**Joan's Slutty Summer Vacation**

by [Beauxblu](http://www.sexstories.com/profile961959/Beauxblu)

**Introduction:**

*A week at the beach offers new opportunities and adventurous sex*

**SATURDAY**  
Joan was aroused from her nap by the flight attendant’s announcement that they were beginning their descent into Coastal Regional Airport. Joan yawned and sat up in her seat noticing that her short sundress skirt had ridden high up her legs during her nap revealing her tanned thighs to the heavy gentleman setting next to her in the aisle seat. He had also had a teasing view of her firm breasts which was permitted by the unbuttoned top buttons revealing most of her tanned braless tits. She settled back in her seat, fastened her seatbelt for the landing while leaving her skirt high up her thighs.  
  
It was a Saturday morning and Joan was traveling to meet her husband who was working at a resort beach community as a consultant for his accounting firm. She would be visiting for the next week and he would be working during the weekdays but they would have the two weekends and evenings together before she returned home on the following Sunday. Joan looked forward to the relaxing and rejuvenating vacation over the next few days and the free time that it promised.   
  
Mark watched as Joan descended the stairs from the small regional jet with her carry on bag. She looked so sexy in her short pale green floral sundress with the flared skirt. He could see her unfettered breasts bouncing seductively as she walked toward the waiting area. As she approached Mark scooped her into his arms lifting her against him for a long passionate kiss, an action which lifted her skirt exposing much of her rounded ass to the view of those behind her. They were happy to be reunited after three weeks apart. Mark took Joan’s bag and they proceeded through the terminal to his car.   
  
It was a short drive to the beach cottage that Mark was leasing. The cottage was on the ocean front nestled among similar structures with the living area on the 2nd and 3rd levels. A large front balcony with entrances from the living room and master suite graced the front of the structure. Joan walked through the cottage admiring the layout then walked out onto the balcony to feel the ocean breeze. Mark came up behind her reaching around to caress her breasts and squeeze her hardening nipples through the thin cotton material. He turned her to face him and they meshed against one another in another passionate kiss. Joan was aware that Mark was aroused from the hardness of his lovely dick pressing into her abdomen. He had been on his own for the past three weeks and unless his proclivities had changed had likely not had sex with anyone resorting to periodic masturbation for relief. Joan looked as always to the sex with her loving husband but her weeks without him had not deprived her of her owners sexual satisfactions.   
  
Mark began unbuttoning Joan’s dress pulling it away from her body. As it slipped to the floor Joan said “So you want to take me naked out here on the deck where everybody can see?”  
  
“Yep” replied Mark “I want to keep you as exposed and available this week as I possibly can.”   
  
Joan stepped out of her dress, placed her thumbs inside the waist band of her small pastel green thong and sliding it down her legs to the floor. Mark stripped off his slacks and shirt. Joan dropped to her knees and pulled Mark’s briefs to the floor as she began pumping his erect 7 inches with her hand. She took him into her mouth and began sucking and licking the head while continuing to work the shaft with her hand. She felt Mark began to press his penis into her mouth and she gradually took more and more of his length holding her breath and relaxing her throat as his member began to probe deeply into her mouth. Now fully engaged Mark gently throat fucked Joan allowing periods of extraction to catch her breath as streams of saliva hung from her mouth and off his dick. Joan’s mouth and throat were used for several minutes as they commenced a week of coupling in a very public way.   
  
Mark raised Joan from her knees and lifted her from the floor. She wrapped her legs around his body as Mark positioned his dick at her vaginal opening. She lowered her body impaling the hard dick inside her pussy. Mark’s hands grasp her ass cheeks as she rode up and down his shaft while Mark grunted and thrust inside her. Joan was as excited by the exposed sex as she was by her husband’s dick satisfying her. Joan felt her first orgasm breaking and began to utter little cries and her body convulsed against Mark and her juices flowed freely around his dick and out of her body. She was in the midst of enjoying continuing pleasure waves from her release when her husband climaxed inside her. Mark carried her inside still wrapped around him as he held her close. He lay her across their bed and kissed her lovingly as she played with her clit while enjoying the tremors still coursing through her body. Nice way to begin the weekend, she thought.   
  
Later that afternoon Mark had Joan dress in her little short sundress sans thong this time and they went out for an early dinner at a local beach bar. Sunday's in late season were somewhat slow with most customers either older couples or golfing groups in the resort for a few days. Joan was one of the few younger women there and her revealingly clad body garnered plenty of attention from others. Mark enjoyed showing her off and he knew that Joan got aroused by her state of nakedness and the lascivious attention she received from the mostly male crowd. 

**SUNDAY**  
Sunday arrived with bright sun and a gentle breeze. Mark served a light breakfast of croissants and fresh fruit on the balcony with both of them seated naked at the small patio table. Neighbors were about and some walked nearby on the way to the beach but no one seemed to notice or mind the nude couple seated on the beach house balcony.. After breakfast they put on swim suits and took towels to the beach to relax in the warm sun. Joan wore one of her more respectable bikinis this day but did remove the top once they had walked some distance down the beach and away from where most of the beach goers were gathered.   
  
They lazily soaked up the sun with occasional dips in the surf to refresh and cool themselves. “So” Mark said, as they lay close on the sand, I’ll be off to work tomorrow but I want you to enjoy your days while I'm away.   
  
“Oh, I will” Joan responded.   
  
They walked casually along the beach hand in hand . Mark enjoyed the admiring looks that Joan received from other beach goers, particularly the males. “You know, you should pick up a new swim suit or two while you are here. Maybe something a little more daring” Mark suggested.   
  
“I’ve already had my top off while we were lying on the beach earlier”, Joan replied. She knew that Mark was wanting her to wear something that would reveal more and provoke her exhibitionist side, not that it took any prodding to get her so inclined “But, I might see what’s available in the local shops if you would like me too” she added.   
  
“Sure, why don’t you do that”, Mark responded.  
  
The day passed all too quickly with a late Italian dinner, some time in the beach house hot tub and a late visit back to the deserted night shore where they had sex among the sand dunes and sea oats that wafted in the gentle sea breeze. 

**MONDAY**  
Monday found Joan exiting a taxi along ocean boulevard where most of the better shopping was available. She had worn tight white low rise Lycra shorts that accentuated her round prominent bottom and a short t shirt top that exposed her midriff with her bare breasts threatening to slip into view below the hem with only slight provocation. Her medium length strawberry blond hair was pulled back in a short ponytail making her look younger than her 34 years. She presented quite a sexy image as she meandered along the street with her bag slung over her shoulder.   
  
She looked in a couple of shops at swimsuits but didn’t find anything that was quite slutty enough to match the image that she knew Mark was hoping for. As she crossed a side street she spied a beach store a block or two away from the others and walked down for a look. There were only one or two customers in the store when she entered. The store was filled with every imaginable beach related item from floats to chairs and tons of tee shirts with beach logos and suggestive language emblazoned on many. There was a long rack of swimsuits near the rear of the store and she found quite a few skimpy thong bikinis and micro bikini’s. She selected three off the rack and went into the changing room to try them on.  
  
The changing rooms were small and poorly lit with a cheap overhead fluorescent fixture and the rooms were a bit the worse for wear and not all too clean. Joan closed the door, noting that there was not a latch provided, she quickly removed her shorts and top and put on the first bikini. It was a bright yellow composed of two small triangles for covering her breasts and a slightly larger triangle for her pubic area. She maneuvered the skimpy material into position and deftly tied the thin strings attaching the top. The bottom triangle barely covered her vulva and easily showed the outline of her protruding mound. Her body was well displayed by the suit. Joan wanted to see herself in a better light so she opened the plywood door and walked back into the main store where the light was brighter and there was a full dressing mirror available.   
  
Joan had to walk several yards to a corner full length mirror. She was aware that her backside and most of her naked body would be on display to anyone in that part of the store. She saw one other woman some distance away near the front. She stood in front of the mirror and turned to view the suits fit. The thin strings holding the cloth triangles in place caressed her tanned body. This one will work Joan thought as she turned to return to the dressing room. Walking toward the dressing room she encountered a man who appeared to work at the store.  
  
He smiled and greeted her and in a heavy middle eastern accent askIng if she needed any help. She thanked him but said “No, I’m fine thank you.” She continued toward the dressing room aware that the man had stopped to watch her as she walked away.   
  
Joan removed the yellow bikini and looked over her next selection. This one was a white string bikini with very sheer cloth material covering the vital areas. The cloth covered a bit more area but her nipples and areola were plainly visible and while her vulva was not outlined by the material her entire pussy was vaguely visible through the diaphanous material. Wondering how the bikini would look in the brighter light Joan once again walked out of the dressing room and into the store. She turned to head toward the mirror and met the man who she had encountered before and a second older middle eastern man obviously waiting for her to come out. The older man rushed up to her exclaiming how good the bikini looked on her. Joan barely had time to respond before both men were ushering her toward the mirror chattering about her appearance and the wonderful suit. Joan viewed her image in the mirror with the two men standing to her sides. She might as well have been completely naked under the bright lights her breasts and pubic area were clearly visible. If anything the sheer material highlighted her assets and attracted the eye more than nudity might have. The two men stepped closer to Joan touching her arms and shoulders and coaxing her to turn and look at herself. Their comments became a mixture of broken English and an eastern language she did not understand. As they touched her and continued to rain compliments upon her. Joan began to feel her body respond to her nakedness and the attention of the two men. Moisture was building in her vagina and her body was warming in her arousal.   
As Joan accepted more of the two men’s attention they became bolder with their touching. Hands now brushed her back and sides as they talked about her. Joan backed away a bit saying that she had to try yet another suit. Joan got into the dressing room and closed the door with both men waiting outside.. She removed the white bikini and noticed that the bottom was damp with her wetness. She badly would have liked to take some time and masturbate herself to an orgasm in the dingy little dressing room but with the two men obviously waiting for her that didn’t seem an available form of relief at the moment.   
  
The third bikini was a micro. She had never tried on one of these revealing numbers before. There was barely anything there. She pulled up the bottoms consisting of a thin elastic band around the waist and a thinner strap between her ass cheeks with a narrow vertical lavender strip of cloth covering her slit, the sides of her vulva were bared and had she had any pubic hair it would have been arrayed around the small strip of cloth. The elastic waist band was stretched in a sharp V from her hips to the apex of. Her mound like a directional arrow pointing at her fleshy nether region. The breast cover was of similar design. Two narrow strips less than two inches in width, covered her nipples leaving much of her areola on display and her breasts for the most part uncovered as a thin network of string ties struggled to keep the bits of material in place. Joan might as well have been topless for all of the cover provided by the micro. Joan began to wonder about the wisdom of appearing before her two suitors in this bit of slutty beachwear but her juices were flowing and her natural sexual nature and previous sexual encounters overcame any concerns so she made the best adjustments that she could and opened the door.   
  
The two men again rushed over and began their solicitous courting of her once again now speaking much more in their foreign tongue. They began walking her back toward the mirror once again. Joan noticed that she was now the only customer in the store. The older of the two men now allowed his hand to slip from her back down to her bare ass cheek and caress her firm rounded flesh as they walked. Joan made no effort to stop him. They stood beside her in front of the mirror. The older man continued to caress and rub her ass while the younger one rubbed the arm he was holding and she could feel the hardness of his a dick pressing into her thigh. She moved her hip into him as an acknowledgment of his sexual state. The older man now boldly caressed her left breast and when Joan permitted his touch he dropped his head to her chest and sucked her firm nipple into his mouth. Joan turned to face him placed her hand behind his balding head as he sucked feverishly at her right breast.   
  
The older man suddenly barked something to the younger one and he rushed away toward the front of the store. Joan soon realized that his mission was to secure the front door and close the store. She was now on her own for sure with the two men. Straps were scattered askew about her body as her breasts were freed to be mauled, sucked and bitten by the older of the two men. The younger man returned and began pulling the tiny bottoms off Joan. He got his hand into the crack of her ass and urgently began probing her bottom. The two men continued to chatter at each other with the older one firmly in command of the proceedings. He dropped his pants and pushed down on Joan’s shoulders indicating he wanted her to suck him. Joan was confronted by a very fat somewhat short cock outlined by large veins and a hairy pubic base. His large balls swung below. She peeled back the uncut skin and proceeded to lick and suck the older man’s cock into her mouth and caress his balls with her other hand. The younger man knelt beside her and continued to probe her ass and pull and pinch at her breasts.   
  
The man she was pleasing orally began to thrust into her mouth urgently and while his girth was challenging the length didn’t pose a problem for her to accommodate. Just a few minutes into the session Joan felt the older man tense and his fat dick pulsed as he pumped his cum over her tongue. Her mouth was so filled with his cock that much of the seamen was forced from her mouth before she could swallow running down her chin and throat and dripping onto her thighs and the floor.   
  
As the softening dick slipped from Joan’s mouth the younger man pulled her from her kneeling position and bent her forward over a counter of beach towels. He spread her legs placed his hands on either ass cheek spread them and began vigorously lapping and probing her pouting opening with his tongue. He spit into her crack allowing the spittle to run down until he began lubricating her ass with his finger. Joan was glad that her ass was fucked frequently enough that it was easily pliable for entry which permitted her to enjoy anal penetration with little discomfort. She heard the sound of a zipper and soon felt the head of a cock pressed against her anus. Positioning himself the younger man roughly thrust his cock into her opening. Joan gave a grunt with the attack as the man settled into rapid fucking of her ass. He grabbed Joan’s poly tail pulling her head back and forcing her to meet his pounding dick with each thrust. Joan wanted badly to play with her clit but the violence of the assault on her ass didn’t permit that at the moment. The sound of the young man’s body slamming against Joan’s spread ass filed the store as he grunted and gasp while rushing toward his climax. Joan’s hair was released and the man grabbed both of her shoulders pulling her back fully against him as he emptied inside her bowel.   
  
Joan slumped against the towels catching her breath as the man pulled out of her. The older man was now becoming agitated and began excitedly directing activities having to do with getting Joan dressed and out of the store. Both men helped Joan up from the display counter and rushed her toward the dressing room. “Get dressed, leave.” The older one kept saying. They obviously wanted her gone.   
  
Joan quickly got her shorts and top back on. The men continued to talk excitedly outside as she opened the dressing room door grasping the rumpled pile of swimsuits in her hand the men quickly ushered her toward the door. One grabbed a bag for her to put the swimsuits in as she was thrust through the door and onto the sidewalk. As Joan walked away with cum residue still drying l on her face and neck and leaking from her ass she noticed a car pulling up in front of the store. Two women got out and entered the store. Obviously this was the reason for the rush. Someone’s wife or girlfriend was showing up and they didn’t want to get caught with a sexy American. Joan needed to freshen up and also pay some attention to her pussy which had been totally ignored through the entire encounter in the store. She began searching for a business with a public rest room to freshen up. She had gained three free bikinis and some unexpected sexual stimulation as a result of her shopping trip. 

**TUESDAY**  
Tuesday she spent much of the day on the shore sunning in her little skimpy yellow bikini to the lecherous glances of many of the men and jealous or detesting looks from their wives or companions. She enjoyed the attention from both and found opportunities to flash a little of her few hidden charms still covered by the small bikini. That evening Mark took her down the coast for dinner at a seafood camp. As was his practice when they were out of town he had her wear revealing clothes to better show her off. That night she wore a pair of Daisy Duke short cut off denims low on her hips with a nice amount of cheek exposed to view. Her top was a cotton red and white checked shirt which she tied in a knot just beneath her breasts with no buttons fastened. Her exposed middle sported a gold body chain that floated just above her hips. Needless to say her assets were as much a part of the pleasing view as the late sunset across the marsh from the veranda where they enjoyed dinner. 

**WEDNESDAY**  
Joan awoke Wednesday to a steady rain. No beach today she thought. So, what to do for the day. As she had a cup of coffee she began browsing the Internet on her pad. She queried Spas in the area thinking that a soothing massage and facial would be a welcome diversion. She placed a call to make a reservation at an exclusive Spa at a resort hotel a few miles up the coast.   
  
Joan took a taxi to her destination. She wore the checkered shirt from last evening and a pair of fitted designer jeans that hugged her legs and framed her ass to good effect. Her high wedge sandals completed her outfit except for her jewelry. She took the elevator down to the Spa level and checked in at the desk.   
  
In the locker room Joan disrobed and went into a large sauna. She was alone in the darkened interior so she lay along one of the wooden benches allowing her naked body to be warmed by the heat. Soon she was coated with sweat as her skin radiated from the high heat and humidity. Time passed as she became coated with wetness, hair plastered against her scalp and forehead with perspiration, she exited picking up a large towel to wrap around her nakedness. She walked through the locker room and entered the lobby of the massage parlor. A young Asian girl ushered her to a small cooling pool and removed her towel for her to step into the cool waters. The waters appeared colder than its actual temperature due to the elevated warmth of her body. Joan submerged herself holding her breath as the coolness jolted her senses. After a couple of minutes she stood to depart the pool and the young girl awaited her with a fresh, plush towel. She was then led into a small massage room where two expert masseuses plied her body with knowing hands leaving her in a super pampered and relaxed condition.   
  
As Joan took the hotel elevator up from the Spa she decided to grab some lunch before returning to the beach house. She located the bar and entered its darkened interior finding all of the bar stools unoccupied. She ordered a Mimosa with a shrimp salad and began to look around the interior. There were few people in the bar at this hour of the day. There were two couples having lunch and two or three tables of men one group dressed in suits indicating a likely business outing and the others,older men probably golfers or vacationers, trapped at the hotel by the rainy day.  
  
As Joan finished her lunch, a man approached the bar and ordered another round of Bloody Mary’s for he and his male companion seated at a booth behind her. He looked over at Joan and said to the bartender and give her another as well. Joan smiled and thanked the man. He walked closer and said “Why not have your drink with my friend and I rather than sitting alone at the bar.” Joan readily agreed and took her drink over to the booth where the two men were seated. Both appeared to be in their sixties, a little paunchy and overweight, Both were pleasant and engaging. Joan gathered that they had assumed she was a working girl and she set about correcting that impression. Joan very quickly told her companions that she was vacationing for the week with her husband who was working in the area and that she was on her own during the week days. “Well” one finally said, we are actually here with a group for a couple of days of golf but the weather has us stuck today. The rest of the guys are up in the suite playing cards.”   
  
Joan shared that she had come over from the beach for a massage And was having lunch before departing. Joan was well aware that both men were focused on the amount of cleavage she was showing with her teasing little checkered shirt and braless tits. She leaned forward with elbows on the table allowing the exposure of more bare skin to the two men sitting opposite her. Conversation halted momentarily as her companions took advantage of the view she offered. “Wow”, one finally said, “please don’t take this wrong but you are one lovely creature, you have a very lucky husband.” Joan smiled and stared back at the men across the table.  
  
The second fellow quickly inserted “Would you like to go up and meet the other guys? I'm sure they would like to meet you.”   
  
“Sure, why not.” Joan replied.   
  
They took their drinks with them to the elevator and rode up to the 12th floor. Joan was led down the hallway to a large suite where the doors opened into a living area and with an exterior glass wall that opened onto an expansive balcony looking out toward the beach. Seated around a gaming table were six other men of ages similar to her companions. . Joan was a bit surprised suspecting that there would only be two other men but eight was a nice crowd.   
  
“This is Joan” one of her companions from downstairs offered to the group “She joined us in the bar.”. All of the men stopped and closely watched Joan walk into the room. She took a seat on a bar stool near the game table. “We were in the midst of a card game” one of the men at the table offered. Joan smiled and said “Please continue, I like card games too”.  
  
Conversations along with a few asides took place among the group in the room. Joan got off the bar stool and walked across to look out of the glass wall toward the ocean. Eight pair of  
eyes followed her as she walked, hips swaying provocatively and her ass nicely outlined by her low rise form fitting jeans. Joan could almost hear the blood vessels of eight cocks inflating as she passed by the table. She walked along the wall looking out to sea through the gentle rain as her figure was consumed by an eager audience. The silence began to become uncomfortable.   
  
“I have an idea” said one of the older members of the group “ Why don’t we invite our guest to play the game with us?”. There was an eager rumble of agreement around the room. “We are playing for some pretty high stakes” said another “she might not be interested in our table stakes. “Let's come up with some new rules” offered one of the others.   
  
They quickly worked out some playing rules. To keep the game simple and fast each player, except Joan, would anti up $50.00 per round. It would be a simple one card draw around the table, the high card holder would get his anti back and make a request of Joan. If Joan won the round each other member would add $100 to the pot. If Joan didn’t want to meet the winners request she would remove an item of clothing before moving on to the next round. They would keep count of the winner of each round and when Joan called an end to the game the player with the most wins would get all the cash in the pot. Every one agreed to the rules and three more chairs were pulled up to the table.   
  
The first round was dealt with Joan winning the hand with a King of Diamonds. The men groaned and each added $100 to the pot. On the second round Joan was dealt a six of harts and the winning gentleman drew an Ace of Clubs. The man looked at Joan and said. “I’d like for you to remove your blouse and let me touch those tits.  
  
Joan smiled at the man, rose from her seat and walked over to where the man was seated. He turned his chair toward her and she stepped close in front of him. She spread her arms to her sides and said “Untie me”. The man pulled at the knot under her breasts loosing and then opening the front of her blouse. Her firm 33C tits were revealed and her nipples noticeably hardened as eight pairs of eyes locked onto her naked torso. She lowered her arms allowing the man to slide her shirt from her shoulders and down her arms. The man took a breast in each hand and began to slowly lick and suck on her nipples while the rest of the group watched making few sounds. Her breasts were pleasantly kneaded, licked and sucked as the audience watched jealously. “Hey, long enough” came a voice from the table “ We need to put in a two minute rule or you will hog the young lady for the rest of the day.” Joan’s breasts were released and Joan returned to her seat.   
  
On the third round Joan drew a nine to the winners Jack of Spades. “I don’t know whether to request she suck my dick or have her take off those jeans for a look at that outstanding ass” came the winners response. “Ok, give me a blow job” came his response after a brief delay.   
  
Joan walked around the table and the man stood as she unfastened his belt opened and unzipped his shorts pulling them along with his underwear to the floor. She was treated to a nice hard cock which She took in her hand and began licking along the veined shaft as the man’s breathing increased. She took the head in her mouth and allowed her teeth to rub against the enlarged sensitive head as she sucked him in and out of her warm mouth. As she worked over the man’s cock she heard other zippers opening as several cocks sprang into the open around the table. Joan pumped and sucked on the winners cock taking him deep in her mouth and back of her throat. Her saliva glistened along the shaft and as she worked it over. She could feel the head enlarge and the man quivered as he delivered the first rush of cum into her throat. She pulled back allowing the next discharge to blast up along her nose and forehead coating her cheeks as it ran down her face. She took the dick back into her mouth and sucked it dry ending by licking the cum from around the shaft and underside.   
  
She returned to her seat leaving the cum on her face to resume the game while seven men sat dumbfounded around the table with there hard cocks in their hands.   
  
Joan won the fourth round resulting in $800 more dollars being added to the pot.   
  
The fifth round winner decided to get Joan’s jeans removed. Joan stood in front of the man and allowed him to unfasten and work her tight jeans down her hips and legs placing a hand on his shoulder for support as he pulled the denims off each foot. Joan now wore only a sheer pale pink thong and her sandals. The man caressed her thighs and had her turn for a close look at her gorgeous ass. He seemed disappointed that the thong was still on. “No way” said one of the players “You said jeans not panty so that will have to wait until another round.”   
  
Round six resulted in the winning hand holding another Ace while Joan drew a three of spades.   
“I’d like to have her masturbate for us” said the winner.” All of the men looked at Joan expecting some hesitancy or a flat refusal.   
  
Joan left the table and walked a short distance to the large plush couch in the center of the room. She sat back into the pillows, spread her legs and began rubbing her vulva through the small thong cover. All the men left the table and formed a semi-circle near her to watch up close. Joan splayed her legs wide and slowly rubbed in and down her very wet slit lingering on her aroused clitoris and coaxing it from its protective cover. Her large little bud was clearly visible in its provoked state. Joan’s hand began to move more rapidly over and around her clit and she occasionally probed inside her vaginal walls with two or three fingers. She was becoming more and more aroused as she stimulated her sex and watched eight men pump their cocks while performed her wanton ceremony of self satisfaction. She felt so slutty and so very, very good wanting to be watched and desired as she drove herself toward orgasm.   
  
She now lifted her feet up onto the couch pushing her pelvis more toward the edge, spreading her legs wide the thong pulled to the side exposing her entire vulva and little brown asshole to view as she continued to agitate her clit and prob her inner wetness. She felt the fist wave of her climax break over her. Joan’s pelvis arched upward, her ass tightened and her thigh muscles trembled as she jerked uncontrollably through the series of little deaths coursing through her. Her wetness soaked the coach cushions as she continued more slowly to minister to her pussy as little waves of satisfaction ran through her.   
  
The card game was quickly forgotten as the master suite doors were opened and the large king size bed made available for the action to continue. Joan was led quivering to the bed and laid back while one of the men pulled her soaked tong down her legs and began lapping at her wet pussy licking from asshole to clit adding to her wetness. Two of the other men joined her on the bed with one beginning to prob her mouth with his cock while the other sucked and pulled on her tits. She came again as the multiple stimulations provoked her. She was then quickly mounted by another of the players and her her pussy filled by a hard pumping dick. She became lost in the state of continual arousal and raw sex that ensued.   
  
Over the course of the afternoon she was taken in every conceivable way by the large party using her mouth, ass and vagina with a few of the men having the stamina to take her more than once. Joan’s orgasmic nature permitted her to enjoy a continuing series of climaxes as she was serviced by her attentive group.   
  
Late that afternoon a final softened cock slipped out of her pussy and for the first time since the bedroom orgy started there was not another to take its place. Joan slowly sat up between two men on the bed. She got up and headed to the bar area in search of water. She saw two men asleep on the large couch and the other four sitting exhausted in chairs about the room. She padded naked over to a refrigerator and opened it to find several bottles of water among many beers. She withdrew a bottle and opened it to quench her thirst. A couple of her companions smiled at her as she walked past them toward the bathroom. She began to wash away some of the streaks of cum plastered around her mouth, face and body realizing that she needed to get back to her cottage to properly clean up and wash the fluids from her matted hair.   
  
She walked about the main room seeking her top and jeans which she found on the floor near the table. Her panty was nowhere to be found. She quickly dressed, collected her bag and headed for the doorway. Several of the guys said a friendly good by and one of the two men whom she had originally encountered in the bar walked with her down the hallway to the elevators. As they arrived and he pushed the button for her he pulled a wad of bills out of his pocket and pressed them into Joan’s hand. “Whoa” said Joan, pushing them back toward him. “I don’t want your money”.   
  
“Hey, we know you are not a hooker” replied the man. “We discussed it and want you to have the money anyway. We all would have gambled or spent more than this if we had spent the day on the golf course. Buy yourself a treat. It was worth every penny.” The elevator arrived and Joan stepped inside as the man smiled and walked away. As the elevator began its descent Joan jammed better than $3000 inside her small purse. 

**THURSDAY**  
Thursday was a nice day and Joan spent time on the beach once again. Following the previous marathon sex session, Mark had been keen to treat Joan to an evening of light bondage play which had allowed her to be tied down and treated to manual and mechanical stimulation of her sensitive areas and being taken to several orgasms. Today she planned on a less demanding day in the sun. She had been bold enough to wear her see through white bikini to the beach for the first time and her state of disclosure had been duly noticed by her fellow beach goers. She again casually walked along the beach front enjoying the appreciative and not so appreciative looks she received. The pure white patches of material called attention to her only slightly hidden attributes against her warm honey tanned skin.   
  
After her walk she took her towel some distance down the beach away from the more congested area and close to mostly private property with limited access. She placed her towel down and lay on her stomach feeling the warm sun against her exposed skin. Her mind lazily played over yesterday’s events with the eight men. She thought about how she became lost in the unceasing penetrations of her body the feel of so much naked male flesh meshed against hers and what a rush it was to get lost in such a carnal orgy of pleasures. She felt the desire to masturbate there in the warm sun and sand. Rolling onto her belly she now had her hand positioned to pleasure herself without drawing attention. The nearest sunbathers were at least 30 or so yards away and into their own sun drenched stupor. She pulled the flimsy fabric covering her pussy aside and began slowly stimulating her hardening clit and felt the pleasure building. Joan developed a pattern of stimulating herself then backing off then bringing herself to the brink again as she luxuriated in the bright sun. She extended the play teasing herself for quite some time before finally giving in to the urge to climax. Her fingers now moved more rapidly and roughly over her little pleasure trigger her breathing became rapid and loud. Her thighs and buttocks quivered uncontrollably as the orgasm swept over her. Her hand slowed and she relaxed against the sand as her hand continued to provoke the waning tremors of her pleasure.   
  
Joan finally withdrew her hand and lay still listening to the sound of the waves behind her. When she finally rolled to her side, she was jolted by the presence of a very large man sitting on the sand about 10 feet from her. She had abandoned caution in her aroused state and not heard him approach. She gasp in shock at her surprise by the sight and physical proximity of a stereotypical biker wearing jeans with a denim vest over a bare chest. His arms, neck and much of what she could see of his torso was covered in tattoos. His head was shaved and he had a neatly trimmed beard surrounding his mouth and covering his chin. A large ragged scar ran down the left side of his nose and across his cheek. Joan had frozen in her position as her wide eyes took in this visage.   
  
“Hey lady, I just been sitting here taking in the view” his deep voice rumbled over her.   
  
Joan scrambled to her knees and pulled her beach towel in front of her to cover her near nakedness. “What do you want?” Joan demanded.   
  
The biker looked back over his shoulder and pointed down the beach. “See that yellow house with the red roof down the beach? I was doing some work there and I noticed this telescope set up in the front room. So I looked around the beach and saw you walking and getting plenty of attention showing off that body of yours. Thought I’d come down and take a look up close for myself.” His speech was calm and matter of fact with no hint of a threat.   
  
Joan said “I didn’t hear you come up.”  
  
“Well, you appeared to be sorta busy working over that sweet little cooter of yours.” Said the man.   
  
Joan couldn’t remember her pussy ever being referred to as a “cooter” before. She didn’t know how to respond.   
  
“You live here or just come to the beach to get off?” He continued.   
  
“I’m vacationing with my husband” Joan answered.   
  
“I don't see no husband”   
  
“He works here. Joan responded.   
  
“While he’s at work you come down and show-off to the tourists and get your jolly’s on the beach” he said not as a question but as a matter of fact. Joan did not reply.   
  
“Show me that little cooter of yours honey.” The man said.   
  
“I will not, what do you take me for?” Joan shot back. “A slut?”  
  
“Oh, I know you are a slut” came his matter of fact reply. “You may be a married slut, but you are a slut, maybe classier than most but you are a slut.”   
  
Joan had never been talked to like this before and certainly not by some stranger. Her eyes locked on the man’s and they stared at each other.   
  
“Now, slide over here and uncover that cooter of yours” came another matter of fact request.   
  
Joan continued to sit and stare without responding.   
  
“I got other things to do” said the man “you haven’t run off or screamed and I’ve already sat here and watched you fuck your hand and I’m asking you real nice to let me check out your cooch. Now, if you want to pretend you don’t like to show your fuck box like you been doing for most of the morning help yourself. If you want to do what you naturally love to do, then get with it.”   
  
A shiver ran over Joan’s skin. She felt a mixture of fear, anger and doubt mixed with a unthinkable urge to open herself to this intruder. She sat for what seemed eternity staring into his cold unemotional eyes. He made no move toward her. She now sat facing him with her beach towel bunched beneath her. She slowly spread her legs still looking into his eyes. She reached down and pulled the fragile see through fabric aside disclosing her puffy engorged vulva. The man’s eyes dropped to her crotch. She sat there exposing her pussy for his viewing. The man moved closer and reached out his large callous hand placing it between her legs. He slowly traced his fingers along her wet slit as he gently plied her labia open to touch her inner wetness. His rough thumb nudged and massaged her hardening clit as he helped it uncover from its lair. Slowly, he inserted two then three of his large fingers into Joan’s vaginal canal and massaged its walls. Joan’s breathing quickened as he played among her folds and stimulated her begging clit. Exiting her inner channel his fingers ran over her taint and probed at her puckered little ass. He massaged some of her juices around her anal opening and pressed a finger into her rectum moving it around to test her tightness. Her anus easily stretched to accommodate the strangers probing. Joan’s body was urging for more stimulation. She suddenly wanted to see and touch this man’s cock. Her stimulation was abruptly suspended when the man removed his hand and sat back in the sand.   
  
“Nice” the man casually observed “meet me tomorrow morning about 10:00 am on the beach road at the 77th street intersection, it's just a couple of blocks from here, I'll pick you up there.”  
  
Joan was taken aback by the this casual declaration. Surely this stranger didn’t think that she would meet meet for what reasons she could only imagine! She knew nothing about the man except that his appearance placed him in a category of society that she didn’t associate with. What did he take her for? She stammered and shuddered searching for an appropriate reply.   
  
You get back to your sunbathing now.” he added.   
  
“Surely you can’t imagine I will meet you” Joan finally got out.   
  
The man simply smiled and began walking away his black boots sinking deep into the soft sand. Joan watched with her mouth open as he casually sauntered away down the beach. Joan looked down and realized that she still sat there holding the small bikini bottom aside displaying her swollen wet vulva. She got up while repositioning her cover, wrapped her towel about her waist and headed toward the beach house with her mind in a state of disbelief and turmoil.   
  
During the afternoon Joan tried to distract herself with readying for that night's dinner. She and Mark were invited to the home of the company owner that Mark was currently working with. She laid out some of her more conservative clothing washed and styled her hair and got out a fresh shirt for Mark. Her thoughts kept coming back to the encounter on the beach. Joan was forced to interrupt her evening preparations twice during the afternoon to satisfy herself and momentarily clear her head. She had no intention of meeting this bold overconfident man! Her pussy however, kept demanding attention which she was compelled to supply.   
  
She wondered who this stranger was. He appeared to be in his late 40’s or maybe even 50. When he walked away Joan guessed he must be at least 6’ 3” or taller probably weighing close to 300 lbs.. He was a muscular bear of a man and fearsome looking but with a gentle demeanor and behavior.   
  
Joan stayed distracted the entire evening occasionally losing the thread of dinner table conversation with their host as her mind wondered to the large fingers uncovering her clit and probing inside her pussy and ass. She only hoped that the volume of wetness being generated by her thoughts didn’t completely saturate her panty and dress while they were seated at the dining table.   
  
When they returned to the beach house Joan wanted Mark’s dick in her immediately. She had removed her panties in the car and urgently masturbated as they drove along ocean drive. When they got to the house, she attacked Mark as he got out of the car and he took her from behind as she lay face down against the warm hood of the car. From there things proceeded inside where they went at it until well after midnight. She was gong to be so sated that she’d stop thinking about the forward biker. She fell asleep satisfied.  
  
Joan was wide awake at 6:00 am. It made her angry that she was awake so early still with the potential liaison with her biker friend on her mind. She pretended to be asleep when Mark got up at 6:30 and when he departed for work at 7:30 am. When she heard Mark close the door upon his departure she got up and had coffee that Mark had made while she paced about the house in an agitated state. At 9:00 am she took a hot shower, dried and brushed her hair and liberally applied a fragrant lotion over her body. At 9:40 am she departed the house wearing jean shots and the diaphanous white bikini top covered by a floral casual top.   
  
She walked the few blocks to the designated location arriving a few minutes before 10:30. Traffic was fairly light on the four lane street at that time. Her mind was filled with trepidation and doubt but her sexual curiosity was burning for the unknown. This was the most blind, risky and sexually charged chance she had taken among many reckless forays over the past three or four years. It had all started with her being pimped out at a vacation hotel four years previously by one of the hotel employees. She’d allowed that to happen over the course of the week and she had come to know that she didn’t regret a minute of the experience.   
  
She heard the approaching Harley long before it came into view down the boulevard. It pulled up to the curb mounted by its massive rider. He grinned at her and handed her a black helmet to put on. She worked her head inside and he helped her adjust the chin strap She had only been on one other bike when she was dating after high school. The biker told her where to place her feet and said you’ll hold onto me and be sure you do. He kicked the engine back to life looked over his shoulder and launched the bike back into traffic. She grabbed around his waist tightly pressing her body into his back as they sped along. Soon they were away from the resort area and heading west along a rural road. About 15 minutes out the biker pulled into a small road side diner and stopped. “Had breakfast?” he ask Joan. “Just coffee” she answered. “Eat” he said, “you gonna need you energy and a full stomach”.  
  
They entered the diner with its all male clientele of working men and a few older loners. Joan’s entrance brought the buzz of conversation to an abrupt stop as the biker ushered her inside and over to two vacant bar stools. Joan ordered pancakes and juice while her companion had a full country breakfast. No one spoke to either of the unusual couple seated at the bar but Joan was very aware of the leering stares she received. They finished their breakfast, paid the check and left the diner.   
  
Some 15 minutes further along, the bike slowed and pulled into a low rambling building with a small bar on one end and a XXX Video and Sex Shop on the other.   
  
“What are we doing here?” Joan questioned as the rumble of the engine died away.  
  
“Don’t worry, nothing gonna happen to you that you don’t want to happen and I’ll make sure of that” her large companion assured her. He led her through the front door and into an open retail area with magazines, a few porno DVDs, sex toys and a selection of fetish wear, hoods, whips, body jewelry and other paraphernalia. There were three or four men loitering about looking at magazines and and sipping on beers.   
  
“Hi Goliath” came the voice of a small man behind a counter. His name is Goliath? Joan thought, I can understand why.   
  
“Gimme the office key Jimmy” her biker answered, “got a little business to take care of”.  
  
“I see you do” Jimmy said handing over a key on a small chain.   
  
The biker took Joan’s arm and as he began leading her away said “Notify you call list Jimmy and hold the big room for me. We gonna be here for awhile this afternoon.” Joan had no idea what that exchange meant but it sounded ominous. She began having serious doubts about what she had submitted to.   
  
Goliath took Joan’s arm and led her down a dark hallway to a door at the end. He unlocked and opened the door and turned on a light as he ushered her inside. There was an old wooden desk, couple of file cabinets and a table littered with magazines, ashtrays and beer cans against the wall. Joan was spun around to face Goliath as he sat down in a chair beside the desk. Joan hesitated as the large biker looked up at her from his seated position. He took her hand and pulled her closer to him She stood between his spread legs as he looked at her. She stared into the rugged, disfigured face aware of the heavy tattoos running up the thick neck as a massive hands clasp her hips. “Take off your clothes” the deep voice rumbled.   
  
Joan took a step back and slowly unbuttoned her shirt allowing it to slide down her arms to the floor. Her hard nipples poked against the thin transparent cover of her top. She untied the neck and back strings allowing the top to join her shirt upon the floor. She next unfastened her tight little jean shorts and worked them down her hips and thighs to slide to her feet. She stepped out of her shorts now naked except for her jewelry. One large hand slid between her legs and began slowly massaging her vulva. Fingers moved between her labia spreading and pulling on her tender flesh as she became wetter. Then they were inside her, spreading and probing into her vaginal canal. His movements were slow and stimulating, he noticed when her body responded and lingered over movements that aroused her. Joan’s breathing became noticeably more labored and ragged as more fingers penetrated her and began a more urgent probing of her warm responsive sex. Joan was now thrusting against the probing hand seeking her release. Abruptly, the hand was withdrawn and Joan gasp with surprise, her eyes implored her lover as to why?   
  
The hand coated with her juices moved up to her mouth which she opened as the fingers coated by her juices slipped between her lips obscenely stretching her mouth wide as they slid over her tongue and probed inside her mouth. She sucked and licked over as much of the calloused fingers as she could as her mouth was stretched and fondled occasionally causing her to gag. Strings of saliva began to run down her chin and drip to her chest. The hand was gradually withdrawn sliding down her chin to grasp her throat coating it with her vaginal and oral wetness.   
  
The biker arose from his chair and turned Joan toward the adjacent desk. He pushed her forward against the desk forcing her to bend at the waist. He moved behind her and she was aware of his jeans being unfastened. He began rubbing his large cock along the crack of her ass lowering it to her vaginal opening. Joan grunted as the large head popped inside. Hands now gripped her shoulders and slowly began pulling back causing her to slowly accept more of the shaft, stretching her and stimulating every part of her vaginal wall. One large hand moved to encompass her throat, not choking her but in a caressing grip that felt intimate and erotic. The large dick now rested well inside Joan's vagina. She was impaled on the intruding cock her vagina began to involuntarily contract around it. The sensations she felt were heavenly and exciting and provoked Joan to want more and more of the wonderful feeling. She began to push back against the massive dick issuing little sounds of urgency as she accepted more of his length. The head reached her cervix causing Joan to stop with the cock pressed against its wall. She tired to relax and rotate her pelvis causing the wall to be massaged by the large head. Her wall softened to accept the contact as a greater sense of pleasure not discomfort drove her to move more urgently against this large beast of a man. As Joan’s movement became more frenzied her partner clasp her hips with his hands and began slow rhythmic thrusting inside her the large cock now repeatedly massaged the entirety of her soft inner pliable tissues awakening every tiny nerve ending to his demanding assault. Joan’s body began to shake uncontrollably as the sensations of her orgasm ran through her. Goliath’s pace quickened his thrust now becoming urgent and more demanding. She gasp and quivered in her sexual euphoria and with a loud groan the giant released a blast of seamen inside her.   
  
They were still. Joan lay face down across the desk while the biker bent over her resting with his hands against the desk his cock still inside her as her pussy spasmed and contracted. Her biker finally pulled his softening penis from her and a rush of cum spilled from her gaping opening.   
  
Neither spoke with the biker returning to his chair and Joan still sprawled on the desk. “There’s a bathroom that you can use over there” came the deep voice behind her. Joan roused herself and looked to see two doors along the back wall. “It’s the one on the left” he indicated. Joan walked across the room to the cramped lavatory comprised of a wash basin and commode. She washed her face and cleaned up as best she could with paper towels and cold water. She sat down permitting more of his cum to leak from her relieving herself before reentering the room. The biker was pouring two glasses of whisky at the desk and turned handing one of the glasses to Joan. “Toss this down” he said handing her the glass. He had poured a generous portion and it took her four attempts to get all of the whisky down. It's warmth coursed through her. Sitting the empty glass down, she gathered her garments off the floor and dressed as her companion silently watched.   
  
“Come on” the biker said taking Joan’s arm. They entered the hallway again walking down to the retail store. Joan noticed that there were now many more men standing around all of which looked at her as she was ushered into the store. They stopped at the counter as Goliath said to Jimmy “We are going to the booth now. You all set?” Jimmy nodded as they turned and headed toward the opposite side of the store where there was another hallway. The hall was dimly illuminated by two red lights they passed several men lined against the wall and entered a room near the end. Joan found herself in a small plain room with a video monitor three cheap plastic chairs and a hole in the left wall. Joan realized that she was confronted with a real Gloryhole. She had seen video’s of women servicing men with their mouth having sex with anonymous cocks. She and Mark had watched some of the action together when they surfed porno sites as part of their sex play. Now she was to experience one first hand.   
  
“There’s a room full of dicks waiting for you” Goliath said. “Here, put this on the floor for you knees” he added taking a cushion from one of the chairs and tossing it on the floor in front of the large circular hole which Joan guessed to be about 10 inches in diameter. “Some of these guys will want to fool around, get their hands in here, play with your titties and finger fuck your quim and asshole but don’t take up much time with that shit, get the pricks off and let’m move along you got a long line waiting.  
  
“I’ve got to be back by 5 pm” Joan said. “My husband will be coming home.   
  
“Then get busy” came the response.   
  
Joan turned toward the Gloryhole and watched the first hard dick poke through extending from a pale white belly covered with black pubic hair. She took the unseen owner’s organ into her hand and began pumping along the shaft bringing it to full attention before taking it inside her mouth. She sucked and nibbled at the purple head as she worked up and down the shaft while listening to the heavy breathing on the other side of the thin wall. In short order she felt the head enlarge and the warm blast of seamen coursed over her tongue. Cum coated her lips as the next engorged dick head was thrust toward her.   
  
The afternoon became an endless parade of attention seeking cocks of all sizes and hues. Joan sucked and relieved each in turn and on a few occasions permitted brief fondling of her breasts, pussy and ass by probing hands. Early on she noticed that her biker had pulled his large dick back out stroking it while watching the slutty performance taking place before him. Occasionally, Joan would reach over and stroke and suck on his large shaft between dick exchanges through the gloryhole . The afternoon became an endless symphony of dicks, warm cum and sounds of pleasure, Joan began to wonder how many men had shown up to use her mouth and probe her body. The variety in size, taste, smell and endurance was endless. Joan labored to satisfy each in turn.   
  
By late afternoon Goliath called an end to the gloryhole and led Joan back through the sex shop. Joan’s face neck and upper torso was streaked with ejaculate as they exited the store and mounted the Harley behind her escort. The engine roared into life and they were suddenly back on the highway. She felt streaks of cum blown across her cheeks and chest begin to dry into a sticky crusty coat by the air passing over her skin. She knew now that she had an immensely slutty side maybe more so than she could have imagined. One arm was tightly clasp around the biker’s waist while with the other she reached forward to grip and squeeze his large dick through his jeans as they rode along. She arched her pelvis to bring her clitoral area into firm contact with the seat which throbbed from the vibrations from the loud engine traveling through the steel frame. 

**SUNDAY**  
On Sunday morning Mark watched Joan in the line of passengers walking from the terminal out to the small aircraft that would fly her home. Joan turned toward the terminal and waved toward the Windows not sure that she could identify Mark among the others standing with him. Mark smiled with love, admiration and lust as he watched Joan slowly climbing the stairs to the airplane. A sudden gust of wind caught her her short pleated skirt blowing it up to expose her lovely bare ass to those in line behind her. She reached the doorway and disappeared into the cabin.