

Caribbean Temptation and Seduction: Chapter One – The Tease

By TJRogue

Published on Lush Stories on 09 Nov 2012

Copyright © 2013 - 2017 by TJ Rogue. All rights reserved. No part of this story may be reproduced or transmitted in any form by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without prior written permission of the author.

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

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/wife-lovers/caribbean-temptation-and-seduction.aspx>

This introduction of the characters is full of sexual tease, but the dirty stuff follows in Chapter Two.

THE BEACH Her skin glistened in the moist, hot Caribbean beach air as the burning sun reflected off her body. Brooke was applying oil to her tanned, smooth skin, as her eyes, hidden behind dark sun glasses, darted around the beach, watching the men that were staring at her with unmasked desire. A knowing smile appeared on her lips as she basked in the male attention, and that all too familiar tingling sensation was felt between her legs as she contemplated the effect her body was having on the men around her – and the similar effect their desire for her was having on her own body. Brooke was a stunningly beautiful professional woman, twenty nine years old, that seemed to have it all. What the men on the beach were staring at this day was her firm body, ample 36D chest, slim waist, and supple 5 foot 8 inch frame, with long, seductive legs that didn't end. She attracts attention wherever she goes, and though accustomed to it by now, she never grows tired of the powerful spell she casts on total strangers, eating up the attention and getting a thrill out of the desire and arousal she sees in their eyes. Brooke pushed her long dark hair back away from her face; propped herself up on her elbows, and looked further down the beach. There were a lot of beautiful women on this beach; all attracting a large group of fit men looking for female company, but no woman here was getting more attention than Brooke. And she loved it. It filled her with energy and desire. "You sure you don't mind honey?" Brooke's question was directed to John, her tall, dashing husband of three years, whose sandy blonde hair was in a tussle and whose deep, dark brown eyes were also hidden behind sunglasses. He was at least as attractive as any other man on the beach, and his form revealed a body well used to work outs at the gym. At 6 foot 4, he towered over his wife when they stood together, and he looked very good at thirty six years – seven years older than his flirtatious wife. "Hey, when in Rome..." John smirked at her as he said it. They exchanged glances and nothing more needed to be said. Brooke had already broached the subject of going topless at the beach.

After all, they were on vacation and this was St. Martin, the tropical French paradise in the Caribbean where it was common to remove your top on the beach. It's not that Brooke was a prude. Quite the contrary, she had lived a long and wild life as a single woman prior to marrying John. She had gone topless at the beach many times during her single days, but since her wedding day, Brooke had scaled back her openly flirtatious and teasing ways just enough to make her husband feel secure in her love and faithfulness to him. It's not that John objected to his wife's flirtations, he actually enjoyed the way men fawned over Brooke. But flirtation and sexy clothing was one thing, come-ons and barely there outfits from his wife were another. John knew that Brooke had lived a party life before they met, but he never pushed for details, and Brooke took pains to hide from her husband just how many men Brooke had been with. She had enjoyed a hedonistic lifestyle that John was unaware of, giving herself over to the passions of the flesh with men she hardly knew, reveling in the thrill of sensual pleasure for the sake of pleasure alone, and eschewing romance and relationships as too time consuming and a hindrance to pure physical pleasure. What John did not fully know was that Brooke had once lived for the thrill of being taken and used by the bad boys of the world. And though she had given it all up when she fell head over heels in love for John, there were times when the old desires and lusts rose up inside of her – though she always took pains to hide that from her husband – and she suppressed any lingering desire that would lead her outside of her marriage. Brooke and John were deeply in love, a true whirlwind romance that ended with marriage, and Brooke didn't want anything to spoil their happiness. She had found a wonderful, exciting, sexy man and she loved him with all her heart. They were soul mates, and she was determined that nothing would come between them, even if she had an occasional tingle in her stomach, and parts lower, as she thought back to the more outrageous sexual escapades of her past. Brooke had gladly given up her more wicked ways for a life of love and happiness with John, though she continued to flirt and tease men with her husband's permission, that seeming to provide the added sexual charge that she loved. Brooke pulled the straps of her barely there bikini top off of her shoulders, and then before reaching around, she looked back at her husband and said, in a sweet but sultry voice: "You do it honey." Leave it to Brooke to find a way to make John as much a part of her teasing play for the other men on the beach as she was. With just a bit of hesitation, he reached over and undid the clasp, and her top dropped into her lap as she leaned back on her elbows, breasts on full display for all around her to see, basking in the delight she saw on every man's face around her. It was a hot day, as they always are in this part of the world, but Brooke's nipples immediately hardened, revealing her own arousal at putting her body on display like this. Glances at her that had been subtle, suddenly became obvious, and one man actually dropped his jaw (and spilled his drink) in appreciation of the arousing view, resulting in a slap of his arm from his wife. Brooke felt no embarrassment in her exposure. Quite the contrary, she was enjoying this immensely. She felt the same excitement that she used to feel when she was on display as a single woman at the "meat markets" she frequented. The same primal passion she knew then was aroused deep inside her now as she saw undisguised, raw lust in the eyes staring at her -- her own lust filled eyes hidden behind her dark glasses. Brooke lifted herself off the blanket as if to reposition herself, but did so only to create the bounce and jiggle that her large

breasts produced as her ass rose up and then plopped back down on the blanket. The men gawking to the side were caught in the turmoil of determining where to look most closely: at her bouncing tits that were caught in motion, or at her bare ass separated only by the thin line of material from her thong. John simply looked in amazement at Brooke as he realized her pleasure in tempting these strangers with her body. But she wasn't done yet. Little shots of electricity shot through her body as Brooke openly teased these men. She felt naughty and a bit dirty, and that excited her. It reminded her of her promiscuous days as a hard partying single woman, and she liked having that feeling back again. The bouncing tit routine had quite the effect on her fan club, so she decided to go a bit further in her tease. She grabbed the bottle of oil, squeezed some into her hands, and then began to carefully, and seductively, apply the oil to her breasts, the palms of her hands kneading her firm, large globes as she rubbed the oil in. Her fingers moved in circular motions over and around her tits, and her nipples grew harder and more sensitive as she pressed against them. She felt the eyes of every man on her as she seduced them with her titty play, and her pussy moistened as she saw the animal lust that she was arousing around her. Her nipples ached for more, and after several minutes of her exotic tease, she pulled on them ever so slightly and discreetly as she finished her application of oil. John noticed this sexual touch, as did every man on the beach within view. There was more than one hardening cock in her presence, and Brooke scanned the crotches of her admirers for evidence of their lust, and then laid down satisfied at her ability to make men want to fuck her. She liked bringing out the animal in a man, particularly men she didn't know, as she so often did before getting married. Brooke was very much in her own element now, and the excitement of her public display made her think ahead to other fun and daring things she could do on this trip that she would never do at home. "Well I guess you got their attention" John laughed a little as he said it, hiding his uneasiness at his wife's enjoyment at arousing the men on the beach in this openly sexual way. And it was clearly the lust in each man's eyes that was feeding Brooke's own desire. For a brief moment, John wondered if he really knew his wife as well as he thought. But that thought quickly passed. This was, after all, a trip away from their own world in Southern California, away from their friends, and away from all the constraints and inhibitions of their home life in the States. That is what they had promised themselves, an uninhibited romp in paradise. Brooke was turning thirty later this year, and this was a fling of sorts to put her concern of hitting that milestone out of her mind. It was a way of proving that she was still young, attractive and desirable. They had agreed to let loose and just have fun on this two week trip, and going topless was all part of that plan. John wasn't going to do anything to change that now. He loved her too much to disappoint her with any constraints. While Brooke and John planned to play hard without restrictions on this island where they were unknown, they were not completely away from everyone they knew. Tagging along on the trip with them were Brooke's little sister, Christy, and Shawn, her boyfriend, if you could call him that. Normally having family tag along on a trip would be a constraint to a couple letting loose, but not in this case. Christy was Brooke's little sister, and only 19 years old. Christy had the slim body of a young girl, small but firm perky tits, and the sexual experience of a woman of at least twenty nine. She had been a wild girl and party animal since she was sixteen, and no one took a back seat to the outrageous public and private fun, flirtation

and sex that were a constant in her life. Christy made Brooke's wild single days look tame, as she bounced from club to club, and bar to bar every weekend and many weeknights looking for total strangers to hook up with. Christy was not looking for love or relationships. It was all about physical pleasure to her, and the dirtier, the kinkier and more forbidden the sex, the better she liked it. She bounced from man to man, all of them older than her and many of them married. There was something about a married man turning to her to provide sexual delights that their wives couldn't or wouldn't give them, that gave Christy an additional thrill. And though Shawn was the steadiest man in her life, it was only for the convenience to have a partner to go to some of their parties with mutual friends on a regular basis. They had agreed long ago that they were in an open relationship, and they both regularly fucked others for the pure pleasure of it. It might be more accurate to call Christy and Shawn fuck buddies than anything else, for they had no hold over each other, no romance, no love, and no commitment. They were just along for the ride of sex and fun, nothing more. Christy had long ago removed her top and now she was frolicking around on the beach with a group of men that made no attempt to hide their lecherous gazes at her young body and bare breasts. She had a golden tan with short golden hair to match, and her little tits and rock hard nipples had the men drooling as they teased her in between laughs and stares. Her barely there thong bottom revealed a young girl ass, hardly covering the lips of her often used and cleanly shaven pussy. She was eye candy with a willing and responsive body there for the taking – something every man on the beach instinctively knew. "How can you let her do that Shawn?" John's exasperated voice revealed his inability to comprehend that Christy and Shawn were not jealous of other lovers. Actually, that was the wrong word to use, for Christy never made love to anyone -- she fucked. And if John ever discovered that Christy and Shawn sometimes brought other sex partners home and fucked them together, it would have shocked him more, so Brooke, who knew it all, simply did not tell him about her sister's proclivity for dirty sex and multiple partners. He simply could not comprehend it. To John, Christy seemed so different from her older sister Brooke. John loved Brooke deeply, and their sex life was adventuresome and satisfying. Some days they made love, other times he was dominate and rough with his wife and fucked her hard like an animal. They often experimented together, so John did not see the attraction of fucking total strangers or having multiple partners. He was completely satisfied with Brooke, and Christy's lifestyle was incomprehensible to him. As Christy pranced around the beach with a group of men in tow, small breasts holding firm in place as she bounced up and down, John gave Shawn an incredulous look as he waved off the question. "John, we aren't married. We are not a couple. We play with other people. It's as simple as that." "But don't you get jealous of the other men?" John's voice rising as he spoke. "There is nothing to be jealous of John. It's just sex. We both seek physical pleasure wherever we can find it. It's pleasure for the sake of pleasure alone, nothing more." As he answered, Shawn turned his head to face John who was lying on the other side of Brooke, sandwiched between them, but his eyes, hidden behind his sunglasses, gazed lustily over Brooke's nearly naked body lying next to him. His cock grew slightly as his desire for John's wife grew. They talked for a few minutes over Brooke's body, Shawn using that as an excuse to stare at Brooke's perfect flesh, and John was none the wiser as he assumed Shawn was looking over at him. Christy's

laugh caused John to look up in time to see a hunk of a man pulling her towards him, his hands pulling on her bare ass, as his fingers slid under the narrow band of her thong riding just below her waist. He pulled the material back, and let it snap down against her skin like a rubber band that is pulled tight and then released. Shawn paid no attention to her or the hormone driven group of men that surrounded her. He was still gazing at the lovely creature lying next to him, and he was surer of his plan than ever before. To be sure, this was not a likely group of four to go on this trip together. But Brooke didn't object to her father's insistence that they take Christy and Shawn along on this trip – an expensive first class, two week trip paid for completely by daddy. She knew none of the details of this trip would ever reach home. John was still watching Christy as one of the men picked her up and carried her into the water, dropping her there and then falling on top of her as they struggled together. No doubt it was an excuse to run his hands all over her body and it was clear that Christy was not resisting in any way. One of the stranger's hands found their way to her tits and played with them just above the surface of the water. John could only imagine what his other hand, which had supported her ass, was doing under cover of the water. All the while John watched his sister-in-laws antics, Shawn was gazing at Brooke, who appeared to be sleeping. But she was very much awake, enjoying the arousal of her own display of flesh far too much to doze off now. Brooke could feel Shawn's eyes on her body, and it took the edge off her own excitement because she didn't like him. There was no doubt that Shawn, twenty three years old and built like an athlete, was a hunk. All women seemed to swoon when he entered a room. And he looked even sexier lying on the beach in a tight, small Speedo style swim suit that men often wear on the beaches in Europe, the tiny fabric clinging to his manhood in a most provocative way, providing visual confirmation of his ample tool used for pleasing women. Brooke couldn't deny his sexy look, nor was there any doubt of his talents in the sack, as Shawn's reputation among women was well known, but he was so damn arrogant and cocky about his looks and his sexual gifts, that repulsion was more the feeling Brooke had when he opened his mouth and started to talk. And now here he was staring at her bare tits and nearly naked body, for her barely there thong hardly covered her clean shaven pussy. She enjoyed other men staring at her, why not this attractive guy, she wondered. "Maybe if he didn't talk I would like him" Brooke chuckled to herself. "Hell, maybe if he didn't talk I could even get used to him staring at me – he does have a gorgeous body after all" The thought startled Brooke. What was she thinking? But she dismissed it. She wasn't lusting after his body, she just wanted to make this feeling of revulsion go away so she could relax and enjoy herself and the stares of all the other men. "Okay, I'll ignore his arrogance. Hell, he's not the only cocky guy I know. Confidence can be attractive in a man" she told herself, "so I will just think of him as a confident, sexy man, like all the other men on this beach, and enjoy his stares." She mulled it over in her mind further. "After all, I have to get along with him, we are stuck together for two weeks, so I need to find a way to enjoy myself in his company," she thought. And it was then that Brooke determined to ignore Shawn's arrogance and to just enjoy his lusty stares as she would any other man's stares on the beach that day. In fact, she decided that she might be able to have even more fun flirting with Shawn as they were sharing a beach cabana together, each couple with their own bedroom and bath, but intimate and close accommodations nonetheless. "It's just innocent fun"

she thought to herself. "Nothing I haven't done before, and John is right here to take me to bed and ravish me when I get all worked up," she rationalized. Having eased her mind, Brooke smiled to herself inwardly and her nipples harden even more, something noticed and appreciated by Shawn as he lusted after Brooke's body openly on display. Still pretending to have her eyes closed, Brooke decided to tease him as she moved her hand to one of her tits and rubbed it, as if to scratch an itch there, and Shawn watched in awe as her firm breast moved and jiggled at her touch, which she prolonged for his pleasure. His cock grew harder and Brooke saw his growing desire for her as her eyes, still hidden behind sun glasses, glanced at his crotch. "Hmmm" she thought to herself. "This could be kind of fun." The dirty side of her liked the idea of arousing the man that was fucking her sister. It felt good that Shawn wanted her, even if he couldn't have her, Brooke reflected.

GETTING READY FOR A NIGHT OUT

Their first afternoon on the charming and romantic Caribbean beach in St. Martin, ended and the two couples left the beach and headed back to their cabana. This place, located in an upscale resort, was first class and luxurious in all its amenities. Situated directly off a white sandy beach with a breathtaking, palm tree framed view of the Caribbean, it was the ideal spot for a couple honeymooning, or in this case, two couples. The cabana even had a small private pool of its own just outside the sliding glass doors looking out at the ocean, not uncommon among the upscale accommodations here. Though John and Brooke had ample incomes, they would never have spent the exorbitant sum of money for these luxuries, but as Brooke's wealthy father covered all expenses for the trip, they simply relaxed and enjoyed living the high life for two weeks. With a large living area, gorgeous kitchen and dining room, plus the luxury of room service and maid service, this was going to be a very pleasant two weeks. They each took showers, Christy and Shawn showering together in their oversized shower just off their room, and the loud sounds and noise of a couple fucking pierced through the thin walls and into the rest of the living area. Christy was a noisy lover, her moans were loud, punctuated by her screams, and interspersed with dirty talk as she urged Shawn in most empathic terms to fuck her, harder and faster, and to fill his slut up with cum. John and Brooke could even hear the slamming of bodies as Shawn pounded Christy into the wall. Brooke, who was already aroused from her exhibitionism on the beach, pulled John to her and they kissed deeply and passionately, the kiss of two lovers that knew each other well and still were excited by each other's bodies. As the long and sensuous kiss broke, Brooke moved her mouth to John's ear and in a lusty voice said: "You hear that? They are fucking like animals. Well mister, you better fuck me good and hard when we get back from our night on the town, because I need it like that." John turned his face and looked into Brooke's eyes. There was an animal look there, unlike anything he had ever seen in her before. Oh he had seen her eyes full of love, full of desire and arousal, and even full of lust, but never anything like this. And the sexual energy and intensity that he felt as her body held him only stirred John more, touching him deep down inside, twisting within as the pressure and need grew. He realized that the men lusting after Brooke on the beach this afternoon, followed by the intensity of the fucking they could hear, had aroused a passion and lust that he had never seen in his wife before, and it both excited him and frightened him, because he did not know where it would lead. They dressed for a night out on the town, and John watched as his wife pulled out a tiny G-string, and

slipped into it. Brooke twirled around in front of him, as if she were putting on a show, and John's smile widened as he enjoyed the beauty of his wife's body. He came up to her, putting his arms around her and letting his hands drop to the single string that wrapped around her waist, then split into a Y of two strings that plunged down into the crevice of her ass, and asked her: "Where did you get this little thing?" "Oh, you like it?" Brooke teased back with a sultry voice. "My god, there is hardly anything here." John's voice was a mixture of lust and amazement. He had seen her wear thongs for him before, but this G-string, with its tiny strings forming a Y as they dove down into her ass, and the thin fabric that barely covered her pussy, clinging to her lips, revealed her in the most intimate way. Brooke looked like the sexiest stripper John had ever seen before. "Silly boy, that's the whole point. There isn't supposed to be much there. I'm not trying to leave much to the imagination you know." Brooke winked at him and then teasingly reached for John's hardening cock, touching it through the dress pants he had just pulled on. "Oh my, I see it's having the proper effect on you" Brooke giggled. Then she patted his cock and turned around to find her new dress for the night. Brooke had done a lot of shopping for this trip, Looking for the sexiest swim suits, dresses and other outfits that she could find – none of which she would have the courage to wear back at home where she was now the "respectable wife." She pulled out of the closet a slinky, short-short evening dress in a darker shade of French Pink, and slowly pulled herself into it in by stepping into it legs first, then pulling the body hugging tight material up her frame, over her hips, and finally to just below her bust line – where the "waist" of the dress ended in a gather at the center, well below her cleavage. Then slowly she moved each breast into the small "A" shaped covering of the garment that encased her tits, reaching behind her to pull the small string halter around the back of her neck, and then pulling the fabric together and fastening the jewelry styled clasp in the front, just below her neck -- holding the dress up "halter style" and giving Brooke a completely exposed back. There was actually a string tie to the halter at the back of her neck, with long strings dangling down her bare back, but the three stone flourish of jewelry on the string in front hid the clasp that allowed Brooke the ease of not having to have John tie the halter behind her. Not that it didn't cross her mind that anyone coming up to her from behind could simply pull the neck tie and drop the fabric covering her abundant breasts in one stroke. That would expose her tits to everyone, but she didn't have to worry about the dress falling off her body, for it was skin tight, clearly revealing the outline of her G-string that rose up from her pelvis and wrapped around the side to her ass. The cups of the dress were not lined, so the tight clinging fabric also clearly revealed Brooke's hardened nipples. It was the tightest, skimpiest, shortest, dirtiest dress John had ever seen his wife in, and he stood back, eyes like saucers, staring at her with an open mouth. Watching Brooke pour herself into that little thing was one of the sexiest and most provocative things John had ever seen, and his cock grew rock hard and throbbed with the pulse of his heart. Brooke let out a husky, aroused laugh, and said: "If all the guys at the club react like you did then I know I found the right dress!" "Damn girl. Are you really going out dressed like that? You look like ..." John's voice trailed off and Brooke finished his sentence for him: "Like a slut? Is that what you were going to say John?" John stood there speechless, not wanting to call his wife a slut, or say that she looked like a slut. Brooke's stern look gave way to a big smile. She had just been teasing him, and then she surprised

him as she continued: "That's the look I'm going for here John. We are on our vacation in paradise. No rules, no inhibitions, no constraints. Remember? Tonight I want to feel like the sexiest women in town. I want men to notice me, and if I look like a slut, so much the better, it will just mean more attention. This is just for fun darling. I will tease them and leave them drooling, but I'm all yours. You get to take me home at the end of the evening. Don't forget that." John regained his speech: "But hell, it barely covers your ass, and your breasts ... fuck" John's mouth could not keep up with the thoughts and emotions flying through his brain, as his hands motioned to his wife's tits that were held in tight, but hardly covered in the small "A" shaped material that was designed to hold her together while giving the maximum display of the top, sides and bottom of her breasts. The dress achieved the look it was designed for. "That's the whole idea John. Flaunt the body. Show them what I've got. That's what this dress was designed to do. I want everybody looking at me when I walk in that door" "Well darling, you don't have to worry about that. If you walk in the door wearing this little thing, not only will every man be staring at you, but they will be beating a door down to get you out on the dance floor so they can get their hands on you." John said. "Do you think so? You don't mind, do you John? I know we talked about me dancing with other men on this trip before, since you are not the biggest dancer, but now that we are here, are you changing your mind? Brooke looked at John with the deepest, dark brown eyes, eyes that could convince a man to do anything, eyes that you could not refuse, eyes that pulled you in and made you captive. Brooke's voice may be giving John the chance to change his mind, but her hopeful eyes were pleading with him to say yes. What could he do? John was torn. He didn't mind men flirting with Brooke, didn't even mind them dancing with her from time to time, but now, in this dress, with her body on display like this, with so much skin exposed, and with her heightened arousal, he wasn't so sure that this was a good idea. But there she stood, the love of his life with eyes on him, longing for this fun night of dancing out on the town. He swallowed hard and said: "Of course not darling. We will dance together some, but when you grow tired of my two left feet, you go out there and have a fun time dancing without me." Brooke squealed with delight, ran to John, threw her arms around his neck, and gave him a tight bear hug before pulling her face back, looking into his eyes and saying: "You are so good to me. And you just wait, when we get home you get to strip this off of me and have your way with me. I can hardly wait for that," and pulling his face to hers she said in a low, sultry voice: "I need you inside of me John. I need you really bad." Then releasing him, and in a higher, girly voice she finished with "but first drinks and dancing. We are going to party tonight!" She hugged him again before she finished getting ready. All the while John thought to himself that stripping was the right word, for his beautiful wife now looked as if she was wearing a dress that would be removed and discarded in a strip club, and she had the tiniest of G-strings on underneath to confirm that image. But, he brushed aside his worries and determined to have an uninhibited fun night out with his wife. _____ Continued to Chapter Two.