**Sophie's Awakening**

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**Sophie's Awakening Pt. 01**

"What time is the reservation again honey?" Sophie called out as she pushed her blonde hair to one side and adjusted an earring.

Alex stuck his head round the bathroom door and allowed himself a second to admire her as he responded.

"Eight thirty, so we can put the kids to bed and head out when you are ready."

Despite being in her early thirties and having two young children, she was still as sexy as when Alex had met her at university. Her French genes and good eating habits no doubt played a part, together with the fact that she regularly went to the gym and enjoyed hiking.

The black dress she was wearing this evening was much sexier than what she typically wore. Tight fitting and short, it showed plenty of leg and hung off one shoulder. It was the sort of dress that would usually be seen on a young movie star or model hitting the latest nightclub. Alex's hunger grew as he gazed at her toned calves, up towards her petite derriere, slim waist and bare shoulder. Sophie noticed him in the mirror and smiled, catching his cheeky eye just as it disappeared to check on the kids and the babysitter one last time.

Finishing up, she gave herself a moment to be happy about life. After a hectic few years adjusting to the kids she finally felt balanced again. Alex had also outdone himself with the unexpected gifts that were now sparkling from her ears, not to mention the dress, which she couldn't believe was so sexy, and exactly her size.

Of course, she knew him well enough to know that he had an ulterior motive. He was always extra attentive and loving when he hoped to have sex. But tonight he had really gone the extra mile, which suited her just fine as she was also in the mood for a change. Although there were times it annoyed her that he had become a little predictable, and that she could forecast when he wanted sex by his attention level, this evening was not one them.

Sweeping into the bedroom she was surprised to see a small box on the bed.

The dress, diamonds and now this... someone definitely wanted to get lucky!

There was no card and it felt light in her hand. She opened it and removed the contents. She had to laugh, maybe her husband wasn't so predictable after all...

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You could have cut the sexual tension in the back of the taxi with a knife. Alex was dying to know if his wife was playing ball, but he resisted asking directly, scared that he might kill the mood if she had taken offense by his final cheeky present. Instead he looked for signs, but so far couldn't be sure. As if his wife could read his thoughts, she decided to have a little fun.

So, with a sly grin, she allowed her knees to separate a little, forcing the short black dress to rise up and reveal more of her smooth sensual thighs. All the while pretending to be innocently peering out at the passing lights of the city. The cool air was a welcome relief, and she remained like that for the rest of the short journey, enjoying the effect it was no doubt having on her husband... and herself.

"Mr Marino, your table is ready, please follow me," the fashionably dressed young lady announced, before leading them through the trendy restaurant towards a spiral of light in the middle.

The diners either side were dressed to impress and enjoying the art like sushi dishes for which the restaurant was famous. Alex followed his wife and the hint of perfume that trailed her, all the while admiring the delicious body in front of him.

Sophie had been to the restaurant before, and knew that going up the brightly lit circular glass staircase in the middle meant she would be on display. Even though she was wearing something far more revealing than she would have chosen on her own, she wasn't nervous. In fact, as the stairs approached, she felt positively emboldened. For months she had been working hard, and had finally regained her pre-pregnancy shape. Why not show it off and feel desired again? After all, she was not just a mother, but a desirable woman.

Ascending, and without turning around, Sophie knew exactly where her husband's eyes would be focused. He had always been more about rears than fronts, and as she pondered that fact a cheeky idea popped into her head. Rarely did she feel like indulging his dirtier side, in fear of encouraging him, but tonight felt different. She was in the mood to play, especially given the effort Alex had already displayed, and how he had managed to make her feel sexy again.

'Pour quoi pas?' she thought. 'Why not?'

Before she could change her mind, and with a deliberately slow and purposeful motion, she reached around and pulled her black dress up at the rear, wiggling a little to help it rise. Bit by bit her cute toned bum came into view, completely bare except for a thin black strip of material wedged erotically between the delicious cheeks. But no sooner had her husband registered what was happening, than the black curtain of material fell back into place, ending the mini peep show.

Alex couldn't believe his eyes and quickly scanned the tables below him. It was obvious that more than a few men, and women, were staring. After all, a blonde like Sophie stood out, especially when walking up a glass staircase in a dress like the one she was wearing. But if they knew the full truth, they would have been more surprised still. Although it looked like she was wearing a black G-string, the single strap running down between her cheeks was in fact two thin straps, which, as they came round the front, separated, leaving her nicely trimmed blonde pussy completely exposed.

Sophie was light headed, adrenaline pumping through her veins as she continued towards the table. Not since university had she purposefully exhibited herself for a bit of fun.

"Wow, I can't believe you did that," Alex enthused as soon as the waitress had left.

"Do you think everyone enjoyed the view?" she giggled, still shaking a little.

"You were spectacular."

"Well, now you know, diamonds and a little 'out of the box' creativity on your part can get me to do all manner of things. Now, after that, I need a Mojito to cool down."

"I need more than one."

As they settled into enjoying the meal, Alex confessed that he hadn't been sure if she was going to wear the crotchless panties, especially given the dress was already a stretch. What he didn't tell her, though, was that his inspiration had come from a story he had recently read on Literotica, about a wife feeling horny as a result of secretly wearing crotchless panties to a fancy dinner (he wasn't prepared to share his new Literotica habit with her just yet). Luckily his plan seemed to be having the same desired effect on his wife.

'It's all going according to plan... actually better than planned,' he thought to himself, struggling to find a comfortable way to sit.

"You know, I am even wearing the matching open bra," she whispered at one point.

Alex had to adjust his bulge yet again as he looked hard across the table and could just about make out her hard nipples under the tight fabric.

As dinner was winding down he began to think about what would come next, running through how he was going to play it out to maximize his chances of success.

"You look distracted honey, what is it?" she asked

Staring straight into her blue eyes, he smiled confidently "I am thinking of what I am going to do to you when we get home...now let's get the bill."

Sophie shuddered. "Me too..."

Walking hand in hand they left the roof terrace. Unexpectedly, Sophie guided their locked fingers to her rear, giving it a gentle caress.

"Is this what you want Mr Marino, for your wife to lose her inhibitions?" she whispered into his ear, the sweet smell of rum, lime and sugar still lingering on her breath..

Before he could answer she pushed him away playfully and walked off laughing. Alex just smiled, she was playing with fire and didn't even know it.

On the short taxi ride home, Sophie scooted over and looked deeply at him. Her blue eyes sparkling through the strands of blonde hair that had tumbled loosely across her face as she leaned forward. The feel of his eager lips reminded her of their youth, when they couldn't get enough of each other. That uncontrollable passion that had been lost along the way with the pressure of kids and work. Sophie felt it all rushing back. Total uninhibited desire.

All night Alex had imagined his wife's pussy and nipples, teasing him, exposed, so close and yet so far. Not caring they were in a taxi, he pushed her skirt up and traced his fingers across her thigh until he reached the warmth between her legs. Loving the fact that there was no material, he ran a finger up and down her already moist folds, each time pressing a little harder, slowly easing his digit into her hot depths.

Sophie knew she could have stopped him, that she should have stopped him. But her rational mind was no longer in control, instead all she could do was moan and enjoy the sensations emanating from deep within. They spread through her body like a drug, and the addict needed more.

She leaned back and let herself go, allowing her legs to fall open, giving her husband's probing fingers better access. Knowing full well that there was a pair of greedy eyes ogling her in the rear view mirror, and a small safety camera mounted next to it that was recording every detail.

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As soon as the taxi stopped she bolted out, leaving Alex to pay. In the lift they were at it again, kissing like teenagers until they finally opened the door to their flat and stumbled into the living room as a blur of entwined activity.

Louise froze on the sofa as she saw Mr. and Mrs. Marino tumble into the designer living room, their hands roaming all over each other. She wanted to speak, but was transfixed by the sight. They seemed oblivious to the fact that she was there.

'Oh My God!' she thought. He was raising the rear of her dress.

Louise could see the black G-string that didn't cover anything. 'Holly shit!' she could see his fingers running over her bare bum and down to her... 'Jesus!' look at the size of that bulge in his pants.

Louise had always admired the couple and seeing them so hot and heavy made her flush. Without realizing it her hand started to drift to her own breasts which were now heaving.

"Shit! Louise!" Alex suddenly blurted out in shock. Everyone froze.

"Mr. and Mrs. Marino... hi... sorry, I was just... "

Sophie reacted and stepped away from her husband whilst lowering her dress. Louise quickly moved her hands to her sides.

"Louise. No, no, we're sorry, we forgot you were here," Sophie managed, doing her best to collect herself in front of their nineteen year old babysitter from three floors above. Since she was already hot and sweaty her embarrassment was not as obvious as it might have been. "How... how did it go with the kids? Everything alright?"

"Sure, ugh, no problem," Louise said, struggling to know where to look. Conflicted by her desire to look at the tent in Mr. Marino's jeans, but trying to hide her own embarrassment.

"Great, look, it's late, why don't you head on home? And here is a little extra for the... inconvenience. Maybe better not to mention it to your parents, you know, I mean... "

"Oh, no problem, really, anytime you need me I am here... you know, to babysit, I mean." She went to grab her things to leave, hiding her beetroot colored cheeks behind her long hair.

Despite the shock, Sophie's tipsy mind was returning to its immediate carnal needs. She could feel a light drop of moisture slowly trickling down her inner thigh. Deciding Louise was old enough to see herself out, she grabbed the nearest masculine hand and led it down the corridor, turning off the light as she went.

"Please see yourself out sweetie," she called back, not even waiting to hear the reply.

As soon as they were in the room, Sophie flung herself onto the bed and rolled onto one side.

"So, your plan worked, I am drunk and horny, now come here..."

But her husband just stood there smiling, ignoring her hand gestures.

"Sophie, get up and come here," he commanded loudly.

"Pardon?"

He raised his voice. "I said to get up. Come. And stand here," he repeated, pointing to a spot right in front of him.

His eyes were fixed on her with such intensity that Sophie realized he was serious, and slowly got up to stand in front of him. Her expression was one of curiosity laced with concern.

Now what he really wanted to do was put her on his knees, grab her blonde hair, and use her mouth like she was a worthless whore. But she disliked giving blowjobs, and he knew that would be going too far. He didn't want to spoke the prey as it were.

For years he had heard stories from his friends about their exploits with hookers, and all the crazy things they would do that their wives wouldn't. And Alex wanted desperately to experience those things. But he was committed to his wife, so if he wanted to spice up his sex life, he was going to have to bring her along for the ride. Maybe with some couples the husband could just ask, and the wife would do. But Sophie was not like that. He had to make her want it as much as he did.

Standing in front of him Sophie grew increasingly nervous, and she couldn't pinpoint why. Something in his manner unnerved her. Was it the command in his voice? The look of hunger in his eyes? The unexpected change of events? Whatever it was, for the first time she felt vulnerable around him. Then his hands were firmly on her shoulders, and she allowed herself to be slowly spun round to face the bed, her mind racing to figure out what he was planning.

In that moment the power dynamic between them shifted subtly. Whether Sophie would admit it to herself consciously or not, her emboldened husband felt it. He sensed that in her current state she could be made to submit, that his plan stood a chance. He reached over her with the blindfold that he had discreetly retrieved moments earlier.

She automatically raised her hands as soon she realized what was happening.

"What are doing Alex?" she protested.

"Sophie, come on, trust me" he whispered into her ear. They had experimented a few times with blindfolds over the years, but she had never been a huge fan.

He turned her back around and kissed her deeply, feeling her objection melt into his embrace. Gently he coaxed her to face the bed again, and this time the blindfold went on without any protest. Without vision Sophie's other senses heightened. She became more aware of the lightness of her mind, the quiet of the room, the smell of her husband, the feel of her dress, the heat of her body, and the pulsing between her legs that needed to be satisfied.

The zipping sound caught her by surprise as the black dress pealed down into a heap on the floor. Sophie inhaled deeply as cool air enveloped her body in the dark, and her hands instinctively went to protect her exposed pink nipples and pussy. Although it was only for a second, Sophie felt alone and scared as she waited, deprived of any sensory input. Standing there naked except for the matching black open bra and crotchless panties.

When finally she felt his warm moist lips on her delicate neck goose bumps erupted down her spine. Until, as quickly as they arrived, they were gone.

Next Sophie could make out the sound of her husband's clothes as they hit the floor, a lighter, a few candles being lit, a draw opening, the rustle of pillows, and objects being moved around her. Until finally she felt the reassuring presence of his warm bare skin behind her.

"Hmmm," she purred,

Leaning back into the sensory onslaught that her husband now unleashed. Kissing her neck, his hands roamed freely across her exposed nipples, tummy and between her legs. She pushed back into his warmth, grinding against his hard-on, groaning whenever he hit a sensitive spot. The foreplay was killing her and she desperately wanted more.

"Kneel on the ottoman," he finally commanded, guiding her forward, "then rest your upper body forward on the bed."

She felt the pillows under her knees as she followed the instructions. Alex looked down in awe. It was even more glorious than he had imagined it would be. His bossy and gorgeous wife was on her knees with her upper torso flat against the bed, unashamedly raising her derriere for him. Like a maiden being offered to the Gods, and Lord help him he was going to take it.

He ran a finger across her firm bum and then pealed the two thin bands of the G-string apart, revealing her cute little anus. He traced the sensual line of her arching back, eliciting a shiver.

Alex then knelt down behind her. His wife's familiar musky scent filling his nostrils. He nudged her inner thighs to separate them further, and she obeyed like a good girl, shifting her knees apart. Cupping her firm cheeks he squeezed before spreading them wide apart. The sound and sight of her moist pussy opening before him was the last straw. Like a bull seeing red, the animal inside him roared as he moved in to lick and suck. Normally he was gentle. But tonight was not about that. It was going to be primeval.

Sophie loved it, bucking her hips back against him, willing his tongue to do its magic. She felt dirty and sexy, and no shame in grinding back in search of pleasure. Her throbbing needed to be released above all else.

"I want you inside me," she panted.

But Alex had other plans. He wanted to build her up until she lost control... and then break her. Push her boundaries and try something new. So he stopped and leaned back, noisily wiping the juice and saliva from his chin, savoring the taste of her sex. Leaving Sophie's swaying hips searching out the source of enjoyment that had just disappeared.

"What are you doing?" she protested.

He didn't say anything. Instead he pushed a finger inside her pussy and watched it disappear between her pink folds. Eliciting a guttural moan. A second finger followed, and then he aggressively pumped in and out. Her rear wiggling as she moaned even more loudly.

"Yes... yes...now my clit!" she begged.

But instead his fingers disappeared, accompanied by a pop.

"Are you crazy?" She whined.

But nothing happened. Alex didn't say a word or return to her pussy. So in desperation the blonde reached back to continue working herself. Lewdly rubbing her enraged clit right in front of her husband's face.

"Please put it inside me," she gasped.

"If you want me inside you," he answered sternly, "you'll have to let me tie you down!"

Her hand continued, she was getting close and was not in the mood for this.

"Just put it inside me."

"Tied up or nothing," he responded firmly.

She considered it in her haze of lust and finally consented. "Fine. But you better not take advantage, no anal Alex. I mean it."

"Of course, now don't you dare move," he warned.

Quickly, before she could change her mind, he reached down to the restraints that he had secretly bought and prepositioned under the corners of the bed before going out. Sophie was dimly aware of the sound of movement but remained in the same position as instructed.

Her nerves were on edge as her wrists were secured in place using what sounded and felt like neoprene cuffs. With arms stretched to her sides, she tested the restraints. They were firm, and her torso was now effectively pinned down to the bed while her rear remained in the air. She had never been blindfolded and tied up before. It was scary, and yet exhilarating. It made her feel defenseless, and yet empowered. Above all it made her juices boil as she waited to be used.

Alex loved seeing his sexy French wife tied down in such a compromising position. He kneaded her flushed and sweaty skin with hard and reassuring movements. His fingers running up the curve of her spine until they reached her rear, briefly brushing against her anus.

'One day,' he thought.

But, until then, he would be satisfied with the introduction of light bondage into the marriage. His aching hard-on was tired of bouncing in mid-air and called on him to use the gaping cunt that was on offer. Manhandling his wife's hot body like a real life fuck doll, he forced her knees further apart and pushed her mid-back down onto the bed. Raising her rear to the perfect height and angle.

She was a work of art, and Alex was sure that no man in history had ever seen such a beautiful sight. He took a second to burn the view into his memory. Then he lined up, pulled the black g-string apart, spread her white cheeks, and pushed into her pink hole. Enthralled, he watched his wife's cunt stretch gloriously around his engorged head as his cock disappeared inside..

"Yes," they both moaned.

He slipped in easily and immediately knew he wasn't going to last long. Her position and submissiveness was too much. Her bum was too perfect in his hands. Her tight love tunnel felt too good around his cock. Her moans guided him as he gradually sped up, going long and deep on each push. The bed creaking as he thrust harder and harder.

Sophie found it a real turn on to be dominated. To be used. To be pounded like an animal in heat. Her only frustration was that her buzzing clit was screaming out to be rubbed, and every time she tried to reach it the restraints stopped her dead. Like an itch that couldn't be scratched, the feeling was driving her nuts. But if anything it seemed to amplified the intensity of the sex. Drooling over the bed sheets she willed her husband ravage her cunt.

"Your cunt feels so tight...I love fucking you," Alex moaned.

"Yes. Fuck me," Sophie groaned, enjoying the dirty talk.

The sound of sweaty bodies, slapping, grunts, moans and fanny farts, filled the room. Lost in each other, the couple cared for nothing but reaching climax.

"I'm going to cum," Sophie finally cried out.

"Me too," Alex gasped.

Feeling a crescendo of joy as he began to shoot long streams of cum deep inside his fuck toy. It was too much for Sophie as well. Her core flexed and shuddered uncontrollably as an orgasm ripped through her body. And like a rodeo star on a wild ride, Alex did his best to hold tight, depositing his sticky semen deep into his convulsing wife's sloppy cunt.

And then it was over. With a final spurt he pulled out and Sophie collapsed forward onto the bed. In a state of post orgasmic bliss she was unable to move anymore, and just lay there. Unable to remember that last time she had had such an intense orgasm.

The room was suddenly quiet. Sophie motionless on the bed, cum slowly dribbling down over her clit and pooling on the bed. Alex standing over her, admiring his gorgeous wife and how his man seed was trickling out of her.

That's when a sound caught his attention. The faint sound of a floor board in the corridor. Looking around he realized that they hadn't shut the door to the room, it was ajar.

'Shit!'

Blood rushed back into his head and he panicked. Quickly and quietly he moved to the door and looked into the corridor. The door to the kids' room was still shut and there was no sound coming from it. Relief flooded over him. That would have been a disaster. But as he looked down the corridor a flicker of a shadow caught his attention. In the living room something had moved, he was sure of it. He looked again at the kids doors and listened, but still heard nothing. There was also no hint of light coming from under the doors either.

Strange...

Click. The front door!

Moving like a ninja he raced to the front door and looked through the spy hole. Just in time to see his babysitter disappear up the stairs back to her parents apartment.

"Louise never left!" Alex thought to himself, "she must have watched...Oh My God!"

As the shock passed, a smile formed on his face. It was going to be an interesting summer.

**Sophie's Awakening Pt. 02**

In the days following their crazy Saturday night, Alex found himself regularly replaying the events and, consequently, found it impossible to be around his beautiful blonde wife without being horny. In her early thirties, Sophie was a stunner, with a slim and athletic body. There was something about her French charm that he couldn't resist, even if she could be bossy and stubborn. But, then again, that was no doubt part of her charm. Saturday had opened his eyes to many new possibilities and he was hungry for more.

Sophie meanwhile, on the outside at least, was acting pretty cool about the whole thing, like nothing much had happened. She could sense her husband's heightened sex drive, but simply wasn't wired the same way. She had indeed enjoyed the night in question. But, after a long day keeping the house in order, sorting out the kids, preparing dinner, and everything else... it was harder for her to be in the mood by bed time.

Early in the week she was also slightly embarrassed and awkward, concerned that the dynamic of their marriage might have suffered as a result of her behavior that night, especially her submissiveness. She had been thinking of speaking to her husband about it. But as the days progressed, and he treated her with the same love and respect that he always had, she began to relax.

Although disappointed that his wife seemed to have reverted to her old self, Alex resolved to be patient. After all, he thought, Rome wasn't built in a day. So he set to work thinking up something fun and boundary-pushing for the coming Saturday. Luckily, work was quiet over the summer, so he had the time and bandwidth. On Thursday morning he was ready to kick things off.

"Have a nice day darling," he called out, collecting his belongings before heading to work.

"You too," she replied, not even looking up from her iPhone. She remained seated at their dining room table, slouching into the designer chair and nursing a coffee as she tapped away.

On the threshold of the front room Alex turned back and added casually "Oh...before I forget, don't make plans for Saturday as I've booked a table at Per Se."

The words took a second to sink in, but the large smile drawing across her face told him everything he needed to know, and he headed out. It was one of the most exclusive restaurants in town and she had been dying to try it. She looked up just in time to see her husband disappear.

The news put Sophie in a fantastic mood, and finishing up her coffee she headed for a shower with spring in her step.

"Per Se, wow. I wonder how we managed to get that reservation? Shit, what am I going to wear?" She thought.

Visualizing her wardrobe options, she removed her pajamas and turned on the taps. And then she had another thought.

"Per Se! I wonder what he will expect me to do in return this time?"

She wanted to be offended, but instead felt a hint of anticipation. The warm water felt wonderful as she enjoyed soaping her naked body. Her thoughts returned to what might happen.

"Would he blindfold me again? Tie me up? In a different position?"

And the more she thought about it, the more her body became sensitive to her own touch. The more she remembered what it had felt like to be at her husband's mercy the more her pink nipples hardened. The more she remembered how hard he had fucked her, the more her fingers worked their way in and out of her wet pussy.

"Hmm," she purred.

Her flashbacks accelerated. The fun she had had flirting and leading him on during dinner. Being commanded by him in the bedroom. Being tied up and used. Submitting to his desires and letting him lead her to ecstasy. It was so unlike her to have lost control like that, but she couldn't deny that it had been good.

Closing her eyes she refocused on the here and now. The feel of the water pounding down against her breasts, and the vibrations emanating from her clit as she soaped and rubbed. Her breathing accelerating and her moans growing louder. Until, with one final hard rub, her hips convulsed in pleasure.

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"I'll get it," Alex called out, advancing through the living room to the front door in answer to the chimes. He purposefully hadn't finished getting dressed and was still walking around in boxers and a partially buttoned up shirt.

"Louise, great to see you, come in please," he said, trying to act cool at the arrival of his nineteen year old babysitter.

She was cute. Five foot five, brunette, small breasts and a bum that was young and firm. And as she passed he checked her out like he had never done before; a lion sizing up its prey. Everything had changed now that he knew Louise had watched him dominate his wife the previous Saturday. Seeing her again felt salacious, especially as he hadn't told his wife, and Louise had no idea she had been busted.

That night had blown Louise's mind, and she had spent a large part of Sunday looking for porn videos on the web of women being tied and taken the way Mr. Marino had done to Mrs. Marino. Then she had masturbated almost every day since.

Acting casual despite a growing sensation in his loins he continued, "So how was your week, anything interesting happen?"

"Nothing special," she replied, with her hands behind her back, turning nervously on the spot under his gaze. Despite herself, her eyes drifted down to his crotch. She could see a growing bulge in his boxers and imagined the beautiful cock inside. It made her tingle. She was no virgin, but had never seen a real man's one before last Saturday. The boys she knew suddenly all seemed so, well, boyish.

They stood there in silence each lost in thought. Until the sound of Sophie's heals broke the growing tension. She came striding in to the living room, wearing tight white jeans and a sleeveless pale pink top.

"Louise sweetie, how are... Alex! Come on, go and put something on," Sophie blurted in embarrassment.

Alex grinned and excused himself. He needed some time to shower and finish preparing for the evening anyway, and was content to leave the girls to talk.

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As Sophie savored the perfectly cooked rabbit with gratin, she brought up the topic of Louise.

"Honey, you need to be more careful around Louise. I had a good chat and everything is okay now. But you can't walk around the house half-dressed when she is there. Think about it. Anyway, we ended up having an in-depth 'fille a fille'. She obviously needs someone to confide in and her mum is not an option. She even told me about some of her boyfriend disasters at university. Can you imagine she only lost her virginity last year?"

Alex almost choked on his food.

"Sounded like a horrible experience. Boys, they have no idea," she exclaimed.

"I was a boy once," Alex offered.

"My point exactly! Luckily for you I was too naïve to know otherwise back then," she joked. "Anyway, Louise was a bit shocked about seeing us last week. But also heartened to know that getting old and having kids didn't have to kill it. I shared some of my experiences with her, and even gave her a few pointers on how to avoid creeps at university."

"I met you at university," Alex replied.

"Exactly!" she laughed again, raising her mojito.

Of course, Sophie was still a little embarrassed about what had happened. But if she was being completely honest, her ego also liked the fact that her husband's desire for her had been seen by someone else. And why should she be embarrassed about that?

Dinner was fun. Sophie loved the décor and the food was incredible. And with a few glasses of wine to loosen her up, she began to wonder what her husband had planned.

"So what have you planned for later tonight?" she asked as the desert was being cleared away.

"What makes you think I have prepared anything?" he replied.

She raised an eyebrow.

He raised his hand, "Bill please!"

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Returning home, Alex let his wife thank Louise and then whispered into her ear, "Go to the bedroom, wear the blindfold I have left on the bed, and then wait for me."

Sophie felt a shiver run down her spine and turned down the corridor, as instructed.

Alex then addressed Louise, "I left an envelope in the kitchen which should more than cover tonight. Now, if you will excuse me, I need to help Mrs Marino... with something. So, please just grab the envelope and let yourself out afterwards."

"Sure Mr Marino, no problem," she replied sheepishly.

Louise blushed. She still found it hard to believe they had such a naughty sex life, and desperately wanted to watch them again.. But could she risk it? What if she got caught? Also Mrs. Marino had been really cool earlier in the evening, wouldn't it be disrespectful?

As she was weighing all the options, Mr Marino entered his room and found Sophie standing with the blindfold on as instructed.

"Come to me my love," he commanded.

Louise heard the words drift down the corridor and in that instant knew what she had to do. Turning off the lights she walked heavily to the front door, called out good night, opened it, and then closed it loudly.

Back in the bedroom Sophie moved slowly, feeling for her husband's touch.

"Where are we going?" she asked nervously as he unexpectedly led her out of the room.

"Sshh. Just trust me."

Alex guided her into the study and left the door ajar. In the middle of the room he placed a white chair, which was around two meters in front of a desk with their large twenty-seven inch iMac on it. He led Sophie next to it, then reached out an turned on the desk light, positioning it to face them.

Sophie heard the clicking of the mouse and, even with the blindfold on, could tell there was a new and bright light source in front of her. Indeed, the dark room filled with light and Rihanna's voice echoed into the silence as her music video started.

Sophie smiled at her favourite dance hit, Umbrella, and her hips started moving. She became aware of Alex's presence behind her and leaned back into his embrace as he started to strip her.

First her strappy gold shoes, then her tight jeans and top. All the while Sophie never stopped swaying to the beat. In between each item coming off, Alex took time to explore the increasing amount of his wife's exposed body. Lastly he removed her delicate lace panties and bra, giving her nipples a loving squeeze for good measure.

Standing naked, Sophie was horny as hell by the time the song ended. She needed to do something about her building desire and willed her husband to speed up the foreplay. Finally, she thought as she heard the sound of his clothes being removed and thrown to the side.

"There is a chair next to you, sit down on it," he instructed before moving back to the computer and clicking the mouse a few times.

Feeling with both hands she was able to find the chair and sat down. What is this chair doing here? She felt the material under her bum and it was soft like a towel. She quickly deduced that Alex had moved the low white lounge chair from the corner of their room into the study and put a towel on it. Even with everything going on, the perfectionist in her took time to appreciate the towel gesture, as it would prevent any stains.

And then she was jolted out of her thoughts as light temporarily blinded her. Shielding her eyes she adjusted to the removal of the blindfold. Slowly she was able to look straight ahead, to the movie that was about to start on the big screen. The desk light that was shining on her was like a mini spot light, and annoying, but she tried to ignore it and focus on the large computer screen.

The video was called 'Mine' and was a GQ produced, three minutes long, erotic art video. It didn't really show graphic sex, but was gorgeously done and oozing sex appeal. GQ's take on 'Fifty shades of grey' if you will, but much better. Standing behind her, Alex could see that she remained totally focused on it, and that her breathing had become faster and shallower.

After it ended another video started, from Alex's favourite site.

The scene opened with a beautiful blonde slowly raising her black dress and removing her panties before lewdly crawling to a well-dressed man sitting on a bed. Sophie noticed immediately the actress's resemblance to herself and what she had worn the week before. The cinematography was superb.

Sophie was no lesbian, but the blonde's rear looked beautiful and enticing. How had Alex pulled it off? Was it a coincidence? Had he arranged the video? Had he picked the dress to make her look like the actress? And suddenly she found herself wondering whether, if they had filmed themselves, would she have looked as hot as the blonde actress currently crawling submissively to her waiting master.

Sophie looked on as the blonde finally reached the man and turned around, offering him her exposed private parts to fondle. The actors fingers went in just before she felt Alex's enter her own moist and hungry pussy.

"Yes," Sophie groaned.

"Do you like this?" he whispered into her ear.

She nodded, transfixed by the video and the electric feeling of her husband's fingers. Like the week before, her husband had managed to build up her level of desire to the point where her inner animal was taking control again.

"I want to record us tonight darling. So that you can see how beautiful you are." Alex whispered, his pulse racing as he rubbed her clit and waited to know if she would play along again.

Sophie bit her lip, surprising herself by giving a small nod. Adrenaline surging through her veins at the realization of what that would mean. Alex reached up and clicked the mouse a few times. The little green light on the iMac was now on.

He returned to kneel by her side her to play with her irresistible pink pussy. Watching her body respond as he alternated between inserting his fingers, spreading her lips, and diddling her clit. All the time making sure that he didn't block the camera's view.

"Hmm," she groaned, spreading her legs apart further.

Had anyone suggested to her, even an hour ago, that she would be lewdly flaunting herself for the camera, she would have thought them crazy. But there was no denying that it was a turn on.

Onscreen the scene cut to the blonde hoping onto the bed and getting on all fours. Positioning her head so that it hung just off the side, waiting expectantly in mid air. Sophie saw the large cock approach the actress's full lips and push inside. Sophie didn't like giving blowjobs, but had to admit it looked sexy.

And that's when she became aware of a presence. Alex had moved to stand next to her, his erection just inches from her cheek. His trimmed pubic hair made it look bigger than normal. Sophie understood what was expected and rotated her head a little towards him and opened her mouth.

Alex could barely believe that his wife was going along with everything. Blowjobs from her were rare, and usually done begrudgingly. And here she was obediently opening her mouth for him. Not able to wait any longer he leaned forward, cupped behind her head within one hand, and slowly pushed his hips forward. Her lips let his head pass through them before clamping down around his shaft. He reveled in the warm, wet feeling of her mouth.

The blonde on screen gave her man an all-out porn blow job, but Sophie just couldn't bring herself to follow. Instead she sat there with her mouth closed tightly around her husband;'s cock, and let him push in and out. An observer would have said she was less giving a blow job, but rather letting him fuck her face. Still, Alex wasn't going to complain, he was loving it, especially how dirty it felt to be pumping into her mouth.

After a few minutes the scene on screen changed. The actor pushed the blonde down onto the bed and moved in with his mouth. Sophie was spell bound by the close up of the blonde's shaved pussy being spread and licked.

After feeling her husband's cock slip out of her mouth, she felt the chair being swiveled until it, and Sophie, were facing the screen at an angle. Next she felt one of her leg's being raised onto his shoulder as he moved to kneel beside her.

"Hmm," she moaned, as she felt his fingers spreading her wide open, imaging what the camera was seeing, and understanding why he had moved the chair and viewing angle.

She took a sharp breath when the force and heat of his tongue finally made contact with her sensitive inner lips. Sophie could feel him lapping, pushing his tongue as deep as it could go, before retreating and applying pressure to her clit. It was heavenly and her hips began to rise and fall in response. Occasionally she would watch Alex come up for breath and wipe his chin. When he did he always paused for a while to spread her for the camera before diving back in. She could feel the mixture of saliva and pussy juice trickle down past her perineum. It was all too much, she was getting close.

"I need to cum soon... please put it inside me now," she pleaded.

But Alex ignored her.

"Alex. I need you to fuck my pussy. I am going to cum soon and I want you to fuck me hard," she begged, knowing that he liked dirty talk, and that it would all be recorded.

He smiled. She had asked him the correct way that time, and he was also desperate to climax as well. He moved in front of her and raised her other leg high onto his shoulders as well.

"Yes, that's it," she groaned as he filled her. "Oh my God I am going to cum soon. And I want to cum harder than the girl in the video," she demanded.

Alex grinned and pushed, "there's a good slut. Beg for it."

"Oh, Alex, fuck me. Fuck my wet pussy." she moaned theatrically.

With her legs up, her husband was going deep into her in the perfect mixture of pleasure and pain. But with each thrust the pleasure dominated ever more. She watched the blonde's shaved pussy take the large penis on screen and looked down at her own, stretching for her husband's cock. She felt like a voyeur and exhibitionist all at the same time.

Sophie closed her eyes and concentrated on the pressure that was building, knowing that she couldn't hold back her climax much longer. Grunting loudly she was urging her husband on, to finish her like a champion stud. Nothing mattered now except her need to climax.

"That's it, I'm going to cum, don't stop fucking me," she implored.

"Me too, I'm close, you're so tight, I love fucking your tight pussy," he grunted.

Sophie lost all control, and her orgasm exploded from deep within, blowing all of her circuit breakers as the shock waves violently ripped through her body. Her pussy clamped hard around the invading cock and her body shook uncontrollably beneath her husband. That was it for Alex too, and he went over the edge as well, pumping for all he was worth.

And then it was over, and he collapsed on top of his wife, his cock emptying inside her as goose bumps erupted down his back. Sophie held him close as her orgasm drifted away, being replaced by a sense of complete serenity and peace.

The only sound in the room now was the grunting and thrusting of the young couple in the video, who seemed to have more stamina.

**Sophie's Awakening Pt. 03**

Alex woke up on Sunday morning with a minor headache and a dry mouth. Applying a hand to his forehead seemed to help as he slowly sat up and looked at the clock nearby. It read 6:30am. 'Urgh,' he cursed under his breath.

Lying peacefully beside him was his gorgeous French wife, who was still fast asleep and recovering from another night of debauchery. The white linen sheets had largely slipped off, allowing him to admire her in the dim light. Blonde hair flowed down her shoulders. Her little t-shirt that was all bunched up, revealing her sexy midriff. And her cute little Victoria Secrets sleeping shorts had risen up her derriere enough to reveal most of a smooth white cheek. It was enough to make anyone hungry.

Which reminded him, their first ever home sex tape was on the iMac in the study.

'I still can't believe she agreed to do it,' Alex told himself, hoping it wasn't all a dream.

His wife had been submissive and insatiable again, and he dared to hope that a new phase in their sex life had truly begun. She had allowed herself to be spread wide open and fingered for the camera. She had invited him to fuck her mouth and pussy, and even talked dirty.

Part of him wanted to wait until Sophie was there to watch the video together for the first time. But that part wasn't strong enough to overrule his lower brain, which was sending out very strong orders. Leaning over he gently kissed his wife's cheek and tip toed out the bedroom. Though turning into the study he was in for a surprise.

"Morning Papa," his eldest said, looking up from his comic book.

"Ah. Morning Leon, how did you sleep?" He replied in a mixture of disappointment and affection, accepting that he would be waiting to watch the video after all.

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Luckily Sunday flew by in a whirlwind of activities, meals and chores. Alex barely thought of the video until evening fell and the kids were in bed. When his mind finally turned to it he could feel the excitement building. But just as he was about to suggest that they consider watching it, he found a glass of red thrust into his hand. Sophie was obviously keen to do the Sunday night usual, and so he followed her lead. Plus, when he thought about it, better they loosened up and decompressed after a long weekend before watching the video in any case.

Their Sunday night routine usually involved poring a glass or two of red wine and then hanging out in the living room. They would chat about the weekend, swap gossip, and plan anything important for the week ahead. Tonight she had opened a bottle of Chateau Mont-Redon, which was full bodied and smooth on the palate.

Sophie watched her husband intently as he decided to join her on the large sofa, moving her long legs to the side to give him space. She had always found him to be attractive enough. At 5'8 with brown hair and blue eyes, he was better looking than average and kept in relatively good shape. But she had dated better looking guys before him, and when they had met he was a total fashion disaster. It was only because they had become neighbors during their final year of university that she had gotten to know him at all. Then one thing had led to another, and after administering a total style makeover, she had gotten serious.

A decade later and Sophie felt lucky to have him. But being French, she had learned from a young age to always look for things to criticize. And with her husband, the main source of annoyance in recent years had been his high sex drive, and his ability to live with things that were less than perfect.

For she was a perfectionists perfectionist. The house, clothes, meals, holidays... everything always had to be perfect. Before the kids had come along it was easy enough to keep everything in order and have sex a few times a week. But post kids she was often exasperated at how messy and complicated things could become, both physically and emotionally. This meant that her sex drive had fallen, whilst her husband's had remained the same.

However, the last 2 Saturdays had changed her point of view somewhat. For the first time since the Kids were born she started to appreciate his more sexual side, and the fact that he was still so attracted to her. Sophie looked on in approval as her husband put his glass down on the coffee table and then gently lifted one of her calves into his lap. A foot massage would be exactly what the doctor ordered.

"Yes, right there," she moaned, as he pressed down on a sensitive spot. "So I guess you have been dying to watch the video?" She teased.

"What video?" Alex replied with a big grin.

"And that porn video we watched, is that what you masturbate to?" She asked pointedly.

Alex blushed at her directness and pressed harder on the ball of her foot. "Sometimes. Although recently I tend to prefer reading erotic stories to start with, and then finishing with a video like the one you saw."

"I real connoisseur then," she joked, "and what type of stories do you read?" She continued, sipping her glass.

Alex put her leg to one side, reached over to enjoy his own wine as well, and then moved her other foot into place.

"Definitely has to have a good plot. Unexpected twists, loving wives, blindfolds, seduction, babysitters, voyeurism, exhibitionism...it varies I guess."

He refrained from also mentioning that he loved stories about anal sex because he knew his wife was not into it.

"And you?"

Despite all their years together, Sophie had always avoided talking about her own sexual fantasies. Alex sometimes made fun of her, saying it was a hangover from her bourgeois catholic upbringing and the repressed sexuality that came with it. So as she swirled the wine in her glass, it was a surprise to him when she actually answered.

"Of course I have fantasies, though maybe not as much as I used to. It's hard to just say one as I don't have any one in particular thing...and they sort of blur together. There is never a face either. They tend to just involve someone. Sometimes I picture being a student and seduced by my tutor, or a handsome stranger picking me up at a bar or beach. Things like that," she finished, before retreating back inside herself, flushed with embarrassment at what she had just admitted to.

"Wow, that's hot, what else?" He encouraged,

Rubbing the sole of her foot more sensually. He was keen to know what she fantasized about so that he could integrate her desires into their sex life.

"So have the last 2 Saturdays been part of your fantasies?" She asked, changing the subject.

"I guess. I just thought that we could use a bit more spice," he answered, watching in horror as her demeanor instantly changed.

"Oh. So 'just' sex with me isn't enough anymore?" She snapped back.

'Shit, Idiot!' he berated himself.

Sometimes it was hard to tell if she was joking, and with her French temperament she could easily go from zero to mad, faster than a Ferrari.

"That's not what I meant darling. Of course not, but I just thought that maybe we would both enjoy something...different. I thought you had fun?"

Sophie sat there in silence studying her husband. She could see him starting to panic, and knew why. He must have been desperate to watch the video with her, hoping for more action. And whilst part of her felt a strange need to punish him for the perceived offense to her ego, she was also curious about the video and didn't want to cut off her nose to spite her face.

Alex could see his wife reflecting and knew the evening hung by a thread, and he needed to act fast before it broke. He weighed the options. The last 2 successful evenings were based on him adopting a dominant position. But somehow it felt wrong tonight. His gut told him to go soft.

"I understand how you are feeling Darling. We don't have to watch the video if you don't want to, we can even delete it if that would make you feel better." he suggested, managing to sound genuine even though he didn't mean a word of it.

Sophie hadn't expected him to be so considerate and slowly relaxed back into the foot massage.

"No. No. Let's watch it," she sighed. "But we delete it if I say so," she added, feeling better now that she was the one suggesting what they would do. "Let me just check on the kids one last time."

"We have two options," Alex explained, following her down the corridor, "we can either watch it on the iMac, or I can download it onto my laptop and we can watch it on the bed."

As Sophie considered the choices, butterflies started to fly in her tummy at the actual prospect of watching her first homemade sex tape.

"The bed sounds better," she decided.

"Alright, give me a few minutes to set it up and see you in there," he replied. And a naughty idea flicked through his mind.

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He entered the room and locked the door behind him. Sophie grabbed the laptop and placed it at the foot of the bed, just in front of the now infamous ottoman. With a huff she lay down on her front and opened the laptop. Alex flopped down next to her.

"Ready?" She asked, her hand trembling a little above the touchpad.

Alex nodded.

Goose bumps erupted down her spine as she suddenly saw herself sitting naked in the chair with her legs spread. Nothing could have prepared her for this. This was really happening, she was actually watching herself spread her legs apart! Her emotions were all over place.

She was at once embarrassed by her body, curious at how it looked, and turned on by what her husband was doing to her. Sophie studied herself intently, intrigued by the sight of her own pussy lips and how they rose up to the hood of her clit. Comparing it to those that she had seen in magazines and videos, it was one of the prettier ones at least. Although she definitely didn't like her pubic hair. Although it was blonde and kept neat, it still looked passé.

Alex was having the same thoughts as his wife, and had to raise his hips and reach under to adjust himself. It was like a dream come true. Not usually one for religion, he felt it would be good form to thank God just in case.

Sophie watched in fascination. On screen her husband was now fingering her, whilst occasionally stopping to spread her pussy wide open, revealing the rich pink of her vagina. She was getting very turned on, and her mind was becoming incoherent as desire started to overwhelm her thoughts again. She couldn't make up her mind if she wanted to speed up the video to see it all instantly, to slow it down to study every detail, or to stop it entirely.

Alex began to caress his wife's back and bum through her clothes. She didn't protest. Nor did she tell him to stop when he reached under her to pop the buttons of her jeans. In fact she aided by lifting her hips off the bed so that he could shimmy them off together with her sheer white panties. Whilst her hips were in the air he took the opportunity to slip a pillow under them.

"Aren't we a good and obedient girl tonight. Now what am I to do with you," he wondered.

He had planned the previous Saturday's to perfection, but he hadn't had time to plan this evening. Options ran through his mind until he decided on a course of action. Getting up he moved quickly to the bathroom and searched for the massage oil, all the while listening to the sound of moans and naked flesh from the video.

Fully engrossed by the video, Sophie hadn't moved. Removing his clothes Alex hoped onto the bed and straddled her legs. Pushing her t-shirt up he gave himself unobstructed access to her delicious naked rear. The video action was hot, but Alex knew he could always watch it later. It was far more important for him to play with his wife whilst the going was good.

He squirted an amount of oil onto the small of her back and then began to sensuously rub it all over her smooth bum and lower back. Her cheeks were not too hard, and not too soft, but just right. By massaging them in large circular strokes he could spread her open and hear the moisture of her already wet pussy.

Bit by bit he allowed his thumbs to reach further down between her legs on each stroke, until they were trailing through her swelling lips. And like a dog in heat, the smell her sex was having a potent affect on him.

"Hmm," Sophie purred in response.

With that encouragement Alex chanced allowing his thumbs to continue up her crack so that he could pass over her perineum before feeling the wrinkled skin of her little anal opening. He loved how her forbidden hole felt against his fingertips. Part of him worried she would tell him to stop playing back there, but the only sound to escape her lips were groans of lust.

Alex was getting greedy, and wanted more. In a flurry of activity he readjusted his position and her legs, spreading them apart so that he could kneel in between. Her firm bum now raised and open for him. Reaching forward he spread her pussy, enjoying the view of her pink inner flesh.

Sophie gasped as she finally felt his wet tongue go up and down between her folds. Raising her hips she pushed back into her husband's face. Struggling with the sensory overload, she didn't even protest when an occasional tickle radiated out from her bum hole. It was a powerful new feeling. Like a thousand nerve endings she had never known existed all singing at once. And each time the endings sang their chorus, her rear would automatically tense and rise, not because it was bad, but because it was intense.

Alex felt like an animal as he kept her cheeks spread in his hands and licked and lapped at her pussy and anus. Bodily fluids ran down his chin as he pushed his tongue in further, seeking the strong musky taste of her inner depths. He loved it when her bum tensed in his hands in response to a lick of her forbidden hole. Her cheeks would shrink, becoming no bigger than those of a 19 year old a babysitter's. And for some inexplicable reason when they did he felt the need to lovingly bite them. Then the cycle would repeat as she relaxed and unclenched.

Between Sophie and the video, the sound of moaning filled the room. Anyone listening outside the door must have imagined an orgy going on.

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"Alex!" Sophie suddenly gasped in shock.

Like a prairie dog hearing danger, his head immediately popped up.

"Shit," he thought, "she is going to tell me to stop licking her bum".

"What is it darling?" He asked hesitantly.

"Shit, rewind," she mumbled to herself.

Intrigued he sat up and watched his wife rewind the video.

"There! See that, something moved," she said pointing to the corner of the screen. "You had left the door open and something moved in the corridor."

The penny dropped and Alex knew exactly what his wife had seen. He hadn't even considered the possibility that their voyeur of a babysitter would appear in the video and that his wife would find out about her.

"What did you see?" He asked innocently.

"I'm not sure, but something definitely moved. I will kill you if one of our kids saw us. Does this have a slow motion option?" She asked.

"I am sure it does," Alex replied, moving beside her as they both sat up.

"Let me turn the screen on full bright and go slow," she said more excitedly now, like a character on CSI finding that crucial piece of evidence.

"There!" She pointed again. And then her hand went to her mouth as she gasped, "someone definitely moved in the corridor."

"But Who? How?" Alex asked in his most credible voice of shock. Luckily for him Sophie was too immersed to notice his own bad acting, worse than anything from CSI, which was saying something.

Sophie started panicking as blood rushed to her head, trying to figure out what it all meant. She had to know, and started fearing the impact it would have on her kids if they had seen the debauchery that had taken place.

"Let's fast forward, but so that we can see, maybe we get a better angle or lighting later in the video."

Alex already knew who the spy was. After all, he had engineered everything to give their young babysitter every opportunity to watch them again. But he couldn't let his wife know that. They watched as on screen Sophie was being fingered at lightning speed. Next came the part where Alex got up to feed Sophie his cock. But just as the action started she paused the video.

"There! Did you see that! Just as you stood by my side!" She exclaimed.

Sophie rewound the video a little, and then played it again, but in slow motion. It was undeniable now. At the moment when he had gotten up to go and stand by his wife's side, the unobstructed light had illuminated the gap in the door and penetrated beyond into the corridor. Someone was sitting and watching them through the crack in the door. And although the details were not clear enough to make out a face, the hint of red certainly was.

"Louise!" Sophie gasped, "Oh my God. She had a red top last night, and look. But how? Does she have a key?"

"Well...now that I think about it," Alex said, trying to play stupid, "I didn't actually see her out of the flat, I guess she could have heard us and decided to stay."

Sophie turned and stared at him, dumbstruck,"what were you thinking?"

"We were drunk and horny, I just told Louise to see herself out," he tried explaining.

"That is so you to be this careless, you never do anything properly," she continued, her temper rising. Although as shocking as it was to have been watched by Louise, Sophie could at least console herself now with the knowledge that it hadn't been one of her kids. And that was a huge relief.

"Careless? How about last Saturday when you did the same thing...remember?" He said in defense.

Sophie turned that thought over, it was true, she had also been careless that night. And then suddenly a new look of shock passed over her face.

"Are you saying you think she saw us last week as well?"

Alex didn't need to answer, his expression said it all. He looked like someone who had just got caught with his hand in the cookie jar. But luckily Sophie interpreted his reaction as a natural one of shock, rather than guilt. She tried to imagine what Louise must have seen if she had indeed watched them both nights. Their 19 year old neighbor would have watched raunchy, animal sex. She would have seen Sophie tied up and fucked from behind, cuming uncontrollably, talking dirty, giving a submissive blow job, and begging for her husband's cock like a slut.

"But that means she had already watched us before we had that talk yesterday," Sophie went on, thinking out loud, "no wonder she opened up to me about her sex life."

That's when Sophie noticed that her husband's cock hadn't been affected at all by this recent development. His raging hard on was just as strong as ever, and bouncing in front of him as he sat there.

"Men," she thought, "they really do only think of one thing. I bet he is even enjoying this development. Being seen by a cute teen whilst using me like a sex toy. But why should I be the only one feeling bad? Maybe he is right, so what if Louise saw us? So what if I am comfortable with my own sexuality? Maybe she looks up to me now, which is why she confided in me?"

She remembered how it had felt to watch the beautiful porn actress the night before, with her gorgeous body and lack of inhibition. What if Louise had felt that about her? After all, Sophie herself would probably watch a hot couple if the opportunity presented itself. And the more she thought about it, the more turned on she was getting again.

Impulsively she leaned over and pushed her husband back on the bed. Moved on top of him, and impaled herself on his stiff cock.

"Yes," she cried out.

Sophie imagined herself being watched from the door by Louise and started performing. Her top and bra went flying as she rode Alex like a pro. Playing with with her erect pink nipples and clit, which was just accessible where she was grinding down. She couldn't be sure that she would have had the guts to act this way if Louise was actually there, but the thought of it was a massive turn on.

Her blonde hair tumbled sexily as she leaned forward and fed her husband a face full of tits. All the while milking his cock with her tight pussy. She didn't even protest as her husband reached round to tickle her bum hole.

"Oui, Oui," she cried out, performing for the imaginary voyeur.

Then as suddenly as Sophie had pushed him down, she was off him. Moving onto her back, opening her legs wide apart, and spreading her pussy.

"Now fuck me hard and deep," she hissed.

Alex had never seen her so wanton and wasted no time in positioning himself to give her seven of his finest.

"Yes!" Sophie cried out, "Plus Fort!"

Leaning down he sucked on her erect nipples, knowing she liked it. Rolling them in his mouth, sucking them hard. Eliciting more groans of pleasure.

"Oh Yes! Like that, I'm going to cum soon! Don't stop," she gasped.

But Alex had other ideas. Given her state he knew it was worth a try, and so he pulled out.

"On your knees," he instructed.

Sophie obeyed and spun round, raising her rear and arching her back. Positioning herself so that if Louise had been there at the door, she would have had the best seat in the house. Alex grabbed her hips and slammed against her body, going all the way in to the hilt.

"Oh my god, yes, I'm going to cum soon, don't stop," Sophie moaned.

All that she could think about now was how it felt. The joy radiating through her body was the only thing that mattered.

"Rub your clit," her husband instructed.

But Sophie didn't need to be told, she had already balanced her upper torso to free up one hand to do exactly that. Alex looked around on the bed and saw the massage oil bottle. Briefly slowing the pace of his thrusts he reached down to get it. He squirted a little above her anus and threw it back onto the bed. The lubricant collected around her wrinkled opening.

With a deep breath he placed his thumb at the entrance of her bum and pushed. Sophie let out a gasp when she realized what he was doing. She wanted to say no, but in the heat of the moment she just needed to climax. Although it was uncomfortable, it was also sort of pleasurable, and so she decided to see where it would lead.

Alex knew that at any time his wife might tell him to stop, but doing something so forbidden just added to the thrill. So he continued to work his thumb past her tight sphincter and into her rectum, all the while never letting up his relenting pounding of her cunt. Bit by bit her vice like ass yielded itself and let him work his thumb all the way inside. He could feel his cock through the thin separation between her two holes. It was one of the hottest things he had ever seen or felt.

Sophie's eyes rolled in their sockets and drool seeped from her mouth as she lost control. Being filled in both holes was unlike anything she had ever experienced. The sensations were overloading her system and she feared that unless she came quickly she might pass out.

"I am going to cum," she heard her husband grunt.

"Moi aussi," she garbled, as her hips began to convulse uncontrollably.

Sophie's orgasm was overwhelming. Alex could feel it in his hands as her hips bucked wildly, in her pussy as it milked his cock, and on his thumb as her rectum tried to crush it. Grunting proudly, his cock began to spasm, shooting large spurts of cum deep inside her.

In the heat of the moment they had forgotten all about the laptop. It was still sitting there on the bed, paused on the frame where Louise's red top was just visible in the doorway.