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We were both in our mid-thirties, childless, and kind of in the mood for adventure. Our sex was settled and good, but there was this curiosity for more, for trying things out, for new things.

We had been deliberating for a few days where to go for our next winter vacation and because of the combination of culture, delicious food and diving we had Mexico in mind.

My partner Elli was sifting through hotels and as we were flipping through the shortlist on the screen one evening, I got my eyes and interest stuck on *Temptations Cancun* – the brief description included words like “playground for adults” and “party”. And a couple of beautiful female bodies graced the hotel description. I looked at Elli questioningly.

Elli looked slightly embarrassed, shrugged her shoulder, and said with a bashful smile, “Ideal combination of vacation and try-out, right?” I grinned at her and agreed.

And so it came to pass that we booked ourselves into a swinger resort in Mexico for two weeks at the end of January.

Elli got us a bottle of champagne and two glasses – after we managed all booking stuff on the Internet half an hour later – and 10 minutes later we were falling over each other on our sofa.

Elli can be a mousy person in everyday life, but hell, when she gets going, there’s no stopping her. And – nice for me – when she’s turned on, she does things that a man can have his pure pleasure in.

We booked the flights and a transfer in the next few weeks, got through the Christmas season reasonably unstressed, at work we piled up another mountain of things to do, before we could then allow ourselves two weeks off. During Christmas time, we put off the necessary discussions about what would and wouldn’t go in Mexico (I guess everyone was indulging in their fantasies somehow, and the overtime in mid-January also allowed for a relaxed, deeper discussion. This struck us as we sat on the plane, it felt surreal that it was starting now. The question of what to expect and how to deal with it just stayed unanswered.

We landed half an hour late and somewhat tired as coach class tourists can be. The transfer went smoothly, the nice Mexican driver trying to make small talk whenever possible.

Arriving at the resort, we passed a barrier with security guard and drove around the resort for a good while before the transfer cab let us off at a reception building and the suitcases were handed over to a hotel employee with a cart. Wow, the hotel employees were more than well-built, rather scantily clad – or should say figure-hugging. And very, very cordial.

We were greeted with cocktails and Valentina introduced herself as our “Guest Experience Manager”. She didn’t want to keep us long from our well-deserved relaxation in the room, but briefly went through the resort rules and offers with us. During the day there would be beach, spa and every now and then an animation program, also to get to know other couples. In the evening, dinner is announced, it would be usual that you sit down at tables of six, which would always be occupied a little differently – so you get to know other guests. From 21:30h there are again evening shows under different mottoes.

I let my eyes wander – indeed, the majority of guests were Americans, relatively few couples in their late twenties, early thirties, relatively many couples beyond 45. But I must say: many attractive couples, which reassured me. I looked at Elli: She also looked around, but then it was also time to follow Valentina, who showed us our room.

Our room was a 55sqm apartment and had a jacuzzi in addition to direct pool access via our balcony. The air conditioning had cooled it down to below 70°F, which was certainly nice, but so far from what I consider comfortable: for me, there must be a noticeable connection between outside temperature and room temperature.

Valentina said goodbye with a winking reference to a bowl of condoms and wished us a nice stay.

We got in the shower, threw ourselves on bed in bathrobes, and were asleep within minutes.

The next two days were quite unspectacular, we spent the days on the beach, somewhere between jet-lag and snorkeling and - because we were so out of the usual food rhythm - on the second evening we met a nice couple from England - apparently, they are similar to us: John and Eileen, a good 15 years older than us and not yet an acquaintance we would have invited to our room right away.

By day three, we were already feeling at home and when an animator duo named Rosa and Pedro asked us to get up from our lounge chairs on the beach and join in on one of the afternoon games, we acquiesced.

A group of 16 guests quickly gathered and were divided into two groups, to compete for a prize: The couples were each split up. A DJ put on Reggie and the competition started: the first round had us do a kind of baton race, the men with a banana between their legs, which of course was not allowed to fall off, the women with a raw egg between their breasts, which had to be brought safely to the other end of the racetrack. Amidst much laughter, one or the other went wrong. The second game was a Twister variant and there too there was much laughter at the funny contortions. I watched Elli very closely, of course, because I was interested in how much, or not, she made contact with her teammates. One of her team members was a dark-skinned young Mexican woman with whom she laughed a lot. Their partner, an athletic American, felt a good 10 years older than she was, Jeff was his name.

The next round was a game of undressing the team members of the opposite sex with their hands tied behind their backs - in other words, virtually with their teeth. In the first round it was the men's turn and so I found myself in front of my team partner Roberta from New Jersey, maybe in her early forties, great figure with slightly Italian features. Probably a mafia bride, so I better make a special effort. We made a good team and what suited me just fine: both her bikini top and panties were tied. As soon as I had the ties of her top between my teeth, she turned away from me and not exaggerating: in less than five seconds her small, firm breasts lay exposed. I immediately dropped to my knees in the sand and snapped my teeth at a panty cord on her slender hips. She clearly must have been here for several days, because her skin had the tan of someone who had spent a lot of time on the beach. As soon as I held her drawstring with my teeth, Roberta turned away from me again, the bow coming undone. Her bikini bottom slipped slightly, not much yet, so Roberta quickly turned so I could attend to the bow on her right side. This also worked as practiced and to the jeers of the spectators Roberta stood naked in front of me, jerked her arms up in victory pose and took a step towards me so that kneeling in the sand with her hands tied behind her back I actually had her clean-shaven pussy in my face. It took a brief moment for the crowd of contestants and spectators to become aware of Roberta's cheeky gesture, but sure enough, there was twice more jeering than before. Elli looked over at me and mischievously scolded me with her index finger. Our team clearly won the first round. Now they swapped and Roberta stood in front of me with her hands tied behind her back - still naked. And it was clear that the fact that there were now four naked women with their hands tied in front of all four men in both teams would not make it any easier to pull down the men's swimming trunks. When Pedro, the animator, gave the signal to start, Roberta turned her back to me, grabbed my swim trunks with her hands and spectacularly dropped into a split. My

trunks were down in 3 seconds. My cock jumped out half erect. The pack jeered and Elli put her hands on her hips in played indignation and acted incensed. Roberta sat in the sand in front of me in the splits, turned her face and snapped at my cock.

Before it came to more, however, Rosa freed her from the handcuffs and amid much giggling we went into the next round of play. The men, all naked, sat down on chairs and clamped a half-peeled banana between their legs as best they could. On top of this came a blob of spray cream and now the women had to eat the banana. The difficulty was mainly that hardly any of the men had remained unimpressed by the fair femininity and now permanently tails of the banana to be eaten were in the way. While a lady from our team was somewhat un-ambitious about my banana, I squinted over at Elli - she ate bite after bite, and when the banana of her male sparring partner was eaten, I actually saw her push her lips over his erect member - three, four times before, amid jeers, the opposing team was crowned the winner of this round.

The conclusion of this frivolous animation round took place at the pool bar, where I now also made the acquaintance of Jeff, Roberta's husband. He was the one, because Elli had spoiled before briefly. We toasted to German American friendship and arranged to have dinner.

Dinner was stimulating and there was talk of possibly having four of us in one of the rooms. After Pedro, the chief animator, pointed out the toga party the next evening, we moved to the beach bar and enjoyed one or two more alcoholic drinks. Cheerfully we moved on to Jeff and Roberta's room, Jeff had his cell phone and a Bluetooth speaker blasting a playlist (including Marvin Gaye, 'sexual healing', what else) and Roberta and Elli stripped us giggling. Jeff and I took it in stride, cheering them on of course, and they soon started fiddling with each other as well.

Jeff and I joined in and it turned out to be a steamy evening, fun was had by all.

The next night the toga party was raging, all the guests had white clothes on, the ladies who had prepared wore tiaras or similar empress-style accessories. The gentlemen more or less draped bed sheets. Elli had gotten herself a Cleopatra costume and looked really desirable and distinguished at the same time.

There was dancing, a few trick plays, and two other couples decided to join us for a walk on the beach, which was invited by a torch-lit promenade leading from the party room to the outside. I ordered a bottle of champagne and six glasses from a service worker who was scurrying by - we strolled along the beach talking animatedly and turned back after a few hundred meters. On a jetty with underwater lights, the champagne and glasses were ready on a small table and we toasted to the evening.

During a short pause in the conversation, Elli told us that she now intended to show us how exactly Cleopatra kept the Roman invaders in Egypt in check. She spoke, knelt down and took my stalk out of my pants. While she was giving me a blowjob, she waved the other two men over and told them to do the same. The two ladies enjoyed the view and at the same time enjoyed the champagne. When I was the first to get in Elli's face, one of them put down her champagne glass, came rushing over and pushed every drop of cum from Elli's face into her mouth with her fingers. This was repeated with the other two men and we all complimented Cleopatra on her engaging tactics.

The next day was my birthday and already at the breakfast table there was a little greeting from the hotel in the form of a birthday muffin with a candle. The day itself was quite unspectacular, except that Elli kept being busy and away for a short time.

At dinner with Roberta and Jeff, I ordered a magnum bottle of champagne for our table and of

course we toasted my birthday 3-4 times. Elli let us know that there would be an extra program item at tonight's show that I, as the birthday girl, could look forward to.

Then my birthday, and Elli announced at the table with Roberta and Jeff that there would be something special for the birthday child to see in the evening show. Hoo hoo, of course I was as excited as a whiz. So, after dinner and a little walk on the beach, we joined several other guests in front of the show stage and took our seats in the front row reserved for the birthday boy and entourage.

The show was opened by Rosa and Pedro as the "hosts" of the evening. The first number was a Flashdance-inspired dance and striptease performance by an entertainer named Kathy, apparently an American with Irish roots, redhead type with freckles. Very sexy as cover after cover fell and this beauty - drenched by a shower of water - presented us wide-legged 'bend-over' her magnificent buttocks to the final chord.

The presenter Pedro came on stage, applauded together with the audience, and stood next to Kathy, who remained in said pose. Pedro played with the audience, asking them what to do now with Kathy. "Slap her, slap her" rang out a female voice from the audience-off and several others joined in. Pedro laughed and with more cheers, he slammed his flat hand a few times on Kathy's butt cheeks - which immediately reddened. Kathy let her butt wiggle. Pedro pulled Kathy's butt cheeks apart, giving the audience deep glimpses. "Fuck her, fuck her" were the next shouts, apparently from a man in the audience, and a round of approving applause roared. Pedro nodded, spat into Kathy's cleft and spread his saliva with the back of his hand. He sank first one, then two, and finally three fingers into Kathy's pussy, who announced by wiggling and moaning that she obviously enjoyed this kind of treatment. Pedro continued his performance by massaging Kathy's butt hole with one finger and slowly inserting it before taking a dildo to help and finally making Kathy a two-hole mare. Kathy was driven peu à peu to orgasm on stage and Pedro interacted regularly with the audience to get the next increment confirmed.

In the next show interlude, two firemen stripped and then rescued, virtually naked, a young woman in distress, who thanked them nicely by giving them both a blowjob. Whether it was the choreography of this number or the increasing number of empty cocktail glasses, the horniness in the audience increased and whoever looked closely could already observe numerous 'interactions' under the tables - there were thighs kneaded or stroked over bulges in pants.

Both firemen had placed their load in the face of the beautiful rescued and were artfully applauded.

Now Rosa and Pedro entered the stage again. They let me first as a birthday child high-live. And then mysteriously announced the next number: We would be here in Mexico and in Mexico things are possible that are simply above almost all other countries on the international horniness scale. And so, at the request of my partner Elli, asked to assist on stage, the next show interlude would be for the birthday girl of the evening.

Elli rose, winked at me and murmured to Jeff, Roberta and me, "You'll watch!".

I was as eager as a whip when the curtains fell and Elli, Rosa and Pedro disappeared for a short while. Music started, increasing in tempo. And about 5 minutes later - in the audience the tension and the speculations rose, what would be next - the curtains went up again. Rosa was clamped in a bend-over frame on a turntable of about 10ft diameter. She had her hair braided into two pigtails with red bows tied in and was wearing a red, loose dress. Her hands were fixed, her skirt pulled up, her legs wide, bent over in front and slowly turning. A drum roll started - and Elli entered the stage in a governess outfit in a corset. The audience murmured and it was obvious why: Elli led a German

shepherd on a leash onto the stage, who did two pirouettes right away. Obviously, he was excited.

"Oops", I thought, "Elli must have noticed what websites I was on". Roberta looked at me half reproachfully and hissed "You perverted bastard!". Jeff laughed, gave me a pat on the back and just said "I love it!" - which in turn brought an incredulous look to Roberta's face.

There was a lot of whispering at the other tables, apparently wondering if the show had gone too far. The consensus seemed to be no, as no-one rose to leave the room....

Elli stopped briefly at the microphone stand on her way to Rosa and breathed "Ladies and Gentlemen, this is the story of Little Red Riding Hood and how it really happened... I am from Germany where the Brothers Grimm used to live - I know!" - earning laughter and applause.

She led the German Shepherd to Rosa on the turntable and flicked briefly towards Rosa's bare pussy - the dog immediately started licking her. A marvelous view...the slowly rotating plate allowed everyone to see the scene from different perspectives and I must say that it was as awesome to see Rosa's pussy licked by the dog as her rapt facial expressions.

Elli, Rosa and the dog took their time, the dog was persistent and Rosa's moans got louder. Elli had loosened the leash by now, let the dog continue licking and briefly went to the microphone and breathed: "Ladies and Gentlemen - this dog's name is Lupo, applause for Lupo!" and the audience applauded cheerfully.

"This is to the Ladies - now tell me if Lupo's tongue doesn't add to your husband's capabilities!" "Hell, yeah!" shouts came from some ladies, one even shouted "Take me next!".

Elli laughed and breathed into the mic again, "This is very exclusive, ladies. And Lupo will be busy for a bit." Some regretful "ohhh"s.

While Lupo continued to lick unperturbed and Rosa continued to moan unperturbed, Elli addressed the audience once again: "Gentlemen, I have task for you: Your five fingers are the indicator to let me know how wet your partner's pussy is." Murmurs and laughter.

"You have 30 seconds to find out and indicate. 5 fingers - rivers. No fingers: desert. Ready steady go."

Many men bent to or over their partner and let their hands disappear under the cocktail and beach dresses. Isolated women stood up, pulled up their skirts and wiggled towards their male partners. Hands shot up and of those who came forward had three fingers up or more.

Jeff, too, had his hand disappear under Roberta's dress and then triumphantly held up five fingers.

Elli praised the study efforts, but then said, "I don't believe all of you, you seem biased. I need your table friends to double-check for another 30 seconds. Ready steady go!".

This suited me well, as I had come away empty-handed from the first test without a test object.

I briefly looked at Roberta, who stood up without further ado, pushed up her summer dress - hmmm, she had nothing underneath - and offered herself to me for the exam. Her pussy was already shining and I could only confirm the scale 5. "I am the perverted bastard? You just love it, admit!" She nodded, blushing violently.

With the survey results in hand, the horniness in the audience was very high on the horniness scale.

"Thank you - that was awesome, it seems we have some Grimm friends among us, fairy tales are so inspiring, aren't they?" commented Elli.

"Ladies - I would like to know from you, if I should spice things up and Lupo should actually fuck

her?" Applause and several reinforcing "fuck her, fuck her" shouts.

Elli took the microphone out of the stand, got on the turntable and held the microphone up to Rosa's face, "Rosa?" Rosa gasped, "yes!" "Do you want Lupo to fuck you?"

Rosa whimpered "Yes, fuck me, Lupo!" Elli let the audience know, "At the Temptation Resort, it's all about consent, folks!" and the crowd cheered.

My birthday. And I didn't know at the moment what was more awesome: the dog sex scene with Lupo and Rosa or my partner Elli, who hosted such an awesome show, keeping the audience spellbound and inevitably heading for a mass orgy.

Elli went to the other side of the turntable where Lupo licked as if there was no tomorrow. She gave Rosa three pats on the butt cheeks, Lupo stopped licking and immediately started to get into ramming position. His cock swelled to its full size in no time. Elli put the microphone aside and helped the ramming Lupo hit his target.

Rosa reared up briefly, taking him inside her, and a murmur gives through the audience. Rosa emitted guttural sounds, grunting and panting under the animalistic unbridled force of Lupo's thrusts.

The turntable continued to circle, of course, and the audience watched spellbound as Rosa was virtually nailed. Occasionally women had their hands on their partners' pants and vice versa, but not much went on in the audience because everyone had to watch this "once in a lifetime" show.

Lupo's knot had swollen into Rosa by now and Elli held Lupo's cock up and Rosa's legs wide so everyone could get a good look at the knot in Rosa's pussy.

"Now, she is his bitch," she breathed into the mic, "and he won't let her go until his load is fully unloaded." There was another round of applause right then.

Elli fetched a glass from the edge of the stage and a few minutes later, with increased moaning from Rosa, Lupo's cock popped out of her pussy and a gush of doggy sperm poured into the glass Elli had skillfully held under Rosa's pussy. The audience could not see all of it, unfortunately, because the turntable just stood badly. But when Elli held the glass with visibly much sperm in a winner's pose upwards, there was again much cheering. Rosa's pussy was open like a barn door and indeed Elli briefly let her slender hand disappear inside it ("checking for a friend.")

She then released Rosa, who - leaning on Elli and out of breath - bowed to the audience and received thunderous applause. "Hope you enjoyed your birthday present!" she said nodding to me, and staggered off the stage. I gave a standing ovation, of course.

"There is one last thing to do," Elli said, pointing to the glass of dog sperm. "For future dog sluts, it is mandatory to pass the dog sperm taste test. We can accommodate four ladies her on stage, who will qualify for a dog sitter session with Lupo within the next couple of days - if you manage to qualify. Who is in?"

Whispers, murmurs, laughter and two three hands that went up almost immediately. I nudged Roberta, as in turn gave Jeff a questioning look. "Hey," he whispered, "it's a once-in-a lifetime opportunity!" and so Roberta raised her hand as well, still unsure if it would be good or bad if she was chosen.

I fidgeted a bit so that Elli's attention would be drawn to Roberta, and Elli chose three more ladies and Roberta from the audience, who then came on stage and lined up next to each other, giggling.

Elli asked each one how much she had enjoyed the show and they were all “extremely thrilled.” To prove it, Elli had them turn around and lift their dresses and the obvious and visible excitement of all the ladies was met with great applause.

Elli took the glass of doggie sperm and had each lady take a quick sip. Asked how it tasted, virtually all of them said: better than human, which Elli took as an opportunity to pick up the remnants from the jar with her finger and taste it herself.

They had all earned the dog sitter hour, but sperm comparisons had to be made systematically and not on a whim, so it was time to return to their partners in the audience and compare. The men gave another round of applause as Ellie thus departed from the stage.

While Roberta had already freed Jeff from his pants to “compare”, I hugged Elli and thanked her with a first-class French kiss. She whispered in my ear that she was practically dying of horniness and had also agreed on three dog sitting hours with Pedro and Rosa as a reward for her moderation. She hastily freed me from my pants, peeled off the governess corset, I dropped onto my chair and Elli sat on me with the smacking sound that a wet pussy makes when it takes a hard stalk inside it. All around us was pure party, fucking and sucking, moaning, licking, and squirting.

Now, how should this continue?