Caribbean Temptation and Seduction: Chapter Two – The Seduction

By TJRogue

Published on Lush Stories on 10 Nov 2012

A married woman's escape to the temptations and seductions of the Caribbean

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/wife-lovers/caribbean-temptation-and-seduction-1.aspx

This is the continuation of Chapter One. Please read that introduction first.

THE FIRST NIGHT OUT

The two couples sat at a table together and ordered drink. Just as John predicted, every man in the place was staring at his wife – ogling her ass and tits. They ordered drinks and appetizers and sat back listening to the pounding of the music and watching the beautiful bodies on the dance floor moving to the beat. After their second drink John whisked his wife off for a dance, and they enjoyed the physical exertion and stimulation as their bodies moved with the music, and they swung in time to the beat. It was a packed dance floor and every once in a while they would brush up against another dancer. It seemed to happen more often to Brooke, and John began to wonder if the men were intentionally brushing up against her just to touch her. Whatever the case, she seemed to enjoy it, the touch of bare skin against her bare skin. It was an erotic sensation as strangers' arms and hands glanced across her body, or rubbed up against her ass. She smiled big and danced on, feeling all tingly inside.

After a few dances John and Brooke went back to their table and ordered more drinks. Christy and Shawn were out on the dance floor somewhere and Brooke thought she had caught glimpses of them dancing with other partners. Brooke had just finished yet another Margarita when she said she wanted to dance again – but her eyes told John that she wanted to dance with someone else. He just nodded, she grinned, stood up, walked over to him, bent down and kissed him full on the lips, then turned and walked towards the bar and a group of young men that had been staring at her since she walked in the door. Her hips swayed as she walked towards them and John groaned to himself as he watched her ass moving in such a seductive way.

With her eyes locked on the best looking man of the group, the one that had that bad-boy look, Brooke said:

“Okay gentlemen, my husband is tired of dancing, so who is going to wear me out on the dance floor tonight?”

Mr. Bad Boy didn’t waste any time, grabbed her hand, and without saying a word, pulled her onto the dance floor. They pushed through the crowd and he took her back to a dark corner of the room where the prying eyes of his buddies, and more importantly, the eyes of Brooke’s husband, could not see them. There they danced on, throwing themselves hard into each dance, never stopping. Brooke was positively glowing with perspiration and arousal, and a bead of sweat ran down her dance partner’s neck into the crevice where it pooled, attracting Brooke’s attention. For some reason she had an indescribable urge to lick his neck and taste his sweat. Their dancing had become more and more erotic, as they moved their bodies closer together, finally pressing into each other as they ground together to the fast paced beat. Brooke had danced with other men since she married John, but she hadn’t danced like this since her days on the prowl for men when she was single. It brought back a flood of memories and sensations, and she enjoyed the dirty arousal of grinding her body into a complete stranger. She didn’t know why, she shouldn’t be enjoying this so much. After all, she was a married woman, and her husband was sitting a short distance away. But the dirty nature of what she was doing aroused her all the more, and she rationalized it away as a little harmless fun. After all, her husband would reap the benefits of her desire when he got her in bed tonight.

Brooke could feel Bad Boy’s hard cock pressing against her pelvis. Her arms were wrapped around his neck, and his arms were wrapped around her waist pulling her tightly into him as he ground his erection into her body. When his hands pushed lower, they roamed her ass, massaging it, playing with it, and pulling her body into him, sending electric sensations pulsating through every nerve in her body. Brooke did nothing to stop his wandering hands. She was too far into the sensation to stop him now. It felt like the rhythm of a mating dance of sorts, as Jake, for that was “Bad Boy’s” name, was now dry humping Brook right there on the dance floor, and she was lost in the excitement of a primal lust that had enveloped her. She could feel his hard-on pushing into her, thrusting into her, and as he continued this sexual dance, her short dress rode up higher and higher, until Jake slid his hands under the fabric, and played with Brooke’s bare ass. It sent a shiver through her entire body, and Jake recognized it for the sexual shock that it was. It emboldened him, as he rubbed her bare ass while Brooke, exposed on the dance floor, gave her body over to the sensations that she craved and the sexual need that held her captive to this stranger.

When a slow dance came on, Jake pulled her face up to his and kissed her while he ground his cock into her and held her by the bare ass. Brooke didn’t think, didn’t hesitate, didn’t’ blanch. She pushed her lips to his and kissed him deeply, then opened her mouth to allow his tongue to penetrate her as she let out a soft moan. God this felt good. Brooke hadn’t felt like this in a long time. The exhilaration, the thrill of a stranger’s touch, the dirty arousal of letting a man she hardly knew play with her body, the embrace of physical pleasure for the sake of pleasure alone, without love, without any form of

attachment. Just the cravings of the body and the embrace of raw lust. Brooke was in a fog of lust and she was now meeting Jake's thrusts with thrusts of her own, as they dry humped each other, bodies intertwined on the dance floor. It's not that her mind wasn't fighting this, but she kept telling herself that she was on vacation, a no rules, uninhibited vacation, and a little dirty rubbing was not being unfaithful to her husband. This wasn't penetration, and a kiss was not a betrayal, she rationalized. God she loved this, needed this. Her pussy was wet with desire and she wondered to herself if she would be able to stop him from fucking her if he pushed her further. That set off the alarm bells in her head. Her eyes opened wide, she pulled her face away from him, stopped dancing and said:

"We've got to stop this. I can't go any further. You've had your fun, but now we have to stop."

But Jake wasn't letting go of Brooke. He held her tight against him, still pressed against his long hard cock that so aroused her, and just looked into her eyes with a sexual fire that both excited and scared Brooke. She saw an animal lust in his eyes, and that sent another shock through her body as her pussy soaked itself again – a primal response to a primal craving. Her body was preparing itself to be fucked.

Sensing her need, Jake removed one hand from her now bare ass, and moved it between her legs to her thigh, all the while his eyes were locked on hers, holding her in some form of trance that she could not break. Brooke just stood there as Jake's hand moved up the inside of her thigh, pushing past the hiked up dress, and edging ever closer to her thong covered pussy. She could have pushed his hand away, she could have pulled away from him, but she didn't. She stood there, locked in a sexual trance, willing herself to leave, but her body defying her mind in every way. His hand touched her soaked G-string and he felt a blast of heat from her desire.

"You don't want me to stop" Jake said. "You're as horny as an animal in heat woman" His words were deep and forceful. "You want this. No, you *need* this."

As his hand moved across the outline of her cloth covered pussy lips, Brooke instinctively pushed her legs further apart, and Jake slid his fingers down the inside of the material, opening her lips, and pushing two fingers into her pussy as Brooke let out a gasp.

"Tell me you don't want this and I will stop."

Brooke knew she should stop him, wanted to stop him, but her body betrayed her will. Brooke knew that she had been defeated. Her body had not responded to her conscience or her brain. She willed it to stop but it didn't. She didn't. She couldn't. Her primal need won out. The only victory her mind had over her body was a final line that she determined not to cross. He could play with her, but she would

not let him fuck her.

“Not here”, she said. “Not in front of everybody”

By now those dancing around them had begun to enjoy the view of this couple openly engaging in sexual foreplay on the dance floor, and Brooke could not be humiliated like this. Nor could she take the chance that she would be seen by someone that would tell her husband. Without saying a word, Jake withdrew his fingers from Brooke’s pussy and pulled her bodily off the dance floor, down the back hallway towards the rest rooms. John had been busy talking with someone and didn’t see any of this, and Brooke now found herself locked in a single stall unisex bathroom with a man she had just met a short time ago. Her mind was racing. She was betraying everything she believed in just by being here, but she couldn’t pull herself away, her desire was too strong, her need too great. As her mind continued to fight her body, arguing that she should just walk out that door, grab her husband and take him home and fuck him, she realized the nature of her sexual craving – and as that understanding penetrated her mind, it scared her to death. For the first time since she had married John, Brooke now needed the excitement of a stranger using her body, and she was attracted to the animal magnetism of this man unlike any attraction she had for her husband. Her heart sank as she realized that her husband could not satisfy her pressing need of this moment – only a beastly man, a total stranger could. This wasn’t about love or romance, it had nothing to do with making love, it was all about animal passion and primal lust. That is what she craved, that is what she needed. Physical pleasure at the hands of a man that did not love her, the heights of arousal and climax that only came with dirty sex and out of control lust. Recognizing what she had become, what she was, she surrendered herself to her desire, leaned back against the sink, pulled up her skirt, yanked her G-string to the side exposing her dripping wet pussy, and in a husky, lust filled voice said to him:

“Finger me, eat me, play with me anyway you want to. When you are done using my body, I will deep throat you and swallow your cum. The only rule is that you can’t fuck me. I won’t betray my husband that way. Either agree or I walk out that door right now”

Brooke spoke with a determination that showed she clearly meant it, but in her own mind she doubted whether she could or would actually stop him if he tried to fuck her. Jake pulled his eyes from her own, looked down and stared greedily at her swollen, wet pussy, lips spread open and ready for play. Then he looked back into her eyes without speaking. Brooke sensing some hesitation spoke again:

“If you’re worried that I’m not any good at giving head, don’t worry. I deep throat. Like a porn star. And I swallow too. I can guarantee that you will be satisfied. I’ll give you the biggest thrill you have had in a very long time. You can push your pelvis right up to my face and bury your cock in my mouth. I’ll even let you fuck my mouth if that’s what you get your rocks off on. So do you agree to my

terms, or am I walking out that door?”

With that, Jake moved to her, one hand reaching for her pussy and the other grabbing her behind the head and pulling her lips to his. As his tongue slid into her mouth his fingers penetrated her cunt, and Brooke let out a deep moan. The walls of her pussy tightened around Jake’s two fingers and she felt the friction she needed as his fingers pushed in and out of her, making a lewd squishy sound from her juices that were pooling up in her. Just as they were building a rhythm together, Brooke thrusting her body to meet his, Jake pulled his fingers out, raised them to her face, and pushed them inside her mouth, making her suck her own nectar. Brooke was in heaven. As she sucked on his fingers Jake reached behind her neck and pulled the string holding up her small top. In one quick motion, it was untied, the covering dropped below her breasts, and Brooke felt cool air embrace her proud nipples, already standing at attention from extreme arousal. His mouth left her lips and moved to her tits, and Jake began to suckle Brooke like a baby, then play with her nipples as only an experienced lover could, flicking his tongue against her nipples, biting on them gently, and taking as much of her breast into his mouth as he could before resuming the teasing and pleasing pattern of assault on her tits again. As his mouth devoured one breast, one hand explored the other, kneading it, palming it, squeezing it, thumbing the erect nipple before pinching it, twisting it, and then pulling on it while his tongue rapidly flicked over the other nipple. Brooke was electrified, and pulsing shock waves shot from her tits directly to her pussy, which was soaked with her arousal.

Jake grabbed hold of Brooke by the waist, pulled her up and rested her ass on the counter, and as he resumed his attack on Brooke’s tits, two fingers returned again to her pussy, pushing deeply into her, then curling them back as he began the withdrawal, his fingertips rubbing against her top wall as he massaged her sensitive g-spot. Over and over he repeated this movement, and Brooke could feel the electricity pulse through her body with each pull and scrape. The sensation built in intensity with each curled pull against the sensitive upper wall of her cunt – that all powerful erogenous zone that expert lovers knew how to manipulate. Not every man is adept at this form of sexual attack on a woman’s body, but it was clear that Jake had a great deal of experience in pleasing women, and his all-out assault on Brooke’s pussy pushed her higher and higher up that mountain of orgasmic bliss, as every nerve in her body was set afire. Brooke’s breathing became labored, her moans grew louder, and her eyes were covered in a deep cloud of lust. She was overwhelmed with physical sensations pulsating out from her inner core to every nerve in her body, as if an electrical current was pulsating from the depths of her cunt, out through every organ to the very tips of her fingers and toes. Her nervous system was on overload. Brooke didn’t know how much more stimulation she could take, and it was then that Jake gave his undivided attention to her pussy, increasing his finger fucking with his one hand, and with his other hand, added a direct massage to her clit. Brooke’s body jerked back in shock as Jake’s fingers touched her there, manipulating that ultra-sensitive tissue over and over again. The combined sensations from her cunt and clit sent an immobilizing shock wave through her body. She arched her back, head thrown back, and let out an animal shriek as her own fingers

reached up and pulled hard on her nipples. Her body began to quake and shake as Brooke crashed into a blinding orgasm, pushing out from her cunt and overtaking her entire body, shutting down all sensations and feeling except the overwhelming, overpowering, blinding shock of full body climax, as wave after wave of orgasm overtook her. She gasped for breath as her body shook in blissful climax, the walls of her pussy gripping Jake's fingers like a vice, contracting and gripping in rapid motion, and then tightening in a final pushing force that sent a spray of her sweet cum from her cunt in a final push of ecstasy, covering Jake in the fluids of Brooke's desire. Brooke hadn't had an orgasm that intense in a very long time, and she lay back on the counter, Jake holding her in place, completely paralyzed from extreme sexual stimulation and release.

When she finally opened her eyes, she saw Jake had pulled out his throbbing cock and was stroking it as he used her naked body for visual stimulation. It took a couple minutes for her to recover, but when she could move, Brooke assumed the position she was well accustomed to, dropping to her knees as her mouth moved to envelope Jake's manhood. An involuntary chill shot down her spine as her mouth devoured this new cock, the excitement of a fresh piece of meat to suck providing her with dirty pleasure. Brooke was a cock slut, and there was nothing she loved more than the feel of a new man's cock in her hands and buried deep in her throat. It was a feeling she had tried to put out of her mind since here marriage, but she was overpowered with the love for new cock once again. She loved John, loved his cock, and loved giving him pleasure with her mouth, but she had forgotten the dirty thrill and slutty pleasure she found in swallowing a new man's cock until the head was pushed against the back of her throat. She loved the shock every man showed on his face at her ability to swallow him deep into her throat this way. Brooke knew how to control a man through his cock, and she took great pleasure in manipulating men, bringing them to the point of cumming, and then calming them down again, only to bring them to the point of climax again, over and over. She loved the power it gave her over a man, the sense of control she had over him, and she thrilled at the absolute need it created in men. Any man was putty in her hands as she manipulated him using her skills as the deep throat artist few had experienced. Her skills had been honed over years of practice on lovers and one night stands. Once she took a man's cock into her mouth, she was his absolute master, controlling him in every way. In the past she had lived for that excitement and that power, and those sensations, the thrill, the excitement, the feeling of power, all returned to her as if it were yesterday – as if she had never married John. Kneeling in front of a man that she had just met, cock buried in her mouth, Brooke felt dirty and slutty, and she loved that feeling. Nothing could arouse Brooke more; stoke her flames of lust higher, than the dirty feeling of being the slut that lives for dirty moments such as these. She would never admit it to her husband, but Brooke loved the sexual charge that came as she released her inner slut and succumbed to primal urges. As she rested on her knees, sucking this stranger's cock, Brooke knew what she was – a cock slut – and the dirty thought of it sent another pulse of her sweet nectar into her pussy, and from there, it dripped down her legs.

Jake’s cock was substantial, nearly nine inches long and thick, and Brooke looked like a child in a candy store as she held it in front of her, all excitement in her eyes and face. She slowly took it into her mouth, licking the head, and down the shaft, until she had nearly all of it inside her mouth and throat. Jake was in heaven as her lips tightened around his shaft, feeling every sensation as Brooke moved her mouth slowly up and down on his ridged manhood. She began to bob, taking him deeper and deeper into her throat. When her muscles were relaxed, she pushed down on Jake’s cock, changing the angle, and then pushed her face forward, until Jake could feel the head of his cock push up against the back of Brooke’s throat. As Brooke pushed forward her nose pressed against Jake’s pelvis, taking all of him into her throat, where she held him tight. Every inch of his cock was gripped softly by her throat and lips, every nerve ending was being squeezed and the sensation sent a shock of primal energy through Jake, as he released an animal groan unlike anything human. As she pulled her mouth away from Jake’s pelvis, slowly suctioning him as her mouth pulled back on his cock, gobs of spit flowed from her mouth, and she gagged as she released his cock. This continued, over and over again as Brooke repeatedly deep throated Jake, bobbing up and down on his cock, and pushing it further down her throat until it rested on the back of her throat. Jake was in heaven. As Brooke’s pace picked up, Jake’s need grew more urgent, but each time he was close to cumming Brooke would sense it and pull back, bringing him back from his peak. It was agonizing and electrifying all at once. She did this over and over again and Jake’s pressure to release grew more and more urgent. Finally, when he couldn’t take it anymore, he grabbed Brooke’s hair in his hands, and pulling it tight, he yanked her face further down on his cock, and he began to thrust in and out of her mouth with abandon as he roughly held her face in place by his grip on her hair. Jake was fucking Brooke’s mouth with a fury now, and she had all she could do to hold back her gag reflex and keep taking his thrusting cock deep into her throat. Her eyes were watering, sending tears down her face with makeup etching the outline, and Jake keep fucking her mouth as he growled at her between thrusts.

“You. Dirty. Slut. I’m. Gonna. Cum. In. Your. Mouth.”

With a roar, he did, the base of his cock buried deep inside Brooke’s mouth, and she felt bead after bead of warm, milky cum hit the back of her throat. Brooke swallowed repeatedly to keep up with the flow and to prevent from gagging on the abundant seed he was pouring into her. When he had finished, she slowly sucked and licked his cock as he withdrew it from her mouth, completely satisfied. Brooke looked up at Jake with an ear to ear grin, knowing that it was a blow job he would never forget. She spoke:

“I told you that you would be satisfied.”

“Damn women that was the best head anyone has ever given me. Where did you learn to do that?” Jake’s voice was weak and uneven with staggered breath.

“Practice. Lots and lots of practice.” Brooke said slowly. She was clearly pleased with herself. She took almost as much satisfaction out of giving good head as she did from a climax of her own.

“You can practice anytime you want on me lady. Damn you’re good.”

“Thank you kind sir. But now I must clean up and find my husband. He is going to wonder what happened to me.” With that spoken thought, another chill went down Brooke’s spine. She was a dirty girl. Married women servicing another man. And for some reason, this filthy scene of dirty sex aroused her greatly.

Jake pushed his softening dick back into his pants, zipped them up, and stood back to take one last look at Brooke. She waivered to stand up and then leaned back on the counter, her tits still on display, her dress hiked up around her waist and her pussy still open, raw and used. Mascara ran down her face and her hair was frizzled and out of place. She looked like a slut, a whore, and she knew it. In fact, it excited her. She didn’t know why, but it did. After a long stare, Jake spoke his last words:

“Your husband is one lucky man. If you get tired of him, look me up. I’m staying at the Waterfront Hotel until Sunday.”

With that, he threw a piece of paper with his cell number written down, onto the counter. He gave her a wink, and excited the door. Brooke quickly reached over and locked it again before she began the process of cleaning up and making herself look presentable for her husband. She wasn’t perfect, but when she excited the room she no longer looked like a hooker that had been on her knees getting her mouth fucked just minutes ago, so she was pleased.

Sauntering over to the table, men stared at her as she passed by, and the men from Jake’s group gave her knowing stares, each one wishing she had taken them out on the dance floor.

John was still sitting at the table, talking to a woman that Brooke had not seen before, and as he saw her approach, he looked up with a big smile on his face.

“There you are darling. I was beginning to wonder what happened to you. We were just about ready to send out a search and rescue party.”

As John said this, his head turned towards the unknown women, and for some reason, Brooke was jealous. Her mind couldn’t quite decide why she had a right to be jealous of this woman for talking to her husband when Brooke had just had a sexual encounter with another man, but she was nonetheless. Seeing her confused look, John quickly introduced his table guest. It seems that Amy

had twisted her ankle this morning and couldn't dance, so when her fiancé left her alone to go off and dance with others, she found John who had also been left alone at his table, Brooke, Christy and Shawn all having found other dance partners to party with. Amy looked to be about 27, tall, slender, and a perfectly formed 34C rack barely held in place by a revealing dress that was as sheer as lingerie. If John hadn't been staring at Amy's rock hard nipples through that skimpy tease of an outfit, then Brooke wouldn't believe that he was a man at all. But of course Brooke knew that John was very much a man, a hot blooded American man at that, so there was no doubt in her mind that he had been enjoying the flesh on display for him and fantasizing about getting his hands on her assets. The fact that she had just face fucked a man didn't seem to check her jealously, but she covered over with a public face of kindness, and thanked Amy for keeping her husband company while she had been dancing.

Brooke, remembering that she had just swallowed a gallon of cum, quickly reached down and grabbed John's drink, taking a large swig in her mouth, swishing it around like it was mouthwash, and then swallowing it. She didn't want John to taste another man's cum on her breath. Amy stared at Brooke and gave her a knowing smile, while Brooke's quick alcohol mouthwash seemed to escape John's notice.

"I'm exhausted from dancing. What do you say we head back sweetheart?" Brooke was all smile and sweetness.

After making apologies for leaving her alone again, the couple readied to go. Just as John was pushing past Amy's chair, he felt her hand in his as she pushed a slip of paper into his palm. It startled him, and the excitement known by all men as a woman offers her phone number, shot through his body, just like in his bachelor days. He took a sideways glance at Amy and saw the sultry smile and the pursed lips, and his cock grew in arousal knowing that she wanted him. Not that he would ever take her up on the offer. He was a happily married man after all. But still, the interest in him was flattering, and arousing, and there was nothing wrong with enjoying the moment for what it was – innocent fun. Still, he took pains to hide the paper and quickly slipped it into his pocket before Brooke had noticed.

BACK AT THE CABANA

On the cab ride back to their cabana John had his arm around his bride while his other hand turned Brooke's head towards him, and he leaned in for a kiss. Brooke hesitated, fearing that John still might taste Jake's cum on her lips, but he pressed in harder and took his kiss from her. They began to make out, and the cabbie enjoyed the dimly lit view of john's hands roaming Brooke's body, fondling her tits, and teasing her thighs. He remembered what Brooke had said earlier about taking her back to ravish her, and that is exactly what John intended to do. But Brooke truly was exhausted, and her

lust had already been satisfied. When she pulled away from John, he was puzzled, and looked bewildered when she told him that she was exhausted. It was beginning to look like he might not be ravishing her after all.

“But you said they would just work you up to frenzy and I would be the one to ravish you when we got home.” John’s voice was loud and full of confusion. Brooke shot him a look, flashed her eyes at the driver, and John got the message.

“Look darling” Brooke whispered. We need to get some sleep tonight if we are going to be in any shape for our scuba-diving tomorrow.” Brooke’s voice was sweet and calming, but John’s eyes revealed that he was not calmed by her words, so after a pause, she backpedaled. Nuzzling close into him, Brooke said:

“I didn’t say that we couldn’t make love tonight John, it’s just that I don’t have much energy, so you will have to be tender and gentle with me.” Her voice was soothing, trying to erase any questions John might have.

“But you said that you wanted me to ravish you!” John was clearly not happy.

“You can dear. But perhaps not tonight. Perhaps tonight you make tender love to your wife instead.”

John was perplexed, but didn’t want to complain to his wife that she only wanted him to make love to her. Still, he thought it unfair of his wife to set his expectations so high, to work him up into a fever of lust with teases and that dress, and now to let him down like this.

John paid the cabby and they heard voices and music as they entered the cabana. It was coming from the patio and pool area just outside the sliding glass doors, but the interior of the home was dark. Not knowing who was there or what they would find, they stumbled through the cabana in the dark, relying upon small shafts of light from the pool lamps that pierced the darkness of the cabana through the open glass. It was Christy and three men that she apparently had brought home from the club. Shawn was nowhere to be found, and had probably run off with another woman for a night of revelry. John was disgusted, and more taken aback when he realized that the three men were drinking, kissing, and fondling Christy in the pool stark naked. He complained to his wife about this naked pool party.

“What did you expect them to do John? Swim in their clothes?” Brooke said a little peevishly.

“That’s not the point Brooke. What’s she doing here in the first place with these three men?”

Brooke had always tried to cover up Christy's more indiscrete sexual adventures in order to mollify her husband, but she was not in the mood right now.

"I think it's pretty obvious what they have in mind John." Her voice had lost all its sweetness, and Brooke now sounded annoyed at her husband.

"And this is okay with you?" Exasperation dripping from John's voice.

"I'm not her guardian and I'm certainly not going to tell her who she can and can't fuck!" Brooke had enough of this discussion, and she pushed past her husband into their bedroom. When he followed her and found her face pressed against the open blinds and looking out the window at the sexual party that was now well under way, he froze.

"You're going to watch her? You're going to watch your sister get fucked by these three guys?" John was incredulous.

It was pretty clear that is exactly what Brooke was going to do. Her dress was pushed up high on her waist, her G-string was pushed to the side, and she was fingering herself as she watched her sister Christy alternate sucking two cocks while the third man was playing with her pussy. She wouldn't turn to look at him but did reply.

"Christy's an exhibitionist John. She loves to be watched. This would just help her get off. Besides, it's hot. Three guys are playing with her. It's going to be like a porn movie, only this is better. This is live. You've got to take advantage of these situations; they don't come up very often."

Brooke was busy fingering her pussy and rubbing her clit, her body swaying to the sensations she was arousing in herself. As shocked as John was that his wife would watch her own sister getting fucked as a way to arouse herself, his body did respond to the lewd sight as Brooke was clearly working her way into a fever of desire.

Brooke was propped up on her knees at the head of their bed, peering out the window as six hands, and three mouths were covering her sister's body in stimulation from head to toe, and the image of it was overwhelming. John joined her, and began to touch Brooke, adding to her own deep arousal. Soon Brooke pulled off her clothes and then stripped John. That animal look of lust that he had seen in her eyes early that evening had returned, and it was clear now that Brooke did not want John to make love to her, she wanted him to fuck her, hard and rough. John would be glad to oblige her.

When John moved to close the blinds and turn on the light, Brooke pulled away from him and stopped him in his tracks. She made it clear to him that she wasn't just going to use this dirty scene to

arouse herself; she was going to use it to help herself get off. Urging her husband to come up behind her and fuck her doggie style so she could watch the sex show, John balked, but finally relented.

His member was hard, throbbing and aching to feel the inside of his wife's tight pussy. There was no foreplay, no teasing, no need to arouse. She was already aflame with desire, eyes clouded with lust, nipples hard and aching to be touched, and pussy dripping wet with need. John placed his cock at her opening, grabbed his wife by her hips, and with one forceful thrust plunged deep into her waiting cunt. He impaled her completely as his body slammed into hers, and she felt his balls slap against her with the first plunge deep into her opening. Brooke let out a guttural moan and pushed her ass back. She was in heaven. All night she had ached to be filled with a cock, and now she was enjoying a porn show from her sister as her husband fucked her from behind. She felt dirty and nasty, adding to the intensity of the moment. Brooke was on fire, her body alive with an overload of stimulus. When one of the men, a tall, dark skinned, well hung stranger with an athletic build, looked up from her sister and locked eyes on Brooke through the window, Brooke's body spasmed with the dirty thrill of being caught, of being seen. A wicked grin covered his face as this stranger saw Brooke being fucked in the dark shadows of her bedroom. He leaned down to whisper an excuse to Christy, and then made his way towards the cabana. Brooke's heart stopped beating for a second, at the terror of being caught and watched, but then began to pound in her chest with excitement.

The door to their bedroom was partially open, and Brooke turned her head to the side to look through the opening. There he stood, shielded by the partially closed door from the eyes of her husband who was mounted behind her and fucking her like an animal, but the stranger was in plain sight to Brooke. A total stranger in her doorway, holding his eight plus inch erection in his hand, and jerking off at the sight of Brooke being fucked. Suddenly she was not watching a peep show, she was the peep show, and the excitement of being a stranger's dirty porn show flooded her pussy with nectar, and sent electrical shock waves through every nerve in her body. Now her husband's average size cock didn't seem to fill her space as much as she craved. Not with the sight of this stranger's cock so close. He stood there, leering at her, jacking off to this lewd display of fucking. As John repeatedly slammed his body into his wife, Brooke was pounded forward and then rocked back, her tits swaying heavily as she was roughly fucked. She was on full display for this man, and she loved it. She heard her husband's moans turn to groans and knew he was close. So was she. Her eyes were locked on the stranger's eyes, and they seemed to read each other's dirty thoughts as her husband kept slamming his cock into her, and it pushed her over the edge. She wanted him to see her body. She wanted to have him watch her get fucked. She wanted to have this stranger watch her as she climaxed. This lewd display went on and on as John held off as long as he could, pounding into his wife's sweet hole over and over again in a brutally craven attack on her body that lasted for a seeming eternity. Brooke was on the edge, and pushed John over the edge as she yelled at him to fuck her harder, screamed at him to fuck her like a dirty slut, and cried out to him to treat her like a whore. John had never heard his wife say anything like that before, but that was all it took. Brooke could feel stream after stream of

his hot cum hit her walls and coat her as he screamed out and rammed his cock home. And in that dirty moment of sexual frenzy, she gave herself over to her orgasm, let out a primal scream, all while keeping her eyes on this dangerous stranger that sent shivers down her spine. She came for him, not her husband, and they both knew it. And in that dirty moment, Brooke knew that she had turned another corner. She felt no guilt, no remorse, only excitement. The excitement of dark desire, and the submission to her depraved cravings. She released herself to her lust, and there was no turning back.

John collapsed on the bed, exhausted from the long evening, the many drinks, and the pounding he had just given his wife. With his cum dripping down her legs, she whispered into his ear that she was going to get a drink, and she heard his deep breaths of sleep overtaking him as she moved from the room and into the kitchen where the dark stranger waited for her, a wicked smile on his face. As she poured herself a stiff drink, examining the stranger's still erect cock from the corner of her eye, he moved to her, pressing his flesh against her naked body. She let out a gasp and shuddered at his touch. His hand wrapped around her throat and he pulled her body to him, looking her deep in the eyes as he growled at her. She was face to face with a beast, a man she did not know, and though it sent a chill down her spine, the fear was overpowered with excitement at the dirty exchange with this dangerous man. The danger only inflamed her arousal more, and she let him take control of her body as his free hand roamed her smooth skin, groping her ass, squeezing her tits, pinching her nipples. She bit her lower lip and let out a whimper. Brooke did not know who this man was, but she was completely under his spell.

He spoke: "You are a very dirty girl, getting off for me on your husband's cock." His voice was deep, full of lust.

It was difficult, but Brooke forced herself to respond: "I know. I'm bad."

His reply was quick, forceful. "Bad does not begin to describe what you just did woman. But I like bad girls. Wicked girls. And you just passed the test. You are a married slut, just my type of woman."

As if to emphasize the word slut, he slapped her ass hard as he spoke it, and she shrieked and jumped as the pain shot through her nerves straight to her cunt, which was now flooding with her juices. Her husband had just filled her with his cum, but her body was again preparing itself to be fucked. As if by reflex her hands reached for his cock, and she began to stroke him as he pushed her to the floor. She willingly assumed the position on her knees, and with her eyes looking up at him, slowly lowered her mouth over his waiting organ, tightening her lips around the smooth head and then taking him into her mouth. He was so thick, so long, but she kept pushing down, her lips gripping him with pleasure as he moaned. Brooke was good at this. She should be. She had plenty of practice. Up and down she moved her head on his cock, pushing it deeper into her throat with each movement. When the head of his cock came to rest at the back of her throat she kept pushing, taking him deep

into her throat. The stranger moaned out in pleasure as her throat tighten around his pulsing cock. Then he grabbed a fist full of her hair and began to force her motions, pulling her off his cock and then pushing her head back down on him.

“Damn slut. Where did you learn to give head like this? Fuck that feels good. Yes, take me in your throat.”

His encouragements by word and the animal sounds he was making only encouraged her to suck more, take him deeper, and give him the ultimate blow job that she considered her trade mark. No one could deep throat like Brooke could, and his excitement inflamed her own. She pushed back the gag reflex and kept taking him in, gasping for breath as she released him, only to go down on him again, spit hanging from her mouth and dangling down her chin. It was a dirty scene, but she loved feeling dirty. Servicing this stranger in her own kitchen was putting her hormonal excitement on overload. He reached down and started playing with her tits, pulling hard on her nipples, twisting them roughly, sending wave after wave of pain and pleasure through her body and straight to her now dripping pussy. A pool of her own nectar was forming on the tile floor, and she used her free hand to rub her clit and then push her fingers deep into her aching pussy as she finger fucked herself. Brooke could feel his cock tighten and knew from the sounds he was making that he was about to cum. He was fucking her mouth now, holding her head in place and ramming his cock in and out of her mouth, brutally fucking it. She took it as her throat tightened and her lips closed around his cock, sending wave after wave of hot cum into her mouth, splashing against the back of her throat. Brooke swallowed rope after rope of cum, this stranger’s gift to her, reveling in her dirty descent into depravity. Here she was, a married woman, husband sleeping only feet away, while she let a total stranger fuck he mouth, and she swallowed all of his cum, like some dirty slut in a porn movie – like the dirty slut she had become. With cum dribbling from her chin, her fingers scooped it up, and opening her mouth, she took it in, sucking her fingers to get every last once of cum that she could. The image of it in her mind sent a dirty shiver down her spine. She was lost in her own lust, and gave little thought to her loving husband. She rested on her knees in a sexual fog, three loads of cum inside her body from three different men. This was not the evening she had imagined, but a dirty smile came across her face as Brooke let the feeling of depravity sink in. God she loved this feeling.

When he had recovered from his orgasm, he looked down at her messy face, and said to her:

“You are one dirty slut girl. I think we need to get to know each other better.” There was a lusty look in his eyes, and he let out a wicked laugh.

“You don’t think we have already become intimately acquainted?” she asked, batting her eyelashes at him as she looked up, a false look of innocence on her face, and a tease in her voice.

“Darling, this is nothing. You have no idea what *intimate* is until you see just how bad I can really be.”

His eyes twinkled with devilish desire, and a lusty laugh escaped from his mouth as Brooke’s eyes fluttered shut and she lost herself in the moment of dark desire.