**Joan’s Thailand Adventure**

by AnotherAnonymous

**Part 1 – Breakup and kickoff**

Joan left the hotel resort fuming with anger. She had just dumped her boyfriend. Instead of a nice holiday with sun, romance, love and sex their heated argument right at the start had pulverised their relationship in one fell swoop. They had been a couple for only a few months and the time in Thailand was the first real test of their relationship. Not only had she dumped her boyfriend, Joan also was deprived of everything except what she had on her body, which actually was very little.

It had started right after they had checked into the apartment. Joan had brought a nice collection of outfits she had deliberately picked for these holidays, which she considered suitable for the hot weather. And of course she loved to dress sexy and show off her great body. Joan enjoyed attracting attention with her looks, and back home her boyfriend had always been proud of her great looks and sexiness. Their sex life was amazing so far, and Joan wanted to spice up things during their vacation right from the start. After a quick shower she joyfully changed into her favourite new outfit. She had just recently purchased sexy low cut hot pants, especially for the trip to Thailand. To Joan, wearing hot pants tended to involve wearing not much at all, and these made no exception. They were showing off her great legs and certainly served to draw attention. These bottoms were a fun in particular, not only because they were kind of mini hot pants with an extra low cut. They had a special fashionable feature. Sideways they were held together by white cords, which added a few extra inches of exposed skin. Panties would show at the sides, but Joan considered it as an invitation to omit wearing any. Together with the strapless white stretch tube top Joan’s outfit left little to the imagination, and that was exactly her intention. She was proud of her body that was the result of natural beauty and lots of workout sessions and conscious nutrition. Her shoes were fashionable and comfortable strappy espadrille wedge sandals, which added to the emphasis of her long lean legs provided by the hot pants. Joan turned to her boyfriend with a bright smile, “let’s head to the beach!”

Only a misanthrope would have considered Joan’s outfit slutty. It was about a young woman enjoying life and being comfortable with herself and her body. You are only young once.

Her boyfriend was shocked. “We’re in Thailand…” was all he said. He started rummaging through Joan’s bag. He found nothing but skimpy tops, short skirts and in general revealing clothes. With every piece of clothing that he picked from the bag, he got angrier. Then he realised that Joan did not even bring a bikini. He lost his poise completely, when Joan earnestly told him, that she was not going to let these holidays spoil her all over tan. He just exploded in anger.

Joan was completely astonished by his reaction. Not even remotely she understood her boyfriend’s behaviour. After all she was an aspiring bikini and lingerie model. She sported an all over tan for years now, both for professional reasons and because it corresponded to her lifestyle and physical well-being. “Is he going to complain about my clean shaven pussy next”, she thought to herself and gave him a look of complete bewilderment. Joan hardly even listened to him, cursing her for lack of culture and for not having informed herself about the local conventions and that of course there were no nude beaches in Thailand. He worked himself up into his rage that he finally grabbed her bag and ran outside taking it with him. “Hey!” Joan shouted and hurried after him. She caught up with him outside at the big rubbish container, throwing the content of her bag into it. Joan was shocked and stunned. She ran past him, cursing him, trying to hit him and telling him to get her stuff right back from the dumpster. Back in the apartment they had a heated argument. Joan ended the fight by telling him it was over and she did not ever want to see him again. Joan boiled with rage as she went to collect her things from the rubbish container. Only to find that in the meantime it had been emptied. All her stuff was lost! Beside herself with rage Joan returned to the apartment to kill her ex-boyfriend. Or at least to rant and rave at him some more. Only to find it empty. He had left, taking everything with him. She sat down on the bed, exhausted from the fight and clueless what to do next. Then it began to dawn on her that he might have left for good. Joan hurried to the reception and actually arrived just in time to see him drive away with the car they had rented.

Joan entered the reception, only to learn, that they were kind of lucky. Another couple had asked for an apartment just in the very moment that her ex-boyfriend had returned the key. They had agreed that they could take the apartment and they would get the money back transferred. That of course left Joan without lodging, but it was true that it had been him who had booked and paid everything, so she could not complain, could she?

So Joan left fuming with anger. At the same time her mind was numb. Nothing like this had ever happened to her. With no particular aim left the hotel resort. It wasn’t until the honking of a passing car startled her, with a group of young man howling and whistling at her, that she remembered her ultra-sexy outfit. It was only then that she got fully aware that this all she had. Just two pieces of clothing of the most revealing kind and a pair of sandals. And it was only after a while of walking about under the hot sun, that Joan realised that she was thirsty, and that she did not have any money on her.

Then the truth hit her. Joan had unintentionally embarked on an adventure.

**Joan's Thailand Adventure part 2**

**Part 2 – Topless in public?**

Joan attracted a lot of attention and got numerous reactions. Honking from passing cars, stares and lewd remarks. Even women felt provoked by her appearance, some glared at her, some were smiling knowingly, one even smacked her butt, which no man dared to do. Back home Joan enjoyed turning heads and causing stir by her looks and sexy outfits, but this was far more than she had bargained for. It actually was her most embarrassing experience ever. She awoke to the fact, that this situation was completely different from what she had experienced back home. She had always been either with a group of girls who were just like her, or she had a boyfriend at her side. But now she was on her own, which made her feel most vulnerable and much more on display. She felt like running, but actually she did not have the slightest idea where to. Joan had never felt like this before. She felt alternately hot and cold, her skin was tingling, her heart was beating, her cheeks were flushing and she broke out in a sweat. Sweating like never before. The sheen of sweat made her tan skin glisten. Joan was very aware of the sensation of drops of sweat that were running down the valley between her boobs. They were slightly tickling her sensitive skin in an unnerving way. And as if this wasn't bad enough already, before long Joan noticed an additional emotion. She was shocked and stunned to realize that her body responded to the situation with arousal. The tightness of her top had become extremely perceptible, because her nipples had engorged, pressing against it. Each step caused a subtle stimulation to her sensitive nipples, and soon they stood fully erect, venturing to poke through the thin material of her tight top.

Joan was distressed. She needed a break. She was thirsty. She had to reconsider her situation. She did not only need to drink but also had to find something less provocative to wear. And she needed to get sunglasses, hiding her eyes she would have felt less vulnerable. But how could she manage to do this without any money?

Eventually she had to pass a bar. Some old men were standing in front of it with drinks in hand, and all of them were staring in her direction. Joan first wanted to cross the road to avoid them, but then she noticed a group of young men approaching on the other side. “I’m better off with the old guys”, she encouraged herself to go on.

So Joan forced herself to act nonchalantly and ignore the stares as she approached the bar. Then she stood right before the group of old men. All of them were locals. They were dumbfounded at her sight. One of them waved his bottle, inviting her to have a drink with them. He was more than surprised when she shook her head yes. Joan was very thirsty and simply could not allow herself to refuse to have a drink with them.

Immediately she got a bottle of beer. Alcohol actually was not what she wanted right now, but she reckoned that this was not the moment to mess with bagatelles. She finished her beer quickly and felt much better right away. The men got her another. They were undressing Joan with theirs eyes. And although they acted courteously Joan felt uncomfortable. The tall semi naked fashion model felt like an alien among them. They were tiny people speaking in a foreign language that was a mystery to her. They handed her another beer. Joan drank it like water, although she already started to feel the effect of the alcohol.

The group of men was whispering, and finally one of them in a very polite manner managed to explain with some broken English words and gestures what they were wondering about. They had not only noticed, that Joan wore no panties, but also, that there were no tan lines visible. Joan cringed in embarrassment, but of course her hot pants allowed to see just that. She gave her best to stay calm, although she noticed that she broke into a sweat again. Her top felt soaked against her chest. Joan tried to put into simple words that it was quiet common to tan in the nude back where she lived. It was hard to tell whether they understood or not. Anyway, they smiled at her in a friendly manner and nodded their heads eagerly.

They were behaving really civilised, taking the view Joan provided. The beer had calmed Joan down and she felt much better than just a little while ago. Maybe her Thailand adventure was not so bad at all. She had been very thirsty, and now she was all right. She had achieved this quiet easily. She got the feeling that she would come to terms with the situation. The locals seemed to be nice. Joan sensed her chance to find out if it was true that there were no nude beaches here. She made several approaches to make her question understood, but to no avail. The men were willing to help, but it did not work. To make herself understood, Joan grabbed one side of her hot pants and lowered it down her thigh and motioned to her tanned skin where one would expect bikini lines. In doing so, she minded not exposing her pussy, but could not avoid to reveal most of her bald pubes. The men stared in awe, while Joan tried to make understood that she wanted to do the same here. Tan in the nude. Again they put heads together and after a while seemed to come to a conclusion. Eagerly nodding towards Joan they piled some notes on the table collecting them from everybody in the group. They smiled at her encouraging and kept nodding. Joan had no idea what was going on. Then one of them made a gesture like lowering his pants and nodded towards her, making another gesture towards the money, indicating her to take it. Joan blushed scarlet. This was a big misunderstanding! They wanted to see her tan! To be more precise, they were thinking she was willing to show her pussy for money!

This was awkward. This was of course completely out of question. Joan would not do it. She waved aside. The men were looking at her uncomprehendingly.

Again they put heads together. Then one of him made a gesture like raising his shirt, adding another gesture towards the money, indicating her to take it. Joan could not believe it! They thought, that she had refused to do it only because it was not enough money. And now they wanted to see her tits, thinking this would be a bit cheaper. It was ridiculous. What crazy situation! Joan hung her head with shame. She was no prude, and yes, there had been occasions in which she had flashed her tits for fun. But it wasn’t the same selling it. Wouldn’t this make her kind of a prostitute? Of course, being a lingerie and bikini model she had to have an exhibitionistic streak. But still, modelling was a highly respected job, showing her tits to strangers in a public place was not. Of course Joan could not do it, or could she?

Joan focused the group of men and was about to turn down the proposal, when she saw her reflection in the window of the bar. Her upper body was towering above the local people, and what Joan saw was tits. Her tits, to be precise. Looking down herself, Joan realized that her top was soaked. Not only did it cling to her chest, its thin material had also become practically transparent. Her nipples and areolas were clearly visible.

Joan reconsidered. It wasn’t such a big difference to show them, was it? The model business was tough. She had gone through quite a few situations that had violated her dignity. And after all – what should she do? She didn’t have any money. And this would be easy money. And after all, Joan was a model. She lived from showing he body, it was not such a big difference, was it? And after all she was proud of her looks. Why not make the day of these friendly folks a little nicer? And the final reason to do it was, that if she left now, she would walk the street in a sheer top. That meant, that everybody who saw her would see her practically topless. A plan formed in her mind. She would not just show them her boobs she would take off the top completely. It would dry in the sun fast. Everybody would be satisfied. Joan would earn some money and go on with a top that provided cover.

Joan gave them her best smile. She took the money and stuffed it under the waistband of her hot pants. This made her look like a real stripper, but what other option did she have?

The men were smiling brightly. They held their breath in disbelieve, when she reached for her top and with one swift movement raised it above her head, freeing her fantastic tanned boobs. They got more than they had bargained for. Actually they had just made a bit of fun out of a sexy young tourist. None of them had expected her to really flash her tits. They were enticingly glistening with sweat.

“No touching”, she gestured and with her best smile she reached out for another beer. The men started clapping and Joan felt her cheeks flushing. They attracted way too much attention. Joan turned around and noticed that her audience had grown to a bigger crowd than one would like. Although she received more clapping and cheering, and everybody showed a friendly attitude, Joan was shocked about the turn of events. She reached for her top, but it was still quite damp. She had to endure some more.

One of the passers-by was a tourist. He captured her with his phone, which was terribly annoying for Joan, and asked how much was a dance. Joan tried to cover her boobs with her arm and gave him the finger. He was hooting, because this made an exceptionally nice cheeky picture. Joan angrily turned away from him and tried to keep her composure although she was filled with mixed emotions. Things were starting to get out of hand.

Actually they were getting out of hand. The next thing to happen was someone snatching away Joan’s top. It was the tourist! He laughed hoarsely and swinging it in the air he ran away. Joan was shocked and mad. She was a very athletic, working out was an important way to keep her body in shape. She was not going to let him getaway. Laughing, cheering and clapping emerged as she dashed past the thief with bouncing bare boobs.

**Joan's Thailand Adventure - part 3**

**Part 3 – Topless in public!**

The tourist Joan was chasing after was a rather fat guy. Under normal circumstances Joan would have caught up with him easily. But Joan had just gulped down several beers under the hot sun, and she ran with her arms crossed above her chest, which not only slowed her down but also caused her not to breathe well. Because of this Joan soon saw stars and could not go on. She had to lean against a wall and lost sight of the guy who had taken her top.

Joan was panting heavily and for the moment no longer bothered about covering her tits. When she raised her head again, she faced three local adolescents staring at her. Dumbfounded. She quickly cupped her tits with her hands. One of them gestured her to take his shirt. It was way too small and ragged. It was obvious that these kids were poor. Joan felt compassion and was very impressed, that a kid who obviously did not own much - if anything at all - was offering to take his shirt. As much as she needed something to wear, she could not take it. Joan tried to make this understood by gestures. The kids gestured back, and it took Joan some time to understand that they were asking her to show them her boobs. Joan was taken aback. If someone who has nothing, offers you something, how in the world can you turn down a simple wish that is easy to fulfil? Joan’s stomach turned. Joan was unable to cope. These kids were nice, and at that age a boy wants to know about tits. Obviously. It felt wrong, but was it? It wasn’t the alcohol it was just pity. Joan reluctantly revealed her boobs and let them have a look. Joan wanted to put her head in a bag. They stared with open mouths. Joan felt terrible, but what else could she do? Then she remembered the money she had gained at the bar. She took it and offered it to them. Joan had no idea whether it was much or not. Anyway, they did not accept it, they just turned around and ran away.

What a far out experience. Joan hoped she had made the kids day.

Out of nowhere the tourist who had snatched her top appeared again, smiling at her lewdly. “Want it back?” Joan instinctively covered her boobs with her arm. She fumed at him. He just laughed. Joan motioned him to give it back. He grinned mischievously. “Show me your butt!” After her encounter with the local kids, Joan was not in the mood to trifle with some asshole. “... off!” was all she said. She turned around and just walked away. Maybe the alcohol helped her to do it in a victorious way. She proudly showed her best cat walk strut, with her hands at her hips, deliberately exposing her boobs. “Attitude!” Joan encouraged herself, while she cringed inside, knowing what a sight she gave, wearing only those super sexy micro hot pants. Actually kind of she showed him her butt, and quite a lot of it, but of course not in the way he had hoped for.

“Hey!” he tourist shouted. He offered her to take her top back. But Joan ignored him. To keep her dignity, it was best to do so. Wanker! He ran past her and tried to put her top in her hand. Joan slapped him hard in the face, leaving him behind in pain and crying shame.

The great feeling of having acted strong, independent and self-contained did not last long. Joan wore nothing but tiny hot pants in public, and her situation remained critical. That’s why she hurried back to the tourist before he had even managed to recover from her blow. But where was her top? She did not see it. “Give it to me!” She had hit him hard, and although he knew he deserved it, he was mad. “Show me your butt.”

To cut a long story short, in the end she did it. Joan considered that retrieving her top was more important than proving her point. It wasn’t only that she bent over and lowered the little cover that her hot pants provided to her butt. It was inevitable to reveal some of her clean shaven pussy with it, which luckily Joan was not aware of. But her audience was. And that was what Joan was very aware of. Many people were watching as she shamelessly exposed herself to the tourist right on a public street. Joan thought that this was the most humiliating experience in her life. But to top it off afterwards he had to admit that he had no idea where her top was. He had just asked her one more time to show her butt, and that was what she had just done. Supposedly he was a lawyer. Joan tried to hit him once again, but this time he was prepared which led to a short fight which Joan kind of won, technically, but he got to cop a feel of her practically naked body before he escaped. And this all happened in plain view of the public. Of course Joan felt bad. And she stayed topless.

But where was her top? Who had snatched it now? A naughty little doggy! Joan spotted it chewing on the white fabric. Not good, not good at all! The defence of the naughty little doggy was broken easily, but Joan’s triumph did not last long. It had been a strikingly sexy top before, but with the dog’s alterations it had become even more interesting. Several dog-tailored cuts and holes provided more flesh revealed.

A misanthrope might have considered Joan’s top slutty from the start. Now it was slutty by mostly anyone’s standards. Joan put it on anyway, what else could she do? The top was dirty and rotten now. It showed her left nipple and her right areola, plus an extremely risky cleavage. Dog’s taste was not so far away from human male’s taste. Anyway, without knowing it yet, Joan had already started to gain a local reputation.

Joan knew that she had to replace the top as soon as possible. It didn’t help that she had no idea about that local currency, Baht. Her money – was it much or was it little?

Onward to find it out. But Joan unknowingly kind of had left the touristic path. She had left the security and safety of the hotel resort. It was not very probable that she could pay with the local currency at the hotel resort anyway. Joan was completely oblivious to that. She found no stores and received countless stares. The small village next to the resort offered nothing. And Joan found no way to get information where she could go. There had to be a bigger village not far away and other touristic locations and beaches. But Joan had no idea and no ways to find out.

That’s why Joan returned to the hotel resort in the evening. She was exhausted and at a loss.

The problem was that they did not let Joan in in. Although she was a no local. She simply looked like a hooker, and that’s what they took her for. She did not understand a word, but of course she realised that they did not allow her to enter the resort. The remains of her top was in shreds leaving her practically topless. The state of the tiny hot pants wasn’t good as well. Its crotch part was scarce anyway. After a day of sweat and adventures it was soaked. Joan was much too tired to notice, but everyone else sure did – she accidentally showed pussy lips.

It got night, and Joan was hungry and tired. With the village being lifeless she had no other idea but to return to the bar. Joan needed to gather information, but most of all she needed to eat and to find a place to sleep.

First it seemed completely hopeless. Joan forced herself to eat what was offered. At least her money seemed to be sufficient for what little was offered here. There were only locals around and she had never felt so out of place in her life. There was no other woman. She got the feeling that the men at the bar were talking about her, but she could not tell if they knew about the show she had given right here before.

Eventually a European expat appeared who spoke her language. Joan desperately lunged at him. He was a down-and-out middle aged man who appeared to be drugged or drunk. But he was sober enough to enjoy her beauty and half naked state. Somehow Joan convinced him to take her with him. The price she had to pay was to endure some pathetic kind of an attempt of having sex, in which he happened to destroy the remains of her top before he fell into a comatose sleep. He had not really touched Joan, but still she felt dirty and cheap. His hut was small, dirty and overall depressing, but at least Joan had found a place to sleep for the night. And that messed-up guy had given her vague instructions where to find the next bigger place with stores, bars, beaches and so on.

Next morning Joan awoke early to his snoring. It was hard to believe, but she could not find anything in that miserable place that she could use as a top, not even a towel. Of course she could have tried to take the greasy shirt he wore, but she did not have the heart to do it and it was dirty, smelly and disgusting anyway.

Having no other choice Joan got on her way wearing nothing but her tiny hot pants and her sandals, which now appeared ridiculously fashionable.

**Joan's Thailand adventure pt. 4**

**Part 4 – Forced Streaking**

Once your reputation's gone, you can boldly carry on. Joan made her way past the bar in her half naked state, and the people just waved at her kindly. There wasn’t much going on in that small place and Joan was the talk of the village. Everybody had heard about that gorgeous tourist who had flashed her tits for a small amount of cash. And everybody knew as well how nicely she had treated the kids. Joan had no idea that she was perfectly safe with the locals of this place. When she passed the bar she crossed her arms above her chest and blushed deeply. When one of the men emerged from the group she sped up because she was ashamed of yesterday’s events. She had no idea whether these were the same men as yesterday, to her they were looking all the same. But anyway, as long as she was topless she wanted to avoid contact with any people. How could she know that he only wanted to offer her to take his shirt?

Joan’s plan was simple. She wanted to walk to the next village that was said to be bigger and with stores. There she would head to the next shop and purchase a top. After that she would think of what to do next.

It was a simple plan, but to carry it out soon turned out to be more complicated than Joan had thought. She came to a road junction. There were no road signs and Joan had no idea which direction to take. All she could do was try.

The street was deserted and Joan almost enjoyed her lonely walk. The sun was warming her body and felt good on her skin. Joan felt relaxed and almost tempted to take off her hot pants to work on her all over tan. It was early in the morning and no sign of people. Walking topless in public reminded Jan of the party some years ago were they had challenged her and her best friend Jackie to go streaking. Jackie had talked her into it and they had stripped bare and did it. Both friends were the most beautiful and popular girls around and it had been great fun. Many people had seen them running naked outside. Compared to that dare back then today’s situation was a piece of cake, although Joan would have never done it without her friend. And now she was on her own. Thinking back to this wild party night got Joan a little worked up. She could have had each and every guy that night, but she had limited herself to three whereas Jackie knew no limits back then. The catch had been that they did it in the living room in front of everybody, which complicated theirs lives a bit afterwards. But they had never regretted that night.

Joan had always loved sex. It was a shame that her relationship with her boyfriend was over. These holidays were supposed to be romantic and filled with steamy sex, and now Joan was all by herself. But that of course did not mean that she could not release some tension herself. Joan decided to leave the street and to bushwhack to find herself a sheltered place.

Joan was lucky. After just a few minutes she saw the distinct shimmer of sun hitting water. By chance she had found a lake! That was even better then she would have expected. She did not have a shower since yesterday. “Just me and the great outdoors!” Joan was filled with glee. She quickly got completely naked and waded into the water, leaving her shoes and hot pants behind at the shore. The water felt great! Joan drifted and floated about. The water and the sun looked and felt great on her nude body and Joan was in union with the elements. That was until she noticed that she was not alone.

Four people hat entered the water unwillingly separating her from her stuff. They were swimming into her direction. As they came near, Joan noticed that it apparently was a father with his grown up children, two sons and a daughter. Campers. Now Joan saw theirs tents and a woman in a bikini standing in front of it doing some stuff. They had made themselves a nice camp right at the shore of the beautiful lake. They were tourists as well, and the good thing was that Joan could ask them where to go. And maybe even get a top!

But it turned out a rather unkind encounter. First thing was that they were both shocked and excited when they noticed that she was topless, which Joan failed to hide by trying to keep everything except for her head under water. This made her feel quite uncomfortable. The father asked her where she came from and Joan made the mistake to point at her stuff and explain that she had come from the road. She noticed both sons exchange a quick glance and start to swim towards her stuff. Joan could not pay attention to them, because she had to take the opportunity to gain information. Indeed, she had taken the wrong turn. The father was obviously feeling uncomfortable with her being topless, maybe he figured that she was stark naked. Anyway, he soon did not want to talk anymore and left towards the camp. But his sons had sat down at the shore right where Joan had left what little clothing she had.

It was obvious that they were waiting for her. And Joan saw no other option than to get it over with. They were snickering as she approached them. “No top?” one of them exclaimed. “Nice pants” the other added. They were more or less at the same age as Joan, early twenties. The money was still attached to one cord of the hot pants, which led to the next lewd question. “Are you a stripper?” This might become complicated, Joan thought to herself. They were out of sight from the camp, which meant that it was not very probable that theirs parents would interfere and end this. They were grinning at Joan mischievously. She saw no other option and emerged from the water, covering her tits and pussy as best as she could. “No tan lines? Great!” and “So you always run around naked?” Joan was annoyed. “Get lost!” Shrugging theirs shoulders they got up to leave, but taking her stuff with them. “Stop! Drop my stuff.” They just laughed. “Show yourself!” Of course, it was always the same, wasn’t it. “Do you want me to call your parents?” They just grinned. “We are here”, Joan heard from the background, and the father appeared together with his wife and daughter, who was about her mid-twenties. “This is Thailand, and we are going to teach you a lesson about running around stark naked in this country. You seem to lack respect of the local conventions.” The daughter shook her head in disapproval, “look at those slutty pants…” Joan could not believe what was happening.

“Now, where is your top?” Joan cringed with discomfort. “I… I have, er, lost it…” This wasn’t leading anywhere. They grabbed her and dragged Joan to their camp. She got the feeling that they were feeling her up quite a lot, pinning her hands behind her back. What a strange family structure!

“The good news is, we’re going to drive you to the village. The bad news is you stay as you are. We’re going to give you your stuff back when we are there.”

Of course Joan could have escaped, she could have simply run away. But where to? And stark naked? Joan chose to submit to them for the moment being. She followed them to the car. They drove to the village, the parents in the front, one son and the daughter were restrained in the back with Joan. At least Joan had the young woman at her side, and it seemed that she disapproved what was happening. It must have been embarrassing for her to watch her brothers ogle the nude woman. The other brother drove in a second car and – as she was about to find out – he held Joan’s stuff.

Finally, they arrived at their destination. “Here we are, it is time for you to get out!” the father cheerfully exclaimed. The place was busy. “I’m not leaving the car without a stitch of clothes. There are so many people. They will see me. Give me back my stuff.” He laughed, “oh, you will!” and he revealed the catch.

His son was depositing Joan’s stuff in a dustbin in a far distance. The timing was perfect as the waste got collected right now. Joan had to run to be there in time before her stuff got collected. That meant that she was going to have to streak. It was the main street of the village, and it had a beach, which meant that there were lots of people around, both locals and tourists. This was going to be humiliating. “You see my son is depositing your stuff right now. Do you see the garbage collector near? If you hurry you will be just in time to collect your stuff right before he takes it with him. Now you better run!”

To Joan’s surprise the daughter showed compassion, she quickly handed her some fabric and whispered, “Run! Put it on later…”

And that’s what Joan did in a mad rush. The rush of adrenaline made it almost impossible to think straight, Joan’s first instinct was to simply run away, which made her go to the opposite direction of her goal first. Of course the gorgeous nude woman caught everyone’s attention. She had decided against trying to cover in order to run faster. He boobs were bouncing with every step. Just like way back when she had gone streaking with her friend Jackie, the adrenaline and mixed emotions were overwhelming. The main reason that they afterwards had willingly had sex with random guys in front of everybody sure must have been that they both had needed to get a release for the pent up tension. Just like then Joan felt a mixture of strong emotions. Of course humiliation and shame were dominant. But she also felt pure joy of exposing her fantastic athletic body which she was very proud of. This involved the feeling of arousal, that got stronger with every step, every look she and every comment she received. Although of course Joan had no idea what most of her audience said, because they were locals that she did not understand. But she saw happy and amazed faces. And of course there were several tourists, and each comment referring to her boldness and her beauty kind of directly made her pussy tingle. To Joan it felt like everything was happening in slow-motion.

She initially held the shirt clenched in her fist, but in her haste she dropped it halfway. But that didn’t matter. She had to avoid her clothes to be taken away for good and kept advancing to the dustbin.

Joan ran as fast as she could, but she didn’t stand a chance. The garbage collector finished his job far before she arrived. “STOP!” she shouted. But he didn’t hear or understand and calmly went on. Her introduction to him was priceless, because Joan stumbled and fell and found herself flat on the floor right before him. He helped her up, of course he was completely surprised to see a nude woman here in the centre of the place. He wasn’t aware that she had addressed him before. Not knowing what to make out of the situation he simply turned around to continue. “WAIT!” He heard her scream, but he did not have a clue what she said. Standing in front of him in the nude Joan tried to make herself understood through gestures. This gave many spectators the opportunity to examine her perfect body in detail. Joan was very aware of it and tried to cover at least her pussy with one hand. Finally, she managed the garbage collector to understand and let her examine his vehicle. Joan found her shoes and hot pants, still with the money attached to it.

As fast as she could she put on the bottoms. When the fabric finally covered her crotch, Joan got clearly aware that her pussy was sopping wet. Her juices drenched the tiny piece of cloth that was covering her sex. Her pussy lips were engorged and parted slightly, just enough to suck in the material which then got in touch with her swollen clitoris. Joan bit her lip. Her strong arousal was kind of a shock to her, although she remembered that feeling from her first streaking experience. Only this time it seemed much stronger, maybe because being all alone made the whole experience much more intense. When Joan put on her sandals, the movement intensified the stimulation on her clitoris. Joan covered her tits with her hands. Her nipples were poking against her palms, they were as hard and erect as they could be. Touching them sent shivers through Joan’s body. Joan was aching for release, but of course this was not the time and place to get herself off.

Next she had to collect the top she had accidentally dropped. Joan searched the place but did not see anything. She didn’t even know the colour of it, which made it more difficult to spot it. But it had to be somewhere.

**Joan's Thailand Adventure - part 5**

**Part 5 – The new top**

“You’re missing this?” A grinning tourist held out his hand offering her the top. Joan wanted to take it, but he drew back. “What…?” Joan started to speak. “Not so fast…” Joan crossed her arms above her chest and stared at him angrily. “You like to show off, don’t you? It excites you, doesn’t it? It shows. Your nipples are hard. Why not show them to me just a little more, if that’s what turns you on? I would really appreciate it…” Joan could not believe it. How could it be that she had run into yet another lunatic? “Listen, just give me my top and get lost.” He just shook his head no. “Show them. We will both enjoy this a lot.” Joan fumed to him, “I am not going to let you stare at my boobs in the middle of a crowded place. Now give me my top and just leave.” He shook his head again, “Don’t fool yourself, it’s part of the fun.” He motioned to the money attached to Joan’s hot pants, “If you do it I’ll give you a little extra”. The money. Yes, the money. Of course Joan could really do with some more money. She had earned the cash she had on her by revealing her tits to strangers in public. And she had considered it easy money. And yes, it had been fun. She loved it when men admired her beauty. It made her feel good. And other than back home nobody knew her here. She really could afford to take things easy. But did she want to give in to some kind of blackmail? Then again, what were here choices? She could keep fighting with him or just leave without a top and get another one – if the money was sufficing. But what would she do if it wasn’t enough? Wasn’t it a lot easier to get this over with fast and simply do it?

“All right, I’ll do it. But only for a quick peep”, Joan gave in and baring her chest she put her hands on her hips. She was very aware that many people kept track what she, the gorgeous streaker, was up to. Of course she had their attention. Joan’s cheeks were flushing and she felt her heart beat heavy and fast. The tourist stared at her boobs with enthusiasm. “Just like I said, it turns you on… you should work at the bar near the beach, they would tip you a lot. You could even become a dancer at the night club. You would be by far the prettiest girl there.” Joan almost felt flattered. This guy seemed to know the place. Joan really didn’t want to start a conversation, but maybe he knew where she could go tan in the nude. So she asked him. It seemed to be true that there were no such things as nude beaches in Thailand, but one could of course find secluded beaches or concealed spots. He suggested to try the most popular beach around, which had a bar, jet-ski rental and adjoined a forest which provided several spots hidden by trees and bushes. He had never seen any woman tan in the nude, but every now and then topless, which already was rather uncommon in Thailand. The conversation turned out helpful and Joan almost forgot about the situation and her surroundings. When he gave her some money, she thanked him a lot, actually not for the money and for having her put her boobs on show, but for the information. Finally, for the first time today, she had a top to wear.

Well, the spender sure meant well, but the family’s daughter had a much smaller chest than Joan. She had given her quite a nice red belly-top with spaghetti straps. It was tailored to leave the midriff bare, but with Joan’s body it revealed some more. It became a distinct underboob top. It was very tight and her areolas were peeping from under it. Her nipples strained the fabric. Any careless movement that made the top rise just a little bit would make them slide into view. The top was even more revealing than the tube top Joan had worn yesterday.

Joan remembered having worn such a scarce top before. It had been on a party of course. She had been dared to switch tops with Jackie. They had done it in in front of everybody. The result was that Joan's had been too big for Jackie, so it had all fallen down, one could see everything, like, her whole boobs. And Jackie’s was way too small for Joan. Her nipples kept sliding from it. Joan had kept adjusting the top again and again. Then she had realized how cool Jackie ignored the fact that her boobs were completely on display. Joan had felt challenged to be just as wild as Jackie and no longer had readjusted the top. It had been a very special party, and now that she was reminiscing that night, she remembered that this had been another occasion in which both Jackie and Joan had sex in front of everybody with some random party guests. There seemed to be a direct connection between showing herself off and her sexual desire. Thinking about that time did not help Joan to cool down. Still her body was tingling and her hot pants kept continuously stimulating her clitoris.

Lots of people had seen her streaking, and as there wasn’t much happening in that place they were starting to circle around Joan, mostly not to miss anything. Joan understood that she could not stay in one place as long as her body was put so much on display. She needed to find something to cover. She was ready to go and about to leave when another tourist approached her and asked her to flash her tits again. Everybody had seen that she was charging a small amount for it, why not have a second round? “I just want to take a quick selfie with you”, he explained.

After all Joan had done so far there was actually no reason not to do it. All she had to do was to raise the top a little. Joan agreed to do it. He grabbed her by the waist, and they smiled for the picture. Joan did not like him touching her at all, but she understood that this was the way a selfie had to be composed. This found followers. Joan was stunned. A cluster of men gathered around her. Before long the line for her was pretty long, but she was ready to go with any of them... Each paid his fee and Joan got the feeling that she had never earned money in such an easy way. Besides it was fun. Of course almost everybody tried to push his luck and feel her up a bit, but each selfie didn’t even take more than ten seconds, so actually there wasn’t much happening. Joan even got confident enough to fulfil special wishes for a little extra payment. One wanted to cup one tit with his hand, another wanted to lick her nipple for the picture. Of course some asked her to remove her hot pants. Joan actually was tempted to do it, of course for a hefty price premium. But this was not the place to do it, and after all – wouldn’t that mean going too far? She said no.

Business was flourishing and before long Joan had lots of money attached to the cords of her hot pants on both hips. Those who saw her did not have the slightest doubt that she was a stripper, because that’s exactly what she looked like. It didn’t make a difference at all whether she had her boobs bared or scantily covered by the tiny tight top.

This went on for some time. Joan felt her body tingling all of the time and that’s why finally she needed a break. Although she had to let down quite a few potential customers she waved goodbye. “Maybe tomorrow!”

Joan strolled in direction to the beach. Although it was hard to admit it to herself she was heavily aroused, which she herself of course considered most unsettling. Did it really arouse her to pose topless in public with complete strangers for money? She knew she was a fun loving and easy-going, which counted in particular for enjoying her body and her beauty. When it came to sex she enjoyed it and was sexually explicit. But getting turned on by what she had just done seemed to make her a pervert. Anyway, Joan could no longer ignore her need to get herself off. She hoped she would find a spot at the beach where she could do it unnoticed.

She passed an old man, who had done his little shop. When he saw the near nude woman he gave a jerk of surprise, dropping his paper bag with tomatoes. The tomatoes were rolling about the place and he clumsily started to pick them up. Joan had no idea that her appearance had caused the man to drop his bag. Joan had learned to respect the elders. Of course she took pity on him and motioned him to let her do it.

She stooped to collect the tomatoes. In doing so she was lowered into a squat, which all of a sudden immensely intensified the sensation of the hot pants against her clit. Joan gasped in surprise and carnal bliss. She almost came right on the spot. After all she had been constantly aroused for quite some time now. Maybe, just a little more… Instinctively Joan was straddling her thighs increasing the sensation, her eyes half closed she gave in to the intense feeling of blood rushing through her body and her racing heartbeat. Her pussy lips enveloped the material between her thighs. The old man had never seen anything like this. Not only was the stunning young woman more naked than dressed, she also seemed to deliberately flash her pussy at him. In the middle of the day on a public street! To Joan this was an amazingly intense carnal experience. She was close to orgasm. Just a little… The sensation was so strong that Joan had completely forgot about her surroundings. She just needed a little more, a quick extra stimulation. She lowered her hand between her legs and pushed two fingers into her overflowing snatch. Indeed, it only took a few fast-paced strokes for her to climax. She sat down with far spread legs and enjoyed the aftershocks of her orgasm. Then she opened her eyes again and got fully aware that she was not alone.

The old man was looking in pure disbelief at what he had just seen and Joan was numb with shock. What did she just do? She could not believe it. She blushed scarlet and quickly collected the tomatoes. When she handed them to him, she didn’t dare to look him in the face. He insisted that she should take a little money. Joan was looking at the floor as she tried to make gestures that it was nothing and only to help. He reached out for her chin and gently lifted her face, so that she saw his warm friendly smile. Joan felt terrible. He could be her grandfather! He knew a few scraps of her language, “For show! Thank you! Beautiful! Please take…” Joan’s dignity was utterly shattered, and she could only blame herself. Taking money from an old man that she had let watch her masturbate was the lowest she had ever done. Joan needed a drink!

**Joan's Thailand Adventure - part 6**

**Part 6 – Robbed and depantsed**
Joan relaxed on the terrace of a surprisingly elegant bar. Her slutty look was not tolerated in that place, but of course they found a remedy. The waiter had given her a silk shawl that Joan had draped around her shoulders. It was thin and translucent so it actually barely screened her body and skimpy outfit from view. The way she sat on the barstool she revealed deep butt cleavage. Her ultra low rise hot pants exposed much more than just a little of it. It was obvious that she wore no panties and that she had no tan lines. Not only did her butt call attention, but also the bundles of money at each hip. Not only because it made her look like a stripper, but also because she had collected quite a lot of money, at least for standards in a poor country like Thailand.

When it happened, it happened very fast. The robber acted brazen and cunning. He stepped next to Joan and smiled at her. Unhurriedly he took an ice cube from her drink. He turned it between thumb and index finger, Joan watched, she had no idea what this was all about. That was about to change. Surprise attack! In one quick motion the villain stuffed the ice cube up her top, right between her tits. Joan got a chill and in a knee-jerk reaction she hastily tugged the top up to get rid of the ice cube. She succeeded, but it came at a price. Remember, the top was extremely tied. Tugging on it turned out to be a bad idea. Not only did she accidentally reveal her boobs, but she also tore the fabric of her top. The villain took advantage of Joan’s distraction and grasped at her hips. Remember, Joan had used the cords at the side of the hot pants to attach the money to it. She hadn’t just slid the money into her pants, she had kind of tied it the chord so that it could not slip from her pants. This had worked very well when she had to retrieve her pants from the dustbin and no money was lost. But in the actual situation it complicated her life. Her attacker grabbed the money and pulled, only to find that it was tightly joined to the cord. So he grabbed the cord and pulled even stronger. It happened so quickly that Joan was caught off guard. She lost her balance and fell. It was that move that led the attacker on the winning ways. He held his grip on the pants which made them come down. Now Joan was on her back with her legs in the air, gasping in shock as her pussy was revealed. From now on it was easy for the raider. He forcefully pulled the hot pants off her legs. Joan laid on her back with her boobs bared and bottomless. The robber even took his time for an admiring look at her beautiful tanned clean shaven pussy. What a tramp! Then he ran away. And with him went all her money and her next to last article of clothing.

Joan tried to get up as fast as she could with her hands over boobs and pussy. There were only tourists around, and as she looked around she saw that everyone was getting a video. No kidding! Almost the whole bar had their phones up. It was so humiliating that Joan could not even get angry with them: She had other priorities. She was left with nothing but a broken top that hung loose above her chest without covering much. And all her money was gone.

Joan picked up the shawl and hastily draped it around her body, making kind of a mini dress out of it. The sexiest kind of mini dress, only reaching just below crotch area. Given that the shawl was sheer and Joan practically naked under it, she simply looked hot. That’s why her audience mercilessly kept capturing her. The waiter appeared and told her that he was very sorry. Of course the drink was on the house and she could keep the shawl. He urged her not to call the police, because they would get into trouble. Joan did not want to talk about the robbery with officials as well. By no means. How should she explain that she had money attached to her hot pants, and wouldn’t they ask how much it was and why she carried it with her, and in plain view for everybody? Worst of all, they might even want to know where she had the money from. No police. Definitely. “Okay. Please pass me another drink”. Joan had to recover from the shock. And she needed time to think.

Her situation had changed from bad to worse. She was practically naked, the shawl only provided cover at first sight. Her contours were visible, and from near one could study her body in detail due to its transparency. Working as a bikini and lingerie model Joan of course was used showing her body off, but of course not in public. She felt like all eyes were on her in the bar, which made her feel very uncomfortable, but for the moment being she had no idea what to do or where to go.

The waiter tried to help. Of course they had no clothes at hand at the bar. But at least he gave Joan what he had found. An apron. Better than nothing! Joan took it and gratefully put it on. Of course Joan knew that wearing nothing but an apron meant that she was flashing her unclothed rear to everybody. But the real catch was something else. Having a models body Joan was tall for a woman anyway, and this was Asia. The people were on the short side and of course the apron was made for a typical Asian short slim body. That meant that apron was a lot shorter than Joan had hoped and it barely covered her crotch. Her breasts were completely exposed from the sides and she knew they would continuously be on half display. This was quite an incomplete outfit to be worn in public.

It wasn’t that Joan had no experience with an attire like this. But that had been under completely different circumstances. She had been together with Jackie. They had made some extra cash way back then, waiting tables for some local VIPs on private parties, wearing French maid outfits they had purchased from an online sex shop. But at least they had not gone commando.

Anyway, she still felt much better. Of course the combination of an apron with a shawl was ridiculous, unfashionable and far below Joan’s standards. For a young aspiring model like Joan it was pretty tough to stand wearing something obsolete in public. She returned the shawl to the waiter. At least the white apron contrasted beautifully with her tanned skin. Voguishly her decision was unquestionable, still Joan could have tied the shawl around for additional cover. It might have been something deep inside her, some hidden exhibitionistic streak, that made her do so. After all she was very proud of her tight butt which looked even more spectacular due to her deep all over tan. Back home she had often used tricks to direct the attention to her rump. Not only did she value tight elastic micro pants. To top it off she also applied oil to her butt and legs to make them shine and shimmer. Joan just loved the attention her rear received in doing so.

Now that Joan had the time to think it over, she got really annoyed about losing all her money and not being able to buy clothes, cosmetics and things. But then again Joan had to admit that she was feeling somewhat liberated as she remained in nothing but an apron. For the moment being she was not worrying that much about having no money and no place to sleep. Maybe it was because the waiter kept supplying her with free drinks. He really felt compassion for her. Still he put Joan in jeopardy without being aware of it. The drinks were not strong, but Joan had more than enough. Today’s events had been so crazy, that it all seemed unreal to Joan. It was hard to think, and the alcohol did not help. At least it relaxed her, despite her desperate situation.

She was more than slightly tipsy when she left the bar. Although she was a bit drunk, still Joan was clearly aware that from a side profile her body was almost totally exposed and to her own surprise and dismay the whole situation was oddly erotic. She could feel her hardened nipples pressing against the apron and whenever she turned quickly or wasn't paying attention she couldn't help but reveal an almost totally exposed breast. Of course she was proud of her beautiful tanned boobs, but that did not mean that she was willing to expose them to anybody in public. Well, right now Joan could not avoid to do just that.

Walking the streets with that apron, from behind she was completely naked. Of course once again Joan caught a lot of attention. She had no idea where to go. And having no idea where to go and actually having no orientation either she was pretty lost. She needed a place to sleep, and she was much too tired to think of a way to get money to pay for a hostel. Soon Joan realised that again her body responded to the attention she received. It was quite exciting to strut her stuff on the busy main street of the touristic village. In her imagination she was on a catwalk presenting some fashionable lingerie. Having that in mind it wasn’t bothering her much anymore that her boobs got uncovered again and again. Each time her nipples slipped into view Joan got more calm. At first Joan kept unhurriedly readjusting the apron. After a while she no longer paid attention to it. She just let it happen, which caused waves of arousal wash over her body. The tingling was returning and despite her difficult situation Joan felt simply great. Of course still she was searching for a way out.

The obvious solution was to simply ask for help. Joan of course tried, looking for older couples to talk to, but when she approached them the wives stared at her in anger and pulled their husband away. Joan had to find another way. She knew that with her looks she could easily find some guy to spend the night with. But with her outfit of course she could not enter any place. It wasn’t that she would not have dared to enter a club practically naked – she used to do this frequently back home. To Joan clubbing meant to live out her sexiness, and she possessed a huge collection of hot outfits for partying. It was just that there weren’t any clubs like that in the village. And the few bars that she found simply did not want her to enter. She just looked too slutty wearing nothing but a scanty apron. “Sorry, you can’t stay here, please leave immediately” was all they made her understand. Everybody took her for some kind of a prostitute.

So Joan needed to be patient. She had to stand disdainful and pleased looks of people seeing her. Aimlessly she was walking the streets practically naked, waiting for a suitable target to appear. To put it simply, Joan was looking out for a drunk middle-aged male she could allure to take her home. And as she was not willing to have sex with a stranger he had to be too drunk for any fooling. The plan was simple, but hard to be played out. Joan did not want to mess around with groups or even with just a duo. So she was searching for a single male in an obvious drunk state.

Then again it would be of help if she found something decent to wear. Then she could enter all places without objection and see what next steps she could take. There were two or three stores and Joan considered simply steeling something. But it was hopeless because she drew all eyes to her.

Joan’s aimless prowl did not stay unnoticed. Of course everybody who she happened to pass took notice of the sexy model and her half naked state. It was only a matter of time until Joan got approached. “I saw you try to enter the bar. Maybe we should try to find something for you to look more representable?” Joan had not noticed the guy coming and winced at his words. She turned towards him and was not happy about what she saw. He was no old guy and he was not drunk. He was a local who spoke English. He was just a little older than her age, mid-twenties, a nerdy fat guy with greasy long hair and glasses. Joan would never have messed about with that kind of jerk. But now she needed a little help, so she smiled at him. “Actually I could need a hand. I kind of stranded here with nothing on me except what you see…” A lecherous gleam appeared in his eyes. “You’re lucky you ran into me. Come with me, I have everything you need.” Joan burst out laughing. This had to be the cheapest chat-up line she had ever heard, and she had heard a lot of them. This misfit guy must have taken her for a complete fool. He of all people claimed to have woman’s clothes at hand! He looked at her with surprise, but just the same calm and serious. Joan tried to brace herself and giggling she said, “All right, my measurements are 34-24-34 inches or 86-61-86 centimetres, bra size 34C. Please show me what you got in stock”. Joan was very content with her measurements, she knew that for her lean and slim figure she had quite an impressing rack, which still allowed to go braless. He nodded his head. “Follow me, it’s just around the corner”. Joan just could not help it. She kept chuckling as she followed his lead. The idea of this guy owning a collection of women’s clothes was just too funny. She did not trust him at all, but she was sure that she would find a way to get something to wear from him. Should necessity require it, she had to trick him out of his shabby clothes and take them.

**Joan's Thailand Adventure - part 7**

**Part 7 – Fetish wear**
Joan was glad that the nerdy guy had told the truth. He led her to a house right around the corner and opened the garage to its side. Joan found it a bit creepy to follow him into the garage, but there was no torture chamber but lots of boxes. “I run an online shop with my brother…” It happened to be an online shop specialised in costumes. Women’s sexy costumes, to be exact. Now he started rummaging through his storage to find something for Joan to wear. “34-24-34… 34C… Wait...” he mumbled. Joan stood with an open mouth and examined the boxes. It was exactly the kind of naughty articles that Jackie and she had purchased online for certain occasions. Lost in thought she studied a box with a French Maid costume in it. Joan just loved that stuff. Jackie and she always had so much fun dressing provocatively and sexy. Waiting tables for some local VIPs on private parties, wearing these had always been most thrilling for both of them. And those Halloween parties! Jackie and Joan had always had lots of invitations, because both were fun loving gorgeous girls. They had been sexy nurses, angel and devil, witches, superheroines and slutty cops. They had always been challenging each other to wear more and more revealing costumes. Joan wished she had Jackie at her side right now – the whole situation would be completely different, they would sure have their fun.

“Your boobs are a true challenge…” he said, rummaging through the boxes, interrupting her thoughts. His remark made Joan laugh and blush at the same time. “Thanks, I know!” she replied with a smile. Now it was him blushing. “No, no, it’s just that I can’t give you much of a choice. It must be either this…” he handed Joan a box, “…or this. The rest won’t fit”.

Joan stared at the boxes he had handed her in disbelief. “You can’t be serious!” He just shrugged his shoulders. “That’s all I’ve got.”
The first one was out of question. It was a Naughty School Girl costume featuring a white tie front crop top with a red plaid collar and matching red plaid mini skirt. Although he pointed out that she could wear because the tied front wasn’t critical for her boobs which were just a bit too big for most costumes he had. But no way was she putting that costume on. She was not going to run around in public in a kinky schoolgirl outfit.

The second one actually was kind of a classy black number, a nothingness of a dress. This sexy mini dress has the neckline plunging to just below the belly button. Get sexy and show some skin!” it had written on its box. It was featuring a traditional halter style silhouette with open back, which meant it was most exposing possible without being scandalous like the School Girl outfit. Actually it was the kind of dress Joan often wore when she went clubbing, but that usually was together with Jackie or other friends who also loved to dress sexy. “It is the best solution for your boobs, believe me”, he said. Her showed her another box with a mini dress with an equally plunging neckline, but the neckline was even more revealing, its V-shape was even wider. “See?” he asked.

Joan rummaged through the boxes. It was true that most dresses that were revealing less of the boobs required to fit accurately. “See? At first sight it might seem to cover more of your boobs, but they will be squeezed together and pushed out of the top!” His words were true. She inspected the boxes further. She was filled with glee when she came upon a beautiful sexy yellow thong bikini set. It had an adjustable triangle top and a matching low rise tie side bikini bottom. “Hm, nice!” she thought to herself. “If I can’t tan in the nude here I could really do with that one…” Then Joan found a seamless mini dress made from a stretchy material. With slashed sides, slashed long sleeves and V cut front it was very sexy, but it would provide cover for her boobs and back. It was in pink and would draw much more attention to her than the black number. “If you want to try, just put it on…” he suggested. “Well, I am certainly not putting on a show for you here…” Joan did not want to change in the presence of him in that spooky dimly lit garage. He motioned her to cool down. “Listen, you can pick one outfit, any you like, and I am going to give it to you for free. But before I do, I want you to model my three favourite costumes for me. And you are going to change right in front of me. Do we have a deal?” That little pervert! Joan smirked. His lewd gaze met her defiant eyes.

Joan had to think. Under normal circumstances his suggestion was out of question. But here she was, all alone, far from home, nude safe for a ridiculously scanty apron. She had no money and no plan how to get something to put on. It was getting late. She was tired and still had no idea where to sleep. But the main conflict between her reason and her courage actually was, that she really liked that little black dress. She knew it would look great on her. Of course it was in the wrong place at the wrong time, but she simply was a sucker for a great sexy dress. A fashion junkie she called herself. And the pink one was interesting as well. Joan tried to haggle. “Listen, I do like you say, but I want these two in return.” He looked at her inquiringly. “So you want both…” he pretended to be reluctant although his heart was racing. He had always dreamed about watching a real woman wear those clothes they sold, and now his fantasy was about to become reality. He would have given her anything. There was only one little extra puzzling his mind. Joan was by far the most gorgeous woman he had ever seen. Seeing most of her body exposed had gotten him a huge pulsating erection. He sensed that it was not likely to succeed in luring her into sex with him. But… He simply spoke it out. “All right. But only if you let me jerk off to you.” Joan first thought that she did not hear right. She was completely taken aback. “You want WHAT?” she spat out. He was shocked. Why did he just say that? His dream had been about to be fulfilled and he had messed it all up. He had gone too far!

Joan’s blood rushed. A surge of adrenaline made it hard for her to think. All of a sudden the alcohol she had consumed made her feel dizzy. Of course she was disgusted. Nobody had ever requested something like that from her. Suddenly memories filled her head like flashlights. In her mind’s eye crystal clear pictures appeared. Pictures from way back, when Jackie and she had volunteered to get ...ed in front of everybody, and Joan was no longer sure if this had really happened only twice. There had been lots of masturbation going on around them. Joan had completely displaced that detail of her wildest experience. Now that suddenly pictures from the past filled her mind she remembered it perfectly clear. She first had been embarrassed and annoyed when some guys from the audience surprised her by jerking off on her body. But then her body had betrayed her and had reacted on its own. Great arousal had washed over her and had never been turned on like that. Maybe that was the true reason why she had not left it a onetime experience.

With these pictures in mind, to her own surprise Joan opened to the idea of allowing the nerdy guy to masturbate in front of her. But of course she was not willing to give in without haggling. “The bikini. In addition, I want that pink bikini.” He could not believe his luck. “Deal.”

“Bring on your favourite outfits then!” Joan realised that she was kind of enjoying this. Playing dolls with a grown up, her being the doll and putting on pretty clothes. Actually pretty sexy clothes. Joan was exhilarated, impatient to try on his first pick.

To tell the truth he wasn’t entirely honest with the first outfit he picked. He was more than surprised about the turn of events. More than anything he wanted to see that stunning beauty stark naked. So for the first pick he simply chose the one that bared everything. It simply was a long sheer black gown. It was sold under the name “Geisha Girl Lingerie Costume”

This meant it had several details which seemed to hint to the geisha theme. Not that he cared the least bit. As it did not include panties, he would be able to soak in the sight of Joan in the nude. Joan liked the piece. She shrugged her shoulders. No problem with putting that on for him. She remembered a photo session in which she had worn something similar. Now the catch dawned on her. Back then she had worn bra, panties and stockings with it, and of course high heels. Now her body would be completely on display. She had no idea what was happening with her, but she felt kind of flattered. “So you want to see me naked?”, she purred. She had to be drunk! But she felt good. When it came to sexy clothes and to teasing guys Joan took it like a duck to water. She was nervous and her heart raced, and she felt that tingling feeling again. But she was ready to go for it.

Joan knew that this kind of lingerie looked much better with high heels, but she could not help it right now. She decided to take her sandals off. The gown would look ridiculous with them. So she bent forward and started to fumble with the sandals. In doing so she presented her naked bottoms to the nerdy guy’s eyes. He let out an audible gasp. Joan almost had to laugh. Was that enough to make him ache with lust? She lingered in that pose, enjoying the great feeling of teasing him, which gave her the feeling of being in control. He was breathing heavily now, Joan could almost feel his eyes on her butt and pussy. The tingling of her body was increasing. Taking off her shoes had never taken her so long, but she enjoyed his reactions, his panting, heavy breathing and when the words “oh shit!” escaped his lips she took it as a compliment for her looks. This pathetic guy would not last long if he got turned on that easily.

This spontaneous thought reminded her of the catch. He had said that he wanted to jack off staring at her. Now this was special. Did he already start? Joan raised and turned towards him. No. Not yet. But he was blushing crimson red. Poor guy. He looked like he was close to a heart attack. “Shall I go on?” He stared at her with a dull expression. Joan was a bit shocked and surprised. She knew that she looked hot, Playboy-hot as Jackie used to say, but never before had someone been so crazy about her looks. It was both irritating and flattering. To go easy on him she unceremoniously undid the apron although she was feeling kind of a temptation to really put on a show. Joan had taken striptease classes because she considered it helpful for her job. It had turned out that it also helped to spice up her sex life. It is always hard not to brag if you have certain skills, but Joan decided to be lenient. It was obvious that he was struggling to stand her beauty. The expression on his face was priceless. It wasn’t the same to see Joan’s perfect body in some sexy attire or to actually see her in all her naked glory. In the nude she was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen in the flesh. Her tits were jutting out before her proud and firm. Her firm ass was perfectly round and tight. She had magnificent legs that were toned from hours of exercise. He just stood and stared in awe while Joan coolly opened the box, took the garment and put it on. With him being so overwhelmed, Joan felt at ease with the strange situation. Actually the tingling of her body had considerably decreased. To Joan the setting had involved more into something odd than something erotic. The nerdy guy rather looked like he was going to wet himself than ejaculate. Joan had to quickly turn away from him because she had to restrain laughter. She did some turns and struck some poses. He kept gawking at her with a blank expression. “Next?”

Now the next one was an exquisite choice. “What a sleazy scumbag”, Joan thought to herself. It was a naughty police officer costume that consisted of a black halter style mini dress with multi strap open back, toy handcuffs, fingerless gloves and police cap. The fun of the dress was that the straps continued down the skirt part, which meant that her whole backside was bared. Her front was entirely covered, but the dress hugged her curves leaving nothing to the imagination. Her boobs were a little too big for it, which meant that she stressed and warped the word POLICE that was written above the chest. Joan found it pretty sexy, she could imagine wearing it on a Halloween party, at best with Jackie dressed as a sexy prisoner. The tingling returned and grew as she was striking some poses with the handcuffs. Joan had no experience with bondage sex so far, but she remembered a lingerie photo shoot in which they had her tied spread-eagled to the bed posts. She had been pretty worked up and the experience had awoken curiosity for light bondage. So far she had not run into a man who was willing to try that out with her. Little did she know that this was about to change soon. Her thoughts about light bondage and handcuffs and things got distracted by the sound of his trousers sliding to the floor. The nerdy guy had kind of found back to reality. Joan was unsure what to think, but gave him some extra turns until it was time for the third and last outfit.

The cop theme had set the direction for the third outfit. The nerdy guy had obviously not been able to escape the foolish hype about the book and movie “Fifty Shades of Grey”. Joan read the text on the box and felt pretty bad about it. “Submit with this faux leather harness teddy that includes belted straps around the torso, a halter neck tie, and garter straps with attached chained cuffs for a 'dominate me' feel.” Joan did not feel like “submitting” at all. So far it had been pretty easy for her, because she felt completely in control. But where was this leading to? She peeked at the nerd slowly stroking his erection and the sight of his flabby body and his small erect dick was unnerving. The outfit consisted of some leather straps and left her boobs and pussy bare. Three diagonal straps above her abdomen and two vertical straps provided very little cover. Two additional straps around the thighs only used to attach the wrists to them. The picture on the box showed a model wearing black panties and black faux leather cross pasties, but they were not included. That meant that Joan was about to blatantly flash her bare boobs and pussy at the nerdy guy who was relentlessly stroking his cock. And if this wasn’t bad enough, Joan was more than worried about the outfits attached chained cuffs which could be used to attach her wrists to her thighs. It was kind of the logic of the outfit to use the restricting bonds. Joan nervously twiddled with the straps and finally got the harness on. Of course she was ordered to make use of the bonds. That was no surprise to Joan, but still the thought made her feel very uneasy. Vulnerable. Should she really minimise the free moving space of her arms and hands in presence of a complete stranger who was stroking his cock? Of course not! Everything in Joan protested as she attached her left wrist to her left thigh, fixing it about six inches from her thigh. It took some effort to attach the right wrist to the right thigh with her left arm’s restricted, but Joan was positive that she could get free on her own. When she straightened up again, she jumped at the nerdy guy who had come surprisingly close.

“One final detail”, he whispered and held a leather blindfold to her face. “I don’t want you to watch me jerk off, and it tops off the outfit…” Before Joan knew what was happening, she fell into complete darkness. He had swiftly blindfolded her and Joan was shocked and stunned about the effect. She felt completely at his mercy. After she had felt in control all the time this felt like an ice cold shower. She heard his panting, he was much too close. She realised that she could hardly do anything about it. “Get on your knees…” Joan did not feel good about it, but complied. After all he had put a blanket under her knees. “Now lean back and grab your calves…” Joan knew that she would obscenely present her pussy and boobs in that pose. Despite the restrictions she could master the pose. The sound of him beating his meat so close to her was nerve-racking. “Open your mouth…” Joan shouted “NO” and briskly sat up in anger, making his erection brush her face. He was breathing heavily and panting as he spoke. “All right… I’ll give you an extra…” Joan could hear that he was jerking off furiously. “You can keep that outfit! It suits you perfectly…” He moaned and Joan felt his hot cum splashing her chest. “Oh no!” was all she thought. He kept cumming and Joan felt most humiliated, degraded and abused as his semen was leaking down her chest. Finally, he finished with a groan.

As if this wasn’t bad enough, he forcefully raised her to her feet. He pushed the boxes of the three outfits Joan had picked in her hands, exclaiming, “Don’t lose them, they are your wages!” Joan needed both hands to carry them, which made her completely defenceless when he dragged her outside the garage and simply threw her out.

This wasn’t happening, or was it? Joan’s heart raced and a surge of adrenaline made her want to flee, but where to? She could hear voices from the main street which appeared much too close. Being blindfolded she had no idea whether she was hidden by darkness or in plain view. Joan dropped the boxes and hectically tried to release her wrists. She had to get that blindfold off, but quick.

**Joan's Thailand Adventure - part 8**

**Part 8 - Fetish wear in public**

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Joan realised that it was pointless to try to free herself as long as her heart was racing and the adrenaline kept her from thinking straight. She had to try to get away from the main street of the village before anyone spotted her. She left the boxes and her sandals behind. With her bare feet she felt every single lapillus she stepped on, so she had to walk extra careful and slowly. Wearing a blindfold there was no use in rushing anyway although Joan never had felt like running like this before. It maddened her to feel the sticky goo on her body. Some of it had leaked all the way down from her chest over her belly to her pubes and now she felt it passing her sensitive pussy lips. Sensitive pussy lips? The truth hit her hard. It was only then that Joan realised that her body was tingling all over and that despite experiencing the by far most desperate situation in her life she was heavily aroused. Her over-sensitive pulsating pussy gave it away and Joan just could not believe what was happening. She was out in public in some foreign land, wearing some fetish lingerie that left her boobs and pubis bared, plus her hands were attached to her thighs and she was blindfolded. Not to mention the cum covering her chest and tummy. And if that wasn’t bad enough she had just realised that her body responded to this situation with arousal. Joan felt shattered.

With an effort Joan managed to stumble in the opposite direction of the lively main street of the village. She kept telling herself that this could not be happening, but a soft breeze against her bare pussy reminded her differently.

Again she tried to release her wrists, but both her legs and hands were shaking, it was useless to try. Joan desperately needed to find a way to calm down, but quick. The pent-up tension was hard to bear and so she made a despaired decision which caused her to cringe in shame and disgrace. Joan squatted and started to toy with her sopping wet pussy. Masturbating in public wearing a slutty fetish dress while blindfolded? Could Joan sink any lower?

Concentrating on her task at hand, her alertness was low. Joan did not hear the steps coming closer, and she did not even hear someone exclaim in surprise at her sight.

Now, what would YOU do if you ran into such a scene? Neither Joan nor we will ever know what actually happened. Was it a boy or a girl, a man or a woman or a group of people wo ran into her? What we do know is that Joan much later encountered a viral video on the net which showed her, fortunately not recognizable due to the blindfold. She wore that fetish costume and got herself off right under a street lamp which provided fairly good illumination for the vid.

It’s another story that Joan in general was far too careless for modern times with these things. Of course quite a few of her past time adventures had been captured and she even had been dumb enough to participate in several private sex tapes which later went online. Strange enough nobody ever seemed to recognise her from these clips. Maybe it was because her features changed quite heavily in carnal bliss, maybe it was because everybody loved her free and wild attitude and did not want her to change. Anyway, just like I said, that’s another story.

When Joan realised that she was not alone, it was too late to stop. She had already reached the point of no return and her carnal cravings were much too strong. She could easily imagine that she was offering a sight to behold. Pictures filled her head like she was watching herself from above. She was squatting with her legs wide open. Boobs and pussy displayed completely by the slutty fetish outfit. A gentle breeze tickled her glistening slit. Her fingers slipped in and out of her soaking wet pussy. She knew she was making lewd sounds. Joan sighed and moaned. Her hand slapped harder against her puffy lips and clit as she lost control. And she loved it. The only thing Joan pitied right now was that she could not touch her boobs due to her restraints.

All we know is that later the video of Joan hit the net. We will never know about Joan’s audience. Who was it? How many spectators did see her public orgasm? Was it male or female. Of course it was a huge surprise to run into a young blindfolded hottie, naked safe for some belts that only emphasised her blatant nudity and that was shamelessly masturbating in public. How could one run into such a spectacle and not stare in amazement? It had to be some kind of a dare. The girl on the floor had her fingers wildly thrashing her sweet pink hole. Any spectator would feel a sort of animal attraction seeing such a display of raw, intimate beauty. One could not miss to hear and see how wet the girl was. The damp, slapping sound intensified and son the girl was trashing about in the throes of an orgasm, with a look of blissful agony on her face.

When Joan had recovered from her strong orgasm she found herself lying stretched out flat on her back. “Could you please help me and take the blindfold off?” she asked into the darkness. No reaction. Her audience had left.

That left her alone in a side street of the village, still deprived of her sight by the blindfold. Again she tried to release her wrists, it wasn’t too complicated, but her hands were weakened from the strong orgasm and Joan failed to unshackle. She realized that she needed help.

That’s why Joan changed her strategy. Instead of walking away from the village’s main street she decided to take the risk and directly go there. Of course it was utterly humiliating to walk the street with shackled wrists, wearing only a harness and a blindfold. But she saw no other option. In the heat of the moment Joan had completely forgotten that her chest was still plastered with the nerdy guy’s dried cum, which topped off the priceless sight she gave anyway. Joan would have freaked if she had known about it. With her wrist shackled to her thighs there was absolutely way to cover her chest, but Joan tried to at least shield her pussy with her hands.

Carefully she inched her way forward. Suddenly she stepped onto something and almost tripped and fell. Her sandals! She clumsily managed to put them on using only one hand each. After having succeeded she had gathered new courage to try to unshackle again. She realised that she had to be doing it the wrong way, as her hands were no longer shaky or weak. Still she did not get her wrists free from her thighs.

Her foot nudged against one of the boxes, reminding her of the outfits she had gained from her adventure with the nerdy guy. She managed to take all three outfits from the boxes and stuffed them under the belt at her waist. Joan even got the G-string on with lots of pulling on the side ties. Her restrained wrists did not allow to put on the top, but Joan felt much better with her pussy covered, or at least a little. In her despair and haste she failed to notice that she had put it on backwards. The result was that the thin back part that was designed to disappear in the crack of her butt now was in the front and got engulfed by her pussy lips. This way the G-string did not help to provide Joan’s dignity at all. The G-string was so tiny anyway, that in all that excitement Joan did not feel that the part in the back was wider than the one in the front. She was much too glad that she had made it. The result was that walking the material of the G-string had a soft but constant contact to Joan’s clit. This subtle touch caused a delicate stimulation to her most sensitive spot that Joan subconsciously savoured. Joan considered that it was because of the blindfold that she was extremely aware of her body, that she felt kind of oversensitive. Maybe. But the barely discernible friction of the string against her clit added to it on the sly.

Now it had become a little late and the street was no longer busy. So when Joan finally stumbled onto main street, there was no one around. After all this was a small village. Then again, when Joan had left with the nerdy guy just a while ago, there had been lots of people. At first she could not believe that she found nobody to help her. After all the courage it had taken her to dare to step into main street it was pretty frustrating.

Joan stood still for a moment and perked up her ears. Nothing but the soft breeze and the soothing sound of the surf. Silence.

She was all alone.

Joan could not believe what was happening to her. She strayed around this place, deprived of sight and dignity. Taking the risk to be seen by anybody in search for help – and not encountering a soul. What a streak of bad luck!

Who would be out on the streets at a place like this at that time? Gangsters! The burglar was very satisfied with himself, he had just finishes a successful raid. With the money he had snatched from the sexpot this afternoon on the spur-of-the-moment his day had been most rewarding. Of course his spontaneous assault on Joan had been much too risky, he had never done anything that dangerous before. It had just been way too much money to let that opportunity pass. Of course he felt sorry for having exposed his gorgeous victim, he had not intended anything like that at all. It just was the only way to raid her successfully, technically speaking. He had only been able to catch a glimpse of her tits and beautiful clean shaven pussy, but the picture was still filling his head.

That’s why he thought his imagination was playing tricks with his eyes when he caught sight of Joan stumbling along the deserted main street. The first thing he noticed were her bare tits. Beautiful, round and tanned. He recognised Joan immediately. In a reflex he wanted to dash for a hiding, but then he noticed that she was blindfolded. His mouth dropped open. Then he noticed that her wrists were shackled. He had never seen anything like this and stared in disbelief. What kind of kinky game was she playing? Joan advanced towards him with an effort, obviously without the slightest idea that she was being observed. What a sight! “Pinch me, I must be dreaming!” the burglar told himself. But the vision of a slutty kinky top model came closer and closer. He just stood and watched in awe. He loved the light swinging of her beautiful tits as she walked, and with his eyes fixed on her chest he noticed that it was plastered with dried cum. He also spotted the pink G-string disappearing between her pussy lips, and even in the dim light of the street lamps he could make out that her they were glistening wet from arousal. Even her inner thighs were moist with her juices. He took a look at the fastenings at Joan’s wrists, and it was certain to him that she could undo them by herself whenever she wanted. Those simple snap-hooks, clippers, were easily undone even with only one hand free to do it. Now he was sure that he finally understood what was going on. Those crazy tourists! It wasn’t that he understood much about western people’s deprived fetishes, but this one was pretty obvious to him.

Now this guy was a gangster, a burglar and not a rapist. Besides from mugging he was not willing to harm anyone. But if this stunning babe got her kicks out of running around in public blindfolded with tied wrists and getting cum on her tits, he was tempted to help her fulfil her needs. She was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in the flesh. And there she was, evidently offering her body to everyone who saw her, wasn’t she? Of course this was extremely dirty, but he had heard rumours about a tourist who ran around the neighbouring village willingly exposing herself in public only yesterday – so it all seemed to make sense to him.

That’s why he stopped Joan when she was about to walk past him by putting his hand on her shoulder. Both jumped in surprise. Joan at the sudden touch out of nowhere and the burglar at the feeling of her delicate soft skin.

**Joan's Thailand Adventure - part 9**

**Part 9 – A series of misunderstandings**
Although overall this was a terrible misunderstanding, the burglar had observed perfectly well that Joan had become heavily aroused. The pictures that filled her head were much too strong for her. Walking on a public street with her boobs exposed and completely vulnerable, blindfolded and with restraint, made her fantasies go wild. Being experienced with getting shared by a group of men in front of an audience it was easy for Joan to imagine in detail what might happen if she ran into a bunch of randy men. Now with the additional aspect of being helpless her carnal visions became even more intriguing.

That’s why Joan’s mind was occupied with her big fear and secret fantasy of being at the mercy of a group of strangers. I did not make much sense to make her way along the villages main street late at night. Joan was completely clueless what to do next, and without thinking followed the road until all of a sudden and out of nowhere she got stopped by a hand on her shoulder. Of course she had no idea who had stopped her, a man or a woman, was it one person or two or even a group? The touch on her shoulder sent shivers throughout her whole body. Of course the shoulder was not erogenous in particular, but under these special circumstances the mere fact of a stranger’s hand on her bare skin was having its effect on Joan’s body and fantasy.

After all the leather harness Joan wore was made for submissive role-play. Joan was game for anything when it came to erotic role-play. Not only did she love to attend Halloween Parties wearing provocative costumes. Joan was also quite experienced with spicing up her relationships with role-playing. Quite a few of these games had required her to act submissively. She had been the drug smuggler being strip-searched by the custom investigator, the captured pirate girl, the caught shop lifter, the tenant who could not pay the rent and so on. And there was more to acting. One main reason why she loved her job as a lingerie and beachwear model actually was that she could slip into different roles to act out accordingly to the attire she was demonstrating. That’s why she turned into a submissive kind of a slave girl almost automatically and rather unconsciously.

So the next steps happened as of their own volition and pretty naturally. Not a word was spoken. The strangers hand stayed on her shoulder and guided her. Joan was still lost in her fantasies and did not dare to speak, she just went with the flow. Actually it would not have changed much as her silent guide would not have understood her language anyway.

Joan noticed being led away from the main street, the road surface changed.

The burglar wanted to have his way with her, but of course not on main street. He led her into a smaller dark side alley. By chance they passed a waste container. Leading her past it he needed to take her by the waist. In doing so his hand brushed her smooth skin. It felt so good that he decided to do it right here and now. He took his time to look around. Silence. Anyway - the waste container would provide enough cover. It was not very probable that anyone passed here at that time of the day. His erection was throbbing in his pants. He pushed Joan’s shoulder down to make her get down on her knees. He had figured that the cum on her chest must be the remains of a messy blowjob. That’s what he wanted as well. And right now. To his surprise Joan tensed up and resisted.

Finally, Joan had gathered her senses. She had identified only one person around. This person did not handle her roughly at all, and after a while it dawned on her, that she might as well try to make that person understood that she simply needed help. She still tried to think of a way to make herself understood, when the stranger stopped. Nothing happened. Whatever the stranger was doing, so far there was no sexual approach happening. Joan did not have any idea what the stranger was up to. That did not change a bit when the hand pushed on her shoulder. She thought, he wanted to simply go on, bur Joan decided it was time to try to ask for help. That’s actually why Joan suddenly resisted although it meant that she was behaving badly, considering that her role was that of a submissive slave girl.

Joan tugged at her restraints and tried to make understood with her reduced range of motion that she wanted the stranger to release her hands.

The burglar was surprised, but he understood that she did not want to get down on her knees to give him a blow job. Well, actually the ground would have been very uncomfortable for her knees, so her reaction was reasonable.

Instead she seemed to prefer to use her hands. A tug job by this stunning beauty wasn’t bad either. To hurry things up, he helped her unshackle. One wrist, the other wrist, and now on to… He was shocked and stunned when she raised her hands and removed the blindfold. He did not get the way this fetish worked, and of course he thought he knew what would happen when the sexy tourist saw his face. She would recognise him, wouldn’t she?

Joan almost was kind of disappointed in a strange and irritating way that was disturbing for her, that none of her dirty perverted fantasies became reality. Despite the fact that she was practically naked and defenceless, she had kind of enjoyed to submit to the stranger’s lead. Now she started wondering why the stranger did not make the least attempt to feel her up. How could it be somebody resisted the temptation to toy with her fantastic body? This was much too easy. She simply got freed of her peril and felt kind of rejected, which had never happened to her before. Joan was taken aback.

“Thank you!” she said and forced a smile as she removed the blindfold. She did not recognise the man in front of her being her robber. Of course not. To her all Asian people just looked the same. Joan saw the guilty expression of on his face and almost had to laugh, because she did not understand at all what was going on. Most of all Joan was bewildered that the stranger seemed to be indifferent to her beauty. After having dealt with her fantasies of being sexually assaulted by a whole group of strangers taking advantage of her helplessness she could not cope with that situation. What was going on? Didn’t he feel attracted by her looks? No man had ever resisted her charms. Maybe just a casual lift of her boobs would do? Joan reached up to cup her tits. It was only then that Joan noticed the dried sperm on her chest. She had completely forgotten about that! This was gross! She could imagine that the stranger did not want to touch her skin while it was plastered with some other man’s dried cum. To be out in public like this was shockingly humiliating! From the stranger’s reaction Joan could tell that the dried cum on her chest was obliterating her beauty and sexiness, and that was completely unacceptable to her. Her arousal decreased dramatically in an instant. And then, looking down herself, Joan also realised that her disordered G-string, was completely exposing her pussy. He sopping wet pussy that so suddenly had stopped to tingle in the very moment she had realized that her immaculate beauty and sexiness had been spoiled by the dried cum on her chest. But just the same, Joan finally got fully aware of the slutty sight she gave. She wondered even more what the Asian was up to. Given that he could have used the circumstances that she was shackled and blindfolded, Joan felt kind of grateful and safe with him. On the whole this seemed to be a rather honourable man.

The burglar stood in shock. He had blown it! He was fully convinced that Joan had recognised him. For Asian standards he was a strikingly ugly man, and he knew it. It would have never occurred to him that anybody would not remember his face. So when Joan removed the blindfold and stared him right in the face he felt doomed. He was completely taken off guard, when the gorgeous tourist actually smiled at him.

Joan made a quick decision. She needed to clean up urgently and she had no place to sleep. She was tired and saw no other option. This Asian had proved worthy. And yes, she was taking pity on him. With her being practically naked and completely vulnerable, his reaction was more than civilised. He did not even make an attempt to feel her up! Joan was impressed. Although secretly she was not satisfied with the lacking effect of her beauty had on the stranger. Ever since she had grown into a strikingly beautiful woman Joan never had met a man who did not go for her swell body once he got the chance.

The burglar was completely baffled. His robbing-victim showed no sign of anger. Actually she seemed to motion him to take her to his place, but that could not be, or could it? He had no idea where this was leading to, but apparently the woman he had recently robbed and depantsed was not mad at him at all. She repeated her gestures and her sign language left no doubt that she wanted him to take her to his place. There had never been a woman at his place, and he was a bit nervous about taking her home. But of course he would not turn down such a stunning beauty, especially in her delicious more than half naked state.

So the burglar led Joan to his place. Joan fully considered him her gallant saviour. That’s why she took it for destiny taking its course when she spotted her hot-pants lying on the floor on his small apartment. It was a single room with nothing in it but a dirty rotten mattress and a chair. Joan not even remotely considered that her saviour could be the very person who had robbed and depantsed her before. She considered it twist of fate to encounter her hot-pants here of all places. Actually retrieving her favourite pair of hot-pants through him even deepened her trust in him. Of course the money was gone, but at least she had her great sexy hot-pants back! Joan was filled with glee.

Next she needed a shower. Joan could not put up with what she thought was a fact, the fact of him not getting turned on by her body. This had never happened before, and Joan was not willing to accept it. “Let’s try this…” she said to herself and coolly stripped from the harness right in front of him. She also nonchalantly took of the sandals and her G-string and then she was completely naked. Acting as if nothing out of the ordinary was happening, she tried to make him understand that she wanted to take a shower. The Asian’s eyes were roaming over her naked body. Joan was beaming in proud of its beauty. His eyes were about to pop out of his head. Joan liked the desire in his eyes. “Much better!” she thought to herself. And there it was! The tingling in her pussy that Joan started to get accustomed to was returning. She gave a proud toss of her hair and addressing him she purred, “Do you like what you see?” and gave a turn. He just stared in awe. He looked like he was about to get a heart-attack. Now this was fun! Joan felt in control again and started to really enjoy teasing him. “Let’s see how far I can take him with my soiled chest…” Joan challenged herself. “I bet I can make him touch his dick through his pant…” She turned her back to him and took a wide straddle, then she leaned forward and grabbed her ankles. This way she was practically pointing her butt and clean shaven pussy at him. Joan smiled at him looking through the triangle of her legs. He stared at her in disbelieve. This was so funny! She rolled her hips so that her boobs swayed lightly. "All guys love a little boob action." Joan said to herself with a grin and pushed her breasts up with her hands. He just stared and Joan realised that she had to up the ante if she really wanted to succeed in her task. So Joan started to run her hands over her boobs. To get him out of his trancelike state she stuck her tongue out at him. “Come on, will you start touching your dick?” Joan thought to herself. But he remained transfixed, staring at her with fire in his eyes. Joan could almost feel his eyes on her skin. She kept running her hands over her boobs, before cupping the underside of them and squeezing. Then she covered her nipples tauntingly with her palms. She was not surprised too feel her nipples poke into her palms fully erect. She raised and turned to him, now pressing her arms down to squeeze her breasts together tight. She could see his erection firm and throbbing through his pants, but still he did not move an inch, he just watched in disbelief.

The reason why he did not move was simple. By no means he wanted her to stop. That’s why he did not dare to move. With that perfect beauty uninhibitedly exposing herself to him, he simply did not want to make a false move. Of course his erection was troubling him and he would have loved to jerk off to her sight. He understood that she was willingly exposing herself to him and probably would not mind, but he wasn’t sure. Just the same he wanted to grab her, touch and ... her, but he got the impression that she was a kinky, slutty tourist which games he could not understand at all. So he decided to simply enjoy the view and avoid any action that could disturb her.

The longer it took the more Joan’s burning ambition grew to get the stranger to touch himself at her sight. She was so much into that aim that she did not reflect at all what she actually was doing. Exposing herself to a complete stranger! And Joan wasn’t finished just yet. She was going to make him do it! Nobody ever resisted her charms! She gritted her teeth, ready to fight.

Before she could think too hard about it, she opened her legs and spread her cheeks wide open with both hands. Her fingers disappeared into her pussy and came out shiny. In and out of her soaking wet pussy. She knew she was starting to make a very lewd sound as her hand slapped harder against her puffy lips and inner thighs. She stared at the stranger, theirs eyes met. The lust in his eyes, the pent-up tension only added to her arousal. She could not believe it that he did not move at all. Every guy she had met before would have jumped at her right at the start.

The image of the Joan’s throbbing, pulsating pussy was burning in the burglar's mind. He couldn't believe what he saw. The tourist started masturbating furiously right before his eyes.

Joan lost control. She was determined to get him touch himself, and if this meant going further, there was no holding back. She was going to show him! Joan had never done this before, and much less ever had imagined doing it in front of anybody. But she had seen in in porn movies and she figured that it was extremely exciting for men to see a woman do it. This would be too much for the Asian, wouldn’t it? Joan’s other hand cupped her ass from behind, and with a gasp, she jammed a finger into her bottom. With one finger already in, she found it easy to slide another finger next to it, feeling her asshole stretch. She wanted to stretch her asshole wider and tried a third finger. She pushed through a twinge of pain and picked up speed. Both hands were twisted and clenched in unnatural positions as she writhed and squirmed. Joan’s breathing got faster and soft moans escaped her lips. This had to be the most depraved thing she had ever done. Joan enjoyed it a lot, but just the same she was getting desperate because the stranger kept looking without moving at all. What kind of an invitation was he waiting for? To Joan it was much more humiliating than her exposure that he did not react the way she expected at all. Joan looked at him almost pleadingly. She was lost. What else could she do to arouse him? Her competitive said warned her not to give up yet. She saw his burning eyes and his erection straining his pants. He would not hold out much longer, would he? Joan toyed with herself for dear life.

**Joan's Thailand Adventure - part 10**

**Part 10 – Further misunderstandings**
Before long Joan realised that she was nearing orgasm. Much too soon! The stranger stared at her, but still had not moved. Joan had never before masturbated for such a long time without allowing herself to orgasm. Her body was tingling all over, her heart raced, and she needed to slow down. So back to the beginning to cool off a bit. Joan took her time to fondle her breasts and nipples for a while and then slowly moved her hands back down to her labia and clitoris. Her arousal was much more intense than ever before and she was totally consumed by this sexual act.

Joan’s breathing had become shallow and quick. She started to quiver and grinded her hips against her hands. Her eyes were closed. She was completely unconscious of anything in the world except her body and the orgasm looming. So when she touched her anus again this time it wasn't intentional. It just happened. It sent a jolt of pleasure that took her completely by surprise. It felt so great that her fingers kept lingering and probing. To Joan it was the ultimate act of letting go and of complete and utter nakedness and exposure. That reminded her of her audience. She opened her eyes and was happy to see that she had finally made it. Joan was so proud of herself, she almost came in an instant. The Asian was standing right above her, pants around his ankles. He stared at her slick fingers roaming in and out of her ass and pussy. Joan was most satisfied to see that he was stroking his dick. “Gotcha!” she cheered herself on. Wasn’t she some kind of a sex goddess? This thought made it for her, and finally Joan found release in a strong orgasm.

Now Joan was proud and happy that she had achieved her aim. Still Joan’s pretty face got a look of surprise when a thick strand of cum landed on her cheek. Another stream got her on her boobs. This was not what Joan had planned, but she realised that she could not blame him. She thought he was finished, but he landed two more streams across her full lush lips, some spill even got into her mouth. She had never gotten used to the taste of sperm and preferred to spit and rarely swallowed, in general she found a way to make men simply cum on her body. And of course she refused facials. After all she was a gorgeous model, not some porn star, wasn’t she? So her triumph actually was short lived because it annoyed her to get the taste of cum in her mouth and get some of it on her face. But Joan was fighting down her anger. He stepped back to take a look at the gorgeous tourist that had her face and chest plastered with his cum. It was a bit more than Joan had bargained for, but on the other hand it was by far not her first cum-shot, although she did not like it and considered it degrading. It was only than that Joan awoke to the fact that it was the second time today a complete stranger ejaculated on her body. With the slight difference that this time she had been bringing herself to orgasm as well. It was only then that Joan realised that things were getting pretty wild for her here in Thailand.

Joan could tell that her saviour was pretty spent. But still she was able to make him understand that she wanted to take a shower. Now, a poor local does not have an apartment with a shower. He did not have a bathroom of his own, but there was an improvised shower at the inner courtyard. Joan went there and smiled at herself. It was amazing how strong his orgasm must have been, just by drooling over her fantastic body. He was totally knocked over.

The shower hissed into life as Joan squeaked the taps on, and as she held out her hand to check the temperature she started going over in her mind what had just happened. Joan was a young aspiring model back home, she only dated with cool and influential guys. And now? How low can you go? Joan stepped into the shower, the jets washing away the cum that had been drying on her skin. She could feel embarrassment blooming deep within her as she thought of what she'd just done. It had been so reckless, so stupid. The Asian must take her for a tramp. After all the Asian had saved her from a very perilous situation. What he might think of her...

Joan was cleansing her long hair when she noticed that a silhouette filled the door to the inner courtyard. A man. Joan’s heart skipped a beat. He was naked and Asian. He approached her calmly and as a matter of course. Joan relaxed. It had to be her saviour, Joan figured. She noticed his dick standing to attention again. She was surprised. Just a while ago he had been completely spent, but there he was, sporting a huge erection. Joan was flattered. Watching the water run down her fantastic tanned body was a sight that apparently got him up again. Without asking he joined her. Joan was taken aback at first, but accepted it nevertheless. After all she planned to spend the night in his place, most probably they would share the same bed, she preferred him to take a shower first.

He stepped in beside her, the water hitting his chest and shoulders. He was barely even in before his hands were on her body. Joan stiffened at first, but then she relaxed into her saviour’s embrace. She giggled, his greedy hands were all over her. “Not here, everyone can see”, she whispered, but he did not understand her language anyway. Joan had not planned to really have sex with him, but she did not blame him for wanting her. She understood that after what had just happened he was acting adequately. Still she was wondering. He had been so cautious and guarded before, she had to go very far to get him to masturbate. Now he took her unhesitatingly. Strange. Didn’t he notice her reluctance to make out here in the patio were every neighbour could see them? He cupped her rear with one hand and squeezed her right breast with the other. His hands roamed the curves of her body, stroking and squeezing her, caressing her tits, her stomach, her hips and waist, her thighs and navel. It was obvious that he was enjoying to toy with her great body. Joan had to admit that she liked it. Finally, his hand came to play with her clean shaven pussy. Joan was surprised that he could slip in his fingers easily. Again she was sopping wet from arousal. Joan wondered what was going on. She had always loved sex, but back home she had not been so easily aroused. Of course it was out of the ordinary to be fondled in a place that was pretty public. But shouldn’t she be frightened instead of getting hot? And why didn’t she just stop him? Back home she set value on an active sex life, but that did not mean that she was easy prey. Back home men had to woo and seduce her. In general, they were impressed by her beauty and treated her very respectful. But right now a stranger was simply taking her. And her body responded to it. It was terrible.

Gently, he turned her around so that she was facing away from him, allowing him easier access to her mound. "Oh!" Joan cooed, pressing back against him. Despite the massive load he'd sprayed on her only minutes earlier, he was already hard again, and his member was pressing stiff and solid against her ass. Joan took it as a compliment and smiled to herself. With deliberate slowness, he ran his fingers across her pussy. That was nice! She liked it and stopped worrying about her behaviour towards a complete stranger. Using his index and ring finger, he splayed her open. He was much more determined and courageous than just before, up in his apartment. Joan moaned, her thighs shifting. He held steady against her as he started to sink his middle finger inside her, delving only as deep as halfway in. Joan gasped with delight. Joan moaned and nodded her approval, her hips bucking against his hand. He pushed another finger inside her. Bit by bit, he picked up speed toying Joan beneath the insistent spray of the shower. Her moans of delight grew louder and more impassioned.

Joan opened her eyes to realise that lights had been lit behind quite a few windows. She could see silhouettes. People were watching them. But nothing could stop him now. And Joan liked the way he touched her, despite the fact that her saviour sure deserved a reward. He continued to explore her sex, causing Joan’s body to vibrate with wanton desires. Joan could not help but cling to him as her knees went weak. Her eyes closed again, blocking out her surroundings, feeling him spreading her hot juices, making her ready for him. And soon Joan was more than ready. She leaned into the wall. His hands on her hips he pulled her on to you, slowly penetrating her. Oh Yes, just what Joan was missing. She thought of her boy-friend and the way he had dumped her just one day ago. Maybe he hadn’t been the best choice, but their sex life had been pretty good. Joan had wanted these holidays be filled with steamy sex, and now here she was, kind of fulfilling her dream, wasn’t she? Thinking of her ex-lover made her fiercely want to satisfy her saviour. She could have great sex with anyone, if she wanted. She moved her hips meeting his strokes. Harder and harder, they slammed together. Joan felt his body spasm. Having thought of her ex-lover had reduced her arousal quite a lot, so Joan was far from climaxing. Harder and harder he was penetrating her until much too soon he shot his load deep within her. Joan was completely surprised when he simply withdrew and walked away. He did not even care that she had not come yet. “Hey!” she exclaimed after him, but he just left. Joan felt used and abused.

It was only than that Joan realized, looking after him with surprise, anger and frustration, that he was limping. Ups! Joan suspected that something had gone awry. Her saviour had not been limping. Could it be that she had confused a complete stranger with her saviour? Of course! All Asians looked the same to her. Yes, she actually could not exclude it.

When she returned to her saviour’s apartment she found out that she actually had given in to sex with a complete stranger without knowing it. Not to mention that she did it in plain view of the neighbourhood. Of course she found no way to explain that to her saviour. Having no common language there was no hope. It was obvious that he was one of those who had watched her getting ...ed from behind in the shower. And he took her for a slut of the worst kind and did not want her to stay. He did not even give her time to get dressed, he simply kicked her out, throwing her sparse possessions out of the window. Joan hurried downstairs stark naked to collect them, her sandals and clothes were scattered all over the street.

Damned!

**Joan's Thailand Adventure - part 11**

**Part 11 – Streaking on main street again**
Joan awoke on the beach. She was all alone. And she was starving. And she was stark naked.

Well, of course she was carrying all of her outfits with her. But she was worrying about her nice, professional model, super-sexy all over tan. That’s why she had decided to sleep in the nude, this way basking in the early morning sun all alone on the deserted beach with no risk of getting tan lines.

Joan had all her stuff at her side, but she lay there in the sand in all her naked glory. She clearly enjoyed the early morning atmosphere, and once the sun was out, it soon became pretty hot.

Joan was a very healthy woman. Being a lingerie and beachwear model she was not on the skinny side. She ate a lot and balanced it with working out a lot, plus yoga and modern dance. That’s why she was not used not to eat, which was the reason why she extremely hungry this morning.

Still at this time of the day it was the only safe way to work on her all over tan. After all her efforts to find a decent place to spend the night had failed, Joan had simply gone to the beach. It had been a good choice. Joan was at ease, tanning in the nude with no one around, the sound of the waves hitting the beach were soothing her mind.

Joan took her time to reflect on the last two days. What a crazy adventure! Life had never felt so unreal to her. She realised that being far away from home with nobody knowing her, she had the opportunity to choose and change her role, her comportment and attitude any moment she wanted. So far she had gone through things she would never had allowed to happen back home. And kind of she was enjoying it. Of course it was embarrassing to be captured in compromising situations, which had happened when she had been robbed at the bar. But then again Joan was cool with that. That was not an issue. There was more than enough compromising material featuring her online, and she suspected one or another client knowing about it. Joan did not consider it wrong if people she worked with knew that she was adventurous. Although her manager had urged her to by no means never ever get sex tapes to appear on the internet, Joan was proud that as far as she could tell the one’s she knew of had become viral. As much as she was aiming for a meaningful career, Joan was willing to pose nude for a magazine like Playboy or Penthouse. So far she had only gotten offers that were not acceptable. That’s why all her nude captures were not professional work but homemade. She could not remember having encountered a lover who did not want to take naughty pictures of her. Joan had always felt flattered and she had felt her beauty recognised. That’s why a lot of explicit material had hit the net. In a strange way Joan was proud of it – she simply looked great in the nude, and of course she was fun to be with and sexually broad-minded. All that became apparent through those captures. Joan was cool with it, although her manager would have freaked if he knew. This was the 21. Century, and Joan was willing to enjoy it.

So there she was, laying naked in the sand of a public beach in the morning. Right next to her, she had some clothes, but what kind of clothes actually. Joan thought about it and felt liberated. Of course Joan could not run around naked for the rest of the day, but actually the clothes she had provided the least cover Joan could think of.

More than anything Joan was lacking a proper top. Joan had chosen to sleep on the beach because she liked it and she saw no other option. She stayed naked, even when the first early birds appeared on the beach. Some tourists starting the day with an early walk, and some runners. Joan was sure that they saw her and that they noticed her being stark naked, but they stayed in a distance and she was comfortable. The beach still was almost deserted. Joan enjoyed the sun and the breeze on her skin. After having taken a shower and sleeping a while she felt refreshed and ready for new adventures. Of course she wanted to get a top and buy some cosmetics. One runner in particular caught Joan’s attention. It was a young athletic woman about her age that ran along the seashore in an impressing quick pace. A very good runner indeed. She seemed completely concentrated on running, earphones put on. Joan realised that she had not noticed her lying there, because the runner stopped and stripped naked not far away from her. She had finished running and wanted to take a dip in the ocean. Joan sensed her chance.

Joan hid her stuff in the rootage of nearby bushes, covering it with sand. Then she had to act fast. The runner had made quite a stretch skilfully swimming the crawl. She wasn’t only a very advanced runner but also a very advanced swimmer. Joan realised that if she wasn’t fast enough the woman sure would catch her. But swimming the crawl meant that she could not possibly keep an eye on her stuff, or could she? Joan rushed to the pile of clothes the runner had left at the water’s edge. A nice set. It was both convenient and sexy. Joan wore the same kind of sports outfits back home. She liked the front-close Wireless Sport Bra. It had a front zip for easy on, easy off. The short was a hot one, made from thin stretch material in matching pink, wearing it, it would look like being painted on. Very nice, Joan thought to herself and grabbed the set. Out of the corner of her eyes she noticed the swimmer return to the shore at full speed. Obviously she had spotted Joan and had also realised what was happening. There was no time to put the stuff on, nude Joan had to turn tail and run! And that’s what she did.

It was quite a sight. The nude Joan ran with bouncing boobs, and much too soon the other nude woman emerged from the water and ran after her. She had the typical slim athletic runners body, with a rather flat chest. Still she was a true beauty. Initially she had her long dark mane tied at back, but it was wet from the dip and heavier then dry. It freed, and her wet hair flew in the air with each energetic step. Her toned muscular body was enticingly wet glistening as she sprinted after Joan going full speed. There were only few people around at that early time of the day. Those who happened to see them got highly rewarded for getting up early.

Now Joan was a good runner herself, but she would not have stood a chance against her most athletic chaser under normal circumstances. But Joan availed herself of the fact that her opponent had just now finished her running routine. The gorgeous dark haired runner was tired and had not enough energy reserves left to maintain the tempo. Bit by bit Joan could extend her lead. Her nude chaser did not give up though. Joan noticed that she started breathing heavily. She could not keep up her tempo for very much longer, and still the nude runner was after her. Joan had to find a way to shake off her pursuer. And she had to find it quick. Both nude women kept running along the beach as fast as they could, but they got slower and slower. Running in the sand was very tiring. Joan needed a pause, so she had to find a solution right now.

Her first idea was a simple one. Joan was hardened by her recent experiences with streaking, but how about her pursuer? Joan headed for the main street, which of course was much busier than the beach at this time of the day already. “Let’s see if she dares to follow me with so many people seeing her. Us, actually…” Joan had no idea about the mentality of a real sportswoman. Her pursuer was at the end of her rope. The only way she could go on was by completely focusing on the task at hand. That meant that the nude runner was completely blocking out her surroundings with only one thing on her mind, not to lose sight of the girl who had stolen her clothes. She wasn’t even aware of the people watching the two streakers in amazement. Of course it had been the talk of the village that there had been a gorgeous streaker on main street yesterday. But who would have thought that she would return today and bring a friend? Cheering and applause welcomed both gorgeous flashers.

Both women were spent. Soon they could not run no more. Joan walked as fast as she could and her pursuer tried not to lose sight of her. Both were panting and breathing heavily. Other than her pursuer Joan was very aware that they got captured by quite a few pedestrians. And Joan noticed that the nude runner was getting closer and closer. Her thievery turned out much more adventurous than she had bargained for.

It turned out lucky for Joan that she had kind of set the standards the day before. Eventually a group of male tourists appeared who had not only already seen Joan streaking on main street yesterday. These had also taken selfies with her. They gave thumb up signs and asked if she was ready to pose with them again. Joan had no money at all and sure would have agreed to do it again, although this time she was stark naked whereas yesterday she had at least worn her sexy hot-pants. Still this wasn’t the time and place to do it. But suddenly Joan received a touch of genius. “Sorry, I won’t do it today, but I dared my friend to do it. Just ask her. She’s a bit shy, so you might have to cajole her a bit into doing it. Don’t give up if she refuses at first.” They spotted the gorgeous nude runner in a short distance and could hardly believe that there was a second streaker who was just as stunning as Joan. They gave Joan a high five and off they were. It turned out the most perfect diversion tactics possible. Joan’s nude pursuer had just started to realise that she was on main street and many people saw her in all her naked glory. She was completely unable to cope with the group of men who suddenly appeared and asked her to pose for a picture with them. This was so far out of question, that she was completely taken aback when they did not accept her “Of course not!” How could they even think of something so ridiculous? Anyway, of course she did not do it. Suddenly fully aware of her public exposure she tried her best to cover her tits and pubes with her hands. She was flushing beet red, still it took some effort to get rid of these guys. When she finally made it, there was no sign of the thief. Joan had escaped. At least for the moment being.

Joan’s triumph was short lived though. She had dashed into a side street and then chosen an escape way at random. This way she almost ran into her opponent again. The gorgeous runner was rushing back to her hotel in the nude, and to Joan’s luck she was much too embarrassed to notice Joan almost crossing her path again. Joan found hiding behind a trash container and examined her stolen goods. It was a real nice running outfit. But there was a slight problem with it. The runner was a slim and fit young woman whereas Joan was a lingerie and bikini model, which meant that she had curves. Although the top was made from a stretchy material Joan could not get the front zipper up. The material got stretched anyway and she just could not squeeze her tits into the top with the zipper up. This meant that she revealed a ridiculous amount of cleavage. Her boobs threatened to spill out by any inconsiderate movement, plus there was stress on the zipper, which meant that it tended to easily open up on its own. The pants weren’t tailored for Joan’s measurements either. The looked like painted on when worn by the slim runner. On Joan’s body the thin material got stretched to its maximum. The outlines of her labia were prominently visible. Despite being clothes she was almost completely exposed.

So now Joan encountered a new problem The village was much too small. She could not stay here too long, because eventually she would run into the victim of her theft. She needed to get back to the beach and gather her stuff. Then she had to leave this village, on to the next place. It was said to be a lot bigger and a lot more alive. More bars and stores. More tourists. More opportunities.

But first things first. Joan headed for the beach.

**Joan's Thailand Adventure - part 12**

**Part 12 – Overexposed**
To get back to the beach again, Joan had to cross main street again. With her revealing and eye-catching pink outfit she almost caused more stir than before when she had been stark naked. So it was no surprise that she could not avoid to meet the group of male tourists again that had helped Joan deal with the runner without knowing it. Of course they complained about Joan not having them told the truth – her friend had not agreed to let them have her captured. Of course they asked for a compensation. Joan should do it again. Of course not for free.

Joan urgently needed some cash. She did not have nothing to eat for way too long. Although something told her to hurry to get her stuff, Joan agreed. The outfit she wore revealed that much, that the guys did not insist on her taking something off. In a special moment of clarity, it was some instinct-thing, Joan spotted, was it the person or was it the face – later Joan could not tell. She noticed someone in the crowd walking in her direction still quite far away. Joan was sure that it was the runner, the girl who owned the sexy outfit she wore right now. Joan had to admit that she liked the runner’s taste in fashion, now she was wearing a beautiful sarong. Joan made a mental note to get one for herself as soon as possible. Anyway, this wasn’t according to plan at all. One thing Joan had not considered at all when she had decided to steal the runner’s outfit was that this pink attire was detectable from afar. Joan realised, that if she didn’t want to get into trouble, she had to get rid of her top and pants right now and do it fast.

The men could not believe their luck when the exhibitionistic tourist suddenly peeled of her top and pants in a haste. She ordered them to come a little closer. Joan wanted to use them as a shield. She garnered lewd remarks. “This is turning you on, isn’t it?” and they took the invitation to get close as an excuse to feel Joan up a bit. Joan could not believe what she had brought onto herself again.

It wasn’t the same to see Joan’s perfect body in some sexy attire or to actually see her in all her naked glory. In the nude she was the most beautiful girl any of them had ever seen in the flesh. Her all over tan looked particularly spectacular because it was glistening with perspiration caused by the nervous tension and maybe, yes maybe by some additional excitement.

Joan’s measurements were 34-24-34 in or 86-61-86 cm with bra size 34c, which meant that for her lean and slim figure she had a quite impressing rack, which still allowed to go braless. Her tits were jutting out before her proud and firm. Her firm ass was perfectly round and tight. She had magnificent legs that were toned from hours of exercise. In her current state her clean shaven pussy was a remarkable moist slice of perfection, glistening wet with engorged puffy pink lips. In union with her erect nipples it gave away Joan’s arousal.
Why was Joan aroused once again? On her walk in that barely-there runners outfit she had attracted a lot of attention. Each and every lewd remark, each stare had increased the tingling in her body. The tingling that Joan had learnt both to dread and to love. It made her mind swirl and her body swell with sensitivity. Occasionally the zipper had undone making her had accidently entirely flash her boobs. Joan had started to perspire, a sheen of sweat made her whole body glisten enticingly, which made her look even more lush. And Joan was completely aware of it. That’s why she was pretty turned on, and the excitement of almost being caught by the runner only added to it.

Joan took a moment to fix her long hair, smoothing it down. The act of raising her arms caused her boobs to jiggle enticingly, and the group of men standing so close to her of course did not miss a detail. They just stood and stared in awe. “Come on, let’s get started. Take your pictures!” Now Joan’s behaviour made the guys get frisky. She had stripped completely naked to pose with them, and she had not even asked for more money. What a tramp! We reap what we sow. They felt her up and there was little Joan could do about it, as long as she needed them to block her from view. She fended off their cheeky hands only half-heartedly. The runner who’s clothes Joan had stolen, that now lay crumpled to her feet, had to be long gone. But now things developed a life of their own. Before Joan knew it she got grabbed by her thighs and raised her up, holding her at her upper arms and butt. They opened her legs as wide as they could and moved her hands behind her head, thrusting her breasts out and arching her hips towards the camera as far as they could. This way her sopping wet pussy got obscenely splayed open. Its wetness gave away her strong arousal. Joan got completely overpowered by mixed emotions and sheer lust when fingers started probing her nether regions. This could not be happening! They were in plain public of the village’s main street. Of course the men saw to it that they blocked her from view. But still Joan had to handle with the shock about having her sex fingered in public by some complete strangers. Shame and humiliation got overpowered by arousal and excitement much too fast. Now various pairs of hands were roaming all over her naked body, and her pussy got fully explored. Before long they brought Joan to a constant state of carnal bliss. From then on, she was no longer oblivious to the fact that she was being captured all the time. Joan was lost in a sexual frenzy. For a while they kept her on the brink of an orgasm, making her grunt and moan. To avoid getting caught they carried her away from the main street to the beach. Joan was too far gone to notice. And nobody remembered to take the runners outfit with them. It stayed behind, lying crumpled to the floor. Soon Joan’s orgasm washed over her, and it turned out to be the first of a never ending series. She had never experienced anything like this and almost fainted.

The men realized that Joan was completely spent. All of them would have liked to have a go with her, but it was obvious that it was over. She was much too weak to ... or give blowjobs or hand-jobs. They didn’t even ask her if she was willing to do them for a certain prize. When her stomach growled they realized that she was hungry. Whatever you may think of the way they had treated Joan before, now that it was all over they behaved like true gentlemen.

They supplied her with food and drink. When they noticed that they had lost her clothes one of them fanned out to get her something to wear. Now you must have in mind, that it was a small village and it turned out that there was no store. But they found a solution for that as well. They asked several tourists on main street if they would sell them what they wore. Their offer was generous and by chance, they convinced the sexy runner to sell her beautiful beach sarong. Her of all people! Wasn’t it ironic? The result was that Joan received a beautiful beach sarong. The very Sarong she had admired on the sexy runner just a while before. It was made from a lightweight, partially see-through material and could be worn in a variety of ways, as a sarong, a scarf or a shawl and may be tied around the neck, chest or waist.

But there was a certain side effect as well that is worth mentioning. The sexy runner of course first was happy to take advantage of the option to fill up her holiday piggy bank. But there was a catch and she soon found out about it. In some ways she was much less different from Joan than one would think at first. Being sports-mad she looked after her body almost fanatically. And she was very proud of it. Just like Joan she saw to an all over tan, and she had encountered the same problem as Joan that it was not common in Thailand to tan in the nude. So just like Joan she favoured beachwear that left a lot of skin bare. With her body she could afford to wear a micro-bikini. So after she had happily agreed to sell her sarong for an exorbitant prize she was left wearing only her tiny bikini. Wearing the risky number in public, away from the beach, was only acceptable with the semi-transparent sarong neutralizing its sexiness.

So much too soon after her profitable deal the sexy runner started feeling uncomfortable and much too exposed. To make matters worse now everybody who had seen her streaking along main street earlier that day recognised her, although she had done her hair up in a twisted bun, deliberately to look different. The consequence was that she did not only receive lewd remarks but also once again requests to pose for pictures. Unwillingly she had become a local celebrity. She really wondered who or what might have established the ridiculous expectation that any girl in the world was willing to do so. Well. Anyway, let’s go back to Joan.

Joan was most uncomfortable having the group of men with her, although they really treated her with respect and acted like true gentlemen. We have learned that Joan knew how to enjoy herself. She had a vast experience with things most people would consider pretty depraved. Still Joan considered being fondled to orgasm in public by a group of complete strangers her wildest adventure so far. Now that it was all over she cringed in shame and humiliation and avoided their gaze. Actually Joan smelled a rat. She had a sixth sense for men that were hiding with an effort that they were going crazy over her body. The main reason why the coddled her up so eagerly was that they were speculating in a second round in which they would have a go at her. So when they saw at her mouth, they were imagining her lush lips wrapped around a cock. And Joan sensed the tension in the air. They were roaming around her like wolves. And Joan was their prey.
It didn’t help that she was naked under the sarong. It was beautiful and felt great on her skin. But it was flimsy and thin and her curves emerged vividly under it.

They had already paid and Joan was preparing to leave. First they asked in a friendly manner, how much she charged for a .... Joan firmly pointed out that she was no hooker. “Maybe a blow job?” they didn’t give up yet. “Get lost!” she said and turned to leave. Now the tone changed and they tried to blackmail her. Of course Joan was not happy about the material they had captured. She refused to even look at it. She did not doubt that she could be identified. “You want this to hit the net?” Of course she did not want that to happen. But as said before Joan already had some material gone viral. She considered it the normal risk for a modern woman in modern times. It wasn’t that Joan took it easy. As said before she herself considered it her wildest experience so far. Still she secretly admitted to herself that it had been simply great. She had never experienced such a strong series of orgasms before, and she was not going to regret it. “Spank off to this with motion lotion…” she hissed. She gave them the finger, turned and left. They were calling insults, but Joan just ignored them. “Jerks” she thought to herself.

**Joan's Thailand Adventure - part 13**

**Part 13 – An eye for an eye a tooth for a tooth**
Joan strolled to the place where she had woken up this morning to gather her things. The encounter with the group of male tourist showed her that the air was getting very thin around here. She had to leave this village behind, the sooner the better. Joan had become known all over the place much too quick. What else could she expect here but questionable advances?

Well. Maybe Joan could encounter a reluctant but congenial friend?

Joan wasn’t the only person who had left some stuff at this particular place. When the sexy runner had chased Joan she had left her expensive and stylish pink running shoes behind. She had come to collect them and that’s how she and Joan finally met.

The runner approached Joan and looked at her suspiciously. Not only was she convinced that this was the very woman that had stolen her clothes this morning. To top it off she was wearing her Sarong. The very Sarong she had sold just a little while ago. This had to be some kind of joke! It was the second time today that she felt overexposed, and again it had to do with this very wicked beauty. She looked at her angrily, barely containing herself not to rip the Sarong off her and take it back.

Joan was completely taken by surprise to run into the sexy runner once again. This place was much too small to stay here any longer! She had not even thought of this morning’s incidents any more. Now she was taken aback by the unexpected chance meeting at the beach. She didn’t know what to say. The girl was glaring at her and Joan figured that she had recognised her. So Joan just stared at her. Interesting. So far she had not seen any other woman wearing such a skimpy bikini. Actually even back home she only knew one single person except for herself who dared to wear so little in public. Her best friend Jackie. Joan raised an eyebrow. Very interesting indeed.

The runner got intimidated by Joan scrutinizing her. She got even more aware how much skin she bared wearing only the tiniest bikini. Then she realised that her opponent was naked under the Sarong. No tan lines. She could even detect that her pussy was clean shaven. “Just like mine…”, she could not help to think. So they both had something in common. None of them was decently dressed. The runner was also impressed by Joan’s striking beauty. This girl looked like a Playboy Playmate. She knew pretty well that she wasn’t bad herself, but she didn’t have these lush curves.

Finally, Joan spoke. “I like your hairdo”. It may sound corny, but it wasn’t the worst way to begin. The runner kept her stance and looked at Joan ill-tempered. “Nice tan”, she spat. “Great bikini”, Joan returned with a mocking smile. A slight blush appeared on the runner’s face. She wanted to stay cool, but instinctively made a quick check if had not gotten out of place. She nervously readjusted the top when she realised that some areola had slipped into view. She was intimidated, but still she tried to intimidate Joan as well. “I like your Sarong. Where did you get it?” Now it was Joan that started to blush. In that very moment she realised that by pure coincidence she happened to have received the runner’s Sarong. Hers of all people! This actually was pretty funny. “Err, it’s a long story…” At first Joan tried to stay serious. After all she was confronted with the very girl she had robbed just a few hours ago. But she could not control herself very long. Joan tried to supress it, but soon she was spluttering and finally a burst of laughter shook her whole body.

Joan’s laughter was heartily and infectious. The runner joined in. When they had calmed down they introduced themselves to each other. The runner’s name was Ina. “Let’s have a drink!”

They collected her things. Joan put on her pink micro-bikini, and Ina was impressed to find that they had the same fashion taste. Other than Ina, Joan now was somewhat representable, with the sarong mostly neutralizing the revealing bikini. Ina glanced at the clothes Joan was carrying with curiosity. “Are you going to give me a little fashion show later?” Joan smiled. “Maybe.”

When they were nearing main street again, Joan noticed Ina’s discomfort in amusement. Obviously she wasn’t cool with walking the busy street wearing only her tiny bikini. Now they both had already established a certain reputation in a very short time. Many people had seen them streaking this morning, and those who hadn’t had heard about it. They were the talk of the village. And Joan of course was even more known for her various public exposures. So despite the fact that they both were violating the local rules of courtesy, people reacted friendly and smiled at them. Ina was much too abashed to notice that Joan and her were regarded with favour. But Joan realised it. She had gone through some drastic adventures in exposure already and had learned not to feel too bad about it. And of course her modelling experience was of help. Ina turned to Joan and a blush was spreading on her face. “Sorry, but I don’t think I can have a drink with you dressed like this.” Joan tried to convince her that she looked great and that she should loosen up. And she suggested that Ina might go to her lodging and get changed first. Now the blush on Ina’s face was blossoming. It turned out that Ina didn’t even dare to go back to her apartment. There were two groups of young guys who already had been trying to make a pass at her during the last days, and she did not want to encounter them exposing so much skin. Ina actually coursed herself for her own stupid greed for money. Of course Joan asked her why then she had sold her Sarong. Ina felt like making a total fool of herself. She had to admit that she had been blinded and tempted by the sheer amount of money they had offered her. Joan was impressed. She made a mental note that this girl was willing to expose herself for a certain amount of cash – just like her. Interesting!

Still Joan was short of cash. And she had already proved to be a survivor when it came to public exposure. In addition, she wanted to impress Ina. And maybe even provoke her and give her an example that would help her to loosen up. And actually she felt much more relaxed and simply safer, now that she was no longer on her own. That’s why the idea occurred to Joan to sell the sarong back to Ina. Of course for a prize adequate to the situation. It wasn’t only for the money, Joan also wanted to humiliate Ina a bit. It wasn’t from cruelty it was all about competitiveness. Joan charged her the double of the amount Ina had received for the sarong before. After all, giving it away did not only solve Ina’s problem, it would also put Joan on display, wearing nothing but her tiny pink micro-bikini. So the prize actually was kind of reasonable. Still, Ina wasn’t too happy with the deal, but she agreed.

Still Joan almost reckoned without her host. When she shed from the sarong to reveal her scantily clad body, immediately a small crowd gathered, full of expectation what the two gorgeous renowned exhibitionists were up to next. For a moment both Joan and Ina stood there wearing only the skimpiest bikinis possible. Ina hurriedly put on the sarong and now it was Joan’s turn to blush. She realized that everybody was expecting her to put on some kind of a show. This was pretty embarrassing. With trembling hands Joan adjusted the side ties of her G-string-bottoms. And then it happened. Some one-of-a-kind clumsiness made Joan undo the bow tie with one soft unintentional tug. Before she knew the material followed gravity and hung around her thigh, revealing her shaven pussy. Joan hastily tried to grab it. The tiny bikini top though was not designed for quick motion. Both tits slipped from its tiny cups and into view. In a reflex Joan brought both hand up to cover her tits, but in the heat of the moment she failed to release the grip of the bikini bottom. So Joan succeeded to cover her tits very fast, but then she realised that she still held the material of her bottoms. She had accidentally completely deprived herself of the G-string-bottom. Her audience was grateful and content. They took it for an intentional stunt. Joan received applause and cheers. Ina stared at her in amusement and disbelief. “What are you doing, crazy chick?” she exclaimed. Joan was shocked and stunned. Now, Joan was not the only person around who was competitive! Being a sportswoman, Ina was most competitive as well. And after kind of having been forced to streak by Joan this morning, Ina considered this a good opportunity for a little payback. She snatched the tiny piece of cloth from the dumbfounded Joan’s trembling hands, turned and ran. “If you catch me, the first drink is on me!” she laughed. So Joan dashed past her, with no chance of covering herself while trying to catch up with Ina, that ran her fastest along main street, swinging Joan’s G-string-bottoms over her head, laughing and enjoying her victory. Joan didn’t stand a chance against the athletic Ina who was a very good runner. She chased her up and down main street twice, and the people just loved the sight they gave. They were laughing and cheering. Joan was not happy with the turn of events at all, but she kind of understood what this was for. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.

When Ina finally stopped to wait for Joan, the depantsed model, whose boobs also had been bobbing freely all the time, felt more than relieved. She was humiliated and just the same Joan knew that she kind of deserved it. And apart from the fact that she hated it how much faster than her Ina could run, she secretly loved the surprised and happy stares, the lewd comments, the applause and the cheering, the strange feeling of revealing her perfect body to the world, and the tingling all over her body in doing so, which she started to dread less and to enjoy more.

Ina laughed and captured Joan with her phone as she got closer. Other than Joan thought her ordeal wasn’t over yet. “Where’s my bikini-bottom?”, she gasped. “Ops! Lost it!” Ina beamed with satisfaction. She had felt most uncomfortable wearing only her tiny bikini at first, then she had felt humiliated to pay so much for getting her sarong back. The change from then on had been most satisfying for Ina. She had her revenge on Joan by running away with her bikini bottoms which now were hidden. But what had been much more important for her was that she had beaten Joan in sports. This was a big turn on for her, and Ina was excited and happy as she could be. Because her even bigger turn on was to put Joan in her place. So she laughed in Joan’s face and refused to return the bikini-bottom’s to Joan.

So Joan had no other choice but to put on what she got.

Joan had two choices. She could put on her hot-pants with the bikini-top or the mini dress, that had to be worn - without question for a fashion junkie like Joan - without anything like bra or bikini-top. The fetish harness teddy of course was out of question.

Obviously the combination of her hot-pants with the bikini-top was much safer. Not only had the sexy mini dress the neckline plunging to just below the belly button and it had an extremely low cut back, actually it was practically backless. The mini dress also was much too short to be worn without panties. So the choice given might appear easy as pie. But bear in mind that Joan and Ina were establishing some kind of challenge. Each of them wanted to prove something to the other, without really knowing what, why and what for. Obviously Joan was in the lead on the field of being bolder and Ina was on the lead of being racier. For the moment being, Joan knew that she could not beat Ina in sports, just as much as Ina was too modest to display her beautiful curves like Joan did. Joan wanted to surpass Ina, no matter how. Evidently it was much better to extend her lead on boldness then to try to catch up in athletics. That’s why Joan chose to put on the mini dress, although it was a dress made for late night clubbing, and it was the middle of the day. Joan and Ina linked arms, and Joan led them to the very bar where she had been robbed yesterday. She counted on the waiter granting them special treatment, something like free drinks.

Little did they know that they had just started their own peculiar kind of wicked competition that would give distinction to their relationship in the future.

**Joan's Thailand Adventure - part 14**

**Part 14 – New kinds of challenges**
So Joan entered the bar wearing nothing under that beautiful but very daring dress. It wasn’t that she had not been that scantily dressed before, but wearing a sexy club dress in broad daylight was different – and never before she had dared to go pantyless in such a short dress. The dress was great for posing, but it was not easy to move without flashing boobs. It turned out that sitting on a barstool was the worst choice. Joan could not avoid the skirt to ride up. And however much she struggled to sit up straight, seated it was almost impossible to keep her boobs from slipping into view. To make matters worse, Joan was determined not to show the slightest sign of weakness to Ina. That meant that she had to act as if she did not bother at all about flashing her tits.

But actually Joan had started to worry a lot about having exposed her body to countless complete strangers during the last two days. Back home already she of course had loved to flaunt her body. But this generally had happened to impress friends or to attract men. Her adventures back home had never been much about being nude in public. Of course, on occasion public exposure had happened, but only as a side-effect. Where was this all leading to? Joan also was bothered, because she noticed pretty well, that she had gained a local reputation, but what kind of a reputation? It did not serve to command peoples respect, or did it? But there was more. Joan would have never been able to go that far if she had not found a disturbing kind of enjoyment. The sensations she felt while being put on display were worrying her the most. She had to admit to herself that it got her excited and aroused, but didn’t that make her a pervert?

Still Joan forced herself to pretend to take it easy to impress Ina. Of course Ina was most impressed, but at the same time Joan’s nonchalance to her exposure attracted more and more attention. Her boobs had almost completely slipped into view, and Joan did nothing about it and coolly sipped her drink, chatting with Ina, acting as if she did not realise her exposure.

The waiter of course recognised Joan, and just like she had hoped he supplied them with free drinks. Other than Joan thought it was not because of yesterday’s incident. Joan and Ina – both gorgeous and scantily clad – attracted lots of customers. Of course they attracted only a certain kind of customers, though… More and more groups of males occupied the tables near them.

Anyway, they chatted, enjoying the free drinks. To cut a long story short, Joan and Ina actually made friends with each other. While Joan worked as a bikini and lingerie model, Ina was a physiotherapist and instructor at her local gym. Fitness and health was all the world to her and it showed on her body. Both young women knew that both of them were strikingly attractive. Ina was slim, petite and athletic. Joan had curves and bigger boobs, but her body also showed that she was working out a lot. They had a lot in common. For example, originally Ina had started her holidays in Thailand together with her boyfriend, and - just like Joan - she had broken up in dispute. Ina was reluctant to confess that the argument actually had started about her skimpy bikini that her boyfriend considered much too provocative for Thailand. Of course they considered themselves soulmates before long. It turned out that Ina had kept the apartment that she and her boyfriend had rented, and after a few drinks they decided that Joan would move in. Of course Joan gave a rough summary of her story so far, omitting the many humiliating bits. Joan also preferred NOT to tell about the fact that she had started with no money at all, how she had earned and lost money. And she also kept secret that she still was kind of in need to summon up money. But of course Ina asked her about the sexy dress Joan had on. “Where did you get that from? Here, in this village?” This was a legitimate question that Joan was not willing to honestly answer to her new friend yet. Ina noticed Joan’s discomfort talking about it, but curiosity made her dig deeper. Remember that Joan was carrying all her clothing with her, so she had hung them on the cross-bracing of her bar stool. The hot-pants and the bikini-top were sexy but nothing really extraordinary. Ina’s eyes caught the fetish harness teddy, and this of course was different. “What is this?” Now it was time for Joan to blush. Why did she even still carry it with her? She could not even explain it to herself. She could have thrown it away long ago, or was she really thinking to put that number on again? There was no denying that it was strange that she had kept it. Joan’s blush deepened as Ina grabbed the harness and held it up to look at it. Everyone could see it. Ina could not believe it, “You can’t be serious…”. Everyone around would have loved to see one of them wearing that thing. “Put it down, everyone can see it!” Joan hissed. Ina had to laugh, Joan’s discomfort was priceless. Probably Ina was a bit tipsy, or maybe she felt that Joan deserved a little more revenge from her. She raised the harness and to Joan’s dismay she exclaimed, “Who wants to see my friend putting that one on?” They had the full attention of everyone around, and all hands raised, including Ina’s. “Stop!” Joan hissed, now flashing scarlet. “Don’t be a poor sport, you are practically naked anyway…” It wasn’t that Ina actually expected Joan to do it, she only wanted to humiliate her a bit more. Everybody started thumping the table and cheered her on to do it. Joan squirmed with shame and humiliation, but just the same her defiance started to grow. Against better judgement Joan started to consider doing it. After all, she was a lingerie and bikini model, she was used to pose scantily clad. Of course, this was a fetish outfit and it left her boobs and pussy bare. But Ina was right, they had seen all of her already anyway. Why worry? After what she had experienced during the last days this was a piece of cake, wasn’t it? And Joan could turn the tables on Ina, so why hesitate? Why not? Maybe Joan was a bit tipsy as well. “Why not …” Joan heard herself say, loud enough for everybody to hear. She was kind of surprised at her words herself, “… but only if you drop the sarong at the same time and give it back to me for the walk to your apartment. And you will go and collect the patron’s tips for us…” Clapping and cheering followed that announcement. This of course attracted the attention of everybody near, and before long a crowd of people formed in front of the terrace of the bar. For the newcomers it wasn’t clear what the rush was all about, but it was pretty obvious that it had to do with the two gorgeous tourists.

This was backfiring on Ina much faster then she had bargained for. Now it was her time to blush. Ina knew that she was trapped. She had started it, and now she could not extricate herself from it, could she? Ina felt most uncomfortable wearing her skimpy bikini away from a beach. And Joan’s suggestion meant that she had to walk home wearing only the bikini, which she dreaded even more than to cope with the dare here at the bar. And of course handing back the sarong to Joan again meant that she was put into place by her new friend one more time. But Ina was not willing to chicken out now, after all she was very proud of her body and actually it wasn’t such a big difference to flaunt it on the beach or to show it off here, wasn’t it? And all eyes would be drawn to Joan anyway, because she would be completely exposed. Ina’s heart was racing when without a word she unceremoniously removed the sarong. This left her wearing nothing but her micro bikini.

The bet was on! The bar fell silent, all eyes were set on the duo, especially lingering expectantly on Joan. Almost everybody had their phone ready to capture the event.

It would have almost come to an end at this very point. Both Joan and Ina failed to notice that the waiter wanted to bring it all to an end when the crowd had started to get wild and loud. He feared that things would get out of hand and he did not want to risk his licence. But by chance a wealthy patron had a few drinks with the local police officer at the bar, and both men motioned the waiter to stay cool. The wealthy man bought a big round for the entire bar. So instead of intervening the waiter announced a round of free drinks for everyone. The mood improved even more.

Joan and Ina also got another drink, which they gulped down to settle their nervousness. Both young women had shaking hands. “Are you sure you want to do it? Everyone has his phone out…” Ina whispered, her face was alternating between pale and flushed. Joan raised an eyebrow and gave a sly mocking smile, “Of course!” Well, of course not! Joan noticed her shaking hands and could not believe what was happening. How did she end up in a situation again where she was displaying her body in the nude? And wasn’t it even worse wearing that fetish outfit? But at least she wasn’t blindfolded and cuffed like last night, this was much easier, she tried to encourage herself. And there was it again, the tingling spreading all over her body. Joan braced herself. If she had to strip her slinky dress in front of everybody, she would do it her way. If this had to happen, she was willing to get the best out of it, and to earn a little extra. “I’m going to raise those tips…” And in order to be able do so she had to block out her surroundings and to focus completely on her new friend. “Go girl!”, she told herself.

Joan turned away from Ina, actually turning her butt to her, playfully looking over her shoulder. Pouting her lips. Joan had taken quite a lot of striptease and pole dance classes for her work as a model. Suffice to say that it had turned out beneficial for her private life as well. Joan loved to show her skills and was not willing to simply take off the dress without putting on a little show. “Let’s see if I can impress Ina with this…”, Joan thought to herself. She bent deeply from her waist, raising the dress and lingered to allow Ina to appreciate her shaved pussy, then she returned to vertical. This motion had made her boobs slip from the top completely. Ina was blushing scarlet, “Joan, you don’t have to… you… you don’t need to…” she stammered. Joan blew her a kiss and raised her arms above her head and sensually swayed her chest from side to side, making her boobs jiggle enticingly. Then her hands undid the halter ties and ever so slowly Joan lowered the dress with gyrating hips until it lay crumpled to her feet. Now she was stark naked. The bar had fallen completely silent. Everybody watched in awe. In her mind, Joan put on this little show exclusively for Ina, but of course she had a much bigger audience. Now on to that harness…

Now stripping from the skimpy dress was easy, the harness was different. But Joan had learned a lot in her striptease classes, and she knew the best way to deal with a complicated outfit and keep the show entertaining and sexy. It was so simple! Just pick and assistant! It would keep the show fresh, exciting and add steam. “Please, help me, Ina, I need your assistance with this…” and just raised her arms above her head. Joan had to refrain from laughing, Ina’s facial expression was priceless. It was obvious that she was most uncomfortable.

Ina was not too happy about the turn of events. Joan overdid completely what Ina had started. Why did she perform kind of a striptease in public? The audience grew, and everybody was staring at their direction. Of course most eyes were on the stark naked Joan, even Ina could not take her eyes of Joan. How could she have the guts to expose herself so shamelessly? But quite a few men also tried to get Ina’s attention, making thumb up signs and motioned her to strip naked as well. And if this wasn’t bad enough, now Joan wanted her to take part in her show. How could Ina possibly refuse after she had started the whole thing?

So reluctantly Ina agreed to become Joan’s sexy assistant for her task to model the harness. It didn’t help that Ina wasn’t immune to Joan’s charms. Now Ina was no dyke, but she was a free spirit, open minded and not unexperienced with women. Being a sports junkie she had been in various sports teams, and there had been opportunities to satisfy her curiosity. And for a period that lasted much longer than anyone of them had expected, something special had come into vogue among Ina’s sports team. They had helped each other to fulfil fantasies of their boyfriends. Some requested to watch their girlfriend with another girl some had wanted to experience having a threesome with two girls. Ina had always been one of the cutest girls, so she had been asked to take part in these games often. The second reason she had been asked often was that Ina never had said no. That’s why Ina wasn’t shy to touch a woman, but of course not in public in front of a huge audience of complete strangers, aiming at them with their phones. “You know that we are getting captured?”, she asked Joan. Her new friend did not seem to listen, she just laughed at her audience and enticingly wiggled her butt.

Joan had indeed lost control. She might have been a bit tipsy, but most of all she was beaming with joy and excitement. She loved the brilliant way she had skilfully managed to turn the tables on Ina. Joan loved to compete, and now she had the upper hand. Triumph, adrenaline and arousal made her mind swirl, but she felt great. She loved the lustful eyes on her body. All these people were worshipping her beauty! She felt like struck by lightning when Ina touched her oversensitive hot skin. From the shocked expression on Ina’s face Joan could tell that her new friend knew exactly what was going on. Joan was heavily aroused.

Ina started with the halter neck tie, then she began to fasten the belted straps on Joan’s front. It was practically inevitable that her hands brushed Joan’s tits. Ina noticed that Joan’s nipples stood fully erect and felt tempted to suck on them. But of course not in front of everybody. But still the nipples, so pert and hard, pointing out, were demanding attention. Ina reached out and playfully pinched Joan's nipple. The audience gasped in unisono. “Yeah!” someone yelled. Joan jumped and shuddered at the sudden move, but closed her eyes and let out a quiet sigh and then licked her lips slowly. Ina cupped her entire breast in her hand and as the firmness fills it, she tightened the grip. Ina could tell that Joan was willing to let her have her way with her in front of everybody. Ina gathered her senses and withdrew. She fiddled with the belts. Before long she fastened the third and last belt, the lowest, that closed right above Joan’s lower belly. The sight of Joan’s pussy right before her eyes was too tempting for Ina. She moved her hand down and onto her thigh and started to move it towards Joan’s crotch. The audience was silent and watched in awe. Joan spread her legs a little wider, allowing better access. Ina’s fingernails lightly brushed her shaved slit. Playfully she slipped one fingertip between her smooth lips and immediately felt the wetness beyond. Now Ina could not resist to play at least a little more. She ran her finger up and down, from her hole to her clit and back again. Joan’s hands were shaking. Who had the upper hand now? Ina wanted to prove that it was her. She took her hand away, making Joan wince and moan with frustration, and placed that same finger into Joan’s mouth. WHAT THE ...!!!

**Joan's Thailand Adventure - part 15**

**Part 15 – Who’s got the upper hand now?**
WHAT THE ...!!! Joan opened her eyes in shock and surprise. To her this was most humiliating. She did not like to taste her own juices. She sure loved to get licked, but she refused to kiss after cunnilingus. Other than Ina she did not have any experience with women. That’s why it was like a cold shower. Actually, a cold shower in need. Things had been much too close to get completely out of hand. Joan stepped back from Ina filled with indignation. Her facial expression was priceless! Ina had to refrain from laughing.

Of course Joan knew that it was her own fault. Her plan to humiliate Ina by involving her in her striptease had backfired. Now with her boobs and pussy exposed to a big audience and with the taste of her own juices on her lips she no longer felt on top. She looked at Ina with determination, “Now let’s get this over with. Please go and collect the tips.”

Ina did not like the idea of approaching the people, but of course she had to keep her words. A patron offered his hat to her, to collect the money in it. “But I want to have a taste of your finger…” What a pervert! Ina allowed him to suck in her index finger, still with remains of Joan’s pussy juices on it. To her surprise it felt much better than she had expected. He slid his tongue over her sensitive fingertips, sending waves throughout Ina’s whole body. He kept nibbling on it and Ina felt her knees weaken. This was nice! He noticed her reaction and increased his efforts. Keeping his lips closed around her finger he skilfully and ever so softly teased Ina’s fingertip. Ina tensed up, her whole body started tp respond. Better stop it right away! “Enough.” She quickly turned away. Her micro bikini top did nothing to hide that her nipples had become erect.

Now Ina did the round and collected mostly generous tips with her heart racing. She could almost feel the eyes roaming over her body. She was surprised that nobody tried to cop a feel and relaxed a bit. Of course everybody was staring at her, but the comments were nice. Most simply complimented her looks and how ice she had done with Joan. Joan after all still stood at their table, baring her boobs and pussy, calling out that they should not be stingy. They weren’t.

So it all went pretty well, until a middle-aged fat man stood himself in the centre and exclaimed, he would love to see Ina wearing that harness. It was the wealthy man who already had bought a big round for the entire bar. He was happy that finally something exciting was happening in this boring village, and he wanted to savour it fully. He suggested Ina and Joan should exchange outfits, and he was willing to double the loot. “How about it?”, he glared at the young women provocatively.

Joan was in immediately. She was baring all, what could she lose? Other than the wealthy man, Joan at this moment was not aware that Ina’s micro bikini was way too small for her. As Joan had bigger boobs, the top would look ridiculous on her and cover almost nothing.

Ina of course was shocked and stunned. Showing off in public was new to her. Of course she had some kind of experience with it. After working out, she loved to flaunt her beautiful body to the other girls under the showers. She used to tan in the nude, but not in search for an audience. She remembered that only once an elderly man had clearly observed her, and it had been fun to tease him a little by doing some exercises in the nude. And of course she loved to wear sexy workout clothes that showed her great body. Apart from that she had no experience with exposing herself in public. Although their audience behaved properly so far Ina couldn't get her head around exposing herself like Joan did. She saw Joan’s encouraging smile. “You can do it – look at me, it’s no big deal!” Ina just shook her head no. “Listen, I am not going to expose my tits and pussy with all these people capturing it…” Joan misunderstood Ina purposely, she turned towards their audience and exclaimed, “Okay – all phones down and you’ll get a special treat from us. An encore you might like… But no more capturing!” Everybody dropped theirs phones immediately. “If we see anyone trying to capture us, the show is over, is it understood?” Everybody nodded dutifully.

Ina wanted to interrupt Joan and tell her that her decision did not depend on being captured or not. She just didn’t have the guts to show off her tits and pussy like Joan did. But of course, they had talked about finding a spot to tan in the nude, and it had been Ina who had suggested to just ignore the local rules and simply get naked at the main beach if they did not find out about special spots. That had been a bit swanky of course. And now Joan did not seem to have the least doubt that it was no problem at all to Ina to bare herself practically completely, even worse, put on a kinky fetish outfit that put her tits and pussy completely on display. It was her own fault, Ina cursed herself. She had tried to impress Joan, and now it was backfiring on her. Her new friend did not seem to have the least idea how embarrassing the whole situation already was for Ina, and carelessly exhibiting herself Joan seemed to prove that she was comfortable with self-display.

Then Ina visualised herself running along main street this morning completely naked, chasing after Joan. She had already shown everything. And had it been terrible? At first, she had not even been aware of it! Then she had rushed back all the way to her apartment completely naked, most aware of her complete exposure. Back in the safety of her apartment Ina had first felt humiliated and devastated. But after a long shower she had felt much better and actually she had started to laugh and had told herself, “I should do this more often…” Now here was the chance to explore the experience a bit further, wasn’t it? Wearing only her skimpiest micro bikini it did not make such a great difference anyway, didn’t it? When she had started wearing those skimpy bikinis a few years ago, she had told herself, “You have such a beautiful body... Why not show it off a little bit?" Why not take things a bit further? After all she was far away from home, nobody around here knew her, and nobody back home would ever find out about it. And right here in Thailand she seemed to have run in exactly the right person to find out about that hidden exhibitionistic side of her, which was willing to go further than ever before back home. Somehow Joan had sparked her hidden adventurous side, and Ina secretly started to like it. At least her curiosity was peaked. And she could even considerably fill up her holiday piggy bank. But still Ina was hesitant.

“Come on – I’ll give you back the sarong, so you’ll be decently covered afterwards!” Joan encouraged her. “All right, I’ll do it!” Ina exclaimed. She almost regretted it immediately, as the audience started clapping and cheering, and Ina realised that she might have overestimated herself. Ina gulped down a fresh drink. On to it!

Joan quickly removed the harness and stood next to Ina in all her naked glory. She wondered why she had always refused to do nudes. Back home she would have to talk to her agent. She realised that showing off her body was not an issue with so many people around. First, she felt safe with so many people watching – if someone started doing funny things there would be enough people around to intervene. Second, she did not have to make eye contact, the whole situation was completely different from exposing herself to a single person or a small group. There was no real contact established, which helped a lot. Still, her body was tingling all over, Joan seemed to feel the eyes roaming over her body like soft touches. But she was no longer mortified or nervous, she could enjoy exposing herself unrestrictedly. At least that’s what Joan felt like in this very moment. Now she waited impatiently for Ina to peel from her tiny bikini.

Ina was not happy at all with the turn of events. Gulping down the drink had made matters worse, because now she felt the alcohol quite strongly. Instead of settling her nerves Ina felt like losing control, which was completely against her sporty and body-conscious character and way of life. She tried to gather her senses. This all took way too long for Joan who stood beside her, already stark naked and waiting for her to strip and hand over the bikini. To the big amusement of their audience, Joan grabbed the strings of the bikini top and pulled, leaving her friend topless. Ina had nice average tits, maybe slightly smaller than average, but with her deep all over tan they looked spectacular on her slim fit body. The audience gasped and sure liked what they saw. Many chuckled, because the look on Ina’s face was priceless as her tits got suddenly exposed. But surprise and boozed as Ina was she did not even try to cover her tits. Ina’s face was flushing beat red. Her mind raced. What kind of a crazy girl had she run into? This could not be happening!

Joan giggled, but her next move was too predictable. This time Ina counterattacked. When Joan loosened the waistband of the G-string bottom Ina reached out and slapped Joan sharply on her butt with a loud smack. Now it was Ina who started giggling at Joan’s face. Joan had jumped in pain and surprise. It was a bit humiliating to get slapped on her butt, especially in front of an audience. But of course Joan understood as well that it had to be more than slightly humiliating for Ina to get deprived of her bikini in front of an audience. So Joan put up a brave front although her butt cheek was still burning a bit from the blow. “Hmmm, that was a nice one”, Joan provocatively purred, in order not to show the slightest sign of weakness to Ina. Of course Joan wanted to strike back, but she did not stand a chance against Ina. Ina was not only an athletic woman she also knew quite a bit of martial arts. Before Joan knew it, she found herself down on her knees, face down to the floor and bottoms up, as if presenting herself to the audience.

What happened next came a total surprise to Joan, and mostly it happened because Ina wasn’t used to alcohol and had kind of lost her inhibitions. It wasn’t about hurting Joan it was about humiliating her.

SMACK!!! A hot sting on one side of Joan’s bottom accompanied the sound of Ina slapping her butt cheek. SMACK!! The other side. Ina’s palms moved up and down the length of Joan’s backside, sometimes smacking upwards on the lower curve of her butts making the cheeks bounce upwards, or smacking the outside curve towards her hip, but mostly she spanked the prominent centre of each cheek. Nobody in the audience had ever seen anything like this. One naked gorgeous girl overpowering another gorgeous naked girl. Joan’s beautifully rounded butt bounced and jiggled and became redder and redder Each fiercely stinging smack brought a whimper or moan from her, and, tossing her head back and forth.

The whole spanking did not last long. Ina only wanted to prove her point. “Don’t you ever dare to raise a hand against me again, okay?” she said with a triumphant smile and let go. Joan’s face was flushing beat red. What kind of a crazy girl had she run into? This could not be happening!

**Joan's Thailand Adventure - part 16**

**Part 16 – Provoking questionable job opportunities**
Joan got to her feet with shaky legs. She had never experienced such deep humiliation, or had she? Actually it was hard to tell after last days’ events. But anyway, she had never been spanked in front of an amazed audience. This was not her kind of fun. She glared at Ina, but her new friend just smiled and said, “You deserved it. Really. Think about it.” Joan forced herself to return the smile. Maybe Ina was right. Still Joan found that she had gone a bit too far.

Ina was fidgeting with the harness. Joan, still stark naked, helped her, avoiding any unnecessary skin contact. Now both gorgeous young women were not only putting their boobs on display but also showed that each of them had her pussy clean shaven. Finally, Ina had put on the harness and did a few slightly clumsy turns. It wasn’t that Ina could not do better, but the situation was much to far-out and she only wanted to get it over with. “Satisfied?” she asked into direction of the wealthy man. “It suits you very well. But now let’s see your friend…”

Joan stood beside Ina still without a stitch of clothes. She took Ina’s micro bikini and finally noticed the catch. It was only then that Joan realised, that the micro bikini, which was scant on Ina would not so much look sexy on her but most of all ridiculous. At least the top would not work at all. Now it wasn’t the same to her to expose her body or to put on something which looked ridiculous on her.

But maybe… “Now let's see how this thing fits…”, Joan encouraged herself and put the micro bikini on. Her worst fears proved true. Of course the micro bikini barely covered her nipples and pussy. The tiny triangles of white cloth just managed to cover Joan’s nipples and left all of her aureoles exposed. The G-string bottoms tied at the sides and the stretchy material formed firmly over her pubic mound and labia revealing quite the camel-toe. She had not noticed that on Ina wearing it, but the material didn't quite reach the outside edges of her pussy lips. Joan could tell without checking that the back was nothing but a white string that disappeared completely between her butt cheeks. The top did nothing to hide her erect nipples, in fact it seemed to accentuate them. Her labia were clearly outlined by the thin fabric of the bottoms. Joan looked down to see what the view between her legs might be like to the casual observer. The sight gave her a sudden rush of excitement and she let out a little gasp. The hood of her clit was perfectly visible. Joan obviously got a bit more than she had bargained for, but she could have born up to it, if the top at least had stayed in place when she moved. But it didn’t. No matter how careful she moved, following gravitation her boobs kept sliding from the top.

Being a bikini and lingerie model, Joan was comfortable with wearing sexy clothing. But being a fashion junkie as well, she could not stand wearing something that looked ridiculous. Something that just didn’t fit. So being stark naked was less of a problem to Joan than to wear that top that just didn’t stay in place. This way it kept getting out of place made her look completely crackbrained. This of course was not acceptable for Joan. She suffered badly. Much more than ever before during these crazy days of exposure and humiliation. Wearing a bikini that did not fit? This was the worst!

The audience did not miss Joan’s sudden discomfort. This was funny and surprising. Actually Joan again beat Ina in the attraction she gained, because it was much more entertaining to watch her struggle with the way too small bikini top than to see Ina exposing boobs and pussy. For Ina, the whole ordeal lasted way too long. The longer she had to expose herself, the more she got aware how awkward the situation was. To make matters worse for a split second she thought she had seen a familiar face in the crowd. Her ex. Could that possibly be? When they split up fighting he had said something about going on a hiking trip. But how could she know? She searched the crowd for the face again, but to no avail. What a shock! Her ex was the last person Ina wanted to see her now. That’s why Ina had become most uncomfortable. She had turned completely stiff and pale. Ina felt like fainting, and it showed.

So both stunningly gorgeous women amused and entertained everyone around with their sudden complete loss of confidence, which added marvellously to the sight they gave in those slutty outfits that left nothing to the imagination. Joan and Ina had lost it to such an extent that they failed to notice that people had started to capture them again. Laughing, cheering and applause erupted when they finally received their money. Ina hastily wrapped the sarong around her body, whereas Joan had to endure her exposure a little longer.

“I can’t walk the streets like this!” Joan was alarmed. Wearing a skimpy bikini in public was not an issue to her, but a top that didn’t stay in place was no option. That would actually have been no problem, if only Joan could have found her clothes. Joan’s hot-pants and bikini-top as well as her dress were gone. She knew she had them with her when they had entered the bar, but now they were no longer there. Somebody must have snatched them away unnoticed. But who and why? Joan coursed the new turn of events. She covered her chest with her arms and scanned the place. Nothing. Both her spare outfits obviously were gone.

Several people among the audience noticed that something was wrong. After a while they realised that Joan had been deprived of the dress she had worn when she had entered the bar. Strange thing. There were not many women in this word who wold dare to wear such attire. Who might have stolen it and what for?

Joan could not bother about it any longer, because a guy in his thirties approached them and introduced himself as Chris, the owner of the beach bar in the neighbouring bigger village. He was a European emigrant who lived here. He actually offered them a job, some easy incidental earnings. His idea was simple. He wanted them to tan right next to his bar, as some kind of extra attraction for his customers, free drinks and a small hand money included. Of course he would see for their safety. Ina felt flattered by the offer, but showed no sign of interest. She just smiled at Joan. “What a foolish idea…” Being scarce of money Joan had a different view on the offer, especially because an idea occurred to her how she could kill two birds with one stone. “Trust me, this might not be so bad at all….” Then she turned towards Chris and smiled her most wicked smile. “Triple the cash and we will do it, and to make it more interesting to everybody, we will do it in the nude.” Ina was shocked and stunned, but amazed. Of course so far there was no hope for tanning in the nude here in Thailand, what both Joan and her preferred. But obviously Ina had thought of finding a secluded place. But then again, they would have a guardian and there was some money in it as well. Ina was always interested in making extra money, that’s why she had sold her sarong this morning despite the fact that this way she was left wearing nothing but her tiny micro bikini. And, hell yeah, Ina wanted to keep her sexy all over tan. She was really impressed by Joan’s negotiating skills. With Joan’s boobs slipped from the tiny top and Ina’s boobs hardly covered by the sarong, it was practically impossible to reject Joan’s offer. They both looked so hot. Chris smiled lewdly and simply said “Deal”. The next day they should show up at his bar in the afternoon. He left. Ina gave Joan thumbs up signs, grinning adventuresomely. What a crazy but great idea!

The next offer came from the wealthy man who had made them switch outfits. He came over, and invited them to his place to collect the cash, obviously he didn’t have that amount of money on him. He told them to come over tomorrow morning and take their time to consider whether they were interested to adorn a cruise with his motor yacht on the coming weekend. All they had to do was to show off their fit bodies in sexy bikinis. Joan exchanged a glance with Ina. Ina knew what Joan was considering now, but for the moment being she just blushed. Joan of course wanted to do it and to get more money by offering to go stark naked. But she noticed that Ina was hesitant and decided to be considerate of her new friend. They had to talk about it unhurriedly. This was nothing Joan had not done before, although she had only gone topless on these occasions, not stark naked. But just like in these past assignments Joan was willing to participate if the compensation was reasonable.

Still, Joan felt uncomfortable wearing that ridiculous way to tiny bikini top. And of course Ina did not feel sufficiently covered as well, wearing nothing but the fetish harness under her sarong, after all this left her boobs and pussy bare and the sarong did not do enough to hide it.

But Joan and Ina had a run of good luck. There was a solution. An Asian emerged from the crowd and spoke to them. He was a local who spoke some English. He was just a little older than their age, mid-twenties, a nerdy fat guy with greasy long hair. Joan would never have messed about with that kind of jerk. But now she needed a little help, so she listened to him. “You both look like you could need something to wear. I can help. Just wait here…”

Joan adjusted her bikini top, they got another drink, and as Joan and Ina cheered each other the movement made Joan’s boobs slip free from the top again. It was futile, and so Joan waited for the return of the Asian without bothering to cover again. Everybody in the bar had seen anything anyway.

The Asian returned surprisingly fast, carrying two small box, exactly the kind of box Joan recently had browsed through. To her still all Asians looked the same, but she remembered that last night’s guy had worn glasses. So she assumed that now she had met his brother, the one that he ran the online shop with.

This one though did not even ask their measurements, and when Joan noticed what he had picked for them, it became clear why he did not need to. He had picked a leopard print bikini with small triangle cups. “One Size Fits Most” said the package. The special feature were thin clear halter straps and clear underbust straps with a tie back closure, and matching micro bottoms with clear straps and thong back.

Actually Joan was delighted, the set was perfect for tanning. From the back she would be completely exposed, and the view from the front was spectacular as well, as there were three tiny pieces of cloth magically held in place by clear straps covering pussy and nipples. Joan loved the bikini.

Ina was not so keen on running around in public with a completely exposed back side. Of course this morning she had opted for the micro bikini, and it really didn’t make much of a difference. But still it was a bit strange to know that she looked like being completely naked from behind. She thanked him but renounced putting it on, she preferred to take back her micro bikini from Joan, which actually was a little less provocative. But only a little.

This occasion led to the third job offer. The brothers were planning to spice up their website by showing videos of models wearing the outfits they sold. This time Ina was tempted, she had never modelled before and was eager to try it out. Joan had met the brother before and did not really want to run into him again. After all he had kicked her out wearing only a fetish outfit, blindfolded and with her wrists shackled and a load of cum on her chest. And Joan had seen their goods. Most of it had been on the kinky side. Joan was willing to pose in lingerie and bikinis, but so far had stayed away from fetish wear and things like this. So she was reluctant, although her modelling contract did not count for Asia. Maybe she could try out new things here, but with that guy who had treated her so mean? Now it was Ina that gleefully accepted the offer and promised that they would show up at his place soon. After Joan had talked them into tanning in the nude at the beach bar, what could she say?

**Joan's Thailand Adventure - part 17**

**Part 17 – Joan’s major insight on exhibitionism**
Both of them were in a frisky adventurous mood and a bit drunk when they encountered Ina’s neighbours on their way back to her apartment. A group of young guys about their age. They had seen Ina rush home stark naked this morning, and now they were more than delighted to see her again, together with a practically naked bombshell.

Now this was exactly what Ina had dreaded the most. Those guys had stripped her with their eyes each time she had passed them. Although she wore the same outfit she had worn this morning, micro bikini plus sarong, now her company of course attracted even greater attention. Joan wore the slinky bikini and looked simply hot. Of course they could not just let them walk past them. Now they were surrounded by a squad of overheated young men who had some alcohol during the day. Just like them.

Both Ina and Joan had drunken quite a lot at the bar. Other than Ina, who abruptly felt sober when they got surrounded by the testosterone-filled horde, Joan was giggling and flirting uninhibitedly. Didn’t she notice that they took turns capturing her naked back, didn’t she notice them trying to cop a feel of her enticingly jiggling bare butt cheeks? She should at least stop giggling in order not to encourage them more, Ina thought. Things were about to get out of hand. Ina wanted to drag Joan away from the guys, but now they had also detected her skimpy attire. Joan struck some sexy poses for them to capture, teasing them, while Ina tried to cool things down. Joan was getting a kick out of flaunting her body at them. Too bad for them this was as far as it would go... It was just then that her body’s reaction kicked in. Joan had experienced this before. In a slightly drunk state her arousal started to grow later than normal, but much faster. Posing in front of these guys in that sexy bikini was so exciting and so much fun. The disheartened look on Ina’s face only added to her fun. It must have been this kind of circumstances that had made Joan ... in front of an audience at parties in the past, because suddenly she felt the urge to go farther. For the main part Joan was going for the shocked look on Ina’s face when she pulled the bikini cups apart to reveal her tits to the guys and smile to their phones. Now she remembered how Ina had humiliated her back in the bar by surprising her with some serious petting in front of everybody. “Come on, Ina, where are you when I need you? Have a go!” Joan challenged her new friend. Now Ina felt very insecure with these guys around, but she sure was interested in Joan’s flawless sexy body. Back in the bar it had been pretty obvious that Joan wasn’t open to be touched by a woman. Ina realized that this could be her one and only chance to get into Joan’s pants. It was pretty obvious that Joan wanted to embarrass her, but Ina was not going to let this opportunity pass, although it meant having an audience. After all Joan would be the nude one and not her.

Ina surprised Joan by eagerly stepping behind her. “Let me feel your ass this time.” Joan looked up amazed. Had she heard Ina right, she wanted to feel her ass? “It’s all yours,” Joan purred. Ina reached down and began to caress her bare bottom. Joan jumped a little when she felt her hands on her butt, but she soon relaxed. She could feel Ina’s breath hot on her neck. This was beginning to feel good. Joan smiled at her audience and lustfully licked her lips. Occasionally Ina’s finger would slip under the elastic of her bikini bottoms edging closer to the folds between her legs. Joan squirmed involuntarily. It was then that she felt the bottom string of her bikini top come undone. The top slid up and finally came off over her head. Ina had taken her top off! Now Joan’s pussy was on fire. Joan was finding this unnervingly pleasant. Ina’s fingers traced the line of her bikini panties, down to the cleft of her arse. Joan jerked as she caressed the cleft between her cheeks, but she didn't linger. Her touch continued down between her legs to the warmth of her pussy. Joan jumped again. Ina felt a spurt of wetness against the tiny thin triangle of her panties. Joan closed her eyes in carnal bliss. Ina stroked her through her tiny bikini bottoms, feeling the small firmness of Joan’s clit against her fingertip. Joan let out a gasp and let herself arch against her hand. To Joan’s dismay her fingers left her pussy. Her hips gave a backward thrust, as though trying to persuade them to come back. But Ina’s hands were already somewhere else. All that was between her fingers and the dampness between Joan’s thighs was a thin triangle of her tiny bikini bottoms. They were already sticking to her pussy lips, the musky juice seeping out slowly, a river of moisture leaking down her legs. Joan’s hips rose involuntarily, and her body groaned as her head rolled back. She wanted to buck against Ina’s hand that brushed over her material covered pussy. Joan’s body shuddered with delight as Ina traced the crotch of her bikini bottoms with one finger, pressing only hard enough to feel the pouting lips of her pussy. She was wet. Her inner thighs were glistening with the evidence of her arousal. Her mouth was open emitting hot, little, panting breaths. “Ohhhhhhhh!”

Ina hated doing this in front of an audience, but this seemed to be the only way to get Joan to allow her to touch her. And so she went on although they got captured all of the time. Without warning, she pushed a single finger past the crotch of the bikini bottoms, plunging deep into Joan. The lubrication of Joan’s pussy made it possible to slide his finger in with a smooth motion. Ina pulled out her finger and pushed it in again. Joan’s knees almost buckled when she withdrew his hand. Standing back Ina admired Joan for a moment, noting her obvious excitement, flushed cheeks and breasts, rapid breathing, involuntary shivers. Joan was moaning with pleasure, “Please, please!” Joan began to whimper; “Please don’t stop!”

“I will carry on, Joan. But not here in front of an audience. Come…” and with these words she took Joan by the hand and led her away. The guys were so amazed that they did not try to stop them. They just let them go. They just stared at Joan’s naked back as they moved away. Kind of the distraction tactics had worked. But of course they followed them to the apartment in a distance. It was pretty obvious what these exhibitionistic vixens were up to, and they figured they might get a view with a little luck.

This event brought new insights to Joan. Of course she was a bit drunk and totally worked up, but she no longer could deny that the recent days on her own had triggered something in her that was hard to admit or to accept.

It had started relatively tame only three days ago
Joan had left the holiday resort with nothing but her skimpy sexy outfit. She had given in to show her tits at the bar to earn some easy. Then her top had been stolen and she had raced after the thief, then shown her butt to the thief in order to get her top back, in vain, because he did not happen to have it anymore, instead a dog had ripped it so that it had become even more revealing. Then she even lost the remains of the top, when the messed-up guy allowed accommodation for the night. So much for the first day on her own. Then the degree of depravity had increased dramatically.

The strange family had made her streak down the main street of the village. Then she had posed topless with countless strangers for some holiday captures. Her first really deprived action then had happened, when Joan had masturbated in front of an old man. Then she had been deprived of all her clothes and money at the noble bar, which had leaded to Joan prancing the public streets wearing nothing but an apron. Then she had encountered the guy who ran an online shop with sexy clothes. This had leaded to her next decent. Not only had she modelled some sexy outfits for him, the last one turned out to be a fetish costume that bared her tits and pussy. As if this wasn’t bad enough Joan had bargained to allow him to jerk off in exchange for some outfits. He then had blindfolded her and her wrists had been shackled. Unexpectedly he had cum on her chest and then had thrown her out, blindfolded and shackled. Joan had shamelessly given in to her arousal and masturbated in front of an unknown audience in public while still being deprived of sight due to the blindfold. After that she had again masturbated in front of a stranger, her saviour – of whom we know that it was the guy who had robbed Joan at the bar. She than had allowed him to shot another load at her chest, then take her under the shower, which strange enough had leaded to him throwing her out. Joan had spent the rest of the night all alone at the beach.

Today, only her third day on her own, brought new adventures and further degradations. In the morning Joan had stolen Ina’s runners outfit, which had resulted Ina chasing after Joan and both of them streaking on main street. Then she had a group of tourists, complete strangers, touch her body and finger her to orgasm in brought daylight. Shortly after that Joan had finally got to know Ina, who first had had her little revenge by depriving Joan of her bikini bottoms. This had led to hilarious further exposures at the bar again, which at least had turned up various opportunities to make money.

Now Joan secretly was actually deeply disappointed that Ina led her away from the guys. It was such a turn on to have them watching. Joan would have loved to put in a show right there in front of them. Knowing that she had an audience, feeling the admiring eyes on her body, sensing the excitement her perfect body and her lewd actions caused had turned out the biggest turn-on Joan had ever experienced. That’s why she secretly motioned them to follow them behind her back, hoping Ina wasn’t noticing. Joan thought she would find a way to get them both go on and let the guys see it.

Little did Joan know that Ina had the same plan in mind. Ina wanted to put Joan on display, but in a safe way, which meant that she wanted to be out of view and out of reach. So just like Joan she secretly waved at the guys to follow.

And they did.

**Joan's Thailand Adventure - part 18**

**Part 18 – Exhibiting the exhibitionist**
A nasty plan had formed in Ina’s mind. It was pretty obvious that Joan was not willing to actively take part. Joan sure was not interested in lesbian sex, but she was heavily turned on and needed relief, no matter how. And Ina was going to help her with that and make sure at the same time that she did it somewhere they could be seen from the outside and in a way that she herself was not on display.

When they entered the apartment she made sure to keep Joan aroused by roaming her hands all over the models perfect body while stripping her. Joan looked so beautiful in the nude that Ina could not help from getting heavily aroused herself. Ina was no dyke, but she was open to worship the beauty and sensuality of other women. She kept Joan entertained running her fingers over her sensitive skin. Joan received the caresses with closed eyes, her face was flushing beet red.

Joan had never been with a woman and actually never had she shown any interest in it. One reason in particular for her lack of interest might have been that there were always lot of men around for Joan to play with. Now she was feeling both embarrassed and overpowered with excitement. She felt like a virgin touched for the very first time [Author’s note: Nice line, I think someone should make a song out of it, it might become a hit!]. She did not dare to look Ina in the face. She just closed her eyes and gave in to Ina’s lead.

And Ina took advantage of it. It wasn’t out of cruelty. Ina liked Joan a lot. She only thought that she owed her a little payback, and she had observed pretty well that Joan was an exhibitionist. After all, just a while ago Joan was willing to let Ina fondle her right in front of an audience in public. Ina had protected Joan by taking her to her apartment, but now it was time for some fun. At the same time, she was broadening Joan’s horizon and having some fun with her adorable body.

When they entered the apartment, both had the same idea in mind. To find a place where the guys could watch from the outside. Joan did not know the apartment yet, so she nervously looked around while Ina shed her from the bikini. Joan had thought they could go outside on the veranda or something. But Ina led her into the kitchen right next to the entrance.

Other than Joan, Ina had a plan. Let’s not forget that Ina did not want to be in view. The kitchen was located next to the entrance and had a big window in landscape format. The kitchen’s work space was right in front of the window. Ina positioned Joan right next to the kitchen sink pushing her back against the work surface. This way Joan’s naked upper body could be seen from outside, although only from the back, and, which was even more important at that point, Joan could not notice that the guys were standing outside watching them. Ina of course had no idea that Joan was more than willing to let them watch.

Ina placed her hands on Joan’s boobs and began to massage them. She could see that Joan was enjoying her attention because her eyes were closed. “Perfect!” Ina thought to herself, thinking both of Joan’s perfect boobs and the fact that she had closed her eyes, ensuring that she could not notice their audience. Ina motioned to them to be quiet and continued to rub her breasts. Next she began to squeeze her nipples. She squeezed them between her index figure and thumb and Joan shuddered in pleasure. Ina continued squeezing them and then released one nipple only to keep pleasuring it with her mouth. Joan began to make soft moaning sounds. Ina switched breasts. Massaging the left breast, she began to flick her right nipple with her tongue. Looking up Ina could see Joan kept her eyes shut. Good.

Now it was time for Ina to disappear from view. She put one hand on Joan’s beautiful hairless pussy and began to rub her clitoris. Joan almost could not take it any longer. Ina helped her to hauled herself on the worktop, with her pussy right in front of Ina’s face, as Ina had lowered herself on her knees. This left only Joan in view of their audience who knew that Joan got her pussy attended. Ina’s other hand was gently rubbing her inner thigh. Looking up at Joan, Ina checked if Joan still kept her eyes shut. Yes, she did. Very good.

“Massage your boobs slowly. Close your eyes and fondle them gently.” Ina ordered. Joan did as she was told. Of course the guys only saw Joan from the back, but knowing what was going on was enough to keep them highly interested in the action unfolding in front of them.

Ina probed Joan’s pussy lips. She was wet as hell and she began to rub her pussy opening up and down with her finger. Joan began to squirm, inching her butt forward invitingly. Ina leaned in and began to lick her pussy. Joan began to mourn softly as Ina quickened her pace. Ina began to flick her pussy with the tip of her tongue. Joan began to moan louder. Now Ina had Joan where she wanted her. Joan was putty in Ina’s hands. The idea occurred to Ina to improvise a blindfold with a dish towel, but she ditched it. Ina had no idea that Joan was fully aware of their audience outside and that it was a major turn on for her. And that Joan was having her own ideas for putting on a show for them. Joan thought that Ina was oblivious to their audience.

For Ina it was time to show off a bit more of Joan. She turned Joan around, now facing the audience outside and showing her entire upper body to them. Ina sat down on the floor with her back against the dishwasher, craned her neck and kept licking Joan’s pussy. While she was completely out of view, the guys saw Joan’s torso, and Joan never stopped fondling her breasts. Now they could see her torso naked full frontal. Joan peeped through her closed eyelids to check on their reaction. It was great! Some of them were even touching themselves through their pants. Joan shuddered with delight and arousal when she saw it. She intensified her efforts to make her tit play look great. And she gazed right at her audience to make them know that she knew that they were there. Now this actually encouraged some of them to drop their pants and uninhibitedly masturbate right there in public, standing in the front garden right next to the public street. Many people would find that disgusting or disturbing, but to Joan this was amazing. If there was one thing Joan had learned during the last crazy days here in Thailand, it was to enjoy it when things got out of hand a bit. No doubt that Joan was getting more and more sexually liberated. Where there any limits to it?

So Joan was getting pleasured by Ina, face to face with a group of young males masturbating to the sight of it. Ina of course missed this turn of events, kind of hidden from view. She felt ripples of smaller orgasms shake Joan’s body, but kept going for the big one. Joan seemed insatiable. And so this went on. Joan wanted to last as long as each and every one of these guys needed to finish. Ina of course had no idea of this goal. She was amazed by Joan’s stamina, she noticed orgasms ripple through Joan’s body, but her new friend kept pushing her crotch against her face, urging her to keep licking.

Joan leaned over the work surface towards the guys, continuously fondling her boobs and pinching her nipples for them to see. She waved at them to get as close as possible. Now she was concentrating on the row of dicks getting jerked right in front of her, just outside the window. When the first shot his load against the window, another orgasm shook Joan’s body. This was so deprived and so great at the same time! Joan loved it. She wasn’t too fond of having her face or body plastered with cum, but she loved to see men ejaculate, simply because it proved her sexiness and beauty. Having the glass pane between her and her admirers came in handy. To spice things up a little more, Joan leaned forward and extended her tongue to lick the glass pane, as if she wanted to have a taste of the cum. One after the other came right in front of her face and shot his load, the cum was leaking down the window. Joan’s legs were shaky, she had rarely experienced such a series of orgasms, caused by Ina’s skilful tongue and the excitement of having an audience that was jerking off at her sight.

Ina made a mental note how much Joan enjoyed this, and she decided to try to find a store to get some toys for them. Ina could do amazing things with a dildo!

Now Joan was not the most altruistic person one could encounter, but when it came to sex she fully considered it a give and take. So after being pleasured so skilfully by Ina, Joan felt obliged to do the same for her. She had never touched a woman before and was pretty unsure about it. But then again it was now or never, wasn’t it? A slight insecurity, some doubts held Joan back for a moment. Then she decided to go for it. After all, giving their audience an encore was a real steepening incentive. And she could playfully humiliate Ina a bit. Joan was certain that Ina had no idea about the guys standing right in front of the kitchen window, just about arm’s length away.

Joan took Ina by the shoulders and raised her to her feet. The situation turned out a bit awkward. It would have been natural to kiss, but Joan just could not force herself to kiss a girl. When Ina moved to kiss her, Joan just backed out of it. It wasn’t only about kissing a female, more than this Joan refused to taste her own juices. And as much as she was determined to return some of the pleasure to Ina, Joan sure was not going to use her mouth on Ina’s pussy. This resulted in Joan being a bit clumsy with Ina.

First of all, Joan needed to strip Ina, in order to give their audience something to admire. The sarong fell to the floor next. Ina looked so hot in her micro bikini, but this had to go as well. Joan’s hands were shaking, and Ina had to help her with the top. Ina could hardly believe it, it felt like getting stripped by a teenager who made his first experience with a girl. Kind of, it was exactly what was going on, only that Joan was far from being sexually unexperienced, but with women it was different. She hastily pulled down Ina’s bottoms to reveal her beautiful completely shaven pussy. Ina’s body with the all over tan was just as spectacular as Joan’s. Her slim body was drawn more muscular than Joan’s, which was a bit fuller, like it was needed for beach wear and lingerie modelling.

Ina noticed Joan’s resistance and insecurity, lesbian sex was new to her and obviously she felt weird being with a woman. Still Ina was touched by Joan’s willingness to give something in return. Reluctant fingers started to probe Ina’s pussy, and although Joan felt awkward touching another woman, of course she knew how to handle a pussy. Still her hands were trembling, Joan was having a hard time to overcome her inhibitions. Ina of course knew about their audience. Still she was a bit shocked when she saw the streams of cum slowly leaking down the kitchen window. That was really gross! What kind of guys did jerk off all together? That wasn’t quite what Ina had expected when she had secretly invited them to come with them. Actually, Ina was that disgusted, that she did not want to go on at all. From the beginning she had been determined to stay out of view and she had succeeded so far. And of course she was heavily aroused from having exploiting Joan’s sensual body at great length. But Joan’s reluctant hands and the audience of perverts didn’t turn her on at all. Maybe she should just finish this right here and right now?

Against better judgement, Ina decided differently. Joan was obviously unexperienced with girls and very reluctant. It was now or never, wasn’t it? If Ina stopped her now, she would most probably not try again. So Ina should better endure it, despite of Joan’s clumsiness and despite of the unnerving audience of strangers right in front of her.

So Ina let Joan make her stand and turn and lean on the kitchen sink. This way she stuck out her butt, allowing good access to her pussy for Joan’s shivery hands. And she looked straight out of the window, at the group of guys outside, just a little obscured from view by the drying cum that was plastering the window. Ina sure was a flirt and a fun loving girl, sometimes even a tease, but she had never imagined to take things that far. This was crazy! At the same time Ina almost had to laugh about Joan’s nervousness and insecurity. This woman had pranced around in public stark naked, and now she was having a hard time fondling another woman. Ina looked up at their audience again and to her horror she noticed that they were no longer occupied with jerking off. Instead they had grabbed theirs phones to get some captures. She quickly lowered her head on the kitchen sink in order to hide her face. In the very moment Ina cast away her gaze from the guys outside, for a split second she thought she had seen a familiar face in the crowd. Again! Her ex. Could that possibly be? She quickly looked up again, facing the cameras for a moment while searching their audience for her ex’s face, but to no avail. For the second time today she felt like she had seen him. Could she be so wrong twice? What a shock! Her ex was the last person Ina wanted to see this.

Joan noticed Ina stiffening all of a sudden. She almost burst out laughing. Joan thought that only this was the very moment in which Ina realised that they were not alone. So Joan ended it all by slapping Ina on the butt. “Oh, look! It seems we got ourselves an audience…”, she pretended to notice it for the first time. Funny enough, Ina believed her. She almost felt sorry for Joan. Ina thought it was completely her fault and that she was to blame for bringing them into a situation that was much more humiliating than they had bargained for.

So the show was over kind of abruptly. The guys did not mind that much, all of them had already come watching Joan, getting an eyeful of Ina in the nude had been a great encore. Now they called it a day and left, not without promising to return tomorrow.

Would they really put on such a show again?

Before calling it a say, Joan and Ina had to go outside again to wipe the cum of the window. This job was kind of disgusting, but sharing the work and joking about it got them closer. And they found some money the guys had left for them. Not bad! They started joking about doing it again tomorrow.

Joan had no idea what Ina really thought about it, but actually her pussy was tingling imagining it.

Ina actually was bothered, because she was pretty sure that she had seen the face of her ex twice today. It was only for a split second both times, but she was concerned. Could she be so badly mistaken? He was the last person she wanted to see her doing such things. And there was more. She felt kind of safe doing these things here in Thailand, far away from home. Nobody would ever know. But if her ex saw her exposing herself, or if he, even worse, captured her doing so, he sure was capable of showing the material to everybody back home. She could easily imagine him being a vengeful person.

So the day ended, and Joan finally had found a decent place to sleep. And her adventure was to go on together with a new friend.