Jenny in Amsterdam

by JennyS74 Â©

PART ONE

Even when I was 18 I was fascinated by the amazing power and attention

received by wearing a top with no bra. The first time it happened was

quite a shock for me.

We were camping in the mountains with the Terry family who had been

friends for years, on the banks of a quiet river. The last time we had

done this was 2 years prior, and in the intervening years I had changed

from adolescent teenager, into teenager with considerably more shape to

me. We all arrived pretty late after the long drive, and rushed about

unloading cars full of tents and bags, removing bikes and canoes from roof

racks, and generally making the camp comfortable for the next 5 days stay.

I remember everyone was pretty tired, myself and younger sister, the two

young Terry sons, as well as our two mums hit the tents early, but my Dad

and Uncle Shaun, as I called him at the time, stayed up drinking beers,

and generally catching up. I lay in my tent tossing and turning. I have

always been the sort that struggles to sleep with any outside noise, or

light sources. Needless to say an early night turned into a late one for

me. Eventually my dad and Uncle Shaun headed to bed at midnight.

The next morning my mom stuck her head in the tent to ask if I wanted to

go canoeing.

" Its 6am mom!"

"Fine. See you later. Uncle Shaun's still asleep".

My dad had a cast iron constitution and was up and in the canoe raring to

go .I dosed off, but awoke an hour later with the sun streaming into the

tent. I decided coffee was on the agenda. I threw on a little white lacy

top with some denim shorts, and climbed out to a gloriously sunny,

although still pretty chilly morning.

The coffee pot was on the gas, and just needed a bit of heating up.

Nothing like coffee when you're camping. I think I was sitting leaning

forward on the log by the fire pit, letting the sun soak into my back. The

sound of a tent zipper bought me back from my daydreams as Uncle Shaun

emerged from his canvas cave.

"Up for coffee?" I asked as he plonked himself on the log opposite me.

"You know it!" I got up and grabbed a mug, bent over and poured from the

pot. "Milk and sugar?" I asked looking up. "Uurrmm, no milk one sugar", he

stuttered looking away, but I had seen. I stayed were I was and added the

sugar, stirring it in. I looked down at myself. The top I was wearing was

sitting pretty low and with me bending over was showing a hell of a lot of

cleavage and more. On top of that the fact that the cold air had my

nipples standing out like bullets, and it was quite a lot to see.

Even when I was that young I had really big nipples. When I get really

turned on now days they stand out about 20 mm.

I handed him his coffee and took my seat back on the log. I thought of

putting my arm over my chest, but thought this would show I'd seen, and

make it really embarrassing. Besides, as I sat there I actually quite

liked the idea that my dad's friend, who must have been about 40 was

staring at my tits. I'd had boys at school and on the beach checking me

out, but this was different. This was making me quite excited. He drank

his coffee in silence, and then said he thought he would go to the river

for a swim.

"I'll come with", I said. A sudden rush of excitement at the idea of

teasing my dad's friend making me almost giddy.

"Ummm, sure, I was going to go to the rocks."

"Great, good for tanning. I'll get my stuff."

Back in the tent I had two costumes. A full black one for swimming,

canoeing and so on. And then a cream coloured, crocheted bikini, I bought

for the beach. From the looks the guys at the beach gave me I new it was

pretty damn sexy. So it had to be that one. I wrapped a towel around

myself and met Uncle Shaun outside.

We followed the 5-minute trail along the river to the rocks. We chatted as

we always had and it was just like old Uncle Shaun, at least until we got

to the rocks. To get to them you need to swim/wade to the other side

holding your dry stuff above your head. We both had just a towel to keep

dry and I made sure I was standing in front of him when I took mine off. I

don't know if he expected a full costume, but to his credit he didn't seem

to show too much attention.

We waded into the river and god was the water cold. Even before we got

waist deep I could feel my nipples growing. Only in the middle was it

really deep enough to have to swim and that was only about 6 strokes. Then

you waded out onto the rocks on the other side. Uncle Shaun was ahead of

me and turned to help me onto the rocks, but his eyes were fixed lower

than my face. The cold water had worked it's magic and so had the bikini.

I acted as if I hadn't noticed him looking and put my towel down, and lay

out in the sun on my back closing my eyes under my sunglasses to allow him

time to look without fear of capture. I was probably hornier than I'd ever

been.

I remember earlier that year I'd been to a party, and had a joint and a

few beers and got pretty horny from it. I ended up getting finger fucked

by two different guys in the space of half an hour, but that was more to

do with the beer and dope than being really horny.

But this displaying myself to a much older guy was the most exciting thing

I had done and I could feel it in between my legs. After allowing him time

to look and with the sun undoing the cold waters good work I sat up and we

chatted about this and that for a while. After an hour or so he said that

the others would probably be back soon, and he was going to start brunch.

"I think I'll stay and work on my tan".

He said sure thing and started to wade across the river. As he got to the

middle I reached behind my neck and undid the string holding the top up. "

Shaun. Can you get my mum to keep me some stuff to eat."

"Sure", he said turning around. I had my straps loose and was holding the

top in place with my arm haphazardly over my boobs. I'd seen girls on the

beach do this and knew it looked really sexy. He sure seemed to think so

as he had staled in that position, before spinning and heading to the

shore.

It was the first time I had called him just Shaun and I remember knowing

that it was a major change in the dynamics of our relationship. Almost a

power shift.

I lay back and pulled my top aside. I had only ever tanned topless with

girlfriends at home in the garden, so this was adding to my sense of

extreme horniness. That and the fact that the path back to the camp

followed the river and I knew he would be able to watch me topless as he

walked back. I closed my eyes and imagined him watching, maybe even

stopping behind a tree to watch me. It was the best I could do to stop

myself from rubbing my pussy through my bikini bottoms.

I don't know if he did stop, but that night when we went to bed, my tent

was quite close to Shaun and his wife, and at about 1am I heard them

fucking. They were trying hard to be quite, Emily even throwing in the

occasional "schhh", but at night in a still valley, the steady rhythm of

them fucking was hard to hide. I lay there knowing full well he wasn't

fucking Emily it was actually me he was fucking, out on the rocks.

The rest of the holiday passed as others before. Relaxing, eating,

drinking, laughing and more relaxing .The only difference was my few

opportunities to tease Shaun when the chance arose. Coffee time in the

morning was good, as I made it my job to serve coffee to everyone. I'd

choose my morning tops carefully not to show my nipples through the

material, but loose enough to show most of my tits if I bent over the

right way. Of course Emily and my folks got served by the demure

18-year-old daughter, and Shaun by the demure 18 year old, bending at the

waist to add sugar. Slowly stirring it in as he sat on his now favourite

log in front of me trying to not let on as to what he could see.

I've often wondered if he thought I was being deliberate or just naive.

I've got a feeling he knew I was doing it on purpose and by the way he

fucked Emily every night of the stay I think he really enjoyed morning

coffee.

PART TWO I'm 29 now. As I've got older I've used the lesson of 'Uncle

Shaun', in various walks of life. From the fun of girls nights out, to the

serious business of job interviews. The right sort of top can make them

all work better.

This summer I went to Amsterdam with Mike, my husband. It was a four-day

trip and he had scrutinized my packing. No bras allowed, and only small

revealing tops, mainly in colour white, and a couple of really skimpy

dresses and boots.

The weather was good and with days spent sightseeing and visiting museums,

and night out walking the town, going to bars and clubs, it was a busy

four days.

Our second night there I was in boots, denim skirt and a white halter neck

top. Not massively revealing, but terribly see-through, made of a tight

fitting material that offers absolutely no support. My tits aren't huge,

but without a bra they bounce beautifully. We had a few beers at a bar on

one of the canals, Mike sending me to the bar each time so he could watch

the men's reaction as I walked past. The guys that looked tried to do so

casually, but the barman made no attempt not to check me out, as he poured

the beers.

I stood there thinking how Shaun had to pretend not to look, and here was

this barman of about 19 staring with no regard to my reaction. I didn't

give a damn really, a young guy staring at your tits is a great feeling

for a girl of nearly 30.

It had got dark by about the 4th beer, and we wanted to walk Amsterdam's

famous Red Light District. Being a Friday, it was really busy with all

sorts of groups wandering the narrow streets and canals. Tour groups,

backpackers, locals, and large groups of guys wandering in packs, from red

window to red window. Some glancing sideways at the girls inside. Others

stopping and egging on one of their group. Probably a groom to be, or soon

to be 21year old, to try the wares. If you've never been to Amsterdam

you'd be surprised by how hot some of the girls are.

As we made our way out I was getting plenty of attention of my own with

large groups of guys openly ogling me as we walked past, just as if I was

one of the whores in the window that they could pay E50 to, for a suck and

a fuck. All sense of subtleness evaporated , as we approached guys they

would point and shake the shoulders of friends to watch me walk past. I

made an effort to walk in such a way that my tits bounced, whilst looking

straight at them with a smile on my lips. Mike was really enjoying the

looks I was getting, and pointed out that the cold night air was making my

nipples really start to stick out badly.

We'd said that we would have to do a live sex show in Amsterdam so went to

a place called Casa Rosso. Some of you might know it. E60 gets you in with

your choice of 4 drinks. Full sex on stage. Stay as long as you like. It

wasn't exactly what I expected. I thought it would be a dimly lit place

with tables and chairs around a stage, but it's actually like a small

cinema with a stage. There were actually a lot more girls in the audience

than I expected. Probably almost a third. We were directed downstairs to

the very front row. On stage a muscular guy was been given a blowjob by a

hot blonde with obviously fake boobs. There was something terribly jaded

about the performance, and not very erotic at all.

Up until then I had been involved with the show, but as my attention

started to drift, I noticed the young girl and guy on my right in the 2

corner seats next to ours. I looked sideways and in the dim light noticed

she had one leg up on the seat, and her skirt was gathered up on her

thighs, while her boyfriend fingered her like mad. You could see she was

really getting off on it. I lent over and got Mikes attention and then

leant right back so he could see. By now her skirt was right up, and I

realized that this is what she wanted. The fact that we had sat next to

them, and not the sex on stage was the reason they were doing it so

openly. With that I made no attempt to look casually, and openly watched

him sticking his fingers in and out of her.

It was almost surreal. Sitting in a comfy chair drinking Jack Daniels,

while people are fucking like animals no more than 2 metres from you, and

in the seat next to you is a girl, maybe 21 being fingered (actually

almost fisted by now as he had is hole hand in her pussy) in full view of

us. They carried on for almost 15 minutes before suddenly standing to

leave. They had to squeeze past facing us to get out, and I made sure I

looked her in the face as she moved past, never taking my eyes off her as

I rubbed my nipples though my top for them, to see the effect they had had

on me. She smiled, and he just looked straight at my nipples. The show

itself rotated every hour and a half, and since our young friends had left

it had lost its appeal so we finished our drinks and headed out.

We headed back to the hotel, as I was desperate to get my brains fucked

out. We left the TV and sidelight on, with the curtain open so anyone in

the hotel across from ours could watch. It's was the best session we had

had since I'd let a young barman first get off with me, and then given a

blowjob to, in a hotel garden, in payment for a couple of bottles of

expensive champagne to take with us to our room at the end of a drunken

wedding a few years ago.

The next day was museum day, and I wore black shorts and a little red

button down top with no sleeves, that tied around my midriff. Great for

places like museums where you're walking around and looking at art work,

as from the side if I lifted my arm you can see the whole side of my tit

and the edge of my nipple. I also only did two buttons on the front. I'd

learnt from making coffee for Uncle Shaun that shirts like this look

perfectly respectable until you position yourself in such a way as to show

it all off.

Plenty of men got to see as much as he did those mornings. I would see

someone cute or with a girlfriend, and would lean in front of them to look

at something, then turn to apologise, more often than not catching them

looking down the side, or front of my top. Mike would walk behind and get

hard, watching me using my exhibitionist skills.

We had lunch at a canal side restaurant and Mike was really horny and

wanted to know the plans for the evening. First, what I was going to wear,

and second what we were going to do.

The outfit was easy as it was the last night and I had saved the best till

last. A white silk dress, black hold-up stockings and boots and a small

black denim jacket. The dress was shortish, but not to bad, sort of mid

thigh, but with almost no back, just 2 silk straps, and a front dropping 3

inches below my boobs with a silk strap in the middle of my cleavage

tightened with a silver clip. With the clip tight the dress was revealing.

From the top and certain acute angles from the side with no help from me

there was plenty to look at. If though the clip was looser suddenly it

gapped considerably in the front to the point that at a certain point you

may as well have been wearing a silk scarf around your neck.

As regards what to do, it would be hard to beat the night before. I still

had the young couple from the show in my head.

" How about we pretend we don't know each other. I'll walk about a bit and

then go to a bar and see if I can get picked up and you can watch!"

Mike had always been into watching. "Your serious?"

"Sure, don't you want to?"

"Off course if you don't mind. It'll make me super horny. How far will you

go if you get picked up?"

"We'll see. How far would you let me?"

"Mmph. Probably if you wanted, let you fuck someone."

"We'll see how it goes and who tries to pick me up. Don't know about the

fucking bit though. So you pretend not to know me, and sit at a table near

me and watch the show. Oh, and bring the camcorder to tape it for later!"

After a few beers and food it was time to get ready. I was quite nervous.

It was one thing to show off a bit, quite another to interact with the

guys your being the exhibitionist for, especially in an outfit like that.

We caught the tram to Leidse Plein, a tourist orientated area with lots of

huge bars with outside tables. As we got off the tram I gave Mike no

warning and headed off without a word. I turned to see him following, and

began the show by undoing the jacket to reveal the plunging front of the

dress to people passing in the other direction. The game had begun.

I picked the first big bar, with quite a few free tables and more

importantly lots of single guys at the occupied tables. I went into the

bar first and while standing at the bar waiting to be served, Mike stood

next to me and totally ignored me. It was a real turn on playing like

this. As the barman came I leaned up on my tiptoes across the bar to make

myself heard over the din (and of course to let the dress hang open for

him.) Mike was loving it. I could see him in the mirror and he and the

barman gave each other knowing smiles. He could now look at me like anyone

else and not scare anyone off by being with me. He was just another guy

enjoying my brazenness.

I headed outside and chose a table with a few tables of single guys and

older men around me. Wasn't sure what I was looking for, but I felt like a

young inexperienced guy I could play with. Maybe 19 or 20. I sat down with

the jacket on and looked around. Mike moved past me, and sat at the table

next to mine, facing slightly away from me. Nothing like getting close to

the action I thought, he'll even be able to hear what we say. He stuck the

video on the table and pretended to be checking the tape as he faced it

straight at me. Now all he had to do was use the remote when he needed to

start taping. He then took out a guidebook and pretended to read, though I

knew there was too much blood in his cock at that moment for his brain to

recognise words.

I decided that rather than wait to see who picked me up, I'd pick someone,

make the first move, and that way get who I wanted. Sitting directly

opposite me were 2 young guys and who weren't bad looking. I'd seen them

looking at me and had smiled back. Tonight would be their lucky night.

I leaned across the table towards them. "Excuse me do you have the time

please?"

"8.10"

Dutch accents. "Really. I was supposed to meet someone here at 7.30.

Thanks"

Mike was sticking stoically to his guidebook. I had broken the ice and

waited a few minutes before asking one of them for a cigarette. I don't

really smoke, but it's great for this situation. He came around his table

and offered me one. I took it and mad sure to lean forward as he lit it. I

looked up to thank him and could see it wasn't just my smoke that had lit

up.

"I'm Jenny, do you want to join me. It looks like I've been stood up. All

dressed up for nothing hey?"

He smiled. "Sure. I'm Jacque and this is Stefan", as the other guy made

his way around the table. The situation was perfect as they sat on the

side facing the camera, and on top of it the bar had just lit the heaters

under the umbrellas, which would give me the perfect opportunity to take

off my jacket.

Stefan offered another beer and I asked for a Grolsch. Jacque and I

chatted and I found out they were students aged 19 and 20. Unbelievable.

Exactly what I had in mind though I was thinking of one at 19, or one at

20, not both.

As Stefan returned I remarked how well the heaters worked and slid my

jacket off. I could see them both taking the dress in. With the jacket on

it's really sexy. Off, you realize just how little there is to it. I could

tell they were more than happy to buy a few beers to get to sit with me. I

crossed my legs and the next part of the outfit revealed itself as the

silk dress slipped down my stocking to stop on the lacy tops. I paid no

attention as Jacque looked down, and his eyes roamed up and down. I hoped

Mike was getting all this on video. He had put the book down, and was

drinking a beer, sitting slightly side on to be able to see what was

happening without, looking straight at us.

We drank another couple of beers and I took the opportunity to go to the

bathroom. While there I thought I would loosen the clip a bit for them,

but while doing it realized that if left unclipped it would slowly slip

looser and looser as I moved. It was a bit risky, but then I could just

claim it was broken if it got to loose and slide it back up again. I bet I

could measure the distance it had moved by the bulges in their pants. As I

got back I glanced down to see how far it had moved. Not to far, but

defiantly a lot looser than when I left. I sat again and noticed another

beer and a shot glass in my place. Trying to get me drunk, horny bastards.

I sat and downed the shooter without a word. If they want to score it

going to cost them a few drinks.

We chatted a bit and another shooter, and beer later and I realized the

boys were looking me up and down with less fear of me objecting. "I really

like your dress Jenny", was Stefan's first actual comment about it and

from there things really got hot. "Thanks. As you can might have seen this

clips broken."

"That's ok by us", they grinned at me.

"I'm sure it is, with my tits hanging out for you to look at." I smiled

and made a weak attempt to tighten the clip.

By now the dress had also fallen way past the top of the stocking and was

showing the very tops of my legs. I realized I was actually pretty drunk,

and as horny as I was the night before. Mike was still sitting watching

side on. I decided to really act like a slut for him. I told Stefan to get

me a Jack Daniels, and went to the bathroom. I took of the white g-string

I was wearing, and threw it in the bin and loosened the clip completely.

Outside at the table, Stefan and Jacque stopped in mid-conversation as I

returned. I leant over and grabbed a smoke letting the top hang right open

for them.

"Your dress looks real good now Jenny."

"You like it hey! I thought seeing as you guys are buying the drinks, I'd

supply the entertainment. So here I am. Help yourself; I'm really up for

it. If you want to touch go ahead, both of you. You'll be interested to

know I'm only wearing 5 pieces of clothing and that includes the stockings

and boots. So you work it out."

I couldn't believe I'd said it, but was glad I had once it was out. I

hoped Mike had the video set up right. Next thing I felt a hand on my leg

and Jacque was feeling my stocking tops. He looked up to see my reaction

and I just picked up my JD. He took this as permission to carry on and

slid his hand straight up my leg, taking the dress with him and straight

between my legs. I keep my pussy shaved as I think it looks fucking sexy

and Mike loves to muff me like that. The amazing thing was Jacque's

fingers slid straight into me without stopping. I gasped and looked down

and could see myself on display to anyone who looked at us. Stefan was

staring as his friend fingered me in full view.

Without warning I stood up, and I think they thought they had blown it,

but I just wanted to get between the two of them. My nipples hurt they

were so hard.

"Move into that chair".

He jumped up, and I sat with both legs up on the table rungs, so they

could take turns to finger fuck me, and also so I was sitting in view of

the camera. By now Mike was watching openly, but the boys just thought he

was a tourist getting a free show.

My top was now that that silk scarf. Jacque had his hand on my boob and

was squeezing the nipple, which was huge. Stefan was taking his turn to

finger me. I had my legs really spread with the skirt in my lap. He was

looking down watching as he used 2 fingers on me. I had my glass of JD in

my hand as if nothing was happening.

"More. Stick 4 in Stefan".

He looked at me and stuck 2 more in.

"Use your whole hand! Go on thumb as well!" I'd never been so wet or

horny, with Stefan grinding his hand into me, and me casually drinking my

whiskey. I put it down, and started to get off with Jacque. I pulled away

and suddenly wanted to better my 21-year exhibitionist at the sex club.

"Why don't you try 4 fingers each!" There was no checking to see if it was

ok. Jacque put his hand between my legs. I spread then a bit more and

watched as they both worked 4 fingers each into me.

"See if you can get your thumbs in!"

I can't actually believe they could, but that's what they did. 2 guys. 2

hands. Both buried up to the tops of their fingers. I was gushing wet at

what was actually happening. They carried on taking turns with me. I

continued to drink whiskey, and get off with them one after the other. I

was now like one of the whores in the windows, except I only cost a few

drinks.

"Jacque. Pass my jacket!" Again I think he thought he wasn't going to get

to fuck me. I slipped it on.

"Lets go inside." We walked inside and I led them to a dark alcove with no

one in it. From here we could do absolutely everything a paid whore would

do, and that's exactly what I intended. I sat in the middle again.

"I think we need another round of beer, and don't forget the shooters

Jacque".

He looked dumb-founded that I could want more to drink after what happened

outside.

"Another round?"

"You don't expect me to fuck the pair of you for free do you?"

He rushed off. Being in control having been learnt all that time ago with

Shaun in the river. The look in his eye. Just like these two had, the

moment they thought there was a possibility they might have me.

Mike was standing in a corner watching me, with a mixture of lust, and

jealousy. Well, he wanted me to fuck someone, and he was about to get his

wish. Jacque returned. I was totally in control.

"I'm going to fuck the pair of you in this alcove, but first I think you

need to shoot your loads, other wise you aren't going to get near my pussy

and you'll be coming."

They had both lost their sense of bravado and were like schoolboys. I

downed my shooter.

"So I'll give you both a blowjob, you can come in my mouth ok? And then

we'll get down to what you both really wanted from me in the beginning, as

soon as you sat at the table. Who wants it first?"

They had both lost the power of speech, so I slid under the table and

pulled Stefan out. He was rock hard and was coming almost as soon as I put

him in my mouth. It felt like gallons.

I find come in my mouth really sexy and know for a fact that every guy I

ever did wanted me to swallow his cum, and to fuck me in the arse.

I switched quickly to Jacque, who was not as hard, and didn't come as

quickly, or as much. Maybe he had fucked his 18-year-old girlfriend before

coming out. I slid out from under the alcove, and up onto my seat. I

grabbed my beer.

"Right, now I'll fuck the two of you right here if you're up for it?"

They nodded madly. As they seemed to have regained a bit of composure, I

spread my legs and let then start feeling my pussy again. The inside of my

thighs were completely soaked. Stefan brazenly pulled my top aside and

started sucking my tit. The bar was really dark, but I'm sure the people

close by could see, Mike sure could. Already tonight had gone further, and

better than I could have ever hoped, and I was going to end it by fucking

two guys in a bar full of people.

Him sucking my nipple was incredible and I grabbed Jacque and forced his

head onto the other. I'd never had both sucked at the same time, and I

don't know if it was that or the situation, or the booze or all three, but

I started coming and had to gag myself with my beer bottle to not scream

out.

I pushed them off and reached over to grab my jacket. For the third time I

think they thought they were going to miss out on their fuck. I smiled and

slipped the jacket on. Then stood up and pushed Jacque's chair back,

pulled his cock out and sat on him lap dancing style. Now from the back I

just looked like a girl on her boyfriends lap.

I reached up and like the bikini top pulled the halter over my head. Now

he could suck to his hearts content. I could feel his cock hardening and

with my sopping wet pussy it took the slightest hip adjustment to slide it

in. I slowly rotated my hips grinding his cock into me. I could see by his

eyes that it wouldn't be long before my pussy had more reason to be wet. I

increased my tempo. Thrusting back and forth, my tits bouncing in front of

his face.

"Are you about to come?"

"Uuhuh!" he managed with his head back. I ground faster still and picking

up my beer drank as he came.

There's something terribly sluttish about fucking a guy like that and

having him come in you as you drink a beer. I put my tongue in his mouth

and French kissed him. I pulled back.

"Good?"

"Unbelievable!"

"Glad you liked it. Now it's your friends turn." I slid off him and

straddled Stefan who had his cock out ready. There was no need to adjust

my hips for him, as he was rock hard again. I stood over him and with one

plunge impaled him into me. I wanted to take a bit longer with Stefan as I

actually found him quite hot. I started rotating my hips, and pushing him

onto my nipple. Jacque was watching my hips thrusting around and I could

see he wished he hadn't come so quickly.

"Tell me when you're about to come ok!"' I picked up the pace and soon

could see the look of a guy on the verge.

"Ready?"

"Nearly!"

I stopped and squeezed his cock with my pussy to stop him coming. He

opened his eyes in disbelief at how I'd down that. I waited a few seconds,

and started grinding away again, drinking my beer like the complete slut I

was. I stopped two more times, squeezing him. On the third time. I stood

up and slowly lowered myself down again. His eyes widened as he realized

what I had done.

"Ever done it like this before? No? It's good. It's going to be the best

cum you've ever had. Trust me!"

So far I'd done pretty much everything the whores down the road did,

except that other thing that guys love. I girl that will take it up the

arse. There is probably nothing more sluttish, and that was my objective

tonight. To be honest I actually quite enjoy it like that, and so would

Stefan by the time I finished.

I stuck my tongue in his mouth and really started to hump back and forth,

faster and faster. I could tell he was close.

"Now Stefan shoot your load in your sluts arse. Shoot it all."

His eyes started to close, and I took his hand and made him squeeze my

clit as he came, just to get me even tighter for him. It was without doubt

the most erotic thing I've ever done.

"So was it as good as I said?"

"You are fucking incredible!"

"Thanks. Now I need to go I've got a husband who need his balls emptied",

pointing to the lucky tourist in the corner.

"Thanks for the drinks guys."

Mike took me back to the hotel, and wouldn't let me change. I said I was

still full of cum, but he said he always wanted to fuck me after someone

else had shot a load in my pussy. The fact that I had a load up my arse

made it even better. We stayed up the whole night fucking and watching the

video of me falling out of my dress, been fingered, and acting like a

little whore.