**Laura and Alex**

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I couldn't believe that after all these years my old desires were still as pleasurable as ever. Maybe it was something that had always lain dormant in me; something that I tried to repress, but it had only needed a slight trigger to rise to the surface again.

I am 29 and I have been married for seven years to a wonderful guy called Alex. Life was wonderful. I loved Alex and I loved our exciting sex life. He was a great lover. That was one of the reasons that I couldn't understand why I was still having these urges, the same ones I had ten years ago, the ones I thought my life with Alex had cured me of.

At the time, the doctor had explained to my worried mother that it was probably caused by my repressed sexual desires. This was probably due in some part to my strict religious upbringing and my rebellious teenage nature.

My father was a lay preacher at the local Methodist chapel; Sundays were a day of prayer. We all attended the chapel at least three times on Sunday: morning and evening services and bible classes in the afternoon. My father was always going on about the sins of the flesh, and I often wondered just how I came to be born in the first place.

As a young girl growing up, I accepted the strict rules of my parents, but when I reached my teenage years, problems started. I wanted to be like my friends, go out to clubs, and dress like they did. This of course caused problems. My skirts, according to my father, were always too short and my necklines cut too low.

By the time I was 18, my body had developed fully. My mother was a shapely woman and I followed suit. I wore my first a bra at 13, and by the time I reached 18, I had matured to a C cup. This was much to the delight of the many local guys, whom I allowed to explore my assets on the back row of the cinema.

It was also during my 18th year that I lost my virginity while on a college weekend. I did not have a regular boyfriend at the time. I preferred to mix with everyone. It happened while we were out on an orienteering course. I had been teamed up with two guys, Brad and Eric, and my friend Gail.

We all managed to get lost. I still don't know if it were done purposely or not, but we finished up miles from anywhere. It was a scorching hot day and we were all tired and fed up; then we found this little brook and some trees, a welcome shelter from the sun.

Brad and Eric took off their shoes and jumped into the cool water, and Gail and I followed suit. It was lovely in the water and a welcome relief. We made our way downstream and found a deep pool. The guys waded to the bank and removed there shirts and pants, and attired just in their boxers, dived into the deep water. They came up grinning and suggested we follow.

Gail looked at me and shrugged. "Why not?" she said. "There's no one else around." With that she made her way to the side of the pool and quickly stripped off her jeans and sweater, and much to the guy's delight, joined them in just her bra and panties. Although I was a little concerned at the time about displaying myself in the open, I quickly followed suit.

It was lovely in the water, but I could not help noticing how the guys were looking at me. It was Gail who whispered in my ear that I was exposing rather a lot of myself. I looked down and to my shock and horror, I realised that the water had caused my brief undies to become almost transparent.

At first I wanted to get out and cover myself, but then I started to feel quite excited to be on show like this. I know it was very naughty, but I was actually starting to enjoy it.

After a while, we scrambled back onto the bank. We had not brought any towels with us so we lay on the grass and allowed the sun to dry us.

Every time I looked over at the guys, I caught them looking at me. It gave me a very warm feeling, and I noticed with some surprise that both of them were trying their best to hide the bulges in their boxers. I was quite disappointed when at last we were dry enough to dress again.

We at last made our way back to the lodge where we were staying, and not surprisingly, we were the last team to arrive. After the meal that evening, we played games and drank some light wine. Around ten o'clock people began to wander off to bed. Brad and Eric invited us to their room where they had an extra supply of wine. I was not a big drinker in those days, and after a couple of glasses, I was feeling a little light headed.

I don't quite remember how it started, but the next thing I knew, I was in Brad's arms and his tongue was down my throat. I shivered with expectancy when I felt his hand under my sweater, and soon he was cupping my lightly covered breast. Over on the other bed, Gail was engrossed with Eric.

Brad, it seemed, was quite experienced, and my bra clasp posed no difficulties to him. Soon I was groaning as he rolled my sensitive nipples between his fingers. Quickly, my shirt and bra were removed, and I saw the look of hunger in his eyes as he looked down on my naked breasts. Then his lips were on them, sucking the hard nipples in turn. It felt wonderful.

I did have a moment of concern when I felt his fingers tugging on the fastenings of my jeans, but by then I knew I wanted to experience everything. I knew where he was going, and when he managed to at last get them undone, I raised myself off the bed to allow him to slide them down my legs.

Now I was left with only a brief pair of panties. I was in unexplored territory; no one had ever gone this far with me before. I had allowed them the pleasures of my breasts, but when exploring hands had wandered down below my waist, I had always stopped things. Now it was different I wanted Brad to go further. I wanted Brad to go all the way.

I felt his hand drift slowly across my stomach. I breathed in, holding it tight, and then his hands were on my panties. I bit my lip trying not to cry out. My fingers were clenched tightly on the bedclothes. Then his hand at last touched my pussy. I sighed and clung to him as I felt him cup it in his hand, parting my legs slightly. My whole body shivered with excitement.

Slowly he traced a finger up and down my tight slit. I could feel the dampness of my panties sticking to my skin. Then he was easing them aside, and at last he was touching me. I felt a finger slid inside me. I groaned and gripped him even tighter. Then his finger moved upwards and I almost screamed as I felt his finger on my most sensitive part, the tender nub of my clit.

I reached down and quickly eased my panties over my hips and down to mid thighs. I did not want anything to hinder his progress. Now he had two fingers inside me and his thumb was doing exciting things to my clit. I had never experienced such feelings. How wrong my father had been about the sins of the flesh; they were wonderful.

Then Brad began to struggle trying to use one hand with his own clothes. I helped him as he stripped off his shirt. He pulled open his belt and I pushed down his Jeans. It was at that moment I felt the hardness of his erection pushing against me. He took my hand and placed it over his hard cock. I gasped! He was so hard! I gripped it tightly, but my fingers would not quite go around it. It was a strange and exhilarating experience to be holding a man's cock in my hand for the first time.

He placed his hand over mine and rubbed my hand up and down the hard length of his cock. He was so big! As I continued to rub him, he pushed his boxers down, and now we were both naked. He leaned over and kissed me tenderly. "You are very exciting," he said breathlessly.

"I want you. Please," I said.

Then he was lying between my legs. He raised my knees, and I closed my eyes and gripped tightly onto the bedclothes as I felt the wonderful sensation as he rubbed the head of his cock up against the lips of my pussy. I could feel his juices mixing with mine. I spread my legs as wide as I could as I felt him begin to enter me.

Suddenly his progress stopped. He looked down at me. "My God, Laura, you're a virgin!" he said.

I nodded and smiled up at him and kissed him. "But hopefully not for long." He smiled and gently eased himself forward. I thrust my body up to meet him. There was a sharp pain and then he was through. I cried out and wrapped my legs around him pulling him urgently into my body, a woman's body at last.

I thoroughly enjoyed my first sexual experience, and my first orgasm. I thanked him as we lay in each other's arms afterwards recovering. After we recovered, he took me for a second time. This time he showed me the doggie position. I found the extra penetration exciting and was turned on even more when I saw Eric sitting on his bed beside the sleeping Gail watching us and rubbing his hands along a hard erection.

He smiled as he came over and sat on the bed beside us, still rubbing on his cock with one hand. He reached under me and began to caress my hanging breasts, pulling on my already extended nipples. The feeling was now unbelievable with Brad fucking me from the rear and Eric playing with my breasts. I soon reached another wonderful orgasm.

I collapsed onto the bed exhausted but satisfied. Brad rolled off the bed and made his way to the toilet. I felt Eric's hand caressing my butt, sliding down between my thighs into the wetness seeping from my pussy. The touch of his hand was arousing me again. I parted my legs to give him further access, and groaned when I felt his fingers slide into the warm welcoming wetness of my pussy.

I glanced down to see him still stroking himself. I placed my hand over his and he moved his to allow me space to grip him. He was not quite as large as Brad, but hard and long. I looked up and saw Brad come back into the room. He looked at the pair of us and smiled. "Are you ready for more?" he asked. I nodded.

"Well, I will let Eric have you as long as I get something in return." I looked at him as he took his now semi limp cock in his hand. "You go down on this while Eric screws you." I knew what he wanted, but it was something I had never thought I could do; take a man in my mouth. But what the hell, I was a woman now, and this was what women did for their men.

Brad got up onto the bed and propped himself up against the bed head, spreading his legs apart. I positioned myself on my knees as I had been shown and looked down at his cock, the cock that had already been inside me twice. I took it in my hands. This time it was softer. I leaned down and tentatively lifted it to my lips. I licked the end-- it tasted slightly salty.

I felt Eric's erection beginning to open me up, and I steeled myself as I felt him slowly ease himself into the tightness of my welcoming pussy. He gripped my thighs and began to fuck me slowly, enjoying the experience.

As I ran my tongue over Brad's cock, I felt it beginning to rise and thicken. I at last opened my lips and allowed him inside my mouth. I couldn't believe the excitement I was now feeling as Eric slowly pumped into me from the rear and I sucked on Brad's quickly growing erection. When I felt Eric quicken his pace, I guessed he was about to cum, and I worked harder on Brad. I did not know what to expect. Would he actually cum in my mouth or would he pull out? Suddenly Eric cried out and I felt the sensation of his warm juices flooding into me at almost the same moment. Brad gripped onto my head and thrust it down onto his cock. I almost choked as he rammed himself deep into my throat, and then he, too, came. My mouth and throat were filled with his warm, creamy, musky tasting juices. I gagged and swallowed and felt the sensation of them sliding down my throat.

He released my head and I pulled back, his juices running from my mouth and dripping in long, sticky streams onto his legs. I have to admit that my first night of sex was very fulfilling; I had totally enjoyed the whole experience. During the next few weeks, many other similar nights followed, some with Brad on his own, and others when I was shared by the two of them.

I don't know if it were down to my strict upbringing, but I enjoyed my new sexual freedom. I loved pushing the boundaries of all that I had been taught to stay away from. I loved the freedom of nakedness, and the restrictions of not wearing clothes.

Much to the guys delight, I was happy to parade around naked or semi naked when I was over at their place. At home in my own room, I rarely wore clothes and loved to stand or lie around naked, especially when dad was about outside my room.

I hardly ever drew the drapes and would happily undress in full view of the window. We lived on a small private housing estate, and my room was overlooked by several other houses opposite. I could often see curtains being twitched and I knew people were out there watching me. What I liked best was the night time. I would stand close by the window naked with just the local lights or the moonlight for illumination. I would touch myself, and caress my breasts. I knew there were people out there watching me. I could often see movements in the shrubbery.

It all came to an end that fateful day when dad got a letter, unsigned, from somebody telling of my nocturnal exhibitions. He stormed up to my room and burst in, finding me in just my panties. He screamed at me, waving the letter, calling me a Jezebel and a whore. "Cover your whore's body," he shouted, "and get yourself out of my house; you have shamed me." Mother came up to see what the fuss was about. I had grabbed a towel and was unsuccessfully trying to cover myself with it. With some difficulty, she pulled him from the room and allowed me to dress. By the time I got downstairs, mother had calmed him down somewhat, but he refused to speak to me and insisted that she take me along to the doctor to see why I was doing such things.

Things were strained in the house after that, and just after my 19th birthday, I decided to move out and share a flat with Jane, a work colleague. At last in a place of my own, there were no restrictions and much to Jane's amusement, I rarely wore clothes around the house,

I also had a sexually fulfilling social life and had moved on from Brad and Eric. I enjoyed sex in all its forms, and I was never short of anyone to share my bed with. There was never anyone special in my life at that period, and I flitted from one man to another. Some men found me too much like hard work after a few weeks, due to my sexual demands on them. To others, I was a great one night stand, but not someone they would want to settle down with.

I had gotten a job as a legal secretary, and it was at a company Christmas party that I first met up with Alex. He was a supervisor in the accounts department, not overly attractive, but I had found him a pleasant guy to chat with on the occasions we had met up in the staff dining room. The company Christmas party was always a bit of a drunken affair, with limitless amounts of drinks being provided by our many grateful suppliers and customers. Alex had latched on to me and we drank together and danced. As the evening wore on, things got a little more intimate, and he groped my body as we shuffled around the crowded floor. I was already feeling slightly horny when he suggested that we might find somewhere a little more private.

We found an empty office and immediately his hands were all over me. He squeezed my breasts and pushed himself hard against my body. I was excited to feel an already healthy erection pushing against me. My skirt was up around my waist and my thong around my knees as he assisted me up onto a desk. He pulled off my thong and thrust himself between my legs, fumbling to loosen his pants.

Then his cock was out and pressing against my open pussy lips, spreading them. I gasped as I felt him slide inside me. My God, he was so big, I thought to myself, as my love tunnel stretched to accommodate him. He gripped me tightly and began to fuck me. At first, apart from the size, it was like any other fuck I had experienced, but to my surprise, I orgasmed quickly, and Alex continued to thrust into me relentlessly.

Several more orgasms wracked my body, but still he continued. He ripped my dress open and pawed at my breasts, pulling my bra down to expose them. He pulled and twisted my extended nipples as I cried out in ecstasy, thrusting my ravaged body up against him.

This man was insatiable, like nothing I had ever known. In the end, I was crying for release. We were both drenched in perspiration from our efforts. It was then he came. It was like a fountain exploding inside me. I was filled to overflowing; cum pooled on the desk and ran down my legs ruining my stockings as he eased himself out of me. I wrapped my arms around him and clung to him. "That was incredible," I gasped.

He kissed me tenderly on the neck. "I've wanted to do that for so long," he said.

He looked at me. I must have looked a mess with my dress up around my waist hanging open to reveal my breasts, my legs still wide apart, and my thighs and stockings running with his juices.

I tried to pull my dress together, but he stopped me. "Strip for me, Laura," he said. "I want to see you naked." I slid off the desk feeling the wetness spread under me. He watched as I removed what was left of my clothes and stood naked before him. He looked at me, then reached out and cupped my breasts. "You have such a wonderful body," he said as he slowly and tenderly massaged my breasts.

I looked down at his cock still protruding from his pants. It was slowly rising again like a thick purple headed monster, and I took it in my hands and drew them gently along its length. "You want some more?" he said.

I nodded, hungrily. "Please," I said, squeezing him with my hands.

This time he took me from the rear, laying me down over the desk. Again, it was the same; multiple orgasms and he seemed to go on longer than ever this time. I thought the pleasure would never end. At last we managed to clean ourselves up and get dressed and on slightly unsteady legs I returned to the party.

Some people had drifted away and just the hard core drinkers were left. Things now began to get a little wild. Olga, the Swedish blond receptionist, got up on a desk and much to the delight of the men, proceeded to do an extremely sexy striptease. When she was naked, she jumped down into their welcoming arms and allowed them to avail themselves of her ample assets. The last I saw of her was when she was being led away by a couple of them to a more private location for further investigation.

There were cries from the men for some of the other ladies to join in and with a little encouragement from Alex, I was assisted up onto the desk. I looked down at the sea of faces around me chanting for me to "Get 'em off." And for the second time that evening I began to remove my clothes. As I slipped out of my dress, I remembered back to those nights back home in the privacy of my bedroom when I had stripped for those unseen faces.

Eager hands clutched at my discarded dress as I tossed it into the crowd. It was a wonderfully exciting feeling knowing that everyone wanted to see me naked. I caressed my body, rubbing my hand over my pussy mound, then responding to the cries of, "Yes, Yes." I slowly loosened the clasp of my bra. It was exciting now feeling my breasts were at last free and I tossed my bra into the crowd. I cupped my breasts, squeezing on the already extended nipples, and the crowd below me cheering.

Apart from my stockings and shoes, I had just one item left, my brief white thong. It was still damp from my earlier experience with Alex. They screamed they wanted it off; they wanted to see everything. I had never felt such excitement. I could feel I was oozing wetness. I thrust my thumbs under the thin band and stood there for a moment. "Off, Off, Off," they screamed.

I gripped it tightly, and then with a tug, I ripped the brief item from my body totally exposing myself to them. I could feel the wetness running down my legs. I nearly swooned with the excitement as they all cheered and cheered.

I could see Alex looking up at me with a big grin on his face. Eager hands assisted me down off the table; others groped my exposed charms. It was exciting to feel so many hands on my body caressing my breasts, rolling my nipples, and dipping into the warm wetness between my thighs. Alex allowed them to avail themselves of me for several minutes before gently removing me from the exploring hands.

The problem now was that my clothes had completely disappeared and I had nothing apart from my stockings and shoes, not that being naked worried me at all. I guess nobody in the room was going to object while I continued to display myself to them, but I did have to go home. While I might have enjoyed the excitement of going home naked, the sight of a totally naked woman in the street might not be received well by everyone.

Alex solved the problem by providing me with his jacket. It was slightly on the short side, but it did cover the essentials. As we went down in the lift, I looked at myself in the long mirror. There was a gap of about two inches between my stocking tops and the bottom of the jacket, and the jacket being single breasted exposed rather a lot of cleavage; but at least it would get me home.

The taxi driver's eyes widened and he smiled as he pulled up for us. I saw him adjust his mirror as we settled down into the seat and I tried to make sure that everything was covered. It was about a forty minute drive back to my apartment and Alex put his arm around me and drew me to him. "I've had a wonderful evening," he said. "I do hope we are going to see more of each other."

I grinned. "I don't think there's a lot more of me for you to see."

He laughed. "You have been a great sport."

We chatted on for awhile and he said that he had never come across a woman like me who felt so comfortable about exposing her body. I smiled and told him how much it excited me. He looked up and saw the driver watching us through the rear view mirror. He smiled at me and reached down and unbuttoned the jacket. I gripped his hand as he released the last button, but then I let go and I smiled at him. He slowly eased the jacket apart, and there was a sudden blaring of car horns as the taxi swerved because the driver lost concentration.

The taxi slowed to a more leisurely pace as Alex treated the driver to an intimate exhibition of my body. He caressed my breasts and eased my legs apart allowing the driver to see his fingers enter me. He worked his fingers into me rotating my clit with his thumb. The excitement of such a blatant display brought me off quickly.

The street was empty when we at last arrived back at my apartment. Alex said he would not come up as it was so late. I was both glad and sad. I was not sure that I could have managed him again, but I would certainly have given it a go. He got out of the taxi with me and we kissed. "Bring my jacket back in with you on Monday," he said.

I smiled. "It's OK, you can take it with you," I said slipping out of it. I treated them both to a last look at my nakedness as I made my way up the steps to my door where I turned and waved at them as they pulled away.

Soon after Christmas, Alex asked me to marry him and I quickly agreed. We married in the spring. Mother came to the wedding, but my farther stayed away. That was the start of a most erotic and exciting relationship.

I found my new life with Alex rewarding and sexually satisfying.We both had the same views of life. I had quickly realised from that first meeting at the Christmas party that he got a thrill from seeing me naked and exposed before strangers. It was also something that had always excited me from being a teenager, and I was more than willing to play along with his little games.

There were trips to the supermarket with me wearing just a coat with nothing on under it and the occasional flash to unsuspecting but appreciative onlookers, and displays in department store dressing rooms where accidentally on purpose I did not pull the curtain across completely. But the ones we both enjoyed the most was the public sex. I enjoyed nothing better than Alex screwing me while we were being observed by others. It completely turned me on.

The first time we did it was at his stag party a week or so before the wedding. When he suggested it, I was completely freaked out. Just the thought of having sex with Alex while his friends looked on turned me on so completely that he had to satisfy my needs and screw me before he could explain further.

He had it all worked out. I was to be the stripper at his stag party, and because several of his friends already knew me, I would have to wear a mask to conceal my face. "Not that many of them would be looking at your face," he said with a grin. We had fun finding a costume, and toured the local costume hire shops where I tried on a naughty school girl costume, a policewoman, and even a sexy nun before we finally came up with a Salome costume that I loved. I had always fancied myself doing the dance of the seven veils.

I was excited as the evening of the party approached, and only the evening before I had greeted Alex on his return from work dressed only in a short maid's apron. I love surprising him. Not for the first time the evening meal suffered as he satisfied both our needs before we sat down to dinner.

Alex had booked a suite at the local five star hotel for his party. He had arranged for me to appear around 10 p.m. after the meal and when everyone would be getting merry. After he had left, I took a long shower and prepared myself carefully. Alex insisted that I completely shave my pubes and I carefully made sure that nothing marred my smooth pouting pussy lips. I applied a little rouge to enhance my nipples, and then slipped into the costume.

The veils were attached to two slim gold straps, one that went around my neck, the other around my waist. The first one, or the last one, depending on if you were coming or going, attached to the belt around my waist, passed between my legs, and fastened again at the rear. This would be the last one to come off and concealed the delights of my pussy. The next two attached to the neck strap and hung down covering my breasts. Finally, the last four larger ones hung around me. The material of the veils was quite transparent and my nakedness only slightly obscured by the other veils was clear to see. The costume did come with a body stocking, but I decided that this was not what Alex wanted his guests to see so I left it off. A pair of gold eastern slippers adorned my feet.

I was just about ready when the bell rang. I looked through the window and saw a taxi waiting for me in the street. I put the mask I was to wear in my overnight bag and pulled a long coat over my rather revealing costume. It was only a short ride to the hotel. I gave my name to the receptionist and she handed me a room key. I was pleased that Alex had arranged for us to stay at the hotel overnight.

I was seated before the mirror in our room doing the final touches to my make up when the phone rang. It was Alex. "Put your mask on, darling. I'm sending Peter up for you. I love you."

Peter was Alex's life long friend and he was to be the best man at our forthcoming wedding. I had only met him once before. I was getting even more excited now that the moment had actually arrived. I knew that in just a short time I would be totally naked in front of Alex's friends, and I would be again experiencing that wonderful feeling of his cock thrusting into my ever open pussy.

I adjusted my mask as the bell on the door rang. I opened the door to find Peter standing there smiling as he looked at my costume. "There's no doubt that you are the stripper for the stag party," he said. "They're ready and waiting for you. Have you got some music for me?" I smiled as I handed him a cassette we had prepared.

As we made our way down the hallway, he explained to me that it was his best friend's stag night, and he wanted me to put on a show to remember. "I'm not sure just how far you're willing to go," he said with some hesitation, "but here's an extra hundred quid for you if you're willing to do something special."

I looked at him, an amused smile on my face under the mask. "Something special?" I asked innocently. "Like what?"

His faces reddened. "Well, are you willing to go as far as actually having sex with him?"

I took the roll of notes out of his hand. "I'm sure that I can come up with something that will satisfy everyone," I said sweetly.

He told me to stay outside the door till he had arranged the music. I stood there as he disappeared. Suddenly, things inside the room went quiet, and I heard my music start up. Peter opened the door for me, and with mounting excitement about what was about to happen, I floated inside.

There was a round of applause as I entered, and I was surprised to see so many people. There must have been about fifty or so. Alex was seated in large chair in an area that had been cleared for me in the centre of the room, and after a glance around, I began my dance. The lights had been dimmed in the room, but I knew that as I lightly floated around, everyone could clearly see that I was wearing very little apart from the veils. Soon the first veils were drifting to the floor. When the third and forth veils went, I knew that my breasts were almost visible, the darkened nipples clearly showing through the thin material.

I teased them for a while, becoming more excited myself. I removed first one and then the other veil that partially obscured my breasts from view. With my breasts at last totally exposed, I caressed them, squeezing my hard nipples. I danced over to where Alex was sitting and offered them to him like ripe fruit. There was a round of applause as he leaned forward and slowly licked each protruding nipple in turn. With one last veil to go, I danced around the room, my breasts swaying gently with the movements of my body. The crowd was hushed and expectant. Inside me the excitement was mounting as fifty people looked on all eager to see my total nakedness. As the music started to die away, I pulled the last veil away revealing the delights of my totally shaven pussy. There was loud applause as the music ended. I slowly made my way over to where Alex was sitting and sank down onto my knees before him.

He licked his lips and the crowd looked on in awed silence as I began to unfasten his pants and slide down his zip. With some difficulty, I managed to extract his already erect cock from the confines of his pants. It stood proud in my hands as I ran my hands along it length. Then there was a loud groan from the people watching as I leaned forward and took him in my mouth and began to work on him, sliding my lips up and down his hard cock. I think he was so turned on by my performance that it did not take much effort to make him come. The watching crowd cheered as I gratefully swallowed every last drop, and came away licking my lips.

I got up from my knees and walked over towards the crowd. It was exciting to see them all gazing hungrily at my naked body, everyone wishing they were in Alex's position. I smiled at them as I selected a chair which I carried back and placed in front of Alex. Then bending over the chair, I rested my hands on the seat and spread my legs. In this position, I knew Alex could see the pink wetness of my slightly spread pussy lips. It was an open invitation, one which he quickly accepted.

He was quickly up behind me and there was a cheer from around the room as he speared his weapon into my waiting hole. Then grabbing my thighs, he began to fuck me with vigor with the crowd cheering him on. I couldn't believe how exciting and randy it made me to be fucked like this, standing naked in front of his friends while he plowed into me.

There was even more encouragement when he finally came, and I cried out as he pumped his juices into my womb. Then he took me a second time, this time laid out across a table, my legs over his shoulders, his hands gripping into the firm flesh of my breasts.

At last the show was over. Peter had gathered up my discarded costume and he escorted me back to the room. He thanked me for making his friend's night so special. "You put on a great show for us," he said. Later, as I relaxed in a warm bath, letting the warm scented water sooth my body, I waited for the party to finish knowing that there was still more work for me to do when Alex at last returned to me.

Laura and Alex: The Honeymoon

Our wedding at the local Registry Office went off without a hitch. Jane, my old room mate, was my bridesmaid and Peter the best man. I was pleased to see mom again and I think she liked Alex, but then again, who wouldn't? Reception was at the hotel where Alex had spent his stag night and that brought back pleasant memories.

We stayed at the hotel overnight and, in bed that night, Alex fucked me like there was no tomorrow. He said it was his wedding present to his beautiful wife. The following day we flew to the beautiful Greek Island of Santorini for our honeymoon.

From the airport a local taxi transported us on the thirty minute drive over to the village of Oia perched high on the cliffs overlooking the volcanic islands of the Caldera basin and sparkling blue Aegean Sea.

Our home for the next fortnight was the honeymoon suite of the Kirini Suites, a luxury block of apartments, standing high on the cliff. We were shown to our rooms by an attractive olive skinned hotel porter .The rooms were perfect and complete with our spa pool located on an open patio that overlooked the black sandy beaches.

I was hot and tired after our journey and the pool looked so inviting that I quickly slipped out of my dress, discarded my bra, and slipped into the cool water. Alex quickly followed me. After a refreshing bubble, I climbed from the pool, discarded my wet panties, and lay down naked on one of the loungers. Alex stood over me smiling. "I think you should remain like that for the rest of the holiday," he said, grinning wickedly.

After a short rest, we unpacked and sorted our clothes, changed into fresh outfits, and walked hand in hand down the steep steps towards the beach in search of a place to eat. We found a nice little bar overlooking the sea. A crisp Greek salad with fresh warm bread and a bottle of the local wine soon had us both feeling more relaxed and comfortable.

As we looked out over the beach, I was excited to see that most of the women were topless. Some were wearing the popular miniscule thongs and looked almost naked. Alex smiled. "I think this place should suit us very nicely," he said, eyeing one gorgeous Scandinavian looking blond whose costume consisted of a small triangle of material no more than three inches at its widest point.

After our meal, we strolled around the small village and checked out what was available. After seeing what the locals were wearing, Alex did not argue when I dragged him into a small but expensive boutique and purchased a couple of the minute string thongs. There was no way I was going to be outdone by the local talent.

We made our way slowly back to the Kirini, and I could not wait to try on my purchases. Alex lounged on the bed as I stripped off and slipped into the first of the minute thongs. It just about covered my pussy and left very little to the imagination. Alex was delighted. The whole experience had made us both very horny and we again finished up fucking on the bed before showering and changing for dinner.

The evening meal in the Kirini's gourmet restaurant was superb, and afterwards we sat on the public patio drinking brandy and coffee and watched the sun sink in a blaze of glory over the horizon. "Makes a wonderful picture," a voice said behind me. I turned to see an attractive grey haired man with a stunning dark haired woman.

"It's wonderful," Alex said. "The People here must be very lucky to live in a place like this."

The man nodded and smiled. "Are you on holiday?"

"Honeymoon," Alex replied. "We got married in England yesterday."

The man congratulated us, and then introduced himself. "I'm Christian and this is my partner, Olive." The dark haired, well tanned woman he was with nodded and flashed a smile. "We are over here on mixing business with pleasure," Christian continued. "I'm an art dealer and I come over here to buy paintings. There are a lot of very accomplished artists living and working on this island."

Christian ordered another bottle of wine from the ever attentive waiter and we sat chatting and drinking until it got dark and began to turn cool. Before we left, Christian offered to show us around the Island during our stay. We bade them good night and made our way back to our suite and our first night on Santorini.

Back in our room, I quickly slipped out of my dress, and wearing only a brief thong, I wrapped my arms around Alex's neck. "I do love you," I said, kissing him passionately. He responded, slipping his tongue deep into my throat. "I want this to be a night to remember," I said. "I want you to fuck me out there on the patio, in the moonlight under the stars with the sound of the sea in my ears."

He smiled and held me tightly. "Your wish is my command, darling."

We spread a large towel on one of the sun loungers. I slipped out of my thong and stood watching as Alex quickly stripped off. It was cool and my nipples had already hardened to sharp points. Alex took me in his arms and pressed his naked body against mine. We kissed for a moment, and then he gently laid me on the comfortable lounger. I was wet with anticipation and he entered me quickly. I lay on my back looking up at the millions of stars as Alex fucked me with long, easy strokes. I orgasmed several times before he finally allowed himself to come. He was truly a very considerate lover.

After our long journey out here, we both slept late the following morning, and were only woken by a knock on the door. A pretty young waitress came in with a tray with fresh warm croissants, fruit juice, and coffee. She smiled and welcomed us to Santorini as she placed it on the table beside the bed.

As we ate, we decided that a relaxing day on the beach would do us both some good, and I guess Alex couldn't wait to see me in public in one of my new thongs. While Alex showered, I lay in bed and glanced through the hotel brochure. I was pleased to discover that there was a beauty treatment room where you could get a massage, and the hotel even had its own wine cellar where regular wine tastings took place.

When Alex was finished, I showered and slipped into my new thong. It was incredibly revealing, and when I checked my rear in the long mirror, I looked almost completely naked. Alex's eyes lit up when I came out. "I'm certainly going to enjoy this holiday if you're going to spend your days like that," he said.

I slipped into a loose wrap and put my sun creams and oils into a large beach bag. We made the short walk down the steep path to the beach. We were surprised to find it was already quite busy, but we found a couple of free loungers. I sat down and checked around. Many of the women around us were topless, but as far as I could see at the moment, there was no one wearing a string thong like mine.

Alex stopped a passing waiter and ordered some drinks. I lay back on the lounger and untied the wrap. Alex smiled at me, and I noticed two guys at the side of us do a quick double take. It felt very exciting to be so exposed on a public beach like this, and I was certainly the centre of attraction, much to Alex's delight. It was especially erotic when Alex offered to refresh my sun cream, and leisurely set about applying it to all the exposed parts, which was most of me.

Alex had left me for a moment to get some food when there was a voice beside me. I looked up and saw it was Christian and Olive. "On your own already?" Christian inquired. I smiled and told him that Alex had gone for some food. I began to feel excited when I realised he was looking at my almost totally exposed body. "Do you mind if we park ourselves here?" he asked, pointing to two free loungers. I smiled and shook my head as Olive spread their towels on the beds. She slipped out of her wrap and displayed her own impressive body in a brief but colorful bikini. Just then Alex returned with our food. He smiled as he recognized our two friends from the previous night.

We enjoyed our lazy day on the beach. Christian and Olive were good company. Christian and Alex got on well together, and Olive and I swam in the sparklingly clear Aegean Sea. Although a few other women had appeared on the beach in the minute string bikinis, I felt I was still the centre of attraction. I discovered that I received even more attention when I was in the sea as the water made my tiny bikini bottom even more revealing. I guess you were not really supposed to get them wet. At last it was time to make our way back to the apartments. Christian had suggested that we eat together tonight, and we thought that would be a nice idea.

Back at last in the privacy of our room, I wrapped my arms around Alex's neck. "I have missed you," I said. "It's nice being with Christian and Olive, but I would rather be with you alone." Alex smiled and pulled me close to him. He kissed me deeply, our tongues exploring. I felt his hands ease aside my wrap and then he was tugging at my brief bikini. Moments later, we were naked. He was between my legs, his hard cock sliding into to my ever welcoming hole. We had slow, leisurely sex, both of us achieving our usual satisfaction, until we fell apart sweaty and exhausted.

"Christian was very attracted to you today," he said suddenly. "He wants one of his artist friends to paint you."

I looked at him and smiled. "What do you think about it?" I asked.

He smiled. "It might be an interesting experience. He asked me if I thought you would pose naked."

I grinned. "I guess that's why you were so interested," I said. He smiled and nodded.

That evening, Christian told us that he had a yacht at his disposal, and that he was going sailing tomorrow to visit some of his artists who lived on an island. He inquired if we would like to join them. I looked at Alex and he shrugged. "Might be an interesting way to spend the day." So it was agreed. We spent another wonderful night making love under the stars before at last making our way to bed.

We had booked an early call for breakfast as Christian wanted to be off by nine a.m. It was already warm with a slight breeze as we made our way down to the harbour. I was quite taken aback when I saw the size of the yacht. I don't know quite what I was expecting, but it was beautiful, about forty feet in length with towering white sails. There was a crew of three on board and the captain, Demitri, greeted us and assisted us on board.

The main salon was large and luxurious, and a seaman in a smart white shirt and shorts offered us a cooling glass of orange juice. We set off almost immediately and were soon skimming over the clear blue sea. We all sat in a comfortably cushioned open area at the rear of the yacht. Christian explained to me where we were going and stories about the artists who lived there. Alex was in deep conversation with Olive and I was pleased to see they were getting on well together.

During a lull in the conversation, Christian turned to Alex. "Did you ask Laura about my proposal?"

Alex looked across at me and smiled. "You mean about her posing? Yes, I have spoken to her and I think she could be interested," he said.

He turned and looked at me. I shrugged. "I'm always up for something like that," I said. "It's Alex. He will do anything to get me out of my clothes."

Christian grinned. "From what I have seen of you, you will make a stunning model, and I know just the guy to paint you. Pablo has done some wonderful work for me before, and I'm sure you will find he will do you justice." I actually felt quite excited by the proposal.

It was about an hour's trip to the island and soon we were tying up at the small quay. Once off the yacht, we made our way to a small quayside bar. A bearded, good looking guy wearing shorts made from tattered cut off jeans got up and greeted Christian. He kissed Olive. Christian introduced us to Pablo and I saw the guy's rather obvious look of interest when I was introduced to him. Christian ordered a bottle of wine and we sat around chatting and drinking.

When we had finished the wine, we made our way up the steep rambling streets to a place at the top of the village where the artist, Pablo, lived and worked. His studio was large and airy and extremely untidy. It smelt of oil paint and turps and there were canvases stacked up against the walls. Alex and I sat on a veranda overlooking the sea with Olive, drinking beer from the bottles while Christian and Pablo went through the canvases.

When they were done, they came out and joined us. Pablo looked over at me. "Christian tells me you have offered to pose for me," he said. "Have you ever done any modeling before?" I shook my head. I was already beginning to feel somewhat excited at the thought of stripping in front of this interesting guy.

"If it's okay by you, I would like to take some photographs of you today to work on, and then maybe later on you could come out for a day or so and we could work together." I looked across at Alex and he smiled and nodded.

Christian looked pleased. "Good, it's all settled then." He turned to Olive. "Do you mind stopping here and sorting things out? I'll get the crew from the yacht to come up and pack up the canvases and Alex and I can go with Pablo and find some nice locations." She looked a little disappointed but did not argue. Christian called the yacht on his mobile phone and arranged things, while Pablo collected his camera and checked it out. Then we set out. As we walked up the hillside, I began getting that exciting feeling in the pit of my stomach. It was the thought of stripping naked in front of Christian and Pablo. This obviously would not be a hardship for me. Ever since we had met up with Christian, I could not help but notice the way he had looked at me with his eyes seeming to burn into me. He was one of those guys whose looks seemed to strip the clothes from your body.

In an olive grove at the top of the hill, where steep cliffs ran sharply down to the azure sea, there was a small ruined church. Pablo explained that it had fallen into disrepair when most of the islanders had left to live on the larger island. Now brambles and creepers covered its walls. It was an idyllic setting.

Christian looked around and nodded. "Yes, I think this will be an ideal location to start with." I saw Alex nod his approval.

Pablo turned to me and smiled. "If you would just slip out of your clothes, Laura, we can start." I smiled and started to unfasten my sundress. Undressing would not be a long job as I was only wearing bikini bottoms under my dress.

I looked across at Christian who was leaning against an old olive tree watching me with interest as I pulled the thin dress over my head and dropped it onto the grass. I could feel my nipples stiffen in the slight breeze, and I wanted to touch them. I knew they wanted me to strip naked, but I pretended to be a little shy. "Do I need to take everything off?" I asked in a quiet voice.

Pablo looked across at Christian who nodded. "Christian wants the girl in the pictures to be naked," he said with a smile, "so if you would."

As I pulled on the ties of my bikini bottoms, I looked across at Alex who was as usual enjoying my little show I was putting on. The bikini easily came undone and I pulled it off. It was an exciting feeling to be naked in front of the three of them and I could see that they liked what I had to offer.

Pablo quickly got down to work, professionally taking shot after shot as he got me to move around the small ruined building. Christian followed us around seemingly enjoying the sight of my total nakedness. I made sure that he got to see everything, spreading my legs provocatively at every opportunity and letting him enjoy the sight of my most private delights.

As usual, my performance quickly made me horny, and I soon could not resist the temptation to touch myself. I at first just gently stroked over my hard extended nipples, then put a hand between my thighs, cupping the moist lips of my pussy.

Christian looked over at me as we stopped to change locations. "I think Laura's in need of a break," he said. "I think the shoot is getting her a little excited." I smiled at him. "Feel free to express yourself, Laura," he said. "I'm sure we are all men of the world and know that a woman like you has needs."

I took a drink from a bottle of water Alex offered me. As I drank it, I moved one hand down between my legs and began to stroke the outer lips of my pussy. I was not surprise to feel they were damp and my juices were already running freely. I lay back against a large rock and spread my legs, closed my eyes, and began to slip my fingers into the warm wetness, enjoying the sensation and knowing that three pairs of eager eyes were intently watching my brazen display of wantonness.

I probed deeper, first with two fingers, and then with three, my thumb rubbing against my clit. Faintly I could hear the click of Pablo's camera. He was actually taking pictures of me. This turned me on even further. I groaned loudly and clutched onto my breast with my free hand, my fingers working even faster. As I neared my climax, I cried out and thrust my hand deep into my gaping pussy, coming with a cry, and felt my warm juices running over my hand.

I lay back until the waves of passion had subsided, then I opened my eyes. The three of them were still looking at me. I smiled a weak smile. "Do you feel better after that?" Christian inquired.

I nodded. "Much better." They all laughed.

I was feeling a little messy after my little display and Pablo suggested that we make our way down the hillside to where there was a small spring. Alex picked up my discarded clothes. There seemed little point in putting them on until I was able to clean myself up, and in any case, no one seemed to mind me remaining naked, especially Christian.

The small sparkling spring burst out of the hillside between some boulders, and the guys sat and watched while I bathed and washed myself clean in the clear cold water. Pablo continued to take pictures of me. Afterwards, I slipped back into my bikini bottoms, but still didn't bother with my dress so as to allow myself to dry in the hot sun.

I had redressed again by the time we arrived back at Pablo's place. Olive was sitting on the patio drinking wine. The canvases had all been packed and transported back down to the yacht.

"You guys have fun?" Olive inquired,

Christian smiled. "Yes, it was an interesting little excursion, thanks to Laura. I think Pablo managed to get what he required."

We all sat around and helped Olive dispose of the rest of the wine before we said our good-bys to Pablo and made our way back down to the yacht.

It was mid afternoon as we cast off from the small quay and the sun was hot. I guessed no one would object as I slipped out of my dress and lay back in just my bikini bottoms. "No point in wasting an opportunity to improve my tan," I said to the smiling Alex. He agreed.

Olive got up and went below to return in a few minutes also topless. I saw the expression on Alex's face when she appeared. Her breasts were larger than mine, though not quite so firm, and they moved and swayed with the movement of her body. She had large dark areolas with even darker protruding nipples. The one thing I did notice that I had not noticed before, maybe because of her dark tan, was some darker stripes across her back and exposed buttocks. I wondered how she had come by them, but I did not like to ask.

Christian produced a large bottle of champagne and we spent an interesting trip on our return back to the big island drinking the ice cool champagne as we skimmed over the clear blue waters.

We parted company with Christian when we arrived back on Santorini. He wanted to arrange some onward transportation of the pictures he had bought, so he suggested that Olive make her way back to the apartments with us and he would join us later. Alex thanked him for the trip, but Christian shrugged it off. "The pleasure was all mine," he said. "You have a very beautiful wife and I'm sure she is going to make us all some money."

Back at the apartments, we invited Olive to join us until Christian returned. She happily agreed. "Once he gets involved with his paintings, he loses track of time," she said. We went out on to the patio and Alex rang room service for some drinks. It was over an hour before Christian arrived back. He did not stop as it was almost dinner time and we all had to change. Olive thanked us for our company and said they would meet up with us in the restaurant.

The meal that evening was superb, and by the end of it, we were all feeling nice and relaxed. We had all been drinking steadily all day. We had a drink on the patio and Christian suggested that we go back to their suite as he had something he wanted to show us. Their place was a replica of ours, and we sat on the patio in the late evening sunlight. Christian brought out some pictures to show us. They were nudes. "Painted by Pablo," he explained.

They were wonderful. I could see why he thought so highly of him. It was in the expressions on the faces and in the shapes of the bodies of the models. I felt a sudden excitement. This guy portrayed wantonness in the women he painted.

As we drank more wine and the conversation got more intimate, I even blushed slightly when Christian told Olive about my impromptu demonstration that afternoon. That led on to even more revealing stories from Alex about how we met and my little show at his stag party.

"I think we are two very lucky men," Christian said to Alex. "We both seem to have wives who other men only dream about." Alex smiled. "I could see from your expression this afternoon," Christian continued, "that you enjoyed watching Laura sexually relieving herself in front of us, and from what you have told us, you both enjoy the thrill and excitement you give to each other." Alex nodded and clutched my hand tightly, smiling lovingly at me.

Christian smiled over at his partner. "Olive and I have a similar arrangement to you, but on a different level. Olive takes her pleasures from pain." Suddenly I remembered the marks on her back and buttocks. "Until I met Olive, I had never raised my hand to a woman. I was brought up to believe that a man who struck a woman was a monster and a bully, but Olive has taught me differently. Pain can be administered in such a way that it brings incredible pleasure to the victim."

He went on to explain that back home they were active members of a BDSM group. He smiled across at me. "Olive, like you, also likes to take her pleasures in public. She likes nothing better than to be secured, stripped naked, and punished before an appreciative audience." I looked across at Olive. She gave me a weak smile and ran a tongue across her lips. On the sofa, I could see Alex looking at her, a hungry expression on his face, and I noticed with some amusement the rising protrusion in his pants.

There was a silence in the room for some minutes as we all sat and drank our wine. Then Christian got to his feet. "I think a little demonstration is in order," he said. Olive looked up a little startled, but Christian smiled at her. "Laura provided the entertainment this afternoon, so it is up to us to provide it tonight."

Opening a wardrobe, he bent inside and pulled out a canvas holdall. He set it on a small table, unzipped it, and pulled out some rope, one a short piece about a meter long with leather cuffs at either end. He motioned to Olive to stand up. I could see she was somewhat nervous, but she willingly held out her arms and allowed him to strap the cuffs around her wrists. He took up the longer rope and looked around. Then he pulled up a chair, and standing on it, passed the rope around a large wooden beam. He tested his weight on the rope before getting down. He spoke to Olive as he tied the longer rope on to the one securing her wrists. I could not catch what he said to her, but she looked over to where we were still sitting and watching, and smiled.

When he had finished securing the rope, he looked at us and began pulling on the rope. Olive's arms were slowly pulled up over her head, and then he strained as he began to lift her off her feet. With her toes just a few inches from the marble floor, he then secured the rope on to a door handle. Olive hung there, swinging slowly, looking more than a little uncomfortable.

Christian turned to us looking pleased with his effort. He must have seen the slightly worried looks on our faces. He smiled. "Don't look so worried. I can assure you that Olive is a more than willing partner." He looked at her as she licked her lips, smiled, and slowly nodded her head. "The first time I saw her get thrashed I almost cried. Olive, I found out later, had been into BDSM long before I met her. It was she who took me to our first event. She was the first woman at the event to be tied to a cross member, stripped, and then whipped. She had arranged it to be that way. Two men had to restrain me at first. They held me in front of her as two other men laid into her with leather whips.

After the first half dozen strokes, I saw the expression on her face was not one of pain and anguish as I would have expected, but one of sheer pleasure. The more they beat her, the more she loved it, calling out for them to hit her harder. After a while, I too found myself enjoying the show. There were a couple of dozen people in the room, both men and women, who cheered on every stroke. When it was at last over, she was released and fell into my arms.

One of the other members helped me to take her into a small room. We laid her face down on a bed. Her back and buttocks were crisscrossed with angry red wheals. She didn't speak until the helper had left the room, and then she turned and smiled at me. "Please fuck me, Christian," "she said.

He stopped and turned and looked at Olive, still swinging gently. "That night in that small room was the greatest sex we had ever had, and it's been the same ever since." I looked across at Alex and saw him wipe beads of perspiration from his face.

Christian went over to Olive. He unbuttoned the top buttons on her dress. Then gripping hold of it, he roughly pulled it down her body. It fell in an untidy heap below her feet. Under it she was wearing a strapless bra and a white thong. I could not help but notice a damp stain already visible on the white thong. The bra was the next item to be removed. Her breast jerked and swung as the bra was ripped from her body. It was clearly noticeable that her nipples were already erect and standing out sharply from the dark circles of her areolas.

Christian ran his finger over the wet patch on her thong and there was an audible groan from Olive. "She's juicing up already," he said smiling as he held the finger up to his nose. Then he gripped the thong and tore it from her body. As the thin material ripped, she swung wildly and Christian steadied her.

Now that she was naked, her pubes shaved clean, the lips of her pussy clearly visible, you could see the wetness streaking the inside of her thighs. I smiled as I saw Alex trying to subdue a rising erection as he took in every exposed inch of Olive's nakedness.

Christian left her hanging there for a moment as he took a swig of his wine. She had a beautiful body, her breasts pulled taught with her arms held above her head, her nipples sharply pointed. The flatness of her stomach and the delightful sight of her exposed pussy drew our eyes. I felt a sudden urge to run over and take her nakedness in my arms, to run my tongue around her nipples, to kneel and lick the juices from her thighs. I shuddered at the thought.

Christian went to the bag on the table. He took from it a long wooden paddle, something like a short cricket bat. He brought it down on his hand with a sharp whack. He smiled as he positioned himself behind Olive. I cringed as the bat was brought down sharply on her bare bottom. She squealed. It was brought down again a second time, this time on the other cheek. Each time the bat landed on her, her body jerked. Her luscious breasts quivered, and her legs swung open. I was fascinated by the scene in front of me. I had never experienced anything like it. I knew about BDSM, but had never experienced it myself. To actually see someone enjoying pain was an eye opener.

In the meantime, Alex could not take his eyes off the helpless woman. His hands were deep in his pockets gripping on to a rock hard erection. I sidled over towards him. He made no objection as I unzipped his pants and slipped my hand inside to grip his engorged member. I rubbed him off tenderly as Christian continued to rain blows on Olive's perfect backside. It did not take him long to cum and his hot juices exploded and ran over my encircling fingers. He fell back, sighing contentedly.

I could see that Olive was now in a very aroused state. She was shouting to Christian to hit her harder. He smiled and whispered something in her ear. She looked across at me and nodded excitedly. Christian came over. "She wants you to continue the punishment," he said.

I looked up at him shaking my head. "I can't," I said. "I've never hit a woman or anybody for that matter."

Christian smiled. "Just try it." He pressed the paddle into my hands.

Alex looked at me. "Go on, girl. You can do it." I got up unsteadily and moved towards the naked figure of Olive.

She smiled. "You can't hurt me," she said. "Show them what you can do." I stood behind her. I could see her bottom was reddened from the paddling she had taken from Christian. I winced as I brought the paddle down for the first time.

It wasn't that hard, but Olive cried out, "Yes, oh yes," as the wooden bat struck her tender skin. I hit her again a little harder this time and for a moment the thought of my father hitting me when I was a young girl flashed through my mind. The third stroke was harder and Olive let out a long low groan. I realised I was perspiring. I wiped my hand across my brow.

"If you're hot, you can always strip for us." I looked over at the two of them sitting watching me; it was Christian who had spoken. I looked at Alex. He nodded. I pulled open the buttons of my sun dress and pushed it down over my hips. I wasn't wearing a bra, just a brief thong. All but naked I swung the bat again it landed with a thwack on her already reddened bottom. I couldn't believe this. I was really beginning to enjoy myself.

Olive was crying out for more and I redoubled my effort. I could feel the perspiration running down between my breasts. Suddenly, she screamed out and I realised she had orgasmed. I stood there watching as her body twitched and jerked on the rope. I dropped the bat and went to her. I wrapped my arms around her naked body. I could feel her pressing herself against me. "Thank you, oh thank you," she gasped. I moved my hand down between her legs feeling the warm juices running from her pussy on my fingers.

"Suck her," a voice behind me said, and I knew it was Alex.

I looked up at Olive and she nodded. "Please, Laura," she whispered. I sank down on my knees in front of her. I could sense the warm musky smell of her pussy. Her thighs were streaked with her juices. I leaned forward and buried my face in her wetness. My tongue delved into the sweetness of her slit. I gripped onto her thighs, pressing myself into her, my exploring tongue searching her depths.

I was so engrossed in my job that it was not until I felt my thong being drawn down that I realised that someone was behind me. I didn't know who it was, but by that time I didn't care either. Exploring fingers eased apart my legs and spread my pussy lips to allow access to the warm wet interior.

As I continued to give Olive the treatment, I gasped as I felt the hardness of a cock rubbing against my portals. I knew it wasn't Alex because he was larger than this. Then with a thrust, he was inside me. I gasped and I felt hands gripping me as he continued to thrust into me. Olive spread her legs giving me total access to her pussy while Christian pounded into mine from the rear. I could only guess that Alex was enjoying the spectacle.

We all came almost in unison as Olive's juices ran over my face and I felt Christian erupt inside me, which immediately brought on my own orgasm. I sank to the floor as Christian slid out of me. I rested for a few minutes, then Christian helped me to my feet. I stepped out of my thong that was still around my legs, and Christian led me over to the bubbling spa and helped me in. The warm scented water felt wonderful. Then he released Olive and she came over and sank into the pool beside me. Christian filled up all our glasses before he and Alex stripped and joined us.

It did not take long in the bubbling water before we were soon all revived again. Beneath the water, a searching hand eased my legs apart. I looked at Christian who was sitting beside me. He smiled. I allowed him to slip his hand between my legs, and then I closed them, gripping him tightly. I grinned. On the other side of the spa, I was not surprised to see Alex taking full advantage of Olive's nakedness. One hand was caressing her breast, and I could only guess where the other one was.

Later, I lay back in Christian's arms, his hand gently caressing my breast, and watched my husband make love to Olive. I must say I was a little jealous to see him thrusting into her, but I knew he would be more than ready for me when we returned home.

The following morning I had a tender pussy and a slightly sore head. Strong coffee and a large breakfast helped my head, but there was little I could do for my pussy but apply soothing baby cream. We had a quiet day on the beach, totally relaxing. Christian was away on business and I'm not sure where Olive was, probably recovering from the night before, but it was nice to be on our own for the day. Christian wasn't back by dinner time, and after a nice meal, we decided on an early night. Things down below were feeling a lot better and well enough to take full advantage of what Alex had to offer. Afterwards, we lay in each others arms contentedly and fell asleep.