**Hi from Sunny South Florida**

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**I*ntroduction:***

*My first story as I look back on my life. Some of it is true and some of it is an exaggeration and some of it is just plain fantasy.*

My name is Larissa and my dad is an asshole. I'm 18, born and raised in Fort Lauderdale Florida. Today is Sunday and my friend Linda and I take our bikes down to Hollywood Beach to ride on the broadwalk. At Margaritaville I see my dad and his receptionist having cocktails at the pool bar. He is supposed to be playing golf with his asshole buddies like he always does on Sunday.

A bit of explanation. Apparently my mom and dad were really popular in high school and college. My dad got a degree in accounting, then his CPA license and opened up his own office. My mom graduated with an English degree, passed the bar and works part time as an immigration attorney. My mom's parents are from Colombia and her ability to speak Spanish and English means that she has no shortage of clients in South Florida.

Back to my Dad. His accounting practice is very successful due to all his college buddies using him for their accounting, plus his cheap labor. He hires freshly graduating accounting students and pays them almost nothing because in the accounting business you need to have some experience. He shows them what to do and then just checks it over before sending it out and billing the client. He lords over them at his office like he does to us at home. He thinks that his responsibility is to be the provider, put a roof over our head and pay the bills. However my mom makes just as much as he does but he doesn't get it. He goes to happy hour after work with who knows who and wants dinner on the table at 8 O'clock. After dinner he goes to the theatre room and watches TV until he goes to bed. The next day he gets up, goes to the gym, to breakfast and then to work. He is gone from 6 am until 8 pm every day. Saturdays he usually goes fishing with his buddy who has a large sport-fishing boat and Sunday, like I said, it's always golfing.

I think he married my mom because she is Hispanic and he figured that she would cook and clean and be a humble little wifey. The fact that she is smart and capable was a plus to him but his machismo led him to believe that he could do, as the man of the house, whatever he wants. Well he is dead wrong on that account. I have had several conversations with my mom and she is really angry and unhappy with their marriage. His lack of interest in her and everything else is not something that she ever thought would happen. They go out a couple times a month on Saturday night, usually to a concert or some other event and dinner, and out to dinner a couple times a week but that's the extent of their relationship. My mom is a very loving person and needs way more support and intimacy than she is getting from my dad. I asked her if she has spoken to him about it but he is unresponsive. I have a younger brother, Jason, and my mom won't break up the family worried what that would do to him.

We have a great life on the outside. We live in Rio Vista on the water that leads to Port Everglades and the Atlantic ocean. Right across the little bridge is Las Olas with restaurants and shops and pretty much anything you could want.

I'm studying at Broward College, taking Pre-Law classes because I want to be a lawyer like my mom. She has taught me Spanish, it's all we speak at home to make sure that I am fluent. My dad doesn't like it but tunes us out anyway so what the fuck. The funny thing is that while I inherited my curvy figure from my mom, my hair is blonde like the rest of my dad's Nordic family.

I have a boyfriend. His name is Jonathan but everyone calls him Jake. He is totally cool. Tall, slender muscular, smart and blond like me, he is a real looker. He dresses well and a suit just makes him look like a movie star but he doesn't care. He loves to surf and is studying marine biology. Money doesn't interest him, it's all about happiness. He doesn't want a work/life dilemma to balance. He says that if you do what you love, you will never have to work a day in your life. I love that about him. Plus, is chiseled good looks, cleft chin, washboard abs and a nine inch dick help too.

So I see my dad and Marta sharing a bottle of wine on the beach Sunday afternoon and just don't get it. Marta is Cuban and looks pretty much like my mom, only 20 years younger. WTF? My mom is a total fox, why would you have to cheat? You have a smart, gorgeous, sexy woman who loves you waiting at home and you have to cheat with your employee?

I pull my bike over where he cant see me and hand Linda my cell phone to take some pictures just in case I need to convince anyone about what I saw. When Linda hands me the phone back I check the pictures and one is perfect. My dad and Marta are an inch away from kissing and her nipples are poking our from her shirt in an obvious state of arousal. My dad has lust in his eyes. I suppose that they have a room at the hotel to fuck in.

I'm pretty pissed off and Linda can tell so we continue riding south to the end where the broad-walk veers away from the beach and she suggests that we go for a swim. We lock up the bikes, go down to the water, strip off our shorts and tee shirts down to our swimsuits and walk to the water.

I know everyone thinks that because I am latina that I'm supposed to wear a skimpy thong bikini and show off my tits and ass but I don't want to. Firstly, I don't think the sun is good for my skin and secondly my body is so friggin ripe that people just stare. Not just the guys, even the women watch me. I wore a fairly modest two piece to swim in the pool at Linda's country club and she told me that it wasn't appropriate. It's not me or the suit, just the two of us together. She was worried that all the teen age boys would have to run someplace to masturbate. So today I have the cutest swimsuit that I ordered from Venus online. It's a bohemian one piece and although it gives me some cover you will never mistake me for a boy. Linda is wearing the hottest two piece. She has an acquaintance that makes them custom for her. This one is emerald green and the part that connects the front and back together is a gold chain on her hips and the top has the same accent holding the two front triangles together. She is blond also but her figure is lean and athletic so she can afford to show it off a bit without going over the edge.

I get out the Neutrogena Beach Defense sunscreen lotion and begin to rub it on Linda. This lotion is the best. It is expensive but worth it. I start with her neck and shoulders then her back. I do the back of her legs and she turns to face me. I start on the front of her shoulders and she puts her hands out for me to squirt some for her. I sigh. I know she is a little horn doggy and give in. Soon we are face to face rubbing lotion on each other. She does it because she loves to be an exhibitionist and because she is proud to have a hot girlfriend. As she rubs the lotion on my neck, she pulls me forward and I know a kiss is inevitable. I want it too, but because she is always so horny I like to fake reluctance just to make her want it more. She presses her lips to mine and starts to slide her huge tongue into my mouth. I have a pretty large tongue but hers is enormous. I have a couple pictures on my phone of her tongue where she is sticking it out and you just can't believe how big it is. I suck on it and get wet immediately. It turns me on that much. I push her off of me and after we get finished slathering each other up we go into the water. We doggy paddle with our heads out of the water and get to the sandbar maybe twenty five yards offshore. There aren't many people at the south end of Hollywood beach. With no shops or lifeguards most people are farther north. It is a perfect day. The crystal clear water is refreshing without being chilly, and the waves are just a small swell. I dive under water and skim along the white sand bottom. I come up and Linda follows me. We get back to chest deep water and she comes up to me from behind and wraps her arms and legs around me. She starts squeezing my 36C boobs and I don't stop her. I know that she would love to kiss my neck but for the sunscreen. My nipples get aroused and she pinches them and rolls them between her thumb and forefinger. She licks my ear lobe and while tweaking my left nipple with her left hand manages to slide her right hand under my swimsuit and onto my pussy. She is such a little sneak. I don't know how she does it but I love it anyway. She takes her forefinger and middle finger and placing one on each side of the little hood covering my clit begins to stroke me gently up and down. Damn, this girl knows how to seduce me.

It's hard to get wet in the salt water of the ocean but I do it anyway. As I get aroused, Linda slips her middle finger into my eager pussy and begins to finger fuck me right there, in the water at a public beach. She knows that once I get like this I am powerless to resist her and she always takes advantage of me in this condition. She pinches my left nipple, which has grown to about an inch long and a quarter of an inch in diameter. She slides two fingers into me and I know that an orgasm is impending. I reach behind me and grab her pussy with my hand and before I can finger her also the first waves of my orgasm start. I turn my head around and our lips come together. That sends me over the edge. I start to shake and the power of my orgasm takes over. I start to come down from the rush and continue to kiss her. I mutter into her mouth, “I love you:.

After a minute to allow me to recover, she turns me around to face me and starts kissing me again. She wraps her legs around my waist and I reach down to fondle her pussy. Linda slips off her bikini bottom arches her back to allow me better access. I put my thigh between her legs and she starts to hump it but I remember that we have sunscreen on and don't want it to hurt her pussy, so I put my hand back down there and not so gently squeeze her entire pubic mound. She knows that I am teasing her and whispers in my ear, “One day I'm going to fucking kill you, you fucking bitch!” With that being said I slide my middle finger into her waiting pussy. She gasps and I start rubbing her clit with my thumb. Once I have her where I want her I try to stick a finger on my other hand into her tight little pink asshole but without any lube I can't do it. So I just caress her asshole instead while I finger fuck her with my other hand. I know that she is getting close and I know what it takes to push her over the edge. Start fucking her mouth with my tongue like a guy would do with a dick. I feel her clench around my fingers and she actually starts crying on my shoulder as her orgasm wracks her body. I hold her and when she is finished I lick the tears from her cheeks. She doesn't tell me that she loves me but I know that she does.

We get out of the ocean and we are too spent to continue so we sit just above where the waves lap upon the sand and rest. A hot middle aged couple walk by, I'm guessing like 50, and the guys is staring at us with obvious interest and his wife? doesn't seem to mind. They stop and he asks, “How is the water?”

Since it is afternoon the sun is behind us and I get a good look at the couple. He is in pretty good shape and I figure him for a tennis player. He is tall, but not to tall, muscular, but slender and has an open honest face. His wife is a trophy. A gym bod for sure, natural curves and just an elegant beautiful woman.

“Amazing!” I tell them. “Perfect, you should go in.”

The lady says, “Good idea.” and lifts off her white lace cover-up and displays an amazing body. He takes off his tee shirt, hat and sunglasses and displays his flat tummy. “We saw you swimming. Would you like to go in again?”

It then dawned on me that they know what Linda and I had been up to and were wanting us to join them for a little sandbar fun too.

Linda interjects, “Maybe another time, but we really need to get going.”

He introduces himself, “I'm Mike and this is my wife Camille. Pleased to meet you. We live right over there and if you are here next weekend I would like to invite you to use our pool. What do you say?”

Camille says, “ Oh yes, if you want to stop by, we would love to get to know you.”

I get out my phone, “give me your number.” Camille does and I dial her number. I tell her that when she sees my call to add it to her contacts and that my name is Larissa and my friend is Linda.

They go into the water and we watch as they swim for a minute and soon Camille is straddling Mike facing me and it's obvious that they are fucking. She makes a display of it licking her lips and enjoying herself.

“Oh My God!”, Linda exclaims, “He is boning her!” It's time for us to leave so we blow kisses at Camille and make no effort to disguise the fact that we know she and Mike are fucking.

We ride our bikes back to the Sheridan Street parking lot to Linda's truck. She has a Toyota 4-runner four wheel drive with big tires and a trailer hitch mount on back for the bike rack. It is a bad ass truck. It gets terrible gas mileage and the ride is hard but it is so fucking cool.

She takes me home and there is a note that my mom and brother are clothes shopping at the mall and will be home later. With my dad banging his mistress we have the house to ourselves. We sprint to my wing. I have the second master bedroom with an on-suite bath and french doors leading to a private patio area. We strip, get into the shower and start soaping each other up. I kiss her and plunge my tongue into her mouth as far as I can and she eagerly sucks it hard.

We rinse off and I have her sit on the vanity stool so that I can brush and blow dry her hair. I have adopted my submissive mode and she knows it. When I am done she gives me a thank you kiss and leaves the bathroom. I blow dry my hair and when I go into the bedroom she has already donned her leather daddy outfit. A series of leather straps surround her body and she has the fetish fantasy double delight already strapped on. It is a vibrating double ender that is in her and the other end for her to fuck me with. On the bed is the outfit that she has chosen for me. Stockings, garter belt, crotchless panties and a sheer bra. As I slide the black stockings on she watches me while lubing up the purple dildo-cock sticking out from her leather harness. I know what is in store for me and I shudder with anticipation.

She dangles the last item for me to wear. A pair of black high heel shoes with ankle straps. As I bend down to put them on she shoves me to the Berber carpet. I turn sideways to continue putting on my slut shoes as she goes into my closet and finds the final item, a black leather riding crop.

I know the drill. Without saying a word she waves the crop indicating that she wants me to get in front of the full length mirror and present myself to her. I do so biting my lower lip. I don't know how hard it will be this time. I feel my pussy swelling with fear and anticipation. My big nipples are so hard that they are sore.

“Bend over and grab your ankles.” I do and the first strike of the crop lashes across my ass. She gives me 6 more, our routine, seven the lucky number. “The panties” She orders. I take too long and in her impatience I feel her rip them down to my thighs and the head of the dildo-cock pressing against my swollen pussy lips.

“I'm not going to fuck you, bitch. You are going to fuck me. Do you understand that?”

“Yes, Madam” I gasp.

“What do you want?”

“To fuck you”

“Then do it, bitch”

I shove back and after some resistance the dildo-cock slides into my pussy. Linda doesn't move. She expects me to impale myself on her fake dick, so I do.

I hump against it and the vibrator is hitting me right in the best spot when she sticks her finger in my ass and grabs my hair and pulls it hard. I push back onto her strap on and bury it into my pussy and as I do I feel her grab my waist and press against me tight and I know that she is going to cum at the same time as me. I hold off as best as I can until I feel her shudder and say, “Oh Fuck, Oh Fuck, I'm Coming. Oh Fuck Oh Fuck Oh fuck.” I'm cumming too and she pitches forward pinning me face down on the bed and resting on top of me. We don't stir for a long couple of minutes and then she gently slides the big purple dildo-cock out of my and cuddles me from behind.

“You are the best fuck that I've ever had”, she tells me.

I don't say anything because I don't want this to ever end. She unstraps the double ender and eases it out of her pussy and tosses it the the end of the bed. The sheets are wet with lube, pussy juice and saliva and the room smells like it just hosted an orgy. I turn over, grab her by the neck and kiss her fiercely. I'm pushing my tongue into her mouth as deep as I can when I hear my bedroom door open.

Jason is standing in the door with his mouth wide open. I look around and realize how bad this looks. I'm in lingerie, Linda is in leather and there is a monster double ended vibrator dildo on the bed.

I have to give him credit, he says “I didn't know anyone was home. I just came in to borrow a phone charger. I'm sorry. ” He backs out and closes the door.