**Dominican Vacation** *by [annasdaddy](http://stories.xnxx.com/profile432867/annasdaddy)*

**Introduction:**A young, female, aspiring photographer doesn't realize she's soliciting prostitutes to model for her while she and her daddy are on vacation.

**Dominican Vacation (Part 1)**  
  
It’s seems strange to be surrounded by such beauty and still be unhappy.   
  
If you’ve ever been to the Dominican Republic then I don’t have to tell you what an amazing place it is. There is always a cool breeze on the beach, the food is delicious and cheap and the people are warmer than the sunny days. Musicians are ubiquitous and talented but what really gets me is how beautiful the Dominicans are as a people. It’s like some Nazi eugenicist escaped here and only let gorgeous people breed for three generations.  
  
Unfortunately, despite the tropical paradise I find myself in, I can’t let go of the shit storm I left back in the States and the challenges that I have to grapple with when I get back. This vacation was supposed to be an opportunity for me and my wife to salvage our relationship.   
  
Beth and I have been married for eleven years; we have an amazing, beautiful 9 year old daughter named Anna. Sometime in our seventh year we settled into a pattern of indifferent tolerance. I tried everything to show my wife how much our marriage and this trip meant to me. In the end I guess she decided her career and her needs were more important.   
  
A week before we were supposed to fly down here, Beth said she couldn’t get the time off after all. Apparently something had “come up” at work. I couldn’t believe it. At first I was just going to wallow in my sorrow and mute frustration, but as my simmering rage percolated I resolved to go on the trip regardless, after all, I’d already taken the time off. Since I knew there would be a seat available, I cancelled the arrangements I’d made with my mother to watch our daughter and paid the hundred bucks to get the ticket transferred into Anna’s name. It seemed like a great opportunity to bond with my precious angel. I guess I didn’t consider how preoccupied I would be.  
  
The trip down was the most difficult. I frequently had to excuse myself when I just couldn’t hold back the tears any more.   
  
Now we’re sitting on the beach outside of a little restaurant for an early evening meal. Anna has been obliged to entertain herself most of the day, as I have been interested in little more than trying to get lost in my book. She’s been using her new water-proof digital camera almost non-stop since the battery finally finished charging an hour ago.   
  
I have a delicious lobster dinner in front of me and I’ve hardly touched a bite. You know it’s bad when you don’t even notice the German-woman-who-looks-just-like-Brigitte-Nielsen-circa-1989 walking by in nothing but a black thong. My daughter pointed her out.   
  
“Daddy, that woman’s not wearing a bikini top and her boobies are really big!”  
  
Don’t get me wrong, it’s not like a few of the women bathing on this beach haven’t given me whip lash, it’s just that, before the lust gets too far, my stomach starts to churn and my heart ache comes on with a vengeance. That being said, Jesus, some of the bikinis these girls wear are practically made out of dental floss.  
  
I don’t really know what to say. Even though I’m not really a tit man it’s hard to take my eyes of this platinum blond’s assets; she obviously spent a lot of money on them after all.  
  
“I guess you’re allowed to go topless on this beach princess.”  
  
Then the woman passes us and the sight of the little black strip of fabric disappearing between those sumptuous ass cheeks makes my jaw drop.  
  
“Does that mean I could get a bikini and just wear the bottoms?”  
  
In my distracted state I say, “Sure sweetie.”  
  
Let me take a few moments to tell you about my daughter. You’re going to think I’m saying this just because she’s my little girl but if you ever met her you’d know that it’s true when I say Anna is just an amazing person. She is so sweet, so creative, so caring. She is just a joy to be around. She’s easy to talk to and so much fun. Her sense of humor amazes me. Her mother thinks it’s a little off color and gets mad at me ‘cuz she thinks I encourage her. Well, I probably do encourage her.   
  
She’s about 4’ 8” and just under 80 pounds. Her long wavy brown hair is lustrous; she gets her sparkling green eyes from her mother. She’s lithe and lean with the cutest little tushy which I haven’t been able to keep my hands off since she was a baby. We’re very close and natural together. I think sometimes she thinks I’m a piece of furniture the way she hangs all over me.   
  
I take my relationship with my little girl very seriously and if I tell her she can do something I try to honor my word … by the time I tear my attention away from the Amazon’s curves I know there’s no getting out this.  
  
As the waitress clears our plates, Anna is getting more and more excited about her new bikini.  
  
“Can we go shopping right now? The stores are still open!”  
  
“How ‘bout we go shopping in the morning angel? It’s getting late and you said you wanted to swim a little bit more before it gets dark.”  
  
“But Daddy, you said I have to digest before I can go back in the water. That’ll give us plenty of time.”  
  
My daughter is very smart and her logic is often better than mine. Besides, we’re on vacation.  
  
“Sure, why not. We’re on vacation right?”  
  
I ask the waitress where we can buy some swim wear. She directs us to a place just a few buildings down where we find a shop with one entrance on the street and another that lets right into a juice bar on the sand. We approach from the beach. Standing near the door are two young Dominicanas wearing the most outrageous matching bikinis I’ve ever seen. Their swimsuits are so skimpy and so tight that the girl’s labia are nearly popping out. Both the tops and the bottoms have zippers. In fact, if you took the least amount of fabric you could possibly attach to a zipper then you’d get the kind of bikini I’m talking about.   
  
It’s hard to tell how old the girls are but I’d have to guess no older than 18 and maybe as young as 16. They are both so tiny. The taller of the two is probably 5’ 4”, lighter skinned than her girlfriend, skin the color of coffee with too much cream in it. Her hair is straight and highlighted and her eyes are green. She is stunning with long, angular features but what gets me is her mouth; narrow with a juicy lower lip. Suddenly the word “suckable” pops in my head.  
  
The other one must’ve seen me salivating ‘cuz she nudges the tall one and starts giggling. The shorter girl has a much darker complexion but not like an African American, more reddish hues and curly raven black hair. When my eyes travel over her barely concealed body my brain ceases to function. Her perky little round tits sit right up and her well defined obliques frame a tummy so tight you could bounce a dime off it. Her hips look strong enough to crush a coconut.  
  
All the stimulation overwhelms my senses and before I realize it, Anna is striding up to them, her fingers laced behind her back, and asking, “Do you work here?”  
  
The taller girl looks down and smiles tenderly, “Oh no, we’re models.”  
  
Then the tall Dominicana looks at me, smiles much more lasciviously and adds, “We’re professionals.”  
  
It takes a few seconds for that to sink in but my little girl is ecstatic, “Daddy! They’re professional models!”  
  
As I rush over to intercede, a subtle but impending sense of dread washes over me. Anna whips out her new camera and eagerly announces, “I’m a photographer!”  
  
I put a hand firmly on her shoulder and chide, “C’mon princess, stop bothering the nice … erm … ladies.”  
  
Now close enough to take in their scent, the heat coming off them makes me melt.  
  
Anna shrugs off my hand.  
  
“But daddy! We could do a photo shoot!”  
  
“Hum, a what?”  
  
Anna tugs on the darker girl’s hand.  
  
“Do you guys wanna do a photo shoot with me?”  
  
Apparently the darker skinned girl doesn’t speak much English because she makes a few comments to her girlfriend; I can’t catch the reply but it ends with “Papi.”   
  
I’m standing back, shaking my head “no.”  
  
Anna looks to me; she’s still holding the girl’s hand.  
  
“Please Daddy.”  
  
I’m about to put the kybosh on it when I feel an electric shock course through my entire body as the taller girl’s finger grazes the swelling head of my half hard cock which is starting to bulge in my trunks.   
  
“I think your Papi would love to watch us pose for you,” she purrs.   
  
I try to speak but all that comes out is a little gurgling sound. It’s been so long since anyone made me feel sexually alive.  
  
Anna drags the young woman out onto the beach, “Let’s do it out near the water! My camera’s water proof!”  
  
The other girl grabs a bag off of a nearby stool and hands it to me then turns and lures me with her ass. The strings that connect her bikini are so small that she might as well be naked. She looks over her shoulder at me and smiles in such a wanton way it makes my heart skip a beat. It’s so messed up, my little girl’s voice echoing in my mind, “Let’s do it out near the water.”  
  
As they frolic in the waves and laugh I have to squirm and try to surreptitiously adjust my straining member. At a certain point they’ve shifted around enough that their dinky outfits can’t keep their girl parts in. I can see the lighter skinned girl’s puckered little asshole and, oh god, the other one, Christ, her zippered thong is riding right up between her dark pussy lips and when she prances through the surf I can see the woman’s pink inner folds. I can’t help but lick my lips. Of course I’m mortified when they notice but what’s worse, the taller one bends over to whisper something in my little girl’s ear. My angel lights up.  
  
Holding the beach bag in front of me, the three girls rush over to me.  
  
“Daddy! Daddy! They said that for 500 pesos we could do a private shoot! 500 pesos! That’s how much you paid for our lunch!”   
  
The Dominicanas are whispering to each other as my baby tugs on the bag, looking up at me pleadingly.  
  
“I don’t think it’s such a good idea angel.”  
  
“But Daddy, we’re on vacation.”  
  
With that, the two girls drape themselves on either side of me, the cool water dripping off them barely mitigates the arousal which is enflaming me. Almost in my ear, the taller girl – who speaks nearly perfect English – cajoles, “I know we’ll have fun.”  
  
I can feel their hands travelling all over my body; someone is gripping my ass. The other girl says something in Spanish and her girlfriend agrees as she translates, “If you have a shower, we’ll do it for 250 pesos. We don’t have shower at our house.”  
  
The thought of these two girls getting soapy makes my cock stand right up. And all the while my little girl is trying to get my attention.  
  
“Daddy, we have a great shower in our room. It’s OK if they use it isn’t it?”  
  
My thoughts are in all the wrong places and the part of the brain that formulates words isn’t working. As they start to usher me in the direction of the hotel room I simply stumble along after them as if in a trance. Anna is scampering ahead leading the way. I’m holding hands with the shorter of the two and all I can think about is her dark pussy lips and pink insides. I can feel my pulse pounding in my cock and somehow I manage to ask what her name is.  
  
“Carmen.”  
  
The way that rolls off her tongue just makes the whole world fade away for a second. As we walk by an overweight, pale, middle-aged, obviously-recently-arrived American woman walking arm in arm with a bronzed, buffed Dominican – each of whom give me a knowing glance – suddenly I’m glad we don’t have to walk through some hotel lobby to get to our room.  
  
Anna is on the patio waiting for me to open the door, she’s looking up at the Caribbean beauty with as much awe as the first time she sat on Santa’s lap. In profile, the woman’s aquiline features are mesmerizing and at this point the nipple on her tiny little gravity-defying tit is exposed and she makes no pretense of trying to hide it.  
  
“I’m Anna, what’s your name?”  
  
“My name is Isabella.”  
  
I take a deep breath and can’t resist letting my arm brush Isabella’s smooth skin as I awkwardly open the door. My mind is racing. How far am I going to let this go? These women are obviously prostitutes and I’m in a foreign country with my young daughter. And even if I wasn’t, I wouldn’t have sex with them. I don’t solicit prostitutes for one thing! Besides, we’re right next to Haiti which has the highest concentrations of A.I.D.S in the western hemisphere. But still, all I can think about is sex, my cock is raging! These girls are insanely beautiful.   
  
As I hold the door open it’s all I can do to keep from pouncing on one of them. These girls are nothing like the street walkers you sometimes see in urban blue light districts in the States. They move with grace and their petite bodies are flawless. Isabella’s English is impeccable. And they’re only asking for 250 pesos! That’s like fifteen bucks! Maybe … maybe what? Maybe sneak into the bathroom and jerk off. No, I don’t know anything about these women! I’m certainly not going to leave my little girl alone with them. It’s been years since I’ve been to a strip club but maybe something like a lap dance … a surreptitious lap dance? That doesn’t make any sense! None of this makes any sense and yet I’m not stopping.  
  
I close the door behind me and have to brace myself as Isabella sits on the edge of the small couch next to the TV. Her legs are open and her crotch is exposed. Carmen slinks behind her girlfriend, brushes Isabella’s hair back and whispers in her ear.  
  
Holding the bag in front of me I trace the thick vein on the underside of my swollen shaft as Anna gets her camera back out.  
  
Carmen is draped over Isabella, her dark arm making Isabella’s lighter complexion look almost pale. I notice that her finger tip is nearly touching Isabella’s exposed, pink, perky nipple.  
  
I can hear my heart pounding in my ears and feel my cock throbbing as Isabella smiles and says, “So Anna, you are the photographer, how do you want us to pose?”  
  
“I don’t know, like the ladies in the magazines I guess.”  
  
“Something like this maybe?”  
  
Isabella stretches out, caressing her own smooth firm thigh. She keeps looking at me; it’s obvious I’m rubbing my dick. She winks. Carmen leans over the back of the couch showing off her cleavage.  
  
Anna is in 7th heaven, clicking away, her body practically wiggling with excitement. I climb up on the bed behind my daughter, at first using the bag to conceal my necessary digital manipulations but then I set it aside deciding to simply slip under the covers.  
  
Carmen starts kissing Isabella’s neck.  
  
Anna is mesmerized.  
  
When do I stop this? I should stop this now. I should’ve stopped this outside the store!  
  
“Do you like our bikinis Anna?”  
  
“Yeah they’re … cool.”  
  
I see Isabella take Carmen’s hand and place in on her tit; Carmen naturally begins to unzip the bikini.  
  
I should stop this.  
  
“They not cover much.” Carmen says with a thick Hispanic accent as she unzips the other side and repositions it so Isabella’s hard pink nipples are now framed by little metallic rimmed triangles.  
  
“No they don’t,” is all my baby says as she snaps a couple more pictures.   
  
“Especially when they come unzipped.”  
  
Isabella’s hand is sliding down her own flanks while Carmen is pinching her left nipple.  
  
I should stop this.  
  
As if the world were in slow motion, Isabella – this young, delicate, gorgeous little creature – unzips the bottom part of her dinky bikini. As she lets her hand rest on her inner thigh I can see her perfectly smooth, hairless pubic mound bulging out from the straining bikini bottom and the hood of her clit looking so succulent. Anna gasps.  
  
  
“Daddy! She doesn’t have any hair down there! I thought grownups had hair between their legs!”  
  
Stammering, all I can sputter is, “I guess she shaves it.” My face beat red.  
  
Anna is so excited she gets right up to take a closer look, meanwhile both girls notice that I’m under the covers and immediate realize what my hand is doing.  
  
With a wry smile, Isabella asks, “Are you cold Papi?”  
  
You can tell by her poise and articulation that Isabella has a keen intellect while Carmen is more like a little animal. The swarthy minx detaches from her girlfriend and starts making her way over to me.  
  
“Yo tengo frio,” she purrs as she rubs her arms unconvincingly. As she slips under the covers with me I hardly notice Isabella slipping out of her bikini bottoms and spreading her legs wider for my daughters edification.  
  
“Actually I use wax to get all the hair off down there,” she explains.   
  
Anna laughs incredulously, “Wax? Like candle wax?”  
  
A riot of emotions and feelings course through me as I feel Carmen’s legs entangle mine.  
  
Isabella smiles, “No, a special wax for getting all the hair off.” She cups her leg under one knee and lifts it in the air. “Even down here.” I strain to see her finger grazing her asshole before Anna’s head obscures my view, her camera clicking away.  
  
I know it’s gone too far and I’m just about to say something when I feel Carmen’s exploring fingertips slip into my swim trunks and smear the slippery pre-cum seeping from the tip of my cock. My body quivers and jerks as she circles the slit and the rim of my helmet. Distracted for a moment, I glance over at Carmen’s lust filled face as she brings her palm to her mouth and slathers it with her tongue. I’m frozen as I feel her freeing my dick and her saliva covered hand slips around my raging shaft.  
  
Trying not to grunt and moan too loudly I look down the length of the bed to see Isabella slipping off the couch, kneeling in front of my little girl and taking the camera from her around her neck.  
  
“I have an idea.” She says with such intelligent conviction that all my daughter and I can do is listen to her proposition.   
  
“I could take some pictures and you could be the model.” Her smile is at once sincere and wicked, and even though she doesn’t look at me, I know she is aware of the power she has over me.  
  
Anna is ecstatic. “OK!” she exclaims, as she turns around, oblivious to Carmen’s hand pumping my rod under the covers. “Daddy! I’m gonna model!”  
  
I’m about to offer my feeble protestations but, as Anna leapt onto the couch, Isabella stands, turns to face Anna and spreads her legs just a bit as she bends at the waist to start photographing my little girl. Isabella’s bikini bottoms are around one ankle and I’m hypnotized as her little bare ass wags back and forth. Her firm cheeks are so tight that I can see her butthole winking at me.  
  
My breath is practically coming out in snorts as Carmen slathers her hand one more time and presses her body against mine. She works my dick as she nuzzles into my neck. I feel her hot breath and hear her little grunts. She starts grinding on my leg and nibbling my ear. I can feel the zipper digging into my thigh. My hand explores her firm thigh, her ass; I grip it, tug it open, pull her to me.  
  
I watch in awe as Anna slowly slips the shoulders of her bathing suit down revealing her flat chest. She pouts for the camera; it’s affected but so sultry. My mind races as she pinches her little nipples and scrinches her nose. What is my little girl doing? Then I nearly loose it when she turns around, kneels up on the couch, pushes out her sweet little tushy and pulls the crotch of her swimwear to one side, revealing her little girl parts.  
  
I sit bolt upright, “Anna! What are you doing?” The flash of her sex parts is indelibly imprinted on my mind.  
  
She spins around surprised and ends up sitting Indian style on the couch, her top half down, her crotch still partially exposed, pink little bald pussy popping out next to her binding swimsuit. She sticks out her chest then slaps the cushions of the couch.  
  
“I’m posing like the girls on your computer!” she announces then she crosses her arms defiantly.  
  
Isabella is just looking at me, hands on her hips, a mischievous smile creeping across her face. I reluctantly peel Carmen’s fingers from my raging erection but her hands and lips are still all over me.  
  
“You’ve been snooping through daddy’s private files?” I ask while trying to sound authoritative but Carmen’s hand goes back to work on my dick, seriously affecting my ability to articulate at all.  
Anna bites her lip and expresses a complicated emotion, “You sometimes leave the files open and I … I always ask before I use your computer”  
  
Anna glances down at the sheet as Carmen’s hand moves up and down on my dick. Isabella gets on the couch with my daughter and drapes one arm over her shoulder, removing a lock of hair from her face with the other. Both girls look at me. Anna’s expression in plaintive if a bit defiant; Isabella, on the other hand, looks right through me.  
  
“She just wants to be like a professional, right Anna?”  
  
“Yeah,” Anna chimes.  
  
“Besides,” Isabella continues as her fingertips trace Anna’s neck and shoulders, “I’m sure you like pictures of naked girls.”  
  
Anna nods vigorously. “Oh he does! He has lots of pictures of naked girls!”   
  
“Aha! Well, now you can have more pictures to … admire,” she purrs as she tilts her head in towards Anna. My daughter gasps slightly as she feels Isabella’s fingers glide over her flat chest and graze her little exposed nipple.  
  
My heart is pounding harder than it has in I can’t remember how long. This prostitute is basically molesting my little girl and it’s in spite of all that it sacred my thoughts are almost single mindedly sexual. “It’s just that … it’s just …”   
  
I feel Carmen’s hot breath whisper in my ear. “Solamente unos pocos fotos mas.”  
  
Isabella stands, so statuesque in nothing but an obscene bikini top, “Don’t you think she looked so pretty posing?”  
  
I had to admit it, “God, she looked so pretty.” It came out sounding almost like an admission of defeat. I knew, at that, moment that whatever had been set in motion could not be undone.   
  
Anna is ecstatic.  
  
“You like when I pose like this?” She jumps up on the couch, hands on the back cushions, and wiggles her butt back and forth, one pussy lip still popping out.  
  
All I can do is moan.  
  
Isabella is photographing my daughter’s bottom.   
  
“Que linda,” Carmen exclaims as she slips under the covers and her face makes a b-line for my cock.  
  
“I want to get all nakie!” Anna giggles as she wriggles out of her bathing suit. As I watch her peel it over her bum I can’t tell weather I want her to slow down so I can savor it or speed up, I’m so excited at the prospect of her showing off her naked body in inappropriate ways.  
  
I gasp as I feel Carmen take my dick all the way down her throat. I hear a muffled gag under the covers as she holds it there. I feel her fingers tighten at the base of my shaft. It’s a good thing too, because that strangle hold is the only thing keeping me from spewing as I watch my little girl’s fingers appear from between her leg. My eyes bulge as she spreads her pussy open for the camera. In the shifting light of the hotel room and the flash, it is clear that her little folds are glistening with moisture. I can only imagine the expression on my face as Anna smiles at me from between her legs.  
  
When she notices Carmen’s head bobbing on my knob under the covers, her expressions shifts from joy to earnest curiosity. She curls around back onto her butt, bare naked, sitting cross legged, her hand absentmindedly still touching her cunny,   
  
“Daddy, what’s she doing under the covers?”  
  
Before I can answer, Isabella replies, “I think she’s trying to keep your daddy warm.”  
  
Anna scootches to the edge of the couch, “I’ll help keep you warm daddy! Can I get under the covers too?”  
  
Isabella sets the camera down and encourages her, “Lets all get under the covers!”