**Tracy's Journey Ch. 00**

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**Prologue**

I met Tracy in a Russian history class, of all things, when we were both seniors in college in the mid-1980s. Her intellectual self-assurance attracted me at first, but as I got to know her I became fascinated by how that confidence was offset by a shy naïveté when it came to social matters. Of course her beauty – sparkling green eyes, a dazzling smile, large, firm breasts, a tiny waist, and a spectacular round ass – didn't hurt my attention span.

She had joined a study group for our class, and I first got to know her by walking her back to her dorm after our nighttime meetings. Before long, we were sharing meals together in the cafeteria, and passionate kisses when I dropped her off at night. But, I couldn't seem to get any farther. One night, I finally persuaded her to come back to my off-campus apartment so I could cook her dinner. We shared a couple of steaks and a bottle of (cheap) wine, and wound up necking on the couch. Things were moving along nicely, but when I started unbuttoning her shirt, she stopped me.

"Can I trust you?"

"Don't you know that by now?"

"I think so, but I'm pretty inexperienced at this, and I'm afraid I'm not very good."

"Why do you think that?"

"Well the only guy I've done it with bailed on me after a couple of times, and I guess he wasn't satisfied with me."

"What about you; did you like it?"

"Oh God yes, I loved it, and couldn't wait for more, but he left and I've been making do with a vibrator for the last year."

That made me smile: she might be inexperienced, but she seemed to like sex. I could work with that.

"Do you want to have sex with a guy again?"

"Shit, yes!"

I swallowed hart and took the plunge: "With me?"

She laughed at that. "You're the only one here. But, seriously, if I'm not any good are you going to dump me too?"

"Look," I said, "sex is like anything else: it takes practice. I'd be privileged to help you learn some more, and I promise not to give up on you until you're an expert!"

She laughed again. "Okay, let the lessons begin!"

We returned to our kissing, and I slowly unbuttoned her shirt. After I had her bra off, and had been giving her stunning breasts some lavish oral attention, she quietly took my hand and led me over to the bed in the corner of my studio apartment. As I sat on the edge, she stepped back, and in one quick motion slid her jeans and panties over her hips and to the floor. I gave out a low whistle in unfeigned appreciation for her beauty. Tracy blushed crimson, but walked over and straddled my lap, grinding her cunt into the growing bulge in my jeans.

After a few minutes, I gently laid her back and started kissing and licking my way from her neck down her body. I worked my way past those marvelous mounds with their very sensitive and now very hard, nipples, down her flat stomach, and past her belly button. When I finally gave her pussy and clit a couple of introductory licks, she bucked against my face and moaned, "Oh, nobody's every done that to me before."

I paused. "Do you want me to stop?"

"God no. I want to experience it all!"

I resumed my ministrations, and before long her body shuddered with her first orgasm of the night. As I came up for air, she grabbed my head and pulled me up so that she could hungrily lick and suck her juices off my face and tongue.

"Fuck me," she whispered.

Who was I to say no? I stood up and stripped off my t-shirt and jeans. I grabbed a condom from the night stand and stood facing her as I unfurled it down my very-erect cock.

As I did so, I heard Tracy gasp. "I didn't know they could get that big." (I'm around nine inches when fully erect.)

"Is that a problem?" I asked.

"No ... I think its beautiful ... just take it slow, OK?"

I didn't answer verbally, but nodded and climbing between her legs, positioned the head of my cock at the entrance to her vagina. As I pushed gently and slowly in, I could feel the walls ease wider to accept me. Every now and then, I paused to make sure I wasn't hurting her, but each time Tracy grabbed my hips pulling me deeper. Before long I was in her up to the hilt, and she sighed "that feels so good."

I started pumping in and out of her at a slow pace that gradually gathered steam as we fucked. I was so turned on, and she was so tight, I knew I wouldn't last long, but after just a few minutes, Tracy let out a low, long moan:

"Yesssss ... I'm ... cumming ...."

As her fingernails dug into my back, and her pussy clamped down around my cock, I lost control and shot a huge load into the end of the condom. We fell on our backs panting. I peeled the condom off, and after a couple of minutes got up to wash the cum off of my cock.

"Where are you going?" Tracy asked.

"Just to get cleaned up a little," I answered.

"Wait a second, I want a taste."

With that, she crawled across the bed and scooped a drop of cum that was oozing from the end of my now-flaccid penis.

"Yum!" She exclaimed. "Can I lick it all off?'

"Now who am I to turn down an offer like that?" I laughed.

"Goody! Now, I've never done this before, so let me know if I'm doing it wrong."

Tracy had nothing to worry about: she was a natural cocksucker, and before long I was hard again. But Tracy didn't stop, and without any prodding – or practice – managed to deep throat me. I gasped with pleasure.

Tracy looked up startled. "Am I doing it wrong?"

"Absolutely not," I reassured her, "in fact, this is the best blowjob I've ever had. Are you sure you've never done this before?"

"Well," she blushed, "never with a real cock, but when I told my roommate I wanted to have sex with you, she did give me a few pointers on a banana."

I laughed. "Lucky banana!"

Tracy smiled and returned to her ministrations. However, I knew I could hold out longer after cumming once, so I grabbed another condom, laid down on my back, and invited Tracy to climb on board – which she did with alacrity. I've never seen a woman lose herself riding a cock like that – and look so good doing it. I marveled at the way her muscles rippled as she bounced away, eyes closed and head thrown back. In a few minutes a new orgasm ripped through her and she collapsed on my chest. At first, as her breathing calmed, I thought she had fallen asleep so I lay still, my cock still buried in her. Soon, however, her hips started rolling against mine as she whispered, "It felt so good hard and fast like that, but my legs can't keep me going right now. Is there another way?"

Without saying anything, I kissed Tracy and gently pulled out of her (producing a very cute pout), rolled her over and gave her a pillow to rest on. I then slipped behind her and resumed our fucking doggy-style. As I picked up the pace, Tracy quickly revived, and soon we were really ramming hard, with Tracy yelling in pleasure. She came two or three more times before I finally blew my load and we collapsed in a sweaty heap.

Shortly thereafter, I went into the bathroom to dispose of the condom and get towels for both of us. When I returned, Tracy had wrapped herself in the sheets, and was giving me an intense once over as if evaluating me. I was suddenly somewhat self-conscious, but did not flinch from her gaze.

"Like what you see?" I asked.

"Indeed." She replied, "and after tonight, I know I love you."

I was surprised by this statement – after all, we had only been dating a short while – but I was even more shocked by the fact that I responded without a moment's hesitation: "I love you too."

And, so, our love affair – that continues to this day – began.

**Tracy's Journey Ch. 01**

We made love several more times that first night, and we both could barely walk the next day. A couple of weeks later, Tracy moved out of her dorm room and into my apartment. As we settled into cohabitation, Tracy's libido proved to be every bit as alive as it was at first. We must have fucked and/or made love (there is a difference) three or four times a day – at any time of the day when we were both home. That said, we made it a point to keep up with our studies, and if anything our grades improved with our joy at being together.

My one frustration was that Tracy kept wearing very modest clothes – even when it was just the two of us at home – unless we were having sex. That is not to say Tracy was a prude when it came to showing skin – just her's. In fact, she proved herself to be quite the voyeur. She made no bones about the fact that she wanted me to wear as little as possible, and preferably nothing. When we were out in warm weather, she would insist that I take my shirt off, and keep it off until we went somewhere it was required. Whenever we were home, she begged me to go nude. None of these requests bothered me because I've always been comfortable with showing my body, but whenever I asked her to reciprocate, she refused. I explained to Tracy that I liked looking at her body as much as she did mine, and that I thought it was spectacular – which it was (and is). She explained that she had "developed" fairly early and had been teased quite a bit as a kid. That, combined with the fact that her parents were fairly prudish, made her very shy about her body – at least until there was sex in the offing.

After a few weeks of parading around the apartment nude for her (and, admittedly, my) entertainment, I finally played on this motivation to change the rules at home. I informed her that if she wanted me to go around nude, and wanted sex whenever she asked for it, she had to lose her clothes when she came in the door as well. She reluctantly agreed.

The first day this new rule went into effect, Tracy had a late-afternoon class. I made sure I was home and undressed before she got back. I set out a single red rose and a glass of wine for her on the table next to the door. When she got home, I made a point of casually leaning against a bookcase on the far side of the room. She came in, dropped her backpack, saw the rose, wine and me (in that order) and started to cross the room to give me a kiss.

"Uh-uh." I said. "Remember the rules ..."

Her smile faded a little, and she bid her lip nervously, but she retreated to the door, and slowly undressed with her back to me. She turned around, covering her breasts with her arm.

"Drop your hands," I commanded, and she complied. "Now, stay there and have a sip of wine so I can look at you."

As she downed her wine fairly quickly, I made a point of ogling every part of her body while thinking about what we would do together later. This had the effect I intended of bringing my cock to life without my actually touching it, and soon it was rock hard.

"See what looking at you does to me?" I asked.

"I do," she said, a smile creeping back to her lips. She came over and kissed me while grinding her hips against my hard-on. As difficult as it was, I resisted her.

"Let's fix dinner first," I said and moved over to the kitchen area.

"I want cum for dinner," she pouted.

"That's desert. Now, come help me get this ready."

I could tell that Tracy was self-conscious and tense as she started gathering things to make a salad, while I seasoned some chicken breasts and put them in to bake. Gradually, however, (and with the help of a second glass of wine) Tracy started to relax, and I was able to enjoy the sight of her toned, nude body moving gracefully around the kitchen. Of course, that view kept me in a semi-aroused state, and I made a point of brushing my cock against Tracy's skin whenever we moved near each other. At one point, she needed help getting a bowl down from one of the higher cabinets. I came up behind her and let my cock rest between her ass cheeks as I reached over her head to get the bowl. She moaned a little and pushed her rear end back against me. When I stepped back after retrieving the bowl, Tracy backed up with me and kept her ass grinding into my erection. My resolve to wait until after dinner faded, and I simply slid my cock down her ass and into her (we had long-since dispensed with condoms in favor of other forms of birth control). She was as wet as I had ever felt her, and I was buried in her to the hilt in one stroke.

"Yessss, thank you," she moaned as she put her elbows on the counter and I started pounding her from behind. Within minutes we were both experiencing amazing climaxes. As we caught our breath, Tracy said, "I think I'm going to like keeping a naked house with you!"

From that point on, Tracy was just as enthusiastic as I about being naked when we were home alone, but she remained reticent about showing much skin outside our apartment. When we went out, she continued her request that I not wear a shirt, but my requests that she wear short skirts or midriff-baring tops went unrequited. When we went to the beach at a local lake, she eschewed the string bikinis most of her friends wore in favor of a demure one-piece. None of this is to say she was shy: when we were in the car, Tracy frequently gave me head, and we had sex in several public places – just with her clothes on.

At home, things just kept getting better. While Tracy was always covered outside, she became even more eager than I to get naked in our apartment. And, her reticence at showing herself did nothing to diminish her desire to look at others. Shortly after she embraced our nude-at-home policy, I came home to find her looking at some of my old men's magazines that she had stumbled across. Much to my surprise, she wasn't upset with me for keeping them, in fact, she said she was relieved.

"I'm so glad you like magazines like this," she said. "I didn't want to tell you before, but I've always loved looking at this sort of thing – mostly Playgirl, but also some other magazines that show boys and girls together. I hope we can share things like this, too."

Thus, a whole new dimension in our relationship opened up. Soon, sharing porn became a regular activity for us. Having always looked at adult material with a man's eye, I was fascinated to see it – and enjoy it – from a woman's perspective. I even got to the point where I didn't mind looking at Playgirl with Tracy, not so much because I liked looking at the models' dicks, but because of her reaction to them. The idea that women (or at least this woman) liked checking out guys' bodies as much as I did women's was a real turn on. From time to time, Tracy would ask me to submit photos to the magazine's "real men" section. I must admit, I was tempted by the idea, but I always conditioned my acceptance on Tracy reciprocating by allowing me to send her nude photos in to one of the men's magazines with an amateur section. Despite my pleadings that she was far better looking that the women who were in those publications, Tracy's reticence about showing herself would take over at that point, and no photos were ever submitted by either of us.

Her inhibitions about exhibitionism were really my only complaint, however, and our relationship flourished through the remainder of our senior year. As we came to the end of the year, we decided that we wanted to continue together, and resolved to move back to my hometown following graduation. Before we had to go out and find jobs, however, our parents – who actually approved of our relationship, other than the cohabitation part – decided to give us plane tickets to Europe for a last summer of unreality. So, we bought Eurrail passes, packed up our backpacks and headed across the Atlantic.

**Tracy's Journey Ch. 02**

After a flight in which we joined the "mile high club" (the usual bathroom thing -- not worth reporting in detail), we landed in Munich. We then toured through Germany, Austria and Italy, thoroughly enjoying the sites by day and each other's bodies by night. While nothing untoward happened on this phase of our trip, I did notice that Tracy was getting bolder and bolder about sex in public -- even if it was only my body that wound up exposed. Her favorite times were on train rides: when we had a compartment to ourselves, she loved to pull my cock out and give me head while folks walking by outside had every chance of seeing what was going on.

One time, the conductor came to take our tickets while we were in the midst of fucking, with Tracy's peasant-style dress covering up what was going on. Even though the conductor must have sensed that my penis was buried in Tracy's pussy while he was checking our tickets and passports, none of us batted an eyelash. Even with this bold behavior, however, I could not get Tracy to show more skin by unbuttoning some buttons on her blouse, wearing shorter shorts or donning midriff -baring tops.

That finally started to change when we reached Greece. Athens was suffering through a stifling heat wave that summer. Of course, we couldn't afford to stay anywhere with air conditioning, so our lovemaking left us lying in soaking sheets each night. Out of necessity, we kept our room's sole window open to catch any breeze we could -- something that allowed us to hear the sounds of other couples around the narrow alley.

Late one afternoon, we returned from trooping around the Acropolis soaked in sweat. We quickly peeled off our clothes and splashed ourselves with cold water from the room's small sink. Without thinking about her nudity, Tracy then threw open the window and leaned out to let what breeze there was cool her. The widow overlooked a small alley, so she really wasn't visible from the street, but the opposite window had a good view -- and vice versa. Tracy, let out a small gasp and quickly stepped back covering her breasts.

"Check this out," she whispered.

I stepped over to the window, and realized we had a view into a bedroom of an apartment across the alleyway. There, an attractive woman probably in her mid-thirties and fully nude was lying back on the bed, while a man of indeterminate age ate her out. Tracy was staring transfixed, and she didn't resist when I pulled her back to the window next to me. I started caressing her ass, and she leaned forward some to allow my fingers better access to her already-moist pussy. At about that moment, the woman across the way turned her head and glanced out the window. She plainly saw us and smiled. Tracy started to back away, but I held her in place by thrusting another finger into her -- something that elicited a low moan and put a stop to any flight instinct.

The woman reached down, lifted her partner's head by the hair, and pointed us out to him. He smiled and both of them waived. I returned the waive as did Tracy -- much to my surprise -- although from the moisture on my hand, I could tell she was extremely turned on.

During all of this, I had become aroused as well, and Tracy turned and leaned sideways against the windowsill so she could stroke me to a full erection without sacrificing my fingers' access to her pussy or her view of the action across the way. As I, too, stood in profile against the opposite window, my cock was fully visible to the woman. She made an "oooh" shape with her lips and gave Tracy a big smile. My increasingly-bold girlfriend returned the smile and bent over at the waist to take my hardon into her mouth. The sight of Tracy giving me head must have sent the woman over the edge, for her body tensed and she convulsed in what appeared to be a strong orgasm.

The man climbed onto the bed and reclined next to her, caressing her belly as she recovered. Neither one of them took their eyes from Tracy's performance on my cock, and I could see that Tracy was watching them out of the corner of her eye. Several minutes later, I decided to change the pace a little and stood Tracy up facing the window. I started nuzzling her neck while letting my hard cock rest in the crack of her ass. Tracy has always loved it when I do this, and she reached her hands up behind my neck thereby putting her nude body on full display to our audience. She looked directly at them, and I reached around and caressed her breasts, stomach and, finally, her pussy. With this she pushed her butt more insistently against me. I told her to put her hands on the windowsill, and while we both maintained eye contact with the other couple, I entered her from behind.

As Tracy and I started to fuck, the woman pushed her lover onto his back revealing his hard, but not excessively large, cock. She then climbed on top and slid his erection into her cunt, while they both kept their eyes on us. The sight of them going at it sent Tracy over the edge and she let out a loud moan as she came. We paused for a moment, and then resumed our rhythm, matching the other couple stroke for stroke. Over the several minutes, Tracy had three or four more orgasms, and the women across the way came at least twice. The second of these was too much for the other guy, and I could see his back arch as he shot his load into her.

I was pretty close as well, and I picked up the pace as Tracy pushed back into me with animal grunts. A few minutes later, I let out a guttural roar as I erupted with huge spurts inside of Tracy. This triggered yet another orgasm for her, and we both leaned against the windowsill, panting and soaked in sweat, as I slid out of her.

The other couple made clapping motions with their hands, and we bowed before returning the favor. They then got up -- probably heading to the shower -- and we collapsed on the bed to recover.

"Oh my God," Tracy said. "I don't think I've ever been that turned on in my life. It was like watching and being in a porn movie at the same time."

"I didn't know being in a porn move interested you," I teased.

"It doesn't, silly. Its just that when we watch those videos, its not only the sex that turns me on, but the idea that these people are doing it in front of an audience. I think what we just did gave me a hint of what they must be feeling when they perform."

"And you liked it?"

"Yeah." She said it almost like a question.

"So did I ... and I especially liked that you liked showing off that way." Rather than pressing my desire for Tracy to show more of her body at that point, I decided to reward her for what she had done, and gently kissed my way down her sweaty body.

**Tracy's Journey Ch. 03**

We awoke a couple hours later to find the sun had set and we were famished. As we wandered down some side streets looking for a relatively cool place to eat, I commented that we needed to get out of the city before I melted.

"How about we go there?" Tracy asked pointing to a poster advertising one of the Greek islands in a travel agent's window.

"I'd love to, but I'm not sure it's your kind of dress code." I replied, noting that young couple the poster showed walking on the beach weren't wearing a whole lot (the man had on a very skimpy "Speedo" style suit, while the woman was topless and wore a tiny string bikini bottom).

"Oh, I'm sure that's just an ad," rejoined Tracy. "I bet that the beach is a lot like home, with only a few women going topless. Besides, I don't have any problem with you wearing a suit like he has on ..."

We soon found a place to eat, and as we sweltered through dinner, the idea of going to the islands gained appeal for both of us. In the morning, we returned to the travel agent, and he helped us book an inexpensive room on the island of Skopelos. Soon, we found ourselves on a bus up the coast to near Thessalonica, and then a ferry over to the island.

It was still hot when we arrived at the picturesque town near the ferry dock, but the sea breezes made the heat somewhat bearable. As we walked to our pension, we also noticed that folks – or at least those our age – were beating the heat with a much more relaxed attitude about clothing than had be prevalent in Athens. Almost all of the young men were either shirtless or wearing loose-fitting shirts that were entirely unbuttoned (Tracy quickly had me follow the former fashion), and the women's clothing was notable for its brevity and/or transparency. At that point, Tracy showed no interest in either style, although I think she was a bit nonplussed by the plethora of female skin.

By the time we found the place we were staying – basically, it was an extra room in someone's home – settled in, and had a quick fuck, it was getting on toward late-afternoon. Even so, we decided to go and check out a beach and, hopefully, get in a quick swim. In her broken English, our landlady told us how to find the bus that would take us to one of the island's many beaches. Shortly thereafter, we found ourselves standing at the edge of the closest beach to town. It bordered a sheltered bay, was fairly rocky, and was covered people enjoying the sun and water. We both stared for a moment.

"I don't think we're in Kansas anymore, Toto." I laughed.

"Oh my." was all Tracy could muster.

No woman on the beach, regardless of age or size, was wearing more than a bikini, and I would guess that 90% of them were topless. A somewhat larger portion of the men wore swimming trunks similar to those I had on, but the vast majority had on skimpy "Speedo" style suits. A number of people of both sexes showed the thong suits that were just coming into fashion at that time.

"You OK with this?" I asked, looking at Tracy's shocked expression.

"Oh my," she repeated again. "I guess you were right about the 'dress code' when we saw that poster. I can't believe I'm saying this, but I can't go out there in this swimsuit (she was wearing her conservative one piece under her shorts and t-shirt), I'd stick out like a sore thumb. Who'd have thought I'd ever feel self conscious for wearing too much. I think we better go back into town and get some new suits before we go out there."

"Suits?" I enquired teasingly, "I'm perfectly comfortable in this."

"Oh no you don't," she shot back, "If I'm going to show some skin out there, so are you, buster."

"And I suppose you're going to pick this out for me?"

"I certainly hope so." She smiled now, getting into the banter.

"We'll here's the deal then," I said, "I wear any suit you pick out for me, if you do the same for me."

Tracy glanced around the beach for a moment, checking out the styles.

"Deal," she said, "on one condition: it has to have a top."

"Deal," I agreed, figuring I'd have time to talk her out of that later.

By the time we got back town, many of the stores had closed. Wandering up a side street (more of an alley, really), we found a place that was still open called, simply, "Teeny Bikini." We entered to find ourselves in a long, narrow, well-lit room. Racks of swimwear and cover-ups ran up the middle and adorned the lower part of the walls. The upper walls were covered with posters and pictures of various people modeling the merchandise. None of the women in the pictures wore tops, and in some of the photos both men and women were nude. At first, we thought the place was deserted, but Tracy noticed a bell on the counter and rang it.

"Momento" (or the Greek equivalent) came in a female voice from the back room.

As we waited, I noticed some magazines on a rack in front of the counter. The cover showed a buxom brunette in a tiny thong, and at first I thought it was a Greek swimwear catalog. However, as I flipped through, I realized it was more erotic than that. The brunette was the featured model, but she was not alone. Throughout the magazine she was shown in a variety of hardcore scenes having sex with one or more men.

"Well, that'll help put me in the mood for this," said Tracy, who was looking over my shoulder. I could tell the magazine had her full attention – as it did mine.

"The last three pages are my favorite," came a voice from behind us in heavily accented, but perfect English.

Startled, we turned around and found ourselves face-to-face with the woman in the magazine. She was about 5'2" and very well endowed. She wore a mesh mini dress (I suppose it was a swim cover-up) that did absolutely nothing to hide the fact that she didn't have a stitch on underneath. Both Tracy and I checked her out from her small dark landing strip of pubic hair to those mammoth breasts with their large, dark aureoles s to her sultry Greek features and sparkling brown eyes.

She smiled. "Let me show you," she said, and proceeded to take the magazine from me and flip to the back to a spread showing her with three men. In one photo, she had cocks in her pussy, ass and mouth, and the final shot, all three guys were spewing cum over her glorious tits.

"You like?" She asked.

"Very much," replied Tracy as I nodded in agreement, "what was it like?"

"I love showing off and I love sex," the woman replied, "so it was a lot of fun. Your are beautiful, both of you, you should try it sometime."

Tracy blushed, and stammered, "oh, I don't think I could."

The woman smiled at both of us enigmatically and then introduced herself. "I am Mika, the manager of this shop, what can I do for you?"

We introduced ourselves and explained our errand and the rules we had agreed to.

Mika smiled. "This should be fun. Let's start with John's swimsuit, Tracy, what do you think would look good on him?"

"As little as possible!" Tracy laughed. "When we were at the beach, I saw guys wearing g-string type things. Do you have any of those?"

"We do, but that style seems to have been adopted as a kind of symbol by the gay men on the island, so the straight guys tend to avoid it. I think I have something that might come close, though."

Mika rummaged through some of the racks and selected a small piece of fabric for me to try on. She indicated a small curtained area in a back corner as the changing room, where I stripped off my trunks and tried to squeeze into the tiny swimsuit. After some manipulation, I managed to position my cock (which was somewhat enlarged by looking at the magazine and Mika) in the front pouch. Even so, it tented out somewhat so that my tuft of pubic hair (Tracy and I had long since taken to shaving most of our privates) stuck up above the waist band and the base of my cock would be visible to anyone standing nearby.

"I think this may be too small," I called out.

"Come out and let's see," came the reply from both women.

As instructed, I emerged from the changing area.

"That's pretty," said Mika staring at my cock, and licking her lips. "You're a lucky girl, Tracy."

"I am indeed," Tracy replied with a smile.

Mika shortly broke her reverie. "As much as I like what I see, John, you may be right that the suit is too small – especially considering your, uh, size." Now, it was my turn to blush before Mika continued, "Could you try positioning your penis to the side instead of straight down?"

Rather than being modest about it, I simply reached into the briefs and moved my cock as requested. The side bands from the pouch did not even cover its full width.

"Yes," said Mika, "it's too small. If he gets any sort of a hard-on – which I'm sure he will with you around, Tracy – that suit will either be too uncomfortable, or his cock will be hanging out. As liberal as we are on this island, even we can't go that far on the non-nude beaches. Here, John, try this one." She handed me another suit, and I turned to return to the changing area.

"You don't have to go back there again," Mika said, "as you can see we're not exactly modest here," (this was said as she ran a hand up her all-but-naked body), "and you seem pretty comfortable. You can just change right here, if Tracy's OK sharing the view, that is."

"Oh, I love showing him off," Tracy agreed, "it's just me that I'm shy about."

With her nod of approval, I removed the first swimsuit, and stood naked in front of the two women while I organized the second – something I took somewhat longer than necessary doing to prolong the tease. When I slipped it on, the second suit – which was a deep red – had a bit more room, but the fabric was thinner so the contours of my cock were clearly outlined through it.

"Oooh, I like that!" Exclaimed Tracy.

"Me too," added Mika. "Do you like it John?"

"With reviews like that, who am I to disagree? I guess I'll take it."

"Good," said Mika, "now, on to you Tracy. John, what to you have in mind?"

"I was thinking something simple, like a thong bottom with a string top."

"A thong bottom?" asked Tracy with some surprise.

"Yep," I replied, "our deal was I had to pick out a top, not that your rear had to be covered."

"Oh, I'm not sure about that ..." She trailed off.

I came to Tracy and hugged her, letting my hands run down to her firm ass. I nuzzled her neck and ear and whispered, "C'mon, babe, you have a spectacular body – you know how it turned that couple on back in Athens – no one knows us here, and this is a chance for you to explore more of that inner exhibitionist without any risk." I was pretty sure I had her after mentioning our little show in Athens, and Tracy didn't let me down.

"OK," she turned to Mika, "let's go for it."

"Good," Mika said, "what are your measurements?"

Tracy was wearing a baggy t-shirt that somewhat disguised the true magnificence of her figure, so Mika raised her eyebrows slightly when Tracy told her, but found an appropriate bottom and top combo in a teal blue.

"Here, or in the changing room?" she asked Tracy.

"Changing room, please." Tracy went into the curtained area and pulled them tight. In a few minutes, she called "I'm ready, John, come in and see what you think."

"Oh no you don't," I replied. "You're going to be wearing that on the beach, and you can give a fashion show just like me."

"OK, here goes, just don't laugh."

There was little chance of that as Tracy emerged from the curtains. She was absolutely stunning. The "v" shape of the thong bottoms accentuated her hips, and slim waist, while her 36-D breasts were barely contained by the twin triangles of the top.

I simply let out a low whistle of appreciation, but Mika exclaimed, "Oh my God, Tracy, you are spectacular!"

Tracy, blushed crimson, but I could tell she was pleased by the compliment from this beautiful, sexy, woman.

"Turn around," Mika continued, "so we can see all of you."

Still blushing, Tracy complied and treated us to a view of her ass.

"Do you like it, John?" she inquired when she had completed her pirouette.

"Wow!" was all I could muster, but my cock was growing inside my own tiny swimsuit and I could tell Tracy noticed its compliment to her beauty.

"How do you like it, Tracy?" Mika asked.

"Well, basically I fee naked, but I can tell both of you like it."

"Believe me," Mika rejoined, "with a body like that, naked is a good thing. Here, come look in the mirror and see for yourself."

Mika led Tracy over to a full-length mirror on one wall, and I could see that, despite her self-consciousness, Tracy was not displeased with what she saw.

Mika stepped back and appraised Tracy with a practiced eye. "Like I said when you came in," she continued, "you should be a model."

Tracy just giggled shyly and blushed, but she continued gazing at herself in the mirror – as did I as I came up behind her, circled her waist with my arms and rested my head on hers.

"You should indeed," I murmured, "you look way better than any of the models in these posters."

"You're sweet," Tracy replied, and lifted her head to kiss me while reaching her arms back behind my neck. I slipped my tongue into Tracy's mouth, and she reciprocated by pushing her bare ass back against my ever-growing cock.

For a second, we almost forgot where we were, but Mika's laugh reminded us that we had an audience by saying, "You guys are really hot together. As you can see a number of our customers let us post pictures of them on our walls, and I think you two would outshine them all. May I take some pictures of you?"

Tracy looked around at the pictures on the wall, glanced at herself again in the mirror, and, to my surprise said, "Well, I guess it would be OK."

"Excellent," said Mika as she reached behind the counter for a Polaroid Camera. For the first shot, she had us repeat our kiss. Next, Mika asked us to stand side-by-side –something that revealed my aroused state.

"Ooooh, Tracy, you really are one lucky girl," Mika purred staring at the erection that was testing the limits of my swimsuit.

"Should I wait a few minutes and let this thing go down?" I asked.

"Not at all," came Mika's reply, "I think it looks great," and the camera whirred as it emitted a new photo.

"Tracy, is there any chance of getting you out of that top?" was Mika's next inquiry.

Tracy amazed me by actually thinking about it for a minute.

"I don't think I'm ready yet," she finally said.

"How about this," Mika pressed (I could tell she really wanted to see Tracy's rack), "you take off the top and face John, and I'll take a picture from behind you."

Tracy surprised me again: "Well, I guess that would be OK." She turned toward me with her back toward Mika, calmly untied the rear string of the top, removed and set it on a nearby clothing rack. She came closer to me and let her bare breasts lightly brush against my stomach. I could tell that Tracy was really turned on, and the sight of her combined with the feathery contact from her nipples did nothing to slake my erection. She stepped slightly sideways so Mika – and the camera – could see my cock straining at the tiny swimsuit and started lightly tracing its outlines with a finger while gazing down at it. The camera whirred.

"Perfect!" Mika exclaimed. I could tell she wanted us to go farther, but didn't know how to persuade Tracy. With the photo session over, Mika suggested Tracy buy a coverup, but they were somewhat beyond our student budget, so, we paid for our purchases – including an autographed copy of the porn magazine featuring Mika – re-donned our clothes and started out of the shop. On our way out, Mika asked us to stop by the next day and tell her how we liked the suits. We promised to do so, and headed back to our inn for some quality pre-dinner sex.

**Tracy's Journey Ch. 04**

The next morning dawned clear and, once again, hot. We both put on shorts and t-shirts over our new swimsuits (I tried to persuade Tracy to just wear her bikini top, but no luck), stuffed some towels, sunscreen and water in a backpack, and headed out. At a nearby café, we ate some fruit and yoghurt and bought some sandwiches for lunch. Then, we headed to the bus stop for the ride to the beach.

When we got there, we again were greeted by an amazing expanse of skin. We found a spot at the somewhat less crowded far end of the beach, and spread out our towels. I quickly stepped out of my shorts (I had ditched my shirt on the bus ride), and started putting sunscreen on my chest, arms and legs. Tracy demurely sat on the towel and peeled off her shorts. For a while she sat looking around her obviously working up the courage to take off her shirt. After looking in all directions, she finally did so and quickly lay back on her towel before she, too, applied sunscreen to her pearly-white tummy and the rest of her front. She then rolled over and asked me to do her back. I started at her feet and worked my way up her legs. Skipping over her upper thighs, I then move to her shoulders and down her back. When I got to her bikini string I untied it, and made sure to rub sunscreen into the sides of her breasts.

"Mmmmm, that's nice," she murmured.

"You should get some on the rest of them as well."

"Nice try, but not a chance, mister."

Thus rebuffed, I moved my ministrations to Tracy's lower back. I then returned to her upper thighs and worked to lotion into her exposed rear end. As I moved my hands between her legs, Tracy spread them a little and I took the opportunity to caress the small piece of fabric covering her mound. As she bucked against my hand a little, I could tell she was quite turned on. I rubbed a little bit more and then decided that she would have to pay for some more fun.

Flopping face first on my own towel, I said, "OK, kiddo, your turn."

I could see a brief look of trepidation cross Tracy's face as she realized she would have to leave her close-to-the-ground position, but she was fortified by the fact that she was horny, and retying her bikini string, she got up and grabbed the sunscreen tube.

Tracy straddled me as she started with my shoulders. I could feel her grinding her clit into my spine, and she made a point of bending over every now and then to rub her breasts across my back while licking my ear -- something she knows drives me wild. I could tell she was really turned on, and by the time she spun around to minister to my legs, so was I. When she reached the top of my thighs, Tracy stroked my balls through my swimsuit and prodded beneath me to feel my erection.

She again bent over and nibbled at my ear: "I think both of us could use a swim to cool off," she whispered.

"I agree, but I'm going to have to wait a few minutes before I can roll over."

Tracy laughed and tumbled off of me onto her own towel. A few minutes later, my hardon had subsided sufficiently for me to stuff it into the side of my swimsuit, and we splashed hand in hand into the warm Aegean water. Both of us are strong swimmers -- it remains a part of our exercise routine to this day -- and we set off toward the far end of the bay in which the beach was set. When we reached our destination, we swam in close enough to shore where I could stand and both of us could catch our breath while Tracy held on to me.

"Feeling less hot and bothered?" I inquired.

"No." came the brief response. "I need to cum."

With that, Tracy climbed around in front of me, wrapped her legs around my hips and started grinding her crotch into my rapidly-growing cock.

"Please fuck me, John."

I looked around. There were a lot of people in the water -- including some children -- and I wasn't sure we could be discreet enough if we went all the way this close to shore. I also noted physics would prevent me from giving Tracy the kind of pounding she wanted if we went where I couldn't stand. Amazing myself with my own self-restraint, I pointed out the situation to Tracy.

"Then let's swim out some and you can finger fuck me," she implored. "If I don't cum soon, I think I'll scream."

An idea occurred to me, and I gave her a passionate kiss. "You know I think you are the sexiest, most beautiful woman in the world, right?"

Tracy nodded as she gave me another long French kiss.

"Well, here's the deal," I stated. "I'll bring you off out there if you agree to go topless the rest of the time we're at this beach."

Tracy froze in her gyrations released her hold on me, and swam a few feet away. For a second, I was worried that I really had offended her. Then, without a word, she reached behind herself, untied the back of her top, lifted it over her head and handed it to me.

Smiling, I swam about fifty yards father from shore. As soon as I paused, Tracy was all over me, rubbing her bare breasts against my chest. I promptly kept my part of the bargain, and reached for her pussy.

"Wait," she said, and dove under the water. When she resurfaced, she said, "hold these," and handed me her bottoms. Before I could make any reply, she dove again and the next thing I knew, I felt my own suit being tugged down and off. Before resurfacing, she gave my cock a couple of quick sucks.

"That's better," she smiled upon surfacing.

I pulled Tracy to me, and let her hold on while I used one arm to tread water and the other to finger her clit. In seconds she grabbed me so tightly that we almost went under as a huge orgasm wracked her body. She clung to me for some time.

"Oh my, God, that was beautiful," she finally managed.

"I love you," I replied simply.

"And I you," came the reply as she cuddled against me and reached for my cock.

Shortly, I was spewing a load of sperm into the sea.

"Now, I think we're suitable cooled off," Tracy smiled.

Still nude, we slowly swam back to our end of the beach. I pulled my swimsuit back on and handed Tracy her bottoms. Now that she had gotten off, I expected her to ask for the top, but she simply donned the bottoms, swam in to where she could stand, and waded out of the water without making any attempt to cover her breasts. I was thrilled and floored at the same time -- and that was only the beginning of the day's surprises.

After we had dried in the sun for half an hour or so, we ate our sandwiches, after which Tracy suggested we take a walk. Again, I expected her to ask for her top, and again she surprised me by taking my hand, pulling me up, and starting off down the beach.

"This is the only way I'm ever going to get used to this," she explained.

I could see Tracy's confidence grow with every step we took -- certainly bolstered by the admiring glances (and a few outright stares) from both men and women on the beach. When we returned to our towels, Tracy was a woman transformed.

"You look sexier than I've ever seen you -- and that's saying something," I complimented.

"I am so glad you talked me into this," came the reply. "I feel sexy, and empowered, and wonderful."

We sunbathed for another hour or so, but not wanting to overdo it on our first day, we started to pack up about 2:00. When we got near the bus stop, we paused to put on some more clothes for the ride back. I pulled on my shorts, and Tracy again surprised me by asking not for her top, but my t-shirt. It was white and fairly worn, so there was no hiding the fact that she didn't have anything on underneath. Tracy glanced down at the visible outlines of her aureole through the thin fabric.

"I think you've created a monster, "she laughed.

**Tracy's Journey Ch. 05**

When we got back to town, we were salty, sandy, sweaty messes and decided to head back to our pension house for a shower before deciding how to spend the rest of the day. The place we were staying was basically a couple of spare rooms in an old lady's house, and all of the guests shared one bathroom with a shower stall. Fortunately, the bathroom was unoccupied, and the minute we were in the shower, Tracy was all over me. Within seconds, she had contrived to wrap her legs around my waist and plunged the full length of my cock into the wettest pussy I had ever felt. She came almost instantly.

As she caught her breath, and we started a less frantic rhythm, I asked teasingly: "So, I gather you found spending the day naked in public somewhat enjoyable?"

"Oh. ... my ... God ... I loved it ... I've never felt so sexy, powerful and free."

"I take it you'd do it again?"

"Shit, yes ... the idea makes me so horny ... oh, fuck me harder ... I'm cummmmiung!!!"

This time Tracy's cunt clamed down on my cock so hard that I shot a huge load deep inside of her.

After calming down, we actually used the shower for its intended purpose and headed back to our room. As it still was mid-afternoon, we decided to wander around town for a bit. To my pleasure, but not as much to my surprise as it would have been a few hours earlier, Tracy put on a thin tank top above her normal walk-around shorts. Usually, she wore this top over a heavy sports bra when we went running, but this time no upholstery constrained her marvelous c-cups, and large portions of her breasts were visible through the arm holes.

"You like?" she purred.

My shit-eating grin was her response, and before I could make a move to grab her again, she flounced out of the door. I quickly followed, and soon we were strolling down the alleyway that housed the Teeny Bikini shop.

"C'mon," Tracy said pulling my hand, "Mika said she wanted a report on the suits, and maybe I could find something more revealing to wear around town."

Again, I marveled and Tracy's transformation in just a few hours, but I had to put a damper on her plans.

"Honey," I said, "I love the way you're thinking, but that stuff is pretty pricey, and I'm not sure we can afford it."

"Well," Tracy answered, "let's at least talk with Mika, and, who knows, maybe I can find one LITTLE thing." With that, she gave another tug on my hand and we entered the shop.

This time, Mika was at the cash register talking with a large Greek man. The man was probably in his fifties, with a big pot belly that protruded through his open shirt. Mika, meanwhile, was wearing only thong bikini bottoms and high heels. Her large breasts swayed invitingly over the counter as she leaned on her elbows while talking with the man. Both of them straightened up when we entered.

"Tracy, John, I am so glad to see you!" exclaimed Mika. "I will be right with you." She resumed her conversation – in Greek – with the man, while Tracy started browsing through the racks of so-called cover ups.

About the time she came back to me pouting that everything was beyond our just-graduated-from-college means (no matter how little fabric was involved), Mika came over and introduced her companion.

"This is Kostas, he owns this shop and is the photographer and publisher of the magazine I signed for you yesterday."

We shook hands with Kostas, and quickly were given to understand that he spoke no English. "How did the suits work out?" Mika asked.

"Great!" we replied in unison.

"So, Tracy," Mika continued, "I can see that your top didn't stay on all day," (she nodded at the exposed sides of Tracy's breasts, causing a small blush) "how did you like our style of beachwear?"

"I loved it." Tracy said frankly.

"I knew you would, and I bet John and everyone else who saw you did too."

As Tracy blushed again, I nodded enthusiastically, and added, "Tracy liked it so much that she wanted to get some new clothes for walking around town, but it seems everything is beyond our price range.

"Well," Mika replied, "maybe we can help with that."

With that, Mika launched into an extensive monolog apparently explaining to Kostas who we were, and pointing out our Polaroids from the day before, which had make their way to the wall above the cash register. Kostas responded with a lengthy speech of his own that ended with his gesturing towards our quizzical faces.

"When you came in," Mika finally explained, "we were talking about shooting some new ads for our shop. We like to have real customers do our modeling if possible, and both of us think the two of you would be ideal."

"What would be involved?" I asked cautiously.

"Well, we are working on two projects that go together: some advertising for the clothes we carry, and new material for Kostas' magazines. At the very least, we would want each of you to model some of the clothing we carry. In return, since I assume you are on tourist visas and we can't pay you directly, you would get to keep what you model. Of course, it won't surprise you to know that we go for a very sexy, edgy, look in our advertising, so there would be some nudity involved."

I glanced at Tracy to gauge her reaction, and was surprised when she jumped in with "that sounds interesting, what about the magazines?"

Mika seemed surprised as well, and responded "Well, of course, those are explicit sex photos like the ones of me. If you did it, we would put you up at the main hotel here in town, and would pay for all of your meals for a week. However, Tracy, you really need to be into showing yourself for shots like that to work, so I suggest you try the fashion modeling first and see what you think about it."

That gave Tracy some pause, and she nodded agreement.

"How would the photos be distributed?" I chimed in.

Mika consulted briefly with Kostas, and replied that their materials' circulation was strictly limited to Europe, and we need not worry about any major publicity in the states (something that actually was true in those pre-internet days).

Reassured that out reputations at home could be preserved, I asked Tracy what she though.

"I think we should give the clothes modeling a try, and decide about the magazines later," she answered without hesitation.

Mika relayed this information to Kostas, who responded with a big grin – and a stream of Greek directed at Mika.

"Great!" Mika exclaimed. "Both Kostas and I think both of you will do really well at this. In order to get an idea of how to shoot you and the clothes that will look good on you, Kostas would like to see both of your bodies."

"You mean we should get undressed?" I asked.

"Completely? Right here?" Tracy followed.

"Yes, please," Mika responded in a businesslike fashion. (I realized this was a test of how professional we would be as models.) But, Mika also offered some reassurance by continuing, "I will go and close the store so we won't be disturbed. Why don't you go over by the mirrors?"

We proceeded to that corner of the store, and I quickly kicked off my shoes and dropped my shorts. Having gone "commando," I was already nude, but Tracy hadn't started to undress. I was afraid she might chicken out. However, after a brief hesitation she hooked her thumbs in her shorts and slithered them to the floor. Straightening up, she removed her tank top in that curious cross-armed motion that it seems only women can perform. Down to her panties, she took a deep breath, slid them over her hips, and peeled them from her legs. When she turned toward our audience, I could tell Tracy was nervous and was fighting the instinct to cover her pussy with her hands. Even so, Kostas and Mika obviously were duly impressed.

"Oh, my, Tracy, you are spectacular!" Mika exclaimed. "and you're not too bad yourself, John," she added with a chuckle while unabashedly staring at my cock, her bare nipples hardening.

Kostas interrupted her reverie by coming forward with the Polaroid camera Mika had used the day before. Translating for Kostas, Mika asked if it would be alright for him to take our picture. Still feeling somewhat shy, Tracy managed a soft "OK." Mika had us put our arms around each other's waists with out other hands on our hips. The camera whirred twice in quick succession.

"One for us and one for you," Mika explained.

Next, Mika indicated that Kostas wanted some Polaroids of each of us alone. I went first and basically pirouetted while Kostas took front back and side shots of me. Now, it was Tracy's turn. She seemed to be fighting her natural shyness at first, but she relaxed with each whir of the camera, and seemed really to be enjoying herself by the time Kostas completed the series. From her flushed face and hard nipples, it also was pretty apparent that Tracy was more that a bit turned on. Kostas noticed this and, through Mika, admonished to save our sexual energy for the actual photo shoot.

"It gives the photos a much better edge if you're horny, so please try to limit yourselves to one time tonight, and that as early as possible. We will meet at 7:00 AM in the lobby of the Grand Hotel. Both of you should wear the loosest fitting clothes you have – no underwear – so you won't get lines on your skin. We will supply all of the makeup and styling, so just shower and come as you are."

We indicated our understanding, and Mika handed us our clothes.

Following our requisite release of tension back at our room, we wandered around the town sightseeing and checking out some of the nightlife. Several of the clubs looked like fun, but as we had to be up early in the morning, we decided we would have to wait to check them out.

**Tracy's Journey Ch. 06**

The next morning, after a somewhat fitful night of sleep, we awoke before dawn. As we showered together, I asked Tracy, "are you sure you're up to this?"

She thought for a moment. "Yes," she said simply. "I'm nervous and excited at the same time, but ever since that day in Athens, I've been thinking about doing something like this, and I'm not going to pass up the chance now. Are you OK with it?

My response was to give her passionate kiss.

"Now behave yourself," Tracy admonished teasingly, "you know what Kostas told us."

With me suitably chastened, we finished out shower, got dressed, grabbed some fruit and water for breakfast and headed toward the waterfront Grand Hotel. We actually arrived a few minutes early, but found Mika waiting for us in the lobby. In navy blue short shorts and a matching semi-sheer triangle bikini top, she actually had more strategic parts of her body covered than we had ever seen before.

"I'm so glad you guys are here!" she exclaimed before giving each of us a hug. "Let's get going!"

With that, she escorted us down to the dock area just across the waterfront road. There, we found Kostas waiting with a "Zodiac" style boat loaded with camera equipment, clothing boxes, and a picnic lunch. With Kostas was a svelte middle age woman in shorts and a crop top, who was introduced as his wife, Lara. Mika explained that Lara served as the stylist for these shoots.

The introductions over, we piled into the Zodiac, and Kostas piloted the boat out of the harbor. As we rounded the headland and headed down the coast, Mika quickly peeled out of her clothes, and indicated that we should do the same. Tracy showed no signs of shyness as she stripped off the oversize t-shirt she was wearing. I quickly followed suit by dropping my loose-fitting gym shorts. Lara smiled her approval to us as she passed out tubes of sunscreen. As we finished applying that oil to every part of our bodies, Kostas brought the Zodiac into a small, rocky, beach on an isolated craggy peninsula.

We stepped from the boat, and I helped Kostas unload he gear while Lara, who had doffed her clothes as well, started working on Tracy's makeup and hair. To get Tracy used to posing, Kostas started her out at the conservative end of a "mix-and-match" collection, where women could pick the bottom and top combo that worked best for them. Her first suit was a conservative teal green bikini with a full back and a bandeau top. When she was ready she looked around at the rest of us and laughed. Now that Kostas had stripped down to a "Speedo" style suit (which was largely covered by his huge belly), she was wearing the most clothes of any of us. The humor of her situation seemed to relax her and she quickly picked up the poses Kostas wanted under Mika's able tutelage.

Next, the bandeau was replaced with a triangle top, and the same series of poses repeated. The next combo retained the triangle top, but featured a string bottom, still with a full back. So far, Tracy had modeled three combinations, but had yet to show any "good parts," and I could tell she was getting a bit bored after all of the anticipation. That quickly changed at the end of the third sequence, however, when Kostas directed her to remove her top.

Tracy started to untie the strings without really posing for the camera. However, Mika quickly directed her to slow down and turn it into a tease. First, she stood with her back to the camera while she untied the back string. Then, she turned sideways and covered her breasts with one arm while removing the top and holding it high with the other. Finally she dropped her arms and let the Kostas take her first-ever professional topless shot. After putting Tracy through several poses that did less to advertise the remaining portion of her bikini than it did to call attention to her wonderful breasts, Kostas asked her to play the flirt again while she untied the bottoms. Although I thought Tracy might balk at this -- after all, she hadn't agreed to pose fully nude -- she happily complied, and really hammed it up. My favorite shot from this sequence was one where Tracy was standing sideways to the camera, fully nude, doing a "Betty Boop" surprised pose with the two pieces of the swimsuit at her feet.

As Tracy and Kostas quickly worked their way through the rest of the collection -- which featured increasingly smaller tops and bottoms -- the poses became more and more provocative. In many, Tracy had her legs spread wide to show the tiny piece of fabric covering her pussy. It was clear that Tracy was in her element, and as I held a reflector (to help light the shots), I marveled at her discovery of her inner exhibitionist. Finally, the last g-string had been shed, and Tracy playfully picked up the various tops and bottoms and shrugged her shoulders at Kostas. This gave him the idea for what turned out to be the shot of the day -- one that we understand graced the store in poster format for some years. In it, Tracy is standing nude facing the camera with one leg slightly bent across the other. All of the bottoms from the collection are arranged on one arm, and the other is bedecked with the tops, while her shrug seems to say "how do you choose?"

The next set of shots had Tracy and Mika modeling the same style of suit at the same time to show how they fit different female frames. Almost all of these were topless styles, and Kostas had the two women repeatedly dive into the sea and emerge dripping on the beach. I must admit that the sight of these two remarkable sets of breasts bobbing together as they walked up the shore was quite inspiring.

So far, the shots of Tracy and Mika had depicted two friends enjoying the beach together. Now, however, Kostas decided to push the envelope a bit. The two women were modeling identical thongs -- the paler Tracy in white, and the olive dark Mika in black. The first shots were innocent enough: Tracy applying suntan oil to Mika's back and vice-versa. Next, the girls turned toward each other while Kostas issued instructions in Greek to Mika, translated so softly that I couldn't hear. I saw my Tracy stiffen briefly, then nod almost imperceptibly. With that Mika poured large streams of oil onto each of my girlfriend's breasts and began to rub it in. As she circled her thumbs around the always-sensitive nipples, Tracy tossed her head back in pleasure, thereby giving Kostas another shot that eventually adorned the walls of the "Teeny Bikini." Soon, it was time for a role reversal. Tracy -- who never had touched another woman's breasts before -- started off tentatively and soon was enthusiastically caressing the huge mammaries in her hands. She got so engrossed in her task that Kostas had to remind her to pause periodically to allow him the appropriate shot. Clearly both women were quite turned on by their encounter, and I was not immune to the effect.

"I guess you're okay with this," Tracy commented when the sequence was finished, calling attention to my half-erect cock.

Lara let out a low whistle, and said something to Mika.

"That reminds Lara that its time for lunch," came the translation.

We all laughed and the innuendo, and while Mika, Tracy and I dove into the sea to cool off, Kostas and Lara pulled out some fruit and yogurt, and set up our midday repast in the shade of one of the cliffs abutting the point. After eating, we all rested in the shade for a couple of hours in order to avoid the scorching heat of the day, and to let the light improve for the next round of photos.

That set would focus (pardon the pun) on me. I would be modeling various men's swimsuits. As people started to stir from their siestas, Mika instructed me to do some calisthenics to tone-up my muscles for the shoot.

"While he's getting buff, Tracy," Mika inquired, "could we do some solo nudes of you?"

"What was that I was doing earlier?" she asked.

"Those were advertising shots. What Kostas has in mind now is more like what you would see in a men's magazine."

Tracy looked over at me. "What do you think, John?"

"Do you want to?" I asked.

"I'd like to try."

"Then go for it."

So, while I did some pushups, crunches, curls with water jugs, and swam a few wind sprints, Tracy climbed up on a boulder for her first true adult modeling experience. By the time I returned, she was doing full "split beaver" shots, and plainly enjoying herself. Lara took me aside, dried and styled my hair, and started applying the makeup I would need. She positioned me where I could see Tracy, and watching the sexually-empowered woman in front of me started to have the inevitable effect. As my cock started to grow, I subconsciously reached a hand down to stroke it. To my embarrassment, Lara noticed, but she quickly reassured me.

"Is good for pictures. You do." She said in broken English. In fact, she poured some suntan oil into my hand, and indicated that I should resume my "work."

Mika now asked Tracy to start masturbating for the camera. The fact that she did so promptly -- plunging two fingers of one hand into her cunt, while fingering her clit, and then running the two moistened digits between her breasts and down her stomach, all the while staring lasciviously into Kostas' lens -- did nothing to dampen my arousal, and soon I was ministering to a full erection. Lara put the finishing touches on my makeup, and stepped away calling something out in Greek.

Tracy and the others now could see my aroused state.

Tracy giggled a bit and said "I see I'm not the only one enjoying this!"

Mika turned and gasped a little. "Oh my," she said, "that's gorgeous."

Kostas uttered something in Greek, and snapped both women's attention back to the task at hand. While Tracy finished up her set with some shots showing her reclining on a towel while she caressed her breasts and pussy, Mika instructed me to maintain my erection.

"First, if you're willing, we would like some solo nudes of you as well, John," she explained. "But, even so, having a male model semi-aroused helps 'fill out" the swimsuits and makes for better pictures. Its easier to achieve that if the model's penis starts off fully erect."

Kostas indicated he had the shots he wanted from Tracy, and Mika admonished her not to orgasm then -- something she plainly wanted to do -- but to save her "energy for later." Mika then asked if I would pose nude with an erection.

"Sure, why not?" I replied. "Are you OK with that Tracy?"

"As long as I get copies to look at when you're not around."

With that, Tracy waded into the water to cool off, while Kostas and Mika put me through my paces. As I've said before, I've never been particularly shy, so I was comfortable with the nudity, and Mika kept up a sexy discussion of what she would like to do with my cock, so it was pretty easy to stay hard. The modeling, on the other hand, took me a bit longer to get the hang of -- Tracy was much more of a natural at it than I -- but before long I was giving the photographer the variety of looks and body positions he was seeking. After several different poses with full wood, I was instructed to allow my erection to subside, and the set wrapped up with several shots of me with a flaccid, but still somewhat engorged, penis.

Tracy returned from her swim as we wrapped-up those photos, and Lara called her over to get her makeup re-done.

"Hey," I mock-complained, "I thought it was my turn to pose."

"It is," laughed Mika, "but we find that men's swimsuits sell better if there is an attractive woman posing with them. So, while we'll do a few solo shots of you, most will be of you and Tracy together ... if that's OK with you, of course."

"That's more than fine with me, as long as its OK with Tracy," I responded.

"I'm more than happy to be photographed with a stud like you," came the teasing reply.

As with the women's suits, we started off on the more conservative -- by European standards -- end of the spectrum. So, I donned a fairly typical "Speedo" type suit for the first sequence. Tracy joined me wearing a neutral black thong and triangle top. The latter garment quickly disappeared as we did a variety of poses standing side by side, or just walking hand in hand along the beach. So far, nothing was more risqué than a young couple enjoying a Mediterranean vacation.

The next suit Mika picked out for me was a white version of the suit I had bought two days (was it really only two?) previously. This suit left much less to the imagination, and Kostas had me position my cock straight down within the pouch for some solo shots. When Tracy joined me, however -- now wearing the tiny black g-string that became her standard beachwear for the rest of our stay -- he asked that I reposition it along the side. In order to obtain the necessary definition in the suit, this obliged me to increase my stimulation level; something that wasn't too difficult with Tracy rubbing her bare breasts against me while whispering dirty nothings in my ear. This time the poses were somewhat more intimate, with the two of us embracing in various postures, and even kissing in a few shots.

The final suit in my repertoire (there is only so much that can be done with men's swimwear), was what amounted to the type of pouch usually associated with male strippers. I did a few solo shots before Tracy joined me on a rock promontory jutting out into the sea. We did some of the same poses as before, and then Mika asked me to cup her breast while we gazed into each other's' eyes. Tracy didn't even blink, but instead tossed her head proudly back and gave me a wonderful "fuck me" look while I cupped her now-tanned globe. (That shot also wound up on the walls of the "Teeny Bikini.") Next, Tracy was instructed to kiss her way down my chest. She made a real show of it: licking and nibbling at my nipples before working her way down to where she was at eye level with my fabric-covered (and increasingly engorged) penis. All the while she paused for shots as appropriate, and really worked the camera. When the sequence was finished, Tracy was kneeling on a towel in front of me.

"Well, we're done with the swimsuit shots," Mika informed us. "Would you like to continue to the next level?"

"You mean, have sex on film?" I inquired.

"Yes."

I looked down at Tracy, but she already was smiling at Kostas and Mika.

"I thought you'd never ask," she said.

"Are you sure about this, babe?" I asked. "A lot of people are going to see these photos -- even if not back home."

"I know," she replied, "and, believe it or not, I really like that idea. All day long, I've been thinking about the people who might see our pictures and get turned on, and I love the idea of men and women masturbating or fucking while looking at me -- us -- in action. You've introduced me to my inner exhibitionist, and I want to show it all."

"Who am I to stand in the way of those dreams," I laughed. "Let's go for it."

"Yes!" exclaimed Mika, "I've been hoping for this ever since you two walked into the shop."

Tracy and I laughed a bit self-consciously, but with Kostas' instruction, Mika didn't give us any time for second thoughts.

"OK, Tracy, look up at John and smile, while you start stroking his cock through the swimsuit. Good. Remember, you're still posing like before so pause and give us different looks. Perfect. Now, reach up with both hands and pull down his swimsuit. Slowly, slowly. OK, hold it there (the suit was halfway down my penis at this point) and give me a smile. Great. Now look at the camera and give me a look that says what you want to do with it. Perfect! Now take the swimsuit all the way off, and smile up at John while you cup his cock and balls in your hand. Good. Hold it there for a second. Good. OK, now keep looking at him and touch the tip of your tongue to his cock."

This was the moment of truth. Would Tracy really go through with this, or would she chicken out before showing my penis entering any part of her body? There was no hesitation as Tracy's pink tongue curled out of her smiling lips and began to tease the head of my member. Soon, my whole shaft was down her throat. Tracy proved to be a real natural at finding the right moments to pause and at providing Kostas with a variety of expressions and poses -- even with a cock in her mouth. I, on the other hand, really had to concentrate to avoid letting myself go too soon, and to maintain the poses Kostas wanted.

Now it was time to turn the tables. Following directions, I lifted Tracy to her feet and kissed her passionately. Then I carried her to a nearby boulder (on which Lara had thoughtfully placed a towel), and started licking, kissing, nibbling and sucking my way down starting at Tracy's ears, then her neck, then her upper chest. When I reached her breasts, I was told to pause and do several poses attending to her very hard nipples. At the same time, I slipped a hand between her legs and started applying my thumb to the hard button I found there, while I slid my middle and index fingers in to the soaking wet crevice just below. I never had felt Tracy so turned on. But, what was really amazing was that she seemed able to follow Mika's running instructions on poses while thoroughly enjoying herself. (I later learned that the awareness of being watched and the act of putting on as show adds exponentially to Tracy's sexual enjoyment -- not that she complains at other times.) Soon, I received permission to resume the downward journey of my mouth across the taut stomach (with a small pause at the belly button) around the inner thighs to so that my tongue could replace my thumb on Tracy's clit.

Tracy gasped, but before I could give her proper attention, business intervened. Kostas stepped forward to take various close up shots of my face and tongue first touching Tracy's pleasure button, and then probing her vagina. (During this process, I discovered how difficult it can be to hold your tongue still while it is fully extended from your mouth.) Between each pose, I was allowed to take a few licks or flicks at Tracy's pleasure spots, and soon she was obviously squirming.

"Are you okay, Tracy?" Mika inquired.

"Yeah, but I really need to cum."

"I don't blame you, but not everyone can do it on film. Do you think you can?"

"Especially because its on film! I've never been so turned on in my life," she gasped.

I paused for a moment to look up at her, and received an answering smile. Meanwhile, Mika turned to Kostas, and exchanged a few words with him. He nodded.

"Okay, let's find out," Mika said. "Give Kostas time to reposition over there, John. Now, Tracy, lean back on your left arm, and cheat your torso toward the camera. Good. Now, John, when I give the word, start giving her head like you would at home. Tracy, when he starts, grab the back of his head with your right arm, and really arch you back when you cum. Okay, go!"

With that signal, I dove in and started licking Tracy's clit with the long, full tongue strokes she loves. At the same time, I rammed two fingers into her soaking cunt. She didn't need any persuading to hold my head in place, and within a minute I felt her entire body tense before the waves of her orgasm sent it bucking against my face and hand. As her spasms subsided, I paused, breathing heavily against Tracy's thigh. Mika's seemingly disembodied voice gave us the next set of instructions:

"Tracy, lift up John's head, and both of you smile at each other."

Even as she recovered, Tracy promptly responded, and we grinned at each other -- she flushed with her heaving chest supporting bullet-hard nipples, and me with he juices dripping from my lips and chin.

"So, I gather you're okay with this," I laughed.

"Oh my God, yes," Tracy managed between gasps.

"That was incredible," Mika exclaimed, indicating that we could have a break. "I've never seen anyone cum like that her first time on film -- not even me. But, don't forget, we're not done yet."

Both of us glanced at Tracy to see if her orgasm had returned her inhibitions. We needn't have worried.

"Just give me a drink of water, and I'm ready to keep going," she grinned.

Lara was already making her way toward us with cups in hand, and as we sipped, she cleaned the sweat and love juices off of us and repaired our makeup.

"Would you like me to fluff John for you, Tracy?" Mika asked.

"Fluff?"

"Well, he's lost a bit of his erection during our break, and I could help bring it back to life if you're not ready."

Tracy smiled. "I think I can handle it." She walked over and started stroking my cock while she continued talking to Mika.

"What's next?"

"Well," Mika replied (seeming a bit disappointed that she didn't get to join in the action), "when you're ready, we want you to fuck on that towel over there." She pointed to a beach towel covering a small patch of sand on the rocky beach.

"Great!" exclaimed my formerly-shy girlfriend. She grabbed my erection and led me over to the towel -- making it clear that I was just along for the ride at this point. "How shall we start?"

Mika checked with Kostas, and indicated that we should begin with Tracy on top. So, I reclined on the towel while Tracy gave me a short blowjob before climbing straddling me. Slowly, she eased my erection inside of her soaking cunt while Kostas snapped away from behind her. One I was in up to the hilt, she lifted back off and we started to work into a rhythm. Once again, however, we had to get used to the fact that we were working, and Mika would have us pause for various poses. It was only when Kostas was repositioning himself, or wanted sequence shots, that we really got to fuck. This helped me retain control, but I think Tracy found it a bit frustrating -- she can orgasm vaginally, and the stopping and starting held her pleasure at bay. On the other hand, she thoroughly enjoyed posing for the camera, accomplishing the poses that Kostas requested.

Our second position was a "spoon," with both of us lying on our sides with me entering Tracy from behind. As we looked each other in the eyes for the first pose, Tracy whispered to me, "I love you more than ever."

"And I you."

We held the gaze, but Mika's instructions intruded: "OK, John, nuzzle Tracy's neck. Tracy, spread your legs a bit farther apart and cheat your hips forward. Good. Now, John, when I say 'go," ram her as hard as you can. While he's doing that, Tracy, look straight into the camera and think about everyone who's going to get turned on looking at these pictures. OK, go!."

I took maybe three strokes before Tracy's body went rigid and she let go with a scream betokening an incredibly powerful orgasm. She later told me that our emotional exchange had set her on an edge over which she toppled when she realized that her sexuality would be on display for anyone who cared to look.

With Tracy's vagina spasming around my cock, it was all I could do to keep from letting go myself, so I requested a break. After we drank some water and Lara retouched our makeup, we returned to the blanket for some doggy-style fucking. As before, Mika and Kostas only would allow me to take a few strokes before asking us to hold some pose or other, but both of us were so thoroughly into the process by now, that we didn't mind a bit. Before too long, Kostas indicated that he had the shots he needed, and it was time for the big finale.

"How would you like to do the money shot, Tracy?" Mika asked. (Apparently, I had no say in the matter.)

I was still leisurely stroking into her from behind, but Tracy managed to pant back, "What do you think would look best?"

"Do you swallow?"

"Of course!"

Mika consulted with Kostas for a moment, and then proceeded to walk us step by step through what they wanted. I reluctantly pulled out of Tracy and stood in front of her while she knelt on the blanket. She wrapped her lips around my cock and proceeded to deep throat me repeatedly. It didn't take long until I was ready to let go. I tapped Tracy on the shoulder (our pre-arranged signal) and she quickly stroked me while the first couple ropes of cum splashed on her chest. She then placed the head of my penis in her lips while I shot the remainder of my load in her mouth. In one of our favorite shots from that day, Tracy then looked straight at the camera and gave a half smile (my cock head still in her lips) while allowing some cum to trickle out the side of her mouth.

**Tracy's Journey Ch. 07**

The morning after our photo shoot, we slept late -- thoroughly enjoying our new accommodations in the island's main hotel. The events of the day before, the high praise for our work from Kostas, Lara and Mika, a celebratory dinner and some more celebratory lovemaking had left us quite exhausted. It would be a couple of days before Kostas processed the film and we could see the fruits of our labors, so we took it easy that day and the next.

While we were lying on the beach late in the afternoon on that second day, which was a Saturday, we heard a now-familiar voice exclaim "hi, guys!" Mika, clad only in a thong every bit as small as Tracy's bounced (there is no other word for it) up and gave us both a big hug. She then introduced us to "Nick", her male companion. He was shorter than me, but much more muscular, and Tracy and I quickly recognized him as one of Mika's partners from the hardcore magazine.

After shaking hands with me, "Nick" (the pronounceable part of his much-longer Greek name) made no bones about checking out Tracy's body as he gallantly kissed her hand. I was surprised -- and a bit jealous -- to see that, rather than producing embarrassment on my girlfriend's part, her nipples stiffened noticeably while she checked out his package just as blatantly.

Mika quickly broke their reverie. "Kostas called today and said the proofs of your shoot will be ready tomorrow."

"Cool!" we replied in unison.

"In the meantime," Mika continued, "there's a great dance club in town. Would you guys like to come with us tonight?"

"Sure!" I replied. "What do you think, Tracy?"

"I'd love to, but I don't have anything wear."

Mika laughed. "Actually, this place attracts a very sexy crowd. So, you really don't have to wear much of anything."

"Can I go like this?" Tracy challenged, spreading her arms to emphasize her bare breasts. "After the past couple of days, I don't want to show up in any of my old clothes."

Mika laughed again. "No, you can't go topless, but I understand what you are asking. Why don't you come by the shop on your way back to the hotel, and we'll pick something out for you -- on us, of course. Nick can take John to get some appropriate clothes as well."

We quickly agreed to this plan, and enjoyed getting to know Mika and Nick better as we headed back into town. Despite the fact that his English was quite limited and my residual jealousy over Tracy's response to him, Nick turned out to be a good guy, and we managed to exchange comments on women and workout habits.

After cleaning up and grabbing a quick dinner at the hotel, we headed out to meet our new friends. While Tracy and Mika were rummaging around in the Teeny Bikini, Nick took me to a nearby shop, where I acquired some loose fitting white cotton pants (which I wore commando) and a white cotton shirt with typical Greek stitching. Following Nick's example, I wore this entirely unbuttoned.

We were to meet the girls at the club, and Nick and I arrived there first. We grabbed some beers, and checked out the amazing expanse of female skin. Soon, however, all eyes turned to the door when Tracy and Mika appeared. Mika was wearing a white mesh mini dress with a microscopic matching thong. Tracy was transformed. Although she is naturally tall, her legs were accentuated by four inch heels. My eyes then traveled up to a black leather mini skirt that stopped maybe half an inch below her crotch. This was accentuated by a slit on one side that ended in a simple tie string. On top she wore what amounted to a black biker vest. Its frayed, cropped edges left her flat tummy bare. A simple tie between her breasts held the fabric closed.

The most impressive part, however, was Tracy's attitude. She strutted over to me, shoulders proudly back and plainly enjoying the looks from the crowd.

"Wow!" was all I could say when she reached me.

She responded by kissing me deeply while raking her fingernails across my chest.

"I'm glad you like. Wine?"

I quickly ordered for both women, and soon the four of us were on the dance floor thoroughly enjoying the live band. As the evening wore on past midnight, inhibitions in the club -- such as they were to begin with -- fell by the wayside. A number of couples were making out in various dark corners, as well as on the dance floor, and the place was gradually emptying as people went home to fuck.

Nick and I were getting a new round of drinks (I had lost count as to how any we had consumed to that point), when Mika and Tracy returned from a bathroom trip. A slow song was playing, and soon both couples were swaying to the music. As we danced, my hands roamed freely over Tracy's body. She untied the string holding her vest together and mashed her bare breasts into my naked chest (I had long since removed my shirt in the heat). Soon, she reached down to stroke my hardening cock through the thin fabric of my pants.

We looked over and saw Mika grinding her ass into Nick's crotch, while he very openly caressed her breasts from behind. Both Nick and I were sporting fairly visible tents in our pants as the song ended. As the next tune stared -- another slow number -- Tracy and Mika exchanged winks.

"Shall we?" Mika asked my girlfriend.

"Indeed."

Mika turned to me. "May I have this dance?"

Nonplussed, I glanced at Tracy. She nodded, and mouthed "I love you." With that, she turned and wrapped her arms around Nick. As she did so, I noticed she made sure that her vest was fully open to maximize skin-on-skin contact.

I was quickly distracted from any feelings of jealousy I might have had as I felt the heat of Mika's nearly-bare breasts press against my stomach while she began licking and nibbling at my nipples. Soon, much to my surprise, we were in full make out mode -- as were Tracy and Nick. As the four of us came up for air after the song ended, Mika stated the obvious: "I think its time to leave."

We quickly covered the short walk to our hotel, and Nick and I stopped to buy a couple bottles of wine while the women went up to our room to "freshen up." We arrived to find Tracy and Mika -- both nude -- locked in a tight embrace. I stood there slack-jawed.

Tracy broke their passionate French kiss. "Are you OK with this?" she asked.

I nodded, still stunned. (Tracy had never been with another woman before.)

"Good," said Mika. "Why don't you two strip and watch us for a while?"

With that, she returned her attentions to Tracy, while Nick and I quickly complied with Mika's instructions. We two men were soon lightly stroking our erections while our female companions explored each other's bodies.

I was surprised to note that Tracy was the more aggressive of the two. She pushed Mika back on the bed, and soon was licking, nibbling and kissing her way down the Greek woman's body. After pausing for quite a while to give proper attention to Mika's huge breasts -- which, judging by the way Mika reacted when Tracy tongued and nipped at them, were topped by some very sensitive nipples -- she kissed her way down the taught, tanned stomach. She paused briefly, and the shy Tracy reappeared for an instant.

"I've been wanting to do this since we posed together, but I've never eaten another woman before," she said, "so tell me if I'm doing it wrong."

Mika responded by gently grasping the back of Tracy's head and pulling it Toward her crotch. Apparently very little instruction was needed, and the Greek woman soon was moaning with pleasure. After Mika came, she passionately liked her juices off of Tracy's face and mouth, and then pulled her up into a sixty-nine position. Watching the two women enjoy each other -- their breasts mashed against each other's stomachs -- brought my arousal to full boil, and I could tell that Nick was enjoying the sight as well.

With a free hand, Mika beckoned me over behind Tracy. Grasping my hardon, she guided me into my girlfriend's waiting vagina. Tracy gasped, and briefly turned around to see who it was before resuming her ministrations on Mika's clitoris. Before long, however, the combination of my pounding and Mika's licking sent Tracy into a wave of screaming ecstasy.

I slowed my rhythm to let her recover, and Mika took that opportunity to slide out from underneath Tracy. She went over to Nick, and kissed him a few times. To my surprise, instead of using him for her own pleasure, she took the Greek man by the hand and let him to the side of the bed near Tracy's head. Without having to be asked, Tracy took the proffered cock into her mouth. I think the renewed energy of my strokes into her told her that I didn't mind, and before long she had worked out the logistics of sucking cock while being fucked doggy style. That didn't last long, however, as the pent up sexual energy of the whole evening was too much for me and I soon was sending huge spurts of jism deep into Tracy's cunt. As I sat back to recover, Tracy didn't miss a beat.

"May I?" She asked -- not of me, but of Mika.

Mika, who was busily masturbating, nodded her approval.

Without another word -- or a glance at me -- Tracy flipped herself over onto her back, and offered her pussy to Nick. He didn't have to be asked twice, and entered her in one smooth stroke. Only their genitals touched, both their bodies were soaked in sweat, and Tracy stared into Nick's eyes with pure animal lust. The wet slap of their bodies meeting filled the room until Nick let out a roar and rammed home his load. That sent Tracy over the edge and she joined in the orgasmic cacophony.

"Shit, that was good!" she gasped. "Two cocks back to back like that ... wow!"

After a few minutes, she and Nick (who had collapsed on top of her) wandered into the bathroom to get cleaned up. As they passed, Mika, who was still idly diddling herself, looked up at Tracy.

"May I?"

Tracy glanced at me. "Absolutely."

Mika simply walked over, and started kissing me passionately. Without words, she made it clear I was to work my way down her body -- a pleasure I thoroughly enjoyed. By the time, Nick and Tracy returned to the room, my tongue was vibrating across the Greek porn model's clit. She allowed herself the pleasure of a small orgasm, but then removed my head from between her legs.

"Tracy, sit over there with Nick," she indicated a couch, "I want you to watch for a bit."

Mika then positioned an armless chair in the middle of the room, and led me over toward it. While we both remained standing, she kissed her way down my body, and soon was kneeling in front of me. She looked Tracy straight in the eyes as she started giving me head. I could see that my girlfriend was enthralled and becoming re-aroused -- as was I. Mika then kissed her way up my stomach -- pausing to envelop my erection between her massive mammaries. She then jumped into my arms and wrapped her legs around my waist. It took no further prompting for me to guide my cock into her waiting pussy. When we weren't kissing, I could look over Mika's shoulder that Tracy's focus never wavered from our joined organs -- even as she gently stroked Nick's growing penis.

"Turn sideways," Tracy instructed huskily.

I complied, and Tracy later told me she loved the sight of my cock disappearing into Mika, while looking at the lines of our bodies mashed together. Relishing her director's role, Tracy next had me sit down, which I somehow managed to do without losing contact with Mika.

"Watch."

With that command, Tracy positioned Nick in the middle of the couch, and still facing me, lowered herself onto his erection. Our eyes locked, and we now made love to each other while we fucked other people.

Soon, Mika turned around and joined Tracy in what today is called a "reverse cowgirl" position. Each of the four of us now was able to enjoy a beautiful sex show featuring our respective lovers. For quite a while the room was silent except for the women's gasps and the slap of sweaty skin on skin.

Mika was not in as good shape as Tracy, and her legs tired first. So, we switched to doggy style on the floor. Tracy and Nick quickly joined us, and Nick and I tried to synchronize the pace at which we were pounding into each other's girlfriend. Before too long, Mika was screaming and bucking against me in a powerful orgasm, and her pleasure sent Tracy over the edge soon thereafter. Both women were ready for something gentler after that, and I helped Tracy to the bed, while Nick eased Mika back onto the couch, and we finished the evening with slow, comfortable, missionary position sex.

**Tracy's Journey Ch. 08**

This is the final chapter in this series that I had drafted before I started submitting installments. There is one more chapter to go, but it may take a while. Meanwhile, enjoy!

Chapter 8.

After a relaxed morning the following day – a Sunday – the four of us reconvened at the Teeny Bikini with Kostas and Lara. Kostas had spread the proofs from our photo shoot on the counter. I must say Tracy and I looked damned good. It was quite a turn-on to see ourselves naked and coupling on the sheets of paper. Inevitable, my cock started to tent the front of my lightweight shorts (all I was wearing other than sandals). I glanced over at Tracy and noted her taut nipples under her sheer tank top. She wore an odd smile.

“They’re beautiful,” she said at last. “I can’t believe its us.”

“You shouldn’t be surprised,” I said, kissing her on a bare shoulder “you’re always beautiful.”

Mika, who had been chatting in Greek with Kostas, interrupted out reverie.

“Those copies are for you,” she said. “We all agree that you are wonderful models. Would you like to do some more?”

“Sure!” we both exclaimed.

“This would involve working with other people – mostly Nick and me – are you OK with that?”

We laughed. “After last night, I don’t think that’s an issue,” said Tracy.

“Great!” Mika replied. “You are here for another week or so, right?” We nodded. “Well, I think we can keep you busy and happy,” she grinned.

Busy we were indeed. In fact, the week turned into quite a sexual marathon. Kostas was looking for a much variety as possible, so that he could string out publication of the pictorials over several months. On the first morning, Nick and I did a boy-girl-boy scene with Mika. I had never been that “up close and personal” with another guy before, but I must say that the feeling of our cocks rubbing together as she stuffed both of them into her mouth was quite erotic. That scene, which was shot on a sailboat Kostas had borrowed for the occasion, included my first participation in a double-penetration (Nick fucked Mika’s ass, while I busied myself in her pussy), and ended with our cum dribbling off of those magnificent breasts. For the afternoon, Tracy and Mika performed a wonderful girl-girl scene on the rolling deck.

The next day, it was Tracy’s turn to take on Nick and me. Tracy and I had experimented with anal sex, but found that, while it was enjoyable enough, it was something both of us could take or leave. Double-penetration was another matter. With Tracy on top of Nick as they fucked, I slid into her well-lubricated ass from behind, and she absolutely exploded in orgasm. The final image from that shoot shows a fully satisfied Tracy grinning from ear to ear, with a cock in each hand, and Nick’s and my jism dripping from the corners of her mouth.

Other shoots (pardon the pun) that week included simple boy-girl scenes for Tracy with Nick, and me with Mika and girl-boy-girl scenes for each of Nick and me with both women. All too soon, it was time for us to head back to the real world. As our departure approached, Kostas asked what we would like to do for one last shoot. Tracy didn’t hesitate, she found the magazine with Mika’s gang-bang scene, pointed to it, and said “this, only with five guys.”

I was floored. Two weeks before Tracy had arrived on Skopelos unwilling even to wear a bikini in public. Now, she wanted to have sex with multiple men – three of whom, necessarily, would be strangers – on film. She saw my surprised expression.

“Are you OK with that?”

I smiled, “as long as I’m one of the lucky five, it sounds like fun.”

“Why five?” asked Mika.

“Simple,” replied Tracy, “one for my pussy, one for my ass, one for my mouth and one for each hand.”

“Mmmmm, I’m sorry I didn’t think of that … Maybe Kostas will let me try another time.”

She translated all of this for Kostas, who smiled and indicated that he could make the arrangements. The next morning found us gathering on the porch of a borrowed villa. When we got there, Tracy went into a separate room for Lara to do her makeup, and Nick did his best to introduce me to the three other men – none of whom spoke much English. Two of them were the other guys from Mika’s shoot, and the third was a huge Slavic body-builder type, who, I was given to understand, had worked for Kostas before.

The basic setup was that the five of us were repairing a broken wall on the porch, and that Tracy would offer us some water, and then seduce us. Mika instructed all of us to strip off our shirts and do some calisthenics to work up a sweat. We then pretended to be working on the wall when Tracy walked onto the porch wearing a light cotton peasant dress and carrying a pitcher of water. She poured some of the cool liquid into each of our mouths, making sure that some splashed onto our chests. When she got to me, she whispered, “This is so cool, I’m about to have sex with three guys I’ve never met, and who I can’t even talk to. Thank you so much for this!”

“I love you,” I replied.

“And I you.”

With that and a radiant smile, she moved on to
”Alex,” the big Slav. As instructed by Kostas, Alex took the pitcher and poured some into Tracy’s mouth. He then “accidentally” spilled most of the vessel’s contents down her front – an act that quickly rendered her dress transparent. After pretending shock (and the water really was cold), Tracy peeled the long dress over her head to reveal her tanned, toned, body. She sashayed back over to Alex, and stared into his eyes as she unbuckled his pants and, squatting in front of him, pulled them down. Now, I am well endowed, but this guy was huge. Her hand barely covered a fourth of Alex’s length as she started to stroke his quickly-rising cock.

“Nice to meet you,” she smiled up at him before taking almost three-fourths of his length down her expert throat.

As instructed by Mika, Tracy next pushed Alex onto a lounge chair, where she continued her ministrations on him while raising her exquisite ass into the air. This was my cue to strip off and start fucking her from behind. A few minutes later, we switched positions, and she eased her ass onto my cock. Alex, who was simply too big for Tracy to take anally, then replaced me in her cunt – something that triggered the first of at least a dozen orgasms she enjoyed during the shoot. Once we had established a rhythm, I supported Tracy’s back while Nick shoved his cock down her willing throat and she took each of the other two guy’s erections in her hands. Over the next two hours or so (with breaks for water and, yes, rest), each of us took turns being pleasured by Tracy in one of these ways. In the course of the shoot, she jacked off, sucked and fucked five guys, and let four of us fuck her ass. It was a very tired, but happy and satisfied, Tracy who lay back on the chair at the end to receive five loads of cum on her face and body.