

What Happens in Bali...

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Sophie's Submission 4

By JJ Argus

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This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over eighteen.

Sara Talbot was an interesting young woman. Hannah didn't tolerate idiots, and the girl was far from that. In fact, she was quite intelligent, though her opinions were often colored by a certain degree of naivety. She could be practical, which was practically Hannah's middle name, but had such an oddly optimistic, cheery, sweet view of life and humanity Hannah could only shake her head in dismay at some of the girl's beliefs.

Hannah had been a cynic at fifteen. Life had not done anything in the intervening ten years to alter that attitude, but rather, had reenforced it. She was tough, practical, and shrewd, as befitted a junior stock analyst at one of New York's more successful firms. Sara, on the other hand, had used her expensive education to work with agencies which helped bring educational material to third world children.

Unsurprising, Hannah thought, more than a little cynically, Sara's parents were 'comfortable'. They weren't rich, by any means, but they were quite comfortable, and Sara certainly didn't need to worry about repaying her student loan since her parents had entirely funded her education. Hannah's own father was a truck driver, and her mother was a secretary. She needed her high salary to pay off her high loans.

But even if she hadn't, while it wasn't as though she was oblivious to the needs of third world children, Hannah had ambition, and much of it centered around a high lifestyle with all the amenities and creature comforts for herself first. Besides, those countries were largely sewers without real law and run by crooks. Anything an outsider could do was a drop in the bucket.

"I could use more liquid refreshment, woman," Colin said, laying back against the comfortable sofa.

Hannah raised her eyebrows, then dipped her fingers into her drink and flicked them at him.

Sara giggled.

"That wasn't what I had in mind."

"Tough."

“Sara serves her man's needs!” Colin protested in a mock serious tone.

Colin and she were like-minded on so many levels, not the least of which was cynicism and a laid back view of the world. They were also a generally good natured, good natured couple who liked to tease and joke.

“Excuse me? I do?” Sara asked, turning to look at him.

“Definitely true,” Evan said contentedly, sipping the drink his young wife had recently brought him. “The wife knows who is the boss.”

She slapped him lightly on the shoulder. “I was already up.”

They were all sitting together in a U-shaped conversation block in their suite in the Islander resort in Bali, Indonesia. The suite went for \$300 per night, which made it a very reasonable resort with both couples sharing. Evan and Colin worked together for an international engineering firm, and did a lot of traveling, often together. They knew each other very well.

Hannah and Sara knew each other less well. Sara was only two years younger, but infinitely more innocent seeming, as far as Hannah thought. Hannah was something of a tomboy, while Sara was very much the girly girl, and had a tendency to giggle and act like an adolescent girl around her husband, whom she obviously adored.

Hannah's relationship with Colin more closely resembled sibling rivalry, aside from the sex, of course, which was scorchingly hot and passionate. She'd lived with him since her last year of college, and had no intention of marrying him, at least, any time soon, but was extremely comfortable in his company. Their “I love you's” were kept to a minimum, however, as neither went in for sappy romance.

Both of them tended to roll their eyes somewhat at the way Evan and Sara carried on.

The Bali holiday came after they'd both been sent to assess a bridge rebuilding job in Indonesia, and the timing was perfect, since the company had been willing to fly their wives (or in Hannah's case girlfriend) down at the end of the job while the four of them had a vacation.

The Islander was an amazing place. The alcove they were in, for example, had high, large windows which slid aside on three sides so that, in effect, they were wide open to the outdoors. Their suite came with its own private back yard, mostly occupied by a swimming pool, and was surrounded by palm trees and greenery. It was hot, but not humid, and all of them were enjoying the dreamy weather and view.

All four in bathing suits, as they could jump into the pool at any time, and had spent much of the last three days similarly clad. Hannah didn't mind. She wasn't the shy type, having competed in a topless contest during Spring Break festivities years ago in Florida. Granted, she'd been drunk, but she didn't regret doing it. Hannah was not the shy kind, nor did she have much to be shy about.

At that moment she was wearing a small sky blue triangle top with a deeply plunging thong bottom. Her blonde hair was tangled and wavy from her last dip in the pool, and spilled down around her slender shoulders and halfway down her back. She had a lithe, athletic body she was proud of, and had more than a little of the exhibitionist in her.

Sara, by contrast, was wearing a pink bandeau top which still revealed a surprising amount of skin for her. Hannah had known her for three years and had first thought of her as extremely religious. Further acquaintance had shown she was surprisingly not very religious at all, but had the same sort of moral code.

One did not engage in risqué conversation around Sara, or use any kind of obscenities, nor speak openly about sex or bodily functions. She would gaze with sad disapproval and reproof toward anyone who did so, and if the conversation wasn't mended, find a reason to leave.

Her physical modesty was similar. She was a busty girl, easily a D-cup, Hannah knew, but hadn't ever asked, but she had never shown any cleavage, and preferred her shirts and tops loose and dark colored so as to not draw attention. She also wore bras designed to minimize the evident size of her bust to smooth her figure down.

She had half expected the woman to be wearing some sort of one piece bathing suit out of the fifties or something, so the bandeau top, which had certainly drawn a lot of attention from Colin, was a surprise. Her bottom was full, of course, but not nearly as high on the hips as Hannah would have expected.

Demure, that was Sara, and that definitely was not Hannah. With her long legs, she had also drawn more than casual interest from passing men while wearing her thongs on the beaches of Bali, and she enjoyed that attention. She had teased Sara since their arrival that they had to try out a topless beach together. Sara merely smiled when she did.

It was hard to imagine Sara going to a topless beach. It was hard to even imagine Sara engaging in sex, though the way she and her husband sometimes acted around one another reminded Hannah of a pair of junior high lovebirds with all their kissing and nose-rubbing.

Colin stood up, stood up on the sofa, in fact, putting one foot on either side of where Hannah sat as he looked down on her with his hands on his hips.

“Well, if you're not going to do anything for your thirsty, hard-working boyfriend...” he said.

She leaned back, looking up at him, and sucked on her own drink through its straw.

“Go jump in the pool, and open your mouth,” she said lazily.

Which he did. Or at least, he jumped into the pool. The sofa, all three of them, backed against the low walls which surrounded what was now effectively a sort of conversation nook. He stepped forward onto the wall and jumped down into the pool which was not more than a foot or so back on the other side.

“What will you do if your poor boyfriend drowns?” Evan asked with a smile.

She shrugged. “Dumb boyfriends who don't know enough to close their mouths underwater surely can't be hard to find,” she said.

“I heard that!” Colin said from behind her.

Water splashed over the wall and she yelped and twisted aside.

“Hey! You ... dick!”

She would have used other words if Sara hadn't been present.

“You got me wet,” Sara complained, brushing water off her arm.

“I'm not sure I like another man getting you wet,” Evan said in a low voice Hannah nevertheless heard.

Sara blushed and gave him an exasperated look but he quickly stood up, then lifted her in his arms.

“Evan!”

He stepped up onto the sofa and threw her over the back into the pool, then with a whoop, joined her.

“Going to the little girls room,” she called.

She padded through the suite proper, past the living room with its satellite TV, and the marble floored kitchen and went into the bathroom. It was a glittering room, with a huge tub easily fit for two or more, and a large walk-in shower. After she returned she decided to stop in the kitchen and make drinks for herself and Colin, then went to the doorway which led outside.

Sara was blushing rather hotly, but acting very much the giggly girl,” she saw, but the odd thing was it wasn't Evan she was looking at but Colin. He and Evan had backed the brunette into a corner and were menacing her in some way which she seemed to find both embarrassing and obviously pleasing at the same time.

As she watched, sipping casually, Evan grabbed her, lifting her up onto his broad shoulder, belly down, then climbed up the broad stairs out of the pool, with Sara kicking and yelling and slapping at his back, and Hannah noted, his butt. Then he threw her into the deep end of the pool.

Colin grabbed her. Hannah remembered the girl couldn't swim, put his arm around her waist, and swam back to the edge, where Evan leaned over and grabbed her wrists, raising her bodily up out of the water.

Both men were strong and well-muscled, and Sara was neither. Her husband easily lifted her straight up, as Colin climbed out of the water next to them. She struggled briefly with the two men, but not seriously, Hannah saw at once, as Colin helped lift her up onto her husband's shoulders, again, this time straddling his head.

“You sure you don't want her sitting the other way around, Evan?” Colin asked.

“I don't think she'd like that in public,” Evan replied.

Then they decided to stand her up on her husband's shoulders, which put Colin on the diving board as Evan stood with his back against it. Hannah watched her husband grab the struggling young woman around the waist and lift her higher.

She frowned, for she recognized that kind of struggling. She'd used to 'struggle' like that herself when she was young, a means of pretending she didn't really want the boy she was struggling with to be doing what he was doing.

And Colin had to have his body pressed tightly against her, his arms around her, to lift and steady her feet on Evan's shoulders. Evan was merely holding her ankles. Colin had his arms uncomfortably close to her full breasts. Sara was blushing but her face also shone with excitement, and a suspicion began to appear in Hannah's mind.

Colin would never cheat on her, of course, and the idea of Sara cheating on Evan was ludicrous. But she was also neither naïve nor foolish enough not to think her husband would have an interest in other women. In fact, she had, on more than a few occasions, hinted, suggested, teased and otherwise generally brought up the subject of a threesome.

On the surface of it, the thought it would be Sara was nuts, for the girl would never agree. But Hannah considered the girl in that light and felt a little thrum of interest herself. Sara was a pretty girl, and had a great body. But what would really excite her would be seeing that sweet, innocent girl in the throes of sexual pleasure.

Hannah herself had some experience with women, from college and the wild spring break years she'd spent in Florida, and while she wasn't really into girls, generally, at least, not when sober, she would be more than willing to make an exception for Sara.

She watched the girl thrown into the pool again, and the two boys jump in after her. Oh yes, she thought, Sara was clearly enjoying being manhandled by two hunky guys in their swimsuits. Who would have thought it!? Did the little prude actually have sexual fantasies herself?

Sara's mock struggles had caused her husband to pin her arms together behind her back, crossing her elbows and holding them together in one big hand. That did not seem to have bothered her. Quite the contrary, she was very much into her giggly adolescent flirtation act with him, and that didn't change when her teasing got her a slap to the behind.

She wandered out into view where several lounge chair sat facing the pool. The ground sloped downward into the pool there, and she set Colin's drink down on the table between two of the chairs, then sat down.

Colin swam up to the edge, then walked up the ramp to where she tossed him a towel.

“Ahh, you learn from Sara how to please your boyfriend,” he said with a grin.

“I don't think I have a lot to learn there,” she said, smiling back.

Evan swam up to the edge, then walked up the short ramp, with his hand pulling Sara after him.

“Sara is my love slave,” he said smugly, dropping into one of the lounge chairs.

“You wish,” she replied.

He grinned and reached up, sliding his fingers into her top and then tugging her forward and down atop him as she squealed and again struggled, or pretended to struggle, but she was soon kissing him.

“Dope,” she said, pulling her lips away.

He grinned and slapped her bottom. She yelped and squirmed more, but didn't resist him kissing her again.

“Be good,” she said, frowning as she pulled her lips back.

“I'm always at least good,” he said. “Usually I'm amazing, isn't that what you said?”

She flushed again and said something too low for Hannah to make out which drew another slap to her bottom.

“Are you going to have to give your wife a spanking, Evan?” Colin asked with interest.

“Maybe, if she doesn't start acting properly meek and mild and obedient.”

Sara stuck her tongue out at him and he slapped her bottom a third time.

That was when the phone rang inside. Since she was expecting a call she had to jump up and hurry inside. It was, as she'd expected, from her sister, who was house-sitting for them and looking after their dogs. She kept an interested eye on the back yard, though, through a narrow slice of window she could see.

She couldn't hear what was being said, but could see Sara was still wriggling and mock resisting, and her face was still blushing and giggly. She squealed as her husband turned her onto her belly, with her shapely bottom up and gave it several sharp slaps. She couldn't see Colin, but since that bottom was pointed directly at him she had no doubt where his eyes would be pointed.

It was all just playful fun, though she was surprised at Sara, until, much to her surprise, Evan tugged her bathing suit bottom down to give her bare bottom several smacks. Now that was a real shocker for those two! Of course, Sara quickly tugged them up and twisted free, leaving the man laughing after her, but when Hannah hung up and came out the girl didn't seem angry at all. She was still round eyed and flushed but clearly excited.

“Of course, I don't have any trouble giving Hannah a bare-bottom spanking,” Colin said as she walked up to him. He slipped an arm around her where he sat, and reached up his other hand to slap her bottom lightly.

“So long as I let you,” she replied, ruffling his brown hair.

She put a knee on the chair beside him, then sat down, straddling him, gripping his hair and pulling his face up as she leaned in and kissed him. She felt his hands sliding up and down her back as they kissed, then sliding down onto her bare bottom. She wondered what Sara thought of the demonstration, since she'd normally have not done it around her.

But the girl had been acting unexpectedly sexual since her arrival in Bali, so who knew what she was thinking.

She had a pretty good idea what the boys were thinking, of course, or thought she did.

She pulled her mouth up from Colin and grinned.

“Are you going to be a bad girl?” he asked.

“I'm always a bad girl,” she replied.

He looked past her for a long few seconds, and she turned her head to see, out of the corner of her eyes, that Evan had hauled his wife down across his lap again, though this time she was sitting across it. She couldn't hear what they were saying, but her eyes were still shining and she seemed excited.

He slid his fingers into her hair and pulled her head back, forcing her ample chest out, then leaned in to kiss her belly. His right hand was gripping her right inner thigh, high enough up that the his

forefinger was pressing against the front of her bathing suit bottom. And it was moving lightly as he pulled her head up and forward by the hair again then kissed her hard.

“What are you two horny bastards planning?” Hannah asked Colin in a soft voice.

He grinned and his hands slid up to cup her breasts.

“Whatever we can get away with.”

“She'll never go for whatever you have in mind.”

“You'd be surprised at what she'd go for.”

She raised her eyebrows.

“She does just about anything he tells her to, you know,” he said, equally quietly.

“I'm not doing anything with someone who doesn't want to,” she replied, voice hardening.

He just grinned. “You don't know how hot she can get.”

Hannah frowned doubtfully, even as his fingers tugged the cups aside and kneaded her bare breasts.

She sucked in air and turned her head to make sure the two behind them couldn't see anything. She did have some exhibitionist tendencies, but didn't want to flash friends. But they were busy with each other. Evan's hand was still rubbing her thigh, ostensibly. At least, the palm was rubbing her thigh. His forefinger, though, was sliding up and down right against her pussy through the swimsuit.

What was even more interesting was he still holding her by the hair, holding it in a thick clump, and using it to pull her head up and back, without any evident resistance on her part.

“Are you being a bad girl?” he asked, in a voice she could just make out.

She couldn't hear the answer, but he repeated the question, pulling her head up and back by the hair again, then repeated it again, the hand between her legs making no bones about what it was doing now as it slid right in to cup her pussy and rub her through the suit.

Hannah felt a surge of heat at the sight, then gasped, her attention drawn back to Colin, who had pulled her further forward and filled his mouth with the center of her left breast. She felt a wild burst of sensations and excitement, for in a way, they were still doing this secretly, hiding what they were doing from the distracted couple behind them.

Suddenly, the noise level behind them rose quite a bit, as Sara squealed wildly. She quickly tugged her cups together and turned, as she and Colin watched Evan roll his wife over onto her belly again.

“Evan, don't!” Sara cried.

He tugged her swimsuit bottom down, not just a little, but down around her kicking knees. Since Sara was effectively laying across the chair – and Evan – sideways, her knees were almost on the ground, and that gave both Hannah and Colin a very clear shot not only of her round bottom but the hairless sex peeking out between her thighs.

Hannah felt another marvel at that. Why on earth would a delicate little prude like Sara shave her pussy?! Obviously for her husband, but she hadn't suspected.

She herself was not merely shaved but waxed. She'd had the waxing done for her legs, mainly, because, as fair skinned as she was, she had to shave all the time if she wanted to wear skirts. And it had simply seemed sensible at that time, once she'd gotten used to the girl, to have her do it all the way up. She liked oral sex, and had found guys devoted considerably more attention to it with her clean and smooth.

But Sara!?

She watched Evan's hand slap down on that round bottom several times as he pinned her struggling body against him.

“If you don't stop struggling,” he warned her, “I'm gonna have to tie your hands.”

Hannah blinked, but the threat apparently didn't phase Sara at all. She continued struggling, and trying to put her hands over her backside to block his slaps.

Of course, he had nothing to tie her with, or so Hannah thought. She was more than slightly surprised when he undid her bandeau top with a quick snap, and despite Sara squealing much more loudly, managed to yank it away. He then drew her arms together, crossing them at the elbows, and pinned them there with one hand while wrapping the bandeau around them and tying it off.

He then grabbed her bottoms, which were around her knees, and slid them off, leaving Sara entirely naked.

Hannah had mostly turned around, but was still kind of sitting on Colin's lap as she watched, and could feel how hard he was becoming as he watched too. She could hardly blame him. She was fascinated and more than a little aroused herself! She was half tempted to intervene on the girl's behalf, though, for this was simply going way too far!

But then after a couple of more slaps, Sara wriggled off her husband's lap, or at least, he let her wriggle free. That only put her on her knees next to the chair, though, and he still had hold of her hair. She actually turned her around to face Colin and Hannah, and then jerked back on her hair to force her back to arch.

“Now, I want you to apologize to Hannah and Colin for your bad behavior,” he said.

Hannah almost intervened at that point, but the look on Sara's face, stopped her. The girl was clearly stricken, a little panicky, horribly embarrassed, and yet also very, very excited and alive. Her nipples were also extremely swollen and hard.

And it was quite a warm day out.

For that matter, Hannah could feel her own hard, tingling nipples as her lower body pulsed with a rising tide of heat and excitement. Her chest was getting tight as she felt a sense of wildness come over her, and a sense of wondering what was going to happen and how far it would go.

Sara's hourglass body looked incredibly erotic with those full round breasts thrust up and out over her slim waist, and her eyes dropped lower, to where the girl's legs were tightly held together.

“I-I'm s-sorry!” Sara gasped.

“For being such a naughty girl,” her husband added.

“For being ... such ... s-such a naughty girl!” she half moaned.

“Are you going to be a good, obedient little wife now?” she teased.

“Yes!” she gasped.

“Are you suuure?”

“Evan!” she moaned.

“Say you'll be a good, obedient little wife,” he said.

His right hand reached down and he grasped her right nipple between thumb and forefinger, then pinched it and started to twist it. Sara squealed, and that lush body writhed and undulated, but he held her easily by the hair.

“Say it,” he said, twisting her nipple the other way.

“I-I promise!” she cried.

“Say the whole thing,” he said, stretching the fat nipple out.

“I promise to be a good, obedient wife!” she cried.

Evan released her nipple and then pulled her face forward again. Her face was red, but then, her entire upper body was flushed with excitement. She rolled her eyes away from where Colin and Hannah sat as her husband leaned in to kiss her on the nape of her neck.

“Spread your legs,” he said softly.

She gasped, her eyes widening, and she tried to shake her head, but his right hand went up onto her right breast again and pinched her nipple.

“Ow! Ow! Evan!” she gasped.

“Didn't you promise to be a good, obedient wife?”

“Yes!”

“Then obey your husband,” he said, now simply lightly plucking at the swollen nipple.

Moaning, Sara shifted her knees apart a little.

“More.”

Blushing furiously, she shifted her knees wider, then still wider, so that the couple sitting across from her could see her neat, tight little sex.

She looked horribly embarrassed, but also helplessly aroused.

He looked up at them smugly. “I spank her a lot,” he said. “And if I don't for a while she finds a reason to make me spank her. She doesn't like to go too long without being spanked, do you, naughty girl?”

Sara was speechless and rolled her eyes away, since she couldn't move her head because of the grip on her hair.

“I know she's very modest in public,” Evan said, running his right hand down her body, “But she's quite different in private.”

His hand cupped her sex, then his fingers began to rub against her clitoris as she

gasped and twisted in his grasp again.

“Evan! Evan, don't!” she gasped.

“You don't want them to know what a naughty girl you are?” he teased.

He looked up at them. “She's had this fantasy for a long while now, of having sex with another woman. She's just way too shy and inhibited to ever tell anyone but me.”

Both men were looking at Hannah, and she hesitated. It was clear they'd planned this, and part of her was irritated by it. What information had been exchanged between them without her consent? She would have to find out from Colin later. She felt a temptation, a bratty temptation, to refuse, just to teach them not to take her for granted.

But the sight of the naked girl, her full breasts, body arched, the look in her face, was an incredibly arousing sight. And then there was Evan. She pondered what more she would consent to, or what more Colin would have to allow. If she slept with Sara was she supposed to let Colin do it too? And wouldn't that almost require Evan to fuck her?

More presumption on their part, the horny bastards. Had Colin simply assumed she would agree to all this? That was annoying. What was even more annoying was that she probably would. From the way her pussy was thrumming and her chest tightening, the deepening arousal in her mind, she was starting to get into that zone where almost anything was possible.

“And does Colin get to fuck her too?” she asked.

Evan grinned darkly. “If I say so. And do I get to fuck you?”

She turned her head towards Colin and frowned. “If I say so.”

“Hey, what about me?” Colin asked.

“You're a slut. You'll do what you're told.”

Evan laughed, and after a moment, so did Colin.

She stared at Sara in fascination. The girl looked haunted, but clearly wasn't doing anything against her will. Or to be more precise, she was excruciatingly embarrassed and anxious, but too horny to want it to stop. Hannah didn't think much of weak women. They gave the gender a bad name. Still, there was something deliciously erotic about the girl's helplessness.

She'd never really gotten into the bondage game. She was too assertive to be bossed around by anyone, and wouldn't respect a man she could top. But Sara, on the other hand, well, the longer she watched the naked girl squirming the more turned on she became.

“Let Colin fuck her first,” she said.

Sara's eyes seemed to get even wider. She flicked them towards Colin, mouth open, then tried to turn her head around towards her husband. Evan looked at Hannah, not Colin, grinning aloofly.

He twisted her hair, making her gasp in pain, as he turned her around, then pushed back the chair and pulled down on her hair, bending her over, far over. He lowered her face to the ground, presenting her bottom to Hannah and Colin, then released her hair.

“E-Evan!” Sara squeaked.

“Spread your legs,” he ordered.

“But – !”

“Spread your legs, slut!” he barked.

Hannah's eyebrows rose, but the girl shifted her trembling legs apart, well apart. Evan leaned over and slapped her bottom sharply.

“Raise your ass, slut!” he barked.

She shifted her hips higher, moaning, and Hannah sensed Colin just about stopped breathing. She stood up and motioned him forward.

“This was your idea. So go ahead. Fuck her,” she said.

There was something darkly erotic about watching him slide forward onto his knees to position himself behind the trembling young woman. She shifted to the side, to where Evan stood, equally fascinated as he watched Colin drop his pants and pull out his thick, hard cock.

“Don't be gentle,” he said in a kind of growl. “Ram it into her! Ram it deep! Pound her like the whore she is!”

Hannah was simultaneously offended and aroused by the words as she watched Colin push the head of his fat cock against the now-sweating girl's shaven sex, then force his way into her. Sara gasped and then moaned as he seized her hips. Hannah and Evan watched intently as Colin pushed deeper and deeper, and the girl started to squirm.

“Grab her hair,” Evan said. “She likes that.”

Colin didn't hesitate. He filled his hand with her thick brown hair and then thrust all the way home. Sara cried out, then started gurgling and moaning and crying out repeatedly as Colin began to use her as roughly as Evan had told him. His hips slapped against her upraised buttocks hard and fast as he yanked on her hair.

Hannah watched him, aroused by his arousal, by his eagerness. She turned her head aside to see Evan was enormously aroused watching his wife taken in this fashion. His swimsuit bulged with the outline of his cock, which, she was happy to see, looked as big, if not bigger, than Colin's.

She watched Colin yanking on the girl's hair, feeling a rush of heat at how erotic it looked, watched him roughly groping her big breasts as he pounded his hips home, and was only distracted when Evan moved aside.

She saw him move around to where he could see Sara's face as Colin pounded against her, and could see the wild excitement in his eyes. The excitement became too much for him, apparently, for as Sara's cries began to grow louder and more passionate, he yanked her hair himself, pulling it out of Colin's grasp, lifting her head up off the ground and holding it by the hair as he jerked his swimsuit down.

His cock sprang out, thick and hard, and she felt a sense of surprise at the fact he had no pubic hair either. But it made the view that much more exciting as she watched him stuff it through his wife's open mouth.

Remembering her smart phone, Hannah picked it up quickly and turned on the video function, then pointed it at the lewd scene before her as Evan pumped his cock in and out of his wife's mouth a few times, then, holding her hair firmly, pushed forward and right down her throat.

Hannah could actually see, through the camera and in real life, the bulge moving down Sara's throat as Evan forced every inch into her, as he jammed his groin against her face and ground her into him.

“That is fucking hot!” she said.

He pulled out with a smirk, and she zoomed in on the girl's face and the long, dripping wet cock emerging from her mouth. Saliva dribbled over the girl's lower lip as she gulped in air, eyes slitted as her body shook to the force of Colin's hard riding. Then she began to let out sobbing breaths of passion as she started shaking.

“She's coming,” Evan said.

He shoved his cock back down her throat again, silencing her cries of pleasure, but Hannah could see he was correct, as Sara trembled and shook with ever more violent convulsions even as her body shuddered to the hard blows of Colin's hips. She shifted the camera over to watch his thick cock pounding in and out of her and giggled a little.

These weren't the kind of vacation pictures she'd expected to take home!

Her mind whirled as she watched. A part of her was envious of Sara. She had never had sex with two men at once, and never this... violently. She now felt a sense of excitement as she let herself imagine her in that position, being roughly manhandled by two attractive men, being pounded and used for their pleasure. It went against the grain, damn it! But maybe it was that sense of outrageousness that excited her so much!

Pounding her the way he was, Colin could not last that long, and didn't, groaning as he jerked back on the girl's thighs, half lifting her knees off the ground as he buried himself in her with the last few hard, savage strokes. That girl was going to be sore tonight, Hannah thought, but then again, it was probably going to be a good sore.

It didn't take Evan much longer before he pulled out, and squeezed his cock hard before spraying himself over Sara's dazed face. Another hot little rush of outraged excitement gripped Hannah. No way would she ever allow some guy to do that to her, but God, seeing it done to Sara was so hot!

The girl collapsed, laying on her belly, then slowly rolling onto her side, chest heaving, eyes closed, gulping in air, body still damp from the water, and also slick with sweat. She looked totally fucked out, Hannah thought in amusement.

She put down the phone as Evan and Colin looked at her, and she grinned.

“I suppose you'd like me to do something lesbian with this dirty little girl?” she asked.

“If you want to,” Evan said. “She's free for anyone's use.”

“I think she needs a bath.”

“So long as we can watch,” Evan said with a grin.

She walked over to stand over Sara, who opened her eyes, and then began to flush anew as she saw the blonde looking down at her.

“Are you a filthy slut, Sara?” Evan asked.

She flinched, and he grinned up at Hannah. “She loves being talked dirty to, being called names.”

“Not from my acquaintance,” Hannah said.

“She's a different person during sex.”

“Did you like fucking my boyfriend, slut?” Hannah asked.

Sara's flush deepened.

“You can untie her. I'm sure she'll be an obedient girl,” she said.

“I like her tied up,” Evan said.

Hannah looked at him and he shrugged and slid forward, untying the bandeau

top to free Sara's arms.

“Get some rope or something, then. If you two have this little bondage submission relationship surely you brought some.”

He grinned up at her. “Hard to explain that to customs. But I did pick up a few things at the stores in town.”

“Get on your hands and knees,” Hannah said.

Sara looked startled, and looked towards Evan.

“Do what you're told, slut,” he said.

The girl's face seemed to blanch slightly, but Hannah thought it was more from excitement than embarrassment. She rolled onto her stomach and then hesitantly pushed herself up onto all fours. The two men were kneeling, one on either side, looking at her. Hannah was looking down. Sara turned her head nervously, embarrassed and uncertain.

“Those are really big tits,” Hannah said. “She looks like a cow ready to be milked.”

Sara flinched.

“Do you know how to crawl... slut?”

Sara blinked at Evan and rubbed some of his come off her face, then Hannah moved in and gripped her hair, bending over, and walking towards the house. Sara gasped and lurched forward, at first grabbing at her hair, but then just crawling quickly as Hannah pulled her along into the house.

“Oh man!” Evan said breathlessly.

“This is fucking hot!” Colin said, the two of them following.

Men are such whores, Hannah thought.

She continued to use the girl's hair as a leash, forcing her to crawl through the suite to the large bathroom.

“Into the shower. Turn the water on,” she ordered, releasing her hair.

Sara looked nervously at her, but obeyed, getting to her feet in the large shower enclosure, then turning on the water. She looked nervous, embarrassed, and anxious as the water poured over her, but like the two men, she was staring at Hannah.

Hannah felt her own heat surging as the two men looked at her. She reached behind her undid her bra, then slipped it off, feeling a hot rush as three pairs of eyes dropped to her breasts. She wasn't the D-cup Sara was, but no one would ever suggest she was flat-chested, and she saw Evan licking his lips, his hand half rising as if he wasn't sure if he dared touch her.

She ignored him and slipped off her thong, then stepped into the big shower enclosure. Sara shuffled quickly back against the far wall as Hannah let the water pour over her.

“Wait! Wait!” Evan gasped, turning and bolting from the room.

Hannah turned off the water and picked up the soap.

“I think the dirty little girl needs to be cleaned up,” she said.

The shower was easily six feet square, with thick glass walls on two sides and gleaming reflecting tiles covering the other two walls. There was a ring set into the wall just below the high shower-head from which a washcloth hung. As Evan darted back in he slid past Hannah into the shower, a rope in his hands, and tied it to the ring, then grabbed Sara by the arm, jerking her back against the wall and raising her arms.

Sara stared at Hannah, her face and body starting to flush with an intense desire, virtually ignoring what her husband was doing as he tied her wrists above her to the ring, then eased back.

Hannah could see the change in the girl, could see the redoubled excitement as she felt herself being made helpless, felt the rope looped around her wrists. She was a few inches shorter than Hannah as the blonde moved in against her, and Evan slipped aside. He and Colin watched raptly as Hannah looked down at her, then gripped her hair and jerked her head up and back against the wall.

“Are you a slut?” she asked in a soft voice.

“Y-yes!” Sara squeaked.

Hannah kissed her, gently, slowly, but increasing the force as her tongue dipped through the girl's open lips. She felt Sara starting to tremble against her, and that grew worse when she raised her right hand to cup and knead the girl's breast.

Hannah drew back, leaving the girl gasping.

“We should get you clean,” she said, picking up the soap again.

She spread the soap over Sara's chest, taking her time soaping up her breasts, sliding her hands slowly lower over her lower chest and belly, then moving her soapy hands up and down her sides.

She turned her around and slapped her bottom, producing a squeak of pain from the brunette, before soaping up her shoulders and sliding her hands up and down her back. It had been a long time since she'd felt so much soft, female skin against her hands, and she found herself exulting in the tactile delight of her hands sliding over that soapy, silken skin.

Her hands slid lower, over Sara's buttocks, then in between her legs. She pushed her right hand down between the girl's buttocks while sliding her left down her abdomen to find her clitoris with her fingers.

Sara gasped and moaned, her hips pushing out as she began to gulp in air. Her eyes were wide and wild as Hannah let two fingers, then three, from her right hand push in between the girl's tight pussy lips while her left fingers rubbed gently against her clitoris.

The girl was starting to shake, and her responsiveness deepened Hannah's own arousal. She let her right hand slide up, then down, thrusting three fingers deep into the girl's quivering pussy, then slid back up again.

On the downward slide she felt a dark hunger, and pushed her thumb slowly into the girl's ass while her fingers slid into her pussy. Sara began to shake and sob, her hips rolling back frantically as Hannah rubbed her clitoris harder.

“Are you going to come for me, slut?” she whispered. “Are you going to come?”

Come for us, slut. Come so we can watch you, slut. Nasty little girl. Dirty little girl. Come on my fingers, slut.”

Sara cried out in passion and release, shaking and bucking her hips, riding Hannah's fingers with desperate passion as her head thrashed and her body trembled violently.

She sagged after, gasping for breath, moaning, as Hannah let hands slide up and down her slick, soapy body, let her fingers knead her breasts. She turned her head with a grin and saw both men were erect again, their cocks bulging against the swimsuits.

“Liking the show, boys?” she asked.

“Fuck yeah!” Evan gasped.

“Oh yeahhh,” Colin groaned.

“Just getting started.”

Hannah pulled up the hand shower, drawing it up on its long, flexible, extendable hose and turned it on, showering Sara, starting at the top and working her way down. Sara moaned softly, still breathing heavily as Hannah brought the hand shower down between her legs and then focused it there.

She let her fingers rub against the girl's pussy lips, then push inside, spreading them apart as she aimed the water up at her. Sara moaned and flushed, helpless to do anything as Hannah focused the water into a hard, narrow, pulsating stream that battered up against her sex.

“Oh! Oh please!” Sara gasped, trying to wiggle free.

Hannah wouldn't let her, pinning her leg to the wall with one leg, pushing the other side with her arm as she sent the stream up against Sara's clitoris.

“Oh! Oh please! Hannah! Don't!”

“I didn't say you could call me, Hannah, slut,” Hannah said. “Call me Ms. Foster.”

“Please!”

“Say it.”

“Please, Ms. Foster!” Sara squealed as the water pounded against her sensitive clitoris.

“Let me hear you say you're a dirty little whore,” Hannah said, taunting her.

“Please!”

Hannah moved the spray aside.

“Say it.”

She put it back and Sara squealed again.

“Say it.”

“I'm a dirty little whore!” Sara gasped.

Hannah eased the spray aside.

“Again.”

Sara's eyes were wide and anxious.

“I'm a dirty little whore,” she said, face flushing.

“Again.”

“I'm a dirty little whore.”

Hannah smiled. “I never would have thought you'd say anything like that. Speaking of which, you who can't stand to hear bad words. “Let me hear you beg me to fuck you.”

Sara clearly didn't like that, and turned her head towards her husband imploringly.

“You're her bitch right now,” he said.

“Say it, slut,” Hannah ordered, aiming the pulsating spray up against her clitoris again.

“Oh! Don't! Please!”

“Say it.”

“Please fuck me!” she cried.

Hannah shifted the spray.

“Ms. Foster,” she said. “ You forgot that part.”

Sara's face was flushed and she dropped her chin.

Hannah jerked up on her hair.

“Say it, slut.”

“Please fuck me, Ms. Foster!” Sara moaned, blushing furiously.

“Such a nasty little girl,” Hannah said.

She kissed her, harder this time, jerking back on her hair, then nibbled and sucked and chewed her way down along the nape of her neck, then down her chest. She cupped and lifted her breasts, sucking and licking at her nipples as Sara stared at her and moaned.

Then she sank to her knees, her hands spreading the girl's legs as she stared at her naked sex. She licked and kissed along her inner thighs, then caressed her pussy lips with her fingers before tracing them with her tongue. Sara's eyes were huge now as she looked down, as Hannah licked and kissed her way up and down against her sex.

Then she circled her clitoris with her tongue before kissing it. Sara squealed and moaned as Hannah let her lips close around it, started to suck rhythmically, started to lick at it. Her fingers slid up Sara's body, cupping and kneading her breasts again as she sucked on her clitoris, and it took startlingly little time before the girl's hips started to grind and buck and roll against her.

But Hannah didn't want her coming here. She wanted her in bed. It had been a long time, after all, and she wanted to feel all that soft skin against her own.

She stood up, leaving the girl' trembling, and reached up to untie her wrists. Then the two of them came out of the shower and she grabbed a towel. She dried herself first, before drying Sara's hair and patting down her body. Then she let her, by the hair, stumbling down the hall into their bedroom.

“I have straps to tie her down!” Evan said eagerly.

Hannah didn't need straps. She pushed the girl into the bed, straddled her, then slid down atop her, their warm, damp bodies pressing fully together as she kissed the girl. For long minutes, their lips and bodies slid together as Sara moaned and her hands ran up and down Hannah's back and buttocks.

It was a long, nearly endless kiss, as their breasts pillowed and slid together, and their legs intertwined, their hands sliding up and down one another's bodies as the men looked on.

Finally, Evan moved in, strapping his wife's arms to the top posts of the bed, then grabbing her legs and spreading them apart to strap them to the lower posts.

Hannah lay half atop the girl, her pussy straddling her right thigh, which meant her own right thigh was pressed against the girl's own pussy. She ground herself up and down against her as their kissing continued, as her hand glided along the soft, rounded flesh, kneading and caressing her breasts, rubbing and stroking her nipples.

Her fingers moved down, then, finding the swollen clitoris, rubbing her as Sara's lower body began to grind and she began to moan more passionately.

She slid lower, until she could get her mouth around Sara's clitoris again, and began to suck and lick it as Sara shuddered and writhed on the bed. She hardly noticed the movement behind her until someone grabbed her hips, lifting them up. She could see Colin out of the corner of her eye, staring with wild excitement, so knew it was Evan.

That aroused her even more, and she spread her legs, gasping as she felt his hand slapping her ass sharply. She groaned as he pushed into her, as he began to stroke in and out. She rolled her eyes to see Colin staring, open-mouthed, then saw him fumble with his own smart phone and bring it up.

More exciting holiday memories, she thought, as her pussy began to burn and throb around the cock pushing down into her. Heat flooded her mind as she attacked the helpless girl's clitoris, sucking and licking, her fingers alternating between kneading her big breasts, or thrusting into her pussy.

She groaned again as Evan began to stroke, began to slap at her bottom with both his hips and his hands. The sensation of the sharp, stinging slaps seemed to echo through her lower belly and into her pussy as he thrust, and she felt her arousal growing even more passionate.

Sara began to cry out again and again, the cries growing louder and more passionate as she arched on the bed, as her head thrashed and rolled and her hips bucked up against Hannah's mouth and tongue and fingers.

She sucked hard until the girl's body went limp, and then her own feverish heat caused her to half sink herself, moaning, gasping, gulping in air. She cried out as she felt her hair yanked up and back, felt herself raised onto her elbows, but then shoved back down again, head back, hair being tugged back in time to the hard thrusts into her pussy.

Heat rolled over her in waves, and her face was a mask of dazed passion as she heard her own cries of pleasure, as the hard, thick cock drove into her with furious thrusts and her body shook to the blows of Evan's hips against her buttocks.

God! He was skewering her! He was pounding her! She loved it! And she found,

she loved the way he was controlling her, slapping her ass and yanking back on her hair as he rode her. She thrilled to the dark passion of it, gasping and moaning as his cock rammed into her again and again.

He forced her face forward and down against his wife's pussy.

“Lick her, slut! Lick that pussy, whore!” he growled.

Hannah moaned in pain and dazed confusion, gasping as he yanked on her hair and slapped on her ass.

“Do it, slut!”

The pain made her obey, and she started licking at Sara again as she sensed movement beside her. Hands grasped her wrists, drawing them back behind her back and crossing them. She felt the rope being wrapped around them, looped again and again, criss-crossing her wrists and pulling tight. It was Colin, she knew, but didn't care.

All she really cared about was the hard, thick cock pounding into her fiery hot pussy!

Colin was there, then, straddling Sara's body, gripping Hannah's hair and jerking her head up so he could do to her what they'd done to Sara earlier. Hannah shuddered and moaned, her mouth forced open, her eyes slitted as he pulled back her hair. His big cock slid through her lips and over her tongue, and she sucked and licked desperately as he pumped in and out.

Then he was sliding down her throat. She gagged slightly, but the sexual fever was too potent just then, for her mind to care. She gloried in the dark passion of it as he buried himself in her throat, and her body shook to Evan's hard thrusts. She was on the edge of orgasm, her hips rolling up and back, when they both stopped.

She moaned helplessly, trembling with the heat within her as strong male hands shifted her aside. Evan lay down sideways across the bed, across his leg's bound legs, in fact, and they positioned Hannah atop him. She cried out in pleasure as she sank herself down onto his stiff cock, groaning, falling forward atop him as he groped her breasts.

She felt movement on the bed behind her, then felt a slap against her bottom, then another as Colin moved in. She started to sit up but Evan yanked her back again, gripping her hair and sliding an arm around her back. Then she felt the dripping wet head of Colin's cock against her back opening. Her eyes widened, and heat poured through her mind to drown the denial starting to form there.

He pushed in hard, but she was so startled her body didn't instantly react. When it did, and her muscles started clamping down around him, hard, sharp, stinging slaps to the bottom distracted her muddled mind and he sank deeper and deeper far faster than she would have thought.

The feel of his cock pushing up into her ass, with Evan's cock already filling her, was like nothing Hannah had ever imagined. She shuddered and moaned, eyes and mouth wide as Colin began to pump and Evan started to thrust his hips up into her.

The orgasm threatened to tear her mind to shreds, and she cried out again and again, breathless, sobbing cries of helpless animal pleasure as the two men rode her, their cocks churning her insides into a frothing, scalding stew of spasming muscles and burning nerve endings!

* * *

It had been an absolutely incredible orgasm, draining, exhausting, leaving Hannah moaning in a kind of soft, languorous contentment afterward.

“That was fucking wild,” she groaned contentedly, as she was turned over and sat up.

“And we're just getting started,” Colin said smugly.

Evan untied his wife, but then tied her wrists together behind her as Colin pulled Hannah to her feet.

“Untie me,” she groaned.

“Not likely,” he said, pulling her along.

“Colin,” she groaned.

He led her into the living room and pushed her down onto her knees.

“Spread your legs,” he ordered.

She looked up at him and felt a sudden rush of heat, startling her given she'd just had a tremendous orgasm. He didn't wait, but put his foot between her thighs, pushing her legs apart.

“Wider, slut,” he growled.

A hot thrill moved through her and Hannah swallowed and spread her knees wide.

A moment later Evan led Sara out, the girl stumbling a little until he pushed her to her knees right next to Hannah and ordered her to spread her legs too.

“Shoulders back, slut,” Evan said.

Hannah thought he was talking to Sara until he jerked back on her hair.

“Ow!” she gasped.

“Shoulders back,” he ordered.

Gulping, she straightened her shoulders as he joined Colin sitting on the sofa in front of them. She turned her head to see Sara, then turned back, flushing, excitement rousing quickly as she pulled against the rope binding her wrists together.

“Two hot, horny sluts,” Colin said.

“Nasty little whores,” Evan said, grinning lewdly.

“I think they definitely need spankings,” Colin said with a grin at Hannah.

She bit her lip uncertainly, assailed by heat and excitement at the idea of being spanked but not so much at the reality. But then the two men stood up and crossed to them, and she was surprised it was Evan grasping her hair and forcing her to crawl forward, then pulling her up across his lap as Colin took Sara across his.

“Hey! Wait!” she gasped.

“You didn't say please,” Evan said, his fingers caressing and kneading her buttocks.

“I-I didn't agree to being spanked!” she exclaimed.

“But bad girls need to be spanked,” he replied, “And you're definitely a bad girl.”

Crack! His hand slapped down on her bottom and Hannah yelped, wriggling and twisting in his grasp.

“Ow! That hurt!” she protested.

“How else are you going to learn?”

Crack!

“Ow! Evan!”

“Naughty little slut,” he said, his finger slipping down beneath her buttocks to caress her narrow sex. “You definitely need a lot of punishment.”

Crack!

“Ow! Stop it!” she gasped, her bottom stinging from the sharp slaps.

She could hear Sara being spanked nearby, but paid that little attention. The girl was a slut anyway, after all!

“You forgot to beg. Slave girls beg their masters.”

“You're not my master!” she said.

“I notice you didn't deny you were a slave girl,” he said with a laugh.

“I'm not a – !” *Crack!* “Ow! Bastard!”

“Maybe you need a little more incentive,” he said.

His fingers slid into her pussy and Hannah gasped in excitement despite her sense of frustration and irritation at the spanking. They dipped in and out of her still quite moist pussy, then she felt something else pushing against her, something quite a bit bigger and thicker.

“Wha-what are you doooooing?!” she gasped.

She could feel it spreading her open very wide, forcing the lips of her sex in and back and stretching them as it slid in.

“You know you love cock, Hannah,” he said, as he pushed the thing in deeper.

Hannah groaned as it pumped in and out, pushing deeper and deeper with each stroke, his fingers stroking across her clitoris at the same time. It seemed slightly curved as it pushed deeper, uncomfortably deeper. It ached as he jammed it deeper inside her than her pussy seemed to be able to take, but it was a dull, and exciting ache.

Then she felt something pressed against her back opening, and moaned anew.

“D-Don't!” she squeaked.

Crack! His hand slapped against her bottom again.

“You don't give orders to me, slut,” he said.

She gasped as it pushed slowly into her, whatever it was. It seemed rather like something which was rounded, then narrowed, then widened, then narrowed again, repeatedly, like four or five golf balls glued together. She groaned as, like the thing in her pussy, the dildo, she presumed, it pushed uncomfortably deep and she felt cramps inside her.

Crack!

“Nasty little slut,” he said.

“Oww!”

Crack!

“Bad little sex slave.”

“I-I'm n-not a – !”

Crack!

“No talking. Your mouth is for sucking cock and licking pussy, not talking.”

His fingers stroked across her pussy and Hannah shuddered, her hips rolling up as a rush of sensual pleasure swept through her.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

She yelped and gasped and wriggled, but then he started rubbing her clitoris again, and pressing against the dildo in her pussy. He grasped the other one, and pulled it outward, and she moaned as the oddly shaped rounded tube slid out of her, one bump at a time, then pushed back in again – deep.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Her bottom was getting sore and hot, but her insides were humming with sexual power and hunger, and her mind was filled with a dark lust. She moaned as his hand slid down over her breast, squeezing it roughly.

“Do you promise to be a good, obedient little sex slave?” he asked, fingering her clit.

“Oh! Oh! Fuck!” she moaned.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Answer the question, slut.”

She shook her head and moaned.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Do you promise to be our bitch and do anything we want?”

“F-fuck you!” she gasped.

He chuckled and pumped the thing in her ass, twisting it achingly deep, then pumped the one in her pussy as his thumb stroked across her clitoris. Hannah moaned and writhed atop his lap.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

She gasped and yelped and cried out as his hand started slapping down repeatedly on her already sore, overheated bottom. Behind her she could hear Sara making the same promises she hadn't, but Sara was a weakling, and Hannah was far from that. Besides, the way her bottom was so flaming hot it seemed to be almost absorbing the sharp sting of each new blow.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Let me hear you say you're a cock hungry slut,” Evan ordered.

She certainly felt like one!

“I-I'm a cock hungry slut!’ she moaned.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Beg me to fuck your ass, slut!” he growled.

She wanted him to! But she shook her head, her hair tangled and flying around her face.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

She moaned, and then gasped as he pinched her nipple, twisting it painfully.

“Beg for it, slut.”

“Please fuck my ass!” she cried.

He chuckled and Hannah cried out as he yanked her up and back by the hair, then turned her away from him, sitting her forward on his thighs as he pulled the round thing out of her ass. He helped raise her up on her shaky knees, straddling him. Then she sank down slowly, moaning in pleasure as she felt his cock pushing up into her ass, sinking down inch by glorious inch until he was buried

deep inside her.

He jerked back on her hair again, rough and fast, making her cry out again, his right hand roughly groping her breast as he leaned in to suck, chew, kiss and lick along the nape of her neck and side of her face.

“Nasty blonde slut,” he growled into her ear. “To like having my cock up your ass?”

It ached, but she felt incredibly sexual and sensual, the heat and passion swirling and churning in her mind as Colin dragged Sara off the sofa and put her into place in front of where Hannah sat impaled on Evan's cock.

He moved in behind her, and the brunette moaned in pleasure as his cock thrust deep into her pussy, then he yanked her up by the hair, pushing her face in between Hannah's legs.

“Lick her, slut,” he ordered. “Suck her clit.”

Sara looked drunk with passion as she began to lick at Hannah's swollen clitoris, and the blonde moaned and gulped in air as the soft pink tongue, however inexperienced, lapped at her oversensitive clit. Evan grasped both her breasts, squeezing and mashing them together as Hannah stared at her husband riding Sara, pounding his cock into her in hard, fast strokes.

Sara had learned something, at least, from Hannah's demonstration, and began to suck rhythmically on her clitoris, even as her body shook to Colin's hard thrusts. Evan began to thrust up into her ass, and she shuddered and moaned as the heat and pressure grew to unbearable levels, then exploded within her into a massive orgasm!

Through it, she rode frantically up and down on Evan's fat cock, glorying in the sensations of deep, aching penetration each time she slid down its long length. When she sagged, Evan pulled her aside, and sat her on the sofa, jerking her legs wide and adjusting her so that she was slumped with her bottom right on the edge.

He and Colin talked quickly, and Colin lay down, his head just below Hannah's bottom, while he and Evan maneuvered a moaning Sara to straddle him and sink down on his cock. Then, as she leaned in and licked at Hannah's clit again, her

husband slid his thick cock deep into her ass.

Remembering how incredible it had felt to have both cocks inside her, Hannah felt a tired envy as she watched the girl being doubly skewered. She didn't actually want the girl licking her pussy just then, for with the orgasm just passed she felt just too sensitive. She could do nothing to stop it, though, especially since Evan jammed her face in hard, calling her a lesbian whore and ordering her to lick Hannah's pussy.

* * *

Dinner was spent on her knees, next to Evan's chair, still tied, with the dildo, both dildos, stuffed up inside her. Sara knelt next to Colin's chair, and they took their food from the men by licking it out of their fingers or the palms of their hands. Hannah wasn't entirely happy about that, but it felt oddly exciting to still be tied up anyway.

She and Sara were untied only so they could have sex again, including a long, wickedly exciting sixty-nine which had both of them orgasming, though Sara came three times to Hannah's once.

Then the men experimented with ropes and tied the girls into various positions, some obscene, some uncomfortable, before snapping a variety of pictures.

Their wrists were tied behind them again, and a pair of long, thick, double-headed dildos were buried in Hannah's pussy and ass. She was placed on her knees, her face low, bottom high, as Sara was moved into a similar position, and the other ends fed into her pussy and ass. Then they were shoved together. As an added touch, a rope was tied between the ropes binding each girl's wrists, forcing their chests up off the floor, their shoulders back.

Then cords were tied between their nipples.

Moaning, Hannah and Sara started grinding their buttocks together, but that wasn't sufficient for the men, who started slapping bottoms and tugging nipples until they began to thrust in and out against each other, slapping their buttocks together as they rode the two dildos.

It was an evening of dark, nasty, thrilling bondage and lesbian sex, and was definitely the most wild and exciting evening Hannah had ever had. After what

felt like at least six orgasms, though, she was ready to collapse and sleep, only to find herself led into one of the bedrooms by Evan, not Colin.

“Evaaaan,” she moaned. “I'm drained!”

“Then we'll have to fill you up again, you hot blonde slut.”

She was starting to get used to him calling her a slut, yet it rarely failed to send at least a small ripple of heat through her mind and body.

“I'm all fucked out!” she groaned.

The luxurious room had a big, four poster bed, the posts being polished dark wood, easily seven feet high. A long, polished wooden foot-board ran between them, and Evan backed her against it, then tied her wrists to the bedposts, high up, but left the rope very loose as he pulled her forward a bit.

He grinned at her as she attached a pair of suction cups to the dildos still inside her. Apparently they were detachable, and then ordered her to bend way over at the waist. He slapped the suction cups to the outside of the foot-board, then tied her ankles to the base of each post.

“Open wide,” he ordered.

“What is – mpphh!” she gasped as he pushed what looked like a fat cock, a sort of front part of a dildo into her mouth. It was quick thick, but not at all long, and was attached to a leather strap which he pushed around her face and buckled behind her.

The cock thing in her mouth pressed down against her tongue while pressing up against the roof of her mouth, and even as she rolled her eyes down, cross-eyed, as if she could see it and better understand what he'd done, he reached for her breasts, and her nipples began to burn.

She squealed and twisted violently, but her ability to resist was sadly limited, especially as he pulled the cords he had clipped to her nipples down and taped them to the foot-board between her legs. He moved back behind her, drawing taut the ropes bound to her wrists, and as a final touch, took what was unquestionably a large, electric powered Hitachi wand, and jammed the handle in under the mattress in a way which had the round, drum-like head pressed firmly against

her clitoris.

“Night-night, then,” he said. “I’ll go fuck my wife instead.”

He left her, then, closing the door behind as Hannah cursed into the gag, twisting and pulling at the ropes binding her wrists and ankles.

At first she was angry, and irritated, frustrated at Evan's stupidity in not stopping so she could sleep. She was perfectly willing to admit she'd had a wild, exciting time, and wouldn't mind trying more of the same the next morning, but she was simply too tired to get excited any more!

She soon learned otherwise.

The buzzing vibrator jammed up against her could not be ignored, no matter how determined she was, and the more aroused she became the more her determination melted under the rising heat. It was not so very long, though hard to keep track of time, before she was forcing her hips in and back, grinding and rolling and jamming herself against the twin dildos inside her.

The blood had rushed to her head, by then, since it was hanging low, and the world had narrowed to her body, for her hair hung around her head and face like a curtain of gold. She found herself drooling around the cock thing in her mouth as she slapped and ground her buttocks back against the foot-board, riding the dildos, and grinding herself into the vibrator until a wild, intense orgasm rolled her mind.

The way her head was pounding from being upside seemed to make that orgasm even more intense, and left her even more dazed, gasping for air and moaning.

And in exactly the same position.

The strong vibrations against her pussy now were excruciating! But she couldn't do anything about it, and slowly, though not as slowly as she would have thought, the wild, powerful wall of sensation twisted into heat and passion once more, so that she once again jerked in and out, tugging on her nipples and impaling herself against the dildos until another orgasm sent her mind spinning and tumbling.

More orgasms followed, astonishing her. She'd never thought it possible to have

so many! They also drained her, and made her belly ache almost as fiercely as her back, for she was, after all, bent over ninety degrees at the waist.

She found herself sobbing and moaning, crying out in pleasure and heat and yet also despair as her body was flung into one powerful, gut wrenching orgasm after another, light-headed from ragged breaths, dazed and exhausted.

Evan finally returned, pulling her head up by her sweaty, tangled hair, and grinning at her glazed, bloodshot eyes.

“Been having fun while I've been away?” he asked cheerfully. “Well, don't worry. I wouldn't keep you like this all night.”

What he did instead, with Hannah still gagged, and dazed, was to hang her upside down by the ankles to the upper crossbeam, high up between the two foot-posts. Her long, lithe body dropped straight down, her wrists bound together, fingers barely brushing the floor. The dildos were still inside her, but at least the cord had been removed from her nipples.

And that was how she spent the night.

At first she was just glad the vibrator had been removed. She expected to be let down before too very long, but as she hung in place, a haze settled over her exhausted mind, and slowly that haze deepened almost to the point of sleep. At best, however, she achieved more of a state of semi-conscious, nodding half-sleep as the night wore on.

She had breakfast sitting on Colin's lap, his cock stuffed deep in her belly. She still had the dildo in her ass, jammed so high that it was invisible, even while making her ache. Her arms were bound behind her as Colin alternately fondled and caressed her, and fed her, as well as himself. Sara spent breakfast the same way, though impaled on her husband's cock.

Neither of the girls were allowed to ride up and down, much, though, but had to be content to sit there, and feel the fulness inside them, as well as endure the stroking and caressing of sensitive, sore nipples and swollen clits.

After eating, both still aroused, though weary, they were put down on their knees to drink from two bowls of milk on the floor. Hannah was a little fed up, but the arousal was like a drug, or perhaps alcohol, intoxicating her and affecting her

decision making skills. She could see Sara out of the corner of her eyes, right beside her, big breasts pillowed against the floor as she licked at the bowl.

This is nuts, she thought, this is freaky and perverted. The thoughts were a mix of excitement and disapproval, of frustration and heat.

After that, Evan took her to the bathroom to brush her teeth.

“I can brush my own – .”

Crack! His hand slapped her bottom sharply.

“Ow!”

“Don't talk back to your master, slave.”

“You're not my – .”

Crack!

“Ow!”

“Any man is your master,” he said. “Because you're a cock hungry slut, remember. Say it again for me.”

“I'm not – .”

She gasped as her hair was yanked back sharply and she felt her still-sore nipple pinched.

“I'm a cock hungry slut!” she gasped.

They'd had her saying it over and over the other night, usually while she was writhing and moaning in overheated passion. Just saying the words now brought a dark thrill to her hazy mind.

“You need to be gang-banged,” he said, “By maybe ten or twenty men at once.”

The words filled Hannah's mind with shocking heat, rendering her temporarily speechless. They were so... outrageous! So shocking! And, of course, she knew that would never happen. Still, just the mental image which came to her mind

made her pussy burn.

“Whore,” he whispered, nibbling at her earlobe. “Cock loving whore. Tell me you love cock” he whispered into her ear, fingers suddenly rubbing her clit.

“Oohh! Ohh! Please!”

“Tell me.”

“I love cock!” she gasped.

“Again, slut!”

“I love cock! I love cock! I love cock!”

“Master,” he said, pinching her nipple. “Call me master.”

“Master!” she groaned.

He chuckled, then stopped fondling her long enough to brush her teeth.

“Now, you're all sweaty, so I think you need a shower.”

The shower was not unlike the one they'd given Sara the other day. Only now it was Hannah with her wrists bound above her, and someone else's hands sliding teasingly over her naked flesh. And now it was she who was moaning and writhing and grinding her hips against Evan's tongue as he sucked and licked at her burning pussy.

The difference, however, was that he refused to allow her to come. Instead, ignoring her complaints, he dried her off, even brushing out and blow drying her hair, before leading her back into the other room.

There was no sign of Sara and Colin as she looked anxiously around.

“I'm your master for today, slut.”

She groaned. “I'm exhausted!”

“But you can come, I bet.”

She knew that wasn't a bet she wanted to take.

Her wrists were still tied together in front of her as he pulled her down on the sofa and began to kiss and caress her body. It didn't take long before she was writhing and moaning anew.

“Do you want to do something to turn Colin on?” he asked, whispering into her ear. “Do you want to do something that will blow his mind and make his cock explode just from the sight of it?”

She moaned and nodded breathlessly.

“I happen to know one of his deepest, darkest fantasies,” he whispered. “One he's never told you about. He's had it about every woman he's dated since he was young and never told any of them about.”

“Y-yes,” she gasped.

He raised her up, then set her on her knees again, gripping her hair as a handy handle to force her to shuffle forward into the middle of the room on her knees.

“Down,” he ordered.

She moaned, sinking down onto her elbows.

“Extend your arms before you and raise your ass high, then spread your knees wide.”

She obeyed, panting, groaning, then gasping as he slapped her bottom to position her exactly just so.

He then got his video cameras and set it a low stool off to her right, and behind her a little, then got hers and set it on her right and a little in front of her.

“Wh-what are you doing to do?” she gulped excitedly.

“Can you say the word master?”

“You know I can.”

“Say it.”

“Master.”

“Again.”

She swallowed anxiously. “Master.”

“Say fuck me master. I love your black cock.”

She blinked in confusion, and he slapped her bottom.

“Ow! Fuck me master! I-I love your black cock!” she gasped.

“Do you love black cock, Hannah?” he asked.

“Y-Yes!” she gulped.

“Say it, slut.”

“I love black cock!” she gulped.

He knelt behind her, fingering her clit, pumping the dildo in and out of her, then pressing against the base of the other one in her ass. She moaned, rolling her hips helplessly.

“Say it again. Beg me to fuck you with my black cock.”

“Please fuck me, master! I love black cock!” she gasped, eyes closed as she moaned helplessly.

The man who appeared was blacker than black. He was not merely dark skinned. His skin was ebony. He was tall, broad shouldered, and his ebony skin gleamed as her face turned red hot with shocked embarrassment. She started to move but Evan gripped her hair suddenly, jerking her chin down to hold her in place.

“You know you want it, slut,” he purred. “You know you want that black cock! You know you want him to ride you like a whore!”

And she did, God help her! For she'd had fantasies, idle, probably racist fantasies about powerful black man for much of her life, as well. It was, after all, something of a cliché, and a hot, nasty one!

She whimpered as the man pulled his swimsuit off, and Evan let her head rise enough to see him. Her eyes widened and she gasped in a mixture of alarm and helpless heat. His cock was huge! She whimpered as he disappeared behind her, and gasped, a wild sexual shock-wave ripping through her as she felt his big hands on her ass.

This was insane! She couldn't let just some stranger do her! Like this! And yet she remained frozen in place even after Evan withdrew, trembling as the big man's hands ran up and down her body. She was still mortified, speechless with embarrassment, her mind spinning like tires on ice as she tried to decide what she should do.

But the dark sexual hunger swirled around her, and when she felt the dildo pulled slowly back up the hot, moist length of her pussy her trembling became worse. She moaned as the man's big cock pushed against her, and pushed, and pushed, slowly forcing the lips of her sex aching wide before it could push into her.

Her eyes were enormous as she gulped in air, whimpering and moaning and trembling as she felt those big hands on her shoulders, as he leaned into her and his cock slid slowly into her body.

Deep, into her body.

“Oh! Oh God! Oh!” she moaned.

She had never had a cock that big inside her, nor a dildo, nor anything else. She groaned as her insides ached with the fullness. His hands moved along her ribs, then under her to cup her breasts as she felt his hot breath on the back of her neck.

Her insides ached as his cock pushed deeper, and she shuddered as his lips and teeth moved against the nape of her neck.

“Oh! Oh please!” she moaned, heat overwhelming her.

He eased back, and she gasped in pain as he yanked on her hair and slapped her bottom.

“Beg for it, slut,” he ordered in a deep voice.

Crack! His hand slapped against her bottom sharply.

“Beg for it, whore!”

“Please!”

Crack!

“Beg!”

Crack!

“Please fuck me!”

Crack!

“Beg!”

Crack!

“Please fuck me!” she half sobbed.

“Master,” he growled.

“Please fuck me, master!” she moaned.

His cock was already moving, like a log, like a thick log it swelled out inside her, making her whimper and moan, but the heat burned hotter and higher with every stroke.

Crack!

“Beg, slut.”

“Please fuck me!”

Crack!

“Master, slut.”

“Please fuck me, master!” she cried, her hips moving forward and back due to

the tight pressure of his cock within her straining pussy.

She gurgled and moaned as his cock moved faster, churning her insides to a burning froth.

“Tell me you love my black cock, bitch,” he ordered.

Crack!

“I-I love your black cock!” she sobbed.

Crack!

“I love your black cock, master!”

His cock was driving her insane. It hurt, but it hurt so incredibly good! She moaned and dug her nails into the palms of her hands as he thrust harder and faster and deeper, impossibly deeper, forcing every last inch into her aching pussy until his hips could start slapping against her buttocks. She was amazed, and more than a little frightened, wondering how he'd done it, whether he'd torn something inside her!

But she didn't care. The heat was too intense. She began to cry out with every thrust, gasping and moaning and sobbing until the cries turned to a helpless scream of pleasure as her mind was swamped by the intensity of the sensations her orgasm produced.

But in this case the climax was not the end. It was merely the beginning. He kept thrusting, slowing for a short time as his hands raced over her body, pinching, squeezing, stroking, groping, and then his lips were on the side of her throat as his hips worked sensuously in and out, in and out, his big cock impaling her again and again.

The heat rippled through her body, and she shook and trembled as it very quickly set her nervous system aflame once again. It took less time for the next orgasm, and it was even more intense, for as it arrived he closed his arm around her throat, closing off her breathing. It fairly silenced her screams but her head felt like to was going to explode from the pressure!

He turned her over, laying her out, chest heaving, gasping for breath on the floor

as his teeth and lips moved over her breasts and nipples. Then he picked her legs up and drove himself into her again, forcing her ankles back further and further, crushing her beneath his weight, bending her in two.

She grunted and moaned as he pushed her ankles down behind her ears, then his hips began to rise and fall with growing force as she stared up dazedly into his dark eyes, her bottom slammed down by every savage stroke, only to leap back up to meet the next, and the next and the next. Her insides ached hotly, her next orgasm almost threw her into unconsciousness, for it went on and on and on, seeming to have no end as that big cock rammed down into her with a furious, relentless stroke.

* * *

Hannah was barely able to walk afterward, and Evan finally let her lay down to get some sleep. When she woke up she was a little more clear headed, and angry. She put on some clothes and marched out into the outer room. There was no sign of the others, and she scowled, looking around. She went back to the bedroom and found a note from Evan there.

“I plugged the camera into the TV. Tell me that isn't an incredibly erotic video you'll remember for a lifetime,” it said.

“Fuck you, Evan!” she snapped at it, tossing it on the floor.

She went back out front and found the camera and TV. Since they'd already done this to show some beach pictures a couple of days earlier she had no trouble turning it on. She was going to destroy the video, that was for sure, but curiosity made her look at it.

She couldn't destroy it after that.

She stared at it, face flushed, embarrassment making her squirm at first. That embarrassment turned to a raw heat, though, as she watched herself being taken by the powerful black man, watched that enormous cock sliding into her, watched herself reacting, gasping, moaning, and climaxing again and again.

Evan was right. It was the most incredible, passionate, erotic video she'd ever seen. And it was of her! Just looking at it made her still-sore pussy dripping wet, and she had to frantically masturbate as she watched.

Presuming he wasn't angry that another man had fucked her, and given he had arranged with Evan to do so, she had little doubt Colin would come in his pants looking at this video. It would probably inspire their sex life for the next year!

She looked so submissive, so helpless, so fragile as the powerful, muscular man rode her! God, it was hot!

She was still highly pissed at Evan, but there was no way she was going to destroy the video.

When the other three got back from a restaurant, Evan told Colin what he'd done, and the four of them watched it. Within sixty seconds of its start they were all naked, and only Colin's determination to watch it, slack jawed, kept him from doing anything more serious than letting Hannah suck his cock while he watched.

He came in her mouth within thirty seconds, unfortunately. Still, after another couple of minutes of video he was hard again.

* * *

Her work desk was in a large room with a dozen other analysts. It had six computer screens on it to better monitor the stock market, just like the others. She was dressed in a dark blue Armani suit, with lighter blue silk blouse beneath, and mid-length matching skirt as she set her purse down.

“Hannah, you're back at last!” Susan exclaimed from the next desk. “How was Bali!? Spill!”

“Yeah, I've heard its gorgeous, Cheryl said, from just behind her.

“You would not believe how gorgeous it is, and the beaches,” Hannah said, shaking her head.

“I hope you've got pictures!”

Hannah gulped. “Oh yes,” she said. “We took tons of pictures... and videos.”

“Got any for us?”

Not the best ones, she thought with a surge of smug pleasure. God, no one would ever guess at the wild time they'd had in Bali! But she would never forget, and she was sure Colin wouldn't either. The very night they'd returned he'd taken both videos and spliced them together on their computer to produce something which shifted back and forth from the black man's enormous cock pounding into her, to her gasping, wild eyed reaction.

And of course, they'd had sex for hours while it played.

But that wasn't the kind of thing she was going to share at work.

She grinned and pulled out her phone. The girls would love the pictures of sand and surf. Even the ones of their hotel room and its pool. They would never know just how dull they were compared to what else she had.

“Have a look,” she said as she flicked on the first picture of a gorgeous beach scene.

* * * * *

Have praise, suggestions or complaints? writeargus@gmail.com

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