Amber's Businss Trip

by [GuyInHose](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=926670&page=submissions)©

Amber was a nurse in a small office in a conservative southern city. Although she had been married for more than five years, she was not happy in her marriage. Her two young children kept her busy when she was not working, and she rarely was alone with her husband.

Amber was about 5'6" and weighed about 120 pounds. She has green eyes and a blinding smile, her long light blonde hair hung well past her shoulders. Many people thought she looked a little like Kirsten Dunst, although she was much prettier...and much sexier.

Amber herself was satisfied with her looks, although she wished her breasts -- 34C, were bigger. Amber thought her most attractive assets were her cute bottom and her long, sexy legs. She always dressed to show off those assets, especially when she went to the beach or laid out by the pool. She had an amazingly large collection of bikinis, almost all string bikinis, and usually bought them a little too small. As a result, they clung to her bottom and the ties showed her legs and sexy hips. The tops showed her cleavage to its best advantage.

Amber had thought about becoming a model when she was in high school, and had even made a little money modeling. The greatest benefit of this experience was working with make-up artists who showed her how to enhance her good looks. Amber learned how to apply make-up in such a way that her eyes seemed to glow and gave her a magnetic look. Also, she realized that her full lips were very sexy when they were enhanced by deep red lipstick. More than once she was embarrassed hearing photographers tell her that men would have such fantasies when they saw her pictures. Although she exuded an all-American girl charm, her piercing eyes and full red lips would make men dream of her lips wrapped around them.

Amber had always found her sex appeal to be helpful. As a new driver, she had escaped a few speeding tickets by smiling at the police officer and letting her skirt ride up a little so he could see her thighs. She realized how much men enjoyed looking at her, and she was happy to let them look.

Sometimes it seemed the only man who wasn't interested in looking at her was her own husband. He had been very attentive when they first met and when they were dating. He was the first man she'd ever slept with -- although it hadn't been sleeping, or even in bed. She had lost her virginity to him in the front seat of his Mustang! When they first were married, the sex was wonderful, but it soon lost its charm.

After many years, she began to realize it had begun to go wrong when he was going to college after they were married. She had a good job and was able to support them both. He began to resent that, it seemed. His hurtful comments became more common. Even when they made love, he became hurtful -- he was very rough, often leaving her in tears and unsatisfied.

Still, she put up with it. She began to believe his hurtful comments. She thought she was fat, ugly, stupid, and unattractive.

Traci disagreed. Traci was a friend she had made after meeting her at a work-related conference. They hit it off right away, and kept in touch. Later, they began to find conferences they could both go to and they'd meet up. They had a lot of fun together.

Actually, they were opposites in many ways. Traci was a nice-looking woman who was very outgoing and seemed to have no trouble getting men. Although Amber was much more attractive, she had not been so lucky. She'd had a few affairs with men she'd worked with and had let a few men pick her up when she was out of town on business, but nothing very meaningful.

Traci seemed to have designs on Amber herself. She often made comments about Ambers looks and about her body. They'd gone on a few trips together, and Traci always suggested they share a room to save money. It seemed that Traci enjoyed watching Amber.

Traci made other suggestions. She enjoyed helping Amber dress and managed to caress Amber breasts when she did it. Since Amber didn't object, Traci went farther. the closest they came to having sex was when they hugged, kissed a little, and rubbed their bare breasts against each other.

Traci did convince Amber to pose in some of her lingerie and let Traci take pictures. Although Amber was more than just a little embarrassed. The pictures were very good though -- Amber looked very sexy in her matching bra, panties, and garter belt with stockings.

It was Traci who fixed Amber up with Steve, the guy in Miami. They were both there for another conference. It seemed that Traci knew guys everywhere.

Amber decided she would have fun on her blind date. She dressed for fun. She wore all black, from her tiny black thong, to a matching low cut black demi bra, black garter belt and black stockings. She topped it off with her little black dress -- not too short, she thought, sleeveless, and low cut enough to show off her breasts. She realized she would have to be a little careful so her stocking tops would not be on display while she sat, but then realized that here cleavage might be enough distraction. She smiled at the thought.

She was a study in contrasts. Her long pale blonde hair hung part way down her back and looked even lighter against the black dress. Her pale skin also looked lighter against the dress. This in turn made her deep red lipstick look even bolder. Her piercing blue eyes sparkled.

Amber knew she looked incredible. This knowledge, as well as the feeling of her dress sliding against her bare bottom, made her feel excited and exciting.

Amber found Steve to be very attractive. He was about six feet tall, and appeared to be in good shape. He was a few years older than Amber. She thought he was Spanish, with his dark good looks, but he was Canadian. Then, she thought her first impression was correct since, after he took her to a Cuban restaurant, he spoke fluent Spanish.

They sat at an outside table, lit by a single candle. It was quite romantic.

Steve ordered for her -- something that made her a little nervous, since she was not familiar with Cuban food. He ordered in Spanish and would not let her look at the menu, which made her even more nervous.

Steve ordered a bottle of wine and Amber had a glass very quickly to ease her nervousness. Although she usually did not drink much, she did not object when Steve refilled her glass. In fact, she immediately began to sip from it.

They sat close together at the small table, with their knees often touching. As they talked while waiting for dinner, Steve reached down and rested his hand on Ambers knee. When she sat, her skirt had ridden up a bit, so the hem of her skirt was almost to mid-thigh. Steve took advantage of this, and began sliding his hand along her nylon covered leg from her knee to the hem of her dress.

Amber had always enjoyed the feel of a man's appreciative hand caressing her hose covered legs. Almost unconsciously, she opened her legs a little to allow better access. After doing so, she looked up and noticed that a man at a nearby table was intently watching Steve's hand. With a mischievous smile, Amber opened her legs thinking to herself that the other man might enjoy seeing her stocking tops -- black against her tanned legs. Even in the dim conditions, she though he might be able to see the contrast.

As Amber watched him, she could see his eyes widen, even in the low light. She made eye contact with him, and he seemed to blush and turned away. She smiled at having caught him, and thought "Gotcha" to herself.

While this was happening, Steve felt her legs open and took it as an invitation to continue caressing her legs. He became more adventurous, and found his fingertips at her stocking tops. The discovery that she was wearing stockings excited him. Amber was watching and loved the expression of surprise on his face. His surprise turned to enjoyment as he let his fingers roam along her stocking top -- sliding them into her stockings and along the garter strap. As his fingertips touched her bare inner thighs, she felt herself beginning to get wet.

As Steve explored her thighs, her skirt slid up to the point where her stocking tops were clearly in view. When the waiter brought dinner, she tried to pull her skirt down, but Steve's strong had stopped her: "Let him see how beautiful you are," Steve said. At that, Steve slid her dress up higher so the garter strap was visible. The waiter certainly noticed this happening. For the rest of the evening, the waiter was very attentive.

When dinner was over, Steve asked the waiter for a dessert suggestion. The waiter smiled and said he knew just the thing. In a few minutes, he returned with a dish that was to die for. It was a frozen coconut ice cream with a rich brownie-like cake on the side. All covered by a drizzle of what appeared to be dark chocolate. The waiter said the sauce was 125-year-old balsamic vinegar, or something like that. Amber was hesitant to try it, but as Steve fed her, she loved it.

The perfect ending to the meal was dark, strong Cuban coffee and 150-proof Gran Marnier. By the time she was done, Amber was feeling as relaxed as she had in a long time, but also very excited.

Steve walked Amber back to her hotel. She was surprised to learn he had a room in the same hotel, which he proved to her by showing her his key. He asked her to come to his room for a nightcap, and was disappointed when she declined. She then smiled and told him she thought her room was better. It was, Amber had charmed the desk clerk for an upgrade and was booked in a top-floor two-room suite with two large windows on the bedroom and sliders in the sitting room that opened to a small terrace overlooking Ocean Drive and Collins Avenue, with a view of the water. Amber had enjoyed sitting on the terrace, sipping coffee and watching the cruise ships leave at night and the cargo ships arrive in the morning.

Steve was thrilled with the idea of visiting Amber in her room. When they got there, he made himself comfortable removing his suit jacket and loosening his tie. Amber had most of a bottle of wine left from before leaving for dinner, so they each had a glass and walked out onto the terrace. Amber was a little nervous when Steve sat on her lounge chair and asked he to come closer. She moved closer and leaned against the rail, looking out over the water.

Steve walked up behind her and lifted her long blonde hair to the side, exposing the back of her neck. He leaned closer, and began to lightly kiss her neck. While kissing her, Steve began to move closer and, all of a sudden, Amber felt his hardness rub against her. The wetness she had felt before returned.

As they stood on the terrace, Amber felt Steve's strong hands exploring her body through her dress. As he kissed and licked her bare shoulders, his hands moved down her sides to her waist, then around to the front and up to her breasts. She moaned as she felt his hands squeeze her breasts through her dress and her lacy bra. She moaned even more when he found her hard nipples and began to squeeze and pull on them through her clothes.

His hands began to explore again, and moved down her sides to her hips. As he caressed her hips, his hands began to slide her dress higher. As her stocking tops came into view, Amber began to wonder if the people on other terraces could see what was happening. Although the room lights were not on, there was some light coming from other rooms and a soft glow bathed the front of the hotel. Amber knew the contrast between her almost white blonde hair and her black dress would be noticeable, and that as her dress slid higher up her thighs, the contrast between the black dress, stockings, and garter belt against her pale skin also would be noticeable.

When Steve's hands began caressing her thighs and stocking tops and his fingers began tracing her garter straps along her legs, she decided she did not care. As his strong hands began to encircle her thighs and move toward the front of her panties, she knew she would not care if anyone saw her. Her only thoughts were of her own pleasure.

Before long, Steve had her skirt above her waist and she heard his gasp when he realized she was wearing a thong. The contrast between her black lingerie and the smooth white skin was striking. She felt his hands caress her bottom and then they moved to her hips again. Suddenly, she felt his hard cock rubbing against her bottom. The rough material of his pants pulled the thong deeper between her cheeks. The sensation was driving her crazy.

Amber knew she could not take much more of the sensation. She told him to stop and turned around. When she did, she saw the disappointment in his eyes. She smiled as her hands moved to the front of his slacks. Wondering if he was as big as she thought, she began rubbing her hands along his hard cock. It certainly seemed to her that it was huge. Still wanting to know, she slowly unzipped his slacks and slid her hand inside. She wrapped her fingers around him and pulled him out.

Now it was her turn to gasp. He was huge, he looked to be ten inches or more. Never having seen a cock this large, Amber could only guess. She was entranced as she dropped to her knees, and wrapped her bright re, full lips around his cock.

Now it was Steve's turn to be surprise. Here he was, outside on the terrace of a large hotel, at night but not in the dark. This incredibly beautiful woman with long blonde hair covering her black dress was sucking his cock with complete abandon. He knew that anyone looking in their direction could see her pale bottom exposed above the black stockings. Before he lost all control, Steve told Amber to wait, then asked her to stand so they could go inside.

Amber stood, but never released her hold on Steve's hard cock. As they walked into the room, she held him and led him inside.

Once inside Amber's room, Steve told her he wanted to look at her first. He stood behind her and lowered the zipper on her dress. As the zipper was lowered, he saw the pale skin of her back, then the back of her little strapless black bra. As the zipper went further, he saw the black garter belt and the thin black waistband of her thong. He could just see the top of the swell of her bottom.

Steve moved his hands back to Amber's shoulders and slide them under her dress. Moving his hands at the same time, he lifted her dress from her shoulders and away from her body. Slowly, seeming almost to be in slow motion, her dress fell to the floor. Steve could only stare.

Still standing behind her, Steve's eyes were drawn to the beautiful sight before him. Amber's long legs sheathed in sheer black stockings; the darker hose with the garters attached framing her upper thighs and hips. The thin garter belt and the waistband of her black thong completed the frame. Her soft, smooth, pale, round bottom was surrounded in black. Steve could not take his eyes from her.

Steve felt like he was in a trance. Finally, he asked Amber to walk around the room so he could look at her. Amber was happy to oblige.

Amber moved fluidly and unselfconsciously. Although there was a light on in the room, Amber did not seem to mind walking in front of the window with its still-open curtains. Steve loved the thought of other men seeing her. As Amber walked, Steve lightly stroked his still hard cock.

Finally, Steve could resist no longer. He called Amber over to him and began caressing her body. He told her to lie on the bed and began caressing her nylon-covered legs, starting at her feet and kissing his way upward. Amber moaned when Steve kissed the backs of her knees. She loved his lips touching her bare skin at her stocking tops, and shivered as his tongue traced her garter straps along the backs of her thighs.

Steve could not control himself when he reached her bottom. Even as she lay on the bed, the swell of her bottom where it joined her thighs was evident. Steve could not resist and began kissing and licking her bottom. Amber had always known that men, and some women, admired her round bottom. Although she enjoyed showing it in her tight bikinis, and had felt more than a few hands caressing it, she had never felt anyone's lips on it.

Amber closed her eyes and enjoyed the soft touch of Steve's lips. His light growth of beard was a rough contrast to his soft lips. As Steve kissed her bottom. Amber moved her leg so her nylon-covered calf touched Steve's hard cock.

Amber's concentration was broken when she felt Steve's fingers begin to trace the thin string of her thong as it went between the cleavage of her bottom. She drew a breath when she felt him lean over and follow his fingertips with his tongue. No one had ever touched her this intimately before. As Steve touched, and licked, and kissed her, she began to get wetter. She moaned and felt herself lifting her bottom to give Steve better access.

Steve wanted Amber to wait; he did not want her to have release just yet. He reached up to her bra and unhooked it. Then he turned her over and removed the bra.

Amber felt a little self-conscious because she always thought her breasts could be bigger. Steve seemed to enjoy them, however, as he kissed them and licked them and sucked on them. He told them he had been waiting all night to see her breasts. She loved when he squeezed her nipples and pulled on them.

Steve began sucking on her breasts again and, as he did so, he slid his hand down across Amber's stomach and finally reached between her legs. He smiled when he felt how wet her thong was.

Steve rubbed his fingertips along the thin material of Amber's thong, and felt the wetness grow. He increased the pressure until he was able to slide the material between her lips. When he did that, Amber moaned loudly. Steve continued the pressure until Amber's lips completely surrounded the thong.

Amber had always kept herself clean-shaven and then had begun undergoing the torture of regular bikini waxing. Luckily, with her fine blonde hair, the upkeep was not too painful. Amber never doubted that it was worth it, though. She loved the bare look and it allowed her to wear smaller bikini bottoms without worrying about anything showing.

Steve obviously loved the look. As his fingers caressed her and her lips became more visible, he was thrilled to see that she was completely bare.

Amber felt like she was drifting on a cloud as Steve continued sucking on her breasts while his fingers played with her lips. After a few minutes, he slid his fingers beneath her thong and began to play with her lips directly. He moved his fingers up and down between her lips, rubbing on her clitoris and sliding them inside her. Amber was in heaven.

Finally, Amber could not hold back. She shocked herself when she yelled at Steve "Fuck me, please!" Steve did not have to be asked twice. He undid his belt and dropped his pants. His cock stood straight up as he stood there. He took Amber by her ankles and pulled her close to the edge of the bed. He lifted her legs up and, as he held her ankles with one hand, he pulled her thong to the side. Then, he rested her ankles on his shoulders and took his hard cock and slid it into her.

Amber did not think she could take it all, but she was so wet, his cock slid right in. Steve held her legs apart and made sure her ankles rested on his shoulders. His hands slid along her nylon-covered legs, caressing them, as he slid his hard cock slowly and deeply into her.

Amber had never felt the way Steve made her feel. She was totally at his mercy. She began to squeeze and pull on her nipples when he told her to. He told her to slide her fingers between her lips and feel his cock, then taste herself. Before long, however, she was lost in the sensations she was feeling. Her long blonde hair was spread out around her head as she grabbed a fistful of the coverlet in each hand. She felt her body begin to react, then the feeling grew until she thought she would explode.

As her orgasm overtook her, Amber yelled -- something she had never done before. Amber could only repeat to herself: "fuck, fuck, fuck." Suddenly, she said out loud: "Fuck me!"

Steve had no intentions of stopping. Judging by Amber's reaction, he thought he was making her feel things she had never felt before. He wanted her to have a fucking she would never forget.

When Amber yelled out, Steve slowed his pumping a bit, but then increased his efforts. As he did so, he continued sliding his hands along her nylon-covered legs, but did not stop when he reached her stocking tops. He followed her garter straps along her thighs until he reached the curve of her bottom and began massaging her.

Steve had pulled the front of Amber's thong to the side to enter her. Now, he slid his fingers under the thin strip of material and began to play with Amber's bottom again. His fingertips moved up and down between her cheeks, as he squeezed and kneaded her bottom. As his fingers moved closer to her bottom, Amber began to squirm and moan. Steve began to lightly touch her and, as he did so, her moans became louder.

Amber had never been so excited. When Steve began to touch her bottom, she knew she wanted to feel him inside her. Her desires were about to come true.

Steve began to rub Amber's bottom with his fingertip, then slowly entered her, first with the tip of his finger, and then more. As Amber accepted his finger, he pushed deeper -- keeping time with his cock as he pumped into her. Her tightness around his finger and her moans told him she was enjoying the sensation and, when he felt her body stiffen, he knew she had reached orgasm again.

Amber had lost track of how many times she came. Her body was bathed in sweat and her long blonde hair was tangled. Her throat was dry from her gasping breath as Steve took control of her body. She had never felt this way.

Steve's cock was buried in Amber and he pushed his finger the final distance. He felt her body tense as another orgasm swept over her. He was not sure he could hold back any longer.

Steve had been admiring Amber's bottom all evening. He decided that he had to have it. He pulled out of her and rolled her over. Reaching down, he took her by her hips and lifted her, at the same time telling her to get on her knees. Amber did as she was told.

As Amber kneeled on the bed, with her face in the covers and her bottom in the air, Steve took a moment to admire the scene in front of him. Amber's long legs, sheathed in black nylons, rose from the bed, with her smooth white skin above the dark stocking tops. The black garter straps ran along the backs of her thighs and framed her soft white bottom. The thong was barely visible.

Steve ran his fingers though Amber's wetness and then spread her juices on the head of his cock. Pulling the thong aside one last time, Steve placed the tip of his cock at Amber's bottom and began applying pressure -- softly at first.

When Amber first felt Steve's cock touch her bottom, she thought it was his fingertip again. When she realized it was his cock, she felt fear, but also excitement. Steve had made her feel things she had never felt before.

As Steve pressed his cock into her, Amber's fear grew. There was no way she could take him. Steve began to push harder, but moved slowly enough that Amber could accept his size with as little discomfort as possible. Still, she found herself biting on the comforter and pulling it with both hands in an attempt to keep from screaming out as he pushed deeper into her.

Steve was overcome with lust as he forced himself deeper into Amber's bottom.She was such a gloriously beautiful woman whose sex appeal could not be denied. Steve had enjoyed being her escort during their night on the town. He had seen the admiring stares from other men, and had been turned on when he knew the other restaurant patron was able to see her legs and more as he looked up Amber's skirt. He had loved the feeling of power when he lifted her skirt on the terrace knowing that others could see, and he had been almost overcome when she took his cock in her mouth before they came inside. Even her little fashion show, where she exhibited her lingerie clad body to anyone who happened to see in the window, had increased Steve's passion. Now, after giving her uncountable orgasms, he finally was going to have her in the most intimate way.

Steve heard Amber's moans and whimpers as he pushed further into her. He saw her fists clenched around the coverlet and, from the sound of her moans, he knew she must be biting it as well. Finally, his full length was inside her.

Steve began thrusting back and forth inside, slowly at first but then more quickly as his passion increased. His grip on her hips increased as he began much more forcefully impaling her. Finally, he erupted. Pulling back and upwards on her hips, he drove his cock deep inside her as he felt wave after wave of pleasure pour over him. With a final moan, he exploded inside her -- filling her with his thick cum.

The mixture of intense pleasure and pain had finally become too much for Amber. She felt Steve's hard cock fill her bottom and heard his loud moan as he came inside her. She felt him pull his still hard cock from her and lower her to the bed. She could not move as she heard him quickly pick up his clothing and walk toward the door. She realized he had not even removed his pants as he fucked her. Amber fell asleep as she heard Steve quietly close the door behind him.

When Amber awoke, she did not know how long she had been asleep, or if she had slept at all. She did know that she had had too much to drink the night before. When she sat up, she realized she would need time to recuperate. At first, she was not sure exactly what had happened. Then, as she realized that she still was wearing only her thong, garter belt and stockings, she began to remember more details. She was sore, but she smiled as she remembered.

Amber decided that she had better clean up. Removing the rest of her lingerie, she walked to the shower and turned on the hot water. As she showered, she became more and more excited thinking about her evening. She touched herself more than usual as she washed her breasts and her bottom.

When she finished showering, Amber decided to get some sun rather than go to the conference that day. She wrapped herself in a big bath towel and walked out onto the terrace. Smiling at the thought of what she had been doing the night before when she was last on the terrace, Amber moved the lounge chair into the sun, laid back, and opened the towel. As she rolled over to lie on her stomach and felt the hot sun on her bottom, Amber felt herself getting wet again. However, before she had a chance to think about it, she fell asleep.

Amber woke up almost an hour later. She realized she was lying outside with her legs spread apart and no clothing on. She blushed as she thought about the show she might be giving anyone who happened to look at her terrace. She was glad her room was on the top floor.

Amber decided that she had better do something, so she got up and, without wrapping the towel around her this time, went back into her room and put on a bathing suit. She laughed as she thought of her plan – rather than just lie around on the terrace, she would go and lie down by the pool.

Amber selected one of her favorite bikinis to wear. It was not at all skimpy, but she loved the way she looked in it. It was white, but covered with large tropical flowers of blue, red, yellow, and green. It was a string bikini, with two triangles of cloth covering her breasts. The triangles were connected with a thin string across the front, strings that tied in the back, and strings that tied behind her neck. The bottom consisted of two triangles in the front and back with long strings that tied at her hips. It was not very revealing, but she thought it was very sexy on her – it showed and concealed just enough to catch the eye of anyone who saw her.

Amber took a beach towel and threw it over her shoulder. Normally, she would wear a cover-up, but she still had a sexy glow from the previous night's activities, and she wanted to be a little daring. She loved the thought of people's eyes watching her as she took the elevator to the pool level.

When Amber got to the pool, the area was almost empty. She decided she would soak in the hot tub for a while – thinking she needed it after last night's exertions. She turned the whirlpool on and climbed in. Sitting at the deep end, the water came to just above her breasts. She leaned back against the head rest and closed her eyes, letting the whirlpool action relax her. Almost falling asleep, Amber heard a voice ask if she would like a cold drink. Assuming it was a waiter from the hotel pool bar, she said she'd like a Long Island Iced Tea with a lot of ice. She did not open her eyes to place her order.

A few minutes later, she heard someone splash into the hot tub and then heard a man's voice say "Here's your iced tea." Looking up, she saw a tall blond man in a bathing suit holding two drinks. Amber realized her mistake – this was not a waiter! Amber laughed and blushed. She apologized and told him she should have looked before she spoke – that she thought she was asked by a waiter. He laughed and handed her one of the drinks saying he hoped it was satisfactory , but it was on the house.

He asked if she minded if he sat with her. She said she did not think she could say no after what just happened. He laughed and sat down.

As they sipped their drinks, they introduced themselves. It turned out his name also was Steve, and he was thirty-two years old.

Amber told him he was sweet to offer her a drink. He said he had been hoping to meet her since he first saw her. Amber was curious, since she did not recall seeing him before.

Steve explained that he had been checking into the hotel late last night when he saw Amber and another man coming into the hotel. He admitted that he felt a strong pang of jealousy, and assumed they were a married couple. He admired her as he checked in and did not give it much more thought for a while.

Amber asked why not "for a while." Steve explained that his room was on an upper floor in one wing of the hotel. After he unpacked, he had taken a beer from the honor bar in his room and had gone out onto his terrace to get some fresh air. As he explained, Amber felt herself go pale.

Steve explained that he had not turned the light on in his room and was standing on his terrace looking around when he noticed the couple from the lobby standing outside. He admitted that his voyeuristic tendencies had increased when he saw them begin to kiss. He apologized, but said he just could not keep from watching.

As Amber felt more and more nervous, Steve explained how beautiful he thought she was and how it was the most erotic scene he had ever witnessed. As he explained, once the action began, he could not tear himself away. Watching her dress being lifted up her legs and exposing her stocking tops and garter belt almost drove him crazy. When she knelt and took his cock in her mouth, he could not resist taking his own cock out and stroking it.

Steve told Amber that he saw her walking around in her lingerie and it was the most beautiful sight he had ever seen. When she was on the bed, he knew he should stop looking but could not.

Amber asked how much he saw. It was Steve's turn to blush when he said he saw everything. When her bottom was being fucked, he lost it. He explained he had never had as explosive an orgasm as that.

Amber began to cry when she heard this. Steve said he was sorry, and had planned on never saying anything or approaching her, but when he saw her "friend" leaving in the morning he realized they were not a married couple. When he saw her going to the pool, especially in that bikini, he knew he would never forgive himself if he did not introduce himself to her.

By this time, Steve was sitting close to her and, when she began to cry, he put his arm around her to comfort her. As he did so, he moved closer to her so their hips were almost touching. The close contact caused Amber to stop crying, and she said she had better leave.

Steve took his arm from around her shoulder and suggested she stay for a while. As he moved his arm, he put his hand next to his leg, between himself and Amber. Unfortunately, when he did so, his hand rested on the end of the string that tied Amber's bikini bottom together. When she stood up to leave, he accidently untied her bikini on that side.

At first, Amber was not aware of what had happened. She learned quickly, however, as her bikini bottom opened and began to fall down as she stood up. Steve was treated to a close up view of what he had seen from a distance the night before. His suspicion was confirmed as well – he noted with pleasure that Amber was shaved or waxed. In either case, she was as bare as a little girl.

When Amber realized what had happened, she screamed and sat down quickly. She started crying again. In her hurry to sit down, however, she almost sat on Steve's lap. When she tried to steady herself, her hand accidently landed in his lap. When this happened, she felt how hard he was. In spite of herself, her hand lingered and she felt herself lightly squeeze him.

By now, the ridiculousness of the whole situation, as well as the Long Island Iced Tea she had finished, started Amber laughing. Before she knew it, the tears running down her face were tears of laughter.

As she laughed, Amber decided that Steve would not mind if she explored his lap a little more. Now, she intentionally reached over and took hold of his hard cock. Steve, of course did not complain.

Steve did think he should at least make an effort to let Amber leave if that was her intention. He told her that he thought she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen and would love to spend time with her, but if she wanted to leave and be alone in her room he would understand.

As Amber sat there silently, Steve told her that before she left, she had better take care of the tie on her bikini bottom. Almost as soon as the words were out of his mouth, Amber had left his lap and she moved around a bit with both hands underwater. Steve looked disappointed and said he guessed she was leaving.

Amber smiled at Steve and said she probably should not leave now. When Steve merely looked confused, she lifted her hand out of the water and handed her bikini bottom to him. As she did so, she said she had taken his advice and taken care of the tie on her bikini.

At that, Amber moved closer to Steve and put her hand back on his cock...which was even harder now. As she did so, Steve moved his hand between her legs and slowly slid it up to touch her. She opened her legs to make it easier for him, and moaned as his finger spread her lips and touched her.

Telling Steve that it was a good thing the whirlpool made so many bubbles, she reached into his bathing suit and wrapped her hand around his rock-hard cock. Then, to her own surprise as well as to Steve's, she pulled his cock out of his bathing suit.

Amber threw caution to the wind and moved over and sat on Steve's lap. She sat with his cock between her legs, but not inside. Just as she moved forward so the length of his cock was against, and then between, her lips, two men in bathing suits and carrying two beers each walked up to the whirlpool and asked if Amber and Steve minded if they join them. Amber said it was no problem, but asked if they would reset the timer on the whirlpool because she would hate for the bubbles to stop before she was done. They laughed and did as she asked.

The two men stepped into the whirlpool and sat across from Amber and Steve. With bubbles and the depth of the water, they could not see below the top of Amber's bikini top. They were in no mood to complain, however, because as the bubbles sloshed the water around, it occasionally was low enough that they could see the curve of her breasts and her cleavage.

Unbeknownst to the two men, a lot was going on beneath the water where they could not see. Amber had parted her lips and was sliding gently up and down along the length of Steve's cock. Steve, she thought, was at least as big as the other Steve, because he extended above her thighs far enough that she could wrap her hand around him. As they sat there in front of the other two men, Amber casually stroked him.

Steve was sitting with his eyes closed, leaning against the side of the whirlpool. He was not saying much, mainly trying to keep from losing control. Amber was much more alert, chattering away with a smile on her face as she sat on his lap. Knowing that the other two men probably were listening, Amber tried to tease Steve verbally while not letting on what was happening.

Amber asked Steve if he really liked the show last night and when he said of course he did, she asked what part he had liked the best. All the while, Amber was rubbing against his cock and stroking him. Steve could hardly speak, but was finally able to say "the ending."

Amber said maybe they could go again, and get closer this time. She said she'd like to try this little restaurant she saw. Maybe I can wear my little black dress, since you liked it so much. At this, Steve just smiled.

By now, the two other men had had a few beers and were becoming very interested in watching Amber and Steve – mostly watching Amber, actually. Steve was a little worried about putting on a show, and also worried that the rubbing and stroking Amber was doing was going to have an effect on him before too long. He suggested that they had better get back to their rooms and get cleaned up.

Steve acted like he was going to stand up and Amber almost screamed. He laughed and sat down quickly. Amber tried to put her bikini bottom on without being noticed. When Steve saw she was having some difficulty, he slid his hands under the water to help. When he did so, he took advantage of the opportunity to get a little revenge on Amber for what she had been doing to him.

Steve moved his hand between her legs and spread her lips. He slid his finger between her lips and inside her. All the while, he was talking to her about dinner plans. He slid his finger in and out a few times and then removed it. When he did so, Amber seemed to relax a little. Then, he slid his hand between her legs and slid his index finger inside her bottom. Amber was shocked at first, but as she relaxed she remembered the events of the previous night and began to get excited. She smiled when she thought that only a few days ago no one had touched her like this and now two different men – who she had just met, had done this. Amber never would have thought this would happen, or that she would enjoy it as much as she did.

Steve finally removed his finger from Amber's bottom and tied her bikini bottom. Amber stood up slowly, giving the other two men an opportunity to view her body as she rose from the water. She smiled at them as she walked up the steps from the whirlpool and then, stopping at the pool deck, she slid her fingers under the bikini bottom as if to straighten it, knowing she was giving them a little something to think about.

As Amber and Steve walked away from the whirlpool, Steve asked if she really would like to go to dinner. Amber agreed readily. Steve took her hand and turned her to face him. With a very serious look, Steve told her that he was not expecting anything, that the dinner was "no strings attached." He explained that he planned to enjoy an evening out with the most beautiful woman he had ever met. Hearing this, Amber moved closer to him, stood on her toes, and kissed him.

When Amber returned to her room, she decided she would nap for a few hours before dinner. Before she slept, she decided to send her black dress from the night before to be dry cleaned, so she called the concierge and in a few minutes a bellman came and took the dress after promising it would be back in no more than three hours. Amber noticed his appreciative looks at her, still in her string bikini which, because it was still damp from the whirlpool, clung to her body.

After the bellman left, Amber to take a shower before she napped. While in the shower, she shaved her long legs and inspected herself to make sure her recent bikini wax still looked good. Based on the attention she had received from the two Steve's, Amber decided that the cost and discomfort of the bikini wax had been well worth the investment. Finishing her shower and drying herself off, Amber walked naked to her bedroom, set the alarm, and laid down for a nap.

The knock on the door woke Amber. It took her a few seconds to remember where she was. A second knock made her realize that she had been sleeping soundly. Still nude from her nap, Amber walked toward the door then, realizing she was nude, she stopped and slipped into the large t-shirt she often wore as a cover-up at the pool.

As she walked to the door, Amber's breasts swayed back and forth in the t-shirt. The rubbing of the fabric against her nipples resulted in her nipples hardening and, by the time she reached the door, her nipples were quite visible through the thin fabric of the t-shirt. Checking to make sure it was the bellman with her dress, Amber opened the door.

Taking the dress, Amber realized she should give the bellman a tip. Asking him to wait a minute, she walked over to the chair where she had set her purse. She leaned over to reach into her purse for her wallet and, in doing so, she caused the hem of the t-shirt to rise up along her thighs until her bottom was partially exposed.

The young bellman appreciated the sight before him. He had watched with great anticipation as the t-shirt rose, and now he watched closely as Amber's bottom came into view. Although he did not see much more than the curve of her bottom, he was glad that he had volunteered to deliver the dress.

Amber looked at the clock and realized she had to get ready for dinner. She removed the t-shirt and walked into the bath to put on makeup. She decided to brush her long blonde hair and wondered how she should wear it that night. As she brushed, she decided she would wear it long and parted in the middle so it would hang down her back and over her shoulders too. She decided to wear minimal make-up, but deep red lipstick.

Amber always thought she looked so "innocent" with her long straight blonde hair, minimal make-up, and dark red lips. She laughed as she thought that looks can be deceiving. She felt anything but innocent after the events of the last two days. She shivered with delight as she thought about the things she had let these two men do to her. She smiled as she thought of what might happen that night. This certainly had turned out to be an exciting trip.

As Amber dressed, she thought of Steve's comment that the dinner would be "no strings attached." Although a lot had happened in the hot tub that afternoon, Amber believed that Steve meant what he had said and thought it was very sweet. She realized that she soon would be returning to her quiet life at home and thought she would like some excitement on what likely would be her last night on the town. She also thought of Steve's cock and knew she wanted to enjoy it a lot more than she had that afternoon.

With those thoughts running through her mind, Amber began to dress. Since Steve had enjoyed seeing her in her lingerie last night, she thought she would wear similar things. She took another pair of black stockings from her suitcase and got the black garter belt she had worn the night before from the shower rack where it had been hanging after she washed it that morning. She had washed it planning to pack it for her trip home – little did she know at the time she would be wearing it again just one night later.

Amber slid the sheer hose up her legs and attached the garter clips. Wanting every aspect of her look to be perfect, Amber stood in front of the mirror and looked at herself. The black garter belt, straps, and black stocking tops framed her smooth round bottom quite nicely, she thought. She blushed as she considered how much it had been explored in the last day or so.

Amber turned to face the mirror and readjusted the garter straps to they were evenly spaced along her thighs. She spent a few minutes admiring herself, and thought again that the pain of the bikini wax was well worth the price. Although her hair was so blonde as to be almost invisible there, she loved the look of being perfectly smooth. Knowing her lips were bare often excited her when she least expected it. She particularly loved to feel the fabric of her panties or other clothing rubbing her there.

Amber took out her tiniest black thong and slid it up her legs over her stockings and the garter straps. It barely covered her in front and provided little coverage in back. Amber thought it was almost indecent when she bought it and she thought it looked more than a little slutty the one time she had worn it. She laughed to herself and thought that slutty was exactly the mood she was in and the image she decided to portray that night.

The phrase "high class hooker" came to mind as Amber looked at herself in the mirror. She liked that. As she was about to turn from the mirror, she had a naughty thought and, sliding her fingers below the garter belt, she spread her lips and allowed the silky material of the thong to slide between her lips. The sensation was fantastic as Amber pulled the thong tighter. She decided that slutty was exactly the way she felt.

She applied a minimal amount of makeup, just enough to highlight her green eyes. She took out her favorite deep red lipstick and applied that as well. She also applied small amounts of her favorite perfume at several sensitive spots. Almost as an afterthought, she gave herself a light spray just above her thong and below the garter belt.

Amber took the flimsy strapless bra that matched her thong but, as she began to put it on, she thought she would go without that night. She realized her somewhat low cut dress would offer some danger of exposure, but thought it would be fun to be a tease. She slid her dress over her head and wriggled a little to help slide down her body. She zipped it and then adjusted it so the thin spaghetti straps rested above her shoulders. She put a black choker on and, after brushing her long blonde hair one last time, decided she would tie it back. She found a black silk ribbon and, after throwing her long hair forward as she bent from the waist, she gathered it up and tied the ribbon around it. Standing and looking over her shoulder in the mirror, she decided she liked the look. The black ribbon contrasted nicely with her blonde hair and gave her a flirtatious look. Tying her hair back gave a much better view of her shoulders and neck.

Realizing that she was running late. She grabbed her clutch and put her room key in it along with some cash. Grateful that it was going to be a warm evening, she left her wrap and walked from her room to the elevator. She looked fantastic, she thought, and smiled broadly. The reaction she received from the couple in the elevator when the door opened confirmed her opinion. The man stared and almost gasped, the woman reached over and pulled on his arm to get his attention back to her. Amber just said "good evening" and smiled again.

When Amber left the elevator and walked into the lobby, she saw Steve. She had not expecting to see him yet, since she had come down a little early. She was impressed that he had arrived early so she would not have to wait.

He rose from his chair as she walked across the lobby. She enjoyed the look on his face. Seeing his reaction, she knew she had chosen just the right outfit. She knew she looked good, but Steve's reaction convinced her she looked great. When he saw her he did an actual double-take, and his mouth hung open. She asked if she looked okay and, as she did so, she spun around. Spinning caused her skirt to lift a bit, and she hoped he could see her stocking tops. As Steve stood there looking, Amber walked up to him and gave him a very deep kiss. She slid her tongue into his mouth and teased his. She pressed herself against him, hoping he could feel her breasts against his chest.

When she finally broke the embrace, all he could say was "wow!" She pulled him close again and whispered in his ear, "I am going home tomorrow, and I wanted my last night to be one I'll remember." Steve replied, "I'll do my best to see that your wish comes true."

As they walked from the hotel, Amber put her arm around Steve and pulled him close. As she did so, her breast rubbed against his arm. She heard him moan softly as she rubbed against him.

When they got outside, they noticed that the breeze had picked up. Steve suggested they take a cab to the restaurant, even though it was only a few blocks. As they waited for a cab, Amber could feel the breeze blowing her skirt. She hoped that made it possible for people to see her stocking tops. Steve was a perfect gentleman as he opened the cab door to allow Amber to enter. She knew he got a good view of her stocking tops as she entered and, when she saw where the driver was looking, she knew he had gotten an eyeful as well.

Remembering her earlier thoughts about being slutty, Amber smiled to herself and decided to act on her thoughts. Leaning slightly forward as if to sit more comfortably, Amber slid her skirt higher up her thighs and then spread he legs slightly. She was certain the cab driver noticed, because he adjusted his rear view mirror so he had a view of the back seat area. Amber hoped that the contrast between her pale skin and the black stocking tops and garter straps would be noticeable.

She hoped she had given him a nice view. When they arrived at the restaurant, Steve got out of the cab on his side and walked around to open Amber's door. As he walked, Amber spoke to the driver to thank him and to get his attention. When he turned around to speak to her, she slid her skirt higher up her thighs and then, when she was certain he was looking, she lifted her skirt to show him her tiny black thong. Judging by his gasp, she was certain he had seen everything. She held her skirt up until Steve pulled on the door handle to open her door, then gave the driver a broad smile. As Steve took her hand to help her from the cab, Amber stopped with one foot outside the cab and one inside and turned to say thank you again. As she did so, she knew she was giving him one last look under her skirt. When she looked up at Steve, she could tell by his smile that he had seen quite a bit as well.

The restaurant Steve had selected was amazing. It was small, but did not seem crowded. The tables were spread throughout the space, giving the illusion of privacy. Steve and Amber were led to on of the few banquettes placed along the walls. Amber slid in on the upholstered bench, her skirt sliding up slightly as she did so. She noticed that a few of the male patrons in the restaurant who had watched her walk in also paid close attention as she sat down. Steve started to sit in the chair opposite Amber at the table, but she suggested they sit together on the bench. Steve was happy to oblige.

The dinner was wonderful. Amber had a small filet and Steve had a filet as well, although his was a much larger portion. They chatted happily during dinner, and Amber took advantage of their seating positions to press her leg against Steve's. Several times during dinner, she leaned against him and placed her head on his shoulder. On more than a few occasions, she placed her hand on his thigh and, although not being too forward in the restaurant, Amber could feel his erection as her fingertips lightly caressed his thigh.

The thought of Steve's erection excited Amber. She was aware of the thin material of her thong still pulled tightly between her lips and, as the meal progressed, se felt herself getting wet. After they had ordered dessert, but while they were waiting for it to be served, Amber excused herself to go to the ladies room. While there, she slid her thong down her legs over her garter straps and hose, and stepped out of it. Slipping the moist thong into her clutch, she returned to the table just as the waiter arrived with their desserts. While the waiter was setting their dessert plates on the table, Amber told Steve she had something for him. When he turned to look at her with a bit of a surprised look on his face, Amber opened her clutch and removed her thong. She took Steve's hand, opened it, and placed her still damp thong in the palm of his hand. Then, she lifted his hand to his face so he could breathe in her scent. The waiter, who was aware of what she had given to Steve simply smiled.

Steve was aroused by the thought of Amber sitting next to him with nothing on under her short black dress except her stockings and garter belt. He leaned over and gently kissed Amber's neck, then whispered in her ear "I want you more than any woman I've ever known." Amber blushed, then smiled and simply said "I'm yours."

Dessert and coffee was a blur. All either could think about was returning to the hotel. After Steve paid the check, they slid out off the bench as they prepared to leave. As she slid over, Amber realized that her skirt had ridden up and, as she moved over, she might have shown her nakedness to others. Thinking of her desire to be slutty, she simply smiled and told herself she hoped at least a few of the other patrons got a thrill. The looks of a few male patrons led her to believe they had.

As they left the restaurant, Steve got a cab for the ride back to the hotel. Still the perfect gentleman, Steve held the door for Amber and was rewarded with a view of her stocking tops and garter straps as she slid into the cab. As soon as Steve entered and sat, Amber pulled him close and took his hand, placing it on her thigh. Steve sighed and, when he let his hand rest where Amber placed it, she took him by the wrist and moved his hand along her thigh. "I want you to feel how wet I am," she told him. She said it loudly enough that the driver could hear and he glanced back over his shoulder just in time to see Steve's hand slide under Amber's dress and spread her lips.

Steve moaned audibly when he felt Amber's hot, wet sex. "Taste me," Amber said. Steve moved his fingers so they were covered with Amber's juices and then raised his hand to his mouth and licked his fingers clean. "Do I taste good," Amber asked.

Rather than answer verbally, Steve slid his fingers back into Amber and then raised them to her mouth. Amber licked and sucked Steve's fingers and, as she did so, reached to his thigh and found his hard cock. As she continued to suck Steve's fingers, she gently stroked him though his slacks. Feeling Steve tense, she stopped. She did not want his first orgasm to go to waste in the cab.

After what seemed like and endless ride, the cab finally arrived at the hotel. Steve asked if he might come up to her room. Amber simply told him. He had better.

The elevators ride also seemed endless. Luckily, there were no other passengers. Throwing caution to the wind, Amber reached down and found Steve's zipper. She slid it down and reached in, finding his erection. Steve started to caution her when she puled his hardness from his pants and, leaning over, took it in her mouth. Steve moaned, but then said that there often were security cameras in these elevators. Amber took Steve from her mouth and simply said "I hope so."

When they felt the elevator begin to slow, Amber reluctantly put Steve back in his slacks and zipped him up. She had a glow that Steve had not seen before when she smiled at him as the door opened.

Leading Steve by the hand, Amber led him to her room and opened the door. She pulled him into her room and wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him to her. She kissed him deeply and passionately.

Amber told Steve she had to return home the next day, but wanted to have a night she would never forget. She told him she was going to be his slut, and there was nothing he would ask of her that she would refuse to do. "There is one thing I would like though," she said.

Steve said he would do anything. Amber blushed and said she wanted to do with Steve what he had watched her doing the other night. "I hope someone else can enjoy watching me as much as you did," she said. Steve agreed in a second.

Amber took Steve by the hand and led him out onto the terrace where he had seen her the other night. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him deeply....all the while pressing against his hard cock, which was getting harder by the minute. Amber could not resist, and reached down with one hand and stroked his cock through his slacks. Steve moaned and caressed the bare skin of Amber's shoulders and back.

Amber was not content to have layers of clothing between Steve's cock and her hand. She undid his zipper and reached into his slacks, finding his hard cock. She pulled him out and continued to stroke him. When Steve began slowly moving his hips back and forth in time with her movements, Amber realized that she was getting as turned on as Steve was. She felt herself getting wet and thought she could feel her juices starting to run down her thigh.

Amber loved the feel of Steve's hard cock sliding in and out of her mouth. She moved her lips up and down its length and ran her tongue around it. While she sucked him, she also stroked him and caressed and squeezed his balls. From the sound of his moaning and his heavy breathing, Amber knew Steve was having a wonderful time.

Steve reached down and put his hands on the back of Amber's head and she knew he was close to exploding. The thought caused her to work even harder. Before she knew it, he began to pulse and shoot his cum into her mouth, forcing his cock deeper into her mouth as he did so. She loved the way he was thrusting into her mouth and the heat of his cum as he spasmed over and over again.

Amber continued to suck him and did her best to keep up, but she was not able to swallow it all. She felt a large dollop of cum slide from between her lips. It ran down her chin and she felt it drop onto her chest. She loved the way it felt as it rolled between her breasts and out of sight under her dress and hoped it would find its way inside her.

After what seemed like half an hour, Steve finally stopped cumming in Amber's mouth. He was breathing hard and he had to hold onto the balcony railing to keep from falling. He looked down at Amber who was still holding his cock and licking the tip. "That was amazing," Steve told her. Smiling her angelic smile, Amber told him she hoped he was ready for an exciting night.

Amber got to her feet, still holding Steve's cock in her hand. Reaching for his neck with her other hand, she pulled him close and kissed him. The taste of Amber's lipstick combined with the salty flavor of his semen was very erotic and Steve felt himself becoming more excited the longer they kissed.

Steve could not keep his hands from caressing Amber's face as they kissed. He reached behind her and found the black ribbon she had put in her hair. Untying it, he allowed her long blonde hair to fall across her shoulders and her back. Running his fingers through her hair, he also was able to caress her back and shoulders. As he did so, he pulled her close and kissed her with even more passion – sliding his tongue into her mouth and tasting his cum.

As Steve's hands roamed over Amber's back and shoulders, he felt the zipper on her dress. He took hold of the tab of the zipper and slowly pulled it lower over Amber's back. He expected her to protest, but she responded by kissing him harder and squeezing his cock. Steve continued pulling the zipper down until it reached the bottom of the track. The two sides of her dress opened, and Steve ran his hands along her spine from Amber's neck to the cleft of her bottom below the garter belt. Having removed her thong in the restaurant, there was no obstruction as Steve slid his fingertips between the cheeks of Amber's bottom. As he explored, Steve could hear Amber's moans.

As Steve caressed Amber's bottom and slid his finger between her cheeks, Amber thought again how she had never been touched like this before her trip and now two different men had such intimate knowledge of her. Just as she thought this, she felt the tip of Steve's finger probing her bottom. She stroked his cock as she felt his finger enter her and she pushed her bottom against him as his finger entered her. She moaned with excitement and felt her knees grow weak as Steve slid his finger inside her.

Steve removed his finger, much to Amber's disappointment. As she continued stroking him, he slid his hands up along her spine and up to her shoulders and her neck where he continued to massage her. As he did so, his fingers slid under the straps of her dress and pushed them from her shoulders. As the straps slid down her upper arms, her dress – unzipped all the way down her back , began to slide down as well. For a moment, it seemed the only things holding her dress up being her prominent nipples. Smiling at Steve, Amber shrugged her shoulders which caused her breasts to jiggle and the dress fell, stopping at her waist. Amber laughed softly as she imagined what she looked like, standing on her balcony, naked to the waist, stroking Steve's ever-hardening cock. Thinking that Steve had been watching her last night, she wondered if there were any other spectators on this night.

Amber realized that her dress was held up only by the thin straps which now were at her wrists. This thought joined with several others – including her curiosity about others seeing her, her desire to be slutty tonight, and the fact that she was returning home the next day – and, as a result, Amber let the straps slide over her hands as she briefly released Steve's cock. When she did this, her dress fell to her ankles and Amber was standing on her balcony wearing only her black garter belt and black stockings. Steve merely said "oh my God," and Amber blushed, thinking to herself that she actually hoped someone was watching.

Steve's hands moved from Amber's shoulders to her breasts. He began caressing them gently but became more forcefully as Amber responded to his touch. It seemed the more he squeezed her breasts and nipples, the harder she stroked him. He seized each of her nipples with two fingers and squeezed them as hard as he could and pulled on them. As he did so, Amber moaned loudly and threw her head back with her eyes closed. The look on her face was one of pure lust.

Steve loved Amber's breasts. Although not the largest he had encountered, they were nicely shaped. Her nipples were slightly above the front of her breasts, so they seemed to point upwards. Steve liked this because he felt Amber's nipples were just begging to be pulled and he pulled them in an upward direction. He almost felt he could lift her from the ground as he pulled Amber's nipples and watched them stretch by almost a half inch. Amber's moans showed how much she enjoyed what Steve was doing to her.

Amber was on her toes for a reason of her own. As Steve pulled on her nipples, she was raising onto her toes and as her thighs rubbed together, she felt the dampness there – dampness she knew had started inside her. Standing almost completely nude, almost in public, holding Steve's hard cock in her hands made her feel like a wanton slut. She knew she was a wanton slut at this point.

Amber also knew she wanted Steve's cock inside her. As Steve pulled on her nipples, she tried to raise herself high enough on her toes to put his cock inside her. She could not quite get herself arranged correctly.

"I want you to fuck me," Amber almost whimpered to Steve, "I need your cock inside me." "Should we go inside?" Steve asked. "No!" said Amber forcefully. "I want you inside me right here, right now – lift me up!"

Steve gave Amber's nipples one last pinch which elicited a loud moan from her – almost a scream, in fact. He slid his hands around to her sides and under her arms and, in one motion lifted her. Amber was surprised at how easily Steve was able to lift her. Steve was amazed at how quickly Amber was able to slide his cock inside her.

Steve had barely stopped lifting Amber when she has the head of his cock sliding between her lips. Amber was clean shaven, which Steve found very erotic. He loved the way she seemed to be teasing herself with the head of his cock, rubbing it between the tight lips. As she rubbed, her breathing became more ragged. The more she rubbed, the wetter she became.

Steve enjoyed watching Amber play with his cock between her lips, but he wanted more. He quickly lowered Amber while thrusting upward with his hips and was able to slide the full length of his cock deep into Amber. Steve was amazed at how hot, wet, and tight Amber was as he pushed his cock deep inside her.

Amber was taken by surprise. As Steve thrust deep inside her, she screamed – loud. With her head thrown back in ecstacy, she forced herself against Steve and wrapped her legs around his waist. She felt his cock deep inside her and she loved it. She could not believe how she felt. All of a sudden she screamed again, this time as she was overtaken by the most amazing orgasm she had ever felt. She wanted it to go on forever.

Steve was overcome as Amber screamed again. As she forced herself down farther onto his cock, he felt himself get even harder. Matching hr thrust for thrust, he pushed himself as far into her as he could, all the while watching the looks of passion that passed over her face. He was surprised that he could hold her up this long, but he enjoyed watching his cock slide in and out between her lips as he fucked her.

He knew he could not hold off much longer and wit a forceful thrust deep inside, he began to cum. He felt himself shooting load after load into Amber and, by her moans, he knew she was cumming too. He thought he would never stop.

When Steve and Amber returned from their erotic trance, Steve lifted hr up and slid his cock from inside her. When he set her down on the floor, Amber could hardly stand. Steve did not mind when she knelt down again in front of him.

At first, Amber knelt because she did not think her legs would hold her up. When she was on her knees, though, she noticed Steve's still hard cock right in front of her. It glistened with a combination of Steve's cum and her own juices. She could not resist, and began licking it clean.

Often, when Amber made herself cum, she tasted the sweet juices on her fingers. She also had tasted the cum of the men whose cocks she had sucked. This was a first, though. She had never tasted this combination and she made the most of her opportunity, sucking and licking Steve's cock until it was clean. As she cleaned him, she could not resist sliding her fingers between her lips for another taste.

Finally, Amber had cleaned Steve and also felt as if her legs would hold her if she stood. She did, and threw her arms around Steve's neck and kissed him deeply. "That was the most amazing fuck I ever had," she said with a smile. "Better than last night,"Steve asked.

All of a sudden, Amber laughed. Here she was, standing almost naked on her balcony having just been fucked by a man who had watched her the night before. "I wonder who is watching me tonight," she asked herself. Smiling, she slowly walked to the far end of the balcony and stood there, hoping someone was watching and hoping he enjoyed the view.

Steve had enjoyed the view as she walked away from him. Her long blonde hair hanging to the middle of her back, the slim waist surrounded by the black garter belt, the swell of her hips frame by the black straps of the garters holding the sheer black stockings. And that bottom! So beautiful and smooth and round. He wanted it.

Steve walked behind Amber and caressed her bottom. As he played with her garter straps, his cock began to become harder again. He began to rub the head of his cock between Amber's cheeks. He loved the way it felt, and he loved the way Amber was rubbing her bottom against him.

Amber was leaning over the railing of the balcony, with her breasts resting on her crossed arms. Steve took hold of her hip bones and began to lift her. At first, she was able to stand on her toes, but he kept lifting until her feet were off the ground. Amber then felt the probing head of Steve's cock and she began to feel nervous, but excited at the same time.

Amber knew what was going to happen. She had never had any sexual contact with her bottom and now, over the last two days, two men had entered her – one with his cock and one with his fingers. Now, she was going to have a second cock inside her.

Steve lifted Amber until he had her in an accessible position. As he positioned his hard cock at the tight entry to Amber's bottom, Steve remembered how excited he had been the night before watching Amber with her date. He wondered if there was some lucky person watching him tonight. He hoped so.

As tempting was the thought of just pushing far into Amber's bottom, Steve knew he had to go slowly. He pressed the head of his thick cock against Amber's bottom and heard her gasp as he pushed inside her. At first, he thought he had hurt her, but then he felt her wiggling her bottom and heard her softly moan. Then she said "oh God, yes." That was all he needed to know. He slowly but forcefully pushed his cock into Amber until he was completely buried in her sexy ass.

Steve began to slide in and out of Amber's bottom. The more he did so the more she squirmed and moaned. He felt as if he was getting harder as he pushed into her. As he continued, he became more and more forceful.

Amber was as turned on as she ever had been. She did not care if anyone was watching. All she cared about was the growing excitement and the feelings she was having. She loved the feeling of a big, hard cock in her bottom. Even though she was in a somewhat uncomfortable position, leaning on the railing with Steve holding her up, she could feel her orgasm building. "Oh God!," she screamed as her body seemingly exploded with her climax. She had never felt anything like it before. It was a mixture of sexual ecstacy and the excitement of being a slut – being almost naked and having her bottom fucked virtually in public.

When Amber screamed, Steve lost control. He pushed into her bottom as deeply as he could and felt his cock as his balls contracted. He began to shoot load after load of his hot cum into Amber's bottom. Before he knew it, he also was yelling loudly. He grabbed Amber's hips and pulled her back, shooting the last of his load into her as he forced his cock in as far as it would go.

Amber and Steve were both almost exhausted. As Steve lowered her to her feet, Amber had to hold on to the rail of the balcony to keep from falling. Steve felt just as spent. After catching their breaths, the walked slowly back inside and collapsed on the bed together.

Although almost exhausted, Amber was more turned on than she had ever been. She was excited by the thought of Steve's cock inside her bottom, and relived the way it felt. Her breasts still ached from Steve squeezing them and she still could feel his hands on her hips. As they laid together, she began to realize she wanted more.

Steve was almost asleep when Amber began kissing him. As he became more awake, she suggested they take a shower together. Steve sleepily agreed.

As Amber sat up, she realized that the lights in her room were on and the drapes were open. She laughed as she realized there was no point in acting modestly at that point. She realized she had nothing left to hide from anyone who might be watching.

She stood up and stretched, wearing only her black garter belt and black stockings. She unclasped the garters from her stockings and then slowly rolled the stockings down her legs. Now completely nude, she reached down and took Steve's hand, pulling him from the bed. When he was standing, she reached out and took his cock in her hand and, using it as a handle, she guided him to the bathroom.

Once in the bathroom, Amber turned the shower on full force. She had appreciated the size of the shower in her room before, but she appreciated it even more now. She walked into the shower and pulled Steve in after her, still holding his cock.

Once they both were inside the shower, Amber took a washcloth and covered it with soap. She turned Steve around and began to scrub his back. She started at his neck and worked her way downward. She scrubbed his arms and his sides. Her arms were just long enough that she could wash his bottom without bending over.

She then turned him around and began to wash his chest. She loved the feel of his muscles under her hands as she massaged the soap into his skin and let the shower rinse it off. Gradually, she worked her way down his chest to his stomach, and then lower,

She felt his cock begin to rise up to greet her as she began washing his stomach. She got the washcloth very soapy and she lovingly washed his cock and balls, perhaps taking more time than really was necessary. Steve, however, offered no complaints. Based on his physical reaction to her efforts, Amber was certain he was enjoying her attention.

Standing, Amber could not reach very far down Steve's legs, so she had to kneel. Of course, kneeling in front of him, she was right in front of his hardening cock. Not wanting to resist an opportunity like that, Amber took Steve's growing cock into her mouth as she knelt in front of him and washed his legs.

Amber sucked Steve's hardening cock, sliding it in and out of her mouth as she ran her tongue along the tender underside. As she did so, she continued to wash his strong masculine legs. She ran the soapy washcloth along his calves and thighs, all the while continuing to pay the necessary attention to the hard cock in her mouth.

She worked her way to the tops of Steve's thighs and, reaching around him, began to wash his bottom. He had the sexiest butt, she thought. She soaped him thoroughly and then dropped the washcloth. Working up a good lather in her hands, she began to wash his balls. They were so large and heavy – she loved the way they felt in her hands. As she caressed him, she felt him tighten and become more forceful as he slid his cock in and out of her mouth.

Amber was becoming more excited as she felt Steve's excitement grow. As he slid his cock in and out between her lips, she continued to caress his balls. She worked up more lather in her hands and moved them around between his legs. As she did so, her mind flashed back to the time they had spent in the hot tub. She decided turnabout was fair play.

Amber ran her fingertips along Steve's upper thighs, then back around his balls. Without stopping, she slid her fingers past his balls until they were approaching his butt. She slid her fingertips between his cheeks and began to explore. Judging by his moans, Steve enjoyed the experience.

Amber had never done this to a man, so she was a little hesitant. The effect was to drive Steve wild with anticipation. She ran her fingers between his cheeks, continuing to explore. Then, she found her target with the tip of her index finger. As she touched him there, Steve began to moan quietly and became even more forceful as he slid his cock between her lips.

Amber teased him for a few seconds with her fingertip and then slid it inside him. She was a little surprised at how tight it was. However, the more she pushed the more excited Steve became. As she continued to suck him, she pushed her finger well inside. At that, Steve moaned loudly and began thrusting in her mouth.

Amber matched Steve's thrusts with her finger. Before she knew it, he had grabbed a handful of her long blonde hair in each hand and was literally fucking her mouth. She met him thrust for thrust, pushing her finger as deep as she could.

Suddenly, Steve's body stiffened. He forced his cock into her mouth with such force that Amber began to choke. Then, he erupted. Amazed after all of their earlier adventures, Amber could not believe how much cum was shooting into her mouth. She began to choke and pulled back. As she did so, Steve's cock escaped her mouth and he was shooting load after load of hot cum in Amber's face and in her hair. She loved it! She closed her eyes and felt his cum splash her.

When Steve stopped cumming, Amber licked his cock until she had cleaned him up. She continued to caress his balls and play with her finger inside him, but she realized she had drained him. He was going to need a rest before they could continue their fun.

Amber was still as turned on as she ever had been. This had been an eye-opening two days for her. She had been fucked by two men. They had used her in every way. She had engaged in public sex. She had shown herself to anyone who happened to look. And yet, she wanted more.