**Monica**

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**Monica Ch. 1**  
  
My wife Monica and I decided to spend the day using our new swimming pool. Our yard is small, so when you step off the back patio, you're in the pool. Monica lays out topless. It's nothing new, she did that before we got the pool. I usually manage to find a little shade while we talk and drink a little.  
  
Talking with Monica comes easy, with one exception, spelling out a few of my sexual desires. It's sometimes a line that's difficult to cross. I'm not sure how she will take some things. However, over the past few months it's been easier and today I intended to tell her something I was afraid would shock her. I was tired of holding back.  
  
Monica is a beautiful five-foot tall 105 lbs. athletic young lady, We've been married five years and are both just under thirty.  
  
Around noon we sat near the pool. She was topless with a tiny string bikini bottom that tied on each side. For a woman her size she has large and perfectly shaped tits. She's a 34 C with nipples that stand up almost all the time and look like large pencil erasers. She is somewhat of an exhibitionist, probably because she knows her tits, and body for that matter, are perfect. We have fun with it. She rarely shows anything to people we know, so most of our fun is out of town or with people we wouldn't run into again. Her flashing also appears to be accidental.  
  
Our back yard is private except we have a neighbor on one side. It would be completely private if I bothered to replace the worn, wooden fence. We play a few games from time to time. I'll tell her our middle-aged neighbor is watching her suntan nude from behind his fence. On a couple of occasions, he was. It's something she enjoys because she never knows for sure if I'm telling her the truth or simply playing with a story.  
  
A month ago, I got into the story about him sitting in a lawn chair drinking a beer while watching her through the fence. That day she was completely nude. Her feet always face his yard. As I explained to her exactly where he sat watching her, I began rubbing lotion on her. She really got into the story that day, which became apparent when I began feeling her pussy. She was soaked. She wasn't convinced Bill actually sat behind the fence while watching her, but the story excited her.  
  
Because she was sure Bill was not in his backyard, she did as I asked her to do. She opened her legs wide and began playing with her pussy. In no time her fingers were buried in her pussy and working at a rather rapid pace. She put one of her nipples in her mouth and began sucking it. The reality is that because of the shadows near the fence, I knew he was back there. Getting her to play with herself while less than fifteen feet away from where he sat excited the hell out of me.  
  
After thirty minutes or so Monica went inside to grab us something to drink. About that time, I heard Bill's car leave. When Monica came back out, I told her I wanted to show her something. She wrapped up in a towel and I led her to the neighbor's back gate. When I opened the gate and she saw the lawn chair sitting exactly where I had described it and saw six empty beer cans sitting on a small table next to the chair, she almost died.  
  
She said, "Oh my god! I thought it was just one of your fantasy stories. He saw me fingering myself to a climax while sitting fifteen feet from me."  
  
"Yes, he did."  
  
"I'll never be able to face him again."  
  
I laughed. "It will be our little secret. He doesn't know that you know he saw you, but you know he watched. That puts you at an advantage."  
  
Today is a different type of situation. As we sat near the pool I said, "I invited Patrick over today to check out our pool. I don't know if he plans to come or not."  
  
"When were you going to tell me this? After he caught me topless back here?"  
  
"Yes, as a matter of fact. I'd kind of hoped you would be completely nude when he gets here."  
  
At first, she didn't appear to take it too well and then I began explaining that it's not like he hasn't seen every part of you before. She didn't agree, so I reminded her of a few situations.  
  
"Just last year when we went to the lake with him you wore your tiny green bikini with the little triangle pieces covering your nipples. They slipped off to the side while we were talking and playing grab ass in the water. Your tits were completely exposed for at least ten minutes. You finally noticed and covered up. I didn't say anything because I thought you did it on purpose. Besides, it excited the hell out of me, Pat and probably you if you were honest about it."  
  
"At the beginning of last summer, you wore your little yellow bikini that became transparent when it got wet. Pat took pictures of us and your little landing strip and your slit showed clearly in the pictures."  
  
"You thought I did both of those on purpose?" She questioned. "He's never seen my bare pussy."  
  
"Not true." I said laughing. "Remember the stars and stripes bikini. The one you ordered on-line and found out when you received it that the bottom was too loose? You sat directly in front of both of us Indian style with your legs open while having lunch. Your entire pussy was on display the whole time we ate lunch. Pat certainly remembers because he's actually mentioned it to me since then. I didn't say anything because I was sure you knew you were on display."  
  
"I didn't do that on purpose. I was holding a plate of food and couldn't see down there until I finished my lunch." She responded. "Why did you think I did that on purpose?"  
  
"Because later in the evening in the same bikini you sat on the park tabletop with your feet on the seat directly in front of both of us. The loose-fitting bottom slipped to one side and one whole side of your pussy was on display for several minutes. You had to know that."  
  
Monica laughed. "I did know I was showing you guys one side of my pussy. I just didn't know the thin material had worked its way between my labia. I realized just how much showed when I got a chance to look down without you guys knowing it. That was very exciting for me as well."  
  
"Since you didn't adjust it, I assumed it was on purpose. We all three enjoyed it. That brings us to today. It would be exciting if you lay out completely nude today. It's exciting for me when he watches you, especially when I know you're doing it on purpose. He doesn't know I told you he may come by. It can appear that you were innocently caught sun tanning. I think it will excite you as well."  
  
Monica smiled. "I'll go topless and act as if I didn't know he was coming by. But I'm going to wear my tiniest bikini bottoms, just so I feel somewhat covered."  
  
"That sounds like a workable deal. I'm going to put your top in the house so you can't change your mind when he shows up."  
  
We had barely finished the conversation when Pat came through the patio door. In reality, I had briefed him on the plan.  
  
He acted surprised to see her topless and simply said, "Nice!" Then he said, "Hi Mark. Sorry I didn't see you there"  
  
Monica acted embarrassed to be caught topless and made a half ass attempt to cover her tits with her arms. I told her that Pat had already seen her topless, so she may as well get it over with and display those nice tits and relax. She smiled, stuck them out, and shook them from side to side for both of us to see. "Are you happy boys?"  
  
After thirty minutes or so of sitting around bullshitting everyone was comfortable with the situation. She had long sense quit attempting to cover herself. She stood, said she was going to the restroom and that she would grab us some fresh drinks.  
  
When she stood, I called her over between me and Pat. I grabbed the string tie on one side and Pat grabbed the other. In one instant we had completely removed the bikini bottom. She acted a little surprised and pouted as she held her hand out for Pat to hand it to her. He simply told her that it would be here when she returned.  
  
I discussed a further plan just to see how far Monica would go. The plan would only be valid if she didn't put her top on while in the house and got comfortable when he refused to give her back her bottoms. After that I told him to go inside and help her with the drinks and to take his time.  
  
As I watched briefly from the side window, I saw them speaking to each other while preparing the drinks. Monica appeared comfortable while totally nude in front of him. She made no attempt to cover up. She stood in front of him as if she were dressed. Her bikini top lay on the bar a couple of feet away from where they mixed drinks, but she never reached for it.  
  
They brought the drinks out and everyone returned to where they previously sat. Monica never mentioned her bikini bottoms that Pat had hidden in his seat.  
  
Almost on cue from our conversation before Monica went inside, Pat held the suntan lotion and said, "You better put a little lotion on those magnificent tits before they burn."  
  
Monica said, "That's probably a good idea and reached for the bottle Pat held."  
  
Pat laughed. "Oh no you don't. It was my idea, so I get to do the honors."  
  
Without waiting for any response, Pat stood, filled his hand with lotion, stepped to her and began applying the lotion. Monica looked at me with a surprised, what do I do now look, and I simply smiled at her. Pat took his time rubbing lotion on each tit and rolling her nipples between his fingers. It's something that always sends her over the edge.  
  
Pat commented. "It smells like coconut."  
  
"It taste like coconut as well." I responded. "And it has no harmful additives."  
  
Monica looked at me with an almost scared look. Again, I just smiled at her.  
  
Pat took her nipple into his mouth and sucked on it for quite a while. Monica just closed her eyes and leaned back in the chair. I got up and began sucking on her other nipple. She opened her eyes, smiled, and closed them again.  
  
When I backed off a little, I noticed she had slightly opened her legs, so I said, "We don't want her stomach and thighs to burn either do we?"  
  
Pat put more lotion into his hands and began rubbing it into her stomach working his way down to her little landing strip at the top of her pussy. He then added a little more lotion, held the top of her thigh, and began rubbing the lotion in. She didn't immediately open her legs anymore, but as he worked the inside of her thigh and touched near her pussy, she did open up a little more. He moved to the end of her lounger while continuing to massage her thigh. He lifted her left leg up which opened her up quite a bit and continued. When he finished the left leg, he simply left it laying open and reached for the other leg.  
  
Monica's eyes were now closed again. I moved back to her tits and took her nipple back into my mouth. Pat placed her foot near the end of the lounger at the far side and then moved her other foot to match it leaving her wide open. Still she didn't open her eyes. He then folded down the bottom portion of the lounger so he could move in a little closer and looked up at me as if asking for permission. After I made sure Monica's eyes were still closed, I looked at him and made the motion with my tongue. That was all he needed.  
  
He opened her pussy with his thumbs and began licking her and darting his tongue in and out. He put his mouth over her protruding clit and began to suck. Monica could no longer stay still. I whispered into her ear. Let him give you a climax. She didn't open her eyes, but she did smile.  
  
With the excitement of the day and what was happening to her then it didn't take her long to climax. She did to him what she does to me. She grabbed the back of his head and pulled him in closer until she couldn't stand it anymore, then pushed him back.  
  
I'd already had the conversation with Pat that he couldn't fuck her because she was trying to get pregnant. That wasn't the actual reason. I wanted to have fun, but that's a line I wasn't ready to cross.  
  
Monica sat up and grabbed his dick through his bathing suit, but that didn't last long. She soon began pulling his suit down and began licking him like there was no tomorrow. She gives the best blowjob I've ever had, so I just sat there watching. She played with his balls with one hand and jacked his cock with the other. Pat's about average size, but maybe a little bigger around than most. I watched Monica take him all the way down her throat and then she got a rhythm taking him all the way to the head and then back down to the base. Pat, like Monica and me had been aroused all day and I knew he wouldn't last long.  
  
Pat stated, "I'm going to cum. Do you want me to pull out?"  
  
Monica said, "Don't you dare pull out. I want you to cum in my mouth."  
  
With that she continued taking him all the way down her throat while looking him directly in the eyes. In the next thirty seconds, he came like a wild man. She didn't stop sucking him until he finally had to push her away.  
  
At that point I had all I could stand as an observer. I picked Monica up, sat in her place and she rode me in reverse cowgirl position while Pat watched our show. As much as I'd like to say we fucked for the net thirty minutes, that would be total bullshit. I actually lasted about five minutes, which is longer than I thought I would.  
  
When I finished, I scooted back in the lounger and wrapped my arms around her. Pat slid up closer and began paying with her pussy again. She sat wide open for him and put her feet back up on the lounger. Then he went down on her again. It's something I've never been able to do after we've had sex. It certainly didn't bother Pat. I got up and moved to the end of the lounger to get a better view. Pat laid her back on the lounger and I could see my cum running out of her pussy and down her ass. He simply licked it up and buried his tongue back into her. She was going wild. He wiped some of my cum on his finger and began to lube her ass. That's something else she doesn't like for me to do. This case was different.  
  
After he lubed his finger, he buried it into her ass, and she began bucking. I watched as he pulled his finger out, buried his thumb into her ass and worked two fingers into her pussy. She came almost immediately.  
  
All this fun and we hadn't even made it into the pool yet.  
  
We each got a drink refill and headed into the pool. Monica was on fire. Pat and I sandwiched her between us and played with her tits and pussy. When I reached down between her legs, I found that Pat's fingers were already in her, so I added one more. She whispered into my ear. "Do you mind if I give Pat another blowjob?"  
  
"Of course not," I responded. "Give him as many as you and he can handle.  
  
She had him sit on the edge of the pool and started his next blowjob. He lasted much longer this time, but eventually came down her throat. Just before he came, she pulled him out a little, opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue so he could watch himself cum into her mouth. That's something she knows I enjoy, and she may have done that for my benefit as well.

**Monica Ch. 2**  
  
After last week-ends adventure with Pat Monica's inhibitions diminished somewhat. Her exhibitionist tendencies have always been there somewhere in the background. However, I think when she realized just how much I enjoyed the attention she received she felt more comfortable. She even came up with a few new adventures on her own.  
  
During the week she put on quite a show for Bill, the neighbor, after she figured out he watched her most of the time she was near the pool. In the middle of the week she finished early with her appointments and decided to come home and play a little. I was already home that day. She pulled into the driveway and noticed Bill working on his yard. She waved and smiled at him as she parked in the driveway. Bill stepped up to her car almost immediately. Since she almost always wore short skirts, it was a sight he never wanted to miss. Before she got out of the car, she spoke to him for a couple of minutes. Her short skirt had ridden up quite a bit and she sat there speaking to him with her legs slightly open. It was obvious to her exactly where he was looking.  
  
Bill said, "it looks like you've been working on your tan this summer."  
  
She smiled. "Yes, the pool was a good investment for us."  
  
Monica began to open her door and of course Bill stepped back to help her open it. She swung around facing him without adjusting her skirt and smiled when he could no longer look her in the eyes. She stated, "I don't think my legs have ever been this tanned as she rubbed her hands up and down the top of her thighs."  
  
With her short skirt and legs partially open Bill just stared at her pussy. He wasn't even making an attempt to look elsewhere.  
  
Monica smiled. "I got off work early today, so I thought it would be a good day to lay out near the pool. I think the backs of my legs are darker than the front. What do you think?"  
  
She had already scooted to the edge of the seat. She raised her right leg and crossed it over her left and leaned over a little so he could see the back of her leg. In reality what he did see was her shaved pussy completely exposed to him.  
  
Bill looked as if he was really examining her legs for a variance in tan.  
  
She went inside to get undressed and went to the guest bedroom window to make sure Bill sat in his usual spot. She didn't bother with the bikini. She simply wrapped up in a towel, grabbed a beer and headed out to the lounger. She smiled at me and said, "watch this."  
  
She finally figured out that he could watch her while she sat on the patio, but when she entered the pool area, he could no longer see her. I felt a little better knowing that, because there were some things I didn't want him to see.  
  
I watched from the dining room window as she dropped her towel and sat in her lounge chair with a drink. Wearing her sunglasses, she could watch the shadow of him behind the fence without him knowing she saw him. Within a couple of minutes, she began rubbing lotion on her tits and stomach and soon worked her hand down between her legs. She slowly opened her legs and began playing with her pussy. Her show lasted twenty to thirty minutes. When she came back in the house, she was on fire.  
  
The following week-end things got a little wild, but it started off unplanned. Pat, Brian, Dan, and I usually manage to play a round of golf or two on the weekends. I've known all these guys since before Monica and I met. We've invited Monica to play several times, but she never seemed to be too interested. She would occasionally drive around with me and drink beer. She can play. She played in high school and she played one year in college. She was more interested in the college party scene than practicing golf. This weekend she decided to join us, not to play, just to ride around and drink beer.  
  
As we discussed her joining us, I suggested she dress for show. She told me she had every intention of doing just that, but she would surprise me with what she planned to wear. When we headed out the temperature was already above a hundred. That wasn't unusual for August in the south. She came out to the truck wearing her short, white denim skirt and a pink sheer cotton top. Her nipples stood straight out, and I didn't even need to ask if she was wearing any panties. She appeared to be in rare form, and I was sure it had to do with us and Pat last weekend.  
  
We arrived at the course and the guys couldn't quit complementing her on her attire. She asked when we drove to the first tee box if I thought Pat had told them anything about our little adventure. I told her I was sure he had not because it's something he simply wouldn't do. Anyway, she couldn't move without the guys checking her out with the possibility of catching a glimpse under her skirt or of her erect nipples. As the day progressed and the temperature increased her little top clung to her even more. Throughout the day she slid in and out of the cart showing everything. I think it took less than twenty minutes for all three of them to figure out she wore nothing under her short skirt. Her tanned legs looked incredible. A few times she pulled the pin for us, walked away from the hole, and squatted down while she waited for us to finish. Nobody, including me, could stop staring at her. Aside from the normal Monica watching not much happened until the sixteenth hole.  
  
We are all scratch golfers, so the gambling part of the game stays interesting. On the sixteenth hole Brian was down three bets to me and decided to press them all. The hole is a 576-yard par five covered with trees on the right, a tree lined creek on the left and a pond in front of the green. I hit a 315-yard drive that split the fairway. Brian hooked his shot into the creek and our day began to get more interesting.  
  
We all pulled over to the edge of the creek before the big drop off to help him look for his ball. Monica sat in the cart while the rest of us helped him look. Finally, Monica decided to join us. I thought to myself, this will be interesting. How will she manage to climb down the steep bank to the creek bed in her miniskirt? Then it hit me, that was part of her plan. She started down the bank, then realized she would need to climb down facing the bank while holding on to small volunteer tree branches. We watched and laughed. When Monica started to slide, Brian stepped up and offered her a hand. He could see completely up her skirt from where he stood. The rest of us were getting a great view as well.  
  
Brian asked, "Would you like a hand?"  
  
Monica replied, "Nice try."  
  
As soon as the words came from her mouth the tree branch she held pulled lose and she slid another foot or so before Brian caught her. He stood below her and caught her by the ass. I'm not talking about her ass over her skirt, I'm talking about his hand full on her naked ass. If he removed it, she would slide down to the bottom, so he left it there for the next couple of minutes. By that time, the rest of us had gathered around him to see the view. It was magnificent! Her bare, shaved pussy was fully on display to all four of us and there wasn't anything she could do about it.  
  
When she finally got to the bottom she said, "that was a bad idea."  
  
Everyone disagreed.  
  
Within a couple of minutes, we found the ball. It lay a few feet from the water on top of wet sand. There was no out that we could see, aside from just hitting it over the bank and back into play.  
  
Brian, the eternal optimist said, "I've got this. I know this shot."  
  
I laughed and told him, "no my friend, you're done this hole."  
  
His response was, "Bullshit I'm done. I'll still beat you this hole."  
  
So, I responded. "My friend, if you beat me on this hole, Monica will give you a blowjob."  
  
Monica piped in. "Don't be expecting me to pay off your lousy bets." Then she stepped up to look at the situation.  
  
She told Brian he was done this hole and that all he could do was knock it back into play which would put him 50 yards behind my ball and he'd be laying two.  
  
Brian said, "I'm going to hit the ball straight ahead, over the bank, and through the six-foot wide opening between the trees with a fade back into the fairway. That will give me a shot at the green on my third shot.  
  
Monica laughed. "Let me get this straight. You're going to stand in the creek and hit the ball through the trees and back into the fairway?  
  
"Yes."  
  
"You still think you can win this hole?" Monica said laughing at him.  
  
"Yes."  
  
"I'll tell you what Brian. If you win this hole, I WILL give you a blowjob."  
  
Pat and Don started clapping and yelling, Brian! Brian!  
  
Brian asked, "When and Where?"  
  
Monica laughed. "You're worried about getting your pay off when you haven't won the bet yet?"  
  
"Hell yes." Brian answered. "It's called incentive, and I've never had more incentive to win a golf hole."  
  
If the truth be known, at least four of us were pulling for Brian to win. When things settled down, Brian took off his shoes and socks, and stepped into the creek with a four iron in his hand. Then he hit the most amazing golf shot we've ever seen. The ball flew exactly as he had described earlier. Don and Pat climbed up the bank to see if it did land in the fairway.  
  
As Brian, Monica and I stood at the bank, Brian looked at Monica and said, "I get to help you back up the bank the way I helped you down."  
  
Monica replied, "I don't think so."  
  
Monica went first because Brian absolutely refused to. Brian stood a couple of feet behind her and I watched the show from the creek bed a few feet away. Monica climbed about four feet up the bank before she began to slide back down.  
  
"Ok Brian, you can help me, but watch your hands this time."  
  
"I watched them last time Monica."  
  
All three of us laughed.  
  
Monica moved up the bank a little more and couldn't move any further. Brian moved in and lightly placed his hand on her bare ass. He looked at me and I gave him the thumbs up. She took about one more large step with her right foot and was stuck again. This time her right foot was way ahead of her left and it left her spread wide open with the skirt above her waist. Brian looked at me again. I smiled and I motioned for him to put his fingers in her. In her awkward position, Brian rubbed the palm of his hand directly between her legs on her bare pussy. He slid his middle finger up and down her slit. She didn't even try to move. Then she said to me still laughing, "Mark, are going to help or just stand there?"  
  
"He doesn't look like he needs any help dear."  
  
"You're very funny," she replied.  
  
Brian played with her pussy for a minute or two and then put two fingers into her. Monica arched her back and it appeared she attempted to back into his hand. She brought her right foot back down the hill, but she placed it at least two feet away from her left foot leaving her wide open while still holding on to the small branches. She then raised her ass up to give him better access. For another minute or so she stayed in that position as Brian fingered her pussy. She got into it in a big way and began rocking back and forth on his hand attempting to get his fingers buried deeper into her pussy. Then from the top of the bank we heard from Pat, "Are you guys going to stay down there all day?" And just like that, their game was over.  
  
When Monica did get in the cart and grab a cold beer, I noticed her face was flush.  
  
"That was fun," I said.  
  
"Yes, it was. It wasn't expected, but it was fun."  
  
I hit my shot in front of the water about 75 yards from the hole. I couldn't have been in a better position. Brian, along with everyone else, got to his ball in the fairway. He was 200 yards out over a large pond.  
  
Brian smiled at Monica. "You never answered when and where?"  
  
"Just hit the ball smartass. From here Mark has a seventy-five percent chance of making birdie."  
  
"I have to know Monica. I'm inspired."  
  
"We'll figure it out, IF you win."  
  
I think that was the first time Brian believed Monica really planned to pay off the bet if he won.  
  
He did hit the perfect shot. From 200 yards out the ball flew directly at the flagstick, landed six feet from the hole, and bounced into the bottom of the cup for eagle. He jumped up and down, did a little jig in the fairway, grabbed Monica's face with both hands, and then said to her, "you sure do have a pretty mouth. Can we go now?" Then he went back to his little dance.  
  
Everyone applauded. Pat and Don asked if they got to watch the pay off.  
  
Monica simply shook her head. "That was two impossible shots."  
  
"It's not over yet," I commented. "I could still tie."  
  
I'm deadly accurate with my sand wedge. It and putting are my two strengths. That being said, I still had about a one percent chance of making the shot and I didn't want to make the shot. I aimed fifteen feet left of the pin, but I mishit the shot. The ball landed five feet left of the pin, jumped forward about five feet, and then spun back toward the hole, stopping three feet short. I thought, well at least it looked like a true effort.  
  
Brian started his little dance again and was soon joined by Pat and Don doing their version of the dance. Then Brian said to Monica, "please drive my cart to the green. I feel like dancing all the way there."  
  
Monica simply shook her head and said, "drive your own cart."  
  
The truth is, none of us really wanted to finish the game, including Monica, I think.  
  
As we drove to the green Monica smiled and said, "this will be an interesting afternoon."  
  
"Yes, it will and I'm looking forward to it."  
  
We all hit drives on the next hole. Brian's ball finished a few feet from mine on the right side of the fairway just outside the tree line. Pat and Don hit their second shots and pulled up beside us.  
  
Monica looked over to Brian and asked, "are you ready?"  
  
"Here? Hell yes, I'm ready."  
  
Monica said, "the course is empty and there's an opening in the trees. How about there?"  
  
Everyone pulled their carts to the place she'd pointed to.  
  
Monica got out of the cart, finished her beer, and sat in the floorboard of the cart near the edge. Her skirt rose several inches when she sat down while everyone watched every move she made. She looked up at Pat and Don, gave them a little smile and then looked at Brian and gave him a huge smile. She motioned for Brian to step up to her. When he did, she opened her legs wide giving him room to stand in between them. Her skirt rose to her waist and you could not only see her swollen pussy lips, you could see the landing strip at the top of them. Brian took in the view before stepping all the way up to her. I think this was the first time that everyone believed she would pay off on her bet.  
  
Brian couldn't keep the grin off his face. He reached for his zipper and Monica said, "I'll handle that."  
  
She slowly unbuckled his belt, pulled his zipper all the way down, unsnapped his pants, and then dropped them to the ground. His dick was already at full attention. She held it in her hands and played with it and his balls for a couple of minutes before licking the head. Suddenly four guys got quiet. He reached down and raised her top above her tits. Her nipples were fully erect before he began fondling them.  
  
Don, by far the shiest of all of us, decided to sit on the seat behind Monica and play with her tits. He fondled her right tit while Brian played with her left. With Brian's dick halfway down her throat, Monica reached back with one hand and grabbed Don's dick. Her eyes got as big as saucers. I later found out that she thought it was me who played with her tit until she felt his dick. I looked in his lap and it looked like one of the male dancers who stuff their shorts for the shows.  
  
Monica took her hand off his crotch and slid it under his shorts. She didn't need to reach far to grab him.  
  
The whole time she never stopped sucking and licking Brian. She removed her hand from Don's dick and decided to give Brian her full attention. She worked on Brian as Don sucked on her nipples and played with her tits.  
  
Just a few minutes into his blowjob Brian was obviously about to cum and began to back off. Monica pulled him closer while looking into his eyes and shook her head no. At his point of eruption, Monica opened her mouth wide, kept his dick in her mouth and tongued the underside until he began firing one squirt after another for everyone to see. He came so hard he accidently pulled back too far and fired his second squirt on her upper lips and cheek. Monica worked his dick until it was completely clean, and he had to make her back off. Then she simply wiped his cum from her upper lip and cheek with her finger and sucked her finger clean.  
  
She was on fire and there was no release for her. Brian soon realized her situation, got down on his knees and began playing with her pussy, much like he did near the creek's edge. Pat and Don were amazed she let him finger her with everyone there watching. Brian lifted her up and sat her on the seat. I'm sure Brian wanted to go down on her, but he never really got the opportunity. Don sat beside her and went back to working on her nipple. She whispered something into his ear. Apparently, she told him to take his pants down. Pat and I were so engrossed in watching Brian play with her pussy and Don suck on her nipple that we didn't see anything else until we heard Brian say in a rather loud voice, "What the fuck is that?"  
  
When we did look up, we saw Monica holding the largest dick any of us had seen, even on a porn star. The man stood up at least nine inches and appeared to be as big around as a beer bottle. Monica's hand would not wrap completely around it. She came a minute later.  
  
Brian backed off and Monica continued playing with Don. She turned toward him and began licking the head of his dick. She could only get about two or three inches into her mouth, but that was apparently all she needed to do. Don came in less than a minute. Monica didn't back off until she began to choke.  
  
"Damn Don, have you been storing that up for a year?  
  
Brian said, "what the hell, he didn't hit two phenomenal shots, I did."  
  
"True." Monica responded. "But he does have a phenomenal dick."  
  
"Yea, I can't argue with that," Brian commented.  
  
We decided not to finish the round after all.  
  
Monica turned to Don and asked, "where do you hide that thing?"  
  
Don said, "as a teenager, my mom told me nobody wants to see that thing. Find a way to hide it."  
  
"Well your mom was full of shit. Every woman checks out a guy's package whether they admit it or not. Including your mom, I'd bet," Monica responded.  
  
Brian, Pat, and I worked out together and with the community showers in those places we'd all seen each other. Nobody had seen Don.  
  
It did, without a doubt fascinate Monica.  
  
Riding to the car I said, "I bet Pat feels left out today."  
  
Monica smiled. "Maybe we should invite him over for a swim."  
  
When Pat stepped up to Monica's side of the car, she asked him if he felt left out today.  
  
He told her yes.  
  
She invited him to the house for a swim.  
  
He accepted and said he'd be right there after he dropped Don off at his house. "By the way Monica, you have a couple of white spots on your cheek and upper lip."  
  
"I wonder where that came from?" Monica said laughing.  
  
On the ride home I asked, "So are you going to be naked in the pool when he gets there?"  
  
"Yes, I believe I will."  
  
We arrived home and Monica came through the kitchen where I stood, naked, carrying a towel and grabbed us a couple of beers. "See you when you get out there."  
  
When I got in the pool the first thing Monica said was, "have you ever seen a dick that big in your life?"  
  
"What dick?" I replied.  
  
She smiled, "I've never seen anything like that, not even on the internet or at least that I didn't think was photoshopped."  
  
"We need to talk before Pat gets here," I said.  
  
"Okay."

"I enjoy everything we've been doing I'm just hoping it's enough for you."  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"Well you flash these guys and give them blowjobs, but I'm not sure that's enough for you. I don't want to leave you hanging if you know what I mean."  
  
She smiled. "I really have enjoyed our games. You guys have never left me hanging. I'm not interested in fucking anyone but you. I really enjoy our adventures because we're both involved in the fun. Since you are involved, I feel like I have your permission to have fun with them. It's not who it's with as much as it is the situation. To me oral sex isn't the same as fucking someone. Yes, it's still sex, just not the same."  
  
"That's the way I feel about it."  
  
"You don't need to worry about leaving me hanging, as you say, I've climaxed and sometimes multiple times during our games. In fact, today at the creek bank I would have climaxed while Brian fingered me if Pat had showed up one minute later. By the way, I know you somehow told him it was okay to do that. I don't think Brian would have done that entirely on his own."  
  
"I don't think he would either. However, I didn't tell him to grab your bare ass on your way down. He did that on his own. I certainly don't blame him since he and everyone else had been looking at your bare pussy for hours and the fact that your bare ass was fully on display on your way down the bank. Nice touch, by the way."  
  
She grinned from ear to ear. "Thanks."  
  
I laughed. "Those were the two most incredible shots I've ever seen in golf back to back."  
  
"No shit! I'm glad he made them. It made for an incredible afternoon."  
  
"You and four guys were glad he made them as well."  
  
"I have a very vivid imagination when it comes to things like this," I told her. "I'm sure we won't get bored."  
  
"I know you do."  
  
I heard Pat's car door slam. "It sounds like your boy-toy for the late afternoon has arrived."  
  
Pat stepped through the back door with Don behind him. "Guys I've been trying to call you to let you know that Don was still with me, but you didn't answer."  
  
"Sorry man, wet phones don't work well. It's not a problem. The more the merrier. Come on in.  
  
Monica swimming in the pool naked got a little nervous look on her face, but it didn't last long.  
  
She told Don, "we would have invited you along earlier, but you said you had plans with your girlfriend."  
  
Don laughed. "It's been a remarkably interesting day so far. I've been hinting about a breakup with her for weeks. I just lacked the balls to come on out with it. When I got home, I found a note she'd left on the bar that stated she's taking what few things she had at my house and that we should no longer see each other. First a blowjob, then the bonus of having her move on. So far it's been a great day."  
  
"It could even get better than that." Monica told him. "Jump in the pool. But first, you need to get out of your bathing suit. I'm not going to be the only one in here naked."  
  
At that point I don't think either of them knew she was naked. Her comment did bring two huge smiles.  
  
When Pat and Don got into the pool, I was already standing behind Monica playing with her tits. Pat and Don got in front on each side of her. They each got a handful of tits and within a minute began sucking her nipples. Again, she was on fire. She asked Pat, "do you feel like the stepson today?"  
  
"Yes, I do. Poor me."  
  
Monica told him to sit on the edge of the pool and she would see f she could remedy the problem. He sat on the edge and Monica got out of the water to retrieve her bottle of coconut oil. When she got back into the pool, she moved between Pat's legs, poured oil all over her tits, grabbed one in each hand and placed them on either side of his dick. She slid her oil-soaked tits up and down his shaft while sucking his dick like there was no tomorrow. He lasted less than five minutes. Monica didn't spill a drop of his cum.  
  
She turned to Don. "So, are you ready again?"  
  
Don jumped out of the pool and sat beside Pat. His dick stood straight up. I wondered how that was possible. It appeared to me since he was so large that it would take half the blood from the rest of his body to fill that thing up.  
  
Monica played with him for a couple of minutes showing Pat and I that her hand wouldn't come close to wrapping around his dick. Then she covered her tits with oil again and repeated what she'd done to Pat. Don didn't last much longer than Pat. However, this time Monica was ready for the flood. She still choked a little. After she finished swallowing, she said, "do you cum that much every time?"  
  
Don smiled. "I'm afraid so."  
  
Pat sat her in his spot on the pool and began licking her. Monica came within two minutes and then again five minutes later. We spent the entire afternoon repeating a version of that. I think she blew each of them three times and fucked me twice.

**Monica Ch. 3**  
  
The remainder of our summer escapades ended much like they started. Monica got more comfortable around our friends as the summer continued.  
  
Around December Monica began speaking more about getting pregnant. Her biological clock was ticking, and it began to get serious with her. She hadn't been on the pill in over two years leading us to believe it had to be me. As much as I hated to have that checked out, I finally gave in. The results of my test that afternoon devastate both of us.  
  
I didn't have a low sperm count. I had a no sperm count. The doctor and I traced it back to a serious accident I had as a teenager. I told the doctor if that's actually the case, I've spent a small fortune on condoms I never needed.  
  
Monica and I discussed alternatives. I told her we could get her pregnant in a heartbeat, I just wouldn't be the biological father. We discussed a donor. The one thing we agreed on is that it wouldn't be our friends. Several reasons for that decision included: there could be a problem with our friendship down the road, we weren't sure how involved we would want the biological father to be, and it wouldn't be fair to the biological father if he couldn't see his child when he wanted to. It all seemed too complicated with friends.  
  
I laughed and said, "I'm sure there are many men we don't know who would be willing to help us out."  
  
She wasn't in the mood for my humor.  
  
As it turned out, a few months later, in the spring, we booked a vacation to Mexico. I knew of a great place that she had not yet been to. We needed a break from the daily grind.  
  
We stayed in a small bungalow a mile or so south of Playa del Carma. It was a one bed, bungalow with a small kitchen that sat fifty feet from the water's edge. There were three other bungalows like ours about 40 feet apart. None of the others were occupied when we arrived. We thought that would be a great place to relax and watch the waves. Between the bungalow and the water sat a pergola with an air mattress on a platform built about three feet off the ground.  
  
The first day, in the late afternoon, we decided to walk down the beach. Monica had been laying out and swimming topless, wearing only a G-string bottom. I talked her into walking down the beach just as she was. She had me carry her top just in case she felt the need for it, so I put it in my pocket. About a quarter of a mile down the beach we found a small open bar on the edge of the beach and decided to get a cold beer or two. There were no customers, just the two guys who we later found out owned it.  
  
The two guys were in their early twenties. Monica noticed they were both nice looking before we approached the bar. She asked me for her top and I simply smiled and said, "no."  
  
She smiled back and said, "You're actually going to have me go into the bar topless?"  
  
"Yes, if they complain, I'll give you your top."  
  
"You're very funny Mark."  
  
We stepped into the bar and met the two owners. They looked like brothers, but we found out they were just friends. I have to admit these two guys in their early twenties were nice looking and they were ripped. We introduced ourselves as we stepped inside the open bar. They couldn't take their eyes off her. Andris and Janos were the two men's names. They came from Hungary, opened a bar on the beach a year earlier and decided not to go back home. The guys were extremely nice, but I got the feeling they would have been nice even if Monica had been dressed.  
  
We stepped up to the bar and sat down. Both men were behind the bar. Monica was a nervous wreck. Her hands trembled. Although she'd done her share of flashing, sitting in front of two good looking young men that were total strangers, topless, was a different situation. We sat and drank a few beers discussing where we were from and what we did back home. After an hour or so and a few beers, Monica appeared excited more than nervous.  
  
I asked Andris and Janos if I could take a few pictures of them with Monica. Monica's eyes got as big as saucers. I don't think she was quite ready for that and my question to the guys caught her by surprise.  
  
Andris answered immediately. "Sure, where did you have in mind?"  
  
I pointed to the railing that had a backdrop of trees and asked, "how about there?"  
  
They both moved to the railing almost instantly. Monica stalled and finished her beer. She then looked at me and asked, "how do you want us to pose?"  
  
Janos grabbed another beer for us and handed Monica hers. She was now very nervous again. I suggested they stand near the railing on each side of Monica. For the next thirty minutes or so I gave them all ideas of how to pose for the pictures. I told Janos to stand behind Monica and to wrap his arms around her waist while Andris stood to her side. Then I told Janos to cup her tits with both hands. He stood behind her holding a tit in each hand and soon began tweaking her nipples with his forefingers. That wasn't something I had to suggest. Her nipples stood out like large pencil erasers. I then asked Andris to take one of her tits in his hands from the front. At this point, Monica was far more excited than nervous, and she began to really get into the photography. Less than a minute after fondling her tits from the front Janos leaned down and began sucking her nipple. Without any prompting, Andris came to her other side and took her other nipple into his mouth. I think Monica's legs began to buckle. She broke away a minute and stated, "I think I need another beer."  
  
Monica went to get everyone another beer and I told the guys without her hearing me to pull the strings on her bikini bottoms. She came back between the two and almost immediately they pulled the stings on her G-string. She made a feeble attempt to jump away, but that attempt was clearly for show. When she did get away, she realized she had lost her bottoms completely.  
  
Andris showed her the G-string as he put it in his pocket.  
  
"That will make for a few nice pictures," I stated while laughing.  
  
I stepped up to Monica and asked her if she was ok with everything. She told me she was nervous and wasn't too sure about it. I told her we probably wouldn't see these guys again, so just have fun.  
  
Both guys continued about where they had left off and I took many more pictures. Then Andris slowly slid his hand down her stomach. I think he was waiting for an objection. When he didn't receive one, he began playing with her pussy. Jason sat on the railing and with Monica facing away from him, he wrapped his arms around her and began playing with her tits. Andris stood in front fingering her and she opened her legs more to give him better access and leaned back into Janos. Almost immediately he dropped to his knees and began licking her. He took his time and it was clear to me that he had his tongue buried deep inside her. Monica climaxed in less than a minute and began pushing his head away.  
  
The instant Andris stood up, Monica dropped to her knees in front of him and pulled his shorts to the ground. I stepped to the side and took a dozen pictures while Monica gave him a blowjob. When she took his dick all the way down her throat and looked into his eyes, he came. Typical for Monica, she didn't miss a drop. She turned to Janos, stood him up, removed his shorts, and sat him back down on the railing. She wrapped her huge tits around his dick while sucking on it and he lasted about two minutes. Monica grabbed her bikini bottom and said, "that was fun, but we better head to the bungalow."  
  
We told the guys we'd see them later, but in reality, we had no plans to do so.  
  
When we walked a few yards away we were out of their sight. Monica was all over me. We stood there kissing for a few minutes as I played with her tits and pussy. We decided to take a short swim to cool off on our way back.  
  
Monica smiled and said, "well that was different."  
  
"If you mean different in the sense that you were completely nude in front of two total strangers as they played with and sucked on your nipples and fingered and licked your pussy, you could be right. Not to mention that you gave both blowjobs and all within a couple of hours from the time we met them."  
  
Monica said, "did it bother you?"  
  
"No, I'm the one who initiated most of it. You did look more nervous than excited at first."  
  
"I was nervous. It began to get exciting when you started taking pictures. It got really exciting when they played with my tits. As you know playing with my tits puts me over the edge. It's almost as if I have two clits on my chest instead of nipples."  
  
I laughed uncontrollably. I knew how sensitive her nipples were, but I'd never heard it put quite that way before.  
  
When we arrived back at the bungalow we stopped at the pergola and jumped on the mattress. We basically attacked each other. As we were getting into it, Monica noticed a coupe walking up the beach. Instead of backing off as she would have a year earlier, she pushed me onto my back and mounted me. The couple continued to watch us as they slowly walked by. Both were smiling. Monica, without losing her rhythm smiled at them and then waved. They waved back and we finished what we had started.  
  
After dinner that evening, we decided to go back to the bed at the pergola, listen to the waves and scroll through the pictures I'd taken. It fired both of us up in a big way. While she slowly rode me like a cowgirl I said, "you know, Andris and Janos would probably make excellent donors. It might even be a great deal of fun."  
  
Monica didn't immediately say anything, but she did begin rocking a little harder.  
  
I continued. "That could have very well happened today. When Janos was sitting on the railing and you were bent over giving him a blowjob, Andris licked your sweet pussy from the back and he could have slid right into you. Of course, if that had happened you know Janos would have taken you the same way next.  
  
Monica rode me harder than ever before and climaxed soon after she picked up the pace. She sat on me while I remained buried in her pussy and said, "I'm not sure I could do that."  
  
I continued. "I can see you on your hands and knees giving Janos a blowjob while Andris takes you from behind. I can also see you licking Andris clean while Janos takes you in the same position."  
  
She began rocking again harder and harder as I continued with the scenario.  
  
Monica was definitely picturing the scenario and it was getting her excited.  
  
It could be the perfect situation. You could get pregnant and the biological father would never be involved, much like a sperm donor, only this way you have an idea what the biological father looks like even if you don't know exactly which one is the father. Not to mention it would be $20,000 cheaper than the other way.  
  
"That will require some serious thought," she responded.  
  
The next day we rented a car and took a trip that ended at a little place with a bar, restaurant and four bungalows. The owners, a couple from Colorado, offered chartered deep-sea fishing trips, food, and lodging for their customers. It was the only place nearby with electricity provided by solar panels.  
  
We met the owners, discussed their accommodations, and decided to walk the beach for a while. Monica wore only a bikini cover up...no bikini. We walked to the water's edge and saw two men in their early forties, said hi, and walked on down the beach. Monica commented on how nice looking the guys were...for older men. About a hundred yards down the beach we stopped, and I took several pictures of Monica completely nude. The guys began to walk our way and we decided to get into the ocean. We were in the water up to my chest putting it over Monica's head, so I bent my knee up, rested it on my other leg and held her so she was shoulder deep.  
  
Within a couple of minutes, the two guys were almost at the spot where we entered the water. I told Monica to wave at them. She did and they entered the water.  
  
Monica said, "OMG they're coming to us."  
  
I laughed. "Of course, they are. You just gave them the international 'come join us' wave."  
  
"I was just being friendly. Besides, you told me to do that."  
  
I couldn't keep the grin off my face. "Yes, I did."  
  
We spoke for thirty minutes or so. The water was crystal clear and they both stared at Monica's tits the whole time. At that point I don't think they knew she was completely nude. We found out they were from Michigan and had made the trip with two other guys. Their two friends stayed at their bungalow because they got seasick fishing and were ruined for the day.  
  
About thirty minutes into our conversation I realized Monica was now comfortable with the guys even though they wouldn't quit staring at her tits. That's something she's used to by now.  
  
I said, "I need to swim over there a little ways and pee. Would one of you guys mind holding Monica until I get back?"  
  
Monica's face drained and a look of panic filled her face. I smiled at her and told her we were just going to have some fun. She forced a smile and told me ok, I guess.  
  
The older of the two men, I think his name was Greg, said, "I'd be glad to. I'm fairly sure I would be willing to hold her all day."  
  
When I handed Monica over to him, he didn't offer to brace his leg as I had been doing, he simply took her by the waist and sat her on his hip with one of her legs on each side of him.  
  
Monica almost freaked out knowing she was completely nude. It didn't take Greg long to figure that out either.  
  
I wadded back about twenty feet, relieved myself and headed back.  
  
Greg said, "I got this. You can take a break for a minute or two."  
  
Monica's face was turned slightly away from me, so I just smiled at Greg to let him know everything was ok.  
  
While I stood a couple of feet away, I noticed Greg slide his hand under Monica's ass and move her in closer, so her bare pussy rested directly on his side. He left his hand and forearm under her ass after she moved closer. Steve, his friend, moved in a little closer to the front of Greg for a better view. From there we talked about much of nothing for a few more minutes. I came up to Monica's back, kissed her on the ear and whispered, "are you ok?"  
  
She smiled letting me know that she was, but that she was still very nervous.  
  
I stepped back a foot or two and we continued to talk.  
  
Greg looked at me for a sign that the way he held her was ok. When I was sure Monica couldn't see me, I motioned for Greg to rub her ass. It was almost instant. With the water as clear as it was, I watched as his hand moved to one of her cheeks with his fingers entering the crack of her ass. It was a slow, subtle move, but she definitely felt the change. We continued to talk a few more minutes and I noticed his hand sliding back and forth on her ass and his fingers dancing up and down her ass crack. The other thing I notices about the same time Steve noticed is that Monica's leg began sliding up and down the front of Greggs swimsuit. Steve and I just smiled at each other.  
  
The more Greg's hand slid over her ass, the faster her leg slid over the front of his suit. Greg then pulled his hand back a little and changed its position. His fingers were now leading the way directly down her ass crack to her pussy. The instant he touched her pussy I knew it. She leaned her head in a little closer to him and moved her pussy a little farther back from his side giving him better access. She then reached inside his bathing suit and grabbed his dick. The move was obvious to Steve as well. Steve came a little closer to Monica's side and began fondling her tits. Within seconds he was sucking on one of her nipples.  
  
Monica could no longer hide her reactions. Greg put his fingers into her, and she began bucking harder. He was obviously working on her clit. Two or three minutes into Greg fingering her and playing with her clit she climaxed. She tried to hold back and not be obvious about it, but everyone knew. Greg continued to hold Monica as we all moved into shallower water.  
  
When we got into the shallower water Gregg moved Monica to his front, so she straddled him. Somehow without me seeing it Greg had managed to drop his bathing suit down to his knees. From behind Monica in the more shallow and clear water I could see his bathing suit down around his ankles and then I noticed a huge erection standing up below Monica's ass. Monica had to know his pants were off since she straddled his waist. Greg moved both hands to Monica's ass and spread her cheeks apart while Steve and I watched from behind. This guy appeared to be as large as Don. With his hands holding her ass cheeks open, he lifted her off his waist and sat her directly on his dick. Monica's face was buried in his shoulder, but she made no moves to stop what was happening. He rocked back and forth several times and then Monica pulled her face off his shoulder and began humping him back.  
  
Steve and I moved to either side of them for a better view. They rocked back and forth a few minutes and then Greg stood while still inside Monica and carried her to the wet sand. He squatted down in the sand and then laid on his back. Not once did he slip out of her. Monica bounced up and down on his dick taking in his full length and girth. Steve and I both moved behind them again. This guy WAS as big as Don. Whenever Monica raised up, it appeared he was turning her inside out. When she went back down, she took him all the way to the base.  
  
I always wondered if she ever fucked Don if she could take him all the way to the base. Now I had my answer.  
  
Monica moved at a rapid pace and I knew she was close to another climax. They both climaxed at the same time. Monica kept his dick buried inside her for several minutes. She then rose, moved to his side, and began licking him clean. She looked at me and smiled. Then she looked at Steve and asked him if he would like to lie down in the sand.  
  
Steve came out of his suit in record time and lay on his back with his dick reaching for the sky. I watched from behind as Monica crawled on top of him. Huge amounts of cum leaked from her pussy. She climbed on top of Steve and buried his dick all the way down in one smooth motion. Steve lasted less than ten minutes and then Monica began sucking his dick clean.  
  
When Monica backed off, I dropped my suit and laid on the ground where the other two men had been. She was full of two loads of cum. That was an experience I'd never had before. She felt great. We fucked for ten minutes or so while Greg and Steve watched. Monica came when I did and then she began licking me clean as well.  
  
Greg said, "You should rent the extra bungalow and stay another day."  
  
Monica answered. "Not tonight, but we may come back. How long are you guys staying?"  
  
"For the week." Greg answered.  
  
Monica smiled. "We need to get back tonight. However, if you guys think you can go again before we need to leave, we could do that."  
  
Greg said, "I'm 45 years old. Give me a couple of beers and thirty minutes and I'll be ready."  
  
"We'll see," Monica said.  
  
We sat on the blanket for a few minutes drinking beers and Monica began playing with Greg's dick again. She was fascinated with his size. She licked all over his dick, but even soft she couldn't take him all the way down her throat. He was still half as big around as a beer bottle.  
  
It didn't take him long to recover. He couldn't leave her tits and nipples alone. When he did get erect again, he rolled her onto her back and entered her in missionary position. It still took a few minutes before he could get all the way in her. Like Don, he came in gushers even the second time. Steve took his place in the same position for a while. Cum dripped furiously out of her pussy and down the crack of her ass. He raised up, turned her over and began playing with her ass. I was sure she would stop him, but she didn't.

He raised her up on her knees, took an enormous amount of cum that was dripping down her ass and coated his finger with it. He began playing with her ass and soon buried his finger in her ass and began a rhythm. He pulled his finger out, coated his thumb, and put his thumb into her ass while burying three fingers into her pussy. Then he broke even more new ground. He coated his dick with the cum still dripping from her and slowly stuck the head of his dick into her ass. She jumped and he paused long enough for her to get used to it. He then said, "you've never done this before?"  
  
She simply said, "No."  
  
He told her he was in about a third of the way but that he wouldn't move. When she was ready, she could move back into him. Within a couple of minutes, she began to rock back and forth taking just a little more at a time. With five minutes, he was buried balls deep into her ass and she was setting the pace. He reached below her and began playing with her pussy. As he did that, Greg lay down next to her head and began sucking on her nipples. She began going completely nuts with the pleasure. Greg played with her tits and sucked her nipples, Steve fucked her in the ass as he buried three fingers into her pussy. She came like a wild woman. A few seconds later, so did Steve.  
  
On our way back Monica said, "well I certainly wasn't expecting to do that today. Are we going to be ok?"  
  
"Absolutely."  
  
She laughed. "Again, I was very nervous. Especially with strangers. When you asked Greg to hold me, I got nervous, but when he took me and sat me on his waist straddling him with nothing covering my pussy, I almost died of embarrassment. I know it didn't take him long to realize I wasn't wearing a bathing suit bottom. It did feel good with him holding me skin to skin, but when he grabbed my butt cheek and began running his fingers up and down my crack, I began to get excited. I somehow knew you had let him know it was ok. I could feel his hard on with my leg. When he put his fingers on my pussy I got aroused and couldn't help but reach for him. When I put my hand down his suit, I realized I couldn't wrap my fingers around him, and it reminded me of Don. I think that's the reason that when he moved me to his front I didn't resist."  
  
"I helped a little with that."  
  
"How?"  
  
"I let him know it was ok and I motioned for him to play with your ass. It was all in fun."  
  
"The anal was a first," she said. "It's something I thought I'd never do. I still couldn't have done that with you , but Steve is fairly small, so that helped."  
  
"Monica laughed. 'Yeah, it was fun. And I could be pregnant."  
  
"Well we won't know now, but why stop there," I said laughing.  
  
"What do you mean?" she asked.  
  
"I'd still like for you to give the Hungarian guys a chance."  
  
"Really? I think that's one of the reasons I let Greg fuck me today. I've been thinking about what you said about Andris and Jaron and I'd almost convinced myself to do it."  
  
"I want you to. We'll see if they want to come over for a little fun tomorrow."  
  
About that time, we came up on a car with steam coming from the hood and a young couple standing out in front of it. I stopped to see if I could help. The beautiful young lady I assumed to be his wife was actually his sister, Nora. The young man's name was Maddock. Maddock was early twenties and Nora was nineteen. Nora was built much like Monica. She wore short shorts that allowed the cheeks of her ass to show a little, a look I've always loved, and a bikini top. Monica caught me looking at her several times and smiled at me. Their radiator belt had broken, and the closest stores were in Playa del Carmen, several miles away.  
  
As it turned out, they lived in Playa del Carmen, so we offered them a ride home. I told Maddock that if he picked up the parts and some tools, I'd take him back in the morning and we'd fix it. He couldn't believe someone he didn't know would drive him that far back to his car and help him fix it. I simply told him that I'd been stranded before.  
  
The next morning, I took him back to his car and we fixed it. He told me he worked at a restaurant in town and that he'd cook me and Monica the best steak we've ever eaten. I told him that sounded great, but there was something else he could possibly help me with. So, I told him that Monica was just now getting used to being topless at the beach, but that she was shy when it came to being topless in front of someone she didn't really know, especially sitting right there with her. I told him we would be lying on the beach in front of our bungalow later this afternoon and that she would be topless. What I wanted him to do was act as if he accidently strolled down the beach in front of us and then walk right up to us and say hi. I further explained I would offer him a beer and ask him to sit with us.  
  
He loved the idea. Maddock said he had to meet a couple of his friends near our bungalow around noon. They had planned to walk down the beach and swim a while. He asked if it would be too much if he brought them to our beach area. I told him that I thought it would work out perfectly. The more the merrier.  
  
Maddock said, "my friends Andris and Jaron will die when they see Monica."  
  
I chocked. "Andris and Jaron are your friends? The two guys who own the bar near our bungalow?"  
  
"Yes, you've me them?"  
  
"We have, but now I need to tell you the rest of the story."  
  
So, I explained our first meeting and most of the details of that afternoon. I told him that it all caught Monica by surprise and that isn't something she would normally do. I told him he should let his friends fill him in on the details.  
  
Maddock was beyond excited and couldn't wait for the afternoon.  
  
Around noon while Monica sat topless in her lounger drinking a margarita, Maddock, Andris and Jaron walked up the beach and directly to us. Monica squirmed again. Maddock acted as though he couldn't believe we knew Andris and Jaron and then said they all moved to Mexico at the same time. They had been friends since grade school.  
  
Monica believed them walking up to us to be merely coincidence.  
  
I offered them a drink and told them to pull up chairs. Monica quit squirming within a short time. We sat and talked for about an hour before Andris told Monica she looked overheated and asked her if she wanted to hit the water with him.  
  
She didn't immediately respond, so Andris stood, held out his hand and she took it.  
  
We all watched her little ass in the string bikini and her bare tits bounce until she got into the water. We watched for a few minutes and noticed Andris and Monica stood very close to each other. They were in water up to Andris' shoulders, so we knew he had to be holding Monica up. We all three decided to join them, but we wanted to watch for a few minutes first.  
  
Andris held Monica from the back with his arms covering her tits. He then lay her on her back in the water holding her up with one hand as she floated next to him. Andris was on the far side of Monica giving us a great view of her tits floating above the water as we entered the water. He soon leaned down and took a nipple into his mouth. When they saw us getting close, they both waved at us.  
  
I half expected Jaron to fondle Monica's other tit as soon as we reached them, but it was Maddock who took the first step. That surprised Monica as well. Jaron stepped up and placed his hands under Monica's back to keep her afloat while Andris and Maddock played with her nipples. Soon Jaron moved one hand below her ass and began rubbing her pussy. She wasn't holding still, and she wasn't being quiet.  
  
I asked the guys if they'd prefer to finish what they started back at the pergola? Expecting them to break away and start swimming to shore, they surprised me when they held her in position and began floating her back to shore without leaving her tits or without stopping the play with her pussy.  
  
When they reached the shore, Andris picked Monica up and carried her the few feet to the mattress on the pergola. He sat her on the edge, leaned her back and opened her legs. Within seconds he buried his face in her pussy. Jaron and Maddock climbed on the mattress on each side of Monica and sat next to her playing with her tits. She reached for both at the same time and soon had her hands full of dick. She played with them for only a minute or so and then told Andris to lie on the mattress. She mounted him instantly sitting straight up so Jaron and Maddock could continue playing with her.  
  
Monica rocked back and forth several times with Andris buried to the base of his dick. She began to climax and that sent Andris over the edge. She rode him until he fell out.  
  
Maddock said, "Next."  
  
Monica smiled. "Your friend made quite a mess in me. Wouldn't you prefer I clean up a little first?"  
  
"Hell no. I want in you right now."  
  
Monica pushed him over on his back and mounted him the same way she did Andris. Maddock didn't last five minutes.  
  
Monica looked at Jaron and asked, "would you like for me to clean up a little first?"  
  
Jaron, with a huge grin, simply shook his head no.  
  
Monica rode him the same as the others. Again, he didn't last long either.  
  
Monica said, "it's early. When we do this again, we'll need to change positions. I don't want you guys to get bored."  
  
None of them could quit laughing, but I think they were far more interested in the fact she said when we do this again.  
  
These young guys recover quick.  
  
We all went into the water. I held Monica close. She wrapped her legs around me and slid right down on my dick. We fucked in the water with an audience for a few minutes. The truth is, I didn't last much longer than they did. Soon the guys were taking their turns with Monica in the water. She had more energy than I had ever seen her have and never seemed to tire of our games.  
  
Most of the afternoon we sat in the water, drank, and played around. Eventually we got out of the water and sat below a parasol to get a little shade. Monica blew all of us one right after the other. Her tits, stomach, cheeks, and lips were covered in cum. We stood to enter the water and Maddock kissed her. It wasn't a peck, it was a full on tongue kiss. I just thought to myself, "how can he kiss her like that after she just took four loads of cum in her mouth and still had it on her lips and cheeks."  
  
Monica told the guys thanks for a great afternoon and that we would be gone the next day for a little fishing excursion, but we would do this again when we returned.