**Carrie's Mexico Vacation**

Ok, I finally had a little time on my hands of the holidays so I decided to do some writing.

Just as an update, Yes, Bob and I did get married over a year ago now and I’m loving every minute of it, well almost every minute of it anyway. Back in November we took a little vacation to Mexico and, although not as crazy as some of my trips, had some fun moments that I thought I’d share.

We were staying in this town of Playa del Carmen which is a pretty hip town. We were lodging virtually right on the beach and did a lot of swimming, snorkeling and Scuba diving. I think technically its against the law to go topless in Mexico, but the beaches were certainly topless friendly, however there were only a couple of women going topless. No one ever complained so I was certainly happy.

The town was really cute and there was this cool part about 2 blocks off the beach that was closed off to traffic where all the restaurants and stores were. I quickly found out that a lot of people come right off the beach and browse the shops in just a cover up and some in their bathing suites.

Well it was the second or third day and Bob and I had made arrangements with a local dive shop to take us diving. On the way back we asked to keep the mask and fins so we could do some snorkeling. They agreed telling us that we had to return it to their shop in town.

Here’s where the story really begins.

I had chosen this tiny bikini for the day, ok which of my bikinis aren’t tiny. The top was a triangle top that although not ridiculously small left a lot of my breast exposed not only on the sides but a tiny bit at the bottom, too. It wasn’t really sheer, but my nipples were poking through noticeable, not that it mattered since I wasn’t really planning on wearing it much except to and from the hotel. The bottom was one of my typical tiny low cut string one, not a thong but one that barely covers my ass. It was not one of the ones that’s ridiculously small but still leaves nothing and I mean nothing to the imagination. The wildest part is that with my flat tummy and the way the bottom runs across my hip, it leaves quite a gap down there. I often catch guys and even women trying to sneak a peek.

Bob often asks why I even bother wearing it, but it’s not like you can walk around naked, so I have to put something on right. It’s an especially daring suit and probably not that well suited for the water, but that never stops me. A word about me in case you’ve forgotten from my other stories. I’m just about 5’ 10” and weigh about 130. I have blonde hair and have been blessed with a 34c 24 34 figure.

The dive trip was an adventure in itself, but the main part of this story started once we got back to the beach. The boat dropped us right on the beach, so I didn’t even bother to put my top back on. We walked down the beach and did some snorkeling and then found a relatively quite spot to relax. Bob did his usual magic applying the lotion. He started on my back which felt great. Between the sun on my bare back and the massage I was in heaven. He started on my back and worked his way down pretty much pulling my bottom off to get every last part of my butt. He then did my legs paying especially attention to the parts between my legs. He seemed to be getting a great deal of pleasure in getting me aroused which I guess I deserved since I tease him so often. I was getting plenty turned on and was getting up to cool off in the water when Bob pushed me back down on the towel on my back and said he need to finish. He started with my shoulders and worked his way down to my chest. My nipples were already hard when his hands found my breasts. OMG, he was seducing me right there on the beach. He started slowly, circling my breasts before finding my nipples. He knew exactly what he was doing to me and it was working. I shooed him away a couple of times and I wanted to tell him to stop, but after a while I just couldn’t. By then my heart was beating faster and breathing was accelerated. He then jumped to my legs which gave me a brief moment to recover, but as he moved to my legs my excitement rose once again. I squirmed when his fingers grassed my pussy through my bikini bottom, but that didn’t even slow him down. Having finished my legs, he went back to my breasts. I told him he had already done them, but he said he didn’t want to miss anything. I was really turned on now and every time he touched my nipples I left out a gasp. He then squirted a long stream of lotion on my tummy from just below my breasts to just above the where my bottom started. He then very slowly started massaging it in, moving down my tummy, spending a long time playing with my belly button and occasionally moving back to my breasts just to tease me some more.

He knew just how to tease me and was playing my body like a fine musical instrument. The thing was this was right there on the beach. It wasn’t a busy beach, but people were walking by. I was really fighting to keep my emotions hidden, but I couldn’t hide my nipples which were pointing skyward like little antennas.

Bob worked his way down to my hips playing with the ties to my bottom with me telling him to stop fearing he was going to take my bottom off right there on the beach. The possibility sent my emotions up to another level. Then after teasing me there he moved back to my nipples causing a noticeable gasp. I felt that unmistakable feeling of an approaching orgasm and he knew it. He worked my tummy in wide sensual circles, moving lower and lower with each circle. I knew where this was going, but was too overwhelmed to do anything about it.

He had teased me to near orgasm and had never really touched my pussy. At that point I needed release and was starting to beg for his touch. He continued his sensual circles on my tummy and it didn’t take but a couple more circles before his fingers were teasing my bikini bottom. Laying on my back there was probably an easy inch gap giving him easy access to my mound. Being freshly shaved there was nothing to interrupt his touch. I was very quickly reaching that point of no return but not quite able to get there. Another inch lower and he’d have me, but he needed to prolong it and backed off. I was squirming pretty good at that point not really caring who saw us. I was on the verge of desperation when he moved back under my bottom and found my pussy. That was all it took as I crossed that magic point of no return. I arched my back and did my best to quiet my release. OMG, Bob had teased me to orgasm right there on the beach.

I just laid there trying to keep from being noticed as my orgasm passed. It was crazy. I couldn’t believe I had just had an wild orgasm lying on a public beach. I don’t know how long it was before I recovered, but I was covered with perspiration. I desperately needed to cool down so we headed down to the water.

Still being pretty horny it was my turn to tease Bob a bit. I jumped up on him and wrapped my arms around him putting my breasts pretty much in his face. I think it was working, because I could feel his hard on pushing against me. There were people on the beach and walking back and forth, so I was a little hesitant, but I looked around and there wasn’t anyone in the water near us, so I nervously reached into Bob’s trunks and pulled his penis free. He’s actually pretty conservative, especially compared to me, so he told me to stop and tried to pry me off, but I had my legs around him and even more importantly was working his growing penis with my hand. He was continuing to fight me and told me to stop which made it that much more fun. I looked around one more time before reaching down with my free hand and pulling the tie on my bottom. Now I was getting excited, because there I pleasuring my man with one hand while trying not to drop my only means of covering up with the other. I then gave Bob a big smooch while pulling myself up a little higher. Repositioned a bit I lowered myself right down on his erection which brought a look of shock to Bob as his penis slid inside me. I don’t think he even knew I had slipped my bottoms off.

Now I had him. I just looked him in the eyes and just gently squeezed my vaginal muscles as we floated around arm in arm. It was quite romantic. I could tell I was really getting to Bob when he bent forward and started kissing my breasts and sucking on my nipples. That in turn was getting to me. I was getting more and more turned on and I started to move up and down ever so slowly on Bob.

As I got more and more turned on I started to forget where I was. I had to concentrate a little, because I didn’t want to drop my only means of covering up. If I dropped it and it floated away I’d be walking back to the hotel bare.

Bob’s hands moved to my butt and now he was squeezing my ass tightly like he was ready to cum which got me going rocking harder. I was already close when I started to feel his penis throb. I came down hard and that was all it took. Bob came, which triggered my orgasm as well. I arched my back and almost dropped my suit as my climax took me. It was beautiful.

Eventually Bob lifted me up and pulled up his trunks which left me naked holding a pile of string in my left hand. Now as easy as it is to get out of a string bikini, it is equally hard to get it back on, especially when you’re trying to keep that fact a secret. I moved forward until the water was barely to my waist. I then turned my back to the beach, so no one could see me fumbling with my bikini bottom that I should have been wearing and not holding in my hand. I lifted the pile of string out of the water and proceeded to tie the ends of the side ties together, so I could slip it on. It’s such a pain, because you never get it just right the first time and end up with it so you can’t pull it on or you have it slipping off.

As hard as I tried to hide the fact, I don’t think I was fooling anyone that had been watching us in the water. I think they could figure out that we had been messing around and I was now trying to get my bottom back on. I finally got the ties together and then slid down in the water to slide my bottoms up my legs. Unfortunately I did it just as a motorboat wake came by. Momentarily surprised I lost my balance and fell dropping my bottom in the process. Bob came closer and started to laugh knowing what had happened. I was going to hit him, but was starting to drift into some pretty shallow water and couldn’t get up without showing my bottom. I was starting to panic thinking I was going to be stuck there naked when I saw a something floating a short distance away. I half swam and half crawled over and grabbed it. I was now in really shallow water and was sure the people on the beach could see my plight. Eventually I pulled my bottom up my legs over my butt just as I was washing up on the beach. Now I was starting to laugh, too, seeing that the worse was over.

The crisis averted, I walked up the beach with my modest somewhat preserved in the 30 -40 or so square inches of coverage my bottom provided. My near nude body was such a contrast to Bob who was wearing trunks that extended below his knees.

We relaxed for a bit before deciding that we needed to return the snorkeling gear that we had kept from our earlier dive trip. We gathered up our towels and stuff and decided to head back to our hotel. As we walked I realized I hadn’t tied my bottom just right and felt it slip as I walked. It was actually quite a turn on feeling my bottom slide down, especially since I had both hands full carrying our stuff. I was nearly naked to start with, and with it already sitting low on my hips, my bottom felt like it could fall off at any moment. I was already attracting a lot of attention walking down the beach topless, but now I was really attracting the looks. My nipples were already hard which presented quite a sight on its own. I didn’t look down, but I was certain a good part of my butt crack was showing and from how it felt my slit had to be close to coming into view.

It felt so sexy, but we were coming to a busier section and I couldn’t just walk out of my bikini and walk the beach naked, so I had to stop. When I looked down I let out a sigh as I saw that the top of my slit was just starting to come into view. I had to fix it before I put on a real show. I saw that I had a number of people checking the precarious position of my bikini. I put down my towel and snorkeling gear and started to fix my bikini. Now when your bikini covers as little as mine, you have to be really careful retying your ties. I’ve done some pretty good flashing doing this in the past and that wasn’t my intention, but I’m sure some people got a pretty good eye full.

I twisted around and untied the flimsy tie, pulled the material tight which in doing so exposed my whole side a fair amount of my goodies, but it’s not like there was a lot I could do about it. After I finished tying everything back in place I had to do the mandatory adjustments to make sure all the important parts were covered, or as best as they could be.

We picked up our stuff and continued back to the hotel. I jumped under one of the outdoor showers and rinsed the salt off me making sure I didn’t miss anything to Bob’s enjoyment. That done we dropped off the towels. Bob started walking up the walkway as I asked him, “Aren’t we heading back to the room to change?”

He said, “No, I thought we’d drop the gear off first.” I stopped and yelled back, “I can’t just walk up there like this.” Spreading my hands out as if to point out to him that I was all but naked, as if he hadn’t noticed.

“You look fine, besides who in their right mind would complain?” he said as he continued to walk.

I inched forward, but not really following, knowing that I was moving farther away from the beach. Now remember, he had my bikini top, room key and everything else with him in his backpack and all I had was a my tiny bikini bottom, some diving gear and a whole, whole lot of bare skin. I couldn’t just follow him, but I didn’t have a key to the room or anything. If I at least had the room key, I could have probably gotten a new towel and made it back to the room, but I didn’t have that and I wasn’t about to walk through the lobby like this and ask for a new key.

He looked like he was going to leave me there half naked, but then he turned back and handed me my top, “OK, I guess I have to give you this, but I thought you’d be up for a little walk.” My heart was beating pretty good as I slipped my bikini top over my head and Bob tied it behind my back.

“You really want me to just walk through town like this?” Again, extending my arms to illustrate my near naked state.

“OK, here are your sandals, too. Oh come on, we’ve seen other women in bathing suites and it’s not like you haven’t done anything like this before.”

He had a point there but still, this bikini barely provided legal coverage and was so thin that it left none of my girl parts to the imagination. To be honest I’ve seen body paint hide things better, but the idea of walking through town in just my bikini with nothing to cover up with sounded exciting. My nipples jumped to life at just the thought.

With that we walked down the path leaving the beach and heading into town. I don’t know what I was worried about. Bob was right, I’ve done worse, much worse. We rounded the first corner and crossed the street. My boobs hadn’t been constrained in so long that it felt strangely weird to not have the little wobble in my breasts as I walked.

I have to admit, wearing a bikini or even going topless at the beach where everyone else is so scantily clad is one thing, but walking amongst people wearing ordinary street clothes is something all together different. It did feel terrible sexy just casually walking down the street damn near naked catching all the attentive eyes that were checking out my bare body.

My nipples hardened and my pussy swelled with arousal which only served to highlight my girl parts that were now plainly obvious. My nipples were poking through my top like no tomorrow and I was now sporting a perfect camel toe down below. We walked up another block to where the shops were, now noticing a few more tourists. Some older lady gave me an evil look which made me a little self conscious, so I did the little adjustment thing to make sure all my goodies were covered. We were now in the busy part of town and there were a lot more people. It wasn’t crowded, but everyone that passed checked me out, most not even attempting to hide their stares. I just kept on moving until we found the dive shop where we got the gear.

The guys inside also made no attempt to hide their stares as they checked me out from head to toe spending most of their time on the two little areas that were still covered. One guy even moved closer so he could get a better look down the gap in the front of my bikini bottom. This was worse than walking down the street, because I couldn’t move on. I had to just wait till we did the return, which just intensified their stares.

We finished returning the gear and headed back out. The snorkeling gear must have somehow given me a sense of security for some strange reason, because without it I felt really, really vulnerable. I felt like everyone was checking out my bare body and that the couple of scraps of my bikini were just keeping me legal and not really hiding anything at all. I just took Bob’s hand for protection and told him this was really getting to me.

“I thought you like this excitement, what’s the matter? Let’s get a drink and look around while we’re here.” he said.

I held onto his hand as he led me down the street towards a couple of stores, “How about I buy a T-shirt at one of these places? Then we can do whatever you want.” My breath coming a little faster now.

“What and ruin your fun?” Oh man, my reputation was getting me in trouble.

We continued down the street window shopping before ducking into this store that seemed to sell every tourist item available. The isles were pretty narrow, so I had to excuse myself as we passed people. Brushing my bare skin across their cloths felt weird. Finally we exited back to the street without buying a thing.

“You know I could really use a drink about now.” I told Bob.

We walked another half a block and walked into this bar/restaurant where we ordered a couple of Margaritas at the bar. The bar seemed to fall silent as I walked pass, not escaping a single person’s attention. I guess that no shirt, no shoes, no service policy didn’t apply in Mexico. Here I was standing at the bar damn near naked and they were more than willing to serve me.

We took a set of stools off to the side and sat down. Sitting certainly hid my hip bone gap and camel toe but exposed my butt crack in the back. I tried to tug my bottom up, but there simply wasn’t enough material to do everything. I pretty much gulped down my Margarita which actually seemed to help me relax and calm down a bit. That liquid courage I guess. Before we knew it we were on our third and moved to a table to order dinner.

Dinner was nice and relaxing, well sort of. After the Margaritas I had pretty much forgotten that I was sitting in a restaurant in only my bikini. Bob and I were laughing and talking about how good it felt to get away and get back on the beach. The waiter seemed to give us extra special attention and everyone, including the owner, came by to chat. I wonder why. Sitting at the table hid my bottom pretty well but at the same time seemed to highlight my chest since at a glance it seemed like the only part of me that wasn’t bare skin and they were pretty much right. It was easier on my emotions not being out on total display, at least not until I had to get up and pee. As soon as I got up it all came back. I had to tug everything back in place to make sure I was decent. Damn that bikini was tiny I thought as I walked pass some of the other diner guest in order to get to the ladies room. Everyone seemed to stop and pause as I passed with my bottom pretty much at their eye level. I don’t think one of them could tell you my hair color though. I freshened up a little in the bathroom and gave everyone an encore as I returned letting everyone see flip side on the way back.

We had been there a while and didn’t realize how late it was nor how much we had drunk. When we left the restaurant it was getting dark and the temperature had dropped. On top of that there were more people, and most people were dressed for dinner now and not one was in beach wear. Just me, and just me was just about naked on a public street. The difference now was that after 4 Margaritas I had a new found confidence, especially with Bob as my protector, and figured let them look. I even twice asked people that were blatantly staring, if they like what they saw.

It was quite exhilarating with the cool air on my bare flesh and once again my nipples hardened, half from the cool air and half from my new rush of excitement. My skin was covered in goose bumps, but I didn’t feel one bit cold. I now was developing that inter warmth.

A couple of guys started yelling, “Show us your tits, show us your tits!”, as we passed and they were still hooting and hollering as we walked on. As a tease, I pulled my top up but didn’t turn around which brought even more hollering. We quickened our pace which sent my boobs bouncing threatening to bounce out of my top.

A block later I had to stop and tucked the girls back in as they exploded out of my top right in front of a couple coming the other way. The guy just stared while the girl said something, but I couldn’t make it out. My nipples were as big as I’ve ever seen them as I tugged the tiny top back over them, catching the sensitive nubs twice before getting them in. Bob and I just laughed as I pulled my bottom back in place as well. Tug as I may, there just wasn’t enough material to spread over all that bare skin.

“OMG, you have to slow up. This bikini just isn’t capable of all this activity.” I yelled to Bob through my giggling.

We passed a couple more admiring onlookers as we approached our hotel so I just smiled to them and kept on walking. No one could miss a tall blonde walking down the street a couple square inches short of naked. It was really quite exciting with the cool breeze blowing over my bare body and that was evident by my nipples that threatened to tear a hole through my thin top and my camel toe down below. The billions of goose bumps that covered totally everything that was visible of me was equally as erotic. I thought we would walk around the back as we had come, but Bob whose hand I was holding dragged me right up to the front door. We walked right through the lobby and over to the elevator like we were coming off the beach, Bob in his trunks and T-shirt and me in my tiny bikini. The only thing was we were a couple of hours after you’d normally come off the beach.

I started to giggle at what we were doing as Bob grabbed me around the waist and pulled me tight giving me a big kiss before the elevator arrived. We continued our embrace as we got into the elevator. I was lost in the romance and didn’t realize that Bob’s hands were behind me untying my bikini’s ties.

“OMG. Stop that!” I yelled as I felt my top come loose followed by my bottoms.

“What’s the matter? I thought you’d like the excitement.” he said.

“I think I’ve had enough excitement for one evening already. What happens if someone sees me?” I said as my bikini fell to the floor of the elevator.

“So what, we’re on vacation.”

“Yea, but you’re not the one naked.” I said with a gasp, our romance replaced by shock.

Bob reached down quickly and scooped up my bikini before I even knew what had happened. Now I was standing in the elevator buck naked. If I was excited before, this increased it ten fold. I was quickly moving towards another orgasm.

I’m not exactly sure what happened next, but as soon as the elevator door opened I ran out, passing a stunned couple that I guess was waiting for the elevator. Turns out we ran into them for dinner a couple of days later and we chatted about what we were doing. I just took off towards our room, not hearing Bob shouting at me. It wasn’t until I got to our door that I realized I didn’t have a key, or anything else for that matter. I turned back to see Bob coming down the hall, with the couple at the elevator looking on in stunned amazement.

“OMG. Hurry up and open the damn door!” I shouted, jumping around.

“Honey, just one problem. You got off on the wrong floor. We’re up one floor.”

“Shit!” I mumbled hiding behind Bob as the people looked down the hall at me.

After collecting myself enough to move I scurried down the hall towards the stairwell. Once inside I sprinted up the steps to our floor but waited for Bob to catch up before doing anything. My heart was really racing and my breathing was coming in gasps at that point. I was so turned on I was on the verge of having an orgasm right there in the stairwell. Bob took his time dangling our key card as he approached.

“Looking for this?” he said as he gave me another big wet kiss, feeling me up in the process. I know Bob was getting turned on as well by the feeling of his hard on that was pressing hard against me. His roaming hands were everywhere as I gasped in need. I know he likes the results when he gets me wildly turned on before sex and he had certainly achieved that as I stood naked in the stairwell.

Helpless I let out a loud gasp as his hand found my throbbing nipples. He really didn’t need to get me any more excited, because my body was perspiring it was so worked up. I was already ready for him, boy was I ready for him. But his hands just continued to roam my bare body kissing me everywhere. I just kissed him back lost in the moment and forgetting where I was. We were like dogs in heat, at least until I heard a door in the stairwell shut.

Hearing the door, I pushed Bob’s hands back and saying nothing gave him the old come follow me look as I grabbed his hands and pulled him out of the stairwell and into the hall. I was loosing my mind with excitement and on the verge of having a mind blowing orgasm, so I didn’t care who saw me at that point. My animal instincts had taken over and I needed relief.

Had anybody seen me they would have seen this naked sex crazed women leading her man by the arm. Bob opened the door quickly and I took him and pushed him backwards onto the bed telling him he had better be ready because I certainly was. I slid his trunks down just enough to find out he was indeed ready. I hopped up on the bed, and in a single motion slid his shaft inside me. It didn’t take but a second before I exploded. It was still early evening, but we didn’t leave the bed till late the next morning.