Make Love To Me Part 2

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A loving couple's journeys into fantasies become all too real...

Beth scoured the balcony, looking for Allan’s face as she danced, unable to see him but quietly confident he was nearby. She was feeling really horny now. Where the fuck was he, that husband of hers? Maybe he’d gone to the gents, she pondered to herself, hoping that the only relief he was getting was from his bladder. She wanted to relieve him of the tension in his boxer shorts. She wanted cock and she wanted it now.

Juan noticed the change in her mood, confusing her anxiety with passion. She was obviously exuding an aura or something which told Juan she was feeling really horny.

Allan, meanwhile, was still engaged in inane conversation with the blond woman he’d had an accident with the previous night. He kept glancing at his mobile, then over to the balcony.

“Look I have to go “Allan made his excuses and left.

Allan went to a different part of the balcony and scoured below for Beth.

After a few minutes he spotted her. She was with Juan at one of the bars; his mind was a mix of emotions, fear, desire, and excitement. He picked up his phone and this time sent her more than code.

“Show me how much you can tease him, make him want you, drive me wild.”

Allan looked at the text, read it again, and waited to see what Beth would do.

Beth felt her phone vibrate and retrieved her phone whilst Juan got them another drink. Looking at her message, she was surprised at the content. Allan kept pushing things further; she wondered when he'd wanted her to stop, and in particular where he envisioned the play to end. Loving Allan

deeply; Beth wanted to please him, make him jealous which would make him take her home and fuck her till sunrise. 'Fuck, I'm so horny,' she thought. Smiling, she set off to do Allan's bidding.

For the next hour Beth teased Juan. She allowed him to grind against her ass, and feeling his hands all over her body; his hot breath on her neck and ears made her move her hand to the back of his head and pull him close to her body. She felt elated knowing Allan would be enjoying her every move.

Juan pulled her to a quieter spot in the club by the entrance.

“I want you so badly” Juan whispered in her ear, “you have a place we can go back to yea?”

Beth hesitated, this wasn’t on the agenda. She hesitated, not knowing what to do. Should she continue teasing him, afterall, Allan still watching.

“One moment, just need the ladies” she bit her bottom lip and giggled at him, still teasing him.

“Wait for me here” she told him.

Beth went to the ladies, she took out her phone and thought to herself, this will show Allan about real teasing. She texted his phone and informed him of the result of her teasing.

“I'm turned on so much by Juan and he wants to fuck me at our place, should I go, text if no”

Beth giggled and waited, 2, 3, then 5 minutes past, felt confused and seriously considered; does he truly want me to go with Juan? Confused and a little disorientated at no reply, Beth exited the ladies and bumped into a impatient Juan.

“We go to your place” allowing her no opportunity to refuse.

He led her outside into the warm night air, the sudden lack of volume left her ears ringing slightly. Still holding her by one arm, Juan waved and snapped his fingers in the air until a dark Mercedes taxi pulled up at the kerb.

Juan ushered Beth into the taxi and asked her villa address. She sat back whilst Juan gave the cabbie directions. Beth quickly tapped a text on her mobile, telling Allan to get back to the villa now. She hit send. Message sent.

Juan sat back and saw her with her mobile phone.

“What're you doing?”

“Oh, just checking for messages” Beth replied.

“No messages” Juan said. “Here. I switch off for you” taking the phone and switching the unit off before handing it back to her.

“Just you and me now” he said, grinning. Beth smiled back. She was nervous with the situation now. Allan had better get back quickly, she thought.
Where the fuck has she got to? Allan wondered. Why hasn’t she text me for ages, maybe she’s in the toilet. How could he find out? He looked at his phone in the darkness of the club, nothing. Fuck, he thought.

He could text her. Though it would be better if he phoned her, hear her voice. That would be good. He needed to hear her voice in order to put his mind at rest. He looked at his phone in better light and gasped, no signal. Panicking he made his way down to the dance floor, slowly scouring the faces and bodies at the venue. An overwhelming smell of beer emanating from him also alerted their suspicions.

Allan’s pulse began to race and his heart sank as he failed to locate either Beth or her new buddy. His stomach quivered like he had butterflies and he gasped in horror as his fears evolved in his mind. She’d gone.

He wandered over to the ladies toilet and tried to approach a lady who was leaving to see if she could see his wife in there. The lady avoided being approached by some strange bloke reeking of beer, so Allan tried to enter the Ladies toilets. Within a few seconds, the security guys had surrounded him.

Allan tried to explain his predicament; that his wife had possibly been abducted and he had to go into the ladies toilet to see if she was in there. The bouncers were bigger and beefier than Allan and when they barred his way, he considered using force but thought better of it. The language barrier didn’t make matters any easier, either.

“Will someone please just tell me if my wife is in there?” Allan screamed at security.

They mis-read his body language and assumed he was just another drunken Brit and the ejected him from the club. His frenzied mind was in turmoil as he struggled against the fat and muscle that were ejecting him, he probably hurled some abuse at them. Allan wished he’d brushed up on his Spanish as they had said things to him that he assumed was profane and threatening.

The word “Police” he understood as he was thrown onto the pavement, his mobile phone falling out

of his pocket onto the side walk. Allan stood up and nursed his bruised shoulder. The pain in his shoulder suggested he should maybe just behave for the time being. He regained his breath then noticed the screen on his mobile was light.

Two messages, they were from Beth, telling him to get back home as soon as possible. He rang her number, wanting to speak to her. It seemed to take ages to connect. Allan was greeted by a recorded message in Spanish telling him the phone was switched off and to try later. He redialled with the same result. “Bollocks” he shouted to himself, looking around for a taxi.

“Taxi” he shouted. No joy. He ran to the corner of the street and looked around at the cross roads. Nothing. He looked for a phone box, they always had cab company cards in phone booths, he could ring one. No phone booths in sight either.

“Fuck it” he cursed. He ran aimlessly, looking for someone who might give him a lift. He stood in the middle of the road, trying to flag down a passing car. The car flashed its full headlight beam at him, temporarily blinding him, the driver leaning on the road horn and winding down the window, hurling verbal abuse at Allan. He sank to his knees. What the fuck had he done? Would Beth be ok?

“Shit” he said standing and regaining his breath. He saw the bottom of the next cross roads, a car with a cab light on top slowing down. He ran as fast as he could down to the next crossroads. Please let the cab be empty, he pleaded, his hands together as though in prayer. “Please, please, please” he uttered to himself as he ran.

Juan and Beth had arrived back at the villa and Beth was trying to play for time until Allan returned. She’d offered Juan a drink, which he’d refused. She excused herself to visit the toilet. Beth knew that she was unable to stall him any further and that she’d have to be intimate with the guy. She recalled again the soft swing thing and thought if she was able to maybe masturbate Juan a little, by then Allan would have returned and it would all be fine and she’d be saved. But where the fuck was her knight in shining armour? It wasn’t like this in the Hollywood movies.

Her thoughts were interrupted as she felt Juan’s arms around her slender waist and she felt his lips against hers. She was still feeling horny and she so wanted Allan to be there right now, for him to get rid of this Spanish creep and to take her to bed. She needed cock, but she wanted Allan’s cock.

Juan had run his hands down Beth’s back and grabbed a handful of arse pulling her towards him. She could feel the shape of his erection against her tummy and she knew that this guy wanted to go all the way. She’d been leading him on all night of course, he wanted to fuck; anyway Juan thought she wanted him. That’s how she’d been acting, flashing flesh, kissing, allowing him to grope her. As if he could read her thoughts, his hands ran down her thighs and back up again, lifting her short flimsy

skirt in the process, noticing that her underwear was in fact, one of her bikinis. He was blissfully unaware it was the set that turned Allan on most. In fact, Juan was unaware of Allan being in the picture at all. Sure, he'd noticed the ring but it was not uncommon for ladies to wear rings to ward of foreign predators whilst holidaying without their partners.

Beth's panties were little more than a string and as Juan moved his hands back towards her buttocks he was greeted with warm soft flesh. He filled both his hands with as much buttock as he could, squeezing gently at first but then digging his finger nails into her flesh, causing her to press her body closer to his to reduce the discomfort.

"Oh, yeah baby" he said in his local accent.

Beth thought that under certain circumstances it could even sound sexy but in this scenario it just sounded sinister. His lips kissed her neck and despite her fear, the sensation was not unpleasant. Beth wondered how much longer Allan would be, she wanted him to continue with the neck kissing. God, she wanted Allan so much.

Her buttocks were released temporarily and she felt the zip of her skirt being undone gravity doing the rest, pulling the material down to her ankles. Her briefs were not elasticated, but tied at the side, something that Allan had loved as he could remove her string without having to disengage from any intimate cuddling, caressing or sucking. Juan was becoming very aroused and Beth knew she may need to prolong things until that husband of hers showed his face. Jesus, was she going to give him a hard time when he did arrive and eject this Spanish creep. She'd certainly give Allan a piece of her mind that was for sure. After Allan had fucked her, of course! Priorities!

Beth removed herself from Juan's embrace and knelt in front of him, slowly and seductively undoing his trousers. She took her time, knowing every second was a second nearer Allan coming to her rescue. She tried to be as slow as possible but Juan had an urgency about him the likes Beth had never seen before in Allan. Juan removed his under pants himself, whipping them off quicker than a Chippendale dancer might at a hen night, revealing the truth about his genitalia. Beth did a double take as she saw it for the first time. It was big, bigger than Allan's and he was not small by any stretch of the imagination.

Allan was seven and a half inches, certainly above average, so she'd read in Cosmo. But Juan was at least two or three inches longer and, to Beth's surprise, it was fatter as well. She knew she was not that experienced when it came to volume (she'd had lots of sex and thought she'd tried every single position imaginable but only with Allan) and was taken aback that men's genitalia could vary so much in size. It was the girth that shocked her most. To Beth, it looked like a one eyed monster.

She pulled herself together promptly, so as to try and retain control and she reached for Juan’s erection. She thought that if she did the soft swing bit, make him come with her hand or, if she had to, her mouth, she could remain faithful to her husband. Hopefully he’d return and save her before Juan blew his load. She pulled at Juan’s foreskin and drew her hand slowly and delicately over his erection, noticing she was unable to close her hand around the girth of his monster sized cock. Juan was still standing and he closed his eyes, throwing his head back in delight as her expert hands worked his cock like a pro. Not only was she incredibly gorgeous but fucking horny with it. Juan had his own agenda and he had several aims, mostly to get this horny bitch to make him cum, but also for her to use as many parts of her body in the process. He reached a hand down and grabbed a handful of her tit; her tied up T shirt feeling soft. He moved over and sat on the bed.

“Come. Suck me” he ordered.

Beth walked on her knees to where he sat, no urgency in her movements, frustrating Juan further.

“Suck me!” Juan said

He took the back of her head and guided it towards his swollen member, the tip of his cock sopping with his own pre-cum. She gulped to herself at the thought of some stranger’s penis in her sweet innocent mouth. His cock approached her mouth like a cruise missile and she opened her mouth to accommodate him; keeping her teeth away from his flesh, not an easy thing to do with a monster cock of this magnitude. She felt it enter her mouth, the salty taste of the pre-cum against her tongue and her mind wandered again to her husband, Allan. She recalled how the first time she’d given him a blow job, she’d found the taste offensive but, seeing how much he loved her performing fellatio she continued. She’d not only got used to the taste, but she'd come to enjoy it. It made her wet between her legs in anticipation of what was to come.

Her head began bobbing up and down on Juan’s enormous tool. Beth flicked her tongue over the penis in just the way Allan loved. Her hand cupped Juan’s balls like she did to Allan, her little finger curled underneath and tickling the piece of skin between his scrotum and rectum. On more than one occasion Allan had climaxed in her mouth at this and Beth wondered if she could save her dignity by doing the same with this foreigner. She blocked out Juan’s image and focussed on Allan, how she would tease him with her tongue, playfully suck on him, tickle his testicles, make him squirm. She could feel herself getting wetter as her mind played its own blue movie in her mind, images and sensations making her tingle all over.

Her fingers caressed Juan’s testicles, the rough pubic hair against her soft sweet hand, her fingernails gently adding to Juan’s delight as his most sensitive areas were fondled. Beth barely noticed Juan’s tanned hands on her breasts tweaking her nipples, arousing her, turning her on. She

wanted to fuck so badly.

She felt Juan’s erection depart from her mouth and she was brought back to reality. For a split second, she thought her ordeal was over, but when Juan undid the knot in her T shirt and pulled it over her head, she knew he was barely beginning. Throwing the T shirt across the room, it hit the vertical blinds, making them sway the movement. She stood before this stranger only her bikini protecting her dignity. The strapless bra clipped together at the front and Juan knew it would take no time at all to remove the offending item, liberating Beth’s ample breasts to the warm summer air.

Allan had eventually found a taxi, the driver did not exactly break any land speed records to reach the required destination. Another tourist happy to be fleeced! Allan paid the driver probably well over the odds, but this was an emergency. He handed the driver some Euros and in his hurry had no idea how much he’d parted with. He’d looked up and saw movement against the vertical blinds, his heart jumped.

He darted up the steps knowing the rear patio doors would be open and that would be quicker than trying to find his key in this darkness. He raced around the back and slid the patio doors open, slipping inside swiftly and quietly like a burglar might. He made towards the bedroom and peered inside his eyes wanting to see how his wife was bearing up but, in contrast not wanting to see. Allan’s mind ran through all the emotions, fear, hate, anger, frustration, love, disappointment, desperation, disgust, adoration, lust. The list went on, not one emotion appropriate needing to feel a combination of them all.

It took a couple of seconds for the image to register in his mind. Juan was in the process of removing Beth’s bikini top, revealing her lovely tanned tits. His olive skinned hands reached for her breasts, the same breasts that had given Allan so much pleasure over the last 5 years. They were his toys; no one else could play with them. Allan’s blood began to boil. He could feel his blood pressure rising and he formulated a plan which involved introducing this foreigner's face to his right fist at high velocity, followed by an introduction to his infamous left hook, then a size 10 boot to his genitalia. Why the fuck wasn’t he moving?

“Move, you idiot” his mind hissed at him. Yet Allan stood rooted to the spot almost like he was viewing a video off one of the swinging websites he’d seen. Images of strangers fucking someone else’s wife in front of the camera (and an audience) rattled through his brain, how he’d happily viewed these images out of perverted curiosity.

Yet this was different. This was Beth with some local who didn’t love her, didn’t care for her; he just wanted a leg over. Allan had to stop this. Yet he didn’t. He watched mesmerised as the stranger lowered his head and started to lick his wife’s nipples, nibbling them with his lips, sucking on them,

making her nipples pert and erect. Allan wanted it to stop. He wanted it stop now. Yet the increasing bulge in his own pants told him he wanted it to continue.

He noticed the Spaniard’s technique, how he played with her nipples, whilst simultaneously untying the strands that held her briefs up. That was Allan’s trick. He felt remorseful that he’d even suggested to Beth they should play act the wife swapping theme, yet he guessed she felt it was no different than when they made love. This guy had the same moves as Allan but with one subtle difference. Allan had just noticed the size of the stranger's cock; the erection was massive, certainly bigger than his own. Sure Allan had seen some big dicks on the video bytes on the internet but to see one, in the flesh as it were, astounded him. Any chance of Allan stepping in to stop the action was temporarily halted as he watched open mouthed as Juan moved himself closer to Beth.

Where the fuck was her husband? Some bloody stupid game this turned out to be. In a few moments, her dignity would be totally removed and, with it possibly her innocence. She didn’t want Juan seeing her there or touching her there; doing anything that Allan should be doing or did she? Beth thought to herself, so wrong but she was so excited

Beth’s pulse raced as her mind buzzed. How could she get out of this? It was becoming more and more inevitable that Juan would have her naked and then; by all accounts fuck her. Juan slowly untied the strings at her hips, the material that held her briefs in place dangling lifeless at her side, the weight of the material causing part of the front to fold over, revealing Beth’s dark and neatly trimmed pubic hair to the atmosphere.

Beth gasped more in shock of being naked with some stranger than anything else. Juan took the gasp as a sigh of enjoyment, his lips nibbling the side of her neck as he undid the tie on the other side of the briefs.

Allan’s pulse was also racing and the roller coaster of emotions began all over again. He could see her pussy was soaking wet as the briefs revealed her vaginal lips; she was so horny and needed fucking. And that was Allan’s job. It was his responsibility to satisfy his wife in bed, not some odd ball with a deformed (it had to be deformed – a size that big was unnatural, wasn’t it?) cock. Allan remained riveted to the spot his mind attempting to process the images before his eyes, to make sense of what was happening to his dear wife.

Before his mind could process any more emotions he was too late. With one swift movement Juan had lined his cock up with her inviting pussy and entered her, slowly and deliberately easing himself into her cunt, deflowering her like she was a virgin not giving her further opportunity to decline him. Beth gasped and Allan was uncertain if it were with pain or anger. He was to be disappointed.

“Oh, my God. It’s so big!” Beth uttered.

Allan’s world fell apart again. His wife was enjoying being impaled by this monster cock. He couldn’t compete with that. Beth let out a deep sigh as Juan’s cock neared full penetration. Beth had accommodated pretty much all of Juan’s massive tool.

“Deeper” she whispered, not wanting to be unfaithful but she’d never had something this big inside her before.

Allan was well proportioned and they’d even experimented with sex toys but nothing of this magnitude. It felt divine to Beth as nerve cells she never even knew existed were stimulated by this monster of a penis.

Juan began thrusting into her deeper and Beth was going through her own emotional turmoil. Where the fuck had Allan got to? She wanted Juan to stop, to remove his cock from her pussy. It felt good but she knew it was wrong. She was loyal to her husband and, yes she wanted to be fucked, but by her husband. But, right now, being fucked was paramount.

Her mind stopped mid thought. She wanted to be fucked. She always thought of it as making love. Sex was cheap, love was forever. She and Allan always made love, that’s what she wanted. Or was it?

“Oh my God” she muttered out loud. She was appalled at herself for wanting to be fucked, even if it did feel divine. Beth knew her words deceived her own mind but they came out in reflex. She breathed deeply and with passion. The adrenalin rush had taken over her body despite her mind telling her to fight back, to reject Juan from her pussy.

That was Allan’s domain. Then she thought “Too fucking late!” Allan could have walked in right now but it was too late, the game had gone too far. Juan was fucking her, fucking her for real with his mighty meat. Beth moaned out loud, she tried to stifle it but it just came out, a deep sensual moan.

Allan heard her mutterings and was confused. He thought she was enjoying having this stranger fuck her brains out. He blinked rapidly, forcing back the tears that were welling up in his eyes. Little did Allan know that Beth was equally as confused wanting her own husband but enjoying being Juan’s slut albeit temporarily.

She felt Juan withdraw from her and Beth drew a breath of relief, tinged with disappointment. Had he heard Allan return? She knew Juan hadn’t cum just yet. So why had he stopped?

She felt herself being rolled over to the side of the bed and she lay on her tummy facing the window, her legs dangling over the edge of the bed. A good position to see any car head lights approaching she thought to herself. She tried to regain her breath but was unable to do so, feeling the unmistakable sensation of a monster penis probing at her labia. Oh, shit, Juan hadn't finished.

Juan entered Beth from behind catching her unaware and she gasped for breath. Allan saw this and mis-interpreted. Beth felt Juan penetrate her all the way until his bollocks slapped against her arse with a clap. He began pounding himself into her, the slapping noise of his scrotum combined with the noise of their mutual wetness echoed around the bedroom. It also echoed inside Allan's ears. This couldn't be happening to him. This couldn't be happening to his wife. This had to be a dream, a nightmare. He'd wake up in a moment. But still the scene in front of him continued, played out in front of him like they had play acted the fantasy over the last few weeks.

He couldn't believe his own psyche. What was he? Man or mouse? He was neither. He was a voyeur. He felt disgusted with himself. Watching his own wife, the person that meant more to him than anyone else in the whole world, being fucked by some strange bloke she'd known for a couple of hours. When Beth and Allan had met, it had taken a few dates before they became intimate. And yet, here was this stranger poking his wife with his bare cock, within a couple of hours.

Backtrack a moment. Allan recalled his thoughts for a few moments. His bare cock. Shit! This local was fucking his beautiful wife bareback. No condom. Not only was her pussy being invaded by this alien organ, but it was unprotected. What if he had diseases? What if her contraception failed?

He put the thoughts out of his brain. Or he tried to--the potential consequences kept replaying over and over in his mind; his own wife was being fucked by a total stranger and was taking no precautions. This was certainly not soft swing, Allan concluded.

Beth had her eyes closed the hope of seeing approaching headlights out of her thoughts.

"Fuck me" she whispered, seductively. "Fuck me deeper. Harder" she ordered.

Juan's breathing became deeper and she guessed her plan may be working. It seemed Juan liked a bit of dirty talk.

"You like?" he asked, his pigeon English adding to the atmosphere.

Juan was taken in by Beth's excitement her flirtatious attitude earlier and despite Beth's reluctance when they got back to the villa, Juan was satisfied his prey was not teasing his prick. Sure he'd had to use his powers of persuasion; he often did with the British tourists but not this one. This hot chick was

one horny woman.

“Mmm. Fuck me. Fuck me like you mean it. Fuck me till you cum” she whispered, her voice taking on a husky sound.

Juan upped the ante and thrust back into her at a faster rate, the slapping onto her arse becoming faster so it sounded like an audience applauding. He leaned forward, reaching for her tits. She steadied herself, resting on her forearms, permitting Juan access to her breasts. He cupped her tits with both hands, his hips continuing to pound into her, perspiration dripping off his forehead onto the lumbar region of her bare back. His passion was building and he was close to climax. Beth could sense Juan’s state of arousal and she bucked back against him.

“I want you to cum in my mouth, big boy” Beth whispered.

She didn’t really but she was patently aware that this stranger was not wearing a condom. Beth figured it was better off in her mouth than in her pussy. Allan heard this and bit his lip. Beth appeared to be enjoying herself without him. How could she do such a thing? Bollocks! He wondered why he ever got into the fantasy with another man. It was that idiot at work’s fault. He’d brain the little shit when he got back to Britain.

Allan had to make a move. And he had to do it now. He watched on. Juan had no intention of withdrawing from Beth and as his pending climax approached, Beth realised this was an express train, not stopping at any stations until it reached its terminal. Juan was going to fill Beth’s pussy.

“Let me taste you” she urged, almost crying now. “I need your cum in my mouth, please”.

Juan released her tits and grabbed her hips, thrusting as deep into her as he could he sucked in air to his aching lungs twice before holding his breath, his climax reached.

“I’m coming” he said, his fingers digging into her hips making Beth unable to move.

She felt the unmistakable sensation of Juan’s monster cock ejaculating inside her; it seemed endless as he filled her pussy with his love juice, his sperm gushing into her body relentlessly.

His climax began to subside and he began to draw air in again, remaining deep inside Beth until every possible drop of semen had been deposited inside her. As he withdrew, he masturbated himself so any drops of semen in his tubes were also left inside her. Juan’s cock left her pussy lips with a 'plop' and Beth collapsed face down on the bed, weary, shocked and confused.

She’d never had sex with anyone other than Allan until now. She felt cheap, used and dirty. She hated herself. She hated Juan. She hated Allan for allowing this to happen. How could he, the bastard! She felt remorse. She’d been unfaithful to Allan. Yet she’d never stopped thinking about him: never stopped loving him. She’d only lead this young lad on to please Allan.

Yet strangely, she felt satisfied. She hadn’t reached orgasm herself, yet she felt fulfilled, content and pleasantly warm. Her body tingled and she hated herself for feeling so aroused and horny. She loved her man, not this creep. Yet he’d not been rough with her, he’d had sex with her, made her feel OK. Juan’s big cock had been an experience and she wondered how it would feel with her on top of him. Stop it, she chastised herself inwardly. You can’t do it again. You mustn’t. She glanced sideways at her new lover who was regaining his breath. His penis had lost some of its stiffness but was still bigger than Allan, even when he was fully erect. It had felt nice, she said to herself, smiling inwardly.

Allan had watched it all. He couldn’t stand it any longer. He stepped backwards out of the room and on to the patio. He needed a drink and thought about going back inside and pulling a cold beer from the fridge. He stopped and gazed up at the sky, a clear evening with no clouds, a distant crescent moon and a few stars greeted him. Any other night, it would have looked so romantic; he could have cuddled up to his wife and taken in the natural beauty of the world and the universe, not needing to speak but just happy in each other’s company feeling each other’s heart beats.

But tonight all he could see was space: emptiness. His world had fallen apart having forced his fantasies onto his lovely, honest, caring, beautiful wife. The result is that she’d gone through with his fantasy, reluctantly at first, and then she’d gotten into character. Within no time at all she appeared to want this stranger to fuck her. He’d heard with his own ears, she wanted to taste his cum. She’d tasted Allan’s cum before but never begged for it. And seldom had she asked to be ‘fucked’. He had turned her into a cheap tart? It was all his fault. He’d been so happy. They’d both been so happy.

“Bollocks” he said out loud. He wanted to scream out loud but he didn’t have the energy. The emotional turmoil had really taken the wind out of his sails. He looked at the floor and kicked a piece of gravel into the nearby pool. It fell in with a ‘plop’ sound and Allan was transported back to their bedroom where, only minutes earlier, a similar sound had emanated from his darling wife’s pussy, courtesy of someone else’s prick.

Could Beth ever be satisfied with his cock again? Allan knew he was above average size, but his ego had been severely dented at his wife begging to be fucked by this monster sized cock.

Allan wondered why he hadn’t just stepped in. He couldn’t answer his own question. He had been appalled by the sight yet strangely curious. Curious to what he wondered? His brain searched unsuccessfully for some solution, some rationale behind his apathy. How could he be curious if he

knew the outcome would be full sexual intercourse, ending only in Juan's own climax whilst his penis was still inside Beth? It was inevitable really, he supposed.

He could have stopped it. But somehow, it was different than looking at a website, this was real. It was too real, as it involved Beth.

God, how must she be feeling? Allan knew he'd really let her down and wondered if she would ever forgive him.

He had convinced her to do that. He'd sent the bloody text messages to her for Christ's sake. But she could have fought back a bit harder couldn't she. She could have said no with more conviction couldn't she?

"You asshole" he muttered to himself. He had to go back in to speak with her to apologise. He had to make amends. He could forgive (although he may not be able to forget) and hoped that Beth could too.

Allan stepped back through the patio and detoured via the kitchen, taking a bottle of cold beer from the fridge and taking a large gulp. Allan walked back towards the bedroom and heard noises, the bed squeaking and two voices. That dodgy little shit was still there, Allan concluded.

He approached the bedroom door expecting to see the Spaniard dressing and preparing to leave. Allan wasn't prepared for what he was about to see.

Juan was still naked sporting a fresh erection. In reality his previous erection had never really ended. Juan was lying on their bed facing the ceiling. Nothing wrong with that other than he was outstaying his welcome. Allan wanted him to leave.

Beth it appeared had other ideas. She was squatting beside his hips and Allan saw her take Juan's enormous penis in her hand. Beth stroked Juan's enormous love organ, endeavouring to get her entire hand around the girth of the monster. She slowly masturbated the Spaniard, who was lying on his back with his eyes shut, a pillow under his black hair.

She lowered her mouth towards Juan's erection, brushing her hair away from the purple head of Juan's throbbing dick, her tongue reaching out tentatively at first then having made contact, more greedily. She licked and sucked Juan's cock as she wanked him, pulling his foreskin back and forth, making his cock rock hard again. Allan watched as Beth rolled her tongue around the inside of Juan's foreskin before disengaging. Beth started to tease herself with Juan's enlarged organ, rubbing it against her sopping wet pussy lips before she guided it towards her open wet pussy, lowering herself

onto him giving out an enormous sigh as he entered her.

Allan stood stationery transfixed as he saw his own sweet wife mount this stranger whom she'd known for so little time and had only just fucked her. Without protection! Again!

Allan could not believe his eyes as she took every millimetre of Juan's cock into her pussy, writhing around on his firmness which went so deep into her, Allan wondered if Juan's cock was pressing against her lungs. Judging by her breathing, he guessed maybe it was!

Beth moved up and down on Juan's massive and still undressed erection, riding him like a cowboy. She sported a grin indicating she was enjoying the sensations and for a couple of moments, Allan could have sworn she wanted to be fucked by this stranger with a massive dick. Allan wondered if she had secretly yearned to sow the wild oats she never got the chance to do before she met and married him. Well, she certainly appeared to be making up for lost time given the vigour of her fucking of Juan.

Beth's eyes were closed and she whispered something but Allan was unable to make out what she was saying. Juan, who had his hands behind his head, moved his hands up to Beth's lovely tits which were bouncing gently like leaves in an autumn breeze. Beth's eyes remained closed but her lips continued to move, as though saying some silent chant. Her smile remained as she rode the Spaniard's massive cock.

"Mmm" Beth murmured, seductively in the way only Beth could. "I want you to fuck me Juan. Let me ride you, let me fuck you. I want you to make me cum, you horny fucking stud and I want your cum inside me. Fill my pussy. Fuck me. I want you to fuck me!"

Beth's cheesy grin remained as Allan looked on. Allan was pretty tough but his stomach began to churn and an overpowering sensation of wanting to vomit hit him like a wave. The feeling passed swiftly but the image in front of him remained. Allan shut his eyes but the image remained like it had been burnt on to his retinas. The sound of the bed gently bouncing mingled with Beth's gentle murmurings and their breathing noises, which were gradually increasing in depth severely assualted his senses. Still Beth continued her whispering and even with his eyes shut tight, Allan could still see her lips move, her hips jiggle over Juan's hips, her breasts being gently caressed by this stranger, her buttocks rippled gently as her hips bounced against Juan's hips.

Allan's world was in ruins. His emotions shattered. Allan realised it was all his own doing. He wanted to leave, to get as far away from the reality as he could. If he couldn't see it, maybe it hadn't happened, he thought. But how could he go and leave his dear Bethany behind with this young creep. OK, so he had a big dick, was younger and maybe his local accent made him more sexy, but Allan

could still offer Beth a lot.

Could he though? He wondered if he'd ever be able to satisfy Beth again with his cock. Would he want to with all that alien semen in her pussy? It might not have been so bad if the creep had worn a condom, but without it, it all seemed so dirty, cheap even.

Allan laughed to himself, although there was no humour in it. Just irony, his ears pricked up.

"What was that?"

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, inside me"

He couldn't quite make out what she was saying.

"Fuck me…inside me, fuck me…" she went on.

Then the reality hit him.

"Juan, fuck me, come inside me. Juan, fuck me, come inside me."

Beth chanted like some strange Pagan ritual as the stranger thrust his manhood deep into her well lubricated and fully stretched cunt.

A burning sensation started in Allan's eyes, and at first he thought he was about to cry but it was the increase in blood pressure, the anger making his eyes "See red" as it were. His anger was at Beth for shagging this bastard. No, his anger was at Juan for having got into his wife's knickers in the first place. No, his anger was at himself for being such an idiot. Fuck it! Who was he angry at? Allan had so many questions in his head and so few answers.

Beth was lost in her own world, still. Her body needed that big cock again just for the experience and she needed release; and Allan as far as she knew was not around. She didn't want to be screwed by this foreigner, he was just there and she was using him every bit as he was using her. After all, that's what Allan had wanted; she had evolved under Allan's direction to this cock craving slut to fulfil his fantasies, not hers. It had been his idea, so living the fantasy must be OK she thought to herself.

She moved herself with more vigour, touching herself, stimulating her clit building up to a crescendo, wanting physical release to discharge the pressure, to fuck and be fucked, to climax. She bounced up and down on Juan's cock, faster and faster her fingers rubbing her clit continuously. Juan moved his body in unison with Beth, rising up as she pressed down maximising the penetration. Beth's moaning

intensified.

“Juan, fuck me, make me cum. Juan, fuck me make me cum.” she went on.

Almost spitting the words out as her actions sped up.

“Give me all your cock. Fuck me, fuck me, big boy. Make me cum. Fuck me harder, make…me…cum” she muttered as her climax approached. Her hip movements increased with vigour and her breathing rate increased.

“Juan, oh…fuck…me…Oh, shitttttt…I’m…cumming.”

Beth gasped as she tumbled over into her temporary oblivion, her muscles, nerves and everything tingling all over. Her legs and thighs turning to jelly for a few moments as the climax affected every single cell in her being. Beth felt the tension of Juan’s hands on her erect nipples as her climax subsided, his tweaking of them was the only stimulation she’d had from him, other than almost 11 inches of cock inside her pussy.

Juan was almost ready to release his second load, her recent rigorous fucking of him bringing him close to cumming.

"Don’t stop".

“Oh, shit. I cum” the Spaniard said, as he rammed his full length into Beth’s pussy, one hand squeezing a tit, his mouth now pressed against Beth’s, his tongue exploring her tongue, teeth and tonsils.

“I like fuck you” Juan said through his laboured breath between kisses, his dodgy European accent adding to the sleaziness. “I like fuck you. I like cum in you……” he stuttered, his body reaching another climax and, again, he spilt his seed into her waiting pussy, filling her.

His enormous cock pumping itself into her again ensuring every drop of his sperm was left inside this beautiful woman. Juan withdrew and Allan could see the Spaniard’s wet cock pulsating, even from the other side of the room. Allan was still awe struck at the size of the Spaniard.

Beth got off Juan and lay on the bed next to him, her vagina leaking Juan’s white semen onto the bedding. Juan quickly repossessed his clothes, dressed and left the villa. Allan watched him whistling to himself as he walked down the road, arms in the air as though celebrating a goal, back toward the town he had left with Beth.

Back in the villa Allan, could smell the sex on her, her own sweet aroma mixed with Juan's and what appeared to have been a gallon of cum dribbling out of her pussy like treacle off a spoon. He closed the blinds and locked the doors, wanting only to go to sleep with his wife. God the scene had been a horny one to watch, life shattering, but horny none the less. He undressed, climbed on the bed, and cuddled up to his dear sweet wife. She slept deeply, physically and emotionally shattered. He kissed her tenderly.

Beth and Allan spoke the next couple of days about their "experience" and subsequent altercation. A catalogue of errors, miscommunication and circumstances had lead to the situation. Allan had apologised profusely to Beth and she to him. They both pledged their love for each other and vowed that from now on, they'd be happy with each other. They didn't need anything or anyone else and from now on, fantasies were taboo. Allan had really enjoyed the experience but had simultaneously been repulsed at a total stranger ravishing his wife. Despite what she said and how she acted, Beth had also enjoyed parts of the experience. She had never stopped loving Allan. But to have a strange penis inside her one of that length and girth had really opened her eyes to life and now she wouldn't have to wonder ever again. Fantasies could now be based on fact, on history. That is if she was ever up for playing the fantasy game again.

The odd niggle would surface occasionally. Allan had explained that had remained motionless during the experience because he didn't know what to do or how Beth would react, which was why he hadn't stepped in and stopped the situation escalating.

Beth had explained that she was so turned on waiting for Allan to make love to her; she needed to make love or masturbate. She hadn't intended to allow Juan to fuck her, just to use his rod to masturbate with until Allan had arrived. She had desperately wanted just to masturbate but her body betrayed her, one little thrust wouldn't hurt.

She'd got carried away and not stopped. Allan still had one reservation and he desperately wanted an answer. Beth wanted to forget about the subject, put it behind them but Allan and Beth had a common trait, they were both strong willed. Eventually, Beth conceded.

"What do you want to say?" she asked, crossing her arms defensively.

Allan sighed. "It's just….." he started, beginning to feel quite embarrassed, "….he was…..you know……a big lad: bigger than me. Was he better than me……you know….."

Beth smiled. "I love you, Allan" she said. "Not had any complaints with you yet" she smiled.

“Did it feel……different?” he asked.

Beth’s smile faded. “How do you mean?” Beth questioned, glancing away from him.

She was glad the Raybans hid her eye movements; she didn’t want Allan to see any doubts in her eyes. She, herself, was having trouble understanding her own emotions, how she could have had sex with someone other than her own husband. Beth took a subtle but deep breath whilst Allan did his beetroot impression, his own embarrassment rising.

“You know” Allan mumbled.

“Yeah. It did feel different” she said, returning her gaze at her husband.

Allan looked hurt. Beth took his hand and smiled at him.

“It didn’t feel like you. That was the difference. It didn’t feel like you because it wasn’t you. Do you understand?” She raised her shades so he could see her eyes, see how genuine she was being.

Allan shook his head. He was totally lost in this conversation.

“Allan? Look at me” Beth commanded. Allan slowly raised his head and looked into her big brown eyes. He saw compassion, love and honesty in them.

"I want you to satisfy me in bed. After all, I wouldn’t go to a medical student for an operation; I’d go to an experienced surgeon. If I want great sex, I want a man who’s had a bit of experience. That’s another thing I love about you” she said, placing her lips against his. Allan understood Beth and she now had experience. She’d been exposed to a lover of greater proportions and although he was an ugly little shit (Allan hadn’t fancied him!) he was certainly substantial. That disturbed Allan yet, simultaneously, it also excited him.

“But……” Allan began.

His sentence was cut short by Beth’s tongue invading his mouth.

“Not another word” she whispered between kisses. “Now, make love to me” she said, continuing with her kissing. They stood and held hands, walking across the sand towards the villa, the breeze failing miserably to reduce the heat they felt on their bodies from the hot Mediterranean sun.

“And after you’ve made love to me……” she said, reaching for his buttocks and giving his bum a

playful squeeze, “I want you to fuck me!” There was a short pause.

“And no fantasies this time” Beth added.

Allan knew he would be able to oblige: This time.

But next time, who knows, would either of them want to experiment again, could fantasies ever be the same again? Judging by the wry smile on Beth’s face, and the strange feelings of perverse enjoyment within Allan’s mind, maybe only time would tell.