**Alison Has a Bad Month**

by[JBEdwards](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3145872&page=submissions)©

It had been a bad month. First, I caught my partner cheating on me, and I kicked him out. Boy, was I glad we had never married. He had simply moved in with me, so one day I had the locks changed, and put his things on the sidewalk. You don't cheat on Alison Sullivan. He should have known better.  
  
That was the beginning of the month. The second week of it my father died. He was not that old, only 50 years old, but he dropped dead of a heart attack. My mother had died 10 years earlier, in her mid thirties, of breast cancer. So now at the tender age of 25 years old, I was on my own, except for my sister.  
  
So I went to Aruba to get away from it all. Different people grieve differently and I thought a beach holiday might work for me. I flew down here from New York, but apparently my suitcase did not. They finally found it, and it is in Turkey. How that happened is beyond me, but it's just not my time for good luck right now. It will be delivered to my hotel here in Aruba, most likely the day before I leave.  
  
So here I am, checked into an upscale beachfront hotel, with only the clothes and underwear I traveled in. Not wanting to spend my first day buying clothes in what passes for a city in Aruba, I went to the hotel store, where I found a blouse, a skirt, and a bikini. The store does not have a dressing room, but it has a return policy, so I could have tried on the clothes in my room.  
  
I did not want to do that, which would have entailed the making of multiple round trips to the store from my room until I got everything right. So I tried on everything in the store. It's a good thing I did, too, since nothing fit right the first time. Apparently I am not the size I thought I was, at least for the clothes on sale in that store.  
  
I was repeatedly reduced to a bra and panties in the store. Since all the walls are glass, I was a bit exposed that way, but by this time I was so exasperated I did not care. And it is a beachfront resort, so I figured how different are a bra and panties than a two-piece bathing suit? Of course one big difference is that both my bra and panties are transparent. I happened to wear that set for the trip, and now that's all I have. So the careful voyeur could see all of me.  
  
Anyway I just did not have the energy to care. I was still mourning the death of my father. His death brought up my mother's death too, and I was an emotional basket case.  
  
Then came the bathing suit. You really need to get naked to try on a bathing suit, so this was a limit case. I tried on a bikini, stripping naked and then quickly putting on the bottoms, which happily fit perfectly. But the top did not, and my boobs were spilling out of it, even my nipples were easily exposed in the top. So I tried on the top in a bigger size, and it was a perfect fit. But I was topless in the store for a while, while searching for the right size.  
  
Being topless also did not seem like a big deal to me, because I was looking forward to sunbathing topless on the beach, later that same afternoon. Seeing my boobs through a store window did not seem that different just then to seeing them on the beach.  
  
The store would not sell the swimsuit parts separately, and I was in no mental shape to argue, so I ended up buying two sizes of the same swimsuit, in order to get the top and bottom that fit. Given my emotionally fragile state, it was the right thing to do.  
  
Upon leaving the store, I bumped into a man who had been loitering outside the store. I excused myself, and he said, "No problem. I hope you do not mind. I enjoyed watching you choose your bathing suit just now. You have beautiful breasts."  
  
This was of course not my first choice for a first interaction with a man in Aruba, and I was taken aback. The man was big and muscular, good looking, and he had a mellifluous voice which set me at ease. I did not know how to reply to such a remark, so I just said, "Thank you. Maybe I'll go topless on the beach, then."  
  
He said, "I hope you do. I'll try to find you. My name is Mark, by the way."  
  
"I'm Alison. That's Alison with one ell. Alison Sullivan is my full name. I'm pleased to meet you," I said. Then I wondered why I gave him my last name. I guess it was in case he wanted to look me up. I liked the way he looked, and I already knew he liked my boobs. Hey, that's a start for a lonely woman who is in mourning, right?  
  
Besides, I was up for some casual sex in Aruba. I thought it might help in terms of all my problems.  
  
My luck was turning, and he invited me to dinner that evening, right there on the spot. I accepted, and he told me he would pick me up at my room at 7pm. I told him I was in room 812, and that was that.  
  
I took my purchases to my room, stripped naked, applied suntan cream all over my body, and then put my bikini on. I headed out for the beach: it was vacation time. I donned my sunglasses and got a mattress with a shade umbrella, and lay down and opened my novel. The weather was perfect, the water inviting, and the sun warm on my skin. This was just what a girl needed.  
  
Nobody was topless on the beach, to my surprise; I guess that's the downside of going to an island that used to be Dutch, and not French. So I kept my top on too, at least when I lay on my back. When I lay on my stomach in contrast, off it came. Mark found me after a while, and I was topless on my stomach. "True to your word, Alison," he said.  
  
His voice startled me, and I explained my strategy, rolling over topless to face him, and of course to tease him with a prolonged look at my boobs. He said, "That's because you're at the hotel beach. Tomorrow if you want I can show you a beach that is much more open and relaxed." I told him I would think about it. I did not say this, but first I wanted to see how this evening would go. I put my top on as we talked. I did it,\ slowly so as to maximize his viewing time of my boobs. I wanted him to long to touch them.  
  
The evening went well. I did not fret about what to wear, because I had only two outfits. My bra was all sweaty and smelled, so I washed it in the sink, but it was still wet when it was time to get dressed for the evening. So I went without a bra. Rules are different in beach towns, and I was sure it would be okay.  
  
Mark was right on time, and he took me to a nice seafood restaurant, where the local fish had just jumped out of the water and onto our plates. I drank a fair amount, and was feeling little pain, when Mark commented on my lack of a bra.  
  
"I was wondering if you would notice," I said.  
  
"Oh, I noticed a long time ago. I just wanted to get enough wine into you to relax you, so I would not offend you if I brought it up," he said.  
  
"Why did you bring it up in any event?" I asked.  
  
"Because, sweet Alison, I want to see your luscious boobs again," Mark said. "I figure maybe if you're drunk enough you might flash them for my viewing pleasure."  
  
"Sorry, Charlie," I said. "I'm not that drunk! And I doubt I could ever get that drunk, anyway. No way I'll flash in a crowded restaurant."  
  
"How about in an empty parking lot, then, after dessert?" he said.  
  
I did not reply. I just smiled and took another sip of wine. It was time to order dessert.  
  
That's when it happened. I saw one of my old boyfriends, Adam, from a few years ago. He was there at the same restaurant with a bimbo blonde. The bimbo blonde was poured into her outfit and looked as cheap as an Omaha whore.  
  
I hated Adam. I had posed for some nude pictures for his personal use and pleasure, and some of them were quite explicit, just for him. I had been only 22 at the time, young and naïve. One had a dildo sticking out of my cunt, and others were even worse. When we broke up, he posted scans of all those photos on the Internet, at an ex-girlfriend revenge site.  
  
I was embarrassed and shamed for a long time. Lots of men who I knew saw the pictures. I did wonder how they found them; do they regularly peruse such sites? Men are so strange.  
  
When the men looked at me after the pictures were out, it was obvious to me that they were mentally undressing me, imagining they were fucking me. They probably imagined their cock was the dildo. And then there was the picture with two cocks in me: one in my mouth and the other in the more customary place. It was horrible.  
  
This was really not my month! I wanted out of the restaurant right away, so I said to Mark, "Let's go now. I can't wait to flash you."  
  
Mark got us out of there in lightning speed, and I kept my word, raising my blouse in the parking lot and showing him my boobs. He reached for my boobs, keeping my blouse up above them, and fondled them openly right there in the parking lot. I pulled away from him, pulling down my blouse, and I was angry with him for taking advantage of my attempt to tease him a little. But also the exhibitionism of showing my boobs in public turned me on.  
  
Then I realized that people in the restaurant could see into the parking lot, since the walls of the restaurant were largely windows, and there were lights keeping the parking lot from being too dark. I wondered if any, or more likely how many, people had seen me exposing my boobs in the parking lot.  
  
I wondered even more if Adam had seen me. I looked at the restaurant and saw Adam looking out, right at me. Our eyes met. Shit. Double shit. Well, he did not know where I was staying; there are lots of beachfront hotels in Aruba. Given how my luck was going, he saw me flashing.  
  
I noticed that the bimbo spoke to him, and he turned to look at her, and then I ducked away, entering Mark's car for the drive back to the hotel. And no, I did not invite Mark up to my room for a drink. This was our first date. It was obvious Mark was disappointed; I'm sure that he had delusional ideas about bedding me that very night. That much was clear to me. Well sometimes delusions are just that: delusions.  
  
The next day I went to the beach and there was a French woman who came to the spot next to mine, and she quickly took off her top, exposing her beautiful breasts to the sun. This was all I needed, and my top came off, too. I suddenly became popular.  
  
When I went to lunch at one of the many seaside lunch places, I of course put my top back on, but several men who had been ogling me on the beach tried to strike up conversations with me. Amused, I welcomed their flirtatious attempts.  
  
I kind of liked one of them, the one named Jeremiah. He proposed that the two of us rent a pedalo, which is a type of paddleboat. I thought it would be fun, and after lunch we did exactly that. We went far from shore, so that if anyone were looking at us, he would need binoculars to see us in any detail.  
  
Liberated from prying eyes, I removed my top, and this excited Jeremiah. He thought I was asking for sex, not just trying to get a little sun on my boobs. So he surprised me by leaning over and kissing me. It felt nice, so I kissed back.  
  
We kissed for a while and he fondled my boobs, and it all felt nice. Then his hand went into my bikini bottom, and he began to move his fingers around my cunt. It was decision time. Nobody could see us, and I got turned on with him doing that out in the open. So I let him, and soon my bottom was off too. I was naked on the pedalo.  
  
I leaned over him, pulled his trunks down, and took his cock into my mouth. My previous partner, the one I kicked out when he cheated on me, had really wanted me to deep throat him. It took me months of trying before I finally learned how to do it. I sucked him off several times a day, every day, trying to learn how to deep throat. He did not mind, and when I succeeded, finally, he was thrilled.  
  
He was so proud of me; he wanted to show me off. I said no. But he kept the pressure on relentlessly. One day we had another couple, Steve and Susan, over for dinner. Our friends were complementing me on the great meal I had cooked, and I was enjoying their praise. Then my boyfriend bragged that being a great cook was only one of my many accomplishments. Recently I had mastered deep throat blowjobs, too.  
  
I sunk in my chair trying to hide my face and disappear under the table. To my surprise, Susan said, "I've never really believed it to be possible. I would love to see you do it! Do you think you could do it to Steve? I warn you, he has a long cock."  
  
I was stunned by this, for so many reasons. Then Steve said, "Susan just volunteered me, but if you're willing, Alison, I would be forever grateful."  
  
I did not know what to do. I said, "Excuse me everyone, I'd best clear the table now." Then I took everyone's dishes to the kitchen and slowly rinsed them off and placed them in the dishwasher. Everyone followed me into the small kitchen, making it crowded and rather intimate.  
  
The three of them ganged up on me and would not let it drop. Steve volunteered to eat me in exchange for a deep throat. I was still stunned. Then Mary said, "I could let your boyfriend fuck me if you like. I know he's wanted to do me for a long time."  
  
Anyway, this turned into a group sex session. Susan undressed me in front of the men, Steve ate me to an orgasm, and I sucked off Steve, deep throating him, of course. Steve shot his load into my throat.  
  
My boyfriend had been fingering Susan as Steve and I went at it, and when we finished he took her from behind while Steve and I watched. As we watched, Steve began to kiss me, and he fondled my boobs. I ended up fucking Steve too, and letting my boyfriend take me after Steve. It was a wild night, and what everyone took away from it was that I could really and truly deep throat a man.  
  
Jeremiah benefited of course from my determined previous efforts, the consequences of which I just described. I kissed his cock, swirled my tongue around its head, sucked gently on his balls, and licked his shaft. Then I took the head in my mouth while I pumped his shaft with my hand. He was groaning loudly.  
  
I gradually took more and more of his cock into my mouth, pumping it in and out, effectively letting him fuck my mouth. Then when I was ready, I took the entire thing in my mouth, right down to his balls. That was when he started to invoke the deity in exultations of his pleasure. That is, he said, "Oh my God, oh my God Alison. Jesus, you are amazing!" It sounds better when I said he invoked the deity in exultations of his pleasure, doesn't it?  
  
I deep throated him right there in the pedalo. His cock was a little shorter and not as thick as the one of my previous boyfriend, and much shorter than Steve's had been, so I had confidence I could deep throat him. He was groaning up a storm as I gave him the best blowjob of his life with the sun burning down on us. I was certainly the only girl who had ever deep throated him. I may be the only one who does it to him for his entire life.  
  
I knew it was the best blowjob of his life because he told me, repeatedly, after he had shot his load into my throat. It was warm, sticky, salty, and had a slight sweet taste to it. Actually, it was not that different from drinking the liquid that comes with oysters, except spunk is more viscous. A pedalo far from land seemed a good place to swallow his spunk.  
  
So here I was, having met Jeremiah only hours ago, and I was naked with him on a pedalo, having just given him the blowjob of his life. He was now gently fingering me. I began to get freaked out. I know it had been a bad month: my father died, my boyfriend turned out to be a creep, my luggage is someplace in the near east, but did that mean I suddenly had to become the world's easiest slut? It sure looked like it just then.  
  
I let Jeremiah finger me until it became clear to me I was not going to cum being fingered naked in a pedalo at a crowded beach. I guess I am still a little uptight. I gently removed his hand, and put my bikini bottoms back on. It turned out to be just in time, as a friend of his had swum out to our pedalo and was cheerfully hanging onto the side, gawking at me. I did not know how long he had been watching us.  
  
His friend, named Zeke, spoke with Jeremiah, and Jeremiah jumped into the water while Zeke climbed aboard the pedalo. I did not know what to make of this. I just stared at Zeke, and also at Jeremiah now in the water, dumbfounded. I suspected Zeke wanted me to do him, too. Good luck with that, I thought to myself.  
  
Zeke introduced himself. I said, "Pleased to meet you, Zeke. I'm a bit surprised, too. I thought we were alone out here."  
  
"You were of course," Zeke said, "but I like to swim and I saw you two out here from afar, so it gave me a destination. I did not realize it, but it also gives me the chance to meet a truly beautiful woman."  
  
Flattery usually works on me, but I was nevertheless fairly freaked out. I decided to confront the elephant in the room, and said, "How long have you been out here, Zeke? Did you see us fooling around?" Bare in mind I was still topless.  
  
"Yes I did, pretty woman. That blowjob you gave Jeremiah was completely amazing. I've never known nor seen a woman give such a total deep throat before. Hats off, I say," replied Zeke.  
  
"Hear, hear!" cheered Jeremiah from the water. I was blushing up a storm, I'm sure.  
  
Strangely, while I had thought we were alone and we were fooling around with discretion, the fact that another man had watched, and now thought I was some kind of sexual marvel (and also pretty), got me fully aroused. This had never happened to me before. It was a turn on to have been watched, which nevertheless shamed and scared me. But the sexual arousal was undeniable.  
  
I put my top on and announced it was time to pedal back to shore. Zeke tried to convince me to give him a blowjob, too, but he stopped trying when he realized if he did not, I would evict him from the pedalo. We compromised, and he seemed happy when I agreed to let him spend a few minutes feeling me up.  
  
Zeke removed my bottoms, rendering me naked again. In no time at all he was playing with my boobs while fingering me with his other hand. Next he surprised me completely by eating me out. It was an awkward thing to do in a pedalo, to be sure, but that was his problem. While Zeke went down on me, Jeremiah was there in the water cheering him on. This was the most erotic moment of my life up to that point.  
  
I began to moan to encourage Zeke. It felt so wonderful I was desperate for him not to stop. I needed to cum, and I was so close! But inexplicably he stopped, and he left me breathing unevenly, confused and unfulfilled, naked with a soaking wet cunt, under the hot sun in a pedalo far out in the water.  
  
Even though I was sexually frustrated, I got over it quickly and put on my bikini again, and asked Jeremiah to help me pedal back to shore. "Give me a blow job in my room at the hotel, and sure we can go back right now," came the reply.  
  
I said, "Fuck you, Jeremiah. You're a boor. Zeke, could you help me pedal back to shore?"  
  
"Me? When I didn't even get a hint of a blowjob? I don't think so," he replied, and he began to swim back to shore.  
  
I'm a good swimmer, and I'm healthy and strong, so I thought I too could swim back. Jeremiah had rented the pedalo, not I, so I guess it was his problem to bring it back. I jumped off it and swam back to shore. I could hear Jeremiah calling after me, but ignored him. I could still taste his cum in my mouth, a constant reminder of what I had just done. Maybe the swim could undo my slutty behavior of which I was so ashamed right now. Who am I kidding?  
  
I skipped going back to the beach, unable to deal with Jeremiah and Zeke and whomever else they had told about my antics, and went straight to my room. I drank a lot of water to get rid of the semen taste. The water was good, but it did not get rid of the taste. So I drank a Coke from the minibar, and then I took a shower.

After the shower I donned my bikini once again, and I marched to the entertainment coordinator and signed up for water aerobics in the hotel's pool. There was a class starting within an hour.  
  
Aerobics is usually all females, so it gave me a good chance to recover from my outrageous slutty behavior, and try to understand why I had done that. I had never done anything like it before. With all females, there were no worries about men hitting on me.  
  
We had a good teacher, and I was getting into it. There was a curvaceous blonde woman in front of me. When she bent over I could not help but notice that her ass was magnificent. Indeed, everything about her yelled sex goddess. She was also better than I was at aerobics, but that's not hard to accomplish.  
  
At one point we were all to turn around, and she turned around faster than I did and I saw her pretty face. At that instant, it seemed to me there was no escape from my bad luck: She was my former boyfriend Adam's Omaha whore. And there she was, right next to me.  
  
When aerobics ended, I decided to embrace my bad month, and invited her to the pool bar, ostensibly to ask her about some fine points of aerobics. We ended up having a good time together and talked about a lot of things. Even though she looked like a cheap whore, albeit a beautiful one, she was not a bimbo, but just as intelligent as was I. Her name was Maria.  
  
I came to like her and my jealousy vanished. I confessed, and told her I was a former lover of the man Adam I had seen her with the night before.  
  
"I must confess too, Alison," she said. "I already knew that. Adam told me when I caught him staring at you in the parking lot last night. By the way, you have great boobs."  
  
I blushed, hoping she had not seen me flashing my boobs, but apparently she had. Not knowing what to do, I said, "Thank you. They get me in trouble some times," and I told her about the two men and the pedalo incident earlier, and told her it was all because I went topless on the beach.  
  
"Oh my God, Alison," Maria said, "Are you the girl that Jeremiah is telling everyone he knows gave him..." and she stopped, embarrassed to continue, and seeing the horror on my face.  
  
"Yes, Maria. But please don't tell Adam," I said.  
  
"He already knows, of course. Jeremiah is his cousin. But he does not know it was you. All he knows is that her name is Alison. It's a common name, of course. Your secret is safe with me, but my guess is it is not that safe. Jeremiah will want a repeat performance, that's a near certainty. I'm sorry, Alison," she said sweetly as she saw me begin to cry.  
  
"I can't believe a random man who picked me up on the beach is Adam's cousin. This truly is not my month!" I said. Maria asked me what I meant, and I told her about my boyfriend cheating on me, my friend cancelling at the last minute for our trip, my father dying, and my luggage not arriving. Of course none of these things compared to the death of my father, but my father's death had destroyed my ability to rebound after all of these little things.  
  
Maria said, "If you have the money, I would just leave the island and go someplace else, like Curaçao. Maybe there's a sister hotel there and you could move your reservation?"  
  
"Thanks, Maria," I said. "I'll look into it." Maria meant well, but this vacation tapped me out and I had no financial reserves. None. But she was sweet, and I realized in a parallel universe we could have become great friends.  
  
I confessed, "Actually Maria, this vacation is all I can afford. But maybe I'll stay and see how much else can go wrong." We exchanged Facebook coordinates and promised to stay in touch. I wished her luck with Adam, telling her he is a good man, it just did not work out with me. I did not tell her why, I would never tell anyone that.  
  
If I had been a much better friend of Maria, and if she had not already had a relationship with Adam, I would have warned her off. But it was much too late now. I still had affection for Adam and wished him well, and Maria was a real prize. Good for him.  
  
I decided to become passive, relaxed, and wait for bad things to happen to me. I decided to accept fate. I figured it was fate, and there was no point fighting it. I just did not know how bad it could be.  
  
I stayed in my room. It had a balcony with a view of the sea, and the balcony had a comfortable chair and got the afternoon sun, so I realized I never had to leave my room! Unless I wanted human companionship, using room service, the TV, and my supply of novels, I could become a happy hermit. I would leave the room at night to go for an evening swim, when few people would be about.  
  
I had read the play Huis Clos by Jean-Paul Sartre, in college. Translated it means No Exit, and the basic idea is that Hell is being locked in a room with the same people you cannot stand for eternity. In brief, hell is other people. I remembered this at the time, and figured my hermit idea might work.  
  
My uniform became my bikini bottoms, and I would sit topless on the balcony. People could see me from afar, but so what? I had intended all along to go topless at the beach, anyway. It was a pity the beautiful hotel beach was not a topless kind of beach.  
  
I followed my plan, and when I went down to the beach at dusk I wore my top of course, and I went for a light swim in the sea, followed by 20 laps in the hotel pool, and a brief time in the hotel hot tub. I was almost alone, and happy.  
  
That night I got horny, being unfulfilled by Zeke's ministrations earlier in the day. I asked for a cucumber, not sliced, with my dinner. The one they sent up was perfect, and I lay, naked, on my bed and used the cucumber as my dildo. While I pushed the dildo in and out I imagined it was Mark. I felt as if I were a teenage girl again. I still could not cum, but I enjoyed my masturbation session a lot.  
  
Still naked, I wandered out to the balcony to look at the dark and brooding sea, the moon, and the stars. I did not realize I was backlit by my room's lights which were all on, and that rooms across the way had a clear view of me, especially if any of the guests in those rooms had brought binoculars. People do bring them, you know, for example if they are bird watchers.  
  
When I realized I was on display this way, I quickly returned to inside my room, but discovered I was now incredibly turned on. I dimmed some of my lights, returned to my balcony, and fingered myself to a spectacular orgasm. Then I just lay there, in the inert post orgasmic coma-like state that comes over me after such a climax.  
  
It was the possibility that people were watching me that allowed such a spectacular orgasm. I was shocked and ashamed of myself, but I had decided to go with the flow, so to speak, to let the waves roll over me, and finally I had felt some pleasure, something I had desperately needed.  
  
After a nice rest naked on my balcony, I at last got up, went inside the room, and ordered a bottle of champagne from room service. A few minutes later there was a knock at the door. That was fast, I thought, and I put a robe on over my naked body and opened the door. Jeremiah and Zeke were standing there, holding a six-pack of beer.  
  
I said, "No thanks," and shut the door, but Zeke's foot kept it from closing, and the men forced themselves into my room.  
  
"Nice show you put on just now on your balcony," Zeke said. "I think you need some company. Jeremiah agrees, don't you Jerm?"  
  
"Yeah," Jeremiah said, as he was removing his clothes. I was horrified that these two men, of all people, had seen my masturbation session just now. But what went through my head just then was amazement that Jeremiah could have allowed his nickname to be Jerm.  
  
As I stood there, stupefied, Zeke too undressed himself. Subtlety was not the forte of these two cretins. I recovered my senses, and said, "Get out. I did not invite you in, and I want to be alone. Please leave now."  
  
My doorbell rang, and it was room service. "Jerm" went to hide, since he was naked, but Zeke still had his pants on and opened the door, took the champagne, and gave the waiter a $5 tip. He held the champagne with the two glasses that came with it, and smiled at me.  
  
"The champagne is not for you, nor is it for Jerm," I said. I enjoyed calling him Jerm. "You need to leave. Now."  
  
Instead of leaving, Zeke grabbed me and kissed me. I remembered that I had decided just to take the shit fate was dealing me, so I suddenly gave up, and let him kiss me and I kissed him back.  
  
As we kissed he untied my robe and it fell open, revealing all my charms to him, and he pushed it off my shoulders causing it to fall to the floor. Now I was stark naked, kissing a man, with another naked man in my room. I should have been scared shitless, but instead I was just not thinking at all.  
  
I suddenly woke up to what I was doing. I broke from the kiss, immediately pulled my robe back on and cinched it tight with the belt. That did not stop Zeke, as he reached inside it to fondle my boobs, but I pushed him away, and a bit too breathlessly told him to leave and pushed him towards the door.  
  
At that moment Jeremiah came up behind me and grabbed me with his arms around me, trapping my arms against my body. Both men were bigger and seriously stronger than was I, and Jeremiah effortlessly lifted me up and threw me onto my back on the bed. Zeke jumped on top of me to hold me down.  
  
I was screaming and kicking my legs, but Jerm slapped my face and told me to lie quietly or he would seriously hurt me. But I was in a panic and unable to be quiet. As I struggled, both verbally and physically, Jerm reached into his backpack that he had brought and removed a gag, handcuffs, and ropes. Working together they tied me down, spread eagle, on the bed.  
  
I still had the robe on, thank goodness, but they untied it and opened it up, exposing all of me to the room. Only my arms were slightly covered by the sleeves of the robe. They removed my gag, warning me first to stay calm.  
  
"If you rape me, I will press charges. I will pursue you to the end of the earth. Don't you dare even try it!" I said, spitting out the words as I said them. "You are already breaking tons of laws. You are in deep trouble. Untie me. Untie me now!"  
  
"This is Aruba, not New York, my dear Alison," Zeke said. "Do you think anyone will care about some rich American tourist who let herself get naked in a pedalo and that had a little sexual experience she regretted later?"  
  
I tried to spit far enough to hit him with it. I succeeded only in getting spit on my leg. Jeremiah went into my purse and took out my room key card. Then the two of them turned on the TV to Fox News and simply left, leaving me tied up like that! How could they know that forcing me to listen to Fox News was a type of torture, at least for me?  
  
At least I was not yet raped I rationalized, but I also realized I could not free myself, and probably something else, something not good, was planned for me. The Fox News channel was a clue. It was the most sexist channel on television, run by Roger Ailes, who finally had to resign recently, due to years of recurrent episodes of sexual harassment.  
  
Then I began to wonder, "Why me?" What had I done to provoke this? I had given Jeremiah one hell of a blowjob, and all I had done to Zeke was to refuse to give him one, too. Why had Jeremiah come to my room with bondage materials, as if he had planned to bind me up and rape me, but then simply left?  
  
I was flummoxed as I thought about it. Nothing made sense. Then I remembered Maria had told me Jeremiah was Adam's cousin.  
  
Adam. Of course.  
  
Bondage was only one of the many reasons Adam and I had parted ways. He was always pressuring me to submit to bondage, and I had always refused. It's not as if I denied him much: I would let him do practically anything sexual he wanted with me, just not bondage!  
  
Adam is a great man, with wonderful qualities, and I loved him. I wanted to please him in every way, including sexually. He is strong, handsome, competent, and he would take care of me. He has a good job (not a great job) and makes a steady income, certainly more than I make at my own job.  
  
We had lots in common. We liked the same books, the same music, and the same movies. Well, there were some girl movies I liked and some boy movies Adam liked (action/adventure is the rubric), but there was a large intersection of movies we could both enjoy. He even took me to the theater and to concerts. He would not go with me to ballet, however.  
  
Mostly though, I just loved to talk with him. He always seemed thoughtful and wise. All that is why it was so hard for me to leave him, but sexually he was getting weirder and weirder and I just could not deal with it.  
  
I did let him ass fuck me even if I found it an unattractive thing to do. And once, after massive pressure, I did a three way with him, where I took on one of his friends and him at the same time. His friend fucked me in the mouth, in my ass, and in my cunt: the trifecta. In one of the photos I had a cock in my mouth and one in my cunt. I let each of them fuck me, one after the other. I gave them both blowjobs.  
  
Adam wanted two men to fuck me at the same time, one in my ass, one in my cunt, but I refused, and he respected that. I could tell however that it disappointed him. I even let him take compromising pictures of me. I went the sexual distance for him, and then some. I was an idiot. He always wanted more than I felt I could give, no matter how much I gave.  
  
I even once let him set up video equipment so that he could record some of the more wild sex sessions we had, and later I would give him a blowjob as we watched it together. I would let him take me from behind so we could both watch it as we fucked. I admit it was hot watching it.  
  
I know I am not normal and if it were not for Adam being much more extreme, I would have thought myself a bit extreme with my perversions. I would not however repeat the experience, with more video, despite Adam's constant pressure to do so.  
  
One of the reasons I left him was his constant pressure for me to leave my comfort zone about what I considered permissible for sex. He had a much more perverted mind that I did. Basically, I realized after I left him, when it comes to sex Adam is a misogynist. He uses sex to try to humiliate and degrade women. Who needs that?  
  
The thing is, the weirder and more degrading it is, the quicker Adam gets hard, and if it is at the limits, he gets really hard.  
  
Now I was here alone in a foreign country, and he was here with his little army of two strong cousins, and I had already sucked off one of them, in all innocence, indicating that since we broke up I had become a flaming slut. Also, now Adam knew I could deep throat a man.  
  
I did not consider myself such an easy slut in reality. It was just that I was so upset by everything that had happened this past month, I was on vacation, and I had a sort of what happens in Aruba stays in Aruba attitude. So I had decided to try casual sex. Now I was paying for it.  
  
I really hoped they tried to force me to give one of them a blowjob. If so, I would try to bite off the head of their cock. I did realize, however, that was stupid, because then my victim would make sure I was seriously hurt. But it was a fantasy that kept me sane.  
  
So I was not surprised when an hour later the two cousins returned with Adam. I told them they might at least have left me the TV remote, trying to make light of my situation. But Adam surprised me by bringing Maria with him. Was she a part of this, too? I could not believe it!  
  
The first thing that happened was that Jeremiah and Zeke stripped Maria naked. Neither one of them kissed her nor molested her. Zeke tied her hands behind her back without a whimper of protest from Maria, even if tears formed at her eyes. I noticed that Maria was even more beautiful naked. Her body was perfect. She could have posed for a Rodin sculpture.  
  
Adam said, "You know what to do. Do it now," in a controlling way. I realized just then Maria was either a submissive, or she was doing this to please Adam, as I had done before with the three way and quite a few other things. Or she was simply scared of Adam. She was also further humiliated to have an audience of Zeke and Jeremiah.  
  
As Zeke had been busy with Maria, Jeremiah had been setting up a video camera on a tripod. Shit. My total humiliation would be recorded for future sexual gratification of Adam and/or his cousins. I felt nausea rising up my esophagus.  
  
Maria came to me, and mouthed the words 'I'm sorry' and lay down and proceeded to lick my labia. I am as heterosexual as they come, and just like a man may not want another man to give him a blowjob, I did not want another woman to perform such an intimate act on me.  
  
More to the point, I was bound and helpless, being watched and being recorded, and all I really wanted was to be left alone, and certainly not sexually used against my will! Sometimes though, you don't get what you want. And the Rolling Stones notwithstanding, I was definitely not going to get what I need.  
  
Women had never before performed cunnilingus on me, but trust me now that I know, I can say that women do it much better than do men. Well, in my experience most men don't even do it, and if they do, it's only so that you can become super wet and then they have a great time fucking you after.  
  
Women do not have the incentive of fucking you later. So their only goal is to give you pleasure. And women have the same equipment, so a nice woman like Maria will give me exactly when she would want done to herself. So given all this, perhaps it is not surprising that she gave me cunnilingus so wonderful I never thought it would have been possible that it could be that good. I tried to relax and enjoy it but I could not. It did not help that the three men watching us two women were making lewd and crude comments while she ate me.  
  
But the body has its own knowledge, at times independent of the mind. Even though I was having lesbian sex forced on me against my will, and I was furious with impotent rage, the ministrations of Maria led inevitably to an orgasm. I tried to hide that I was having one, but I was, and Adam could see it.  
  
Adam upped the ante, giving Jeremiah a green light, and he went over to Maria while she was doing me, and stuck a finger in her cunt to see if it was wet. Apparently it was. She too was naked, and her ass and cunt were sticking out at Jerm, and he dropped his pants and put his cock at her entry.  
  
Maria stopped doing me and jumped up and screamed, "No!" Adam then came over to her and they talked for a good five minutes. Finally, clearly resigned and defeated, she went to Jeremiah who had lost his erection. She sucked him hard, and then returned to resume eating me out. Jeremiah stuck his cock into her. I could see her eyes as he entered her, and I could see her grimace, close her eyes, and begin to cry.  
  
As he fucked her, apparently only with her obviously reluctant consent, she tried to pleasure me, but it was hard as his cock pushed her body forward and back, forward and back. I found the whole scene gross, and not at all erotic, and this rape of Maria killed the erotic component of any of this for both of us women.  
  
Okay, I called it a rape in the paragraph above, but perhaps it was more of a reluctant consent. But it's splitting hairs. She did not want Jerm to fuck her, and nobody cared except me and of course Maria herself.  
  
After Jerm shot his load into Maria, she crumpled to the floor at the foot of the bed, crying her eyes out, and the men's eyes turned to me. My reaction was one of fear and defiance.  
  
Adam said, "Hello Alison. It's nice to see you again. You look great, this is a good look for you, don't you think so boys?" The two cousins agreed with Adam. I was naked with my legs spread with my glistening wet cunt wide open and, apparently for these misogynist assholes, inviting as well.

I said, "Untie me and leave now. The consequences for you and your two pathetic cousins will be less severe. I have a friend who works in the NY office of the DA, and I'll see to it that you will strongly regret it if you take this further." I was lying about my friend; he did not exist. But it seemed like a good idea just then.  
  
"This is Aruba. The NY DA does not have jurisdiction here, Alison. Has your mind deteriorated? Your body surely has not," Adam said, and he licked his lips, looking directly at my cunt.  
  
I like complements, but this was neither the time nor the circumstances to enjoy them. Nevertheless I said, "I'm glad you still like my body. You certainly enjoyed it to the max in the past. I am aware this is Aruba you moron, but I am sure you have committed crimes in NY, and I will find them, I assure you. A woman's revenge is not a pretty thing, you asshole." This of course was bullshit, and Adam knew it.  
  
"I guess it's a risk I'll have to take," he said and he chuckled. "You know, if I had not found Maria I would still be pining away for you. You hurt me when you dumped me. Since you speak of revenge, this might be a good time and a good place to have some. What do you think, Maria?"  
  
"I think you should leave Alison alone," Maria said with no hesitation. "I had no idea you were capable of this. Forcing your disgusting, pathetic cousin on me just now is the last straw for me. You and I are finished. If you dare to rape Alison, I will be the star witness at your trial, you bastard," Maria said, wiping her tears away as her grief turned to anger.  
  
"You'll get over it, pretty lady. Jerm, take her back to her room, and help her to forget what she has seen here, okay?" Jerm licked his lips over Adam's remarks, and he tied a rope around her neck while Zeke immobilized her, and he gagged her, and then led her, still naked, from the room. Maria followed docilely, walking naked on a leash through the hallways of the hotel. She had a slump to her shoulders; she was a defeated woman. She had given up.  
  
Seeing this happen to the sweet woman Maria who stood up for me made me realize that Adam was out of control. I don't understand why his two cousins were at his beck and call for such evil purposes, but they clearly were.  
  
I guess it was a reward system, and clearly Jerm was going to get to fuck Maria again. That I guessed was a major reward, given how pretty and sexy she is. But what would be the reward for Zeke? It had to be yours truly. My immediate future was to be raped by Zeke, probably to be followed by Adam himself. Now my panic truly welled up to the surface.  
  
Thee was something about Zeke that made my flesh crawl. I don't know what it was, but the feeling was there. I said, "I think I know what you're thinking. Don't you dare rape me. And nobody else can, either. Untie me now and get out of here!" I screamed the last part as loudly as I could.  
  
"What do you think, Zeke?" Adam asked his henchman.  
  
"Can I have her first?" was his reply.  
  
"What do you think of both of us at once?" Adam asked Zeke.  
  
"I think it's logistically difficult, given the way she is tied and bound," he said.  
  
"Alison," Adam said directly to me, "We are going to have sex with you. Both of us. You know that. We could untie you if you cooperate; it will be more pleasant. Or we can just take you all bound and tied, as you are. Your choice."  
  
I said nothing, I only glowered.  
  
"Qui tacet consentit," Adam said. "We'll take her one at a time. Zeke, you can indeed go first."  
  
My heart sank at that moment. They gagged me to muffle my screams. Apparently Zeke likes to ass fuck, and he was frustrated since I was tied and bound on my back. But Adam and Zeke together raised my legs and then retied them so that each leg was over a shoulder. This exposed both my cunt and my asshole at the same time. It was all Zeke needed.  
  
Zeke was not completely brutal. He massaged my ass a bit to loosen it up and he had brought some lubricating jelly. But it still hurt like hell when he stuck his thick cock into my asshole. As my asshole adjusted and dilated a bit, the pain subsided, but this was a case of endurance for me.  
  
It was only the second time anyone had ass fucked me, and I was still getting used to the idea. My ass felt really full. But I could see why people liked it; it was especially nice when Zeke, to my complete surprise, began to finger my clit while he did me. That helped, I assure you.  
  
When Zeke was done and had shot his load into my asshole, Adam immediately got on the bed and stuck his large prick into my cunt. I was not at all wet, and it was a rough sex fuck. But at least his cock was where nature intended it to be, and not in my ass.  
  
By the time Adam unloaded in me I was a mess, and exhausted from protesting. They both stood over me, looking at my swollen and red cunt, gloating over their triumph. Then Zeke asked Adam if he could have me deep throat him. Adam's face became an evil mask with a twisted grin.  
  
"Yeah," was all Adam said.  
  
Zeke got on the bed and stuck his cock at my mouth, which remained resolutely closed. Adam said, "Hold her nose closed, Zeke." He did, and finally I had to open my mouth to breath, and as soon as I did, in went his cock. He pushed it all the way in, up to his balls, and the entire engorged cock was in my mouth and throat.  
  
I was completely passive. I even let my teeth brush against his cock. Every time he pulled out I refused to open my mouth and he had to use the nose trick again. He became frustrated.  
  
Adam told him to stop, it was pointless. Instead he should either fuck me again, or perhaps he could like to fuck Maria? Zeke got excited at the idea of fucking Maria; apparently today was the first time either Jeremiah or Zeke had been given permission (by Adam, not by Maria) to fuck her.  
  
Adam called his room and spoke a good 5 minutes with Maria before he told Zeke it was okay, she would let him do her.  
  
After Zeke left, thank God, Adam said, "Don't worry about Maria. That's the fifth time she has sworn to leave me. But even after having said that, she's going to let Zeke do her for me. She's my bitch, and I love her for it."  
  
Zeke had reapplied my gag once he gave up on having me suck him so I could not answer. But if I could have spoken I would have sneered, "I'm happy for you."  
  
Adam left me tied and gagged and spoke to me. "I hope you enjoyed being bound and gagged, my love. (What? I thought.) Now you know what you were missing, I guess. (Yeah, I was missing being taken against my will. Poor me, I thought.) It's good, isn't it? (No.) You have no idea how much I miss you and pine for you (First right thing you've said, Adam.)"  
  
Adam continued, "I was in a state of depression and despair when you left me. I thought I'd never find another true love like you. Maria saved me. She is a wonderful woman (and you abuse her constantly, I thought), but she is not you, by a long shot (I guess not. You could never have controlled me as you do her. She is scared of you, I thought.)"  
  
"I hope you enjoyed making love with me (really, you call raping me making love? Seriously?), and also enjoyed the sex with Zeke. With the four fucks plus Maria's action I hope you enjoyed yourself to the max (now I know you are delusional, I thought. Have you lost your mind?)"  
  
"Now I assume you are upset, since you did not have a choice in any of this and in fact resisted it (so you are connected to reality after all, you rapist creep, I thought.) So I will leave you alone with Fox News to reflect on this for a while. If you agree not to scream, I will remove your gag. Blink twice if you agree," Adam finished. I blinked twice. He removed my gag.  
  
I tried to sound calm, "Not Fox News. Give me the remote. And before you ask, I do not appreciate being raped to the noise of the empire Roger Ailes created; even if I guess in some sense it is the most appropriate noise to listen to while being raped."  
  
"You always did appreciate my thinking," Adam said. "See you in a little while. Maybe we can have sex again, we'll see. I'm sure Jeremiah would love to fuck you. But for now, I have to see how Maria is doing."  
  
I said, in a quiet voice, "Good luck with that."  
  
I had to get free. I knew that. I did not know how much time I had so I began trying the instant Adam left my room. My hands were handcuffed to the bed so that was hopeless, but my legs were only tied up. If only I could get to a phone. I did not know to whom I could call for help, but I would call, that was for sure.  
  
I had no ideas, and was beginning to panic. The more I struggled to free myself, the tighter the bonds on the ropes became. Just as I was on the verge of a full-blown panic attack, a knock came on the door, and a woman's voice said, "Turn down service."  
  
"Yes, please!" I called at the top of my voice. The woman came in, saw me, and it was clear she did not know what to do: to help me or to run away? I begged her to free me, and she closed the door and struggled to free my legs, finally doing it. She looked around for the key to the handcuffs and finally found it and freed my hands. I put $50 in her hands and thanked her profusely.  
  
"I need to get away," I said, and she nodded. She stayed while I got dressed, and we left the room together. Before leaving I grabbed the video camera Adam and cousins had set up on a tripod and took it with me, putting it and my tiny amount of clothes in the laundry bag the hotel supplied.  
  
I went to the front desk and checked out of the hotel and immediately went to one of the taxis waiting out front. "The airport, please," I said. I had forgotten about my suitcase being delivered to the hotel, but that was a small detail, compared with the need for a rapid escape.  
  
It was a struggle to go home, since all the planes were full. I bought standby tickets on two different airlines, and finally got a seat on one of them, and relaxed only once the airplane was in the air.  
  
As soon as I was back in New York, I called my friend who was a complete paranoid right from the airport. I told her what I needed and she knew whom I was to call. I called the man and asked if I could come right over there, explaining I was at the airport.  
  
When I entered his "office" on St. Mark's Place on the third floor of a small building in the east village, I told him the entire story of Aruba and the rape. I wanted my apartment watched remotely and I wanted to know if anyone ever tried to enter it.  
  
"May I make a suggestion?" he said.  
  
"Yes, of course, I would appreciate any help you can offer," I replied.  
  
"I can also place cameras in Adam's apartment if you give me his address. You will know when he leaves and perhaps prepare yourself, maybe with some mace or a Taser or whatever. Don't get a gun: he could take it away from you, and then you could be the gun's first victim. And besides you would probably be breaking the law in New York," he said.  
  
"I hate guns. No problem there," I said. "Yes, please do everything." He tld me he would link it all up with an app on my cell phone.  
  
I went home feeling a little better, although still anxious. I knew it would not be too hard for Adam to learn where I lived. I thought about going to visit my sister in Chicago, but I had a job, and had already taken too much time off for my "vacation" in Aruba while mourning the death of my father. I rented a safe deposit box at one of the few bank branches in New York that still offered them, and put the Video camera in it.  
  
The next day the phone rang. It was Mark, the man who took me on a date in Aruba, and whom I flashed in the parking lot, which is how Adam discovered I was there. He asked me if I was the Alison Sullivan he had met in Aruba. All I had to do was to say no. Instead I said yes, and I agreed to go out with him the next night, for dinner and dancing.  
  
Mark was right on time. With him he brought my carry-on. He had told the front desk at the Aruba hotel that he was my brother and that I had asked him to bring it back for me. They were happy to be rid of it.  
  
I tried to look pretty for him, and I wore an outfit with serious cleavage, since I knew he liked my boobs. Mark looked great: he wore a really nice suit; I assume he had come directly from work to get me. He took me to a nice restaurant that had live music and a dance floor. We danced together, and for the slow dances he took some liberties, with his hands roaming over my body, especially my ass.  
  
I must have looked a bit slutty to others, I suspect, letting a man do that to me in public on a dance floor, but I figured people would assume we were just young and in love, and not on only our second date! When it got late, around midnight, he hailed a taxi and took me home. He walked me to the door, and I invited him in.  
  
As we entered we were confronted by Adam and Jeremiah, who were there waiting for me. I had been lost in the excitement of my date and forgot to check the video feeds on my iPhone. I was horrified, and I am sure Mark was surprised.  
  
"How did you fucking get in here?" I said. And before he could answer I said, "Mark, this is my psychotic former boyfriend and his dim witted cousin who together tied me up and raped me, both of them, in Aruba."  
  
Mark had not told me yet, but I found out later he had been an Army Ranger until recently, and he said menacingly, "Leave now, and leave the lady alone." Then he added, "Wait. First empty your pockets on the table. I want to make sure you have not stolen anything. The backpack too, asshole."  
  
Adam said, "Fuck you, stranger. We don't take orders from you. We're two and you're one. Good luck with those odds," and Adam moved towards Mark menacingly, as I cowered in a corner, crying. Adam is a big man, and muscular. He would scare the bejesus out of most men. Mark is not a typical man, however.  
  
What happened next was a blur, but when I looked up I saw Jeremiah on the floor clutching his knee, and Adam flat on his back groaning in pain, and with Mark's foot on his neck. "I believe Alison," he said. "I don't want to get her or myself in trouble by killing you both, even if I want to do that. You are guilty of home invasion, and before you try this again make sure you have great medical coverage. I could easily make it six months before you could screw another woman. It would take me only two minutes to do it to both of you assholes."  
  
He let Adam go, and Adam helped Jeremiah stumble out of my apartment. When they were gone, Mark told me to change the locks. Tonight.  
  
I nodded quietly, and when I recovered more fully from the shock, I went to Mark and said, "My hero," and I threw my arms around his neck, kissing his neck, saying "Thank you, thank you," in between kisses.  
  
Mark didn't try anything with me, realizing I was too upset, but when I invited him to spend the night he agreed, feeling I needed not to be alone. He was so right. He was a good man. I was falling for him. There was no sex that night; I was too flustered to be able to relax, and Mark knew it.  
  
The next morning it was Saturday, and neither Mark nor I had to work. We took turns in the bathroom, and then he asked if he could take me out for brunch. Could he ever! I agreed in a heartbeat and gave him a kiss. He kissed me right back and then we stood in my living room and simply kissed for a long time. Nothing else. It was wonderful.  
  
It was a pretty fall day, so he took me to a place with tables outdoor on the sidewalk. I had a screwdriver and French toast, and he had a bloody Mary and an omelet, and we talked a long time. It turned out we had a lot more in common than that he liked the way my boobs looked. He was, as it turns out, a great guy.  
  
We decided to see a matinee movie, even though usually I hate to go to the movies in the daytime, unless it is pouring rain. But I just wanted to be with Mark more. I found him fun, exciting, sweet, but most of all protective, and boy did I need that just then.  
  
The movie theater was only ¼ full. Everybody else was enjoying the sunshine, I guess. We sat in the back row, and I expected to spend much of the movie kissing Mark. I was not disappointed. After ten minutes of kissing, he stuck his hands under my blouse and caressed my bra-covered boobs.  
  
He unhooked my bra, with me leaning forward to give him access to the hook. I managed to take my bra off to give him complete access to my boobs under my blouse, but then he unbuttoned my blouse, exposing my boobs to his eyes, and those of anyone else who for one reason or another might look at a couple in the last row of the theater.  
  
I found myself getting wet from being on discreet display. After all, we were in the last row, and the theater was dark. Nevertheless at least one man, going to get popcorn or to the restroom or whatever, got a good look at the lewd display of my boobs, and he actually stopped and stared for a good half minute or so.  
  
Mark then went to work on my skirt. I thought this was going too far, and put my hand on his to signal him to stop. So I managed to keep my skirt on, but he still reached into it and pulled off my panties, right there in the theater. I even lifted my hips to help him to slide them off. Next his hand snaked up underneath my skirt and reached my cunt.  
  
Mark began to finger me with one hand, while he stroked my boobs with the other. As he fingered me, his arm "inadvertently" pushed my skirt up, and eventually my skirt became bunched up around my waist. Now anyone who looked could see both my boobs and my snatch. Only the darkness of the theater provided some modesty, and not much at that. The same man, returning with popcorn, took a good look at the now more spectacular show of my body in the throws of sexual molestation. I was basically naked except for a thin strip of my bunched up skirt at my waist.  
  
Not only did the man see me there naked, but he saw Mark's fingers in my snatch, and his other hand caressing my boobs and tweaking my nipples, while his mouth was kissing my shoulder and moving down towards my boobs.  
  
I began to breath heavily, and I allowed myself soft moans to let Mark know how good he was making me feel. The fact that we were in a theater, and that I barely knew Mark, turned me on even more. I guess I find it erotic to be a slut, and all the more so to be a slut on display.  
  
Mark was the first man to make me cum since my father died. I realized Maria had been the first woman to make me cum, ever, when Adam forced her to eat me out while I was tied up and bound to the bed in Aruba.  
  
After the theater I looked Mark in his eyes, and I said, "Take me home now Mark. You can do whatever you want with and to me. I am yours, you gorgeous man."  
  
When we got inside my apartment, I still had no bra and no panties, so undressing me was fast and easy. I slowly undressed him. Then to his surprise I took his cock into my mouth, licking the head with my tongue, and tickling his balls with my fingers.  
  
I moved my mouth to his balls and engulfed them, then licked his shaft in lollipop style. I pumped his now wet cock with my hand for a bit, and then I played my best card, slowly engulfing more and more of his cock until I had the whole thing in my mouth and throat, right down to his balls. I would not let it go, as I fucked his cock with my mouth. As I blew him I stroked his chest, playing with his chest hair.  
  
Next I moved so that my boobs were over his chest, my nipples just barely touching his stomach, while I fucked his cock with my mouth. He began to groan with pleasure. I began to moan too, as giving him such pleasure was erotic for me, as well. My cunt was soaking wet.  
  
I let him blow his load right down my throat. It was a lot of cum, but I managed to swallow all of it. Done, I lay down on the bed next to him, my boobs sticking straight up (well actually, they kind of sag to the side, but that's less fun to brag about), and my legs together, discretely hiding my soaking wet opening.

No words were said as we both lay there, emotionally drained by the events of the past 24 hours. Mark then got up, and I hoped he was not going to leave me! Instead he went to the toilet and urinated, then came back and lay on the bed and ate me out to a raging orgasm, my second that afternoon, the first one having been in the theater.  
  
At that point I said, "I'm on the pill, Mark. Cum inside me." This was a not subtle hint, and Mark took it and climbed up on me, stuck his cock inside me and plunged it all the way in right away, since I was already as wet as the Hudson river, a view of which we could see from the window.  
  
As he was pumping in and out of me, he suddenly stopped, pulled out, and led me off the bed into the living room, and placed me over a chair, exposing my cunt and asshole to him.  
  
The blinds were up, and this meant people in apartments across the street could see into my apartment. He turned all the lights on, making us more visible in the daytime. Then he turned the chair so that I was on full display to my neighbors, and he entered me from behind. I quickly came a third time, this time I think just from the idea that people could be watching us fuck.  
  
I was surprised Mark had picked up on this aspect of my personality. I myself had only recently begun to realize I had this perversion. Maybe my total lack of restraint in the movie theater was a big hint.  
  
After we fucked, Mark waited until nightfall, when we became completely visible, and then he stripped me again and took me again in a different way and in a different spot, but such that our fucking was easily viewable by our neighbors.  
  
I felt embarrassed and ashamed and deliciously sinful. He made me cum yet again. My previous record was two orgasms in one day. With Mark we had achieved four. I was hooked.  
  
Mark and I dated for three months, before he was reactivated ino the military. He was a dream lover, and the love of my life. There was nothing bout him I did not love, even cherish. I wrote him love letters every day. I enclosed sexy selfies of myself, too. At first, I took one of myself naked, but only my backside. The sides of my boobs could be seen, too.  
  
When Mark asked for more, I sent him a selfie of me topless. He loved it, and he told me his unit loved it too, and they were all crazy about me. I fingered myself to orgasm when I read that, and thought about all of those soldiers masturbating to pictures of me. So I got a girlfriend to take a full frontal of me. I posed myself demurely, with my hands together covering most of my cunt.  
  
I bought a really long dildo and I sent him three pictures: One of my lips kissing the dildo, a second one with half of the dildo in my mouth, and the third one with the entire dildo disappearing into my mouth and down my throat.  
  
Finally, I had my girlfriend take a picture of me with w dildo sticking out of my cunt, and my eyes half closed in a simulation of an orgasm. Mark wrote back that every man in his unit was totally jealous of him. They all wanted to possess me, but I was his, and his alone.  
  
I thought about writing to him offering to have a threesome with one of his soldier friends, but I did not want to risk it.  
  
His letters stopped coming. I figured he was somewhere far from the mail service people, out in the wilderness. But then I got the news. His mother called me. Mark died from an "improvised explosive device" along a roadway where his jeep was travelling.  
  
I was devastated, inconsolable. I had lost my father, and now I had lost my Mark. My strong, wonderful, protective Mark. The man I loved. The man I so wanted to hold in my arms one more time. I went to see his mother and we cried together for hours.  
  
My sex life and sexual urges just closed down. I was not sure I wanted to go on living without Mark. I missed him so much. What eventually helped was going to my safe deposit box and finding the recording of my rapes.  
  
I don't understand this, but I would watch myself get eaten out by Maria, and then raped by Jeremiah and Adam, twice each, and I would masturbate myself while watching the tapes. It was sick. I thought about getting treatment, but did not. I came every time I watched the video.  
  
One thing that helped was my friendship with Maria. That blossomed, and when she finally left Adam (with lots of encouragement from me) she moved in with me for a couple of months. We talked long hours about Mark, and his untimely death, and my pathetic attempts to deal with it.  
  
One time Maria decided to force me to go out and mingle with the rest of humanity, especially the male half of humanity. She dressed both of us in outfits showing lots of cleavage, and skirts that were just a little too short. We went to a bar in the East Village. I think, at 25, we may have been the two oldest people in the bar.  
  
Nevertheless, quite a few men seemed interested in us. We were bought lots of drinks, and as it got late, a rowdy early 20s crowd of men surrounded us and wanted us to flash them out tits. Maria went to the ladies room and came out holding her bra to massive cheers, and then she lifted her blouse for a couple of seconds. This was not enough, so she had to do it again, and this time she held it up for a good 15 seconds or so.  
  
Then the entire rowdy crowd ganged up on me. After some noble resistance, I finally caved and went to the ladies and emerged dangling my bra in my hands. One guy grabbed it and called out my cup size (I'm a C cup). Then I flashed and also had to flash again.  
  
I looked for Maria and saw she was making out with two men. One guy she was kissing, and another had pushed up her blouse and was fondling her tits in front of the group of men. A third guy was snaking his arm up her skirt. When he reached her panties he pushed them aside and began to finger her. She moaned a bit and then pushed the men away and said, "Too much, boys."  
  
The same thing was beginning to happen to me as well, and Maria whistled loudly and everyone stopped. "I'm sorry boys, but this is too much. We are one guy at a time girls. It's late, and we drank too much, so I think we'll say goodnight now."  
  
There were groans all around and it seemed as if it might not be so easy for us to leave. I began to feel panic welling up inside me. Then Maria said, "Okay, listen boys. We'll have a lottery, okay? There will be two winners. I'll suck off one of the winners, and Alison here will do the other. You all get to watch, and then you let us leave. Agreed?"  
  
I was a little peeved that Maria had just volunteered me to give a blowjob to stranger, but I had to admit it was a good strategy, given the circumstances. One enterprising young man said, "Yeah, we'll agree, if you both suck him off topless!"  
  
Then another said, "Bottomless, too! We want you both naked."  
  
We refused, worried if we got naked and started a blowjob, someone there would find our ass or our cunt irresistible, you know what I mean? But the men kept the pressure on us relentlessly, and they bought us more drinks to the point where we were much too drunk, and the result was we both did a hyper sexy strip tease little dance right there in the bar.  
  
The men could not get over how beautiful Maria looks when she is naked. Hell she looks beautiful at all times, but when she is naked it's clear she has no imperfections at all. Oh yes, they also liked my body. To be honest, I think they'd like any naked woman drunk and late at night in a bar, but they really did like the bodies of us two.  
  
The winners of the lottery presented their cocks to us, and we began to fellate them. We're both pretty good at it, but I cleverly kept my secret weapon in reserve. Both men had big cocks, but I got the guy who was longer. His cock actually was very long, and that makes a deep throat visually all the more effective.  
  
Our fears were well founded, since as we sucked them off men began to fondle my ass and rub my exposed cunt. I shoed their hands away each time, and pulled my mouth off the cock I was sucking in order to shoe them away.  
  
Maria was not as diligent as I, and she just sucked away and ignored what men's hands were doing to her cunt and ass. I think she may have liked it. One guy saw her lack of protest, unzipped, and stuck his cock right into her warm and wet cunt. She just went right on sucking, so he fucked her but good.  
  
As I sucked my guy, I saw that Maria was letting someone fuck her and I began to worry even more. But my tactic of swatting away any attempts seemed to work, thank goodness.  
  
After I got my guy reasonably close to shooting his load, I used my secret weapon and deep throated him. A large gasp, which morphed into a cheer, enveloped the bar. Maria looked at me with her mouth full of cock and her cunt full of cock, and she winked. She knew I had used my secret weapon.  
  
Maria and I escaped at the cost of two blowjobs and a fuck. But we had to admit we enjoyed everything. Having that rowdy crowd of men watch us so closely was the food of fantasies for me for months to come.  
  
Six months later a soldier who had served with Mark contacted me. He asked if he could come over to see me. He had something he thought I would want. I tried to dress nicely to meet him and wore a nice perfume. His name is Chris, and as soon as I saw him I knew he was a good man.  
  
I invited him in and we talked a long time reminiscing about Mark. He was able to tell me what a great leader Mark was, and how he always looked out for the men he commanded. At one point, remembering Mark, he had to fight back tears. I put my hand on his to comfort him, and he brought it to his lips and kissed my hand. With that kiss he won my heart.  
  
After an hour or more of us just talking, I reminded him he had said he had something he thought I would want. He said, "Oh, yeah, here you are," and he handed me a large envelope. Inside were all the love letters I had written to Mark, and also the erotic pictures I had sent to him, well used not just by Mark but also no doubt his entire unit.  
  
Chris saw me looking at the pictures of me I had sent Mark and he said, "Alison, you are even more beautiful in person than you are in the wonderful pictures you sent. Your pictures were like rays of sunshine in a dreary day. Every one of them is burned into my brain, and I think I can speak for our entire unit when I say that." I blushed, since I was so embarrassed at the idea of all these men seeing me in these revealing and intimate poses, but basically I melted with affection when he said that.  
  
One thing led to another and I ended up redoing my poses live for him. I posed for all of them, I even did the one with the dildo down my throat, and the one with the dildo in my cunt. I saved that one for last, and as I pumped the dildo in and out of my cunt in front of Chris, he said, "Alison, you have no idea how jealous I am of that dildo right now."  
  
I stopped the dildo and took it out, putting it down, and realized what I had done. My God, I had been acting like a total slut and a huge tease. Chris' cock was straining at his pants. I sat there naked and looked at Chris. He looked back at me, enjoying the view.  
  
I was now naked, having reenacted the dildo photo, and we talked for a while with me being naked. I was nervous, and talking non stop, but Chris just kept staring at me. At one point I ran out of words, and just looked at him, my eyes drifting down to the tent in his pants and staying there.  
  
Chris began to remove his pants. He went very slowly, so that I could tell him to stop at any moment. I did not. Instead I lay back on the bed, and spread my legs so wide that I was almost doing the splits. When Chris released his erect cock from his pants, I whispered, "I'm on the pill."  
  
Chris took the hint, and lovingly fucked me. His style was different from all of my previous men (not that many, only six), and completely lovely. He was the first man I fucked since Mark's death, and he made me cum, too.  
  
In the afterglow of our fuck, Chris asked if he could see me again. I said, "Really, Chris? We just made wonderful love and you think I might not want to see you again? Well let me set you right: How about tomorrow?"  
  
Chris picked me up right after work the next day. He's a keeper. His only flaw is that he is not an exhibitionist. But I'm sure he can learn. I'm going to start in on him soon.