**Runaway Bay**

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For anyone who hasn't read my earlier story 'When white gets wet', I like to be admired by men, especially when I am away from home on vacation. I began wearing white swimwear when I discovered the attention that I get when it becomes translucent when wet.

Barry, my husband, buys me swimwear each spring for my Birthday; I know that he removes any lining that may be inside to give a maximum effect. I know that he loves to show me off and to be honest; I have grown to adore the attention. I just love the facial expressions and look of lust that my showing little parts of me can generate.

Before we go away, it is his responsibility to shave around my pussy lips and anal area after the beautician has shaped my dark pubes into an arrow head that is about two inches at its widest and ends in a point just above my groove.

By keeping some pubes any viewer would clearly see that the swimwear is translucent, and that directs his view in the direction that I desire.

I rarely wear a bra as my breasts are little more than a good handful. But they are all mine and my high raspberry like nipples on my slim frame, with my long legs and blonde hair usually has the desired effect.

Barry, my husband, is much older than my twenty eight years and I discovered that he likes to show off his 'trophy wife'.

He likes to show me off and I like to show off, what a great combination.

We were packing for our Winter break. It was mid February and Barry and I were going to spend a relaxing week in an all inclusive resort on the beach at Runaway Bay in Jamaica.

We have no children and so choose vacations where we don't have to suffer the noise of other people's kids.

I have to keep my eye on Barry when we pack as he has removed some of my everyday type underwear and modest clothing from the case in the past, leaving me only the sexy see thru things to wear.

One of the items he insisted on me taking was a dress that I had bought for a sixties style party but had never worn because I felt it was too short, being only six inches below my pussy and very see thru, any underwear that I wore could easily be seen thru the lace/crochet style material.

It looks a bit like the dress that Heather Graham wore in the Austin Powers film. It is a genuine dress made in the sixties and it looked nice on, the colour is kind of peach. I had an old flesh coloured body stocking that I planned to wear under the dress to make it just look like I was naked beneath. I decided that, even for me, it was too see thru because my nipples are a dark tan colour.

Barry insisted that if it had been worn in the sixties there was certainly no problem wearing it in the 21st Century.

For the flight, I wore my denim jacket over my cropped white vest and faded denim jeans. As usual, I didn't wear a bra.

I kept the jacket on during the flight because it was so cold on the plane. This of course emphasised the heat when we arrived in Jamaica and I had to take the jacket off in the arrivals hall at Montego Bay. Even the guy at the Immigration desk couldn't take his eyes off my nipples as he asked me the details of our stay. The male attention of course made them even more erect than usual.

The bus driver was worse. His eyes darted between my nipples, my flat bare stomach and the crotch of my jeans. The jeans are old and I'd cut the top couple of inches off, making them hipster in style. The front gaped a little so the top, and from the right angle, a little of the front of my translucent g string could be seen. The jeans material is soft and faded slightly more around my pussy and with the center seam splitting my lips, I could understand his interest.

The jeans are my favourites, as they are the only pair that has a centre seam that gives just the right pressure on my clit when I walk. So that day I didn't mind all the walking that we did.

It was late by the time that we arrived at the Resort. We were so tired from the flight that we went to bed early.

We had breakfast early the next day so that we would have maximum time on the beach. Barry was in his usual, boring shorts and even though I like to wear tiny swimwear, I chose to wear my one piece swimsuit until I had the measure of the place. I may need to tease but I need to know the environment.

I swam my twenty lengths of the pool with my Barry, and then left him to carry on for a few more lengths. I had just settled back on to my sun lounger and closed my eyes when I heard a deep brown Jamaican accent say,

"Very Nice."

Then a male second voice, "Yes, very nice."

I opened my eyes to see two Jamaican guys standing near my feet. They had raised their sunglasses and appeared to be examining my body.

They were both well over six feet tall and muscular, with very dark skin which enhanced their beaming smiles.

It was obvious from what they were wearing that they were members of the resort staff. After introducing themselves as Roy and Carlton and asking the usual questions about where I was from, was it the first time in Jamaica and how long was I staying for, they began to pester me about that nights Toga Party.

Carlton said, "We have some great prizes for the best looking toga and with a figure like yours your sure to win something."

Roy added, "Yeh mon, Wear nothing or something see thru under the toga like your swimsuit and you're sure to win."

Carlton, who appeared the more responsible of the two, elbowed Roy in the ribs and told me,

"Ignore him. You look like someone who would be good with their hands. I'm sure that you will be able to make a wonderful toga."

I didn't believe that he was talking about my needlework skills, when he referred to me being good with my hands.

I was just about to say that we had other plans for the evening when Barry arrived back.

Roy remarked, "Is this your Roman Emperor?"

A puzzled Barry said, "Roman Emperor? What are you talking about?"

Carlton explained about the Toga Party that was to take place in the Disco at 11pm.

"Of course we will be there, count us in."

After Roy and Carlton had moved onto the next couple, Barry got it in the neck.

"Would you consult me before you arrange things? I had other things in mind for tonight."

"Whatever you had in mind we can do after the party. It was obvious that they liked you by the way they were acting. You know how competitive you are and how you like to win. If they have anything to do with choosing the winner all you have to do is show them a bit of leg."

He was right about my competitive side and they had already seen more than a bit of leg.

We had plenty of wine with our evening meal and I was feeling a little horny. I wanted to go back to our room and fuck, but Barry insisted that we go to the Toga Party.

We collected the white pieces of cotton that we were supposed to make a Toga from. Barry had two big pieces but they had only given me a couple of pieces that were about the size of small scarves. All that I could do was to tie the material around my chest and the other piece around my hips. I have many very short skirts but nothing as brief as the skirt made by the thin piece of cotton. It was very low on my hips and very high on my legs but it would just about cover a pair of panties as long as they were some of my briefer ones

I wrapped the material around my boobs and got Barry to tie the knot at the back, I made sure that there was only the thickness of one sheet of thin cotton between my nipples and the eyes of any judge. I checked in the mirror to confirm that the dark shadows of my nipples were visible.

I had worn a sexy white lace thong for the meal, I was looking for something that didn't show my dark pubes quite so clearly, but Barry insisted,

"We're late already; I can't see the knickers, so let's go."

I was standing at the time and knew that the World would see them as soon as I sat down. I hoped that the seating wouldn't be cold.

Barry grabbed my hand and we were on the way to the Toga Party.

The first thing that hit me inside the disco was the air conditioning. That had an immediate effect on my nipples. The second was the ultra-violet light that made the white togas glow. I knew that it would also make the white lace covering my pussy glow as well. I thought that it may emphasise the darkness of my pubes and I didn't want to get guys who were part of a couple in trouble with their girlfriends for looking, so I tried to be less brazen. I did notice that all the others seamed to have been supplied with more material than I had.

The place soon became quite full as did the small dance floor.

Barry suggested that we sit down. Most of the available seating was a bench type which faced into the room and the dance floor. I knew that as soon as I sat down my white lace thong would be on display. But sit down we did. Barry to my left. I couldn't make my mind up whether to cross my legs or leave them side by side. I decided that crossing them would have the best effect.

I soon spotted Roy and Carlton on patrol, moving around the edge of the dance floor. They soon locked on to me or should I say my white lace underwear, then walked over to where were. They were both on duty and full of smiles.

Roy spoke to Barry, "May I have a dance with your beautiful wife?"

Barry didn't have a problem and said, "Of course."

I smiled acknowledgement at Roy. As I got up I had to uncross my legs of course, then I had to slide out from behind a low table, I had no choice but to spread my thighs as I moved sideways to my route, but I suppose that I didn't have to spread them quite as much as I did. I caught both Roy and Carlton looking.

Roy walked me to the center of the dance floor, I presume to be out of sight of Barry. It was a medium paced tune so I didn't have to dance as wild as I do when a good rock song comes on. Roy was about three feet in front of me when he took hold of my hands. When I danced that little bit more sensually I could feel my toga top begin to slip down. I tried to get my hands back from Roy but he held tight. I could feel the material slipping down and tried to stop it by arching my back a little but the material was soon down to just above my nipples. The song was nearly at an end and I decided to replace the material before the next record. Roy was quick thinking though, He had been watching the downward progress of my top and he pulled me quickly towards him, making my body jerk, the sudden movement made the top slip over my nipples and down to my hips. I couldn't stop it falling and so pinned my chest against Roy's to cover my boobs. Roy seamed so pleased with himself. He released my hands but grabbed my ass. His huge hands covered most of my butt and I could feel him rub the hard bulge in the front of his pants against my bare hip bone.

As I replaced my toga top, Roy took the opportunity to get his hands under the material of my tiny skirt. His long arms were able to reach so far around that I could feel his finger running along the white string of material that ran between my legs. He was within an inch of my pussy when the record ended. I didn't want to be horrible to Roy but I hardly knew him. I thanked him for the dance and gave him a little kiss on the side of his face then wriggled away from his grip.

As I returned Barry asked, "How was the dance?"

"Fine, I had to come back because the toga top keeps slipping down."

"You go usually go topless on the beach so what's the problem?"

"The problem is that we're not on the beach."

I remained standing as I returned to my seat. The lights went lower and the volume became louder so it was difficult to talk with Barry. I decided not to tell him about Roy's wondering hands but thought about it. I wondered if I should have closed my legs a little to make it more difficult to gain access to what he wanted. Too late now, I decided. It did make me feel a little hornier though.

Barry was at the bar when Carlton approached me. He leaned over me and was very close to my ear, I could feel his warm breath when he said,

" I want to see your pussy again."

"Again? What do you mean by again?"

"When you were by the pool, we could see your pussy. When we said very nice what did you think we meant?"

"I wasn't really sure."

He put his hand on my right inner thigh and it was slipping upwards towards its destination when I spotted Barry returning through the crowd. I pulled Carlton's hand away and slammed my knees together to deny him further access.

All this male attention was making me much more horny. As soon as Barry returned I told him that we were going back to the room.

"You got to stay for the competition. It's about to start." Said Carlton.

Barry agreed, and so it was.

It was announced that there were to be different categories but the best prize was reserved for the Winner of the sexiest outfit.

The two judges were Roy and Carlton.

We were on our way back to our room with my star prize soon after. As soon as we were back in the room the toga was off. Barry had asked me to keep the thong on because he loves to pull it aside and do me. As we made love I thought of how easy it would have been for Roy and Carlton to do the same. The thought of the black cock contrasting against the white lace took me over the edge followed shortly by Barry.

The next day we found a quiet spot on the beach, so I wore my favourite white bikini. The bikini came from Australia and is actually designed to go see thru when wet. The swimwear came to our home in a tiny letter size envelope. There was never any lining in it. The material is so stretchy and thin that my nipples can be seen thru the top even when it's dry. The bottoms are tiny with a pussy splitting center seam and T back.

In Europe, I only ever wear the bottoms. I love the Sun on my boobs and any male attention is a bonus.

I decided that as my other swimsuit was see thru and anyone walking past me that day would have seen the goods already, what the hell?

Sometimes we use the bikini bottoms in a kind of sexy roll play. Wearing only the bottoms I will be on top of the bed pretending that I am sunbathing on a beach. My eyes will be closed and Barry will be at my side. He will very gently stroke the length of my pussy lips, using the very tips of two finger nails, one on each lip, whilst whispering in my ear what the guys look like as they pass by my feet. He will tell me where they are looking and how much they can see.

As he strokes, my legs go wider so the boys can see more. Then we pretend that the roll of tickling has been taken over by someone he had chosen whilst at a nearby Bar. I still think that it's Barry. My eyes are closed when the chosen one moves between my open legs and I can feel the head of a cock very gently running between my groove along the center seam of the swimwear. But, because the material is gossamer thin I can feel the skin of his helmet gently stroke the inner edge of my pussy lips. As I try to raise my hips to get more pressure he pulls back slightly, denying me.

Eventually I can stand it no longer. The material between my legs pulls out of the way easily, so I quickly tug it aside enticing him to fuck me. He dips just the head of his cock in me then pulls away. I have to beg him to fuck me. I grab his hips and pull him to me. It easily slides between my lips and into my slippery tunnel. The cock feels much bigger than Barry's and I know that it is a stranger between my thighs but the pleasure is so intense. I continue to keep my eyes closed and move my hips to meet his long thrusts. I grip his cock so tight with my strong vaginal muscles that he knows that I don't want him ever to take it out. My hand left hand stays on his buttock to dictate the speed of his thrusts; I move my right hand to my tender clit. I am nearly there when his back arches, his thrusts become shallower then his seed floods into my belly. The feeling sends me over the edge.

As I recover, I feel the material being replaced over my used and saturated pussy. He gives the material covering my pussy a thank you kiss and is gone without me ever seeing him.

I have often wondered how I would feel as I was having sex with a strangers cock, would he enjoy it as much as me, how would Barry feel and most of all, how I may feel after.

I know how Barry enjoys me teasing, but would he really enjoy me pleasuring myself and strangers in that way.

Wearing the white bikini always makes me feel sexy, and I was in a sexy mood that day. We had been for a swim in the Caribbean; I had just taken my top off to dry my body and was sitting on the end of the lounger drying my legs, with my legs apart to excite Barry, when the resort photographer suddenly appeared. He asked Barry to kneel down beside me and before I knew it the photo had been taken and he was on his way.

We were on our way for our evening meal when I saw a huddle of guys around a notice board. We approached to see what the fuss was about when I heard one guy say,

"Look at those suckable nipples."

Another said, "Look at her cunt. I would slide my tongue along that groove until she begged me to fuck her. She wouldn't be able to sit down for a week."

I really don't like that C word. It sounds so cheap.

I got closer and saw that he was pointing to our photograph or should I say pointing at me. He was really just pointing at my very clearly visible pussy.

Another guy said, "I'm going to buy a copy of that photo and squirt my stuff all over it."

"Let me borrow it first and I'll try to miss it." Another voice said.

They obviously didn't recognise me. I suppose it was because my hair looks much darker when it's wet and it had been in such a messy state from being dried with the towel. Another reason may have been that they hadn't looked at my face.

Barry didn't speak, but he looked quite pleased with himself as we walked to the Restaurant.

We were having our meal when yet another of the entertainment staff approached us. This time they were promoting a 'sixties and seventies' singing contest that was to be held the following evening.

I have always been a big fan of the Beatles music, although it was before I was born. My parents used to play their music a lot. I think that I can sing in tune but was reluctant to put myself forward.

Before you could blink, Barry had entered me into the competition.

"You can wear your sixties dress. You'll knock them dead."

The following day after returning from the beach I took my sixties dress out of the wardrobe to see if it needed ironing. Fortunately the material is such that it doesn't show creases.

I hung it up and went for my shower. Whilst taking my shower I began to think of my teasing adventures so far. My fingers enjoyed the smooth feel of my pussy lips and my pussy enjoyed the touch of my fingers.

My finger made its way between my lips and had just begun to bring myself enjoyment when Barry disturbed my thoughts when he called out,

"How much longer are you going to be? What's taking so long?"

Wouldn't he have loved to know?

Having been disturbed, I stopped, dried and began to get ready. I put a little more make up on than I would normally wear anticipating the harsh stage lighting.

When I returned to the bedroom and began to look for my body stocking. I couldn't find it anywhere. I was sure that I had packed it. I knew that I had nothing other than that dress suitable for a sixties show. I had built myself up for the competition and now I had nothing to wear. I could feel a tear coming on when Barry suggested that the dress wasn't that see thru and perhaps I had some different underwear I could use. Nearly all my underwear is white or very pale pink. I had left all my black things at home.

I tried both the white and the pink but both looked awful. Barry suggested that I try the dress on without underwear. People would assume that I was wearing something and if they could see anything dark at the junction of my legs they would assume that it was a G-string. I thought about it for a minute then considered that everyone who saw the photograph had seen more already. I tried the dress on and in the dim light of the bedroom it looked decent. Barry continued to insist that nothing was on show, but when I went to check in the bathroom I could clearly see my nipples.

The mirror was high and we were late. I didn't bother about what could be seen below, I just grabbed my handbag and marched out of the door in a huff. Barry followed close behind.

We had our evening meal before the competition. Possibly because it was quite dark in the restaurant I didn't notice anyone looking at me. I soon felt very comfortable wearing the dress. The competition was in the disco again so I was beginning to think I had made the right move by not wearing white underwear.

The five other contestants and I were asked to attend a room behind the stage for a briefing. It was then that I discovered that Roy and Carlton were to be two of the three judges, (why was I not surprised). They were sitting on either side of the Manager of the resort. He was to be Chairman of the panel. He looked as if he could be something of a womanizer and I was beginning to think that the competition was very winnable. My competitive side really began to kick in.

We, the competitors were sitting opposite the judges on a long bench. I was sitting at the end next to an old guy who's costume implied that he was going to be doing an Elvis song. I had chosen 'Yesterday', because it isn't too difficult to sing and I always enjoy singing it when I am in the shower.

As the Manger told us the rules, I went into my Sharon Stone leg crossing routine. I had decided just to show them a glimpse of pubes. Rather than open my legs, I just slid one over the other a few times. I wanted them to want more. They soon fell into my trap. I could tell by the look on their faces that I had succeeded in my mission.

The running order was read out and I was to be the last to sing. I knew that by singing last, I would be the one fresh in their minds.

I could hear the singing as our group grew smaller. Two of the singers were terrible, two were quite good and the Elvis impersonator was excellent.

I was so nervous as I approached the microphone. The four piece band was behind me but I only needed the guitarist. He played an acoustic guitar as I sang.

The spotlight was illuminating just my top half so I knew that my nipples would be on display. I had noticed a blue light behind me and I knew that if I stood with my feet apart, my legs and the gap at their junction would be silhouetted.

I was nearly put off though, when I saw the group of guys that were making crude remarks about my photo walk into the disco. They were hard to see because of the bright lights shining in my eyes, but I knew it was them as I recognised their voices from the day before. All their comments came flooding back to me.

I carried on and thought that I sang quite well. At least good enough for second place.

The competition was over and I joined Barry in the audience waiting for the result.

In third place was a pretty girl who I thought wasn't very good. In second place was Elvis. Then they announced the winner, and called me up to the stage. I was glad to hear the applause of the audience, it felt really great.

Roy and Carlton stood on either side of me and made me bow to the audience. I knew that the band behind would be getting a good view of my ass and pussy.

We stood upright and Roy and Carlton raised both my hands in a type of victory salute. This off course raised the hemline of my dress. I thought that it wouldn't have been by much but I was wrong.

"I can see her pussy." I heard one of the noisy group call out.

"I recognise that pussy; it's the sexy bitch in the photo."

I pretended not to hear him and kept smiling.

It was really difficult doing the encore when I knew that everyone in the room had seen my pussy.

As soon as I could, I took Barry back to our room and shagged his brains out.

The following day we were on the beach again when I spotted the resort photographer approaching us. I immediately moved my towel over my pussy.

"Hi, you're a really cool singer. The resort owner saw you last night as well and has told me to ask you if you have ever been a model."

"Why does he want to know?"

"Every year around this time he has a fashion show for his customers at his mansion in the hills. He has money in a swimwear company and he is looking for another model."

"Thanks, but no thanks. The idea of this holiday was to relax I've been involved in enough events already."

"There's a 14 day vacation as payment if you do it. You will just have to pay for the flights."

Barry's ears pricked up at that comment and he asked, "What does it involve?"

"I'm told that it involves a fashion show of the swimwear and a few photographs."

"You know what happened last time that I got involved in a photo shoot. I'm afraid that it has to be a no."

Barry had other ideas, "Let me have a word with her and I'll speak to you later."

**Runaway Bay Ch. 02**

During the course of our evening meal, neither of us brought up the invitation for me to be model in the swimwear fashion show. We had been drinking a pleasant champagne all evening and we were both in horny moods. Barry kept teasing me about my nipples poking through the pale apricot colored silk mini dress that I was wearing. It had a central slash from the neck down to the waist at the back and so it couldn't be worn with a bra.

I had teased the guys at the table opposite a few times when I crossed my legs. I knew that they had seen my little white lace thong by the expression on their faces. I pretended that I had no idea that they were looking. I know that it was naughty of me, but I consider it a bit like gentle foreplay before Barry takes over back at the room.

We were on the top of the bed trying to cool off under the ceiling fan. I was still wearing my thong and Barry was about six inches from the front blowing gently through the material. He was lying on the bed between my open thighs. There was a table lamp giving a pleasant light to the room. He began telling me how nice my pussy looked through the material and I began to think about what I had shown earlier.

My eyes were closed, when I felt the material being pulled away from my pussy. Then the gentle touch of his tongue. He teased me for ages, going up one side then the other. He got nearer and nearer to my sensitive clit, then just before he made contact, he broke away for a second to tell me how good I taste.

Barry may not be muscular but he has a very versatile tongue. He continued to tease me and give me pleasure until I could feel the start of my orgasm. He sensed this and concentrated on my clit. Nearer and nearer. My eyes were closed and I was concentrating on all the fun that I had had so far at the resort.

Closer and closer, then suddenly it hit me, my best orgasm for months.

Of course, I wanted more, "Keep doing it, just like that." I ordered.

I was soon on the way again when Barry stopped and said,

"I want you to do the fashion show."

"Yes, yes, just keep doing what you were doing."

His tongue went back to work and I felt a finger slip between my lips and make contact with my g spot. That was it, over the top again. I was sure that we must have been keeping the people in the adjoining rooms awake.

I dragged Barry on top and within a very short time, he had achieved his own orgasm.

The fashion show wasn't mentioned again, until the following morning when the resort photographer came by.

"Well, have you decided yet?"

I hadn't really woke up when Barry told him,

"Yes we discussed it briefly last night; she would love to do it."

If he calls the trick he used on me a discussion, he needs to check a dictionary.

Having said that, I was beginning to think that it might be fun. However, I was definitely going to blame him if anything happened that he didn't like.

The photographer said that we were to be in the Hotel Lobby at 3pm on the Friday afternoon. Just two days to get a better tan and I couldn't have anything to eat that was in any way fattening, my stomach had to be totally flat. I was happy that I had spent a lot of time in the gym before the vacation and was looking my best.

I was informed that I wouldn't have to take anything with me as a make up artist had been employed.

Friday came, and I was really pleased with the way I looked. I had increased my tan and had been to the hairdresser just to lighten and put a bit of body in my long blonde hair. I hadn't put any weight on because I had been swimming and using the resort's running machine.

It was shortly after 4pm that our hotel car entered the gates and began to travel along at the drive of the resort owner's mansion. It was huge, being similar in style to the resort exterior, it would easily have passed as a small hotel. A member of staff was there to greet us.

I could see that there was a lot of preparation going on for the evenings show. I felt slightly cooler, because either we were quite high on the mountain or maybe unusually for me, I was a little nervous. I was beginning to wish that I had worn more than just a tight white running top and hipster denim shorts with my white tennis shoes. I had taken some high white classy shoes to wear with the swimwear and a white silk mini dress to wear if there was an after show party.

We were escorted to an office where we met a very nice middle aged Jamaican lady. She had a contract on her desk and started to talk about copyright of any photo taken and some other things. The payment that we would receive was a two week vacation at any of the owner's resorts. Barry read thru it and I signed it without looking at a single word.

We made our way to the large swimming pool area. From the pool, I could see the wooded mountainside and the distant Sea. I definitely wanted to have a swim in that pool at some time.

There were fifty or more chairs placed, two deep, and either side of a narrow, two feet high, catwalk that ran the full length of the pool. There were loudspeakers all around quietly playing Ella Fitzgerald instead of the usual Bob Marley. There appeared to be about fifteen staff, all smartly dressed in white jackets and black neatly pressed trousers.

"Hello Crystal." A voice boomed from a doorway. "I had hoped that you would be wearing your little competition dress."

Then I saw him. A really tall, slim guy. He appeared to be about fifty years old but he could have been older. He may have been mixed race because his skin was not as dark and his collar length hair was not as curly as the other locals I had seen up to then. He was dressed in a multi colored dressing gown and I saw that his skin shone beneath.

"You are early. I must apologise , I was having a swim before the guests arrived."

He gave Barry's hand a vigorous shake then gave me a hug and kiss on both cheeks.

"Please call me Lucky, my real name is Armstrong but I'm not too keen on it. Everyone calls me Lucky."

He asked Barry his name and took hold of my hand. He began leading me towards the house.

"Barry, be a good man and get Crystal and yourself a drink I will introduce her to Lance our choreographer and Phil the video and photo guy for this evening then I will have to get ready."

Lucky led me into a small changing room where I was presented to two men. Lance was extremely thin, extremely black and without doubt extremely gay. He introduced himself and told me he was from San Fransisco.

I smiled and introduced myself to them both.

Phil, a very expensively dressed, cool looking white guy kissed me on both cheeks and held me for a moment, looking into my eyes as he gave me his name and told me he normally lived and worked in New York.

Phil was obviously very comfortable in the company of females. There was nothing effeminate about him. He was just short of six foot with broad shoulders and dark blonde hair fashioned a bit like John Bon Jovi .

"Let me look at you." Ordered Lance, as he touched me on my right shoulder.

"Yes very nice, slim with nice little erect nipples and a wonderful camel toe. We will be able to use that with our little tight swim shorts."

"I couldn't agree more." Said the thoughtful Phil.

It felt strange, being talked about as if I couldn't hear.

Next, Lance grabbed the top of my denim shorts, the button was undone already because I wear them that way for effect. He dragged the shorts down over my hips pulling the thong beneath with it. He took me totally by surprise.

"Oh that's going to need a trim. Some of that swimwear isn't big enough to cover all that hair."

"Excuse me." I protested. "Would you ask if you want to see my pubes. And in any event I am by no means hairy down there."

"Carla will soon have you sorted out. Brazilian is the order of the day."

"Can I pull my shorts back up now?"

"What about your lips, Can we see them?" Asked Phil.

"Why?" A silly question I know, but I wondered what he would have to say.

"We can have problems with the look of the swimwear if the model isn't smooth down there because the material is so thin."

"Well I'm smooth down there."

Phil began to frown and obviously wasn't happy.

"OK then." I offered, and pulled the shorts down to mid high and said,

"There I told you." Putting my feet as far apart as the shorts would allow and pushing my hips forward.

Phil leaned forward for a closer look, "Yes, very nearly perfect."

"Nearly perfect? What's wrong with it?" I asked.

He placed a finger on each of my lips and said,

"It certainly feels nice and smooth but we'll get Carla to double check.

I couldn't believe that someone I had only just met had seen and was feeling my pussy lips. It was as if it wasn't part of me. Only Barry and Victoria, my beautician, usually have access to my pussy area.

Who was this Carla? I wondered, I didn't have to wait long. I had just replaced my shorts when she walked into the room.

Is everyone on this island six feet tall? I thought to myself. Another tall person introduced herself by giving me a kiss on each cheek. She had the brightest eyes and smoothest black skin that I had ever seen. Her hair was so short it was just about visible.

"I'll be sorting you out and doing your make up. I will make you look even better."

Phil had a quiet word in her ear before she took me by the hand and led me out to the pool area again.

I introduced her to Barry who was deep in conversation with a similar aged local guy behind the bar. Barry smiled and continued talking with the man.

Carla led me off to a room adjacent to a gym. It looked like a changing room but with a physio bed near the middle.

"Take your things off, and lie on the bed."

I did as instructed, and watched Carla walk around the bed, examining me from all angles.

"I will take care of your body first, then I'll do your face."

She spread her brushes and make up on a stand next to the bed.

She went around my shoulders then my body with a touch up brush. Presumably covering some of my freckles and the odd mole. As she got to my feet she moved each foot to the side of the bed and examined my legs. She didn't find any blemishes there but spent quite a while examining my pussy.

"Your nipples are dark enough, they should show thru the swimwear quite well. Sometimes with white girls I have to darken them with makeup."

At least there is something about me that doesn't need adjustment. I thought.

"I need to give you a Brazilian."

Fortunately I knew what a 'Brazilian' was and hoped that she wasn't considering waxing as it always leaves my skin raw for a couple of days.

She ran some warm water in a small sink and found a can of shaving foam in her bag. She warmed her hands before rubbing the foam between them.

Without a word her right hand was rubbing the foam all over my pussy. I had been expecting her just to use a little along the sides of my pubes. However, I must confess that it did feel nice. I closed my eyes and began to enjoy the sensation. She must have lathered me for about two minutes before she said,

"That feels ready now."

Her face was inches from my pussy as she took great care in getting the thin dark line perfectly central and straight.

"Right, underneath now. Lift your legs to your chest and open them as much as you can so that I have good access to you. I don't want to catch you with the razor."

"Are you sure that it needs doing? I had it done just before we came away."

"Oh yes, you need doing."

She lifted my legs until I took over and adopted the position.

I felt extremely exposed. I could feel that my pussy lips had parted and could feel her breath between them as she shaved me.

I was looking down at the top of Carla's head when I heard a shuffling noise coming from the direction of the open doorway.

As Carla's head went lower I saw Roy and Carlton at the doorway, dressed as waiters. I knew that their view of my gaping pussy was only obstructed by Carla's head. I didn't want Carla to jump if I screamed because she may have cut me. I remembered that they had been kind enough to make me the winner of two competitions and it would have been selfish of me to deny them a little look. I decided to pretend I hadn't seen them.

As Carla moved to the side to collect a towel they were rewarded with an unobstructed view of my pussy.

As Carla turned back towards me she spotted them. I wasn't sure what she was saying to them, but it was obvious she wasn't happy. The door was slammed in their faces, denying them further pleasure.

Carla was muttering under her breath as she gently wiped away the traces of foam that remained.

She then took some lotion out of her bag and began applying it around the area she had shaved. It felt and smelled wonderful. My eyes closed again at the pleasure she was giving. She was even better than Barry was with her hands. This seamed to continue for about five minutes, then a different sensation. It felt like a tongue between my pussy lips. I had never had sex with a woman. However, I began to think of all that I had read about a woman's touch. And they were right. Her tongue hit just the right places at just the right speed with just the right pressure. I know that I should have stopped her but I couldn't. Well not before my orgasm anyway.

After I recovered she began to apply my face makeup. Carla carried on as though it never happened. If I hadn't felt so wet, I might have believed it hadn't.

At last, I was presentable. I made my way back to Barry at the bar. As soon as he saw me, he said,

"Wow, you look good enough to eat!"

Little did he know, I thought.

At a nearby table were three very attractive Jamaicans, they were jabbering away in their local Patwa.

Barry introduced me to them,

"These are the other models that you will be working with today. "

There were two guys and a girl. The two guys both stood and introduced themselves,

"Hi, I'm Michael, but you can call me Mickie."

He put his hands on my bare shoulders and gave me a kiss on each cheek.

He was so cute, I thought to myself, "Pleased to meet you, I'm Crystal."

Then, "Hello, I'm Paul."

He also gave me a pair of kisses. He was good looking, but in a different sort of way.

The girl remained in her seat. She nodded acknowledgement,

"Hi, I'm Mary."

"Crystal."

"Yes, I know. I've heard all about you."

It was clear that she didn't care for me but I didn't know why at that time. She was very tall with an African princess style about her. Her hair was down to the middle of her back with green, black and yellow beads braded into her hair. Her makeup was perfect. She must have been taken care of by Carla earlier.

At that moment the choreographer, Lance and photographer, Phil joined us. Lance had a clipboard holding a few notes with him. He went on to explain how we would need to work fast as there were about ten changes of swimwear for all of us. The good thing was that it wouldn't take long to take anything off or put on. We would have to walk along the catwalk slowly and make sure all the buyers had a good view of all the garments. We were to pause at the beginning of the runway at the middle and at the end before returning with plenty of swagger.

"I want you girls to make sure that you jiggle then cute titties of yours and wiggle your ass. Boys, I want you to be proud of what you've got between your legs and I want a big smile for any female buyer you see looking?"

Lance added, "Some of the swimwear is girl and boy matching sets. Make sure that you wear them as they are on the rack. Mary and Paul, you are working together. Mickie and Crystal, you are the other pair. Right then, has anybody got any questions?"

"Where do we get changed?" I asked.

"In the room Carla used."

"What about the boys?"

"What about the boys? We haven't time for false modesty here my love, you all have to share. You will have a little rack of items each with your name on. Mary, don't you be wearing Crystal's things. They will be falling round your ankles if you do."

Lance made me feel fat at that moment. But then I looked at Mary and decided that she was too thin rather than me being too heavy."

Barry came with me when I went to have a look at the things they had chosen for me. I assumed that the items ran from big to small. I pulled at the material of the smallest bikini and hoped that it would stretch far enough to fit me. It did stretch but I was amazed at how see thru it was. I could have read a book thru the material.

"You will look great in that stuff. It's just a bit smaller than you are used to." Reassured Barry.

I looked at the larger items and examined a pair of what you may call Lycra hot pants. I suppose that you could swim in them but they were probably best suited for posing with its matching baby pink bandeau top. I looked at the front and understood what Lance meant about my camel toe being a feature.

"Are you OK with me getting changed in the same room as the others?" I asked Barry.

"Don't worry about it, they will be too busy to be looking at you and you will be too busy to be looking at them."

No, I will not. I thought to myself. I wanted to see more of Mickie; he had such a cheeky face and a body to die for. His shiny black skin seamed to accentuate his rock hard six-pack. Even thru his slacks, he looked well blessed in the cock department. He was gorgeous, and I was going to tease him.

The four of us had a non-alcoholic drink and a snack before the six o'clock start. The start of the show was to coincide with the Jamaican sunset. Strong lights had been placed all round the catwalk. I hoped that they wouldn't blind me and I ended up falling off the catwalk on to one of the buyer's laps.

I was getting on with Mickie really well. Paul was a little more distant and Mary just wasn't trying at all.

I noticed how Mickie's eyes sparkled. He told me that he was twenty-one, but his boyish charm and youthful looks made me think that he was younger. I told him about Barry and how he likes to show me off and how I enjoy teasing. I may have exaggerated slightly what Barry allows me to get up to with other men, which seemed to bring a smile to his face. He hinted at a few nights of passion that he had enjoyed with tourists, particularly European tourists.

He told me that the three of them had done the fashion show the previous year with another girl who was Mary's friend. She had been pushed out when I was brought in. That was why Mary was being so cold.

We were called by Lance to get ready for the show. I gave Barry a kiss; he patted my ass and said,

"Shake it Baby, Go and enjoy yourself."

I had already decided that I would. The thought of teasing Mickie was at the front of my mind. My nipples were already erect and I hoped that the material that was going to be covering my pussy didn't give my arousal away to all the people watching.

I felt strangely nervous as I entered the make shift changing room. It was only about twelve feet square, so we were all quite close together. I went to my little rack of swimwear. Mickie moved his rack so that he was closer to me. Mary and Paul were at the other side of the room.

Mary was first to strip off. She had an amazing body, so tight, so black and from the neck down totally hairless, presumably Carla's work.

Out of character for me but I felt in slow motion as I slid my shorts down my thighs. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Paul turn towards his rack. I couldn't believe the size of his cock. It was still soft but it was still bigger than Barry's when he was at full strength.

As I took my top off I decided that I had to have a look at Mickie's. I pretended to be looking towards my rack but had to look. Very nice, I thought. Not as big and angry looking as Paul's. In fact I thought it beautiful.

Of course he caught me looking, he was smiling broadly when my gaze reached his face. I smiled back at him.

I had to take my panties off while he watched me now. Still looking him in the eye trying to hold his gaze, I pushed my little panties down my legs. He didn't look at my pussy until the panties joined the rest of my clothes. I wanted to know what he thought of me. I faced him and stood with my feet about a foot apart with my hips forward.

His eyes locked on to the junction of my legs and he gave a big smile and little whistle between his brilliant white teeth. I may not be as slim as Mary but at least someone found my body interesting.

I pulled the baby pink hot pants on and pulled the bandeau top over my hips to cover my boobs, then looked for the mirror to check how I looked. No mirror, how strange I thought.

I asked Mickie, who was just rearranging his manhood how I looked.

"Fabulous nipples and a wonderful pussy."

"How does the swimwear look!." I said in a stern voice.

"Great, Yes that looks great as well. How do I look?"

"Very pleased with yourself." Then gave him a big smile.

The music started. It wasn't Bob Marley, it was Sean Paul for a change.

"Mary and Paul, get ready you two are on first." Called Lance.

Moments later they had set off. We could hear the applause as they stepped along the catwalk.

I felt so nervous. Mickie took hold of my hand, gave it a little squeeze then said,

"Don't worry, you'll be great."

"Crystal and Mickie, you two set off as the others get back."

My stomach churned as we waited. Then we were off.

I could hear the applause and felt fabulous. Mickie held my hand as we strutted down the runway.

The further along the runway we got the more confident I became, and the more I bounced my breasts and shook my hips.

As we reached the end of the catwalk I saw the big screen that showed what Phil and his team were recording. I could see that the outfit was so revealing that I may as well been naked. The suit looked like my pale un-tanned parts against my tanned skin. I could even make out my little Brazilian.

Well they have seen it now, I thought may as well carry on.

The rest of the show was without real incident until I reached the last, and smallest bikini.

It was the tiniest piece of yellow material I had ever seen. It was a tiny triangle with a few bits of matching string. I wondered if it really would cover my proud pussy lips.

I put the bottoms on and asked Mickie to tie the top at the back. Then I asked him to check the bottoms. He sat down on the bench and looked.

He frowned and suggested a little adjustment. I stepped closer and asked,

"Can you put it right for me?"

His finger took hold of the side of the material and pulled it completely out of the way so that he had an unobstructed view of my pussy. The middle finger of his other hand slid between my lips and almost immediately made contact with my clit.

"I just knew that you would be wet."

I would have loved for him to carry on but I could hear Mary's high-healed shoes clip clopping their way to our room. Mickie had just replaced the material when they came in.

I didn't look at them. I grabbed Mickie's hand and we were soon strutting our stuff down the catwalk.

As we approached Lance, he brought out Paul and Mary and the five of us had to walk the walk one more time.

I don't know what the people behind me could see when we bowed at the end of the runway but by that time I just didn't care.

We were back in the room when a smiling Lucky joined us,

"You have all done really well. We've got more orders than we have ever had and you will all be receiving a bonus and you can keep all that you have modelled for me"

Even Mary smiled.

The four of us had a quick group hug then I made my way out to find Barry. I was still wearing the tiny yellow bikini. He soon found me amongst the crowd.

"You look the sexiest that I have ever seen you. Everything you wore looked great and that tiny bikini, what can I say?"

I changed into my party dress and had the first proper drink of the evening, Champagne of course.

Mickie joined us soon after and I introduced him to Barry. Barry shook his hand and said,

"Thank you for taking care of my wife, she told me how nervous she was until you helped her. I thought that your outfits matched perfectly and you both looked really good."

We chatted for a while and I had another glass of Champagne, before Mickie said,

"You haven't forgotten the photo shoot have you?"

"I thought that we had done that at the fashion show."

"No, usually they have a photo shoot around midnight when only the invited guests are left. The idea is for two of the models to show how good the swimwear is at enticing their partner whilst sunbathing."

"I don't remember anything being said about that." I queried.

"It will be in the contract that you signed."

I turned to Barry and just looked at him. He had read the contract before I signed it.

"Now that you mention it, I do remember something like that."

"And who is the couple who will be doing the modelling?"

"I thought that you might like to do it with me, Mary has already left."

"What do you think?" I asked Barry.

"You know how you enjoy being photographed, why don't I ask if we can have some of the photos to take home. It should be fun for us."

Most of the guests had gone by 11.30, Lucky was sitting by the piano with five or six of what appeared to be close friends or business associates. In fact, the only females left besides myself were the staff and there were only a few of them.

Phil approached the three of us and asked if we were ready. I was certainly getting into the idea. It was obvious that Mickie was, but was Barry still happy?

"Are you OK with this? I don't know how much they are going to want to see." I asked him.

"I want you to enjoy yourself. When you are enjoying yourself, I am."

Phil asked me to wear the baby pink hotpant set, and Mickie to wear some white speedo style trunks.

Mickie grabbed my hand and we were on the way to get changed.

I felt more nervous than before the fashion show. Mickie went into a small bag he had with him and produced a cannabis joint.

"Some of Jamaica's finest weed."

He lit it and passed it to me. It was certainly stronger than anything I had enjoyed previously, and it went straight to my head. I soon felt totally relaxed and prepared to show anybody anything they may want to see.

We both stripped off. I could see the beginnings of a hard on for Mickie and I just had to feel it. It felt so warm and smooth. I pushed the foreskin back to reveal a beautiful purple plumb. I was just about to get on my knees when there was a knock on the door.

"Every body is waiting, Lets get started. Mickie pulled up the speedos and we made our way out.

Phil led us into a large lounge where he had put some lights with umbrella reflectors up. The lights were directed towards an area where there were two sun loungers. Side by side and touching.

Lucky and his guests were all equipped with expensive looking cameras. All the men were looking me up and down, but I didn't care, I wanted them to look.

Phil asked me to lie on my front on one of the loungers and pretend to be sunbathing. Mickie was passed some oil and was directed to apply it to all my available parts.

The cameras started clicking after Mickie had applied the oil to my shoulders and back. He had moved my legs about a foot apart and was working his way upwards. His hands felt so smooth and strong.

As he reached my butt, he pushed the material higher so that he could kneed my flesh.

"Just look at the stretch in that fabric." Said Lucky bringing the quality of his product to the fore.

Mickie proceeded to push the other side high and into the crack of my butt. I felt the material get a little tighter at the front when he did this, but not to an uncomfortable extent.

"Roll onto your back please, Crystal, let's see how good you look from the front."

I rolled over and Lucky said, "Just look how nice that looks gentlemen. Girls feel dressed while all the time the guys can see everything. Just look at the detail you can see of her pussy. The little Brazilian and smooth proud lips. Tell the guys how good it feels Crystal."

"It's so comfortable; I will definitely be wearing this on the beach." I hoped that I said the right thing.

The guys seemed to like it, as they zoomed into my nipples and pussy.

"If Mickie could oil her front and perhaps accidentally spill some oil on the costume we can see how interesting the swimwear becomes."

Mickie went to work. He oiled my legs and stomach. Then my arms whilst he balanced the bottle of oil on my flat stomach. Then of course, the accidental knocking over of the bottle of oil. The oil spilled out over the front of my bikini bottoms. Although cool, the sensation was quite pleasant.

"See gentlemen, totally see thru. "

Each of the photographers took it in turn to record just how see thru the material had become. Then,

"Could Crystal now show us how Mickie looks with his body shiny with oil?"

Mickie lay on his back and waited. He didn't have to wait long. I had soon completed his muscular arms when I started on his chest. It was only afterwards that I thought of what the guys behind me could see as I leaned over Mickie with a foot either side of the lounger.

It was a joy to rub oil on his tight body. He was looking into my eyes urging me to go lower. I thought that I would tease him. Lower I went, down to his ankles. As I worked my way up, I could see the shape of his cock in the speedos begin to lengthen. I kept sweeping up his thigh but just stopping short of touching his cock. Then an inspiration. What's good for the goose is good for the gander. I spilled a good amount of oil over his speedos and soon discovered how see thru my bottoms were. Lucky was less vocal of how much could be seen thru Mickies oil soaked material. But I certainly enjoyed the view.

"I think its time to see another of our wonderful examples of swimwear gentlemen."

Phil approached us and led us to the changing rooms. He asked me to wear the tiny yellow bikini and Mickie to wear some matching speedos.

He remained in the room while we changed. He said,

"I want you to go out there and act like you had just started a relationship. I want you to get these old boys hot and be happy to part with their money. Do you both understand what I mean?"

I assumed that they would want an unobstructed view of my nipples and pussy. They had virtually seen everything anyway, and I was more than happy to show them.

When we returned to the make believe beach, there was just a large beach towel on the floor.

I lay on my front first to give them a few shots of the string between my cheeks then rolled over a couple of times allowing them to see how narrow the material was between my legs. Whilst on my stomach I asked Mickie to undue the string of my top so that I didn't get any tan lines. Not only did he undo the top he pulled it from beneath me and threw it to Lucky.

I rolled onto my back and attracted a few more photographs from the guys. I was really enjoying this. With all that had happened so far I was feeling incredibly horny.

Then Mickie put his hand on my stomach and gently started drawing circles on my oily skin with his finger. The finger came closer and closer to my right nipple before circling it. Then the left. But this time he toyed with it making it even more erect. Then back to the right. I was beginning to feel really horny now. I was beginning to forget about the guys watching and photographing us. I suppose I even forgot about Barry for a while when I took hold of Mickies wrist and pulled it towards my tiny bikini bottoms. I took his finger and placed it on my pussy lips. The finger was soon creating a groove in the thin material.

"Perhaps Mickie could show us how easy it would be to gain access to Crystal's treasure." Asked Lucky.

I felt the material being pulled aside and knew my pussy was available for all to see. I felt Mickies hand pull the leg nearest to him away from the other until my feet were about two feet apart. Then Lucky said,

"Who would have thought that anyone could remove a thong with a girls legs in that position? Please show them Mickie."

Mickie gave a gentle tug at the side of the thong. I heard something like Velcro separating and the thong was taken from my body.

Mickie's fingers then went to work on my pussy. I was so horny I was soon experiencing my first orgasm.

Completely forgetting where I was, I pushed Mickie so that his head was between my legs. My eyes were closed and although I could still see the lights flashing, I pretended that we were alone. His wonderful thick tongue danced with my clit until my second orgasm.

As I came round I decided to push Mickie on to his back. I straddled his shins then leaned forward to get at his cock. I couldn't get my thumb and forefinger to touch but I held it as tight as I could. As I pumped downwards I twisted my hand until my fist made contact with his short curly pubes.

Mickies eyes were closed. Perhaps he was imagining being alone with me. It just seamed so natural to add my mouth to the work of my hand. I got the purple head inside and swirled my tongue around his helmet a few times. I could feel that he enjoyed that immensely. So I gave him more.

Looking back I should have realised that he was young and perhaps a little trigger happy, and so I should have stopped before he went too far. But I didn't and he was soon on the edge. My tongue was still circling when his cock exploded. I couldn't help but swallow some but It was then when I considered the photographic angle of the shoot. I kept my head bobbing on Mickie's cock but pushed some of his cum down to my lips with my tongue to give the appearance of me frothing at the mouth with a mouth full of cum. The lights popped a few more times. Then came the applause.

Had we finished? I was just beginning to enjoy myself.

On reflection though I suppose that I still hadn't been unfaithful to Barry as Bill Clinton says that what I did wasn't really sex.

After a shower, I sheepishly went back to Barry. Fortunately he was in a really good mood.

Before I could speak he said, "You were great, all the guys have told me how lucky I am. Phil has even talked us into a short erotic film that he wants you to star in."

"Short erotic film?"

"Yes, you'll be great."

"There is no way that you are going to talk me into doing a shag film."

"Let's enjoy ourselves tonight and talk about it tomorrow."

**Runaway Bay Ch. 03**

"You could really enjoy yourself making this film. The story line is that you are the wife of a rich older guy. They have had some damage caused to the roof during a recent hurricane. He knows that any workmen that that do start work often fail to come the next day then maybe they will arrive late the following day. The husband has hatched a plan to encourage them to do the work until completion. That's where you come in. You will be sunbathing by the pool so that they can see you from the roof. Every time that you have a swim you go to the pool shower. Instead of lying in a damp bikini you change into a different bikini. That's where we have a touch of product placement for Lucky's swimwear. You eventually work through most of his catalogue. And of course we will be amply rewarded." Said Barry.

"Where is it that I have to get changed?" I asked.

"By the pool of course."

"And am I expected to show them everything?"

"You know that you love doing that, so why not get paid for doing it?"

"What else will they want me to do?"

"That will be up to you, to a certain extent."

"To a certain extent?"

"Yes, they will probably expect as much as you did with Mickie, last night"

"Will Mickie be one of the actors?"

"I think that they have him and Paul lined up. If it's a problem I can speak to Phil."

"Do you want me to do it?"

"Yes of course."

"Then I'll do it for you. Do you think that they will let me have a copy of the film to take home?

"Phil said it would take some time to edit and put the voiceovers on, so I gave him our address so that he can post us a copy."

"When do we start?"

"Phil flies back to the States on Tuesday, so we start bright and early in the morning. He thinks that we can complete the actual filming in two days. The editing will be done back at his studio."

"Let's try and find a place where we can get a bit of sun on my white bits."

"You already have color on your tits, don't you mean tiny white bit."

"OK then, let's try and find a place where I can get some sun on my tiny white bit."

"I'll make enquiries at the hotel reception."

Then off he went, whilst I packed a bag for a day on the beach.

Ten minutes later, Barry was back.

"I bumped into Carlton on the way to reception. He knows a fabulous beach nearby. It isn't strictly a nudist beach but it is secluded and if the cops come by they don't seam to mind. He's waiting in the lobby for us."

"That's very kind of him."

"He probably just wants to see you naked."

He already had, the previous day, unbeknown to Barry."

Carlton drove the hotel mini bus, with just us aboard, about fifteen minutes along the coast road, before pulling off the road.

"The beach is just thru them trees; don't be telling folk back at the resort about here, we want to keep it secluded. I'll call back for you later on."

"Don't you want to join us for an hour or so?" I asked him.

"I have a schedule this morning; I'll try and get back about lunch time."

Having failed to entice Carlton, we made our way to the little cove. It was just like a picture post card. No one in sight, overhanging palm trees with a little stream running into the blue-green Caribbean.

It was a place where anybody would want to throw their clothes off and run into the sea. So that's what I did, the thigh length T-shirt that I had been wearing was thrown on to our bag, and I was soon naked and waist deep in the warm water.

Barry joined me shortly after, but wearing his swimming shorts. No matter how much I told him how good it felt to be totally naked in the sea. He wouldn't part with his swimwear.

We stayed in the water about five minutes, and then I ran to our sun bathing spot on the sand and dried myself. Oh how good it felt not to be stuck in a damp bikini.

It was so peaceful; all you could hear was the gentle lapping of the sea and the breeze blowing through the palm trees. What bliss.

It was so relaxing. I lay back on my towel and thought of all the things I would want to do with Mickie. We had been there well over an hour when I heard voices in the distance. It sounded like some locals. I assumed that they were on the roadside walking to the next small town. Then I spotted them. Four youths kicking a soccer ball about further down the beach. Should I put my T-shirt on or stay naked if they came our way, that was my dilemma.

It didn't take me long to make my decision. My T-shirt stayed on top of the bag and I started chatting to Barry about the previous evening at Lucky's. I thought that our conversation would distract him from the approaching males.

Either he pretended not to notice them, or his hearing was getting worse, because the boys were now getting quite close. Close enough to see that I was naked.

They were about ten yards away when one of them called out,

"Hey Mon, what time is it?"

They must have seen that I wasn't wearing a watch. Barry told him the time.

The youth replied,

"Sorry, I can't hear you."

All four of them walked up to us and stood in a horse shoe formation around our feet.

I had sat up and put my feet together so that they were only able to see my breasts and a little of my Brazilian. My pussy lips were denied from their view. But it didn't stop their eyes from having a tour of my body.

Then they started the questions that everybody in Jamaica asks, it must be their first lesson at school. Where are you from? Is this the first time in Jamaica? How long are you staying? Which Hotel etc.etc. They then went on to tell us that they were all farmers in the mountains and then offered to sell us some first class weed.

"I'm afraid that we don't have much money, so I'm afraid we can't help you." I told them.

"How much you got?"

"Five US dollars at the most. We didn't think that we would need any money today."

"That will do."

The money was in my purse. I asked Barry to pass me the purse so that I could pay them. He was a couple of yards away from me when he gently threw the purse for me to catch. Unfortunately I failed to catch it and it landed on the sand about a yard past me. I wasn't sure if one of them might have been tempted to grab the purse and run, so I quickly reached for it. I lost my balance and ended up on my back with my legs spread.

"Thanks for the bonus lady; we'll give you a little extra weed for the show."

I blushed, but thanked them for their generosity.

I gave them the money and they gave us the weed, then they were on their way.

"Why did you leave all the talking to me? Here I am naked in front of four strange guys, and you leave me to do the talking." I barked at Barry.

"You were enjoying yourself, I could tell by the look in your eyes."

"They may have raped me."

"You might have enjoyed it."

"You might have enjoyed watching them do me, you mean." With that I lay back on my towel and opened my legs so that the sun could reach all my pale bits.

"If anyone else comes along, I'm just going to lie hear like this and let them look."

"Even you, wouldn't dare."

"You watch me." I said pretending to be angry. If you don't do anything to protect me, I'll spread my pussy lips and beg them to fuck me"

"OK, OK. I get your point."

I couldn't wait for some hunky guys to come along; I was going to spread my thighs until my pussy lips gaped open for them, but I had no intention of shagging them.

It was about two hours later before anyone did come along. It was Roy and Carlton they were on a water scooter. We heard them calling us from the sea. Without even thinking, I got up and ran towards them. I had forgotten all about being naked and was only reminded of it by my bouncing boobs.

It was too late by then, they had seen everything. I just carried on as though I was wearing a bikini.

Roy and Carlton though made it obvious where they were looking. Both pairs of eyes flitted from my nipples to Brazilian without a hint of shame.

"Have you come to stay for a while?" I asked.

Roy, who was steering the scooter said,

"We had a break for an hour; we just thought we would see if you need anything. It was quicker coming this way."

I had never been on a high speed water scooter, and without thinking it through I asked if I could have a go.

"Sure, do you want me to steer, or can I trust you not to kill us?" Asked Roy.

Both Roy and Carlton held the scooter still in a couple of feet of water whilst I climbed aboard. Barry told me later what a great view they had of my pussy. But I didn't really care because they had seen it all the previous day.

Roy climbed aboard behind me and immediately put his arms around my waist.

"Take it slowly at first and enjoy yourself." Warned Barry. I didn't know whether he was talking to me or to Roy.

Needless to say, by the time we were about the length of a football field away from the shore Roy was feeling my breasts and tweaking my nipples. I just carried on as though I wasn't finding it pleasurable. However with being naked, with the vibration of the engine against my pussy and my legs being spread wide against the sides of the scooter, I was beginning to feel pretty horny.

As I built up speed I shouted "Isn't this great, Roy?"

"Not as great as this Crystal." And his right hand slipped down to my pussy. His thick finger slipped between my slippery lips and about an inch inside my pussy. I couldn't take my hand away from the handle bars, because it was too dangerous. I just had to let him enjoy himself."

His stimulation of my pussy was just starting to take effect, when he removed his finger from my clit. Of course I felt disappointed. Then, I could feel that he was doing something behind me. . "Lift yourself up a little Crystal."

I didn't know why he wanted me to do that until I dropped down again. I felt that familiar heat of a cock running along between my pussy lips. I looked down and there it was.

It looked at first that I had grown my own little penis. To be more accurate it looked like a short, fat and circumcised cock with a head the size of a small lemon. I knew that it had to be long because it had travelled the whole width of my body.

He started to push it backwards and forwards. I could feel it moving between my inner vaginal lips and as I leaned forward slightly I could feel it against my clit. It felt really good. But there was no way he was going to get it inside me whilst we were on that water scooter. I doubted whether it would have fit inside me anyway.

I am fortunate in having quite a tight pussy because I have never experienced motherhood, and I have a little exercise regime that keeps my pussy tight and my vaginal muscles in peak condition.

Still it felt good, in fact very good. We built up a rhythm where as his cock ran along my inner lips, I would lean forward so that his cock head had to push along the soft inner lips then between my big soft outer lips. I could still feel the vibration of the engine thru his cock. It was like having a soft warm and thick vibrator sliding along my pussy.

It wasn't long before I could feel myself on my way to my orgasm, but suddenly I heard Roy grunt loudly and saw his fluid shoot from between my legs onto the scooters bodywork. He pulled back one last time and pushed me forward with his shoulders in a last effort to get it inside me, but I pushed down hard with my hips, pinning his cock to the seat,to deny him. No orgasm for me, no entry for him.

Feeling extremely frustrated I took the scooter back to shore. I felt Roy re-arrange himself before we landed.

Carlton and Barry were waiting for us at the beach.

"How did you like the ride?" Enquired Barry.

"It was Fantastic."

But it could have been so much better, I thought.

"Will you take me out Roy?" Asked Barry.

"Sure, why not?"

I checked the scooter to make sure that the waves had washed away all traces of Roy's juice.

Did Barry realise that he was leaving a terribly randy Carlton with his extremely aroused and frustrated naked wife, I wonder.

As Barry and Roy went out to sea, I went to my towel to soak up the sun. I lay on my stomach and could soon feel the rays warming the skin on my back, legs and butt. Carlton sat on the sand next to me.

"You are going to burn if you don't put some protection on that soft white skin."

"I have a tan now, thanks very much."

"You call that a tan. I can see your shoulders starting to burn."

"You just want to get your hands on my body, that's what you want to do."

"You can trust me. I'll stop as soon as you feel me going anywhere you don't want oiling."

"Ok then, but when I say stop, you stop."

"No problem."

With that he began applying oil to my shoulders. His hands were strong but strangely gentle at the same time.

"You sure have a fine body."

Without opening my eyes, I replied, "Thank you."

"I love your long blonde hair and your strong long legs."

"Thanks for that."

He moved down to my legs and began spreading the oil on each leg in turn. He moved them further apart, no doubt to get a better view of my pussy and anus.

As he reached my butt. I could feel his hands separating my cheeks as he massaged them in opposite directions.

"I love your firm butt."

"Do you really?"

"Most of all I just love your tight white pussy."

"I thought that would be your favourite part of me. What is it that you like about it?"

"Its those lovely fleshy lips, I would love to lick them for a week."

"Well Barry will be coming back soon so you haven't got a week."

"Can I fuck you then?"

"No you can't fuck me; the only person that fucks my pussy is Barry."

"What about Mickie and Paul?"

"I haven't fucked Mickie and Paul."

"What about the film?"

"What film?" I bluffed.

"The film that you are doing up at Lucky's mansion, tomorrow."

"What do you know about that?"

"I know that you will be getting fucked by Mickie and Paul and maybe more."

"I haven't agreed to fuck anyone."

"I heard that your man has signed a contract, you will have to."

"What?"

"Lucky has contracts for everything and good lawyers for people who try and cross him. It costs a lot of money to arrange for people to make his films and he really doesn't like to lose any. They may call him Lucky but they should call him Ruthless Bastard."

I thought for a moment about what Barry had done and felt a bit pushed into a corner. I did want to fuck Mickie, but there was no way that I could get Paul's monster cock inside me."

"There is no way am I having Paul's monster in my Pussy."

"What about your ass?"

"Nobody is going to put anything in my virgin ass. Nobody."

"I might be able to help."

"How so?"

"If it's the size of Paul's cock that worries you, it might just be that you need stretching a little first."

"And how do you think you might be able to help?"

Carlton nudged my shoulder and told me to open my eyes. He knelt on the sand and produced the biggest erect cock that I had ever seen.

I thought that I would put him in his place, "It doesn't look as big as Paul's cock to me."

"You're kiddin' me. This is championship black bamboo."

I thought for a moment about what Barry had let me in for, and then had an idea.

"Ok, you may have a point. I will try you for size and it might let me know what to expect tomorrow."

"See, I told you I could help."

I made Carlton lie on his back with his head nearest the sea so that I could see when Barry was returning. I straddled Carlton's hips and placed the head of his cock at my pussy lips.

"Carlton, listen to me. I am not going to let you cum in me. I have seen how much you boys can produce. I am going to be fucking Barry tonight and I don't want to be full of your stuff. Do you understand?"

"If I start, I will need to cum."

"Don't worry I'll make you cum, but not in my pussy."

Carlton laid his head back and smiled.

I ran the head of his cock along the lips that Roy had earlier enjoyed. I felt incredibly horny and really did want a pussy full of cum, but I pride myself on my discipline.

Carlton was underneath me so that I could lift myself off at any time. I know men, and if he had been on top and was near to cumming there was no way he would pull it out, whatever I said.

I decided that Mickie was gong to have the pleasure of being the first other man to cum inside me since I got married. Because it would be for Barry, not just me. It wasn't really being unfaithful if I did it while he watched.

I held Carlton's cock vertical and slowly, very slowly, lowered myself on to it. I pulled his foreskin right back and leaned over to watch the entry. As it spread my lips it just looked too big. I lowered my hips a little and could feel the thing start to stretch me.

"If you push now, I'll kill you. Do you understand?"

Carlton nodded.

As the entrance to my sex was forced apart, I could feel a slight discomfort. I thought that it would pass, but the lower I went and the further the helmet spread my lips, the more uncomfortable it became.

"You sure got a tight pussy, Crystal."

"Look I am trying, don't you dare push."

Even though the black shiny skin against my smooth pink pussy looked so erotic I obviously wasn't wet enough. The salty water had clearly washed away my earlier secretions, so I gave up and stood upright and was just about to put a knee either side of Carlton's face so that he could give me more lubrication, when I saw Barry and Roy retuning in the distance.

"Sorry Carlton, I'll have to owe you one."

"Just wank me, I can cum really quick when I need to."

"I have told you, that I will owe you one."

Guys can never wait can they?

I made my way to the waters edge to wait for the return of Barry and Roy.

Carlton went into the shadow of the trees where he enjoyed his own right hand.

I did find it quite erotic though watching him wank as he looked at my body. I tried to help him by pretending to pick something up from the sand with my legs apart and straight. I could see thru my legs that his eyes were glaring lustfully at my pussy and anus area. I reached between my legs and spread my pussy lips for him.

I slid a finger inside and found that I was then probably wet enough now to have had another try. Too late now though.

I soon heard Carlton moaning and start to spurt. I had been right about the amount of cum he would produce. Jet after jet sprayed onto the sand. There was no way that so much stuff would have drained away before the evening time. Barry would have known I had been fucked by at least one of them.

As the boys hit the beach Roy called to Carlton who was just retuning from the palms and told him that they were going to be late back. Carlton quickly hopped on the back of the scooter and as they set off Roy said that he would pick us up about four o'clock.

The rest of the afternoon passed by without incident. Neither of us discussed the ride or the forthcoming film.

It was while we were having sex, back at the room, that Barry asked me if Roy or Carlton had tried their luck. I told him that I had let them both have a good look. When pressed I admitted that I had let them both have a feel of my pussy. I didn't tell him that it was with their cocks of course. Barry came then so the questioning stopped.

We asked the Hotel reception for an early morning call. I was so excited that I found it hard to get to sleep.

I felt like I had only just fallen asleep when Barry answered the call. I felt tired but also surprisingly horny. Thinking of what the next two days might entail. I couldn't get the picture of Mickie's young and beautiful cock out of my mind.

Barry asked, "Are you OK? You seam a little quiet."

"Are you sure you know what will be expected of me today?"

"All that matters to me is that you enjoy yourself. We are thousands of miles from home, what girl wouldn't want to be in your shoes?"

I just smiled and walked naked into the bathroom for a refreshing shower. The door had hardly closed and the water had hardly started when I had to relieve some of my tension.

My finger went to work and I had my quickest ever orgasm. I hoped that some of the lubrication would assist in my ability to accommodate a cock much larger than I was used to.

The thought of a coffee colored baby came to my mind. I reached for my packet of pills that reminded me that it was a Sunday and as the tiny thing went down my throat, I thought about what else may be going that way later that day.

Paul became something of a worry to me. If we had to film for two days, I had to keep his monster away from my pussy that first day. I didn't want to start the second day with a sore pussy. My plan was to get him to ejaculate any way that I could without him having to stretch my pussy. With two hands and a mouth at least I was in with a chance.

I knew that I couldn't create a good enough cleavage for a tit-wank. Perhaps I could use my feet. I know that some men are into that. If swirling my tongue around his helmet didn't work I was sure that I would be able to think of something.

My mind was racing.I decided that all I could do was to show how much I was enjoying it and to make the boys enjoy it as much as I could.

Planning is the way I run my life. Very little of what I do is left to chance. Barry is totally the opposite, he enjoys letting life happen then reacting to it.

How will he react to seeing his wife's pussy stretched far more than it ever had been before? How would he react when he knows that guys all over the world will be jacking off at the sight of my gaping cum filled pussy on their giant TV screens?

My only concern was that my parents may see the film. But that was unlikely as they don't even have a video player.

I knew that Carla would be on hand again to do my makeup and bikini line if required, so all I did was brush my hair and put one of my pale tangerine summer mini dresses on. Sans panties, of course.

The only other thing that l that I was wearing besides my high heal shoes and a pair of my favourite cream colored hold up stockings, was a smile..

**Runaway Bay Ch. 04**

As we climbed into the back of the car, I had a mixture of emotions. Excitement and anxiety. I wondered how I would feel, physically and mentally, at the end of the two days of filming. I had always enjoyed teasing men and had really enjoyed my time at the photo shoot after the fashion show, but what I was about to do was much more. I had many questions in my mind. I took hold of Barry's hand and gave it a squeeze. He just smiled at me and said,

"I hope that you are looking forward to this as much as I am. And I hope that the camera shows just how beautiful you look today."

Well, that answered one of my questions.

I smiled back at him and said, "I hope that I don't make a mess of things, the only acting that I have ever done was at school."

Barry reassured me when he said, "Just do what comes naturally, I'm sure that you will be great."

Carlton was our driver, he chipped in, "Mickie told me that he can't wait to be acting with you again. He really enjoyed the last time."

Carlton had reminded me of the main reason that I was doing this film. It was Mickie and the beautiful thing between his legs.

I just sat quietly for some time thinking of the day ahead. There wasn't a cloud in the sky, I was starting to feel horny and it was still so early in the morning. What a great day this could be.

I slid a little closer to Barry and rested my head on his shoulder. The position that I was then in was directly behind the gap between the two front seats. I couldn't resist letting my legs spread a little. I raised a knee slightly and knew that if Carlton was to look behind him he would be treated to a panty-less view between my stockinged legs.

We had been travelling quite some time before he noticed and adjusted his rear view mirror.

Even though he had seen and felt my pussy the previous day, I still had him under my spell.

When we arrived at Lucky's I was surprised at just how many people were there. I had a look for Mickie but couldn't see him. As Barry and I walked by the swimming pool, Phil greeted us. He shook Barry's hand and gave me a hug and kiss on both cheeks, then led us to the office that we had met the contract lady on the fashion show day. The room had been set up with monitors and other fancy looking equipment.

Phil sat down in the big office chair and informed Barry and I,

"I will be directing this film, and already I'm afraid we have one or two problems. We may not be able to start until late this afternoon."

"What's the problem?" I enquired.

"Our main problem is that one of our camera men hasn't arrived in Montego Bay yet, and it may be that he can't get here until about four this afternoon. That will only give us about an hour or so shooting the outdoor scenes. I like to use three cameras to get every angle, but at the minute will have only two."

I was ready to start that minute; I didn't want to wait all day,

"Barry is a photographer at home, I'm sure that he could help."

"I've never used one of the new digital style video cameras, I'm not sure." Said Barry, not being his usual confident self.

"Perhaps if we do a little test?" Suggested Phil.

Before Barry had time to respond, Phil had gone to find a camera. He returned shortly after and said,

"See, nothing like the size that they used to be, they're nothing to be afraid of."

Then he handed Barry the camera and pointed out the basic controls. Barry had a look, and soon looked pretty comfortable with it.

"Those cameras can work with much less light than the ones you may have used in the past, and the quality is superb. What we can do is to have Crystal do a little acting and see how you manage. I'll be able to see on these monitors."

"What do you want me to do?" I asked.

"Bearing in mind the type of film we will be shooting, I think perhaps you could do a little masturbation scene for us, Barry could perhaps get some nice close ups."

I hadn't really thought about how close a camera may have to be, or doing a lone sex scene, before then.

"If you could perhaps lie on this desk with your feet on the end and do a little work on that pretty pussy of yours?"

It felt a little strange, but I took my shoes off, lay back on the desk and lifted my feet so that they were on the end of the desk. This of course caused the hem of my little mini dress to fall around my waist.

"Hold up stockings and no panties I see. Very nice, very nice indeed. Ok, roll camera."

Barry held the camera to his eye as I started to caress my braless breasts thru the thin material. He moved so that he was shooting from the end of the desk where my feet were, as he shot thru my wide open thighs, my fingers were tweaking my nipples so that they stood out proudly against the material.

"You're doing great Barry. Let's have a close up of Crystal's pussy."

I could see Barry moving the camera so that it was looking directly at my pussy. I moved my legs a little wider until I could feel the lips slowly part a little.

Phil was looking closely at a monitor that I had a partial view of.

"You're looking a little wet down there Crystal. You look like you're in the mood alright. Move your hand into the shot and let's have a bit of action down there for the camera."

I slid my hand over my Brazilian and ran the middle finger backward and forwards along my groove. It was certainly warm and wet.

"Could we take a little look inside, Crystal?"

I could just make out my pussy lips on the monitor as I used the middle and ring finger of my left hand to open myself. I had never seen myself from that angle before and I remember seeing my wedding and engagement rings so clearly on the screen.

"Let's have a look at your clit now."

I moved my fingers a little higher and spread my little fleshy hood.

"Great, what a little treasure. I need a closer look at that."

With that, he came and stood next to Barry.

"Just give the little fellow a little tease."

I gently circled my clit with my middle finger.

"You are a natural, and that it a real photogenic clitoris. Barry, I want to see how you are at reacting to what is happening in front of you. You choose the angle that you think best and how close you need to be while the action unfolds."

"I'll do my best, Phil."

I was still holding myself open, when Phil's thumbs took the place of my fingers. Then his face joined his thumbs at my pussy, followed by that unmistakable feeling of tongue against clit.

I couldn't believe that I was letting a guy do what he was doing whilst my husband was so close, filming it.

Just the naughtiness of it all and the feeling of pleasure soon took me to the edge of my orgasm.

I got closer and closer and couldn't help but call out to Phil,

"Yes Phil, just like that, Yes, Yes, Yes."

Then it hit me. My first orgasm in front of a movie camera.

Moments later, I looked across at the monitor to see the head of Phil's cock at the entrance to my tunnel; it looked like a purple mushroom. I couldn't believe that Barry was going to let him fuck me whilst he filmed it.

I could see on the monitor that he was circumcised, that seemed to make his helmet that much bigger. I watched the screen as the head made contact with my lips. My lips looked to be sucking the thing into me, it reminded me of the old films where people were slipping into soft sinking sands.

As he pushed slowly deeper, I could feel the large head then his thick shaft as it moved into me. It was the strangest thing, when I looked at the screen again. It was like watching a porno movie but feeling the sensations at the same time.

I saw on the screen that Barry had zoomed in for a close up. The picture showed my shaved pink lips stretching around Phil's darker skinned hairy cock. Then Barry moved back slightly, and I saw and felt Phil begin to pound in and out of my pussy. I could see his buttocks tensing and my juices reflecting the lights from his shaft. He got faster and faster and I could tell that he was nearing his own orgasm.

"Crystal, Crystal, Your cunt feels so tight and I would love to fill you, but I don't want to make a mess down there for later. Will you to take my come in your mouth?"

I was feeling so horny, I just said, "Yes."

Phil pulled his cock out of my pussy and came to the side of the desk, followed by Barry with the camera. He wanked it no more than a few times before he erupted. I wasn't ready for the first load, and it hit me on the side of the face. I was however able to catch the second jet in my mouth. I felt it hit the top of my mouth near to my throat. I grabbed Phil's cock and pulled it into my mouth in time to catch all of the third jet. It gave me a strange mixture of tastes, his saltiness and my juices filled my mouth with aromas and flavours.

As Phil got his breath back, he said To Barry, "I think you've passed the test, you can be our stand in Camera Man."

I left them both talking as I went to clean myself up. It was a good thing that I hadn't put any make up on up to that point.

When I returned, they were just talking about the scenes where I was to be swimming in the pool and the view that the roof repair men would be having. Phil suggested that Barry work along side Alex, the other camera man for a short time and perhaps pick up the odd hints and tips that may assist with his camera work.

Phil informed me that they would be doing all the views of me swimming and changing first. They would decide how to edit them later to make it look like the scenes occurred on different days. I had to imagine that the camera was the eyes of the workmen. It was the camera that I had to turn on. There would only be Alex, Barry and an assistant on the roof. He would be on the ground floor getting shots from a different and closer angle.

Phil had decided to start with the swimming scenes before I had to have make up applied. My rack of swimwear was near to the doorway to the pool.

The garments had been arranged similar to the fashion show, in that they became smaller and smaller as the shoot went on.

In the first scene I had to walk from the house and dive into the pool, making a big enough splash to attract the roof repair men above. The first suit that I wore was similar to the hotpant and bandeau set that I first wore for the fashion show, but in a very pale blue. I could make out my nipples and Brazilian easily, even before it became wet. I pulled up the sides of the pants to ensure that it accentuated my smooth pussy lips.

As I walked out of the building I saw Phil on the other side of the pool. I walked to the edge of the pool and did a few stretching exercises to show off my nipples, pussy and ass. Then I dived into the pool and swam a whole length under the water. I did another nine lengths breast stroke so that from the roof they could see my ass and legs spread wide. Then, I swam to the steps at the opposite end of the pool to the shower. I saw that Phil was recording my slowly increasing exposure as I climbed out of the pool from the front. Alex and Barry would be filming me from the back.

I walked along the pool side. At the same time pushing my long blonde hair behind my ears and of course promoting the view of my breasts thru the see-thru fabric.

As the water flowed over my body from the shower, I turned towards the roof so that they could record what the workmen would see. After a few seconds I removed my top and began to rub the pool water from my breasts. This continued for around a minute, before I slid the bottoms down and ensured that no where covered by the bottoms, was neglected by my hands.

Although I wanted to look towards the rooftop I knew that I shouldn't. Then facing away from the roof, keeping my legs straight, I picked up my swimsuit from the floor of the shower, before walking the length of the pool naked.

As I reached my sun lounger, I slowly slipped on the next piece of swimwear before lying back to soak up the sun for a few minutes. I had to repeat the same actions another five times before all the swimwear had been seen. It is fortunate that I am a strong swimmer.

The last scene required me to walk naked from the shower and to lie naked on the sun lounger, firstly on my stomach and then my back. Whilst in that position I had to apply sun cream, paying particular attention to my ass, breasts and pussy. I had to do that twice so that Phil could capture the second time with close ups.

We had a lunch break after that.

After lunch, I had my make up applied by Carla. There was no repeat of her delving between my thighs with her tongue, as Phil was there advising me of the next scene.

Again it would be views from the roof. Instead of a view of the pool it was to be a shot thru the roof window above the bedroom. I had to lie naked on the bed and start a masturbation scene, then be joined by my older husband, when he would do me in the missionary position, whilst I smiled at the watching workmen. I was not to have an orgasm as that was where the workmen would come in.

"Does Barry know what it is that is expected of him?"

"We spoke briefly about it, and he decided he wouldn't have the nerve to do it. I explained that all he would have to do was to fake it for a few strokes then pretend to orgasm. There would be no need to actually fuck you because the view was from above."

"Well who is going to play my husband?"

"I have asked Lucky if he would do it. Are you OK with that?"

"Lucky seams a nice man; I don't mind him between my thighs for a few minutes."

"Remember that you will be acting for the camera, the boys won't actually be there watching you. I need that sexy look that I know that you are good at, in your eyes."

I was soon in position on the bed.

"Action!"

I let my hands roam my upper body, and then between my wide spread legs as my fingers ran along my slippery groove.

I had to do that for about ten minutes and was quite enjoying myself, when I saw thru my half closed eyes, Lucky walk into the room. He was wearing a black and gold Chinese style silk dressing gown. As he stood at the foot of the bed watching me masturbate, I could see a bulge at the front of his dressing gown just below the silk belt.

On cue, I held out my arms to encourage him towards me. He knelt on the bed for a moment just looking at me. His eyes started at my pussy, then higher across my stomach to my nipples and when he reached my face he gave me a beaming smile.

I was expecting him just to lie on top of me and pretend to fuck me, when his head went down between my legs. I soon discovered that he was something of an expert with his tongue down there and he had me on the edge very quickly. I remembered that Phil said that I mustn't have an orgasm so just before it hit me I pulled his head towards mine, so that he could kiss me. As he moved over me his dressing gown opened and I saw his cock. Even though he had the odd grey hair amongst his pubes it still looked nice. I didn't realise what I was doing with my right hand until I felt my lips being stretched by the head of his cock.

Even though it wasn't supposed to be inside, at each stroke he went deeper. Deeper and deeper until his salt and pepper pubes rubbed against my lower belly. He looked into my eyes and whispered,

"I have wanted to be in this position since I saw your young pussy at that singing competition. I have set this film up just for this moment."

"You could have just asked me." I whispered back.

"I saw the look in your eyes at the fashion show, its Mickie's cock that you want inside you."

I didn't speak to confirm his thoughts; I just gave him a gentle nod.

Concentrating on the movie again, I looked up the skylight to see Alex and Barry with the camera. I couldn't see Barry's expression because they were both in silhouette. But I smiled anyway.

Lucky pounded away a little longer before he was ready. He quickly kneeled up and squirted his goo over my stomach and breasts. I spread the stuff about with just my finger tips. I inhaled its unique smell before rubbing it over my pussy lips as well.

Shortly after calling cut, Phil came into the bedroom and said just how well I was doing. I was worried what Barry may be thinking, until he came from the roof and congratulated me on my realistic performance. I couldn't tell him that I hadn't even started acting yet.

The next scene was me kissing Lucky goodbye, and him driving off towards the gates in his Mercedes sports car. It was only after that shot, that I saw Mickie and Paul. They both gave me a hug and kisses and said that they had been watching the shoot from the monitor room.

Phil decided that we would do just one more scene that day so that I didn't begin to look tired. I felt at that time as though I could have gone on longer but I wasn't aware how energetic that scene was to be.

The scene was set in the film after I had done all my earlier teasing. The workmen had watched me getting naked and showing them everything, and my husband leaving in his sports car. They decided that they would try their hand.

In the film, Paul sent his apprentice, Mickie, down to the poolside to ask if I could get them a drink. I had to act as I would have done if I had been the horny young wife.

I was lying naked on my front when Mickie approached from the direction of my feet. He stopped and did a little cough. I knew that he was there but pretended not to notice him. But I spread my legs a little and raised my butt slightly to give him an excellent view of my little brown starfish and pussy.

He coughed again, but louder this time. I pretended to have just realised that he was there. I rolled on to my back giving him a sufficient time to have a good look, before acting coy and putting my hand over my pussy. My nipples were still exposed to his eyes.

He asked me for the drink and I got up, again giving an excellent view between my thighs. I told him to wait by the pool while I walked naked to the kitchen, to collect their drinks. As I walked I swayed my hips as provocatively as I could.

He followed me, of course, into the kitchen and as I bent forward towards the open refrigerator he made his move. That is when I saw Barry in the corner holding the camera to his eye.

Mickie's strong hands covered a breast each. I did not resist as his hands began to maul me and feel my nipples.

My hands went behind my waist and I felt his hard young cock thru his thin cotton shorts. I began to gently squeeze the head while his left hand slid down over my body to my waiting pussy.

I looked at Barry as Mickie's middle finger made contact with my clit. I wanted him to continue but knew that I had to take the action back to the pool.

I turned around and kissed Mickie on the mouth, while at the same time ripping his white vest from his body. Then, I took hold of his waistband and ripped his shorts apart leaving him as naked as I was.

I dragged him back to the poolside by his cock. I lay back on the lounger and opened my thighs to invite him between them. Barry was filming from a few feet behind Mickie, and Alex from the roof showed what Paul would be seeing. Phil was out of sight of the rooftop camera by being under the eves of the house.

Mickie did the right thing; he knelt down and began to give my pussy some oral loving. Because of all the attention it had been given during the day it did not take me long to have my second on camera orgasm.

As Mickie moved his cock towards my mouth I had a touch of genius. I grabbed the thing again and led him to the low spring board. I manoeuvred him so that he was lying with his head nearest the poolside and his hips were under the springiest part. I had just enough room to get my knees either side of his legs so that I could get my mouth to his cock. Our positions were such, that a good view could be had by all.

Mickies cock was about two hand widths and a mouth long and a proportionate thickness. It was dark and smooth like a good quality chocolate.

I pumped his cock like the last time and like last time added my mouth to his pleasure. Also like last time I used my tongue to swirl it around his helmet. Unlike last time he wasn't going to be cumming in my mouth. I wanted his juice in my pussy.

I knew he was close by the noises he was making and his hips rising off the spring board.

I stopped the blow job and moved up so that I could get a foot either side of his hips. He had the look of lust in his eyes but I was in total control.

Phil and Barry moved into positions to film close ups. I rubbed Mickie's cock along my pussy lips two or three times. I saw that I had made his helmet look like a glossy aubergine egg plant. My pink lips looked like they were trying to gently chew him. I sank down and was pleased that it slipped in comfortably. I raised myself again and saw that the line of gloss had moved half way down his shaft. Lower and lower went the glossy line with each bounce until his curly pubes kissed my Brazilian.

Then I began to speed things up. I set a rhythm up with the springboard so that as he was springing up I was sinking down. The noise of our bodies striking each other was getting louder and louder.

I could see in his face that he was close but he kept quiet. We both knew that he had to take it out so that the money shot could be recorded. I gripped even tighter with my pussy muscles; there was no way that he was going to get it out. Then success, He almost screamed as he came. I felt the first jet then the flood, as he filled me with his semen; the sensation sent me over the edge yet again.

All that I could hear was Phil shouting, "No, No not inside, get it out. We need to see him shoot."

I kept on pumping until Mickie stopped twitching. Then said "Sorry, Phil, I forgot." Not very convincingly.

I was still impaled on Mickie's cock when he said "Now we are going to have to do it all over again tomorrow."

I gave Mickie's cock a little squeeze with my pussy muscles, to let him know I was looking forward to it.

Paul by that time had arrived, "Yeh, don't forget me as well." I looked at the massive bulge in his shorts and it reminded me of his size.

**Runaway Bay Ch. 05**

"We, are going to have to have more control over events than yesterday. To begin with, we are not going to have any 'hidden' cum shots. We need to see the spoo, we need to see how much, how many times he shoots and how far he shoots. And of course where on your body it hits, do we understand?"

Phil, the director, sounded uncharacteristically stern, my head dropped slightly, but then he smiled and continued,

"I appreciate that you think that you are here to enjoy yourself, and it's important for the film that you do, but the world has to see that you do and that the guy who fucks you does. Have you any questions?"

"Well, there is one question that I would like to ask?" I said in a little girly style voice, pretending to have been rebuked, "Can I do the sex scenes without wearing shoes?"

A puzzled look came over Phil's face, then suddenly he burst into a roaring laughter,

"Oh yes, I understand. No shoes." He continued laughing.

"What do you mean?" Barry enquired.

"In every film that I have ever seen, the girl is naked except for a pair of white, or maybe red high healed shoes, I don't think that it is very realistic in Jamaica, that's all."

"Well, I'm just making an erotic film here, what..."

"Yes, that's what I would like, a bit more eroticism." I interrupted.

"What do you mean?"

"Well again, in all the films that I have seen, the girl is on her knees in seconds, getting out the already hard cock in her mouth in seconds, I was thinking perhaps a bit more teasing especially when we have such gorgeous swimwear to promote."

"You may have a point there, what have you in mind?"

"Well, Barry and I had a chat this morning, on the way over, and thought that perhaps we could do a few short scenes of me in the swimwear to add to the beginning of some of the other scenes."

"Before we go any further, let me get Lucky in on this conversation I'm sure that he would love to hear your ideas."

A few minute later Lucky joined us in the office.

"I hear that you have some ideas for my film. Perhaps you want me to play some small part?" Lucky said with a grin.

"Barry and I were chatting this morning on the way over. Your swimsuits make me feel sexy when I wear them. Bearing in mind that most swimsuits are purchased by the female of a couple, perhaps we could make the film a little less wham bam thank you mam? We girls like to take things a little slower."

"The film is usually sent out to our best customers, You've seen them. They're mostly men who have seen you at our little fashion show. They want to see your pretty pink pussy and they want to see it stretched some. They may not be happy waiting for the money shot."

"How much does the film cost them?"

"Nothing, it's a gift for being a good customer."

"Well they can use the fast forward button, then."

"When they see you with my boys, it will be the slow mo button that they will be using." Lucky said with a little laugh.

Barry helped in his own way by telling Lucky,

"Like most girls, Crystal performs better when she has teased a little first. I'm sure any female buyer will be more able to see themselves in the position of Crystal if we delay the main action a little."

I added, "What I was thinking, was that I could maybe be wearing the swimwear around the house and teasing the boys a little. Maybe we could get the boys to wear the swimwear as well and get a close up of what the girls like to see?"

"I don't want my buyers to get an inferiority complex over their tiny cocks."

Barry said, "Guys love to see big black cocks in tight white pussy."

Phil came to the rescue also, "What doesn't work we can edit out. I think that Crystal is right, close-ups thru the material of the swimwear should suit everyone, so why not try it?"

"Ok, ok, as long as I can be in the picture." Relented Lucky.

"The only other thing that I would like, is for Barry to assist with the filming."

"Barry did a great job for me yesterday, but Joe arrived last night, we have all the cameramen that we need."

Barry, looking as though he may not see me in action, said, "I could do the stills. that they always have in top quality videos, Remember photography is my job at home"

"Please Phil, I will try extra hard if you let Barry help."

"Yes, OK then, as long as he doesn't get too jealous."

"What is my pleasure, is Barry's pleasure."

"Ok, OK you win."

"Thanks Phil, I owe you one." I said in my sexiest voice.

"And don't forget it." He said with a wink.

As Lucky was leaving, he turned and said, "If we do it your way, I insist on the last scene involving all the team who have worked behind the scenes. I want you to think of something that will show the spunk resistance of my swimwear."

"Well Barry, you had better get your thinking cap on." I told him.

We had time for a short break before filming began, it looked like I was going to have a busy day. I made my way out of the office, leaving Barry with Phil to discuss a plan of action for the Grade Finale.

I made my way to Lucky's garage where I knew that Carlton would be with the car we came in.

I asked Carlton if he had any weed on him, of course he did, but he wanted something in return.

"I hope that you haven't forgotten the promise that you made when we were on the beach. I helped you by letting you use my bamboo, you said that you owed me one.

I was probably in the mood for a little fun, but I remembered how big he was and how uncomfortable it had been trying to get it inside me. I could have give him a hand job but I had a better plan.

"I will make you cum, but not just now, how about me asking Phil if you could be in the film?"

"Now you're talking." He rolled me a joint and passed it to me. It was probably a little early for me, but I was so excited I had to have something to calm me down.

I wasn't sure where I could get Carlton into the film but I knew that Phil would agree to anything that I suggested.

It was then that I realised that I hadn't seen Mickie or Paul up to then. Carlton told me that they were on there way.

I suppose that I would be the star until they arrived.

I was soon feeling cool, so I made my way back to the office and had a quiet word with Phil.

He then made an announcement to all in the room,

"We are going to get it right first time on most scenes or we will run out of time. Barry has suggested that we start with Crystal in the shower. Not the one by the pool. the en suite shower to the main bedroom. We need a camera watching thru the roof window and a couple at ground level. Joe, our close up expert will be in the bedroom taking care of the extreme close-ups when required."

"I haven't met Joe yet, when do I get to meet him?" I asked.

"Very soon my dear, Joe has been on hundreds of similar shoots. I'm sure that you will be able to show him the best looking pussy that he has ever seen."

I could feel myself blushing, then said, "I hope that he likes the look of the rest of me."

"There is no doubt about that. He has been something of a swordsman in his time so be careful with him. We want some of the close ups that he is so very good at." He said with a little smile.

"What I need you to do is to slide from between the sheets, and walk naked from the bedroom into the shower. Then we will film the water running over your body. We will have the water a little cool to ensure that your nipples are at their best."

"Look at my nipples already, and they are no where near cold water."

I pulled the material of my thin cotton shirt close to my nipples for Phil's examination.

"OK you can have the water warm." he smiled, "Perhaps you could play with your nipples and pussy for a while and fake us an orgasm."

"A fake one, if you insist, but I will try and make it look as realistic as possible,"

"Then I want you to dry yourself and rub a thin coat of oil over your body. That will make your body look good, and the material of the swimwear will stick like a glove. A tight glove at that."

"Sounds good to me, Phil."

I was soon on the bed and naked, under the silk sheet. I couldn't stop myself from feeling between my pussy lips to see how wet it was, and it was.

Then, "Action!"

I slid out of bed and walked as sexily as I could to the shower. That was the first time that I saw Joe, the close up camera man. He was absolutely gorgeous. A tall, slim white guy, probably in his early twenties. With his long dark blonde hair he looked more like a rock star or young hippie. I couldn't help but notice the bulge in his faded denim jeans. He was the type of guy that I would flash my panties at if I saw him out. Unfortunately I wasn't wearing any panties to flash, perhaps I could tease him with something else.

I spotted Alex on the roof, filming the view of the workmen.

Needless to say, that by the time I had teased my nipples and gently massaged between my legs I was well on the way to my 'fake' orgasm.

I couldn't stop myself from taking a peak at Joe. He was pointing the camera between my legs filming the soapy water run like a little stream from between my pussy lips. I messaged my lips so that they spread and Joe could see inside. I could tell that he enjoyed the view because I could see him licking his lips. Feeling naughty I tuned away from him, to give him an opportunity to see my ass. I soaped my body and slowly began to rinse the bubbles from my legs. I ran my hands from my hips to my ankles where they remained for a short time. I looked between my legs to see Joe zooming into my dripping pussy. As I looked between my legs, I could see that my pussy lips had split and the groove had made a little channel for the water to flow between. It felt divine. I knew that he would want to see deep into my body but the soapy water passing over my groove would partially obstruct his view.

Eventually I came to the end of my shower. I hadn't used my finger on my pussy but was still near an orgasm just from the thought of exciting such a shaggable guy.

I walked into the bedroom where I dried myself before slowly applying the oil. I didn't need any oil between my pussy lips but that didn't stop me from spending some time applying it there.

I wanted to show the camera how sexy I could look wearing Lucky's swimwear. Although the audience had already seen me naked they would be able to see just how little was hidden by the material.

My favourite swimsuits are the ones that get the most reaction, those are the ones with the really stretchy, micro thin material with a center seam that runs between my pussy lips. I love them in white but they are nearly as good in a baby pink or cream. I can feel dressed and naked at the same time wearing one.

I was modelling just the pink colored bikini bottoms, and lifting the sides for a maximum effect, in front of the huge mirrored wall, when Joe came really close with his camera. He started at my face then worked slowly down. My nipples puckered as his lens approached. There was a short delay before the lens travelled over my stomach to the sexy bikini bottoms. I turned slightly to enhance the view for Joe and his lens then pulled the sides up really tight. I could feel the material separating my outer lips and wondered if he could see the tiny bulge of my clit against the thin material.

Whilst the camera stared at my pussy, I saw Phil in the corner behind Joe. He indicated for me to lie back on the huge four poster bed and to play with myself.

I had to try hard not to laugh as his movements were so exaggerated and it looked silly for a guy to be doing those actions.

I turned to allow Joe a view of my rear, as I strolled to the bed.

I lay back and began by messaging my raspberry like nipples. I watched them grow as the camera moved closer.

The lens followed my right hand on its journey to the junction of my legs.

My middle finger made the center seam sink even deeper for a while before I took hold of the side of the tiny triangle and pulled it over so that my pussy was fully exposed. My other hand then went to work on the soft exposed flesh..

I didn't masturbate like I would normally do, because I like to start really slowly. I ran the palm of my hand over my pussy lips knowing that at certain times the action would pull a lip over and reveal my inner pale pink flesh and probably by that time the little pearls of my moisture.

I closed my eyes and began to feel the pleasure that my right hand was giving me. I wanted to use my left hand on my breasts but I knew that the material would spring back and spoil Joe's view.

I was on my way to an orgasm, when I felt my right hand being pulled away from my pussy. I opened my eyes to see Carla, dressed as a maid, wrapping one of my discarded bikini tops around my wrist. I didn't realise what she was doing at first but as soon as I did I allowed her to fasten first my right then my left wrist to a top bedposts. Of course I pretended to struggle as she tied the right wrist to the other post. I thought that she may fasten my ankles as well, but she didn't need to, there was no way that I wanted to close my legs. But still I pretended to struggle. I thought that I was playing the part of the naughty young wife quite well.

Carla put a hand on each knee and pushed them wide apart. It was like a cowboy subduing a wild horse as her tongue went to work on my pussy. Eventually she didn't need to hold my legs apart, the feelings that she was giving me were so intense. Her thick tongue probed between then she sucked on each puffy lip in turn. As her tongue neared the top of my groove I tried to adjust my hips so that her tongue would be in contact with my clit, but she pulled away. As she pulled upwards my hips followed, trying to get her mouth back where it belonged.

Then she got off the bed and opened the top drawer of a bedside cabinet.

I saw the little gold tip of the handbag size vibrator, I heard the quiet buzzing as she turned the pointed plastic toy on, her head went back between my legs and the tip of the vibrator was placed just between my pussy lips. As I felt her tongue approaching its target the buzzing pleasure stick went deeper into my tunnel.

Joe had the lens inches away and I knew what the world would be seeing, I imagined all those hard cocks and dreamed that thousands of men were spraying me with their stuff at the same time. The feelings from my groin and the nasty thoughts soon got me on the edge, my hips were humping Carla's face and the thing in my tunnel. Then it hit me, I couldn't help but scream out. My orgasm seemed to go on for such a long time before I sank back onto the bed.

Then she returned to the bedside cabinet and replaced the sticky golden tipped vibrator with what looked like a real eight inch pink penis complete with bulbous balls.

Carla soon had it in position and with one push of my hips I got the thing inside. With two or three more thrusts of my hips it was in as far as the latex balls. There was no vibrating but it was stretching me a little.

Carla soon had the thing moving in and out, like a real cock, but then she suddenly pulled it out allowing Joe to zoom in. I assume that my pussy had adopted the shape of the thing.

Carla then took a black bandeau top from the pile of swimwear and slipped it over my head and eyes. I suppose that it was to make it look like I was blindfolded, but the material was so thin I could see quite clearly what was going on.

Carla took a massive chocolate colored plastic cock out of the drawer and switched it on. It was much noisier than the tiny one or any that I had at home. Surely it wouldn't fit inside me.

I raised my knees and spread my legs as she climbed back on the bed. Joe got in position to record the thing as it pushed my pussy lips apart. The vibration was quite pleasurable and I totally relaxed, the thing was soon deep within me. I was surprised to find the stretching sensation quite pleasurable. In and out like a slow moving piston until most of it was inside. I had never had anything so big up and so deep in there.

I began thrusting with my hips for the camera, and continued as I saw Carlton walk into the room. He was naked and already hard. His cock looked even bigger than the time on the beach. I was not supposed to be able to see what was happening and so I kept on humping the plastic penis. I suppose that I did owe Carlton perhaps a little pleasure and decided that I would let him have another try.

Carlton climbed on to the bed and he kneeled between my open thighs. He stopped and just looked at me before he took hold of the dark plastic penis. I'm sure that I heard a little suction noise as he removed it from my body.

I soon felt the warmth of the real cock at my entrance. I didn't wait for him to push, I did it for him. It slipped between my lips quite easily. I was surprised because last time was so painful. I suppose the viewer would have thought that I believed that the thing inside me was a toy. But no matter how realistic they may make those things they will never feel as good as a real cock.

I carried on with the pretence and Carlton began to pick up the pace. It was easy for me to grip his cock with my muscles because it filled me so much. I began to grip him really tightly. I knew that I was on the verge of milking his cock when I released my grip so that he could take it out. I didn't want to upset Phil again. Carlton pulled out in time for his stuff to shoot all over my breasts and stomach. It felt warm at first but quickly cooled. Carlton looked at me and smiled. I wondered if he knew that I could see him.

Carlton climbed off and left the room, followed shortly by Phil calling, "Cut."

"That was truly horny Crystal, in the next scene I think we should go for a rapid change in positions."

"What happens if I'm reaching my peak, so to speak, and I need a little longer for me to hit the jackpot?"

"Crystal, just how many orgasms do you want in a day?"

"As many as I can get."

"Well I am trying to shoot a film here, perhaps if you could try, remembering they all want to see that beautiful pussy and the best way is to have different camera angles. The most restrictive is the missionary position. What I need is some reverse cowgirl."

"Reverse cowgirl?"

"Yes, just imagine that you were on top of me and bouncing up and down on my cock. If you are facing me you are like a cowgirl on a stear. Now if you turn around and face away from me and lean back, the camera gets a real good view between your wide spread thighs at your pussy and the black meat pumping into it. Just imagine what the punters will think as your creamy tube covers the veined meat with your pussy cream."

"Now that you put it that way, I will try my best."

"Can I talk you into taking it in the ass?"

"Not at the moment, I like to think of myself as a traditional kind of girl."

"We will just clean you up and prepare you for the next scene."

"What would you like me to do?"

"I need you to walk naked along the length of the pool with a bit of swagger. I want to see your tits bounce slightly and I want to show the fabulous backdrop that we have here. I'm thinking of using that shot at the beginning of the film. Then, for a different scene, I need you to swim a couple of lengths before making your way back to your sun lounger. Just before you lie down, you call up to the workmen on the roof, asking them if they would like anything. They tell you that they would like a cold drink. When you get the drinks you climb up the ladder to give them what they want."

"What do you want me to wear when I climb up the ladder?"

"Nothing but one of your sexy smiles."

"Then what do you want me to do?"

"Just do what comes naturally."

"Climbing up a ladder with no clothes on isn't very natural for me."

"Yes, but it makes a good shot from the bottom of the ladder."

"Oh yes, I see what you mean."

We had a short break while they set up the cameras up on the roof and at the bottom of the ladder.

I had a little chat with Barry, "Are you still Ok with this?"

"Oh God yes, Phil has said that I can take stills of you with the guys on the roof."

"I don't want you to forget where you are and fall off."

"That's not the only accident that I may have, It's a good thing that I have dark colored shorts on,"

"You naughty man, you shouldn't be making me do all these things."

"You are making me very proud. I can see that you are enjoying yourself and so am I. I think that this is the best vacation that we have ever had."

"I love you Barry."

"I love you too."

"Lets get ready to roll." Called Phil.

Carla did a few final touches to my make up, then, "Roll cameras."

I was on my way along the pool side, it felt so natural being naked.

I had to do it just one more time with a bit more bounce before we were ready for the next scene.

After I had called up to the roof, I heard Paul's deep voice asking for the cool drinks. I couldn't see him at that time, but it still made me tingle between the legs thinking of what I had to do. I was just grateful that Carlton had made it a little easier for me.

I took a pair of the old fashioned style Coca Cola bottles from the refrigerator then wiggled to the base of the ladders. I saw that Joe was ready to have a low angled view as I slowly climbed the ladder.

As soon as I reached the roof I saw Paul. he was dressed only in a pair of cotton shorts. Where was my Mickie? I thought, I couldn't see him.

Paul approached me and in acting mode told me that Mickie was on another job that day. I felt like stopping, but I knew that I couldn't. It was then that I saw the new guy. He was incredibly tall, skinny and ugly. His head was shaved completely bald. In fact I couldn't see a hair on his body. I wondered why he had been chosen for the film. It was then that I saw it. The head of his cock was sticking out of the leg of the shorts. It couldn't be, no one has a cock that long.

I saw that Barry was next to Alex the Camera man. He gave me a little smile as I handed the boys their Cokes. Almost immediately they each put an arm around my shoulders, sandwiching me between them. Paul then began rubbing the cool bottle against my right nipple and Baldy did likewise with my left. Of course this had a reaction which seemed to delight them both. They continued with the nipple play and added their groins to the massage. I could feel that both were hard thru the thin material of their shorts against the sides of my waist.

I pretended to try and break free, telling them that I couldn't do anything with them because I was a married woman. This just brought a big smile to both their faces. Baldy looked a little nicer when he smiled. His smile went bigger still as he dropped his shorts. I was certainly wrong about it not being possible to have such a long cock. It was a strange looking thing really. It was so much darker than the rest of his body, the long upward curving shaft was quite slim, about normal size but the head of his cock was disproportionately bulbous and oh so shiny. He had surprisingly small balls and no pubic hair at all, in all I had never seen anything quite like it, even in films. I couldn't wait to tell the girls back home about it.

I hadn't seen Paul take his shorts off but soon felt it again against my leg. I hadn't seen him hard before and so wasn't quite as surprised by the size of it when I changed my view. It looked about the thickness of Barry's wrist. It was long, longer than Mickie's but thankfully not as long as Baldy's.

They held me again by the shoulder, and in turn began slapping me with their cocks across my stomach by swivelling their hips. I continued to play the reluctant housewife, but as I tried to push them away from me somehow I ended up holding a cock in each hand. As I tried to push them back it must have appeared that I was wanking them.

Then they put pressure on my shoulders for me to kneel. They were just too strong for me, I knelt down with my knees wide to give a good shot to camera. I was just about to speak when Baldy shoved the head of his cock into my mouth. I tried to push it out with my tongue, but that probably gave him the wrong idea. As I tried to pull it out again it must have looked like I was wanking him. My hand moved faster and faster and I even began to rotate my wrist and grip it harder in a vain attempt to take it out. I didn't think to move my head backwards.

I could sense that he was approaching his orgasm. I knew what Phil wanted this time, and so opened my mouth wide and pushed out my tongue, so that Alex and Barry could record the blast.

But before Baldy came, Paul pushed him out of the way and stood in front of me thrusting his hips forward. I took hold of his cock with both hands so that it would appear that I was trying harder not to let it slip in my mouth. I was pleasantly surprised at how warm and soft the skin felt. It was just his strong veins that stopped it from being perfectly round.

I tried the same method of preventing the thing going in my mouth. I was pushing and pulling and squeezing oh so tightly, trying to stop him. I know that I was smiling and people may have thought that I was enjoying wanking him. I know that Barry recognised my reluctance. I must have slipped forward a little because in my mouth it went. It tasted a little different to Baldy but still quite pleasant. It was perhaps fortunate that I like giving head, so I relented a little. The naughty housewife became more accepting.

As my tongue swirled around Paul's cock head, Baldy was feeling between my legs. I was going to tell him to be gentler but my mouth was full at the time. He must have read my mind, because he began to toy gently with my puffy and very much aroused pussy lips.

I thought that I might be a little naughty. I knew that Phil wanted Paul to have his thick shaft inside my pussy but I thought that I would get him to come with my mouth. I did every little trick that I knew to get him on the edge. I knew that there would be a point where he wouldn't be able to stop himself. And I was sure that point wasn't far off.

I was, of course, right, I pulled it before the first blast. I was still wanking his cock and I am sure that I felt something like a Mexican wave as his stuff flowed towards me.

I was so pleased that I caught the blast in my mouth. I had the rifle right on target. I wasn't ready though for the rest of the waves. And no matter how hard I tried I couldn't swallow the stuff fast enough. It's hard, if not impossible to swallow with your mouth as wide as I had it.

I had to give up and allow some of the stuff to overflow past my lips.I felt it run down my chin and drop on to my left breast then my knee.

Before I knew it, Baldy was behind me pushing my shoulders forward. I realised soon enough what he wanted and so reached down between my legs to find his black banana. I leaned forward a little more and got it in position.

I watched the head that was like a shiny piece of smooth coal slip between my pink lips and a couple of inches inside me before he withdrew slightly. Then back in it went, a little deeper this time. I was pleased that I was well lubricated by that time and could see my juices reflecting off his shaft. Whatever anybody says about black men, their cocks do look good when they are shiny with pussy juice.

I hoped that he didn't intend to put all of it inside. It was just beginning to feel a little too deep when he seemed to know, and stopped going deeper. I don't know exactly how deep he was. I had closed my eyes to enjoy the sensation fully.

Paul's hand joined Baldy's cock at my pussy and the finger tip almost immediately made contact with my clit. I hoped that Barry could see how much I was enjoying this experience and I knew that he would find pleasure in my pleasure.

I soon had a fabulous orgasm. My whole body shook, and as I came round I wondered if Baldy had cum in my pussy I was so wet down there.

He was still pumping away so I assumed that his stuff was still in his balls, the slick juice must have been mine.

Suddenly he stopped and withdrew. What had gone wrong?. I soon realised that it was just a change in positions. Baldy lay back on a flat part of the roof and waited for me. I of course obliged by straddling his hips. I was able to control the depth now.

Deeper and deeper, with each bounce. I almost had it all in but it was just too long. I fucked him for about two or three minutes before remembering the reverse cowgirl position. I stood up and adopted the entry pose for the new position. I sank down quite fast and impaled myself on him as much as I could before leaning back. I was beginning to enjoy this. I could feel the thing bending the more I pushed my hips forward and leaned back. Alex and Barry got in a good position to see every little movement. So I began to gyrate my hips as I moved backwards and forwards, up and down. Baldy was groaning his approval under me.

Then I remembered another thing that I had seen in a film. If I accidentally came up too high, Baldy's cock would slip out and I would be left there wide legged and gaping pussy.

I saw that Barry was ready with his camera. Joe, the close up man had arrived and was ready, so that what I did. I held the pose for about fifteen seconds before grabbing the meat and pushing it back home.

I could tell that Baldy was on his way again so I concentrated on really caressing his cock with my pussy muscles. He soon began to squeal. I quickly lifted myself up and watched as spurt after spurt shot into the air from his pole, just like a Roman Candle fire work. The stuff of course landed everywhere. On my feet, legs, stomach and pubes. I grabbed the shaft as the spurts subsided and milked the last drops for the close up camera.

I was just about to push the thing back in, when I saw that Paul was at full mast again. It was inevitable now that he was going to get it inside of me. I had put it off as long as I could.

I lay back against Baldy. I didn't want to have been nailed to the roof, and Baldy's body was quite comfortable. He wanted to play his part though and his hands came to my knees to spread them for the camera and Paul.

I was ready now. I watched as Paul kneeled between my thighs and spread my lips with his fingers to rest his helmet between them. Then he moved his hips forward an inch or so. Then another inch and I saw my pussy lips engulf the head. Another couple of inches and he was inside. I had managed it. He went deeper and deeper, he was really stretching me. The balance of pleasure against pain was definitely moving towards pleasure.

As his cock became slicker, he built up the length of strokes until our pubes met. I had taken it all, I knew that Barry would be so proud of me.

Paul built up the speed as Baldy's finger took its place at the top of my groove.

It hit me very quickly. Not only did I orgasm, it just kept on gong and going I was screaming like a mad woman. I wanted more, more and more, but eventually it did subside.

I looked in Paul's face and knew that he wanted to cum again. I also knew that he wanted to do it inside. It wouldn't be my fault this time though, and so I decided to enjoy the moment.

It was so exciting, feeling him getting nearer and nearer. Then it happened. It was like he had frozen. His back was arched and he roared. Then I felt it deep, very deep inside. It felt even better than Mickie's. How could Paul produce so much stuff so soon after cumming. I just didn't care at that moment.

Paul pulled it out of me. I just lay back exhausted. Paul managed a couple more spurts which were both direct hits on my clit. Joe's camera lens zoomed in so that the evidence of Paul cumming inside could be seen slowly escaping from my gaping hole.

"Cut!"

Barry came over and hugged me before helping me to the shower to clean myself for the finale.

**Runaway Bay Ch. 06**

After a short meal break, Barry and I had a meeting with Phil, the director, in his office.

"Crystal. Barry and I have come up with what we think is a great story line. The dream sequence."

"The dream sequence?" I quizzed.

"Yes, the dream sequence. It's what you may have dreamed about, if you had been the young and attractive, bored housewife, left alone too long with guys who want to fuck you. Of course it would involve all types of things that you as a nice English girl wouldn't ever think of doing except in your naughty dreams."

"If it's happening in my dreams, how do you intend to get it on film?"

"Well of course you would have to carry out the acts and we would film it. Perhaps we could use a bit of soft focus or something similar like a cloud effect around the edges to give the impression that we need."

"What sort of acts were you thinking that I should do?"

"Just the sort of things you've done so far with perhaps a few little extra things."

"Extra things? Like what?"

"I have known you long enough to know that you have a great imagination and many talents too. Perhaps we can make the odd suggestion as we go along. I would like you to act as if you haven't had sex for a year and you won't be having any more sex for another year. I want to see the real nasty Crystal that I know is inside you."

"What if I let you down?"

"I don't think that you will. Barry has convinced me that you are a star in the making, and that this film will be the first of many."

"Many? This started as a bit of naughty flashing. I have no intention of getting into films. I have had some fun, and I know Barry has. But when we get home, that will be the end of my acting career."

"One day at a time, Crystal. We will start shooting in half an hour. Whatever happens we need to show you in as many different pieces of swimwear that we can. You need to be wearing at least one article of swimwear, whatever you are doing. We need to show all the possibilities. There is only one scene that Lucky insisted on and that is you giving him a proper welcome home after a hard day at the office. You are sunbathing by the pool in just the bottoms of a bikini. The bikini bottoms are wet and see thru. He can see that the workmen on the roof are looking at you, and this turns him on. As he approaches you lying there, he sees that the material is not hiding the view of your pussy from the workmen and knows that you must have been teasing them all day. He takes your hand and leads you back into the house were you have to relieve some of the day's stresses. Lucky has asked for a blow job. Are you OK with that scenario?"

"Sounds good to me. Then what do you want me to do?"

"We should take one scene at a time. But if you ever want to add anything, feel free."

"I have an idea already. Can Carla let me have some bright red lipstick?"

"I'm sure that she can. What have you in mind?"

"You'll see."

I found Carla for the lipstick and picked out my first piece of swimwear. It was a cream colored thong. By no means the smallest but not the largest either. I knew that it showed my Brazilian cut pubes quite well. I slipped it on and pulled up the sides so that the seam went between my lips and my pussy looked at its best. The string was extremely thin between my legs and butt cheeks so there would be no difficulty moving it out of the way when the time came.

Shortly before shooting began I swam a couple of lengths of the pool to ensure that the material was wet and see thru for the camera.

I was soon on my knees before Lucky, my aptly named film husband. As mentioned earlier, he has a pleasant looking penis and for his age he managed an impressively firm erection.

As I messaged his shaft, I looked up into his eyes and ran my tongue around his softly textured helmet. He seemed to enjoy it when I ran my tongue around the edge and along the underside.

But I wasn't there to please Lucky. I was there to make a film, and to make that film interesting for Lucky's customers. That is where the bright red lipstick came into play. It was my intention to give Lucky a perfect red circle around the base of his cock. I got myself into the right position then began to devour the chocolate colored flesh, inch by inch down my throat. I could tell that Lucky was enjoying the tightness, but it was important to me that he did not cum before I had reached my goal.

He held my head in place, although he didn't need to, as my nose progressed towards his salt and pepper pubes. His hips were moving but not to an extent that it made things difficult. I saw Joe, the close up camera man to my right. My throat had been stretched deeper than ever before but I knew that my audience, including my Barry, would enjoy the scene.

I could tell that Lucky was on the edge, so I made one last push, and there I was. I wrapped my lips tightly around the shaft and deposited as much lipstick as I could before Lucky began to groan. I had to get it out quickly, although I wouldn't have minded swallowing, so that the cum shot could be filmed.

I held his cock firm as I retreated from the base of his cock. I was so proud of my red lipstick circle as it came into view. My timing was virtually perfect as his first blast came as the tip reached my lips. Of course it was perfectly on target. It hit my tongue then bounced up to the roof of my mouth. Although I don't mind Barry cumming on my face, I decided that if I could catch it all in my mouth there would be no need refresh makeup, more than my lipstick. Just three more jets to catch.

As I changed into a pale blue thong that was similar in design to the cream colored one, I noticed that I left a little of my juices behind on the smooth material.

The next scene was to be outside with me on the sun lounger. I was to pretend to be asleep. I was lying face down, with my face to one side and eyes closed. I raised my right knee so that my leg was about ninety degrees to the left. I knew that this would give an interesting view to the workmen on the roof. I was to pretend to stay asleep, whatever happened.

Shortly before I closed my eyes, I saw that they had allowed Barry a movie camera to use, and he was filming from within the house. Joe was again the close up man and Alex was on the roof showing the view that the workmen would have of their lucky workmate.

This scene of course would be easy for me.

I soon felt the presence of someone behind me. Shortly after that I felt the thin string of material that ran between my legs being pulled to the right, exposing my pussy to whoever it was and the cameras.

Then, the pleasant sensation of a nose between my buttocks and a tongue between my pussy lips. In honesty, this was a dream that I had had many times. And now I was acting it out, and on film.

It didn't feel like Carla's, it was far more forceful. It had to be a male tongue. Strangely it almost felt as though the tongue had a similar texture to that of a young cat. He was hitting the right spots with it though, and I could feel my orgasm start on its merry little journey.

I could feel that he was holding my lips open, for the camera and all the men who would be seeing the film. Closer and closer I got and couldn't stop myself from softly whispering,

"More, give me more please." Over and over.

The naughtiness of showing the world my most secret inner flesh and the feelings of that strong tongue against my sensitive clit took me over the edge.

As I stopped screaming, I had an overwhelming urge to have my pussy filled with flesh. I raised my knee closer to my chest and knew that my pussy would be visually begging the unknown man to fill it.

My pussies wish was soon granted. I could feel the owner of the tongue climb onto the lounger between my open thighs and place the head of his cock at the entrance to my love tunnel. I was desperate to get it inside and considered moving down quickly to get it in. But trying to become a controlled actor made me stay still, as if sleeping. I didn't have to wait long as I felt it push my lips aside and ever so slowly inch into my body. I just concentrated on the wonderful sensations coming from my lower belly.

Although I knew that he would have to remove his cock before he came I tried my best to grip his cock when he was deep inside. I had to stop myself from smiling at my naughtiness. My legs were not in the best position to allow my strong vaginal muscles to grip him but I tried my best.

I could hear him begin to approach his climax. Faster and faster, his hard meat slid along my slippery tube. Suddenly he was there.

He pulled out, and I felt the first blast hit me between the shoulder blades. I thought to myself that he must have been very pleased with my vaginal workout on his cock. The second hit the small of my back and the third landed on my right buttock. Like a true professional, I remained still as my lover placed the material back over my used pussy and casually walk away.

Carla cleaned the goo from my body, and then I changed again, into a tiny baby pink bikini. I put the top on as well because the scene was set in the kitchen. Being the devoted young wife, I was supposed to be preparing a salad for my husband.

There was just Joe and Barry filming this episode. I had just prepared the lettuce and about to slice the cucumber when I felt two arms around my waist. I was to pretend that I believed that it was my husband and responded by pushing my hips back against his hard on. The hands moved up to my breasts and began to play with my nipples. This of course caused them to push against the micro thin material.

I continued to prepare the salad until a hand came from behind and grabbed the cucumber. Before I knew it I was leaning over the kitchen work top with my legs spread. I felt something cold against my lips. It had to be the cucumber. The new owner of the cucumber was pushing the thing backwards and forward over my fleshy outer lips. I knew that he would want to put it inside and thought, why not. I raised my hips a little and spread my thighs still further and felt it slip into me. It felt cool, but refreshing, after the hot fuck I had just had.

It was only inside long enough for Joe to film a close up before it slipped out. I turned around, and saw that it was Mickie. I was so pleased to see him. I just couldn't stop myself from tearing his vest off and undoing the belt of his jeans as fast as I could. It must have looked funny as I pulled the jeans down to his knees and pushed him back onto the kitchen floor. I was pleased that he wasn't wearing any underwear. I grabbed his cock and started softly chewing and sucking the end of his cock within seconds.

I would have liked to use my mouth on his cock for some time, but I couldn't wait. I put a knee either side of his hips and placed his cock at the entrance to my pussy. You can only imagine how good it felt as it came in. His warm flesh against my recently refreshed pink tube was sensational.

I started to bounce and soon had my juices covering his beautiful black shaft, balls and pubes. The noise of our bodies slapping together became faster and faster. It felt oh so good to have Mickie's cock back inside, I almost lost myself.

I hadn't expected Alex, the roof cameraman to walk into the kitchen. He wasn't carrying his camera. I wondered at first what he wanted.

It didn't take me long to find out. Mickie put his arms around me and pulled my face towards him. My virgin anus was now exposed to Alex's wishes.

Although I wasn't sure that I wanted to. I remained in position while Alex used some of my juices on his fingers so that he could slide what felt like one finger into my back passage. It actually felt quite good. I was so aroused by being impaled on Mickie's cock that I was beginning to want to be ass fucked.

One finger was replaced by two. And two fingers, by the head of his cock. It didn't feel too big as it made its way to the center of my brown starfish. There was certainly some resistance as he pushed but after the first inch it was much easier for me to take. It actually felt quite good to be completely filled. I tried to bounce on Mickie's cock but found it difficult, because of the thing in my ass. So I just concentrated on Alex. If I could get him to come quickly I could enjoy my time with Mickie.

Alex must have been fired up thru all of the filming he had done because I soon heard him grunting. He pulled out in time to shoot his cream over the top of my bum crack.

Although it probably looked quite dirty for the camera. The feeling of a man's cum running over my anus was not as pleasurable as the feeling I was receiving in my pussy from Mickie.

I pulled myself upright away from Mickie's face so that I could control things. I saw Barry filming my bouncing breasts. I know that he loves to watch them when I am on top of him.

I spotted Phil in the background and knew that however much I wanted Mickie to cum inside me he had to get 'the shot'.

I watched Mickie's face and knew that he was close. My pussy was travelling every wonderful inch of his cock as I bounced on his hips. Faster and faster my breasts bounced.

Then I saw it in his face. I lifted myself off his cock just in time for the first jet. Bang on target. His cum shot straight as an arrow the six or seven inches from the tip of his cock to the round hole that his cock had created in my body. Another jet hit my pubes. I then thought to myself, fuck Phil, and sank back down on Mickie. I felt him cum deep inside. It was gorgeous.

I looked down at Mickie's smiling face and felt so pleased with myself.

There was one last scene to do. I was a bit tender down there so I asked Phil if I could do something other than a pussy fuck.

"Lucky tells me that he has a number of his best customers in Japan. He has asked me how you would feel about a bukkake theme."

"Bukkake, what's that?"

"Its where loads of guys stand around you and spray you with their stuff. Would you have a problem with that?"

"I'm not sure, what would I have to do?"

"Perhaps if you could masturbate or hold yourself open, that sort of thing."

"Well it certainly doesn't sound too difficult."

"Remember that we still need to show the resistant qualities of the swimwear so you will need to pick something where the guys can see your tits and pussy and show how the guys stuff washes off after."

"If I can wear the black see thru bikini with the bandeau top. I think that should work. I can pull the bottoms down or to the side. And the top I can use to cover my eyes."

"Don't you want to see the guys jacking off?"

"Of course I do. But I got an eyeful of stuff once and it stings. I can see through the top. Remember that Carla used it on me before."

Barry then came up with a good idea,

" Perhaps the boys could approach Crystal as she is lying out in the sun. She could be reading one of those erotic books that girls like to masturbate to. She could have her hand between her legs with a finger against her clit when she is approached by the guys. The guys could grab her. She pretends to resist and they pull her top up over her eyes. At the same time keeping her arms at the side of her face. The guys will be free to pull her bikini bottoms down and see and feel anything that they wish."

"Sounds good to me." Said Phil.

"Yes, let's do it." I said.

I was soon with my hands above my head, with my eyes covered and my bikini bottoms having been taken off and pulled back up just my left leg to my thigh.

The two guys holding my arms had been the assistants to the camera and sound men. Again, although it was supposed to appear that I couldn't see. I saw Joe, the close up camera man approach and stand at my feet. I watch as he slowly unzipped himself and pulled his cock out. It was nearly fully erect and within a few strokes he was at full steam. It looked like a nice cock. It had a lovely mushroom type purple colored head and a smooth thick shaft. I was beginning to wish I said I would do one last fuck.

I kept my knees together, as I slid my feet closer to my hips. I watched Joe's face as I slowly spread my knees as wide as I could. I knew that my pussy lips had opened and could imagine how juicy it looked. How could he resist fucking me?

With what must have been a will of iron he just stared at my pussy and stroked his cock.

One by one, the other behind the scenes staff joined Joe in a circle around me. Barry was the lone cameraman.

I felt so strangely powerful. Knowing that I had the attention of all those men. There must have been eight or ten of them. I knew that the wider apart my legs were the faster they would cum.

The youngest boy was first. His cum hit me on the left thigh. Then someone on the right, that landed on my stomach. Then a couple at once. I was getting covered in the stuff. Some landed on my face and across the bikini top. It made it more difficult to see thru the material with my right eye. But I could certainly feel it landing.

As one guy squirted his stuff he was replaced with a member of Lucky's staff. I'm sure they were trying to drown me in the stuff. Eventually all except Joe had cum on me. He moved so that his shins were against the end of the sun lounger and he took himself to the edge. He took careful aim, and I kept completely still as his first jet flew towards me. It was like it was in slow motion as it arched towards me. I'm sure that I must have cum shortly after it landed on my pubes and between my open lips as the feeling inside me was incredible. I think his next load only reached the top of my thigh. But the last load was directly on target. All over the bikini bottoms.

After Joe had walked away, I slid the saturated bikini top down over my cum soaked breasts. Then I slid my right foot into the gooey bikini bottoms and pulled it over my cream covered leg until it formed a pool in the crutch of the bikini. The stuff felt cool against my pussy as I pulled it tight into me before I walked towards the pool. I felt the goo drain from my belly button down to the front of the black material.

One last lot dripped from my chin, as I dived in the pool.

I swam a couple of lengths before climbing out of the pool and walking towards, then past, Barry holding the camera.

"Cut. That was fucking fantastic."

It was some months later that we received an envelope containing a DVD of the shoot. It was entitled 'Crystal cums but once a year.'A poor play on words I thought, but what did I expect.

Although Barry said that I looked and acted fabulous, I felt so embarrassed. I hope that no-one that I know will ever see the film because I behaved so out of character. Having said that, we use the DVD quite often on our sexy evenings in.

We haven't decided yet, whether we will take up the offer of the free trip to one of Lucky's resorts. Sometimes we feel that we should, soemtimes we feel that we daren't.