. Instead she just let herself be swept along by the torrent of sensation.

Impatient, Alex decided that if she wasn't going to give it, he was going to take it. So he wrapped a hand around her tightly braided hair, turned her head to the side, and fed her cock. Sophie instinctively clamped her luscious lips around his engorged head, and tried to control her gagging reflex.

Neither man cared if she was alright. The beasts in them were going to continue until they were satisfied, and the beauty was just a piece of meat to be used and discarded. Ben's sweaty hips crashed against her while Alex roughly fucked her face, and they took it in turns to pinch and slap her protruding nipples and clit. The sound of moans and groans, squishing and slapping, bed springs, and the occasional fanny fart echoed around the room. The schoolgirl squirmed for relief, but they kept her legs and head firmly pinned, using her like a cheap fuck toy.

"Don't move blondie. I'm going...to...cum," Ben finally grunted.

And seconds later, despite the condom, Sophie felt large spurts of cum smacking against her cervix. Only after he had fully emptied himself did Ben withdrew his deflating monster from her raw hole, leaving the cock sucking blonde physically spent, and emotionally conflicted. Her immediate relief at the cessation of the brutal fucking balanced against the frustration of being abandoned so close to a second climax.

But she needn't have worried, because her husband withdrew from her mouth and turned his attention to the next phase of his project. As she lay semi-conscious, breathing heavily and recovering, he grabbed some pillows and stuffed them under her hips. Before moving between her legs and pushing them apart again.

"Please, cum in my mouth... I'm too sore," she pleaded, offering him the tantalizing opportunity of deflowering her mouth.

But it was wasted breath. Alex had a different virgin hole in mind, and had already reached for the massage oil and was busy coating himself.

"You dropped the panties I had instructed you to keep around your thighs. And I warned you what the consequence would be. It's time for your first A-level."

"Ow," Sophie cried out, as a lubricated finger forced its way into her puckered anus.

"Just try and relax," he soothed, working it further in.

It dawned on Sophie what an A-level was, and there was no doubting her husband's intentions. But she didn't protest. It almost seemed like a logical conclusion to the night. After all, her bucket list of outstanding sexual experiences was rapidly shrinking. And she knew that her husband had always dreamed of fucking her perfect ass. So even if it wasn't her own fantasy, she consented to taking one for the team.

"Ouch, easy," she pleaded, as a second lubricated finger joined the first.

Bang.

Alex turned around, and realized that in the heat of the moment he had completely forgotten about Ben. But the sound of the door closing confirmed that the young man was as good as his word, and that he had left quietly, as agreed.

After another minute of preparation, Alex impatiently decided that the schoolgirls virgin ass hole was ready. Removing his fingers, he placed his lubricated cock at the tight entrance.

"Slowly, slowly," she huffed.

Reaching out to push against her husband as the head of his cock forced its way past the security of her clenched sphincter. He relented and pulled back, mesmerized by her slowly closing anus, craving to push back in.

"Relax, baby," he encouraged.

And after a few more attempts, rubbing her clit all the time, he could leave his head inside. Then, having wedged her open, he started pushing in and out. Tentatively at first, but gradually with more and more momentum. Although Sophie seemed to be getting used to it, if he went too deep she would lose control and clamp down. Sending Alex to nirvana with her vice-like grip, but also frustrating his attempts to get all the way in.

"Try pushing out, like you need to poo," he suggested, repeating what he had once read in a 'how to' blog.

Sophie still couldn't believe she was letting her husband penetrate her dirty hole. It was a taboo she had always sworn she would never break. But here she was, having just been fucked by a black man and being told to poo so that her husband could plug her butt. The words slut and whore barely seemed adequate.

"Your ass is amazing," Alex exclaimed, as he finally managed to go in to the hilt.

He took a break from frigging her clit to peel her pussy lips apart. Because of the angle she was at, he could see the bump caused by his cock appearing through her fleshy insides. Like he was fucking her inside out. It was unbelievable how hot it looked, and he adjusted his position to make it even more pronounced.

To her surprise, Sophie began to find the anal sex enjoyable. It was in some ways more intense than normal sex. And as she reached down to rub her buzzing clit, her second orgasm neared.

"I'm going to cum soon," she moaned.

No longer caring why, who, or how. Just that she should reach another glorious crescendo.

"Fuck, I'm about to cum in your ass baby," Alex grunted.

But Sophie beat him to it. Crying out as she exploded. Her hips convulsing violently as she lost control of her bodily functions. And to their surprise, liquid gushed from her gaping pussy, spraying all over her husband.

Alex had never seen or felt anything like it, and he basked in the tightness of her clenching rectum, and the warmth of her spraying liquid. The smells, feelings, sights and sounds were too much. They pushed him over the edge, and with goose bumps erupting down his spine, he unleashed mighty spurts of cum deep into the schoolgirl's defiled ass.

Once empty, he withdrew his deflating cock and watched the blobs of cum slowly drip out of the newly deflowered bum hole.

Life was never going to be the same again.