**Barbara in Jamaica**

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Barbara B. was my girlfriend at the time when we decided to go to a resort in Jamaica in February. The winter weather was really annoying back home in Michigan and we needed a break. We packed swimsuits, shorts and not much else and packed her son off to her sister's in North Carolina. Our vacation was for seven glorious days of sun and fun. They had swimming, boating, scuba lessons and diving, catamaran rides, sports like volleyball, water volleyball, tennis, and gym equipment.  
  
On our first day on the beach Barbara wore the one piece suit she had purchased. It was very open on the sides and was very sexy, but between all the topless, nude, and skimpily dressed women, Barbara felt overdressed. I tried to reassure her it was fine but she saw me checking out all the scantily clad women at the resort as they passed by.  
  
The next day she told me to head out to the beach first. She wanted to surprise me with a new suit she had purchased along with some new girlfriends she had made at the resort bikini shop.  
  
When she walked out I was stunned. She was wearing a golden bikini that was so thin and sheer that every movement of her breasts could be seen and the material clung to her like a second skin. I complemented her repeatedly on how sexy she looked but she kept saying, "Just you wait, Mr. Wandering Eye!!" I didn't know what she meant until we went for a swim in the Caribbean waters. As she came out ahead of me I saw that her suit had turned transparent. I could make out the crack of her butt. And when she turned around and raised her arms she asked me, "What do you think now, Big Boy?" Her nipples were clearly visible through the material of her bikini top and her bottom was sheer in front too. It clung to her labia and the triangle of her black pubic hair was clearly visible against the material even to the point of making out the texture of her pubic hair. The suit wasn't lined so when she lay down face up she intentionally opened her legs up and revealed every fold and crease of her pussy. She was clearly enjoying my attention and the attention of every guy walking by.  
  
But then her new friends, Babs and Clarice, walked up. Both were beautiful black women and both were topless and wearing the barest of nothing sheer thongs. All Barbara said when she caught me staring was "Un-hunnh!!"  
  
The next day I knew something was up because she told me to head out to the beach ahead of her again. "A new swimsuit again??" "Maybe," she responded with a sly grin and walking to low windows she sat butt naked on the sill, folded her arms and grinned at me as passersby ogled her naked brown booty sitting on the window sill.  
  
This time she, Babs and Clarice all came out together. Each was wearing a peek-a-boo suit. It's basically strings that frame the breasts and crotch. Barbara's chocolate brown skin was highlighted by a bright yellow peek-a-boo suit that left her nipples exposed; the g-string bottom was three strings in front: one on either side of her labia and a third string that ran over her clitoris but ran between her pussy lips. She was shaved smooth. Her friends were similarly outfitted in orange and bright blue suits and they too were shaved smooth.  
  
As Barbara sat down on her chair she said, "Is that sexy enough to keep your eyes on me?" "Well," I said jokingly, "you could be naked!!" And she stood up and removed what little there was of that suit and spent the rest of the day and evening naked. She went to the beach bar naked, went swimming in the resort pool naked, went into the buffet restaurant naked, and then entered a wet t-shirt contest and won by inviting Babs, Clarice and three strange white guys up on the stage and having the white guys pull the girls' clothes off and then the girls pulling the white guys' clothes off and then hugging them all with their naked, wet bodies. The crowd roared its hedonistic approval and Barbara won the contest. She walked off the stage naked and wiggling her beautiful brown behind and just before she disappeared she stopped, turned around, pointed at me and moved her finger in a "come here" gesture. I stood up stripped my own clothes off and ran after her sporting a hard on. As I chased her back to our room I heard the crowd laughing their ass off, but I didn't care because I knew we were going to fuck each other's brains out.