**Katie in Costa Rica**

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**Katie in Costa Rica Pt. 01**

I found the passport right where Katie said I would, in the small top drawer of her chest of drawers. It was in the back, hidden by a jumble of tiny, brightly colored pieces of fabric and string -- her bikini drawer. I grabbed the passport, put it in my backpack and headed for the door. There wasn't a second to waste.

Then I stopped, went back to the open drawer and scooped up two handfuls of bikinis, leaving some behind. Into the backpack they went.

No time. We had a flight to catch.

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Katie doesn't know the effect she has on men.

She'd grown up in a small city up north, a place cold and gloomy most of the year. Her mother was an eccentric beauty, a drunk and a flirt. In reaction, Katie became something of a retro-hippie wallflower, hoping to pass through most situations, it seemed, without being noticed.

She is beautiful too, but on the cute side of the scale, the girl next door personified. She is 5-foot-3, 110 pounds, with dirty-blonde hair that she keeps long, parted on the side. She has green eyes and a wide smile, though it's hard to get her to smile for a picture -- she usually sticks her tongue out and makes a face just as you take it.

Her arms and legs are slim, very slim, and her breasts are small and in proportion, yet she has hourglass hips, and a lifetime of ballet has left her with a bottom that juts out dramatically from her lower back, with two deep dimples just above it.

She's 26, and still gets mistaken for a teenager.

She tends to dress for comfort more than style, and certainly not with much thought for sexiness. Still, men notice her -- of course they do -- though she seems heedless of their attentions. Many are stricken by her casual beauty and sunny nature; I soon found that in her wake she leaves a series of hapless crushes.

Count me among them. My heart was gone, the night I met her, and we married within 10 months, at just 24, bonding over movies and reading, folk music and liberal politics. She made me feel like I was home.

Within a year, we moved to Florida for my dream job. Though it didn't pay much, we agreed Katie would stay home for a while to fix up the little house we bought near the beach. We were only able to do that because of a down payment from the money she'd saved at a high-powered job in the city she moved to after college. Me? I was broke when I met her.

Restoring that house meant a steady stream of contractors who came early in the morning and seemed to stay until I got home in the evening. They enjoyed their work, I suspect: In that ungodly August Florida heat, Katie -- remember, she dresses more for comfort than style -- took to wearing tank tops and shorts, or short sun dresses, bearing her shoulders and slender legs.

And unless we were going out, and sometimes even when we did, she stopped wearing bras, which she found intolerable in the unaccustomed heat. As a result, her nipples were a near-constant sight, straining against her tank tops, silhouetted against her thin sun dresses.

She meant nothing by it -- she wasn't acting like someone who was trying to be sexy, which made the effect even sexier. Count the contractors among those she left swooning.

We began going to the beach too, as Katie started learning how to surf, which had been my passion since I was a preteen.

She had a bedraggled black one-piece swimsuit from freshman year in college that still looked magnificent on her, given her slender curves. But I think even she realized how out of date it was, especially given what the other girls on the beach were wearing. That is, not much of anything.

One evening she surprised me by modeling two bikinis she'd bought from the surf shop at the end of the street. By Florida standards, they were modest, with generous coverage on the bottom. But I was instantly hard: My Katie, in a bikini. Her belly button. Cleavage. The material coming to a V between her legs. Her bare back, with those dimples.

She registered my reaction with a smile.

And she took my hand as I led her, again, to our bedroom.

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Our neighbor, Jerry, is a sweet guy in his mid-50s whose yard is separated from ours by a low chain-link fence. He's among those taken by the Katie effect, and he spends much time with her, helping with the house and garden, just chatting.

As a reward, he gets hour after hour of Katie time, taking in the slender, casually sexy beauty of the actual girl next door, a reminder -- in the tender flesh -- of his younger days.

I had seen him gazing wistfully at the bare skin between her tank top and her shorts, the flash of bellybutton, the dimples on her lower back. And I had seen him taking in Katie's breasts, when offered, as she leaned forward in her sundresses to pull at a plant or ask his help on a woodworking project.

But he is always respectful; I have even seen him avert his eyes when she, unknowingly, leaned too far forward in those dresses.

Jack down the street, meanwhile, is not so relaxed about it. About the same age as Jerry, maybe a little older, he often ambushes us, drink in hand, as we make our way to the beach, stopping to tell us long, amusing stories about the neighborhood we had moved into.

That gives him the chance to leer at Katie behind his sunglasses, taking in every inch of her body, eyes flicking over her breasts, across her belly and the curve of her hips, down her slim legs, then fixated on her round butt as she walks away.

I didn't blame him. I often got a hard-on just walking with her to the beach, shifting my surfboard to cover it as best I could.

Sex isn't as important to Katie as it is to me, though that doesn't mean she doesn't enjoy it. But it's usually more about romance to her than animal passion. Sometimes, I admit, I wish otherwise.

Living in Florida though, in that heat, with that lack of clothing, seemed to allow her to push her boundaries a little.

One night, shortly after moving in, we were in bed when we could hear the quiet conversation of people in the yard behind ours, the clinking of glasses, soft laughter.

Our window was open, and we had not yet bought blinds, but our light was off and we were sure -- well, pretty sure -- that no one from the outside could make out what happened in our room.

We kissed and touched, as the gentle voices continued from beyond the window. I whispered to her. "Those people. They're right there. They don't know we're here."

Katie kissed me, her lips running down my chest to just below my bellybutton. I strained forward, urgently, and her tongue reached out to flick my cock. I groaned as she opened her mouth for me.

"Shhh," she whispered, putting her finger to my mouth. "Shhh."

Then she climbed atop me, naked, and took me into her, directly in front of the window over our bed. She was already very wet. She slid up and down on me, her hands behind her, nails digging into my legs, her back arched, her breasts glowing in the moonlight. Her nipples were huge; I could even see them in the shadow of her body that the moon cast upon the wall.

The murmured conversation continued, perhaps 15 yards outside the window. She moved faster and faster, the only sounds the soft rustle of sheets and the delicious slurping sound of her sliding up and down on me. She stifled moans as her orgasm overtook her. I'd already had mine.

After, she stayed there that way for a minute, maybe longer, feeling the warm night air on her body. She turned to watch her shadow on the wall as she gave a few more thrusts against my softening cock, seeming to glory in her power.

Weeks later we went for a walk on the beach, down to the shops and back. She wore a white sun dress, one of those with dozens of little buttons up the front, and just a pair of panties underneath. On the way back, we walked at the water's edge. It was high tide, and waves splashed the bottom of her dress, and a couple of larger ones made their way higher, up those buttons.

That night, in bed, she began to breathe heavier as I told her what she'd looked like in that dress, how the sun shined through it and showed her legs and hips, how the top became transparent when wet.

Then I went farther: While stroking her, I whispered how men in the long condo building that fronted the beach must have seen her walk by, must have stopped what they were doing to stand at their windows, to take out their cocks ...

She joined in the touching. Her breathing was much, much heavier by now.

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I was perpetually in a Katie fever, sometimes absolutely on fire, but always with at least a low-grade fever, even at work, while driving, while shopping.

Shopping: One evening after work, I stopped at the surf shop, lingered by the boards, the men's shorts, then -- almost as if I couldn't help it -- I went to the bikini section, taking casual looks at the ones hanging on a rack. I was embarrassed. I was quick. I picked one up, took it to the counter.

But only after getting a surf magazine too. I couldn't make it look like I was just buying a bikini. Especially one so unapologetically bright red and tiny.

"Um, my wife wanted me to get ..."

The girl at the cash register didn't even look up. She'd seen this act many times before.

Katie rolled her eyes when I told her I'd gotten her something she might like. It was the same every time; I'd begun buying clothes for her and she'd complain, gently, and give that eye roll.

But here's the thing: She didn't like to shop for herself and, being of a practical mind, she would eventually end up wearing what I bought anyway: tight jeans, short shorts, tank tops, strappy sun dresses. And usually liking it, eventually.

Not so the red bikini, apparently. It went into her top drawer, tags still on, and stayed there for months. Occasionally, I'd say, "Um, do you think you want to wear that, um ..."

I got nowhere.

Then the ocean awoke, and a beautiful little swell rolled in, day after day. On Saturday, late in the morning, the tide was perfect. "Let's go," I said, after grabbing my boardshorts from where they hung on the chain link fence.

Katie came out of our bedroom in short white jean shorts, frayed at the bottom, and ... the top of the red bikini. Instantly, I thought: Is she wearing the bottoms too? No, doubtful.

That was OK. The top was enough: Two small triangles of red that slid on a string that wrapped below her breasts and tied in the back and at her neck. They showed the swell of her cleavage, as well as a hint of untanned skin on the sides of her breasts. Gorgeous. And I was a bull to a matador's red cape.

So too was Jack, ice cubes tinkling in his glass, as he stopped us again, soaking in the sight of Katie behind his sunglasses. We broke free quickly, though, leaving him to just gaze as she headed away, those white shorts twitching with every step.

At the beach, we kicked off our flip flops and put our boards on the sand. Katie scanned the waves and undid the top button of her white shorts. "Looks great," she said.

I agreed, especially as she wriggled her hips to ease the shorts. It took some wriggling to get them over the rise of her bottom, as they got stuck halfway down. An extra vigorous wriggle got them over the hump.

There they were -- the red bikini bottoms.

She saw me looking and wrinkled her nose. "Don't get used to it," she said in mock sternness. "My striped one needs sewing and the polka-dot ones are still wet and sandy."

I didn't risk saying anything, just nodded as she carried her board to the water's edge and laid it on the sand, facing the waves. I stood in place, watching as she took a scrunchie from her wrist and raised her arms to tie back her hair, which had turned sun-streaked and quite blonde from the Florida sun and saltwater.

I wasn't the only one watching. I looked around: About 30 people were on the beach, and all of them, men and women, were sneaking peeks at Katie. A guy on a beach cruiser bicycle riding behind her took one casual look, then a double take. His bike hit a soft patch of sand and the handlebars and front wheel wobbled crazily before he was able to get them under control. He still risked a third look back though as he rode away.

Who could blame him?

From the back, the top of her bikini was nothing but string, tied together in the middle, the two ends making their way down her back to just above her dimples.

The bottom was mostly string as well, and at the sides Katie had tied big loops with loose ends that went about six inches down her thighs. From behind, the angle I and everyone on the beach had, there was about five inches of fabric at the top of the bikini, though that triangle quickly narrowed to oblivion between the pert globes of her bottom.

It wasn't any more revealing than what was worn by many of the other girls you'd see on the beach here, but on Katie -- with her hips, her slim limbs, those back dimples, her easy grace, her lack of tattoos -- it seemed somehow more naked, more primal.

Especially when she pushed over a wave and jumped on her board. From behind, as she stroked out, the red material of her bottom disappeared and all you saw were her cheeks, glistening wet, rising abruptly from her upper thighs.

About 10 other surfers were out, and they shortly took this as an opportunity to paddle by her, again and again. "Nice waves, huh?" was about all they could manage to say.

She was oblivious, too busy catching waves. I didn't get many: I was having too much fun watching her. She straddled her board to wait for each wave, and when one came, she turned her board around and fell to her belly on it.

Each time, there was a flash of red between her legs, and then that naked bottom. And as she rode the wave, dropping and climbing, my eyes -- and those of every other surfer -- were fixated on that bottom, all the way to the beach.

I heard a low whistle. "Dude ..."

I looked up. My friend Jason had paddled down from his house a few blocks south.

He shook his head. "Dude, my God."

I smiled. "I know."

He had quickly come under Katie's spell too, as soon as we'd met him months before. It was so obvious even she recognized it. It kind of tickles her -- Jason is a genuinely nice guy, one of the best people I know -- though it does embarrass her a little as well.

"Don't you ever mess up," he'd tell me. "Or I'm moving in." It was a running joke, and I admit I was proud I had her to myself.

Katie paddled back out and rested on her belly atop her board, looking up at us as she pushed hair off her face. Jason was on a standup paddleboard that he liked to ride when the waves were small, and from that vantage point he had an unparalleled view of Katie and her red bikini.

Another voice came. "Hey y'all." It was Brant, another friend, who had paddled from his house to the north. Brant too had a crush on Katie, but he was cooler about it, and I doubt she even noticed. He was also just as nice a guy as his Jason; they were both fit and handsome and you'd hate them if they weren't so decent.

As we made some small talk, Katie sat up on her board, water dripping from her hair and shoulders, and looked down to make micro-adjustments to her bikini's triangle tops. She had our rapt attention.

But where to look?

Her smile, the way she pushed her tongue against her upper teeth when she gave a big, genuine smile?

Her nipples, poking through the red top that held her breasts in place?

Her tan legs as they straddled the board, and the sliver of red bikini bottom between them?

Her hips? Her flat belly? Her belly button, in which a new jeweled piercing winked in the sun?

She liked jewelry, and had surprised me with that piercing a week before. Many girls in Florida had them, and I'd mentioned several times that I liked them, a lot. I didn't add that it made the girls look a little slutty, which I liked. On her though? It just looked sexy and fun.

Jason, Brant and I weren't going anywhere, so when another wave peaked up, she called it hers and spun around, dropping to her board and stroking toward shore, her bottom flexing with every paddle. There was that thin strip of red between her cheeks again. And she was off.

This time it was Brant who said what we were all thinking.

"Dude ..."

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At the wheel of our car, Katie was clearly wavering.

The plan was for her to drop me, Jason and Bryan off at the airport with our boards, where we'd meet four other friends who were driving separately. It was a guy's trip, a week reserved at a new surf camp in Costa Rica.

"Come on, you'd love Costa Rica," Jason said from the back seat.

"The swell looks perfect," Brant, next to him, said. "And the food ... the yoga ... the waterfalls ..."

I spoke up, reluctantly. "I really don't think we can afford ..."

"No," Jason said. "Our pleasure. It wouldn't be the same without you. We're doing this for ourselves."

"The room's already paid for," Brant said. "And we have miles!"

Katie looked over at me. I nodded: If you want.

An uncertain look passed over her face. "But I don't have my passport," she said. "We don't have time."

Jason spoke up. "If Mark hurries ..."

We pulled up at Departures, and the guys quickly unstrapped the surfboards from the roof, unloaded the backpacks we carried.

"We'll check your board," Jason told me. "Come on Katie, we'll get your ticket."

She looked at me again. "Go," I said. "I'll hurry."

She gave me a quick kiss, and turned to go into the concourse with the guys. I didn't have time, but I lingered for a few seconds to watch her leave. She wore a short sun dress with spaghetti straps; it came to her mid-thighs and flounced a little when she walked. She had low wedge sandals that laced up around her calves.

I sighed, and felt a stirring in my lap. Katie fever.

I jammed the car into first, chirping my wheels as I raced home. Not much time, and a flight to Costa Rica to catch -- with Katie.

**Katie in Costa Rica - Unveiled**

Katie spun around in delight as we entered the surf camp in Costa Rica. Her short sun dress spun with her, lifting higher to show a glimpse of bottom, bisected by white panties. An innocent flash, missed by most.

Katie doesn't know the effect she has on men.

We were the only guests, and the place was spotless, fancier than we had thought, up on a bluff overlooking the ocean. It had a wide veranda with sofas, hammocks, a pool table and a long dining table. Beyond that was a small bright blue swimming pool, with a swim-up bar. A separate open-air yoga studio stood slightly higher up the hill.

Katie sighed with delight, leaning over to smell the profusion of exotic flowers that lined the path, skipping down the path toward the veranda. As she turned, the hem of her old sun dress got caught in a prickly plant and tore, leaving a hole about a foot long up her right leg.

"Oh no," she said, holding the material together. I told her it was OK: There must be a place somewhere nearby where we could get her another dress.

From the airport, we had taken an early morning private shuttle bus driven by Ramon, a handyman at the resort. He was friendly, eager to try out his English. I had the front seat next to him, while the other guys - Jason and Brant, plus surfer friends Tim, Johnny, Sam and Chase - bunched together in the two back rows.

We gave Katie the second, shorter row to herself. At 5-3, she fit in it perfectly.

She had quickly fallen asleep, her head under my backpack, her shoes - wedge sandals with laces around her calves - up on the seat rest. Her dress moved with the wind coming through the windows, lifting lazily off her upper thighs.

The dress hadn't revealed anything she would have preferred to have kept hidden, but it sure threatened to, much to the interest of those of us in the bus, including Ramon, whose eyes flitted from the road to his rearview mirror.

It was a faded green, with small flowers. She'd had it since high school, and the top was just a little too snug. Though it had a high, square neck, the front was a little narrow, showing a neat line of white untanned skin on the outside of each breast. Ramon noted that too.

I daydreamed during the trip, remembering one full-moon night in a lifeguard chair on the beach at home, when she'd climbed into my lap in that dress. She had moved around on top of me, rubbing against my cock. I could smell her already, even in that salt air.

She had giggled as she shifted her panties to the side - and gasped as I pushed the top of her dress to the center, leaving her breasts and quickly stiffening nipples to glow in the moonlight.

She fumbled to open my shorts, then lifted her hips and impaled herself on me, already very, very wet, already close to coming ...

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It was only 9 a.m. by the time we'd arrived at the resort, and we were eager to get a quick first surf in the small waves below. The guys raced to their rooms, pulling on their boardshorts, then began unpacking the boards.

Katie took longer in our room before making her appearance. She'd taken off her torn sun dress and was wearing one of the bikinis I'd hastily put in my backpack when I raced home to get her passport for this unexpected trip.

I'd bought it just weeks before and it was already one of my favorites, a yellow string bikini that rode low on her hips; its cheeky bottom fit was emphasized by material that was puckered in the back, framing her curves, each of which flowed into the next.

"Yowzah," said Sam. "You are definitely the hottest thing in this motley group. Holy mother of God."

Katie curtsied, smiling. She knew that was coming: Sam is a motor-mouth jokester without much of a filter. She was used to him.

And she had gotten used to bikinis in our year in Florida. Most girls from their teens to 30s wore similar suits, many even more daring, and it seemed natural now to her. To me too, though the effect it made on me did not seem to be wearing off just yet.

The owner of the place, a gringo from California who'd introduced himself on our arrival, came over, a camera around his neck. "Ready for a surf, guys?" he said, with an easy smile.

We were, and one by one we picked up our boards and followed him down the long stone steps that led to the beach.

"I'll get some pictures of you surfing, OK?" the owner said, knowing surfers loved to see photos of themselves on the waves.

We were eager to get out, and raced into the water. Katie was left behind, having a little trouble attaching her surf leash to her board, which was borrowed from the resort.

Katie, in bed with me that night, told me what happened next.

"Can I help?" the owner had said, kneeling down to work open the velcro on the leash. He was in his early 30s, a few years older than us, gracious and almost ridiculously handsome, leanly muscled, with the aura of someone used to wealth and an easy life. Perhaps that's how he was able to start up such a nice resort from scratch, I'd thought.

Once it was fixed, they stood up.

"Um, it's Katie right?" he said.

She nodded.

"I know you must be eager to get in the surf, but would you mind ...?" he said, holding up his camera. "Just a few? We're just a few weeks old and I'm trying to get some photos up on our social media."

Katie nodded again.

"Well I guess," she said. She looked around uncertainly.

"Where do you want me?" She realized that sounded bad.

"Um, what do you want me to do?" She groaned inwardly. That sounded even worse.

He put her at ease, starting with a few right there, casual shots as she stood with her board, facing him. "Now how about putting the board down and letting your hair down?" he said.

She nodded, her hair cascading over her shoulders as her scrunchie came off. "Great," he said, snapping away. "Really great. Now spin around slowly a few times, please. Wow, great."

Snap, snap, snap.

Then he asked her to kneel at the water's edge. "Kind of a corny cheesecake shot, I know," he said, but ..."

It was indeed corny, she told me in our room after surfing, as I held her close and stroked her back. But in her retelling, her voice grew softer, more hoarse, as she admitted it felt less corny — more, what? - as she kneeled in the waves as the camera clicked.

She was, she told me, keenly aware of the warm tropical water splashing over her, soaking her yellow suit, aware of the lens just a few feet away, focused on her. Just her.

Here she was - a girl who a year before didn't even own a bikini, had never dreamed of surfing, had never so much as shown her bellybutton in public. And now she was rolling around in the Pacific like a movie star or model, covered only by a collection of strings and pieces of yellow fabric no bigger than her hand, belly-button jewel shining in the sun.

And what was she doing giving a coy smile to the surf camp owner, tossing her sun-bleached hair so it fell over one eye?

Why, oh why, was she tugging playfully at the knot on the side of her bikini bottom? One good pull on the string, she thought, and it would fall off, just like that. My God, why am I even thinking of this?

"It was, I don't know, kind of intoxicating," she whispered to me in bed that night.

"Yeah," I whispered back. "We were all watching. From the water."

She moaned at that, and moved against me.

"All of you?" she said.

"All of us."

Katie's bottom made involuntary circles against me. "I think ... I think ..."

I rubbed my hand down her lower back, up and over her bare bottom, a steep climb up, a sharp drop down. "You think what?"

She whispered back, urgently this time. "I think I want to do that again ..."

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After posing for those photos, Katie had stayed in that yellow bikini all day. She wore it while surfing. She wore it at lunch. She wore it as we explored the grounds of the resort. She wore it while lying on her belly sunbathing by the veranda. She wore it as she took a dip in the pool as an otherworldly sunset fell over the Pacific.

No matter how long we saw it, we never got tired of it. You don't get tired of the sight of something like that, the way it clung to her, dry or wet, the way it framed her breasts, drew attention to her bottom.

And you couldn't help but think: A pull of a string here, the pull of a string there ...

As dinner neared, she disappeared into her room as the guys and I hungrily lined up near the dining table of the surf camp, all still wearing just our boardshorts. We heard voices coming from a bungalow behind us. New guests had arrived, four burly sport fishermen from Canada, and introductions were made.

They were a couple of decades older than us, in their late 40s, mid 50s, I figured, and seemed like decent guys, though they were all wore baggy cargo shirts and those long-sleeved fishing shirts with vents and flaps. They had been drinking a good bit already, clearly happy to be in Costa Rica, and made jokes about being away from wives and work.

We all settled in at the long table as the cook brought out plates of local fish, rice and beans, salsa, plantains. Simple and delicious.

Katie came down the stairs from our room for dinner. We saw her lower legs first, slim and tanned, with those laces winding around her calves atop her wedge sandals. Another couple of steps, and there she was, wearing the red string bikini I had bought her, the one she'd worn reluctantly at first before moving it into her regular rotation.

The bikini's triangle top swayed softly with her small breasts as she took the final steps down.

Well below her bejeweled

bellybutton, the front of the bikini dipped low, making a soft V, as if pointing to what lay below. The long strings at its sides, lying inches below her jutting hip bones, waved lazily against her thighs.

As usual, it was Sam who said what we were all thinking. "Hubba, hubba!" he hooted. "Holy hotness, Batgirl!" Others joined in the hooting. Me too, I admit.

"I ripped my sun dress," she said, giving a pained smile. "And all Mark brought me to wear were bikinis."

The guys laughed and hooted some more. Sam pounded the table. "Best trip ever!" he said.

"Hey," I said in mock protest. "I had to race to get your passport. I didn't have time to get anything else. You're lucky I got those!"

Then she noticed the Canadians at the end of the table. At the sight of Katie - all 110 pounds of her - they sat up straight. Their eyes were soaking her in. "This trip just got a lot more interesting," I heard one of them joke.

She went straight over to them, her eyes flashing, giving a big smile. "Hi, I'm Katie," she said, shaking hands with each of them, making small talk with them. Her forthright friendliness surprised them, I think. But that's just the way my girl-next-door Katie is.

As the evening went on and many beers were drunk, she began to have a good time in the warm night air, relaxing as we told after-dinner tall tales. Mock complaining each time, she went to the kitchen again and again to get us beer, her almost-bare bottom swaying in the tiny bikini, an effect emphasized by her wedge sandals.

The guys invariably got up to thank her, giving big hugs, drawing her close to them, then taking the opportunity to keep her there. The Canadians, playing the gentleman, settled for smiles and some high-fives.

I was struck by the contrast of us and them. Us, tall, shirtless but in long boardshorts, the Canadians in those ridiculous fishing clothes covering their expanding middle-aged bodies.

Then there was Katie, just 5-3 and slim, in a few scraps of tiny red that, put together, would barely cover a Canadian's left shoulder.

The material didn't seem to cover so much as emphasize her breasts, her belly, her back, her butt ... and her pussy, barely covered in the front by the dipping V, the thin flashes of red from behind.

I thanked the fashion gods who had made it this way.

And I thought about the social contract we had somehow made, the one between women and men. That is, they show - and we look.

Think of fancy parties you've gone to, the men in loose jackets and pants, and the women in body-hugging, cleavage-bearing dresses. Think of the casual outdoor barbecue, the men in T-shirts and long shorts, the women in tight tanks and tiny shorts that showed their entire length of their legs.

And think of Katie that night on the veranda in Costa Rica: One young woman with long sun-bleached hair, a tiny red bikini and sandals. And us, close-shorn, clumsy and overdressed in comparison, taking in every inch of her that she offered us.

Katie danced to the Costa Rican pop on the sound system, occasionally busting out a ballet move. And she joined in enthusiastically as we played rounds of beer-infused charades, jumping in delight when she got the clue. She is whip-smart, and won most of the rounds.

My friends, all six of them, took every victory as an opportunity to give Katie yet another exaggerated hug, one after the other. "My turn!" Sam would yell. Others took up the cry.

Eventually the boldest of the Canadians got in the act, dragging her away from charades and back to dancing. He made gawky attempts at hip-hop moves and even tried some mock twerking.

Katie smiled, turned her back to him, bent over in her bikini. She put her hands on her hips and for about 20 glorious seconds showed him how it was done before collapsing in laughter.

How did she know how to do that? I thought. I'd never seen her try that. Are women just born knowing these moves?

And for the Canadian? I think it was the highlight of his entire sixth decade of life.

Finally I was able to get near to her and was rewarded with a kiss. She was sweating slightly, breathing heavily. I put one hand on her bare hip, above the loop of her bikini tie, and she trailed her hand down my belly to the top of my shorts.

She whispered in my ear: "There is a LOT of male energy floating around here."

"You think?" I said. "There are, what, 11 of us, and one of you. And just look at you."

She pushed one hip out and stuck her tongue out at me. "What? Little ol' me?" Then she pulled me close.

"I'm having fun," she said. "All day in a bikini. And all of this attention, it's nice."

She adopted a vaguely Eastern European accent and whispered in my year: "It is just as Queen Katie deserves. But it's making me vant ... you."

She flicked her tongue in my ear, then went back toward the scrum of men, a flash of hips and bottom that soon disappeared from view.

As the evening wound down, the owner showed up on a small motorcycle, coming from the nearby bungalow he shared with his wife. We had heard rumors of a Brazilian knockout but had not yet met her.

He had his laptop with him and was grinning broadly. "Hey, check this out. Our social media is blowing up," he said. "I posted some pictures of you guys - OK, mostly Katie - and it's been nonstop since then. This is unreal. We just opened the place and ..."

Katie hung back as the seven of us surfers bunched up around the computer. The first few photos were of us surfing, but we raced past those to scroll slowly through the ones of Katie, about 50 in all. The owner was a fine photographer, obviously with some training, but it was Katie who made the photos great: A shy smile at first, then laughing, increasingly flirty.

In the last few shots, if I don't know better, she looked positively wanton, lying in the sand, back slightly arched as she raised herself on her elbows and looked up at the camera, her hair over one eye.

You could see her breasts rising above the yellow bikini top, and the clear outline of her nipples just underneath. Whitewater had just rolled off her back, her bottom, her slightly spread legs, leaving them gleaming.

Each picture had a small logo in the corner: "Katie@," it said, followed by the name of the resort.

We were struck into silence. Even Sam couldn't think of a wisecrack.

Then Katie pushed through us to look at the pictures, scrolling slowly through until she reached the last few. Seemingly unaware of the rest of us, she paused, fixed on the screen, the logo with her name on it. She bit her lip.

The owner took us aside, leaving the laptop behind, open on the dining table, as the Canadians quickly scurried over to it.

"Um guys, this is crazy cool," he said. "We've never had numbers like this before. Look: Feel free to say no - I know you just got here today- but what would you think if Katie were to stay behind tomorrow as the rest of you go surfing? Luis will take the rest of you guys to a good spot that's perfect with the morning tide, and it's only going to get better as the day goes on."

He hesitated. "Look, I'd love to get some stills and video showcasing the place, and I thought having Katie along would really make them look good.

She and I looked at each other.

"I know it's a lot to ask," the owner said. "But hey: You both can come back for another trip, a week, two weeks, any time you want. It's on me. It would be fun."

He gave a last plea: "It would really help us here. And anything you need, just ask."

Katie crossed her arms under her breasts. She didn't look at me for approval

"I think," said, "I think ..."

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Katie had grown up in a cold northern town, a wallflower, uncertain of her place in the world, who came alive only while performing ballet.

Yet she'd just spent an entire day in bikinis - the first time ever. She'd been photographed and complimented. She'd had attention lavished on her by our surfer friends, by the Canadian fishermen who joined us. More than that, though: She felt as if we had all enjoyed being with her, the joking, the dancing, the small talk.

The bikinis were just a plus.

She'd enjoyed them too though, if her reaction to the photos - and my description of them to her later that night - was any indicator.

"Just think of how many people, all around the world, have seen them already," I whispered to her as we made love. "Hundreds? A couple thousand? They're all looking at you. Just you. They'll be on there forever, and many more will look at you."

She moved more violently beneath me.

"Looking at your breasts. Looking at your butt. Your pussy ..."

Katie groaned. She wriggled out from underneath me, piled two pillows on the bed, and turned on her belly, her hips raised across the pillow. I got on my knees behind her and plunged in.

Just after turning 26, Katie had finally begun to figure out the effect she had on men - even if she didn't quite yet believe it.

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The next morning, I woke up before the alarm on my phone, slipping out of our room, leaving Katie behind in bed, still sleeping. I'd tossed for much of the night, thinking of the photos.

Luis, the local surf guide, was already quietly loading our boards on top of the camp's pickup truck, enough for all seven of us. It was still dark. The surf will be good, he promised me, and no one else will be there.

We all quietly pulled away from the camp a few minutes later, bleary eyed but excited by our prospects for waves, leaving Katie in bed, still sleeping.

Here's the story of her next few hours, as pieced together by what she told me later and from the video evidence of that day.

At first light, there was a gentle knock at her door. It was the owner of the camp.

He called her name and apologized. "The morning light is good now," he said. "Do you mind if we get started?"

She opened the door, a bed sheet wrapped around her. Her long sun-streaked hair was tousled, her eyes blinking as they adjusted to the light.

"Perfect," he said. "Stay like that, please."

He explained what he was looking for: He wanted video and pictures to show what a typical day at the camp was like, something to entice people to come. So why not start now, in the early morning?

The camp was on a bluff above an isolated beach, and right now, he said, a drone operated by a young local named Jose was hovering over it, taking video. It would come to the window of Katie's room, as if was going to enter through the white curtains billowing in the breeze, but would of course stay outside.

He asked Katie to get back in the bed with the sheet over her. As she did, he opened the door wider and in came a young Australian surfer he introduced as Trevor; he lived in the fishing village to the south, and worked occasionally for the camp. Trevor wore just a pair of boardshorts and had a camera around his neck. Behind him was Ramon, who had driven us from the airport, carrying video equipment.

Katie blinked. She was not expecting this - so many men, right in her bedroom. But they were all gentlemen, and Ramon even shyly averted his eyes from her as he gave the video camera to the owner.

"OK, now," the owner said. "Pretend like you're waking up, slowly, luxuriously. Stretch your arms perhaps." He grinned. "Look happy. Like this is the best place on Earth."

He pushed the button on the video camera as she did as he asked, rolling from her belly to her side. One leg snaked out of the covers, which slid partway down her back. She smiled at the video camera and slowly turned on her back and stretched her arms out, tossing her hair off her face.

She was naked under the sheet.

Later she told me that she felt a little strange, a little detached, knowing the three men, virtually strangers, were in the room with her. But then she realized it felt luxurious, a little daring. Heat began to grow, low in her belly.

A faint whirring could be heard. Ramon went to the window overlooking the ocean, and pushed the gauzy curtains open a little. He nodded to the owner and resumed his position: The drone had made its approach.

"OK Katie," the owner said. "Do you mind getting out of bed and walking to the window, as if you were going to look out at the ocean? Leave the sheet on, of course."

She nodded, and gathered the sheet around her, just above her breasts. She slid out of bed, slowly, and stretched again. She walked to the window and pushed aside the curtain.

"OK now could you just take it all in - the view, the breeze?" the owner asked.

Then he made a suggestion. Could she let the sheet slide off her to the floor? It would make a nice ending to this scene, and they would stop filming, of course, as she let go.

"We won't actually show, you know, anything," he said.

Katie nodded, as if in a spell.

"When?" she said.

The owner paused, speaking slowly. "How about ... now."

And she did, feeling the sheet slip off her back and over her breasts. It paused as it reached her bottom, stuck for a second, then slid below.

Instinctively, she grabbed it before it hit the floor and pulled it back over her hips.

"My camera's off," the owner said. "That was great, Katie."

But had she heard Trevor's camera click, click, clicking as the sheet made its descent? She couldn't be sure, and found that she wasn't even sure if she really cared.

Standing at the window, her back to the three men, she looked at the Pacific below. It was really beautiful, she thought, far more rugged than flat Florida.

She felt the heat in her lower belly building as the wind teased the thin curtain over her bare breasts, brushing back and forth against her stiffening nipples. She looked down and realized what was happening. I really should stop his, she thought. But she made no move to do so, not as the gauzy curtain caressed her. It felt so good.

Finally she pulled the sheet up over her, noting her reluctance to do so. At that moment she realized that the drone was still hovering there, perhaps 10 yards away, purring quietly outside the window.

It stayed that way for three or four seconds more, then slowly lifted up and disappeared over the rooftop.

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"I told you!" Sam cheered, pounding his beer can on the dining table on the veranda. "Best trip ever!"

It was. The surf had been perfect all day at the reef where Luis had taken us. We'd eaten at the truck, surfed all afternoon and stayed out until almost sunset before making it back the surf camp, stopping on the way for more beer.

But it wasn't just the surf he was talking about.

Ramon and Trevor, the Australian, had set up a projection screen under the veranda to show a rough-cut of the video of that day. All seven us surfers pushed close to the screen, and the other guests - four middle-aged Canadian fishermen in floppy hats and UV-protecting clothes with lots of pockets and vents - hung back, just a little.

We'd hooted as the the film began, as the drone came in close over the resort, flying over the beach below and slowing to give a nice view of the layout of the place, then coming in close to pause just outside Katie's window.

We quieted, though, at the sight of her under the sheet, her tanned arms and legs, her sun-bleached, wild hair. Then she got up from the bed and walked to the window. The owner had been true to his word: The video cut off as the sheet slid slowly down her back.

Someone at the table groaned in frustration.

Then, the beach below the resort: Katie in a bikini I'd never seen before, given her by the owner's wife, who'd designed a few things she planned to put on sale at the surf camp.

This was a Costa Rican flag bikini, with red, white and blue stripes across the triangle tops. There wasn't room for stripes below though: The bottom was just a strip of red fabric, an inch wide, that went across Katie's hips and dipped in a sharp V into the cleavage of her bottom, where it disappeared.

On screen, she picked up her surfboard and walked toward the water.

"I messed around a little with slow-motion here," the owner said.

"Good choice," Sam said.

Then we saw Katie paddling out, catching waves. The perspective shifted to that of the drone, which hovered over her, over her gleaming back and bottom, before pulling back, showing the whole panorama of cliffs and waves and an offshore island.

Then Katie coming out of the water, pushing back her hair, and walking - in slow motion again - across the beach and up the steep steps back to the camp. The camera lingered behind her on the steps, catching the sway of her bare bottom, the glimpse of red that cupped her pussy, before cutting away.

More groans.

Then Katie at the outdoor shower, in that bikini, the water flowing over her every inch of her, all 110 pounds, the water coursing over her small breasts, down her back, over her lower-back dimples and - Jesus - over her ballet-toned bottom.

Still in slow-motion.

I could hardly believe this was my shy wife. But then she turned to the camera, and there was that smile I know so well - until she made a face, stuck her tongue out and flicked water toward the lens.

It was all beautifully shot, and it did its job as a sales pitch. I could easily picture cubicle-dwelling men and women across the globe pushing the "BOOK TRIP" button on their computer screens as this tropical dream played.

Then it cut to us surfing that morning. Luis, the surf guide, had taken video of us as well, in those wonderful four-foot waves. Any other day, watching ourselves, we would have lingered over every wave, asked for rewinds, for freeze-frames.

Not now. We were restless. Eager to get back to Katie.

And there she was, in the yoga studio, stretching toward the sun in a simple pink tank top - it had the camp name in small letters across the front - and tight baby blue yoga shorts cut halfway up her bottom.

And when she eased into an upward dog pose, sure enough, the camera zoomed in so you could read the surf camp's name, a logo printed right across the back of the waist band, almost obscured by the swell of her buttocks below.

Then more surfing. More waiting for Katie.

Now she was in a baby blue one-piece swimsuit, strolling through the grounds. It wasn't a bikini, but that was just fine.

It dipped low across the top, showing the swell of her small breasts. On the sides, it was cut so that a generous amount of the outsides of her breasts could be seen - a usually forbidden sight, and the sexier for it.

It was low and bare across her back, and the legs were high - cut up past her hips and curving in back to rest above each of her butt cheeks, leaving just a narrow strip of baby blue that quickly disappeared between her cheeks. Her entire bottom poked out, unencumbered by the suit.

On the video, she paused to put a flower in her hair, then walked to the pool, dipped her toe in it, and slowly slid into the water. She swam to the walk-up bar and sat on a concrete ledge under it. There was some sort of a drink with an umbrella in it waiting for her on the bar. She picked it up, took a sip, and turned back around.

The water had plastered her suit to her body and turned the baby blue material almost see-through. She smiled as the camera zoomed in on her face, then down over her chest.

There, in tiny black letters on the thin wet fabric, was the name of the surf camp. But that's not what drew our attention.

On screen Katie took a big sip from her drink and held it out to the camera, giving her big girl-next-door smile.

There were a lot of people there under the veranda: Seven of us surfers, the four Canadians, the camp owner, Trevor the Australian, Ramon the handyman.

And Katie.

Yet the only sounds you could hear was the breeze through the thick plants, the low crack of waves on the beach below. I was keenly aware of my erection inside my boardshorts, so intense it was almost painful.

Cut to more surfing footage, and then the screen went dark. That broke the spell, a little.

We cheered. "Best video ever!" Sam exclaimed.

"Mighty fine work," said one of the middle-aged Canadians. "Is it too late to start surfing?"

"Thanks guys," said the owner. "Glad you liked it. I've already emailed all of you a copy. The connection's slow here, but you should get it soon. But I'm going to do a little more work on it, maybe add a couple more scenes, add some music, and get it online, probably tomorrow. Katie, what do you think?"

She had stood up during the video, come around behind me and rested her hands on my shoulders. I looked up. She was biting her lip.

Katie was still wearing the baby blue one-piece from the video. From my perspective, I could see the sides of her breasts, and could have read, if I had cared to, the name of the surf camp stretched across the suit, framed by her protruding nipples..

She nodded. "I think ... that sounds great."

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After that video, I'd been eager to be alone with Katie, but the other guys were in no hurry to end the night. They brought her more umbrella drinks and coaxed her to the dance floor as old soul music played.

She was having a blast. This was the music she'd grown up with, and she moved naturally with it, in contrast to the gawky maneuvers of the men around her. She made no exaggerated sexy moves, no stripper moves; instead she danced with pure joy, just as she had done as a teenager back home, singing into a hairbrush microphone.

I couldn't stop looking at her. Her hair was in a high, bouncing ponytail. She wore her wedge sandals with straps that encircled her calves. And of course that baby blue one-piece: for all that it covered, what it left uncovered became even sexier.

The top had a habit of sliding down her breasts. I could have sworn it was only her the top of her nipples that kept it from falling right off, bringing the material to a halt. The first few times, she pulled the top back up. Finally she gave up. No one complained.

I took her hand for a slow dance when "My Girl" began playing, but Sam soon cut in, followed by Jason and Bryan.

It became a game, through that song and the ones that followed, both fast and slow: 30 seconds, then one of the guys - six of them, all shirtless, in boardshorts - would cut in and take her hand, wrap an arm around her waist, fingers resting on the bare skin that her one-piece exposed at the top of her buttocks.

During one song, she had to move Sam's hand as he slid it from her lower back down over one protruding cheek. "Sorry!" he said. "Didn't know what I was doing."

It was an odd feeling watching the guys dance with Katie, especially on slower songs, when they pulled her close to their bare chests, her thin swimsuit top mashed against them, their hands just above her naked bottom. They are big, and she is small and slim, and sometimes they even put their hands dangerously close to the exposed sides of her breasts, and lifted her completely off the ground, where she soared, like the ballet dancer she is.

The middle-aged twerking Canadian fisherman from the night before even got in the act, his cargo shorts-covered butt making comical circles as it moved.

This time Katie didn't follow his example. She just stopped, put one hand on her hip and playfully shook a finger at him. "No, no, no," she said.

I had to smile - she was clearly enjoying herself, caught up in the spell of the music, the movement. Back home, she could sometimes get stressed by the demands of daily life. That seemed far away now.

Around midnight, things finally began to wind down after the owner came over to tell us that a trip was planned to a waterfall bright and early; winds wouldn't be good for surfing, so an alternative was needed.

The guys began drifting off to their rooms, giving Katie hugs as they left. The Canadians leaned in too, one arm around her bare back, the other gripping yet another beer. They had no intentions of calling it a night yet.

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"OK, that was even MORE male energy out there," Katie said with a laugh when we finally made it up the stairs and back to our room. "I have to ask. I mean, are all you guys, like, horny all the time? I mean, just dancing - I could feel their, you know ...

I teased her. "Their you-know?"

She blushed. "It has hard not to notice them," she said.

"Well, we are a long from home, and you are the only girl here," I said, "and you are pretty damn beautiful. I mean - little ol' Katie - just look at you now. Two days in bikinis and not much to them ..."

My phone pinged, followed by Katie's. I looked: The video had finally made it to us.

I opened my copy and Katie sat in my lap as we watched it again - the bed sheet, the Costa Rica bikini, the yoga clothes, the baby blue one-piece she had on now.

My growing cock was obvious beneath my shorts, but as the video ended, Katie stood up and went to that open window where she had stood in her bedsheet. The curtain was billowing in the night air, and you could still faintly hear the Motown playing, occasionally drowned out by the Canadians laughing outside below the window.

She began swaying her bottom to the music, then turned to face me. She ran her hands up over her breasts, then down her hips. The breeze blew the curtain against her, wrapping itself around her body.

l stood up but she held up a hand.

"Stay," Katie said. "Watch. Just watch."

She gripped part of the thin curtain in her left hand, which she brought to her belly and then between her legs. She began stroking her pussy through the curtain and the baby blue suit.

"Tell me," she said. "Tell me."

I sat on the edge of the bed. I had a hard time talking, but I knew what she was asking for.

"You know how hot you looked in that video, right? How fucking sexy you are," I said. "And you know that every guy here is looking at the video right now. Replaying it. Freeze-framing it. Right now. Looking at you. At Katie. Every single one of the guys, and the owner, and Trevor, and Ramon, and Luis ..."

Katie moaned, moving her hand faster.

"Every one?" she asked.

"All of them," I said. "Looking at you, Right now."

Her voice quivered and her hand, still clutching the curtain, moved faster against her. "The Canadians?"

"They're right outside. You can hear them. They'll see it soon."

She shivered, cried out, her legs buckling.

"I wanted them to see," she said, breathing heavily. "I wanted ... I let them see. I let them see ..."

I was touching myself now. "Who? See what?"

"In the pool. The cameras. In the one-piece. The owner. Trevor. Ramon. The guy with the drone. They were all there."

"See what?" I asked again.

"This suit," she said, gasping for breath. "You could see almost everything anyway. I told them to turn off their cameras. I think they did, and when they did, I ... I ..."

She reached her free hand up to the low neckline of the one-piece's top. She pulled it down and toward the center and her left breast spring free, its nipple swollen, gigantic, pushing through the billowing curtain. She pulled at the other side and her right breast followed.

"I let them see," she gasped, her breasts bouncing free. Her swimsuit straps slid down her arms.

She pushed them off completely, and the suit fell to her lower belly, hung up on her hips. She looked down at herself, at the gauzy white curtain that covered her. She moved her legs apart and the suit fell to her knees. Her right hand caressed her breasts, brushed over her nipples.

"I let them see. Looked just like that .."

As the boisterous voices of the middle-aged Canadians rose up and through the window, Katie began to come, clutching her breasts with one hand, her other hand moving even more quickly across her pussy. It lasted a long time, and just as she ended, I came too.

Ten minutes later I was ready again, and we made love, slowly, luxuriously this time. No words needed.

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The next morning, with the memories of yesterday fresh in my waking up mind - Katie in that video, Katie admitting she had exposed herself, Katie dancing in that outrageously sexy one-piece, innocence and wantonness mixed together - I woke up with a giant hard-on. I reached for her, but she wasn't there.

I heard movement in the bathroom, then saw her come out the door, wrapped in a towel. It was still dark outside, but I could see she'd brushed her hair out and pulled it back into a high ponytail - one of my favorite looks. I told her so.

"I know, silly," she said. "And I also thought you'd like what I'm wearing. I bought it just for you a few weeks ago, and you were lucky you put in your backpack for me."

"The towel?"

"No silly. This."

She dropped the towel, then turned slowly a few times as she came closer to me. She had on a silver metallic bikini.

The top was tiny and slid on strings; the bottom of each side was only about one inch of fabric, which widened slightly over the nipple before narrowing again. It tied in the back and around her neck. The bottom dipped in front, perilously low, and in the back was just a narrow V of puckered material that basically left her entire round butt exposed. It tied on the sides in big loops.

I could barely speak.

She was swaying her hips for me. "I bought this just for special alone-times like this. NO one else can see it. But you can."

She swayed some more. "I like how it makes my piercing look," she said, fingering her belly button. "But I think it needs a little more."

She turned away - I about came as she did - and went back into the bathroom, coming out with a long silver necklace she'd worn on the flight down. She unwound it and arranged it low across her bare hips.

Katie saw my state. "Looks like someone needs a little love," she said. She climbed on the end of the bed and crawled toward me, like a tiger. "Grrrr," she growled.

Reaching me, she sat up over me. With a flourish, she pulled at the ties at the side of her bikini bottom, hoisted it into the air. "Ta-da!"

She slid slickly on to me.

"Wow," was all I could say.

She whispered into my ear. "I was just thinking - the dancing, the video, the pool. You. Me. Last night."

I pushed deeper into her, just as a loud car horn sounded. You could hear the truck running, right outside the room.

"Come on," voices said. "Waterfall's a-waiting. Let's go."

"No," I whispered to Katie. I'd forgotten about the waterfall trip. "Stay ..."

More honking, more warnings. I held her hips, but she pulled herself off me. We both groaned. "We'll just have to wait," she said, giving the head of my cock a quick kiss. "It'll be a nice wait."

She started heading to the chest of the drawers in the corner to get something other than the silver bikini to wear.

Someone leaned on the car horn. "We're leaving!" they yelled. Tired squealed, once, then twice, sending laughter through the windows.

I was at the door, relunctantly, pulling my boardshorts over my erection. Katie looked down at her the bikini bottom in her hand and at the thin silver chain around her hips. Another car horn.

"Oh, what the heck," she said. She tied the bottoms loosely at her sides, grabbed her sandals and went out the door I was already opening.

The sun was not yet up, but you could see faint color spreading over the hills. Another bikini day in Costa Rica.

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It was a bumpy trip to the waterfall, our two trucks bouncing on dirt roads as went higher into the coastal hills. Finally we pulled over at an unmarked pullout. The engine turned off and we piled out. It was finally light outside. The air was already thick with humidity and the jungle leaves dripped with water.

Katie was last out of the back seat, turning sideways to put on her wedge sandals, winding the laces around her calves.

Then she slid out, eased herself down to the ground, ponytail bouncing.

Katie, the girl next door, once so shy, was now fully aware of the effect she had on men.

She stretched her arms above her, arched her back. "I am so ready for this," she said.

All seven of us from Florida gaped. Trevor, the Australian, gaped, and Ramon and Jose gaped along with him. Even the handsome surf-camp owner, usually so rich-guy smooth, had a stunned look on his face.

In the morning light, you could see the thin chain on her hips, high up on one hip, angling lower on the other. You could see the jewel in her bellybutton, then the vast expanse of skin stretching below that to the curved, unimaginably low front of her bikini.

"That way then," the owner managed to say, pointing toward a thin path that wound upward into the jungle.

Katie took off - she'd spent her childhood hiking in the mountains near her house, so she was ready.

Her bottom and bouncing ponytail disappeared around the first turn. We hustled to keep up, pushing and shoving and laughing. The view kept us going: the small puckered triangle of silver that formed the back of her bikini, the thin flash of silver between her buttocks as her slim legs took each long stride.

Motivation.

You could hear the waterfall before you saw it. Katie got their first - standing, hands on hips, looking up at a wide waterfall, about 50 feet high, that crashed to a rock ledge before flowing into the big pool in front of us.

We were huffing when we reached it. Katie had already untied her sandals and was heading up the last section of narrow trail to the ledge.

We hustled after her, and watched her edge her way across wet rocks and disappear behind the waterfall. We followed. There was about 15 feet of space between the mountain wall and the thundering water. Most of it was taken up by a pool of water about thigh-high. It was cool and misty, and water drops quickly collected on our skin.

I heard a loud, echoing hoot of joy. It was Katie.

"Is this the greatest thing you've ever seen?" she screamed. She hugged me, and in her excitement hugged each of our six friends, one at a time.

She waded into the water, close to the falling water. I had never seen her so beautiful or so sexy. The spray had left her drenched, and her nipples poked through the silver top, which was so small it left both her cleavage and the sides of her breasts exposed. The silver chain around the curve of her hips and the jewel in her bellybutton drew your attention to her suit's abbreviated bottom. And that smile - it was big, genuine, able to light a fire, right there in that damp room.

She had intended that bikini to be seen by no one other than me, but by this point it seemed like the most natural, glorious thing in the world.

Jason, my best friend back in Florida, leaned toward my ear. "Dude, I don't believe in a God, but I'm starting to reconsider. This could not have been created by accident."

Katie turned around to marvel at the silver waterfall. Now you could see her two deep dimples at the top of her butt, glistening with the water that had collected in them.

Jason laughed. "Man, now He's just showing off."

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Katie squealed with laughter as she splashed in the bigger pool at the bottom of the waterfall. We'd settled into an unnamed game that seemed to consist of us chasing Katie through the water as she tried to escape.

She was out-manned though and was soon caught, again and again, arms wrapping around her front to pull her against them. She told me later how she felt so powerful at the touch of the men's hard-ons through their suits as they pulled her bottom against them, their hands lingering on her curves.

And each time the victor lifted her above the water, holding up his squirming, giggling, silver-bikinied, 5-foot-3 prize, before tossing her into the water.

And the chase was on once more.

Until Sam, the wiseguy, put an end to that. Emboldened after catching her for the eighth or ninth time, he let her drop from his hands while yanking on the bikini knot that held her top on.

Katie didn't notice, at first. No one but Sam did. She sprang out of the water, giggling, right into my arms. I felt her nipples, stiff against me, and reached down her back - nothing.

She wriggled to escape. I held her tight. "Uh, Katie, your top ..."

She finally realized what had happened and dropped into the water, only her head showing.

"Sam!"

"Accident," he said, weakly. "Sorry. Now where did it go?"

We all looked, with varying degrees of effort. The silver top was gone.

To my surprise, Katie smiled. "Well, I guess that stupid game is over then," she said, sticking her tongue out at us.

"Are you sure?" several voices said.

"I am so sure," she replied, turning and diving to swim away from us - a flash of silver, a bare bottom, then gone.

At that moment, the owner of the surf camp, along with Trevor the Australian and Ramon and Jose, came to the edge of the pool. They'd been behind us on the way up, lugging coolers with lunch and drinks. They'd gone down for a second trip, apparently for their camera gear, and had just returned.

I couldn't help but think what she'd told me about them at the swimming pool. To think that other men, who we didn't know three days ago, had seen my wife's breasts - I never would have imagined.

Katie's head popped up at the far end of the pool. She saw the cameras and swam toward them.

"Sorry guys," she said. "I guess they call this a wardrobe malfunction."

She stood up in knee-deep water, her hands covering her breasts, and gave an exaggerated pout. They all laughed, big belly laughs.

"You know, that's a pretty great picture right there anyway," the owner said. "Don't you think, guys?"

We cheered, and some chanted her name: "Katie. Katie."

"I'll show you," the owner said. "May I?"

Katie nodded, and after he snapped a few photos of her standing there, hands over her breats, he turned the camera screen around so she could see. The sun's glare was high though, and she almost used one hand to shield her eyes before she remembered her situation. The owner shaded the screen for her instead.

"The waterfall looks great," Katie admitted, then looked down at herself. "And this way I'm even covering up more than usual."

She looked at me. I nodded.

"Where do you want me?" she asked the photographer. "What do you want me to do?"

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He positioned her in front of the waterfall, on a flat rock that barely cleared the water. She had to drop her hands as she climbed up, but she was facing away from us and all we saw was her bare back, that silver chain glistening above her almost-bare bottom.

The owner had a video camera now, standing waist-deep in the water next to Trevor, who had the still camera. Jose and Ramon were on the bank, Jose at the controls of a drone that hovered overhead.

The seven of us surfers gathered in the water nearby.

The first few photos, Katie posed standing up, hands over her breasts, back to us. She was a little awkward at first, then seemed to relax into the pose. The camera clicked away from below her.

Then she lay on her belly, hands at her side, her breasts pushed against the rock. Her hair fell over one eye as looked down at the water, then up at the camera.

"Now could you turn around and walk to the waterfall?" the owner asked, his eye to the video camera.

She did as he asked, dropping her hands as she swayed away from us, taking a few steps on the rock closer to the falling water. She was just about naked, just a silver thong and that chain around her hips. I adjusted my boardshorts under the water and noticed several of my friends doing the same thing.

"Into the water!" Sam called. Others joined in the cry, and Katie, facing away from us, took a few steps until she was under the full force of the waterfall.

We could hear her cry out. "Feels great!"

Then Brant, shy Brant of all people, called out to Katie. "Can you turn around please?"

"Pretty please," several called.

And Katie did, leaving her hands at her side, still immersed in the waterfall, a vague figure in the water. Then she took one step, and another step, and emerged from the water. Her hands were at her sides, her small breasts pointed upward, as if led by the nipples that stretched toward the sky. We cheered.

I tried to catch her eyes, but they seemed focused on the middle distance. And this time she wasn't asking for my approval anyway.

One hand toyed with the chain around her hip, while the other wandered to the loop she'd tied at the side of her bikini bottom. Her hands left her hips and moved up to her breasts: I thought she was going to cover them again, but instead her fingers traced the outline of her wet, jutting nipples, around and around, before dropping down and moving slowly over her breasts.

By now, she was looking straight down at us, the surfers, seemingly heedless of the cameras trained on her, the drone overhead.

Without breaking her look, Katie's hands dropped down to the silver knots at her hips.

"If you guys say a word back home, I'll kill you," she said, giving a sharp yank at her right hip.

The bikini bottom hung up there for a few agonizing seconds, then slipped partway down her leg. She pulled on the other knot. That side slipped right off, and the whole tiny thing fell to her feet.

She kicked the bottoms toward me. They fell a few feet short in the water, so I reached out to grab them before someone else could. There were some more cheers.

Katie stood there for a few seconds, as if uncertain what to do. Then she made a decision.

"Cameras - off," she said. "All of them. And hey - the drone too."

The cameras were turned off. The drone dropped to the shoreline. Katie stood above us, then knelt on the rock before all of us, her legs spread. From our angle in the water we could see her bare pussy, lips opening slightly, and her breasts thrust out, her swollen nipples impossibly large.

She wasn't completely naked though; the silver chain still hung around her hips. For now.

She spoke. Her voice was low, husky. "I swear I will kill you guys ..."

Not breaking her eyes from us, she undid the clasp and took the chain off her left hip, sliding it between her legs. It lodged between her lips as she moved it back and forth in her wetness. It disappeared as she plunged two fingers inside her. Her right hand went to her breasts, pulling at her nipples until they stood out even more.

The entire time she looked straight into our eyes. She didn't seem interested in the bulges beneath our shorts. Just our eyes.

We made not a sound as her cries rose above the sound of the waterfall. In less than a minute, she came, hard. But she kept her fingers moving, two or three minutes more, and soon another orgasm overtook her, her breasts bouncing and swaying.

Katie's eyes rolled up into her head. We could see thick white liquid oozing from her glistening pussy. She collapsed on the rock.

I waded over to her, climbed up, covering her nakedness. I put her bikini bottom between her legs and tied it at the sides.

She smiled up at me. "Are you OK?" I asked.

"Don't worry," she whispered. "I'm more than OK." She leaned her lips close to my ears. "That," she said, "was fun."

With that, she slipped again into the water and started stroking for the far end of the pool. The guys just stood there, gob-smacked, watching her go.

Katie stopped and looked back over shoulder. "What are y'all waiting for?" she said. "Game on!"

\*\*\*\*\*\*

We stayed at the Costa Rica waterfall for a few more hours that morning, playing more catch-a-Katie, who, outnumbered seven-to-one, was rather easily caught. She was topless now, her bikini top gone who-knows-where, which gave an even more charged edge to the game.

Katie told me later she had two more orgasms during the game as she struggled playfully to get out of our grasps, feeling her nipples rubbing against us, feeling the strength in the arms that held her.

She eventually called it off and climbed out of the pool, lying on a flat rock in the sun to dry off. She was on her belly, resting her head on her arms, and soon dozed off after all that excitement.

That gave us a chance to ogle her long slender legs, her round bottom split by the puckered silver material, her smooth arms, the untanned white skin at the sides of her breasts.

I thought again of that unspoken contract between women and men - they show, we look, and gave silent thanks to whoever had drawn it up.

Katie woke as Jose and Ramon unpacked lunch from the cooler. She looked over at us, a little uncertain what to do next. "Here, Katie," the surf camp owner said, handing her a clean red bandana.

She turned as she sat up, folded the bandana into a V and tied it in the front, between her breasts, before moving the knot to her back. She got up and joined us. The bandana covered her, barely. Her face was flushed from the sun. Her hair tumbled over her shoulders, streaks of straw-blonde mixing with dirty-blonde below. She looked like a hippie goddess.

Thank god, I thought, for her last-minute decision to come with us. Best trip ever, clearly.

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The surf had gotten better, right below the camp, by the time we bounced down the mountain to the beach. The rough winds of that morning had swung around, cleaning up the waves. We quickly gathered our boards and made our way down the steep steps to the sand below.

Katie told me she was staying at the camp: Too much sun already and, she admitted, she was feeling pretty luxurious after the events at the waterfall. That, certainly, had been a new experience.

She made her way to a hammock and closed her eyes. But that didn't last long.

The same wind that ruined the surf that morning had kept the four middle-aged Canadian fishermen ashore, and they were restless and already several beers into their day.

They spotted Katie and crept up to her hammock. Two grabbed her arms and two grabbed her ankles and they hoisted her out, carrying her to the pool table where they'd been playing.

They laid her down on the table, laughing. She was giggling too, laughing at the sight of these hapless men still wearing various khaki combinations of cargo shots, multi-pocketed shirts and floppy hats.

"Damn Katie," said one of them. "I have to say it. You really brighten up our trip." The others jumped in with similar assurances.

"Happy to do it," she said, sitting up on the edge of the table. Katie had never really known the effect she had on men, and even now she probably didn't truly recognize how these men, 20, 25 year older then her, were feasting on her slim, curvy, unblemished body.

There was an awkward silence, then she spoke up: "Game, anyone?"

Katie was good at most things, and she was good at pool. Growing up in long northern winters had made for plenty of time for that. This was a first though: She'd never played pool outdoors, and she'd certainly never played it wearing just a tiny silver bikini bottom and a bandana.

She became engrossed in her game, confidently sinking ball after ball. The Canadians meanwhile were engrossed by the sight of her as she bent over the table, sometimes stretching one leg out to make the shot. The silver strip between her cheeks came into clear view and the bottom of the bandana fell away as she leaned over, giving them a glimpse of the untanned bottoms of her breasts.

The middle-aged men felt like teenagers again. And they got a little bolder, a little more flirtatious as the game went on. A couple leaned in over her to give her "help" on some of the more difficult shots, leaning in against her bare bottom and putting their arms around her to guide the shot.

She didn't need the help: She won three games in a row, then joined them on a big couch under the veranda. Three of the men had gone into their rooms and come back out with small paper bags.

"Here Katie," one of them said. "We stopped at an artists' collective on the way home yesterday and bought some things for our wives, but I really think we want to give them to you instead."

She protested, but they insisted. One Canadian opened his bag and pulled out a silver anklet, beautifully made. "It'll go with the chain on your waist," he said. She offered him her foot, and he latched it around her ankle.

The second opened his bag. He had a silver three-pronged piece of jewelry, meant to go around the upper arm. At the top of each prong was the stylized head of a dolphin. She held out her arm, and he slid it from her wrist up her arm.

She liked the coolness of the metal against her flushed skin. The silver jewelry did look good, she thought, against the silver bikini bottom, her waist chain and her bellybutton piercing. The thought popped into her head: I am looking pretty hot. It was not a thought she was used to having.

"Um, and I have something too," said one of the Canadians. It was the one who had tried, and failed miserably, to twerk on the dance floor. He flushed, opening his bag. "I thought you might like this."

This was a choker necklace, an inch-wide strip of soft leather, dyed pink, with a large heart-shaped clasp in the middle. "May I?" he said.

Katie nodded and stood up. She lifted her arms to hold her hair up as he put the choker around her neck, the heart-shaped clasp closing in the front.

"Wow," was all he could say.

Katie looked at the fourth Canadian. "And what did you get?" she asked.

He smiled and pulled a big bottle of Costa Rica rum from under a pillow. "Just this," he said.

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Several frosty drinks later, the Canadians decided they needed photos to mark this red-letter day. First they took some selfies with their phones, the four of them, with Katie in the middle. Then they decided they needed something better.

They put a phone on a table and set a timer. Three plopped onto the couch. The other picked up Katie, sat down, and stretched her over their knees. "No fishing," he said, "but look what we caught."

They took several photos that way, and Katie became aware of the rough fabric of their shorts on her bare skin. They rested their hands on their catch, lightly at first, then becoming a little more exploratory.

One stroked her hair, pulling it off her neck to better see the pink leather choker. Another slid his hand down her side to her just above her hip, resting it lightly under her silver chain. Another had a hand just below the curve of her hip, and the fourth slowly stroked her lower leg.

The camera clicked a few more times and then went quiet. The Canadians didn't stop their movements though: Here was a young goddess right under their hands, after all.

Katie told me all about this later in bed, getting the story out between orgasms.

She told me how it felt so luxurious lying there, almost naked, and how the light touch of their rough hands seemed to reverberate through her body.

"I hope you don't mind," she said, telling what happened next, how the Canadians told her how beautiful she was and how one hand moved higher up her leg, another moved down her belly, another moved up toward the bottom of the bandana while another moved down her shoulders to the swell of her breasts above the material.

She'd had several orgasms already that day, and now, she decided, she wanted more. It was almost, she said, as if she had no choice. She thought about excusing herself, going to our room, but - she laughed when she told me - it felt so good being smothered in middle-aged khaki.

Besides, she thought, after this trip I'll never see them again.

She heard someone say: "OK, so who's going to take off this stupid bandana?" Then she realized it was she who had said it.

And sure enough, a hand slowly pulled at the knot and the bandana fell to the floor. She heard the men's breath draw in at the sight of her small, perfect breasts - two small triangles of white standing out against her tan, and her stiff nipples, straining for the sky, somehow growing even larger.

Rough hands moved across her young skin, honing in on her nipples. She felt them cup her breasts, slide back and forth. It was delicious, and she realized she was already very, very wet.

Her eyes were closed as she soaked in the sensation, their hands moving over her for three or four long minutes. No one said a word. To speak would break the spell.

With her eyes still closed, she shook her head, and her hair fanned out, partially covering one breast. She put her hand on her lower belly, where it met a rough male hand. She grabbed it and slid it under her bikini bottom along with hers.

Together they moved up and back against the slickness.

"My chain," she moaned. "Untie my chain."

Someone did, and she took it with her other hand and, for the second time that day, slid the cool silver between her hot lips. She felt the hands upon her, so many hands. Minutes passed, and her breathing grew labored. She bucked and moaned as the orgasm hit her, and as it stretched out to a glorious minute or more.

Finally her hands fell away and her head fell to the side. She realized it now rested on a huge khaki-covered Canadian cock.

OK, this, she thought, is getting a little too real. She turned her head away and just lay there across their legs. She knew they were still looking at her, at the choker, the arm bracelet, the unclasped waist chain, the anklet. That's all she wore, other than a tiny silver bikini bottom that now rested at mid-thigh.

She looked down at herself. She was completely uncovered, and her nipples still thrust defiantly upward.

The moment, though, seemed to be broken after her powerful orgasm. The Canadians, as if in awe, had pulled their hands back to safe positions.

Someone cleared his throat. Another attempted to pull her bikini bottom back up. Another reached for the bandana and put it across her.

They slowly stood up, lifting Katie with them. She clasped the untied bandana to her breasts. Her legs were shaky.

I should be embarrassed, she thought. And she was, a little. But she was struck by the looks on their faces, a mix of adoration and disbelief. Four grown men with fancy jobs and houses and companies they ran, and they were helpless before 26-year-old Katie, all 5-foot-3, 110 pounds of her.

"Guys. Listen to me. Nothing - nothing about this to anybody," she said. "It might not happen again, but if you talk it certainly will never happen again. Deal?"

They nodded, vigorously.

"See you at dinner then," she said. "And dress up a bit. Get out of those ridiculous costumes. I'll wear your nice gifts - and who knows what else."

She smiled. "And see that you bring that rum, OK?"

Katie turned and walked, a little unsteadily, to her room. They stared after her swaying bottom until she disappeared from sight. None of them said a word.

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Just halfway up the stairs leading to our room, though, Katie turned around and walked back to ground level. She knew the Canadians would not have moved, and sure enough, they all stood where she had left them.

She crooked a finger at them. "Come," was all she said.

And all four scurried to her side and dutifully followed her up the stairs, transfixed by her swaying bottom.

In our room, still clutching the bandana to her chest, she started giving orders. "You," she said to one of them. "Turn on the shower. Hot."

She turned to the others. "You three. That drawer there. I'll need something to wear for dinner. Find it for me."

She went into the bathroom, which was already filling with steam, and took off the chain she'd had around her hips.

"Take off my presents too," she said to the Canadian there. He knelt down and unhooked her anklet, laying it on the counter. He slid the jewelry off her upper arm and put it next to the anklet. Then he lifted Katie's hair so he could take off the pink leather choker.

"Good," she said. "Join the others. Find me something nice."

The water felt delicious on her skin, pulsating on a body that had been on fire, she thought to herself, since dawn. Never had she had a day like this, taken these bold moves, acted this way in front of others.

She worried a little. Not about the Canadians: Though far older and richer than her, they were now puppy dogs, and she'd never see them again.

But our friends from home? Would they respect her when this vacation was over? She certainly didn't plan to act like this at home, but here ... something about the air, about being the one woman at the center of so much male energy, being so exposed, so desired - she decided she didn't care what anyone thought.

And they would stay quiet, she would make sure of that. Perhaps, she thought, she could bribe them by promises of more episodes like this ...

Such thoughts made her run her hand down to below her belly, where a fire still burned. But she resisted, thinking: Let's see what the Canadians have come up with. She turned off the shower, wrapped a big towel around her and went out to see.

They were standing by our bed awkwardly, with a proposed outfit laid out neatly on the cover. Katie grinned. She could have figured the bottom: It was the red bikini bottom that she'd been given for her video, an inch-wide strip of material that came to a V deep in the cleavage of her buttocks.

Fair enough, she thought.

Right above it, they'd left the pink tank top, which she'd also worn in the video shot by the surf camp owner while she did some yoga poses.

That'll do, she thought.

"All of you. Turn around," she said, and they did. She dropped the towel to the floor and put one leg, then another, through the bikini bottom, shimmying it up her legs and over her cheeks. She adjusted it over her legs, and looked in the mirror: In the front, it came very, very low, and in the back it was almost invisible. She nodded: Killer.

She was topless still, and saw just how a thin triangle of untanned skin stood out on each breast in comparison to the golden tan she had aquired in Costa Rica. Her nipples, dark and swollen, were exceedingly obvious.

She walked back to the bed, where the well-behaved Canadians had their backs turned, picked up the tank top and slid it over her head. It had spaghetti straps, a little loose on her shoulders, and the surf camp's log between her breasts. The pink material was lightweight, subtly ribbed, and came to the bottom of her hips.

She looked back in the mirror. The top showed the swell of her breasts, which was fine, but those nipples: There was nothing she could do about those.

"OK boys," she said. "You can turn around."

They did, and she chuckled at the looks of adoration their faces. "You did fine, guys," she said. "Good choices. Now my jewelry. Your gifts."

They pushed past each other to the bathroom and fumbled while putting on her ankle bracelet, the three-headed piece of jewelry on her arm, the pink leather choker.

She stepped back and struck a model's pose, walking away from them, then back, as if on a runway.

"What do you think?"

They blurted out compliments, barely able to talk.

"So I'm ready for dinner," she said. "But you? Off with awful khakis. Please make yourselves presentable." Katie smiled. "Seriously guys. I know you've got it in you. See you at dinner."

With that, she stretched out on our bed, on her belly. She was all curves, all flesh. "Bye now," she said. "And leave the door open. The breeze feels delicious."

She heard their footsteps, clomping down the stairs. And as they faded, she ran her right hand down toward the fire in her. Just a little, she thought. Oh more, she thought.

Still on her belly, she took a pillow and put it under her, raising her hips. She turned her face to see the open door and the window with the thin curtain blowing in the wind.

Katie parted her legs, spreading them wide on either side of the pillow. And she put her hand under her body, reaching for the fire, now hotter than ever. She found it, hot and wet at the same time.

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That's how I found her when I came back from surfing, walking past our open window and seeing her hair fanned across the sheets, the rise of her practically bare bottom over the pillow. She was sleeping. I gently eased the door shut, leaving the window open, and slid my boardshorts off, sliding into bed next to her.

Katie moaned as I ran a hand down her leg and pushed my body closer to her. I was already hard, and the length of my penis rested against the thin strip of red bikini on her bottom. Still half-sleeping, she nestled into me and pushed the bikini aside by an inch.

And quickly I was inside her, easing my full length into her. She was very wet already, and smelled like pure sex. I stayed still, and let her ease herself up and down on me. Soon I grabbed her hips as we spooned and pulled her in more.

She came then, no more than a minute in, a long, soft orgasm. I kept moving and she came again as I did, biting the sheet to stifle her moans.

"Wow," was all I could say.

Katie kissed me, and whispered what had happened with the Canadians. She was still moving on my cock, which had quickly grown hard again at the story. It took a delicious long while to get the whole story out: She had to pause as she came twice more, her voice gasping, but eventually told me everything.

"I hope you don't mind," she said once more.

"No," I told her. "I don't mind."

Katie eased herself off me and stood by the bed, her red thong still pushed to one side. Then she crawled on her knees toward me and took me in her mouth, her green eyes staring up into my face. Her breasts fell out of her tank top, and with that I quickly came. She didn't pull away, but took every bit of me inside her mouth.

When I could move again, when I could think, I got up and got a towel for her, for her mouth and for her pussy. She pulled the bikini bottom back into place. "Who's your goddess?" she said.

"You," I answered. "You're my goddess."

"And goddesses get what they want, don't they?" she said. I nodded, helplessly. And she explained what she wanted, the rest of our trip.

I had to agree. She's my goddess, after all.

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We got up when we heard talking and music coming from downstairs. Katie put on her sandals and I put my boardshorts back. As we walked downstairs I finally had a chance to get a good look at Katie's dinner outfit. I told her I especially liked the pink choker the Canadian had given her.

She agreed, and leaned on her tiptoes to kiss me. As she did, she slid a hair-band off her wrist and reached up to give her hair a couple twists, piling it on top of her hand and holding it in place with the band.

"Now you can see it better," she said.

I agreed. What I didn't tell her was that you could also better see her shoulders, her cleavage, the rise of her nipples through her tank top. Maybe she already knew that.

We were the last ones down. Our surfer friends, the Canadians, Trevor the Australian, Ramon and the camp owner were already there, gathered around a laptop. They pushed pause and stood to great us, greedily taking in the sight of Katie.

On the laptop was a picture of an empty wave. "Let's see it," Katie said. The owner pushed play again and the wave reeled across the screen. Then another wave, with someone - I can't remember who - riding on it.

Then Katie, at the waterfall, in just that tiny silver bikini bottom and her chain. She stood in knee-deep water, hands covering her breasts, smiling, before swimming to the rock by the waterfall and climbing up on it.

There was nothing but silence as we watched what happened then, as she went into the waterfall and then came out, topless, before pulling at the side strings of her bikini bottom, letting it drop. She kicked it to me, in the water, and stood there, gloriously wet and naked. She reached for her silver chain ...

The playback stopped then, and you could hear the wind blowing through the palms above the camp, the gentle crashing of the waves below. The Canadians were in shock; this part of the trip they did not know.

"Um," said the owner. "I, uh, was meaning to cut that last part out ..."

Katie laughed. "You'd better," she said.

She snapped her fingers and did a little wiggle, causing her breasts to move most fetchingly in her tank top. "I need a drink. Something frosty," she said.

At that, four or five guys, including a couple of Canadians, raced to the bar. Before long, she had the drink in her hand and turned to stroll to the edge of the pool, where there was a perfect view of the sun settling into the ocean.

We noticed then a most remarkable sight. From behind, her pink tank top reached just a third of the way down her bottom. Coupled with the tiny red bikini, which disappeared into her cheeks above that, the effect was as if she was wearing nothing below.

I took her in: the wedge sandals, laced up, served to angle her bottom out even more than the normal roundness did. Then the anklet, her bare bottom, her hips, her bare shoulders, her surfer-girl hair piled up on her head, the breeze rustling the strands that fell below.

We all walked to the pool to join her, the seven of us surfers, the four Canadians. The others - the owner, Trevor, Ramon and young Jose - hung back.

Katie turned and smiled. Then her smile grew wider as she teased the Canadians, who had swapped those awful fishing clothes for shorts and brightly patterned shirts. "Looking good fellas," she said. "Glad to see you can follow orders."

They just smiled, stupefied, as their middle-aged dreams - a slim young woman in a thin pink tank top - smiled back at them.

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After dinner, the Motown music played again as we talked of waves surfed and fish caught, I saw Katie in deep conversation with the owner. Eventually she nodded, and he nodded back.

He stood up. "Gentleman," he said with a wry smile. "Now for the nakedly commercial part of the evening. You now have the chance to purchase, for your lovely wives and girlfriends, some wonderful clothing designed by my lovely wife, all of it bearing, of course, the name of our camp. We consider them fine, fine marketing tools."

As he spoke, Ramon carried out several boxes and put them on the table.

"Katie," the owner said, "has offered to model them for us so you might have an idea how wonderful these designs will look on an actual person. And she suggested that young Trevor here film some of the outfits - for the website."

Trevor, leaning against a post holding up the covered veranda, took one hand off his camera and gave a little wave.

The owner continued. "And as an incentive, Katie has offered - actually insisted - that she will wear, for the rest of the evening, the biggest seller, the most popular item. Sound good?"

There was much hooting and banging on the table. It indeed sounded good.

"Great," he said, moving to the first box. "Though I must note that, as my wife is Brazilian, the designs are rather, well, Brazilian."

He handed an item to Katie. It was somewhere between pink and magenta in color, but that's all we could tell of it as she went into the nearest room to change.

Perhaps two minutes later Katie came out, tugging at the bottom of a very short, very tight dress. It molded to her every curve, hugging her bottom and her hips. The dress was strapless and sleeveless, and it clung snugly to her small breasts, outlining them beautiful. The camp name was a small logo stretched between her breasts.

Was she wearing anything under it? I couldn't tell. I certainly didn't see any signs of anything.

Trevor moved closer with the camera as Katie gave us a little curtsy. "Well at least I have something to wear on the plane home other than bikinis," she said.

Some of the guys whistled. And of course it was Sam who spoke up first. "Sign me up," he said, racing forward to sign a clipboard held by Ramon. "I'm buying."

I was right behind him, barely beating the rush. After I signed, I took Katie's hand as she swayed to the music. The Four Tops - her favorite. We danced, and as I twirled her, the hem of her dress rose to show several inches of her bottom - and stayed there, clinging to her.

And the top of the dress? It started to slide down, a slide arrested only at the last second by Katie's hand. That was enough for anyone still undecided. By the end of the song, everyone had agreed to buy a dress like that to take home.

"I think we have a winner," the owner said. "But perhaps we can sell some of the others too."

He handed Katie her next outfit and she disappeared into the room. We settled in with anticipation, our shorts fitting us a little tighter than usual, I'd wager. At least mine did.

It took a little longer or her to come out. She was wearing a swimsuit in a rich royal blue color, though it took me a while to figure it all out.

In the front, a thin strap came over each shoulder, the straps widening just slightly as they crossed her breasts, just enough to cover each nipple. The straps, narrow again, met in a V well below her bellybutton, and from there the blue material widened to cover her pussy. Barely.

If you looked carefully - and we did - you could see the surf-camp name in tiny letters down there.

"A slingkini!" Sam cried. "Jesus I love slingkinis."

Katie had seemed a little uncomfortable as she walked toward us, but now she smiled at Sam's words. "That's what you call this?" she asked, holding her hands out and spinning slowly to show us the back - what little there was of it.

It was basically a blue string that rose from her cheeks to make another, larger V on her back as the strings traveled to meet the ones in the front. It all tied together in loose knot at the back of her neck.

Nobody moved except for Katie, who did another spin before giving an exaggerated runway walk away from us, then back toward Trevor and his camera. She stuck her tongue out as she sashayed past.

She stopped a few feet away in front of us, turned around, widened her stance and leaned over to put her hands on her knees.

She looked over her shoulder at the Canadian who'd tried some hapless twerking the nights before. "Hey there, Mr. Twerk," she said, moving her bottom in a few slow circles, every rotation revealing the thin strip of material between her legs.

Still nobody moved until she straightened up and clapped her hands. The effect on her barely covered breasts as she did that was breathtaking. "Now buy!" said. "Buy. Buy. Buy."

The rush was on. Katie was in the room trying on the next outfit when the surf-camp owner announced a tie.

"Katie is, um, quite persuasive," he said. "And now, we wait."

And wait we did, long minutes ticking by before she came out of the room. The buzz of conversation halted immediately.

"Jesus," someone said under his breath. She wore sheer blue stockings, seamed in the back. They rose to mid-thigh, topped by a band of lace, and were held up by straps that stretched up her leg to a see-through garter belt of pale blue. Under the belt she wore thong lace panties, also sheer, with lace.

She wore a bodice that was sheer blue with lace as well. It started above her bellybutton, where the jewel twinkled in place, and rose to ... well, we couldn't quite tell - Katie had placed her hands across the top of it, covering her breasts.

She turned around. The garter belt's straps connected in back too, and stretched out around the cheeks of her bottom to meet the belt, framing her exposed cheeks. The thong rose to just below her back dimples, and along the top there was a frilly section of lace, perhaps an inch wide.

"As you can see," the owner said, "this is my wife's custom-designed lingerie. Katie?"

Katie turned around and looked up, a little startled. Her eyes seemed unfocused, far away. She stood, legs slightly apart, and swayed to the music, still holding her breasts.

We groaned as Trevor, with the video camera, moved between us and her, blocking our view as she posed. He followed as she spun and walked toward the pool, still filming. It was darker there, and hard for us to see.

Until she turned and walked back toward us, her hands now at her sides. She bit her bottom lip as she approached us and gave a shy smile. Now we could see the bodice.

It cradled the bottom of her breasts, pushing them up slightly. The material stopped before it reached her nipples though, a thin black semi-circle of lace curving under each breast. Above that was just an inch-wide section of frilly, sheer powder-blue material, inside of which rested her nipples.

From our perspective, standing taller than her, we could see the tops of her nipples, engorged, pushing against the fabric. If she leaned even slightly forward, they would be completely exposed.

The rush was on for the clipboard and paper. Everyone wanted this outfit.

I went to Katie and held her close. I could see all of her breasts, pushed up by the lace bodice. And I could smell her sex. She whispered in my ear: "Who's your goddess? I want to be adored. I want this. I want this so badly. And goddesses get what they want."

I nodded and went to the camp owner. "I'll take two," I told him.

He looked up and smiled. "Ah, we have a winner," he said. "Congratulations, Katie. Now if you'd like to get changed into something more, well ..."

Katie shook her head. She'd made a deal, and she stuck to her deals.

Another Four Tops song came on, and she turned and headed for the dance floor. She stopped. Put one hand on her hip. Looked over her shoulder at us and wiggled her bottom a little to the music.

The wobble was magic.

"Gentlemen," she said. "This is the greatest music ever made. And so I am ordering you - ordering, I tell you - to dance with me. No exceptions!"

The rush was on.

And the video camera followed.