A Hot Night on Lanzerote

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For a few years after my wife had got gangbanged on a Greek ferry we took our holidays at home, in order to avoid Susan getting out of hand whilst under the influence of cheap booze. Eventually we decided to go to Lanzerote in the Canary Islands. On our first three days there, the weather was glorious and we spentour days on the beach and our evenings in the hotel bar.

The fourth day was overcast, so we took the bus to Costa Tequise to look round thevery expensiveshops. It was in one ofthose shops that my wife saw the bracelet, the one that she just had to have. I put my foot down and said no, as it would have taken all our spare holiday cash, but she wasn't convinced.

That night we were drinking in the hotel bar when she informedme that she would pay for the bracelet herself. She showed me a flyer from one of the big nightclubs which said, "Friday Night is Amateur Strip Night - Win 500 euros."

"You are joking," I said. "You would be up against girls at least ten years younger than you, pretty young girls with pert boobs, long legs and tight little asses: they would laugh you off the stage."

We did not realise that Juan the barman was listening to our conversation but he shook his head and said, " No Senor, you are wrong, all of the girls will be young and beautiful but they always look bored, dance without any enthusiasm and never take their panties off. Now your beautiful wife with her more rounded figure woulddrive the men wild. My brother is the manager of the club and I am sure that he would be prepared to give her some tips, that would ensure her success."

There was no stopping Sue now, and the nextafternoon she went off with Juan to meet his brother at the club, while I lay on the beach sunbathing.It was a couple of hours before she returned, looking somewhat aroused and flustered, telling me that that she had the winnings in the bag. "It's all right getting your kit off in front of a couple of guys," I remarked, "but tomorrow nightthere will be about five hundred people in the club."

The next night Juan and I sat at the back of the club while Susan went off to get changed. The manager explained that the girl who got the loudest cheers would win and introduced the first contestant. The first two girls to take part were both English, andacted exactly as my barman friend described, totally lackluster performances ending up with their little thongs still in place.

They were followed by a very butch Dutch girl who used a large black dildo as a prop. She would have done well, except that most of the male clubbers knew that she was a dyke, because they had seen her round the resort with other lesbians.

That left one more competitor who my wife had to beat. A really pretty German girl with a superb

figure. However, she made the mistake of teasing the audience by making out that she was going to drop her knickers, but instead wagged her finger at them, calling them "naughty boys."The result was that she got as many boos as cheers.
The love of my life then came on stage, clad in a white shirt, black leather mini skirt, black stockings and heels. She started dancing and it was quite obvious that her large boobs were notencased in a bra. She quickly lost the shirtand let the audience see her oversize chest jiggle every time she moved, her huge nipples sticking out like dustbin lids.The leather mini skirt quickly followed the shirt onto the floor, causing the watching hoards to gasp as they saw her clad in a tiny pair of red panties, stockings and heels.
The club manager then brought on a chair which Sue carefully sat on, keeping her knees tightly closed.She slowly eased the panties below her bottom, down her legs, until they were round her ankles. Then suddenly she whipped them off, threw them into thecrowd and opened her legs wide. Not only that, but she wetted a couple of fingers and pushed them into her obviously aroused snatch. I thought that the crowd would riot, the applause was so deafening, Susan hadwon the money for certain. As she left the stage the club managerannounced that she had indeed won, and that she would be presented with the money in about an hour's time.
Juan and I finished our drinks and then went backstage to congratulate her. We heard a lot of noise coming from the manager's office and walked in to findmy naked wife getting fucked by the manager, on his desk, while another four guys watched. She was on her back with her feet almost touching her ears,moaning slightly as the randySpaniard drove his large cock into her.
He lasted for about ten minutes before being replaced by not one but two guys, one hammering her pussy whilst his mate used her mouth. They worked in unison,one pistoning into her snatch, causing her to take more of the other guy's cock down her throat. All of the other men who were waiting their turn, laughed and cheered at my poor wife's situation, I knew that we were in for a long night.
The fucking seemed to go on for ever, as two guys climbed off her and the table, another two climbed on. Even Juan, mybarman friend had his turn, taking my wife on her hands and knees. Just when I thought things could not get any worse they brought in the Dutch Dyke with her enormous black dildo.The guys were ecstatic when then saw Susan having to take the rubber monster into her much abused cunt.
The manager then realised that the only person in the room not to have got his rocks off was me. It was the most humiliating thingever, when I was grabbed, had my pants pulled down and my reluctantly hard cock introduced into my Susan stretched and sore vagina. The muscles that controlled her pussy were so stretched that they had lost their elasticity, I could hardly feel her, she was that loose. Despite the fact that it was like shagging the Mersey tunnel I am ashamed to saythat I came very quickly, adding myjism to the gallons already in her.
When she went out on stage to be presented with her winnings the bastards would not let her clean herself up, let alone get dressed. Her king size nipples were raw from all the sucking they had endured, her face and hairwere covered in dried cum whilst a steady trickle ran down her legs from her loose and reddenedvagina. If the five hundred spectators were excited before, they were over the

moon now, as they saw my love paraded in front of them like a hooker who had done a year's work in one go.
She did getthe money, she did buy the bracelet, but it tookweeks before her pussy muscles went back to normal. After that episode I was determined to spend all our future holidays in somewhere quiet like Bournmouth, but I was wrong.