# Awakening Down Under

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This story is based on what has been happening to me over summer. I’m

from Australia, so summer is drawing to a close here at this time in

late March. First let me describe myself. I have dirty blonde shoulder

length hair that I often tie up in a pony tail. I have an athletic

figure thanks to netball and I also keep in shape by jogging

regularly. My best assets would have to be my long lean legs and cute

butt. I have a year left in university and have been working in a

coffee shop to earn money. I don’t have classes on Tuesdays or

Thursdays so I work at the cafe from 9 to 5. I don’t come from a very

wealthy family so I still live at home with dad to save up on cash.

Dad is a minister in our local church and mum had died when I was

still a baby so it’s just daddy and I.

Some friends and I decided to take advantage of the wonderful summer

weather by hanging out at the local beach that is only about 5 minutes

from where I live. The sky was blue, the water was crystal clear and

there were heaps of other people that were also taking advantage of

the beautiful weather. After a long day of tanning, swimming and just

lazing around we decided it was time to pack up and go home. We

gathered our stuff and made our way to the changing rooms to shower

and change out of our bikinis. It was when I was changing that I

realized that my knickers were missing from my bag. I asked my friends

and they too had lost their knickers. Some perve must have waited

until we were in the water and then rummaged through our bags for our

knickers. That was quite a shock to us because we have been coming to

this beach for ages and have thought that it was a safe and secure

beach. My friends and I now were hesitant to return to this particular

beach.

I was particularly saddened by this because I loved that beach and now

I would have to find another beach to hang out. Seeing as I wouldn’t

be hanging out at the beach that much anymore, I decided I might as

well get extra hours at the coffee shop to earn more money. I talked

to my boss, Brian, about getting more hours and he asked me why I

wanted to waste my summer in the coffee shop instead of enjoying it on

the beach as I have always been. I told him about what happened and

how insecure I felt at the beach now. Now let me tell you about Brian.

He is in his late 30s, looks his age but he has a good body that he

gets from working out. Brian is rich! He made millions during the IT

boom but lost a bit when the bubble burst. Now he deals with stocks

and he has other small business dealings such as the coffee shop where

I work. He’s basically financially secure enough to let business run

for itself while he enjoys his money. Upon hearing my problems, Brian

said “Why don’t you hang out at my place then? I have a pool, Jacuzzi

and my own private little beach”. I was so happy to have a place to

hang out that I immediately accepted the offer. Brian didn’t want too

many people over at his place to avoid having to clean up after so I

agreed not to let the other girls know and arranged to go over to his

place after work on Tuesday.

So on Tuesday I packed my blue bikini and told daddy that I would be

at the beach after work. After work, I drove to Brian’s place with the

directions he gave me. He lives in a posh area but from the outside

his place looked like any other place. I noticed the high walls and

large gate. Guess that means this plcae really is safe and secure. I

parked my car and Brian greeted me at the door. “Awesome place Brian!”

I said. “Thanks. C’mon in. Why don’t you get changed while I make some

business calls. Then I’ll give you a tour of the place.” He showed me

the changing room and I changed into my bikini. I was wearing a

relatively modest bikini seeing as it was my first time to his place.

It had a triangle top and the bottom like my other bikinis were tied

at the sides. I came out and had a look around. I realized from some

pictures he had around his place that he must have had many

girlfriends. This was no surprise because Brian was known at work to

be quite the player. I didn’t really care because all I wanted was to

have fun and enjoy myself.

Brian walked down the stairs and began talking about his place, “The

bedroom is up here and I conduct some of my business in the office

upstairs. The office is cool because I have a view of the pool, the

beach and the water from up there” Brian said. He showed me his

entertainment area, large kitchen, garage, dining room and pool room.

“Wow, this place is awesome.” I said. In comparison my home was just a

cosy little 2 bedroom house. Then Brian took me outside to the pool

area. Brian said “This is the pool where I regularly swim a few laps.

The Jacuzzi is right there. This is the bar so feel free to help

yourself to the drinks. You can work on your tan there on the deck or

you can walk down to the beach.” I was amazed! There were steps

leading down to Brian’s own private beach. Brian said he needed to go

back up to do his business. Without wasting another second I made

myself a glass of Midori and pineapple juice and went down to the

beach. The beach wasn’t huge but it was enough for 5 people to enjoy

comfortably. I noticed a yacht anchored nearby. “Must be Brian’s.” I

thought to myself. Well, I spent the rest of the day working on my

tan. I untied my top while I tanned on my back but didn’t go as far as

tanning topless. I was a guest at my boss’ house after all. Things

progressed quickly since I really enjoyed myself and soon the sun was

beginning to set so I decided that I should go home. I put on my shirt

and shorts, packed up my stuff and walked back up towards the house.

Some of the windows upstairs were tinted so I couldn’t see through

them. I noticed Brian at one of the untinted window upstairs. “He must

get a great view from there” I thought as I looked back behind me. I

waved to him to indicate that I was leaving so he came down. “Same

time on Thursday?” He asked. “Yes please! Thanks for letting me enjoy

your place Brian” I said. “No worries love, always a pleasure to have

a beautiful thing like yourself around”.

On Thursday I was geared up for another fun time at Brian’s place.

This time I was feeling secure enough to wear a Brazilian cut bikini.

The material on the bikini bottom only covers half of my butt and is

held up by the tie on the sides. Keeping the meeting at Brian’s place

from the other girls at the coffee shop was easy and it made me feel

special. Again after work I drove up to Brain’s beach house. I knocked

on the door and Brian was on the phone so he gestured me in and told

me to go ahead and make myself at home while he went back upstairs to

his office. I quickly changed into my bikini and went outside to the

pool. The tide had come up so I decided to just hang out by the pool.

I made myself a cold drink at the bar, laid out my towel, applied some

tan oil and began working on my tan. A warm summer day, a gentle

breeze, the sound of the gentle waves crashing and a tall glass of

cold drink. What else could a girl ask for? After a while I turned

over and worked on my back. I was feeling slightly tired from work

that I must have fallen asleep.

The sound of someone diving into the pool woke me up. I lifted my head

and saw that it was Brian and he must have finished dealing with

business and decided to have a swim. Still feeling sleepy I rested my

head again. Brian came out of the pool and came towards me. “How’s it

going Carla? Tired I see” he said. “Yea, it was busy in the cafÃ©

today” I told him. “Well, let me give you a massage. It will help to

loosen you up” Before I could say anything he was walked inside and

soon came back out with a bottle of massage oil. He knelt beside me

and opened the bottle. The oil was scented with the lovely aroma of

lavender. He poured a little oil in his hands and began gently

kneading my shoulders. Wow, if I was feeling sleepy before, the gentle

massage and the smell of lavender made my eyes even heavier. He

massaged my temples and then rubbed my neck. I felt my top getting

untied and Brian explained that it would be easier to massage my back

so I let him. I was too sleepy to stop him anyway. He massaged my back

and I occasionally felt his fingers on the sides of my breasts. I

would be lying if I said I wasn’t enjoying this and I couldn’t help

but let out a small moan.

I could feel Brian untying the straps of my bottoms and that’s when I

stopped him with my hands. “Don’t worry. It will help with the blood

circulation.” He said but I still wouldn’t let him. “I’ve got an idea”

he said as he got up. He went to the bar and got a small hand towel.

He placed it over my butt and he made me hold the towel in place with

my hands. I couldn’t see the towel but I could feel that the sides

barely even touched the floor. As I was holding the towel, Brian

untied my bikini bottom and gently pulled it. “Lift up a bit” he said

and without even thinking I lifted my hips while he pulled my bikini

bottom off. I was now bottomless with only a small towel barely

covering me and I could even feel a slight breeze up my pubic region

despite keeping my legs as close as possible. Brian then lifted my

shoulders slightly and pulled my top away. I wanted to stop him but I

couldn’t do anything because I was still holding the towel. “There

that feels better doesn’t it?” he said. My heart was beating faster

now. There I was completely naked with only a tiny towel covering my

ass. Brian took my hands and placed them on my sides leaving the towel

to balance on my ass on its own. “Just relax now” Brian said as he

poured more oil on my back and began to massage again.

He did a really good job on my back and soon I began to relax again.

He massaged my head, neck, shoulders and arms and was slowly working

down my spine. His hands were now on the lower part of my spine and he

circulated his fingers towards my butt and in the process moved the

towel until it fell to my side without me even noticing it. I was

putty in his hands now as he massaged my naked butt. Brian poured

extra oil on my butt and I could feel the oil flowing through my crack

and into my now partially open pussy. It felt so good that I made

myself more comfortable by resting my forehead on my arms. All the

time I was biting my lip to stop myself from groaning out loud.

I could feel Brian kiss my shoulder gently and he said “I’m going to

massage those tired legs of yours now” He got up and knelt behind my

feet. He began massaging my feet and he sure knew what he was doing.

First he massaged my right foot and he then slowly moved up to my

right calf. As he did he would cautiously move my right leg a little

to the side then he would move his knee up a bit. Next he did my left

foot and calf and similarly he would move my left leg to the side as

his other knee moved up. I have never had my legs massaged before so I

didn’t know any better. Before long Brian was working on my thighs and

by that time my legs were spread out pretty good because I could feel

his knees on the inside of my own knees. My thighs got extra attention

from Brian as he slowly worked his hands up and down my thighs, slowly

but surely making progress towards my pussy. I’m sure my pussy was

getting moist from the stimulation because I could feel the cool

breeze flowing through my pussy. Or was it due to the fact that my

legs were so indecently spread out. I would normally have stopped any

other person from going that far but I was in ecstasy and wasn’t

thinking straight.

I let out a yelp when I felt Brian’s fingers on my pussy lips. I

instinctively tried to close my legs but I couldn’t because Brian was

kneeling between my legs. I tried to get up but Brian had his right

hand on my back. “Relax, I’m not going to hurt you. It’s just a

massage” he said. Unable to do anything I felt Brian rubbing my lips

again making my pussy wetter than it already was and that made it

easier for him to slip his finger in. I groaned loudly as he did. My

feet were kicking all over the place but soon Brian’s hand was

rhythmically fingering me and my legs subconsciously stopped kicking.

Soon my toes started to curl as I could feel two fingers inside me

now. My animal instincts have now kicked in and my hips began to grind

against Brian’s fingers. “Does that feel good?” Brian asked and I

groaned.

I could feel an orgasm coming and my muscles started to strain as I

grinded my hips faster. Brian could sense this and began fingering me

faster as well. My breathing was so quick now that I lifted my upper

body and head so I had to control my upper body with my elbows making

my breasts sway to the rhythm of my grinding hips. The swaying breasts

caused my nipples to brush against the rough material of my beach

towel adding to the stimulation. Brain asked “You’re gonna cum aren’t

you?” All I could do was moan loudly.

Before I knew it, Brian had flipped me around and I was now on my back

with my legs vulgarly spread open. Brian dove in with his mouth and

finished me off by sucking my clit and flicking it with his tongue. I

came like I never came before because of all the previous stimulation.

I had my legs clamped around Brian’s head and when I finally came down

from my climax my legs were so weak that there I was on the floor

spread eagle. I was still trying to catch my breath as Brian continued

to lick my pussy.

Brian got up picked up my bikini, little hand towel and beach towel.

He went inside leaving me there naked with my legs still spread open

but not before he used the little hand towel to wipe my pussy. Still

breathing heavily I closed my eyes and fell asleep on the deck naked.

I woke up feeling cold because the sun was beginning to set. Gosh, how

long had I been asleep? I got up and walked naked into the house. I

found my bikini and clothes folded on the sofa, got dressed and left.

I wasn’t scheduled to work until Tuesday the following week but I

couldn’t help but think all weekend about what had happened and what

implications it had for me. Would things get weird now between Brian

and me at work? What would the other girls say if they knew?

In no time at all, it was Tuesday and I knew I would have to face

Brian again. Fortunately Brian wasn’t in the cafÃ© today which wasn’t

unusual because he only came in about once or twice a week. I was

relieved towards the end of my shift for not having to see Brian. But

when I was about to get my stuff and go home Brian came through the

door with his suitcase. He said hi to everyone including me and acted

normal. Phew.Â  Just as I was about to walk to the door, “Carla, could

I have a quick word with you in my office?” All the nervousness

resurfaced again and I went to the back where Brian’s office was. Was

he going to fire me?Â  “Hi Brian, how are you? What did you want to

talk about?” I asked trying to break the silence. He opened his

suitcase and handed me a brown package. “Oh no, he’s going to fire me”

I thought. I gave him a confused look and he told me to open it.

Inside were a video tape and an envelope.

“Put the tape in the VCR and turn on the tv” Brian said pointing to

the VCR in his office. Not knowing what was happening I did what he

told me to do. As the tape was playing I opened the envelope. Shock!

It was pictures of me naked on Brian’s deck. The pictures were taken

from Brian’s tinted office window. I looked at the pictures, there I

was stark naked on the deck sleeping and there were close up pictures

of my breast and pussy. I looked up at the tv screen and it was Brian

giving me a massage. Brian fast forwarded to the part where I climaxed

and paused it with his remote. I looked at him nearly crying but he

motioned for me to be quiet. He took out a small cloth that I

recognised as the little hand towel that he used to wipe my wet pussy.

He took a large whiff of it and said “Those pictures and that tape are

for you. I have made several other copies.”Â  “What are you going to do

with them? I don’t understand” I asked. “Do you want me to post them

on the internet? Or should I send them to your daddy? I’m sure the

minister would like to see what his daughter was up to” I was

mortified, “No, please don’t do that. Please!” “Well then, from this

moment onward you must promise to do whatever I tell you to. If you

don’t, your pictures will be posted on the internet and your daddy

will see those pictures” Brian said.

“That’s blackmail. I can’t believe you’re doing this to me!” I cried.

“Call it what you like, I like to think of it as business. You do as

you’re told and maybe I’ll give you all the copies.” I thought about

it. Going to the police would mean having to go thorough the

humiliating process of showing everyone my naked pictures and video in

court as evidence. Even worse he could post the pictures to daddy. So

I decided to play along and maybe buy some time. “Okay, I’ll do

anything you say” I said in anguish. “But if you try to have sex with

me you will go to jail for rape” Brian laughed “Carla, I have had many

women in my time. All I want now is a little fun.” I was embarrassed

as he mocked me. “Okay, first thing I want you to do is to go see

Sarah at the beauty parlour down the road. I have you booked in at

530pm.” I said, “What? You want me to do something now? Why the beauty

parlour?” Brian looked at me and said “Another thing, when I give you

instructions, I expect you to carry them out without hesitation. Now

go”. Frustrated and angry I took the pictures and tape and left.

I knew the beauty parlour Brian mentioned. I had thought about coming

to visit it for a facial but I never had enough cash. I went in and

told the lady at the counter that I had an appointment. I was asked to

sit and soon a young Latin lady came out to meet me. “I’m Sarah. I’ve

been expecting you. Brian called in earlier to book a session.”

Confused, I asked “What exactly do you do?” “You don’t know? Brian

said you were looking for a full pubic wax” Oh no, I was getting a

Brazilian wax. I usually trimmed my pussy but have never gotten a wax

before. Sarah took me into her room, told me to remove my skirt and

knickers and lie down. Sarah trimmed my bush a bit more and put some

warm wax on it. Pain! My hair was ripped off in an instant. Thinking

it was over I got up but Sarah stopped me. “Oh no, we’re not finished

yet” she said as she got me on all fours. It was then I realised she

was going to wax my butt crack. But before I could say no, the wax was

smeared on my crack. A few tears and screams later it was done. Sarah

got me to lie down again and with a pair of tweezers plucked off any

traces of hair I had left. There I was, my pussy bald as the day I was

born. I got over the pain rather quickly but soon realised that I

wouldn’t have enough money to pay for the wax. “Don’t worry, Brian has

paid for it. Your next session is scheduled in a fortnight. See you,

darling!” said Sarah. Next session? I thought this was a one-off but

Brian obviously had other plans. I got home and took a shower. I was

amazed by the smoothness as I got dressed for dinner. What did Brian

have planned next?

The next day I got home from university hoping that I wouldn’t have

to see Brian until work tomorrow. He had other plans though. I got a

call from Brian and he told me to go to his place. I drove to his

place and he had the door open for me. “So, Sarah tells me that you’ve

had your first session. Did it go well?” He asked. “What do you want?

I have to study” I told him angrily. “Well I want to see what I paid

for. Let’s have a look” he said as he gazed at my pubic region. I knew

the sooner I showed it to him, the sooner I could go. I unzipped my

jeans and lowered my knickers to my knees and showed him. “All the way

off, please!” he said so I reluctantly took my jeans and knickers off.

“Very nicely done” he said as he approached wanting to touch with his

hands. I backed off and shouted no. “You didn’t have a problem when I

was finger fucking you last week” he smirked.

Embarrassed, I tried to put my clothes back on but he stopped me and

said “Look how pale your butt and pussy are. I want you to go out to

the deck and get a tan. I want you to come here after school and work

on your tan. And on Tuesdays and Thursdays you will be here from 9 to

5. By the end of the week I expect you not to have any more ugly tan

lines”. “But what about work? And I need to study!” I said trying to

find an excuse. “I’ll give you time off work for the week and you can

study while you get a tan” Unable to think of anything else to say, I

took the bottle of sun screen that was on the table and went outside

fuming. As I stripped, Brian stood by the entrance and smiled. I

applied the sun screen, laid down and began thinking futilely about

how I could get out of this mess. It was about an hour into the tan

that I realized that here I was getting a tan in the nude. Something

that I’ve never done before. I would have never done such a thing a

few years ago. I looked back at the house and I wondered if Brian was

looking at me through the tinted windows. I got angry at myself for

feeling slightly aroused. Luckily the sun was setting so I decided it

was time to leave. I put my clothes back on and yelled out to Brian

that I was leaving.

I didn’t have school today so I knew I had to go over to Brian’s. When

I arrived, I knocked on his door but there was no one at home. The

door wasn’t locked so I went in. On the table were 2 boxes. A letter

with my name was on the slightly smaller rectangular box. The other

box was clearly a shoe box. I was curious so I took off the top of the

smaller box. Inside was a velvet red silk tank top, matching velvet

red satin g-string and black miniskirt. The shoe box had a pair of

5-inch high heel shoes. I opened the letter and it said, “Carla, work

on your tan while I deal with some business. I will be back at 6pm and

before I get home I want you to shower and put on the clothes that I

bought for you. Only wear the clothes that are in the box and nothing

else.” I looked at the clothes and thought “I’ve worn sexy clothes

before but these are so slutty”. Leaving the clothes aside I thought I

better work on my tan like Brian wanted me too.

It was a beautiful day to be outside and the tide had gone back down

so I decided to work my tan on the beach. I took off my clothes but

didn’t have a bikini on because I knew Brian didn’t want any tan

lines. I wrapped my beach towel around myself and grabbed my school

books. May as well do some study. As I was about to walk outside I

tied up my hair in a pony tail but my towel came loose. “No one is

around here anyway” I thought, so I carried the towel with my books

and walked out naked. I was getting really comfortable with my body

and I felt really good walking down the steps to the beach with my

breasts swaying freely. Just hope there aren’t any boats sailing pass

today. The day passed quickly as I spent most of it tanning, relaxing

and reading, I thought I better get ready before Brian gets back. My

skin had a really awesome colour now and it looked really good on my

tone body. A few more tanning sessions will remove the last of the tan

lines and I would have the perfect tan. Perhaps getting blackmailed by

Brian wasn’t so bad after all.

I took a nice warm shower and looked at the clothes that Brian had

bought. I wondered how he knew my measurements and that’s when I

remembered how my bikini and clothes were folded neatly on the sofa

last week. Brian must have got the measurements from there. I put on

the satin g-string. I never had satin underwear before and it felt

really good against my hairless pussy. It was as if I didn’t have

anything on at all. Brian must have forgotten a bra so I put on my own

bra. The silk tank top was really light and the tiny straps held the

material really delicately. My bra would be easily seen if I bent over

or if I didn’t keep adjusting the top. Next the black miniskirt. It

was shorter than some of my own miniskirts, about 5 inches below my

crotch. I had to be really careful when I did anything really,

otherwise the velvet g-string would make an appearance. I loved the

way the short skirt accentuated my long legs and my cute butt gave the

skirt a lovely shape. I had to remind myself not to be too proud with

this look. I put on some make-up and brushed my hair. Then I put on

the high-heel shoes and looked at myself through the large mirror. It

was so slutty, not something I would get for myself. I wasn’t used to

wearing high-heel shoes like these so I had to be careful.

I practiced walking around in the outfit and couldn’t help but feel

that my g-string was showing as my skirt flipped with every step I

took. What a thrill I thought and smiled but got angry at myself for

thinking that and sat on the sofa. It was a struggle just to sit down

decently without showing too much. Soon, Brian was home and I tried to

ignore him. He came in, stood in front of me and checked me out.

“Stand up” he said. I uncrossed my legs and that caused my skirt to

rise up, exposing my red underwear. Blushing I quickly stood up. “I

see you decided not to follow my orders and put on something else

besides what I bought for you.” “But I am wearing what you bought” I

protested. He pointed to my bra and I groaned. “You forgot to buy a

bra” I said. “You weren’t supposed to wear a bra” he answered back.

“You can’t expect me to wear this top without a bra. My breasts will

pop out!” I explained angrily. “Well, I don’t care do I? Now as

punishment I want you to take off the bra AND the g-string” I was

about to protest again but he gave me an angry look and I thought

better of it. Removing the bra and g-string I reluctantly handed my

underwear to him.

“Good, now let’s get some dinner” he said in a better mood. “What??! I

can’t go out like this. I thought we were just going to hang out here”

“Just get in the car” was the reply as Brian held the car door open

for me and I got in. Having exposed my g-string before just by getting

up from the sofa, there was no way I could get in or out of Brian’s

low sports car decently. What made it worse was the fact that I was

now wearing nothing underneath. Brian whistled as he got an eyeful. I

could barely sit on my skirt because it was so short so my butt was

literally on the leather car seat. The drive was unpleasant for me

because the car’s top was down so the wind was blowing my clothes

around causing my nipples to harden as it brushed against the soft

material. It would be plainly obvious to anyone that I wasn’t wearing

a bra. Brian drove to an expensive private club where he was a member.

I obviously have never been to a place like this before. The situation

went from bad to worse; there was a parking valet there who came over

to open my door. He held out his hand to help me out so I had no

choice but to take it. Climbing out I decided to use my free hand to

hold my skirt down to avoid flashing my pussy to the valet. Instead,

the valet got a good look down my top and at my hard nipples. I tried

to avoid looking at the valet but I knew he was smiling.

Brian took my hand and led me to the restaurant. I tried to get Brian

to walk slower but he kept his pace and I knew anyone behind us would

get a look at my naked butt as my skirt flipped around seductively.

The waiter at the restaurant gave me a double take when he saw me. He

seated us and gave us the menus. I was happy with this table because

the table cloth was long enough to cover the fact that I was wearing a

miniskirt. The restaurant was warmly lit and a jazz band was playing

soft music. There were a moderate number of people there enjoying the

food and entertainment. Brian ordered a bottle of wine for us and he

decided on a fish steak while I ordered a chicken salad. I caught the

waiter trying to look down my top a couple of times as I kept

adjusting it and got annoyed. I wanted to get out of this place as

soon as possible so I ate quickly. I guess I must have drank my wine

quickly too because I was feeling the effects. By the way, I’m not

much of a drinker. Brian was taking his sweet time with his food so

the waiter kept filling my wine glass. By the time Brian had enough

food, I was slightly drunk. Brian decided to have a bit of fun.

“Spread your legs” he said and I looked at him sadly hoping he would

have some sympathy. He repeated his request again and I gave in. No

one would be able to see anyway with the long table cloth and I felt

secure. He put his left hand on my thigh and massaged my leg, slowly

moving up my thigh. It reminded me of the massage he gave me and my

pussy was instantly moist. I tried to stop him with my hand but he

ordered me to put my hands on the table.

The sober part of me wanted him to stop but any resistance was losing

to the effects of the wine. I drank more wine as Brian was now playing

with my pussy lips. Any inhibitions were now lost as I spread my legs

even wider and I bit my napkin to stop myself from moaning in

pleasure. My breathing was increasing and I didn’t even care if my

heaving breasts were dangerously close to popping out of my top. I bit

into my napkin harder as Brian started to finger fuck me right there

in the restaurant. The exhilaration of getting fingered in a public

place further heightened the stimulation I was getting under the

table. My eyes flew around the restaurant to see if anyone knew what

we were doing but I eventually just closed them out of pleasure that I

was getting.Â  Brian expertly rubbed my clit with his thumb and that

brought me closer and closer to orgasm. It was at that point that

Brian signalled the waiter for the check. I knew Brian did this

deliberately and he increased the rhythm when the waiter got there

with the check. I came as Brian was signing the check with his right

hand with the waiter standing there in front of me and I let out an

audible moan through the napkin that I was biting on. The waiter was

shocked to see me looking flushed, breathing heavily and sweating and

asked if I was okay. I couldn’t answer as I was going through my

orgasm and my hard nipples finally popped out from behind my top. I

didn’t care if the waiter knew I had an orgasm right in front of him.

I fell back on my chair contented as Brian pulled his soaking finger

out of me. He inserted his wet fingers into my mouth and I sucked on

it without even thinking as he adjusted my top with his other hand.

The waiter must have notified the head waiter about us as he walked

over to our table and said, “I’m sorry sir but I’m going to have to

ask you and your date to leave”

I hoped no one would notice the mess I had left on the chair or the

aroma of my pussy. I was still feeling tipsy so Brian had to hold me

up as I walked delicately towards the parking lot. I could feel the

juices from my pussy trickling down my thigh as we walked but I didn’t

care anymore. The valet got our car and anything I tried to hide

before was now out in the open as he helped me into the car. The valet

had to help lift my legs into the car and he would have been blind not

to notice no underwear or the fact that I was wet. Brian had to close

the door as the valet just stood there in shock. I slept as Brian once

again produced the hand towel from before to wipe my wet pussy. Brian

drove me back to my place. He knew I wasn’t fit to drive in my state.

He helped me to the front door and knocked. Fortunately, daddy was

working at church. Brian helped me into the house and into my room. He

removed my clothes, helped me onto the bed and left. I have had a long

day and I fell asleep instantly.

What other plans would Brian have for me? Only time will tell.

# The Awakening Down Under

# Chapter 2

By: [ozcafegirl@gmail.com](mailto:ozcafegirl@gmail.com)

I didn’t hear from Brian for 2 days since the incident at the restaurant. Not that I was complaining because I needed the whole two days to fully recover from my first ever hangover. It was wrong of me to drink that much wine in the first place and I paid the price with a huge headache when I woke up the next day. I was thankful daddy didn’t come in to check on me because Brian had conveniently undressed me before leaving me on the bed. I hid the ridiculously indecent skirt and top that Brian had bought in the closet praying that I wouldn’t have to put it on again. Hopefully none of the people that saw me that night knew that I was the minister’s daughter.     
  
The two days of peace came to an end when I received a call from Brian, “I took the liberty of giving you the whole month off work.” “But I need the money!” I said. “Don’t worry; if you play along I’ll make sure the money goes into your account. You might even get a little extra if you’re a good girl.” He said with a laugh. I didn’t like the sound of that but before I could say anything else he told me to meet him at his place early the next morning and hung up the phone. I put the phone down and hoped that the weather the next day would turn bad and ruin any plans he had for me.   
  
As things would have it, I woke up the next day to a gloriously sunny day. I made my way to Brian’s place feeling apprehensive about what was going to happen. Brian came down with a bag and said “Good morning sunshine! We’re going for a ride on the boat later today. But first I want you to work on your tan.” I knew the drill. Just as I was about to strip naked, Brian opened his bag and surprised me by handing me a bikini. “We will have some company today so put this on.” He said with a grin.   
  
I looked at the bikini that Brian had given me. The bikini was baby pink and I was happy with that because it was my favourite colour. I was expecting some ridiculous transparent top but it was actually really nice. It had a triangle cut and my breasts would fill them nicely. My jaw dropped when I saw the bottom. It was literally a string bikini. My most daring bikini bottom has a triangle back that I had secretly bought to use in the backyard when daddy wasn’t around. The bikini bottom I was holding had a patch to cover my crotch and the rest was just string! I put the bikini on and looked at myself through the mirror. The top didn’t have any lining so the thin material did little to hide my nipples whether it was hard or not. I looked at my butt and there was nothing covering it at all! The baby pink string that was present when I was looking at the bikini bottom had disappeared between my butt cheeks before reappearing near the end of my spine. I looked at my crotch and you could just make out the outline of my pussy.  There was no way I could let anyone see me like this. I protested to Brian but he only threatened to post my pictures on the internet so I gave in.   
  
”Now just act normal and do whatever I tell you to do.” Brian instructed. He told me to go out to the pool area and work on my tan. I applied tan oil all over myself, rested on the deck and closed my eyes. I had a lot of trouble trying to relax because I didn’t know what to expect. How many people were coming? What were they going to say when they saw me in this lewd bikini? Soon I heard voices talking but I was too nervous to move. I heard Brian calling my name and I sat up. There was another man standing with him. He had sunglasses on but I could tell he was a surprised when his mouth popped open. Brian said that it was Adam the house caretaker. “He’ll be working on the house. So don’t get in Adam’s way, okay?” I gave Adam a weak smile but he just stood there. I wanted to cover myself with my arms but I just put my head back down. I heard Adam picking up some of his tools and he began working on the garden next to the pool. I couldn’t tell if Adam was looking at me through his dark glasses but he seemed to be working at the same spot for a long time. The bush that he was pruning seemed to need a lot of attention.   
  
Soon it was time to turn over and work on my back but Adam was still in the garden, always facing my direction. I tried thinking of ways of turning discreetly without exposing my naked butt but it was useless. I saw my chance when Adam had his back to me and I quickly turned over. With nothing on the back, I instantly felt the warmth of the sun on my butt. I looked at Adam as he raked some leaves praying that he wouldn’t look back.  My prayers went unheeded as Adam turned around and looked in my direction again. I immediately shut my eyes and pretended to be asleep. I opened my eyes slightly and noticed that Adam was pruning the same bush again. This time it seemed as though he was pruning the air around the bush. Brian came out of the house and Adam snapped out of his trance and began working on something else. They both chatted for a bit and Brian let Adam get back to work. Before going back in, Brian walked over towards me and said to me, “I think your glistening butt is really distracting Adam. He doesn’t normally take this long to work on the garden.” “I’m not trying to distract him!” I explained. Brian just laughed and he walked back in.   
  
Just as Brian reached the door he said, “It’s such a hot day today. I feel like a cold drink. Do you want anything, Adam?” Adam nodded yes. Brian smiled as he told me to make a couple of ice cold drinks. I groaned because it meant I had to walk around in the bikini. As I got up, I felt Adam’s gaze on me. It felt as though Adam was looking at me with every step I took and it was difficult to ignore it. My face felt flushed when I reached the bar. I moved behind the bar to get my butt out of Adam’s line of sight. I made some simple drinks and poured them into some glasses with ice. I walked towards Brian and gave him the drinks but he only took one of the glasses. “Give the other drink to Adam” Brian ordered. I gave him an angry look and walked towards Adam. It was unbearable not knowing what Adam’s eyes were looking at behind those sunglasses. When I handed Adam the drink, I could hear him breathing heavily. Hopefully it was because of the work he was doing. He mumbled a ‘thank you’ and I walked away. I hated this part because it gave him a close up view of my butt as I walked away. Brian called me into the house and I was happy to get out of sight.   
  
”Good job. I reckon you need a swim now.” Brian said. I was okay with this since I was feeling hot from being out in the sun. “When you’re in the water, I want you to lose your top. And don’t even think of putting it back on or covering yourself. Step out of the pool and continue tanning.” “What? No!! What about Adam?” I replied. “Just do it, otherwise you know what will happen.” Brian was taking things to another level now. I stepped out into the pool area with Brian watching closely. Adam was working on some other part of the garden now so I dove in. The water felt great but I was too nervous to enjoy it. I swam to the end of the pool and looked back into the house at Brian. He mouthed ‘do it’. I looked around to check if Adam was nearby but couldn’t see him from behind the bush. I reached behind and reluctantly pulled on the strings around my neck and back. The knots came undone and the strings fell unsupported. It was difficult for me to let the top go but I did what Brian said. I watched longingly as my top floated there in the pool. I guess I have to admit, it did feel more comfortable having my breasts out in the open rather than having the top clinging on.  Brian gestured for me to get out of the pool and I felt nervous again. I took a huge breath and swam to the edge of the pool near where my spot was.   
  
I still couldn’t see where Adam was. I tried to listen for any noises he might be making but I couldn’t hear anything over the crashing waves coming from the beach. Was he inside the house? Or was he just working on something nearby? My heart raced as I got in position to get out. I counted to 3 and pulled myself out of the pool. I gasped when I saw Adam standing there next to a hedge that was a few feet away from the pool. He had his sunglasses off and our eyes met as I stood there topless with water dripping down. I could see his eyes moving from top to bottom and I had to resist covering myself with my hands. I pretended like he wasn’t there and lied down on my chest to hide it from his view. The audacious act made me breathe heavily and I could feel my nipples hardening. “This cannot be happening.” I thought.   
  
I heard Brian calling out to Adam, “When you’re done, the pool needs some cleaning. Just scoop out the insects, leaves and stuff.” I kept my eyes closed as I heard Adam walking over to the pool area. Although I wasn’t fully naked, I couldn’t help but feel like I was. I saw Adam holding the long pole with the net in the end. He walked to the side of the pool and began fishing out some of the leaves and insects. I noticed that he kept looking at me making the work very inefficient. Perhaps he was taking his time on this job. Brian then came out of the house and he sat next to me with the bottle of tan oil. I told him I didn’t need it but he poured the oil down my back and began spreading it over my shoulders. He wasn’t shy about spreading the oil over my legs and bare butt. Brian would deliberately massage me near my pussy but never actually touching. The teasing was really starting to arouse me. I was sure Brian was doing it to give Adam a show.   
  
I froze when Brian asked me to turn over. I hesitated but Brian lifted me with his hands and placed me on my back. I looked at Brian but his eyes were focused as he poured the oil on my chest. I saw that Adam had positioned himself on the opposite side of the pool for a better view. I let out a gasp when Brian rubbed the oil over my chest. His hands went over my breasts and he squeezed them gently. My nipples were now fully erect. He also spread the oil over my arms, stomach and sides. Again, his hands focused in the region around my pussy. At times, he would lift the crotch of my bikini slightly and his fingers would spread the oil there but he would never actually touch me. Throughout the process, I tried to focus my eyes on the house, bar, garden, anything. However, my eyes wouldn’t focus so I shut them. Brian stopped teasing me and began to massage my feet and told Adam to come over to this side of the pool. He said after Adam had cleaned this side of the pool he could leave. Adam walked over to my side of the pool and stood just a few meters away from me as he cleaned the pool with the pole net. I could only imagine how I looked lying there. My body not to mention my bare breasts and hard nipples were gleaming from the oil. And if he could tear his eyes away from the top, the outline of my pussy could be seen on my miniscule bikini bottom. Adam netted my top from the pool and he placed it right next to me taking in the view as he did. Just as Adam was going into a daze again, Brian said that he could leave. Adam seemed reluctant to leave as he continued standing there so Brian had to usher him out. I got up and put my top back on. I was secretly getting turned on by this and I wanted to calm back down.   
  
Brian came back out and told me to get ready for our boat ride. I looked moodily at the yacht out on the water. The yacht wasn’t as big as some of the other boats I’ve seen before but knowing Brain it had to be expansive. Normally I would be pleased to get the opportunity to be on a boat like that but today was different. “I just need to sort out some things. Leave everything you’ve got on and get on the boat.” I couldn’t believe what Brian was saying and stared at him. “Quickly now” he said so I gave up and took off my bikini. “We won’t get anymore company today right?” I asked but Brian didn’t answer.   
  
My breasts wobbled as I walked out towards the beach. My nipples harden further as I shivered a little when the gentle sea breeze hit my skin. I was grateful for the presence of the sun as it warmed up my naked body. Here I was walking naked towards the water and although I knew it was a private beach, I felt all my senses were on a high and I couldn’t help but feel like I was being watched. I kept taking big breaths as I tried to calm myself.  When I got to the water and quickly dove in. It felt heaps better with the water surrounding me. Brian’s rubber dinghy was beached on the sand but I decided to swim to the yacht. It didn’t seem that far anyway and the water hid the fact that I was naked. The swim would also help get my mind off the near-naked show I put on before for Adam. Half way towards the yacht I could hear Brain starting the motor on his rubber dinghy. We reached the yacht at about the same time and I got into the dinghy as Brian lowered the steps to the yacht. “After you, young lady” said Brian and I climbed the steps. I screamed when Brian pinched my butt as I was climbing up. Because of that I didn’t want to help him secure the rubber dinghy or steps.   
  
I shivered as goose bumps appeared again because I didn’t have a towel to dry off to. Brian told me to lie down on the deck at the front of the yacht and let the sun dry me off. I knew it was just an excuse for him to make me stay naked but I knew it was useless to argue. I sat on the deck with my knees and arms over my breasts and soon the warm sun began to take effect. Brian had a very modern boat with heaps of electronic equipment and buttons. The boat could either run on an engine or the sail could be electrically raised to be powered by the wind. There was even a Jacuzzi tub on board. I heard some beeping noises and I could feel the anchor being raised and the engine getting started. I was worried that Brian would cruise towards other boats and the people on the boat would see me naked but luckily the boats that I did see were either too far away or empty. Brian came out with a tray of food, fruits, beer and a bottle of oil. He left the tray next to me as he went back inside to steer the yacht. Brian killed the engine and after more beeping, the sail was up and we were sailing.   
  
I was feeling famished so I ate up the food and drank the beer.  I don’t know if it was the alcohol acting but the combination of the warm sun, gentle breeze and soft motion of the boat sailing over the waves began to make me drowsy. Seeing as we sailing away from land, I felt more comfortable that no one would be able to see me. I couldn’t keep my eyes open anymore so I rubbed some oil on myself and stretched out on the deck. Even as I closed my eyes, I could feel my breasts rock gently with the movement of the yacht and my nipples hardening from the gentle breeze.   
  
I couldn’t believe how comfortable I was laying there naked on the boat. At my present state, I didn’t really care if anyone did see me. Either Brian had turned me into an exhibitionist or was the alcohol talking. I sat up, grabbed my beer and took another sip. This was probably the best tan I ever had as I checked myself out. I was drawn to my recently waxed pubic region and looked around to see if anyone was looking. Convinced that the coast was clear, I poured tan oil over my mound and with my hand spread the oil around trying to be as discreet as possible. I rested my head again and closed my eyes as I continued to work on my tan and I couldn’t help but smile at my brazen act.   
  
I guess I must have fallen asleep because I woke up when I felt someone standing next to me. I opened my eyes and I saw Brian standing there looking at me with a smile. “Fabulous tan. You’ll look great in these” Brian said. In his hand were two items of clothing. I sat up and he threw them at me. “Put these on. We’re going to visit a friend” I grabbed the clothes and examined them. I held up a pair of red cotton shorts. Oh my gosh, the word ‘Naughty’ in large white letters was printed across the back of the shorts. I tried on the shorts and it was so short that my butt cheeks were nearly visible. If I pulled the shorts any higher, the outline of my crotch could be seen so I adjusted the shorts so it sat low on my hips held by a string that I tied in a bow. Next I looked at the white cotton t-shirt. There wasn’t much to it and it was obviously made for a tight fit. The sleeves were very short and the shirt was cut such that it would show my mid-riff. Printed on the front of the shirt in pink letters was ‘Princess’. I held my breath as I stretched the edge of the t-shirt over my breasts. The t-shirt material barely hid the fact that I didn’t have a bra on but I wasn’t sure what would happen if I got it wet. It was typical of Brian not to at least get a g-string for me so I had to be careful and cross my legs when I sat down.   
  
As I walked around in my new clothes, I saw a reflection of myself on the glass windows of the yacht. The word ‘Naughty’ printed on my shorts would move up and down with every step I took while the ‘Princess’ on the front of my shirt would wobble in tempo with my breasts. I didn’t know which was worse. The outfit I had on now or the outfit from the restaurant. “Who makes clothes like these anyway?” I thought. I was angry with Brian about it but it was better than being naked so I didn’t say anything. Brian had anchored the yacht near a small island that had a tall light tower. He spoke with someone over the radio but I couldn’t make out who it was. The steps were lowered and I stepped into the rubber dinghy. I was extra careful not to fall or get myself wet because I wanted my t-shirt to remain dry. Brian knew what I was trying to do and he tried to annoy me by splashing some water on me but luckily he only got the back. He started the motor and brought us towards the island.   
  
As we headed towards the island I could see someone coming out from the light house to meet us. “That’s Joe and he’s a good friend of mine. He’s old so be nice. Just do whatever I tell you to do and don’t make a fuss. Otherwise daddy will be getting some interesting mail from me” Brian warned. That made me nervous but I agreed, “Okay, just don’t go too far.” When we reached the beach, Joe was there to meet us. Joe was old like Brian had said. He had to be at least 50, his face had deep wrinkles and he had grey hair. Brian introduced me, “Joe, this is Carla. We have some business together. Joe here is a good fishing mate of mine.” I offered my hand to Joe and smiled. He had really big rough hands that I assumed were a result of many fishing trips. My breasts vibrated slightly as he shook my hand. “Pleased to meet you, Carla. So you want to be a Princess aye?” Joe said as he stared at the print on my t-shirt. I got uncomfortable as his eyes moved down my body and I moved behind Brian. He laughed and apologized by saying that he hardly gets a visit by beautiful young princesses. He invited us up to the light house and Brian made me walk in front as he and Joe chatted behind me. Joe chuckled when he saw the back of my shorts. I walked faster in a poor attempt of getting further away from them but that only made them laugh as my butt caused the word ‘Naughty’ to move rigorously.   
  
There was a table with a couple of chairs outside the light house. Brian said we were going to have some afternoon tea with Joe. “I didn’t realize we were going to have company. Let me grab another chair” Joe said but just as we was about to walk into the light house Brian mentioned “Don’t worry bout it Joe. Carla can sit on your lap. You don’t mind do you, Joe?” I gave Brian an angry look but he didn’t care. “No of course not” Joe smiled as he sat down on the chair. He patted his lap and said “C’mon, Princess.” Brian gave me a glaring look so I reluctantly sat with my legs crossed on the edge of Joe’s knees with my back towards him. Due to the length of my shorts, I cringed as I felt Joe’s hairy legs. “There’s no need to be shy, Princess. Old Joe won’t hurt you” said Joe as he turned me perpendicular to himself. He placed his hands on my thigh and said “There now. That’s better isn’t it, Princess”. I didn’t like being called Princess and I gave him an insincere smile. Joe had a strange musky, old-man smell to him.  Brian went inside to get the tea and Joe tried to get acquainted with me. He occasionally ran his hand up and down my back but worse was that he enjoyed spelling things like my name with his finger on my thigh.   
  
Brian came back with a pot of tea for Joe and himself but he gave me a tall glass filled with some dark liquid and ice. I asked him what it was and he said he figured I wanted something cool so he made me a Long Island Iced tea. I thought it was nice of him because I did want something cool to drink and I also liked the fancy name. I eagerly tasted the drink but I nearly coughed it out. “This is alcohol!! Is there even any tea in here?” Brian and Joe laughed at how naïve I was. I already had enough alcohol from the beer I drank on the yacht so I didn’t want anymore but Brian said not to waste Joe’s alcohol. I got angry at him and drank the whole glass quickly and slammed the glass on the table. Soon I began to feel the effects of my dumb action. Brian and Joe chatted about fishing stories while I tried my best to fight the alcohol.   
  
By the time they had finished their tea, I could feel my head spinning a little. I knew I was getting drunk but at least it wasn’t as bad as the other night in the restaurant. My efforts to sit on the edge of Joe’s lap faded as gravity and my weakening resistance caused me to slide further towards him. Brian got up to clear the table and I rested my head on Joe’s shoulder. Brian said he was going inside to wash up and he told me to be good and keep Joe company. When Brian went inside, Joe rubbed his hand gently up and down my thigh as he talked to me. Sensing no resistance he maneuvered his hand higher up my leg. I was secretly enjoying the attention but tried not to show it.   
  
Soon I could feel Joe’s hand at the edge of my shorts but I didn’t think to stop him. I got a fright when Joe suddenly placed his hand over the crotch of my shorts. Through the material of my shorts he could feel the heat that was radiating from my pussy. The heat had been building since this morning at Brian’s pool. “Seems like you’re on heat, Princess” he said as his fingers went for the small gap in my shorts. Joe’s large fingers struggled to get between my thigh and tight shorts and he was surprised to find that I wasn’t wearing anything underneath. He asked why I wasn’t wearing any underwear but I didn’t answer. “Would you like to ride a horse, Princess?” I didn’t know what he meant but I nodded yes anyway. First Joe uncrossed my legs to free them up. Next he lifted my left leg while turning me around and placed my left leg on the outside of his right leg. Now I was sitting facing Joe with my legs on either side of his. He held my hands as he bounced me up and down with his legs like I was riding a horse. I saw that he was staring at my hardened nipples as it strained through my tight t-shirt. Brian came back out and sat on his chair, staring intently. Although I knew I had to play along, I didn’t want to give Brian the satisfaction that I was enjoying the situation.   
  
Joe put my hands on his chest so I had to use my arms to balance myself in the compromising position. Sitting with my legs spread out like that left larger gaps between my thighs and shorts. Joe began working on my legs again to see if I would stop him but I didn’t because I didn’t want to make a fuss like Brian said. He massaged my thighs as his hands eventually made it to the edge of my shorts again. Joe looked into my eyes as he pulled the crotch of my shorts to the side and was shocked not to see any hair. I was embarrassed and closed my eyes. Joe admired my hairless pussy and ran his large finger through my lips. “So that’s where the heat is coming from” Joe said. I fought the urge to moan but couldn’t stop my now moist pussy to open up with each touch of his rough fingers. As he held the crotch of my shorts with one hand he continued playing with me as he separated my lips causing me to get even more wet. I knew my clit was erect whenever I was aroused like this and I opened my eyes to see for myself. Despite what was happening, I knew it wasn’t a proper thing to happen to a girl and I struggled really hard to stay quiet to show Joe and Brian that I wasn’t enjoying the stimulation.   
  
Joe forced his finger into my mouth and I moaned slightly through his finger. He took out the lubricated finger and slowly inserted it into my wet pussy. I fought a gasp as I felt Joe’s large finger inside of me and its rough texture added extra stimulation. I tried so hard to block out the pleasure I was getting from the stimulation but my body betrayed me by the muscles that were contracting slightly in my pussy as Joe fingered me further. “Your cunt is nibbling my finger, Princess. You’re enjoying it aren’t you?” The dirty talk from the older man embarrassed me because I knew it was true yet it further heightened the stimulation I was getting. My pussy was stretched further as I felt an extra finger moving in and out with increasing speeds while my clit was getting rubbed and flicked around by his thumb. As I felt myself on the edge of orgasm, Joe began to bounce me up and down again with his legs in opposing motion to his fingers. The action made each finger thrust even deeper and enjoyable such that I had to hold on tightly to Joe’s shirt to steady myself. As I heard the squishy sound of his fingers going in and out of my soaked pussy getting louder and louder, I continued to fight the orgasm. “C’mon Princess, c’mon” Joe urged softly. In my head I kept telling myself, “No, don’t.” However, with another huge bounce and large thrust of his fingers, my inhibitions faltered and I came.   
  
My arms couldn’t hold me up anymore and my face crashed towards Joe’s chest. I bit a huge chunk of Joe’s shirt and I groaned long and loud. I didn’t realize that fighting an orgasm would make me come harder than I ever did before. Wave after wave of sheer bliss hit me as Joe continued to finger me and rub my throbbing clit. It seemed like forever before the last few waves subsided. Sweat beads trickled down onto my t-shirt as I was tried to catch my breath, causing it to see-through but covering myself was the last thing on my mind. Joe pulled his fingers out of my drenched pussy with a loud sucking sound. He smeared his fingers around my lips and put it into my gasping mouth. I unconsciously sucked it clean. I felt someone helping me up. It was Brian. I didn’t even bother adjusting my shorts as Brian picked me up and carried me seeing as my legs felt like jelly. He thanked Joe for a wonderful afternoon tea. Joe was still sitting there and said “Anytime Brian. And thank you, Princess.” I didn’t know why he thanked me but as I looked back at him on the chair I noticed there was a bulge in his shorts.   
  
We got back to the yacht and Brian helped me up. My head was still in the clouds as he put me on the floor. He removed the Jacuzzi tub cover and switched the tub on. Brian got me out of my clothes and placed me in the tub. As I put my head on the headrest, he switched on the water jets. There were even foot jets. What an awesome feeling! I thought Brian was going to join me but he went back to his controls and steered us back to his place. The water jets certainly helped to clear my mind. Perhaps I was getting used to alcohol or I didn’t drink as much as I did at the restaurant. I thought back at what had happened today at Brian’s pool and at the light house and I still couldn’t believe what had happened. I would die if anyone ever found out. Its just wasn’t the sort of thing I or anyone would normally do. I felt my crotch and noticed that my lips were still slightly open. I got out of the tub and dried myself with a towel Brian had left. Soon we were back at Brian’s place. Brian said that I could leave so I put my clothes back on and left.