

# Harbour Lights

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*Perhaps he should have told his wife he wanted to share her tonight*

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The Harbour Lights are bright tonight, their sharp glare hides all but the brightest stars from view. The beat of music from surrounding bars forms a backdrop to the cries of the excited throngs whose only interest is in drinking and having fun. I look out over the town and the scene reminds me that my life is good. I love our home in Puerto Banus and even if our boat isn't the biggest in the harbour, it makes us happy. A small sign mounted on the wooden gangway shows our berth number, its luminescent characters glow bright, eerily framed against the dark waters beyond.

## **Boat 123, our pride and joy.**

A head pops up from below breaking my concentration. I briefly study the weather beaten face I know so well and love so much, his body oozes strength as he climbs onto the deck. His youth, like mine, has been left behind but he's still a fine figure of a man, my man. I hold my arms out and twirl for him.

"How do I look, will I do?"

"You'll more than do my darling, you look beautiful. You always look beautiful."

I pull your shirt out of your trousers and loosen another button at the top. Not for the first time I wonder if you intentionally dress like a nerd because you know I like to change something about your appearance before we go out. It would be so like you to make my life easy. I step back and look at you, my smile and a small nod tells you I'm happy now. The look in your eyes should warn me that you are up to something even before you open your mouth.

"Before we go, there's something ....."

The sentence hangs unfinished in the night air, you reach out for what I think is going to be a hug but instead you untie the sash of my light wrap round dress and allow it to drift open in the gentle breeze.

My hands move instinctively to pull the flowing fabric back round my body but your strong hands hold my wrists, your eyes ravage my exposed flesh as if you're seeing me for the first time.

"What are you doing Andy, people can see me!"

Your arms pull me towards you, your lips close on my neck, drawing a low moan and a twist of my head exposing more flesh for you to tease. My reaction is no more than you would have expected.

"Then they're very, very lucky my darling, you look so sexy any man would want to look at you."

Your educated fingers find their way behind my back and flip the fastening of my bra with practiced ease. Your tone of voice is more of a demand than a request, I do love it when you take control.

"Take it off."

"You want me to wear this dress without a bra?"

"God yes, do it for me Anna. You have gorgeous breasts and you look so sexy when you don't hide them. I love watching the way they move. You don't need a bra you know, they're still so firm."

I give you a dirty look, but slip out of the offending underwear and quickly pull the dress back round my naked flesh feeling the thin cloth hug the contours of my body. A glance confirms that the smooth surface is broken by two hardened nubs poking through as if they are looking to escape the prison of my flimsy covering.

"Please Andy; everyone will know I've got nothing on."

Your hands hold mine away from my body. I let the short dress fall away again so you can feast your eyes on me. My breathing is ragged, I can feel the dampness grow between my legs, you can turn me on so easily.

That's just one of the many things I love about you.

I close my eyes, blotting out the stares from unseen strangers on shore that I know are peering through the dark night at the peep show you're giving them.

I feel my arms fall as you release them, I open my eyes in time to see the small black panties I'm wearing slide down over my thighs. The suspender belt I'd worn knowing it would excite you shows suddenly in stark contrast against the skin at my waist. The neatly trimmed patch of soft dark hair

hides pussy lips that I know are wet and eager for your touch.

"Now you really have nothing on. Everyone will know I have the sexiest wife in the world."

"Andy, please. I need something on under this dress, I feel like I'm walking around naked."

"You're such a sexy woman Anna, do it for me just this once. I want to watch all the men who see you tonight wondering if it really means what they hope it means when they can't see a panty line. I want to watch their eyes and know that they're hard as rocks imagining what they would like to do to my wife. Please Anna, do this for me."

I know better than to argue with you when you're in this kind of mood and if I'm honest, the thought of going out naked under my dress is turning me on more than I've been turned on for a long time. You carefully arrange the loose folds so that my legs and stocking tops will show as I walk and then with a final flourish, you tie a simple bow in the belt before stepping back to admire your handiwork.

If you want to show me off tonight, so be it.

"You look so fuckable Anna."

I feel fuckable. I wonder if I should tell you just how fuckable I feel and how aware I am of how sensual my body feels. Every small movement I make excites millions of nerve endings where the slight roughness of my dress strokes me like tiny fingers and tongues running over my naked flesh. My breasts sway and I feel them strain against my clothes ability to contain them.

My lecherous thoughts drift lower and I become more and more conscious of the extent of my nudity. Even the warm Mediterranean breeze is enough to cool the moisture where it seeps from my overexcited sex and threatens to run down my thighs.

I consider telling you that if I look so fuckable and feel so fuckable, perhaps we should stay in and you should fuck me, but my inner naughtiness is becoming more and more attuned to the thought of you displaying me in front of strangers at tonight's party.

I wonder if they'll think I'm fuckable too?

I also wonder if you hope they will.

Everyone will know there is no bra restraining my breasts, even when I stand still to stop them swaying, my hard nipples poke out like acorns hidden only by a dress that was never designed with

such wanton behaviour in mind. An excited shudder runs through me when I wonder if any of the men I meet tonight will find out that I'm not wearing panties.

The walk to the party does nothing to calm me, my breasts sway seductively under the loose fitting dress, men's eyes follow me every step of the way, I know what they're thinking. My stocking clad thighs and the lightly tanned skin above show too often where the bottom of my dress gapes as I walk.

I don't have 'white bits'.

The thinly veiled lust in the eyes of passers-by makes me bolder and I stop trying to be careful about the way I walk. I even wonder if the keener observers might see more than they hoped for.

I'm very impressed by the boat that's the venue for the party, I ask you how you managed to get an invitation but "a friend of a friend" doesn't really tell me much. I feel eyes burning into my skull from other guests, a few accompany looks of disgust at the blatant way you're displaying me but most are lustful stares. We eat and drink, the former probably too little, the latter definitely too much.

None of the men who approach us ask me to dance; they ask you if they can dance with your wife as if they recognise that tonight at least, you own me completely. Every time they ask, you tell them to enjoy me and smile.

Each time you pass me to a stranger for his pleasure, I try to ignore the subtle touches and the bulging trousers that press against me. It turns me on to know that they want me, I know it's turning you on as well. After each dance I ask them to escort me back to my table, even when their hands make inappropriate contact in front of you, the look on your face tells them that you understand. Your smile tells them that you know it's not possible for a red blooded male to resist touching a woman dressed the way you have dressed me. Your eyes tell me that you know, whatever happens, I will always come back to you.

"Andy, I'm glad you could make it."

The words are directed towards you but the piercing blue eyes meet mine. This is definitely another look to add to the growing list of lustful stares for tonight.

You introduce me to Harry.

I watch him fight a battle inside his mind, a battle he wins and his gaze never leaves my face. I think he might be the first to manage that tonight but also I know in my heart that he has probably seen all

he needs to see before joining us. Harry, you inform me, is the son of the boat's owner and our host for the night.

As if my libido needed any more stimulation, I find myself face to face with a boy who can be no more than 25 years old, rich and has the looks of a male model. I could cut the sexual tension with a knife. Harry's wealth and lifestyle have produced a young man who is mature and confident in a way women find attractive.

This 45 year old woman finds him very attractive, possibly even too attractive.

When he asks me to dance, neither of us looks for your approval. We dance and for the first time tonight I let my body move the way I know it wants to. I follow Harry's eyes each time one of my breasts threatens to escape from its feeble covering or there is a flash of tanned flesh when my dancing exposes too much thigh. I flaunt myself unashamedly for him, wishing I could rip the scant garment away and tell him to take me right there in front of you and his guests.

I feel so horny.

A slower song saves me from my inner self until he pulls me close and my breasts press hard against his muscular chest, the warmth of our bodies is sensual where we touch. My nipples stiffen until they throb, he rubs his chest slowly against mine, exciting me even further. We both know he isn't doing this by accident.

I'm spiralling out of control; his hand slips inside my dress and gently strokes a hard nub that tenses under his touch. I push him away and try to hold his hand against my shoulder. He isn't going to give in so easily, it probably doesn't surprise him when his second assault meets with no resistance. Right there on the dance floor he squeezes my nipple hard and twists until I cry out. I try to push him away again but we both know I waited too long. He caresses the soft naked flesh of my breast one more time and then calmly takes my arm and guides me back to our table.

The look you give me is beyond my powers of interpretation, my lungs are heaving, partly in search of air but also from the sensations that are coursing through my chest. I know my face is flushed.

Did you see him touch me?

"Thank you for letting me borrow your wife Andy, I hope you don't mind if I enjoy a lot more of her later."

"Any time Harry; she looks like she enjoyed herself."

Before I sit down I excuse myself and go to the ladies, partly to bring myself back under some semblance of control but also to administer to the flow of feminine juices that have soaked my upper thighs. I don't think I've ever been as wet as this. I consider some self induced relief but it somehow seems wrong. When I return, there's a fresh round of drinks that Harry has left for us. I take several large gulps before I begin to feel better.

"Are you having fun sweetheart."

I look but I see no hidden message behind your question.

"Yes but I feel guilty leaving you sitting here. Maybe it would be better if you came and danced with me."

"It's all right, I'm enjoying watching you and all these men who want to dance with you and touch you. Do you like the attention you're getting?"

"You've noticed. What did you expect when you brought me out with almost nothing on."

You lean close and whisper in my ear.

"I expected every man here to want to fuck my sexy wife."

"What?"

Your hand rests on my thigh, pushing the inadequate covering even further towards my throbbing pussy. I look round me and wonder if we're hidden enough for you to open my legs and finger me like you have before.

"You heard me. So, who would you let fuck you?"

I try to look shocked.

"Just you my darling."

You laugh.

"Mmm, good answer, but if I wasn't here, how many of them would you let do it to you?"

I take another big slug of my drink, am I being tested or does my husband want to see me give myself to another man tonight?

I hope my silence will make you drop the subject but you don't want to.

"Just give me your number one, I know they all want to use that sexy body of yours but who would you want first?"

The whole conversation is driving my libido to the stars, I decide that if this is the way you want it, I'll join in your little game.

"Harry."

"Oh you bad, bad girl. Are you having naughty thoughts about our host's baby boy?"

"Hey buster, this is your fantasy, you just made me join in, so the answer is Harry."

A shadow looms above me, blocking the light.

"Sounds good to me, if I'm the answer, what was the question. I hope Andy has just asked you who you most want to dance with next."

All I can think is how relieved I am that he doesn't know what the question really was. I take the hand he holds out and stick my tongue out at your grinning face before following my new best friend towards the heaving mass of dancers.

The look you give me sends a chill down my spine. Not for the first time tonight, I wondered what is going on in that devious mind of yours.

Harry insists that I tell him what we'd been talking about, I'm pretty sure he doesn't believe my answer that you asked me who was the best dance partner tonight. He holds me close and we become one animal moving to the beat of the music. His hands explore me as if the tiny layer of cloth has been peeled away and I'm naked in his arms. He becomes more confident, bolder. He has the look of a man who knows he can do anything he wants with me. My head rests against his shoulder, his erection presses into my pubic mound. Somehow I think he knows that each time he rubs against my clitoris he drives me closer to climaxing for him in front of his envious guests.

"Did you tell Andy I played with your breasts?"

"No."

Another smile crosses his lips, another step is taken towards his finishing line, he knows there's only one reason why a married woman doesn't tell her husband that a strange man has had his hand inside her dress. This time when his palm closes round the firm mound of my right breast I do nothing to stop him. When his fingers slide in and explore a nipple he finds that it's already standing to attention waiting for him, my only reaction is to close my eyes and gasp. His hand moves and captures the bulging flesh he has ignored so far, drawing a low moan from somewhere in the back of my throat.

"Oh god Harry, please stop, Andy will see us."

"I think he knows Anna, if he wants me to stop enjoying his wife he'll tell me."

A small explosion triggers inside my head. That can't really be right, can it? Andy wouldn't want this boy to touch me like this. A small part of me wants to doubt it, but most of me knows that he's right.

"Hey, Joleon say hello to Anna. Anna, this is my best mate Joleon. Come over here Jo and I'll introduce you to Andy, Anna's husband."

I'm glad to have the spotlight move away from me even for a few minutes. My mind is a whirl of sensations which seem to be dominated by images of Harry's naked body pinning me to a mattress. His cock, hard in the way only young men are hard, is driving deep into the warm wet folds of my over stimulated pussy. Joleon's dark skin seems even blacker in my vision than it is in real life, but the impossibly huge erection he's thrusting into my throat feels like it's on the verge of emptying his swollen balls into my stomach.

"Anna, Anna my darling. You were lost in a dream world there sweetheart. I'm just popping off to the gents; you'll be all right with the boys looking after you won't you?"

I nod dumbly still not totally sure what's real and what's in my imagination. Am I drunk? I don't feel drunk, maybe a little tipsy but not drunk. The boys sit me down in between them where as Harry is at pains to tell me, they can look after me like Andy wants them to.

I feel like putty in their hands.

"What do you think of Andy's wife Jo, isn't she the sexiest woman here. Have you even seen a nicer pair of tits, she loves having them played with too, don't you Anna. I think maybe she came without a bra on so we could play with her. You loved it when I touched them out on the dance floor, didn't

you?"

I know I should be angry at the way he's talking about me to his friend but all I can think of is the feel of his hand inside my dress and the way I almost climaxed when his fingers tortured my nipples. I know he's going to touch me again but instead of stopping him, I look round frantically to see who will witness my infidelity. I'm not sure if I'm relieved or disappointed to see that we're well hidden from view.

Harry presses a single finger against the nipple on my left breast. Even through the covering of my dress the sensation of that single touch is enough to make me tense. It feels so wrong but so very good. My mind is on fire with new emotions driven by a build up of sexual desire that's beyond anything I've ever experienced.

"Fucking hell look at this nipple Jo, she loves this. Play with the other one, I bet she'll love us both touching her. Does this feel good Anna; do you like it when two of us make you feel sexy?"

My chest is heaving under their hands. How can I feel so horny that I let two boys do this to me?

In a surreal moment my dress is pulled open from both sides and bare hands close over my exposed breasts making me cry out in desperation. I don't move, don't resist even when two heads dip and take a nipple each into their mouths. I know I should be pushing them away but instead my overwhelming thought is that I want to plunge my hand down into my soaking wet pussy and bring myself to the orgasm I need so much.

Like a well oiled machine, the boys are manipulating me. I should be the one in control of this but I know I'm not. Even worse, I love every second and everything they do to push me further into a sexual abyss. I feel surprise, maybe even frustration when their faces move back; they leave my breasts exposed to anyone who walks by. Part of me wants to leave myself displayed like a wanton slut but I still have a small amount of control over my sex addled brain and pull the thin fabric back round my swollen mounds. The way my nipples bulge against the dress it makes little difference.

In a vain attempt to bring some sanity to the situation, I tell the boys I need to go to the ladies. Maybe I'm hoping that you will see me and rescue me from my own lust, but the truth is that I'm hoping that this is what you want and have wanted all along. I push past Harry and feel his hand slide up the back of my thigh. The thought uppermost in my mind on my way to the toilets is how much I wanted to pause and let his hand complete it's journey between my warm thighs to the wet hole that was waiting for him. I can almost feel his fingers sliding in and out of me and bringing me the relief I need.

Through the background noise of music and party goes, it's Joleon's voice that leaves an indelible

print on my mind as I walk away.

"I bet she'll fuck both of us bro. Are we going to share her?"

Cool water splashes over my face and brings a small amount of self control with it. I let my mind wander around my body and find every sinew from my bursting lungs to the tips of my toes is sending me the same message. I open my legs slowly and watch strings of sexual gel glue themselves to my cunt lips spinning a slutish spiders web at the apex of my thighs.

I clean my body as much as I can but whatever I do I can't clean my mind of the things I want these boys to be doing to me.

In a moment of clarity, I think that maybe I should leave, run away, better still I should find you and tell you we must stop this before it goes any further. Every time I resolve to do exactly that, Harry's words repeat over and over echoing inside my head.

"I think he knows Anna, if he wants us to stop enjoying his wife he'll tell us."

I groan inside and finally admit to myself that I want them to fuck me. There's no point in denying it any longer, I want to let both of these boys do it to me, to feel their hands on my body and their young hard cocks inside my mature pussy. Why else did my mind change Harry's words to be 'us' and not just 'me'.

After one last look in the mirror I begin my walk back to where my fantasy is waiting for me. I'm conscious that my demeanour has changed, I left with such doubts about what was happening but I'm returning knowing that I want this and that unless you stop me, I'm going to let these boys use me like the dirty married slut they think I am.

It's clear the boys have been talking about me while I've been away, as I approach, Harry moves so I'm forced to sit in between them again. I push past, facing my body towards where he is sitting and holding his head in my hands to make sure that he's as close as possible to where he knows my pussy is waiting. I wonder if he can smell my womanly musk, the glazed look in his eyes makes me think he can but he's too stunned to stop me moving on and sitting down. For a moment I look at my two admirers in turn, I know that unless I stop this, these two boys will soon be taking turns to empty their young seed between my middle aged thighs.

A shiver runs through my bones at the thought of what I'm about to let them do.

In what I imagine is a well rehearsed move, a hand rests on my leg and plays with the loose corner

at the hem. My eyes watch fingers push the light cloth across my thigh and expose a small strip of naked flesh above my stocking tops.

"No, please don't. There are too many people."

My protest is intentionally weak. The hushed tone of my voice allows me to pretend that I'm not giving myself to them too easily. They don't stop, I didn't expect them to.

"Are you wearing panties Anna? I don't think you are, I didn't feel any when I played with you on the dance floor."

Two hands, one black, one white, seem to inject concentrated lust through the skin above my stocking tops where their fingers play inches from discovering whether or not he's right. My chest heaves to suck air into my lungs, I can't breath. If one of these boys touches my pussy now I will cum.

I might cum even if they don't touch it.

Across the room, I see you watching us, you stop and lean against a pillar. Inside my head Harry's words repeat.

"I think he knows Anna, if he wanted me to stop enjoying his wife he would tell me."

The line of your eyes proves that you do know, you're watching them touch me.

Why don't you stop them?

Why don't I stop them?

"Oh fuck Anna; you don't have anything on under here. You're so fucking dirty."

I expect the fingers running over my neatly manicured mound to pull my legs open and touch me where I need to be touched. I hate it when I feel them pull back. My body cries out to be caressed. I needn't have worried.

I make no attempt to fight them when they ease me up from the seat and lead me outside onto the deck where darkness surrounds us, music still fills the air but now the movements have changed. They trap me between their firm young bodies, I can't pretend that this is dancing. Even as my body surrenders to their touch, a part of my mind is still asking if this is really what you want me to do.

The small band of cloth that holds my dress closed round my naked body is no deterrent and soon the cool breeze blowing in from the sea kisses my flesh. A movement catches my eye and I see you for a moment illuminated in a window before you vanish back into the shadows. You're watching me again. Not for the first time tonight, my doubts are dispelled, you want to see me act like a whore for you and live my deepest, darkest fantasy.

I'm going to let this happen. I know it's wrong but I've never needed to be fucked so much in all my life and I have two young men desperate to fill me with their hard cocks. The realisation that I'm going to let two men do it to me keeps coming as a shock but all the shock does is drive another nail into the coffin of my feeble resistance.

The boys have none of my reservations, their young minds see nothing beyond a willing middle aged slut who has let them play with her body and bring her outside with only one possible intention.

Their hands are inside my dress and fingers press against the wetness at the top of my legs. I push them away but I don't mind that they keep coming back and doing it again and again. Someone reaches round from behind me and enclose the pliant flesh of my breasts; the feel of more hands than have ever touched me is enough to take me deeper into my orgasmic pit. I gasp from the shock of fingers twisting my nipples and stretching my tortured flesh.

I don't know why black skin against my suntanned white flesh looks so good, but it does.

"Please, again."

A dirty laugh from behind me tells me that Joleon understands what I need.

"Fuck yeah, you like it rough Anna?"

His strong hands squeeze me harder; my nipples are tormented by fingers that pull and rub my bullet like points harder and harder. I'm so close to a shattering climax and I know they haven't even started with me.

They lift me up with my feet off the deck. Harry is pumping his hips against me trying to get his dick into my dripping hole. I struggle with little real resistance. My mouth opens and my eyes grow bigger as I watch a hard angry looking cock search for the opening to my body. I wriggle and squirm trying to get down but Joleon holds me tight from behind so Harry can fuck me while he watches the stunned look in my eyes.

"Open your legs Anna; open them and put me into your cunt. You know you want this."

Oh god I'm going to be fucked right here on the deck. I lift my right leg and rest my foot on the rail, my fingers reach out and close round his hard pole, it feels so warm and so ready to make me cum. I pull him into me, feeding his tip into the warmth of my pussy.

Joleon's strong arms lower me, slowly sliding me down onto Harry's potent weapon. His hips begin to surge against me, four, maybe five thrusts of his muscular body and I start to cum on him.

"Oh Jesus no, oh no, oh no."

I throw my arms round the neck of my beautiful lover and let wave upon wave of lust consume me. Hours of teasing and anticipation are released in a flood of pent up emotion. My hips push onto him as they both hold me suspended and let me enjoy the moment. The spasms slow gradually and once again I'm conscious of Joleon's fingers pulling on my engorged nipples. It feels so good, tiny electric currents run out from the tips of my breasts and join the remnants of the orgasm that had taken over my senses. Harry is enjoying the feel of my muscle spasms massaging his young meat. I'm not looking at him but I know he has a self satisfied smile on his face. Every young man loves giving his mature lover a climax to remember.

"Fuck, that was awesome; I've never seen a woman cum like that. I want to fuck her now Harry, you can go again in a minute. We can take turns with her."

I guess, correctly, that the gentle seduction is over and more animal instincts are coming to the fore. I complain slightly when Harry pulls away leaving me agonisingly vacant. The empty feeling doesn't last long, Joleon pushes me forward and Harry holds me against his chest. A second hard cock is pushing into my willing body, this time from behind, and Joleon's hips start to drill into me, urgent and fast.

The whole evening has been building up to this, I don't know if even these fit young men can fuck me enough to satisfy me tonight but I'm looking forward to them trying. I'm on such a high, I know Joleon wants to make me cum, his legs dip under me twisting and turning as he rams into me. He seeks out my most sensitive spots, each time I grunt with pleasure; he goes back there and rubs the head of his cock right where my orgasm is building again. Harry's hands drop to my chest, he remembers the effect Joleon had on me when he tortured my big nipples and he wants to do it too.

"Oh yes, oh, oh, oh god yes."

"Make her cum Jo, fucking hell she loves it."

They know now that I'm theirs and they can do anything they want with me. Harry reaches down with one hand and presses his fingers right onto my clit. I erupt at his touch, my limbs shake like I'm having a fit. I know I'm close to passing out and I fight it. They're treating me like their fuck toy and to my delight they seem to want to make me cum until I pass out.

"Oh yeah, is this amazing Anna. Is this what you like? I love your fucking body so much. My turn again Jo, let me get up that sweet pussy again."

Did they just high five above my head. I laugh, I think they did. I might laugh but I'm still standing here with my legs spread waiting for the next young cock to be shoved into me.

The owner of the stiff rod between my legs changes again, they hardly miss a beat before Harry is leaning back onto the bulkhead in front of me with his hips thrust up obscenely between my open legs. He's watching his cock jack hammering in and out of my greedy cunt, I tense my well trained muscles and see him grin as he feels the walls of my pussy tighten round him. Joleon holds me in his strong arms, they have no fear that I might try to run away, I'm well beyond that. They probably think my legs might collapse when they give me another shuddering orgasm.

They're right.

"Look at those tits man, oh fuck watch them swing when I bang her."

"Fuck Anna, little girls don't let us do this, you're the best fuck ever. Oh shit look Jo she's off again, come on Anna, cum for me babes, cum for Harry's big cock."

All my senses are focused on a single point at the apex of my thighs, a red mist descends and through the blood lust I hear myself cry out like an animal in pain. I'm aware of how I'm being thrown around like a rag doll under the onslaught of this boy, his hips jab upwards plumbing my depths. He sends me corkscrewing through a climax that feels like it will never end. I managed to force my eyes open and see him gazing at me in awe, sweat is rolling down his face from sheer exertion, there is only one thing I can think to cry out to him.

"Cum in me, oh god cum in me, please. I want to feel you."

It seems impossible but his hips surge faster and plunge him deeper driving him towards his own summit. Our cries of joy mingle and seconds later our bodily fluids do the same as he empties spurt after spurt of his sperm deep inside my unfaithful married pussy. I slump against him held up by Joleon's strong arms, my chest is heaving, fighting for oxygen. Every few seconds my body still spasms with small aftershocks of lust.

I don't know whose voice is muttering, it might be all three of us, all I can hear is "Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck" repeated over and over. Whoever it is seems to have captured the moment perfectly.

For a moment I wonder if they might let me rest and bask in the afterglow but then I remember that Joleon hasn't cum. The thought of that lovely black cock sliding in through my warm cum soaked hole is such a turn on my body flicks from exhaustion to desire in a split second. I turn and meet his eyes, I see doubt, it's gratifying that he's hesitating, willing to wait and let me recover.

I lift myself away from Harry's flagging member and turn my back towards him to rest back on his legs. I lean back against his heaving chest and pull his arms round me pressing his hands against my big breasts.

"Fuck me Joleon, fuck me with that gorgeous black cock."

There's no second invitation needed, he grabs my legs and opens me as wide as he can, aims his purple head where his friend's cum is starting to seep down towards my arse crack, and takes me in one long smooth thrust. My head falls back against Harry who seems quite happy to be used as a human bed while his friend rides me hard and fast. I watch Joleon's dark skin against mine, it looks so good and adds to the great fuck he's giving me. Harry might just be a human mattress but he isn't going to be left out. One hand gropes my tits, squeezing and pulling until he makes me whimper, part in pain part in lust. His other hand falls between my legs and plays with my clit, he loves doing this almost as much as I love him doing it. These boys are enjoying making me their cum slut and watching me turn into a gibbering sex slave under their touch.

My arms and legs are pinned by my lovers, I can't do anything except hang on and enjoy the ride and that's what I'm doing. I've crossed that wonderful threshold when I know I'm going to cum and I relax. My thoughts drift to you watching me being taken over and over, I picture your hard cock straining against your trousers and the wet patch that I know must be growing where you leak the juices that I love to taste when I tease you with the tip of my tongue. Thinking of how horny you must be is enough to push me the final inch and I scream out loud hoping you will hear me.

"Oh yes, oh yes I'm cumming, again, again, more, oh fuck don't stop, right there, right there. Oh fuck!"

A red hot flush rises over my chest again and colours my face, you know the signs of my climax so well, you should, you make it happen so often. I feel proud of myself that I've just cum for you even if the cock buried deep inside my cunt belongs to my young lover. Joleon isn't far behind me, he lifts my legs higher and pulls them together trapping his surging shaft tight inside my sodden tunnel. This is

his time, my pussy grips him tight, his cries tell me he can feel every inch of me and he hammers harder and harder seeking the release he needs.

With one final push he stiffens and starts to unload deep inside me, I can feel every pulse and every push of his body into mine. It feels like he adds gallons of his young semen to the cum already dripping out of my well used cunt. The thoughts and feelings flowing round me are as intense as anything I have ever experienced.

Gradually, we all come back down. Surprisingly, none of us seems to feel at all uncomfortable with what we've just done in fact it's clear that these boys feel like they own me, maybe they do for now. I wonder if I should feel bad but I love the way they worship my body. Their hands and fingers carry on playing with me, my breasts are still being touched and tweaked in a lovely sexy way but best of all is the way their hands take turns to stir our combined juices inside my sloppy pussy.

They don't try to make me cum on their fingers again and I'm not sure I have another one in there just yet anyway. It just feels so good to know they still want my body even after so much fun. Does it make me a slut to hope that they haven't finished with me yet?

Being fucked by two men is just as good as I imagined it would be.

No, actually it's better.

I don't want this gorgeous feeling to end, Harry seems happy to let me lie against him and let Joleon have pride of place between my thighs. I let myself daydream and recall the feeling of being swapped between them and the sensation of a different cock being pushed onto me. It felt so dirty at the time, but in a strangely beautiful way. These boys have made me feel so horny and made my biggest fantasy come true.

I have a feeling it isn't over, at least I hope it isn't.

I don't see the man approach us and I jump when I hear his voice rise above the din from inside, the way he addresses Harry makes me think he is a member of the boat staff and his lack of reaction suggests that this might not be the first time he has witnessed the sight of his employer and his friend sharing a woman.

I try to cover myself to hide from his prying eyes but the boys hold me spread out with their hands still exploring my body even when he obviously watches what Joleon's fingers are doing between my legs. I should feel degraded by the way they display me to him but it tells me everything I need to know about tonight that instead, I feel excited. For a moment I wonder if Harry will offer me to him and

my body shudders at the thought. I'm ashamed to admit to myself that it was a shudder of expectation, not disgust.

"Mr Harry, the Lady's husband left a message to say that he has returned to their boat and would be grateful if you Gentlemen could make sure she is escorted home safely. The Lady's husband said to tell you there is no need to rush Sir."

For a moment, his emphasis on "The Lady's husband", reminds me that I'm a married woman acting like a sex starved slut, but then the message sinks in and, once again, confirms that you know exactly how your wife is being used. I tell the boys it's time to go but that I've really loved what we've done. I start to fasten my dress which had never quite been taken off me despite everything that has happened.

"We haven't finished Anna, you know that don't you. Let's get you home and talk your hubby into letting us share you all night. Feel my cock you gorgeous sexy woman, I want to fuck you so much I'm hard again."

As if he needs to prove to me how ready he is to fill my eager pussy yet again, he grabs my hand and pushes it against the solid shaft that has grown back to it's full glory. My fingers wrap round him and pull hard, squeezing him and making him groan.

"God, do you never stop, you're so hard. I love your cocks, let's go and talk to Andy, I want to feel you both fucking me again."

"You might not make it home before I have to bend you over and do you again, god you make me feel so fucking horny Anna."

It's only 400 yards back to our boat but it takes us almost 15 minutes to complete the journey. I only just manage to keep my dress but at the cost of having hands groping me all the way along the jetty. I love the attention and it's too late for most people to be out, in some ways I'm disappointed that no one sees how much these boys want my mature body. They are making me feel like a teenager the way they play with me, a horny teenager to be sure, but I have to admit to being flattered by their attention.

I feel my hair being bunched into someone's fist, I cry out and look up to see Joleon's slightly evil eyes glaring at me in the half light. He likes to be rough with me, maybe too rough, maybe just rough enough. I feel myself being pulled lower and my knees bend until I squat in front of him. My knees spread for balance displaying my gaping wet hole to anyone who looks.

"Suck my cock Anna; I want to see your lips round me. Do you like having a cock in your mouth?"

"Mmm hmmm."

I can't resist him and I can't resist Harry when he pulls my head away and pushes his own throbbing hardness against the back of my throat. I can taste myself on both of them, the mix of their own cum and my delectable pussy juice is better than any of the gourmet food they served their guests. When I tell them I'm not going to waste their cum by letting them finish in my mouth they aren't happy but go along with the promise of much better things to come. I know they have plans of their own, they just want to prove they can make me take them in public.

These boys are seriously randy, I worry for a moment that you might decide you want them to leave without any more of the mature goodies they crave, there will be two very disappointed young men if that happens.

There will also be a very disappointed wife.

Pinned to the cabin door, I see an envelope with my name on it. For a moment, I panic, letters aren't your style. Have I misread the whole night, perhaps this has been a monumental mistake. I tear it open, my heart beating as if it wants to burst through my chest. For the first time in hours the feel of Harry and Joleon's hands tweaking my nipples and fingering my pussy do nothing for me.

*"My darling Anna, you must have worked out by now that I was hoping you would fulfill your greatest fantasy tonight although even in my wildest dreams I couldn't imagine two such sexy young men being the ones who would give you what you have wanted for so long. What you maybe hadn't realised is how much I wanted to see you live this dream. From the moment I stripped you and made you go out naked under your dress I was praying that tonight, you would be another man's plaything. If I'm honest, I would have let you have as many men as you wanted to take between those sexy legs of yours.*

*There is one more thing I want to ask you to do for me my darling. I have gone to bed in the small cabin and I'm hoping you will seduce your lovers into staying to take you over and over through the night. I will be listening on the other side of the wall to every sound you make. You know how much we both love to listen as a woman is pleased in the room next door. So often we have lain together in hotel rooms becoming more and more aroused by the sounds from an adjoining room.*

*I love you with all my heart and always will,*

*Your Andy"*

The boys ask me what the note says, I tell them that you've had a call from a friend who has been hurt in an accident and you've gone to help him. Huge grins split their faces when they realise I'm going to be on my own. I open the door and take them down into the main lounge, I lead them right next to the spare cabin door so you can hear clearly. It's a pity you can't see the way I'm parading my body for my two young lovers.

"Thank you for bringing me home boys, do you have to rush off or can you stay for a while."

"What time's your hubby coming back then?"

"His note says not to expect him back until the morning. Maybe you boys could stay and look after me. I'd feel much safer with two strong men around."

We all know there is no chance of them leaving, Harry seems to enjoy the little game we're playing and is happy to join in.

"You can rely on us to give you all the looking after you can handle Anna, isn't that right Jo? I think Andy knows exactly what kind of looking after you need and that he's leaving you in good hands.

He moves towards me, I can see the glint in his eyes but it's the bulge in his shorts that really interests me. My fingers run over the hard lump, a shiver runs through my body as images flood my brain of how I'm about to be used over and over by two gorgeous young men. If there is any real pretence in our play acting, it's time for it to end.

"You're so hard baby; maybe I can help you with that. Would you like to stay with Anna and let her suck your lovely cock, I like having a hard cock in my mouth, would you like that sweetie, would you like Anna's tongue licking you?"

"Fuck yeah, but what about Jolean? Do you want him to stay and look after you as well?"

"Mmmm, I'd like that. Do you want to stay and help look after me as well Joleon? Andy would be so happy to know you were both here with me keeping me safe."

Grins as big as the Grand Canyon light the boys faces, we all know we've just played a silly game; they just don't know that we played it for you. Much to their annoyance I insist we all have a shower and that despite their best efforts, there really is only room for one in there. I leave myself until last and make sure they know to wait for me in our cabin. From times gone by when we've had visitors, I know how thin the walls are and how every sound can be heard. I resolve to give you a night neither

of us will ever forget.

"Here I am boys, tell me what you want to do to me, talk dirty to me, god I love it when you talk dirty. Lie down Harry, let me suck that lovely cock, let me show you what a sexy married woman can do for you when her husband isn't watching."

Slowly but surely my mindset is changing. I start to paint a picture in words for you so you can imagine what these boys are doing to your wife.

"Mmmm, that tastes good Harry, do you like me licking your balls. Oh yeah you like that. Get that cock inside me Joleon, fuck me like a bitch, oh sweet Jesus yes, I love being fucked like a doggie, oh yeah, so good."

I need the boys to join in and put on a real performance for you. I can almost feel you next door lying on the bed with your beautiful erection in your hand. In my mind's eye I see you stroking yourself, a self-satisfied smile on your lips.

"Tell me what you want to do to me boys, do you want me to be your fuck toy. Do you want to use me like the dirty girl I am?"

In between words, my head is bobbing up and down on Harry's erect shaft, I want you to hear him cum. Joleon is drilling my pussy with long slow strokes, I feel his hand in the middle of my back holding me down like he owns me, I want you to hear me cum as well. My moans are all I can give you right now, I wonder if you can hear my mouth slurping over my lover's cock. I hope you know I'm doing this for you.

"Fuck yeah, suck on that cock Anna, oh god that's good sweet lips. Show Harry how much you love his big cock fucking your mouth."

My animalistic grunt is louder than I mean it to be, I so want to hear them talk for you and tell you how they're using your wife's body for their pleasure.

"Jesus girl, that hubby of yours must be one happy man if you suck him like this, come on girl, make me cum."

Joleon has picked up speed, maybe he senses my impending orgasm or maybe he's on the brink. I can feel how hard he is inside me, I need him to bring me off and make me scream.

"Open your legs wide Anna, spread those fucking legs and feel my cock go deep, oh god yeah, just

there. Feel me babes, take Jo's cock. You're gonna get a load soon Anna, I'm gonna fill that greedy cunt of yours so full."

I open my legs wider sinking down further onto both of the hard rods that are taking me. Oh god I love this, why haven't I done this before?

I have to let Harry fall out of my mouth so I can concentrate on my own orgasm, I work him with my hand, pumping hard.

"I'm cumming, oh fuck I'm cumming. Oh no, no, noooooooooo! Arghhhhh! Fuck meeeeeeeee!"

This isn't put on for you my darling, this time it's for me, my whole body locks, frozen in time waiting for the release of energy that will accompany the climax that hovers as if it is just out of reach. I know the veins are standing out in my neck although I can't see them, my eyes bulge and my lungs hang onto my breath as if it's my last.

It's just as well I don't need to be quiet, a scream starts at the back of my throat and rises with each surge of the two gorgeous bodies that are determined to cum with me. I wonder what it's like to lie and listen to me cumming with another man's cock in my pussy and knowing that there's another one waiting to use me.

"Oh yeah, oh yeah, fuck me you bastards, give me your cum."

I let Harry guide himself back between my lips and my hand joins in the action of his hips that are plunging him deep into the back of my throat. Joleon grunts a warning letting me know he is about to deliver his load and with a single expletive he erupts spraying a fountain of cum round the walls of my pussy. Primal noises surround me and must be audible next door, I hope you're cumming with us. Harry certainly is, it doesn't take me more than a minute to suck him to the brink of orgasm, my hand pulling and twisting him towards my tongue until he cries out to me that he's going to fill my belly with his spunk.

The wet salty fluid sprays into my mouth.

Any doubt he had about whether I'd spit or swallow is soon removed, he watches in awe at my throat working to help each jet of sperm slide into my stomach.

I roll onto my side letting the softening sources of my pleasure slip out of the holes they have enjoyed so much. I smile, imagining the face splitting grin on your lips next door as you look at the pools of cum that in my imagination, you have just shot across your belly.

Harry is like a boy with a new toy and seems to be developing a real love for older women or maybe it's just this older woman.

"Fucking hell Anna, you swallowed my cum, you dirty cow."

I have to laugh; he clearly means it as a compliment.

I don't mean to go to sleep, but I do, I guess we all do. The red glow of my alarm clock shows me it's 3:14 when my eyes blink open. I take a moment to re-orientate myself. I know instantly that something is different; it isn't just that I'm being fucked from behind in a lovely leisurely way, that isn't so unusual. It's something else.

Memories of the night drift back in the following seconds and I finally understand that what's different is that it isn't my husband's cock fucking me so beautifully. Even with no lights I can see the dark shape of Joleon lying on the bed in front of me, I can hear him snoring gently. I move slightly, adjusting the angle of the invading rod so that it touches all the right bits. My breathing is instantly heavy with lust.

"Sorry Anna, I woke up and your sexy body was lying next to me just waiting to be filled again. You make me feel so horny I can't stop myself. Do you want me to stop?"

"Don't you bloody dare stop. Keep doing that, it's beautiful, I love being woken up with a cock inside me."

"Mmmm, I thought you might. I want to make you cum again, god I love making you cum. You love it too, I know you do. Tell me how much you want it Anna, tell me what a horny slut you are and how much you want Jo and me to fill you with hard young cock. Tell me what you need Anna, I want to hear you tell me you want it."

Selfishly, my own needs are uppermost in my mind and the gorgeous steel hard shaft plunging deep into my cunt is just what I want to scratch the itch that only a good hard fucking can reach. Through my sleepy haze I still remember that you're next door and I need to make sure you don't miss me being taken again. I need to make a noise.

"Spank me Harry, make me do it. Make me take your young cock."

There's a moments hesitation and then a sharp sting makes me yelp, I need more.

"Yesssss, more, I've been a bad girl Harry, spank me, show me what you do to bad girls."

His hand circles slowly round and round my arse cheeks, pulls back and whips down. This time I don't have to act, a scream loud enough to wake the dead fills the room. Joleon's eyes shoot open taking in the scene that has interrupted his dream. I'm sure you must have been woken by the noise I make. I raise the volume of my cries louder I have to make sure you know that I want what's happening.

"Arghh yes again, spank me hard Harry. I need to be spanked. I've been so naughty. I've let young boys fuck my married pussy, oh god I've been so bad. Andy wants you to spank his unfaithful wife hard baby."

I feel my cheeks begin to tingle under his palm, it's clear Harry's getting into this. My groans fall to a more normal pitch now I know I must have woken you, all I need now is to let myself be fucked again by my young lovers and that's going to be so easy. The bed complains underneath us, protesting at the energetic activity. I know it means everything to you to hear the sexy groans of the frame creaking under the strain or banging against the wall. Just like we've done before when we listen to neighbours in hotel rooms, I know you will be picturing the hips surging against mine and that every grunt you hear from my tortured lungs is a hard thrust of a cock being pushed deep into me.

Joleon pulls my hand towards him and wraps it round his rapidly thickening pole.

"Make me hard you horny tart, you're getting done again when Harry's finished with you. You love it don't you?"

"God yes, give it to me, I love being fucked by young cock. Don't fucking stop."

My language is depraved, I know I'm not usually like this but I'm loving sending messages telling you that these boys are far from finished with your wife's body.

I moan and groan my way through 2 more orgasms with Harry spanking me like a naughty schoolgirl and pumping me like an oil well before he gushes and fills me with his potent seed. My mind is so full of what you can picture that I almost forget to tell you that a fresh young cock is about to take it's turn inside me.

"Yes Jo, hold my legs up, sweet Jesus I love being fucked like this, spread my slutty legs sweet boy, give me what I need. Oh god yes, that feels so good. Oh fuck, so deep baby, so deep."

It's as if he knows what I love most; he pulls me round to the edge of the bed with my bottom

hanging off the side, lifts my legs up high and spreads my thighs as wide as his arms will let him. Standing on the floor between my wide flung legs he hammers into me. You know from the way I cry and tell him what a great fuck he is, exactly what he's doing to me.

"Grab her tits Harry, look at those knockers bounce when I shag the horny tart."

Harry has a better idea and grips a hard nipple in each hand holding totally still while my breasts rock savagely back and forward, round and round stretching my flesh each time Joleon pistons into my cunt. I'm whimpering and cumming almost non stop, I feel like the whole of my body is on fire. One moment the searing pain from the acorn like points of my breasts is filling my mind and the next Joleon drives himself into my servile body and takes over my brain with the intensity of his thrusts.

With a final surge Joleon holds himself buried deep inside me spewing jet upon jet of his sperm against my cervix. Our moans and groans slowly die away, the squeaks of the bed frame fall silent and again we all drift into sleep as if, having woken just to perform this carnal act, we can relax once more. My final thought before I lose consciousness is of you smiling.

Dreams can be strange at the best of times so it's hardly surprising that tonight my mind is creating vivid images of me being used as a sex toy. My eyes snap wide open, surprised to find that you aren't kneeling next to me forcing your engorged cock into my throat and ordering a gang of men to empty themselves into your slut wife one more time.

It takes me several seconds to bring my breathing under control, even then the horny feelings my dream has created linger. My nipples are hard and my pussy tingles the way it does when you touch me and tell me you are going to fuck me until I beg you to stop.

The blood red digital display shows 5:29, the silence tells me I'm the only one awake. I think about creeping round to where I know you are asleep and waking you but my inner slut tells me that I want to make the most of the fresh young meat sharing my bed. The dim light shows me the tight muscular bodies that have pleased me all night; I close my eyes for a moment and let my thoughts linger over how wonderful my abused body feels.

For a moment I consider whether I've had enough, maybe I should curl up, go back to sleep and see what daylight brings. My fingers touch a nipple and draw a quiet gasp. One hand slides down and touches the swollen outer lips of my pussy. I gasp again and admit that the hunger in my body still hasn't been fully sated. I reach out and hold a soft silky cock in each hand; I stroke gently and wonder if they will stiffen without their young owners waking. The feel of a slumbering penis is so very sexy, it feels like an explosive that just needs a trigger to turn it into the potent weapon it's designed to be. I feel powerful, like I have control over these boys. I don't know why they are so in love with my body

but all night they've worshiped me like a sex goddess and I've enjoyed it more than I would ever have believed.

A twitch from Joleon's sleeping snake is my first sign of success; Harry shows no sign of stirring. I turn and lower my head towards Joleon's lap; I rest my head on his stomach and watch him grow under my tender ministrations. With every beat of his heart and each unconscious twitch he grows a tiny bit more, longer, thicker, my fingers run up and down his length until I squeeze him and there is no give. I study the thick veined shaft minutely, learning every bump, every curve. A tiny orb of clear gel seeps out of the slit when I hold him tight. This is what makes young men special, this diamond hard quality that age steals away much too soon.

My lips sink lower and I take the first inch onto my tongue licking his purple head and running my lips over his hardness. I love the feel of a stiff cock in my mouth but it is so rare to be able to enjoy the feeling and the taste without it's owner's knowledge.

I can't resist him for long, I know I'll break the spell but I don't care. His eyes open gradually when he feels his early morning erection being swallowed by the silky walls of his mature lover's greedy cunt. He smiles and lies still under me knowing that this time I'm going to take what I want from him.

"Fuck yourself Anna, use my cock baby, fuck yourself. That looks so good girl. Ride me bitch, ride Jo's cock until you cum on me."

The first sign that we've disturbed Harry with our fucking is when I see him searching through the bedside drawer. Before I can ask him what he wants he proudly holds up a tube of gel and starts to rub it all over his dick. It doesn't take a genius to guess what his plan is. I think quickly, if I'm going to stop him, I have to stop him now. It takes me a split second to admit to myself that I want it, he's about to complete my ultimate fantasy of being used by two men and I might never get this chance again.

"Ahhh. Jo, your cock feels so good in there, I want to fuck you for ever. Does that feel good hun? Do you like Anna's warm pussy sliding up and down your dick?"

I need to get these boys talking again, I need the noise and to know you are listening when Harry's cock goes deep into my arse.

"Yeah, oh yeah your fucking ace girl, you're the best fuck ever."

"What are you doing Harry, tell me what you want sweet boy."

"Hold her still Jo."

It would be nice to be asked but I guess he isn't going to take no for an answer anyway.

"Come on Anna, spread those cheeks, you know you want this. I'm gonna fuck that sweet arse while Jo does your pussy. Is this what you've been waiting for, oh yeah, easy my little fuck toy. We're going fill you Anna, we're going to make you into our cumslut."

His finger slides over my rosebud smearing lube all round my tiny hole. It feels so good, like tiny orgasms right there where he's stroking my arsehole. I know it's coming but when he sinks the first finger into my most precious hole, I cry out loud.

"ARGHHHH FUCK YES, DO IT HARRY. PUT IT IN MY ARSE AND FUCK ME."

The cry has to have been loud enough, this is my ultimate fantasy. I've dreamed what it would feel like when a second cock is pushed into my bum to join the one fucking my horny cunt, this is it. I take a deep breath and hold it ready to scream like I always do in my dreams.

Instead the whole thing is too much and when I feel my sphincter give way and allow Harry's cockhead to slip in the first inch, all I do is whimper, gasping like a fish out of water with the intensity of the sensations. They start to rock, very gently pushing themselves deeper with each thrust. My eyes are closed, my focus is on how full I am and how everything seems to be moving inside me. This isn't what I expected, it's better, much better.

I want to cry out and tell you what it feels like to have two fantastic steel hard cocks riding me but I can't. My body is hunched over Joleon with Harry straddling my hips, it must look so weird but it feels like nothing I've ever experienced. Every small movement seems as if it's magnified.

I know they're beginning to push deeper and faster. I can't move, the boys are using me and I know that this isn't a passionate moment where I've given myself in an act of love. This is a dirty fantasy of mine and a story the boys will tell for years to come of an old slut who let them both fuck her at the same time.

"You horny cow, I can't believe this. Your arse it even better than your cunt."

"Can you feel me fucking her Harry, I can feel your cock moving in her fucking arse."

"Oh yeah I feel it, this is the best ever."

The bed creaks and groans underneath us. My own moans blend with the protests of the wooden frame; the boys aren't the only ones who can feel the way they rub into each other through the thin membranes separating my insides. I can feel everything. I can feel things I've never even imagined and the effect is that they are going to make me cum.

When it arrives it feels like I'm having one long orgasm. The two hard rods squirm round inside me, I can't move and I don't even cry out, I can hear just one long low moan as ripple upon ripple of orgasm seems to take over my whole body and mind. Nothing changes for me even when I feel Harry thrust deeper before with a final push, he starts to fill my bowels with warm cum. My orgasms keep flowing through the pulsing of his cock and the sudden stiffening of the body underneath me that I guess is triggered by the feeling of his pal's eruptions. I feel a warmth and a satisfaction at what I've just done, a small part of me wonders if I'll ever get the chance to be fucked like this again.

Three exhausted bodies lie piled one on top of the other not knowing where to go next. I'm enveloped in between two beautiful masculine lovers who are still gently fucking against me even as they soften.

"Stay in me Harry, please baby boy, keep your cock in my arse. I want to feel you in there."

He hugs me tight and rolls us both away from a relieved Joleon. The last think I remember before drifting away into another peaceful sleep is Harry whispering in my ear as he spoons against my bottom.

"I want to fuck your arse again you horny bitch, I love fucking your arse. You're such a dirty slut for young cock Anna. I'm going to invite all my friends to come and do you until you beg us to stop. Does Andy know what a slut his wife is Anna? I think he loves you being fucked like this."

Images of rooms full of muscular bodies float round my brain, fading into dreams that consume me and surround me in a fog of lust.

The faint sound of moving crockery coming from the galley wakes me. Harry and Joleon are still fast asleep, it seems like Jo has woken at some point and pushed his fingers into my juicy cunt then fallen asleep again. I move his hand gently away and after a quick shower I walk naked in to where you are casually making a cup of tea as if there is nothing unusual going on.

Some of my confidence in your reaction has evaporated with the rising sun, but any doubts are dispelled by the huge grin on your face. I reach out and take hold of the growing bulge pressing against the boxers you've slipped into.

"Thank you for last night sweetheart, did you hear us."

"Oh yes my darling, I think most of the harbour heard you, especially the 'Spank me' bit."

I blush. Maybe it had been a little over the top.

"Did you like watching them fuck me? You did watch, didn't you."

"I wouldn't have missed it for the world, I don't need to ask if you enjoyed it, I could see that you did."

"I promise I'll make it up to you today. Today can be all about you."

You laugh, a genuine, reassuring laugh that warms me inside.

"My sweet Anna, yesterday was all about me, can't you see that. It was so much better than I ever imagined."

"So, do you like me being a bad girl and does it mean the boys don't have to leave just yet?"

My knees bend and I lower myself down until my face is level with your throbbing erection. You surprise me when you lift me back up until your eyes meet mine.

"They can stay as long as you want them to my little cock loving slut but I won't be hiding in the spare room any more so you'd better be sure you can handle having all your holes filled at the same time."

The groan from deep in my throat fills the room.

"I think you've forgotten that only good girls bend at the knee Anna, bad girls bend at the waist. Now show me how a bad girl sucks cock."

Your hands snake into my hair; I grasp my own wrists behind my back and let you push my head down towards where your stiff rod rises like a rocket pointing to the sky. I keep my legs straight and open them as wide as I can.

Your hot wet helmet slides in between my lips and takes up the rhythm we both know and love.

Through my moans, I hear the sound of bare feet crossing the floor behind me.

*With thanks to Anna and Andy (boat123) whose fantasies fueled my imagination, I can only hope*

*that my imagination fuels their fantasies and yours as well.*