**Vacation of My Dreams Ch. 01**

by[FunWithDahlia](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1161570&page=submissions)©

**Part 1- The Intro**
---

Hi. I'm Angie. My exhibitionist streak started after the youngest of my two kids went to kindergarten. The day I dropped my little one off at school for the first time, my Stay-At-Home Mom identity started to crack. I cleaned and cooked during the day but it didn't occupy enough of my time. I had been going non-stop for eight straight years with my kids demanding all of my time and suddenly I was adrift from that way of living. I talked to my husband, Scott, about my crisis.

"Angie," he told me, "you've worked your ass off the last eight years taking care of our two kids. Enjoy yourself! Watch soap operas. Work on your tan. Drink cosmos with your friends in the afternoons. I don't care as long as you reward yourself for raising our babies!"

So, I took his advice. I started watching soap operas and getting wrapped up in the drama. I loved the desire and passion of them and decided to search for romance stories online. I'm from a very conservative religious background. I grew up thinking of sex as bad and nudity as a sin of some kind. I never slept with Scott before we got married and I still didn't let him see me naked that often. It just felt "dirty." So you can imagine my naivete when I searched for "romance stories online" and wound up on an erotica website. I didn't realize what I was reading until I was already hooked on the story. In my mind's eye, I was the woman I was reading about. The resort employee was pulling off my bikini. He was oiling my body. He was fingering me in front of everyone at the pool. I was the one having the mind-blowing orgasm. Before I knew it, I was naked on the office chair, my legs wide open and feet pressing on the desk in front of me. My fingers worked my clit just like the pool boy I was reading about with that woman. He was playing with me as I read. Wave after wave of glorious pleasure washed over me. That morning I had woken up to sex in a way I never knew it could exist.

Every morning after that day I had a routine- after I dropped off the kids at school I would race home and read a story or two. Lunch was cleaning time and my afternoons were filled with working out to lose the baby weight I still had and/or tanning nude on our patio. After a few months I looked as good as I had in my early twenties... and Scott started taking notice. My wardrobe of sweatpants and baggy tops had been replaced with tight, low-cut shirts and ass-hugging jeans, skirts, and shorts. I loved watching heads turn at the store or as I picked up my kids at school. I got a kick out of seeing Scott's cock bulge in his pants as I walked around in lingerie after our kids went to bed. Our love life was getting more and more exciting but I kept my erotica reading hidden from him. After months of my fantasies only happening in my mind I finally got to the point that I was ready to do something wild and thought I knew the way into it... through Scott's eyes.

One night I was sucking his cock and stopped right before he blew his load.

"Baby," I said as I looked up at him, "I don't like my breasts."

Scott played the part of a man perfectly... he didn't say a word and just let me talk, praying that I was about to say what every man wants to hear.

I held my B cups in my hands, playing with my nipples as he watched me, and told him, "Breastfeeding really took a lot of the perk out of them. I think I want to get implants. Don't say anything yet... please let me finish."

He was eating this up. His cock was twitching just inches from my face. I thought he was going to cum all over me if I so little as blew on him.

I kept talking, massaging his ass with one hand and caressing his balls with the other. "I know it's expensive. I know. So here's what I want to do to make it worth your while: you let me get D cups and I'll let you pick a vacation to anywhere you want this Fall. No kids. Just us. I' haven't been a good lover to you for the first fifteen years of our marriage... I know that and I'm sorry. I want to give you a vacation that is only about romance. You can play with my new breasts all you want. I'll dress extra sexy just for you and do anything you want me to do. Anything, baby. I'll be your little love slave for our whole vacation."

I coyly looked up at him and took his cock into my mouth again, flicking my tongue back and forth over it. I had thrown him a softball pitch and was waiting for him to hit it out of the park.

He was about to blow. His breathing was short and rapid and as he spoke it was a mixture of moaning and talking, "OK, Angie. It'll eat into our saving but if makes you happy you can do it. Can I ask for something now?"

He had taken the bait, hook, line, and sinker. I slid his dick out of my mouth and said, "Sure, Scott."

He looked at me and said more as a command than a request, "Let me cum on you."

He hand never asked for anything like that before. I decided to let my true self come out that night.

"Baby, if you let me get new tits, you can cum on me every day of our vacation. I'll rub your cum in like lotion if you want," I told him as I lay down on the floor and started fingering myself.

I had never fingered myself in front of him before.

At first he just stood there and watched me get off. Slowly, he joined me in masturbating and started rubbing his cock. In a flash he came all over my belly and tits. With one hand I rubbed it all over myself while I masturbated with the other. Scott didn't know what to do! He just stared at me as an orgasm built within me. I was getting my big tits I had dreamed of. I imagined all of the men who would stare at my nipples through thin shirts. I fantasized about Scott rubbing lotion on my new breasts on a beach. I moaned as I came and licked Scott's cum off of my fingers as the wave of glory subsided.

Checkmate. I got my tits and he didn't even know that I wanted him to have his way with me.

---

Three weeks later I got my D cups. Three months after that the kids were back in school and we were leaving for our vacation. Scott decided to keep where we were going a surprise. After giving Scott's parents the basic instructions for how to deal with the kids, we were on our way to the airport and I still had no idea where we were going... it was so nerve wracking!

As we parked in Long-Term Parking Scott turned off the car and looked at me. I was expecting a happy, eager look on his face so I was quite put off when I saw that he looked nervous as he was about to talk with me.

"Angie," he said, "you're not that good with computers, right?"

I nodded as he kept talking.

"I've been aware of your erotic story reading since you first began visiting those websites."

I felt my face flush with embarrassment and my stomach sink as I realized he knew every one of my deepest darkest fantasies. I looked down at the floor of the car in humiliation but he grabbed my face and pulled it back up to meet his eyes.

Scott spoke tenderly to me, "Angie, these last few months have been the best of our marriage thanks to those stories. I'm so happy you found them! You said you wanted this vacation to be all about romance and sex... so I have a choice for you. You packed your own suitcase but I also packed one for you. I'm going to get out of the car now and go to the Check-In desk to get our tickets. I want you to choose which kind of vacation we have: the one that you have planned or the one that I've planned for us in which we explore some of your fantasies. Let me be clear- if you grab the suitcase I packed for you there is no going back. What you're wearing now is the most conservative thing you'll have on the entire trip! I love you no matter what you choose, OK?"

With that said, Scott passionately kissed me and got out of the car with his bag. I got out and walked over to the trunk. My heart raced as I chose the bag he packed for me. There was no going back now.

"Checkmate," I thought to myself, "I thought I was in charge and he played me like a fool."

He was going to have his way with me... I truly was going to be his little love slave... and I loved the thought of it. I joined him in line and found out our destination as he got to the desk- Corpus Christi, Texas.

We had to change planes in Houston, where Scott made me throw away my panties and bra. We arrived at the Corpus Christi airport at about 7pm and it was just starting to get dark. We got our rental car and hit the road to leave the airport, which was in the middle of nowhere.

While Scott drove he said, "Take off the rest of your clothes and throw them out of the window."

We were on a long road leaving the airport which was in the middle of nowhere so I didn't really feel that nervous about it. I slid off my yoga pants and tossed 'em out. I did the same with my shirt. I was amazed at how much I trusted him and how easy that was for me to do. We were driving down a lit road and I was naked!

He turned onto some little Farm road and stopped the car in the middle of corn fields. He reached into the back seat, dug through his carry on bag and pulled out a black lace thong and a thin white dress. When I say thin I mean it was just this side of sheer. As I put on the dress I realized that my panties would be visible through it. The thought made my stomach warm!

Scott got back onto a main road and pulled up to Whataburger, the big local fast food joint. He stopped the car and told me, "Go in and get us some food, please."

He handed me $20 and I was on my way. Heads turned as soon as I walked in. I felt my nipples pushing against the tight dress. It hugged my body and I heard a gasp as I passed a woman and she saw my panties through the dress. I had never been to a Whataburger before so it took me a while to figure out what to order for us. The entire time I studied the menu board people had their eyes on me!!!

I placed my order and waited. Two guys were looking me up and down. I winked at them and got a small chuckle in return. My god it felt great to let them in on how I knew I looked. I did my best to pose for them without looking too much like I was trying. I stuck my ass out a little and threw my shoulders back so my tits pushed against the dress even further. The guys pulled out their cell phones and took a couple of pictures of me. (It still turns me on so much to know that those pictures are out there!) When my food was ready and I walked back out to the car I saw the grin on Scott's face. I was so happy we could do this together.

After making a small scene in the lobby of the Omni Hotel, we went straight to our room, not to leave for the rest of the night. While we ate our fast food Scott started talking.

"A few ground rules, Angie," he said to me, "First, I'll be dressing you this vacation... just like I did tonight. I've got something special picked out for everything we'll do together. Second, I've got a choker collar for you. If I make it part of your outfit, I'm not asking you to do something... I'm telling you to do something. You'll be my slave, just like you said you'd be that night you asked me for those breasts."

He had thought this out well. I felt myself getting aroused and, since my dress was see through, Scott could see that I was getting hot. What did the next few days have in store for me?!

**Vacation of My Dreams Ch. 02**

**Day One**
After Scott gave me a good fucking our first night in Corpus Christi, I fell asleep with my head swimming about what I had just done and what on earth I would be doing over the next few days. I slept soundly until midway through the following morning.

As I started waking up, the sound of the shower running and Scott talking on the phone were the first things I noticed. He was ordering breakfast for us.

As he hung up he told me, "Room Service will be here with our breakfast in a couple of minutes. I'll be in the shower, so you'll have to get the door, OK?"

Still half-asleep, I nodded while I yawned.

Scott woke me fully up when he told me as he walked to the bathroom, "Your clothes are on the desk."

The bathroom door clicked shut and my eyes shot wide open. I jumped out of bed to see what he had put out for me... ooooh, he was naughty. He had laid out black high heels, a black lace thong and a short black silk robe. That's it. I dressed, quickly did my hair and makeup, and looked at myself in the mirror- the bottom of the robe barely covered my ass and the inner half of my tits were visible through the "V" where the robe was open at the top.

There was a note under the robe from Scott which said "I didn't leave money for a tip, so make sure the hotel staff leaves happy... do whatever it takes!"

I jumped as the door was knocked on. I threw Scott's note in the trash and walked over to the door. Holy shit, I was going to do this! My heart raced and I felt a sex flush rising on my face. I was going to let whoever was on the other side of that door look me over and god knows what else I'd do for them as a tip. Someone was about to see more of me than anyone other than Scott had ever seen. I felt my nipples tightening in anticipation. This wasn't how I imagined it would be... everything was happening so fast that I didn't have time to worry about the consequences of what I was about to do!

I opened the door and watched a Hispanic man's face switch from boredom to shock to acting like everything was cool. I held the door open for him as he walked in, letting him walk over to the desk and place the tray with our food on it.

Once he'd set the tray down he addressed me, "Good morning, Ma'am. My name is Dan. Is there anything else I can do for you?" He was looking straight at my tits.

Forcing a smile onto my face, I walked over to him, the high heels making my breasts to bounce with each step. My nipples rubbed against the silk, adding to the excitement I was already feeling. His eyes never left my bouncing breasts.

I stuck out my hand and shook his saying, "Nice to meet you, Dan. I'm Angie."

Scott called out from the bathroom, making both Dan and I jump and pull our hands back, "Angie! I need to shave so I'll be in here for a while. Feel free to eat without me, OK?"

I yelled back in his direction, "OK!"

Scott had just cleared the path for me to be naughty with Dan, who was still standing in front of me, waiting for his tip and drinking in the view. This was totally different from being in public at the Whataburger last night where nothing other than a little innocent flirting had happened. This was private and deeply intimate.

I took a deep breath, smiled nervously, and said, "Dan, I can't find my husband's wallet to give you a tip. Maybe I can make it up to you in another way?"

I untied the robe and let if fall off of my shoulders onto the floor. No one besides Scott and the doctor who gave me my D cups had ever seen my tits before. I shivered a little as an erotic chill ran down my spine. I stood nearly naked and vulnerable before Dan. I had just given him permission to do whatever he wanted with me!

Dan must have had a few adventures like this because, while he looked happy to have a half-naked woman in front of him, he said, "I've got bills to pay, Angie, so it would have to be something pretty big to make up for not giving me a tip."

As he said that, he unzipped his pants, pulled out his cock, and sat down on the bed.

His open legs said everything. I walked up to him, knelt down between his legs, and took his cock into my shaking right hand... it was hardening as I held it. With each beat of Dan's heart his cock grew in my fist, slowly rising out from under my fingers until three inches were visible above my hand.

I whispered, "I've never done this to anyone other than my husband, Dan."

Dan chuckled and said, "Well, you seem like a natural so far."

I leaned in and smelled the aroma of another man beside my husband. I tentatively licked the head of his cock and heard him suck in a breath. I parted my lips a little, kissing the head of Dan's cock before slowly filling my mouth with it. I flicked my tongue over his shaft, getting the first salty taste of precum in the process.

I couldn't be coy any longer... months of fantasies came welling up in my mind. How many times had I dreamt of this!? I surrendered to my lust and attacked his cock with the passion of a girlfriend at the end of a great date. Dan put his hand on the back of my head and tugged on my hair. He was rough in a way that Scott wasn't. I bobbed up and down on his dick and relished the moment: I was sucking a stranger's cock with my husband in the next room partially aware of what was happening out here. I was naked except for a pair high heels and lace panties. I moaned with pleasure at joy of finally living out who I had dreamt for so long that I could be.

Dan's cock turned into a rock and his breathing started getting shallow and rapid. I looked up at his face and saw him staring at my ass while I blew him. I had been grinding the air as I sucked on him... trying to fuck a cock that wasn't there. My body glowed and begged for a real fucking. I was in a primal state of pleasure, like a dog in heat.

Dan looked me in the eye and whispered, "Swallow it all punta."

Still holding my hair tightly, Dan pushed me further down onto his cock, filling my mouth with his salty, metallic semen. I drank from his manhood as long as he gave me something to drink. Every cell of my body glowed with the feminine pleasure of pleasing a man.

Once Dan was done, I slowly slid his cock out of my mouth and released it from the grip I'd had on its base. I looked up at him and smiled. I fought the urge to say 'thank you' to him... this was supposed to be his tip!

He took a deep breath, zipped his pants up, and whispered to me, "If you need anything else delivered in the future, give me a tip or else you'll have to spread your legs."

With that said, Dan stood up and walked out. I stayed on the floor in disbelief at what I had just done. The tasted of Dan was still on my tongue. My hair was a mess from him tugging on it.

Scott waited a second before walking out of the bathroom. There was a moment of awkward silence as he looked at me sitting on the floor, the imprint of Dan's body still on the bed in front of me and me still breathing heavily. What did Scott think? Did he really want to do this? Fear started to well up within me until I saw Scott smile.

He winked at me and said, "Tell me everything, baby."

I looked at him, patted the bed where Dan had just been sitting and said, "Let me show you."

---

The drive from downtown Corpus Christi to Padre Island is longer than you would think. Once we got onto Padre Island my black bikini and sheer cover up went from out-of-place to normal in the blink of an eye. Scott pulled our car over and ran into a bar while I waited in the parking lot. He came out with a margarita for me (totally illegal to leave the bar with in Texas, by the way. There's no telling how much he paid the bartender to get that drink for me). My god, the margarita was strong and massive! He really wanted me loosened up for whatever he had planned!

I sipped the drink as we drove South on the island towards the National Seashore. There's one exit before you get to federal land that isn't policed very much... it's kind of a no-man's land where swingers, potheads, and free spirits party. Scott told me that since school was in session there wouldn't be any kids out there. He had planned this really well.

We pulled onto the beach and Scott drove slowly down it, looking for a good spot. We drove by car after car and I was amazed at how many people didn't work in the mornings down there.

Once Scott found a spot he liked he looked at me and said, "Give me your bikini top."

I reached under my cover up, untied the strings behind my back, and handed it to him. All I had on now was the bikini bottom and my semi-sheer cover up. You could see my tits quite easily through it! Scott reached in the back of the car and handed me a towel and suntan lotion.

He told me, "I'm going to hang out at the beach entrance down there. I don't want to see you for thirty minutes. If you show up early, I'll not open the car for you. Now get out and cause some trouble, baby."

I got out and watched the rental car shrink to toy size as Scott drove down the beach. True to his word, he parked at the entrance. Suddenly I was alone and almost topless on a beach in the middle of nowhere, with about 50 people between me and my escape, with ample time to kill. No one else I could see was topless although a couple of men were in speedos and a handful of women were in thongs. I walked down from where Scott had dropped me off to the spot he had been eyeing - in between some college age girls and a couple in their fifties.

I spread out my towel and took off my sandals.

The woman of the older couple gasped when she looked up at me and saw my tits through the top.

I tried to ignore her as I sat down on the towel. I whipped out the lotion and did my legs, letting my hands take their time on my inner thighs. I would occasionally sneak a glance up and down the beach. No one was making a big deal out of me yet but I hadn't taken off my cover up! I stalled as long as I could before taking it off. I finished my margarita, feeling its extra shot or two burn my throat.

'All right', I thought, 'no more procrastinating.' I reached down to my waist and lifted off the cover up in one smooth motion. I was now the only woman on the beach without a top. I put my cover up down next to my sandals, grabbed my lotion, and oiled up my belly, arms, and breasts.

The couple to my left looked perturbed and the woman murmured something to her husband about me.

The girls to my right made eye contact with me and smiled. I noticed that they were holding hands... lesbians. They were probably enjoying the show!

I laid on my towel, closed my eyes, and let where I was and what I was doing play over and over in my mind. I would have to walk past people all the way to the car, my tits on display for everyone under my sheer cover up. There were a few people looking at them now, no doubt! This was the specific fantasy that I had read about so many times on that erotica website and had let play out over and over in my mind when I would tan naked in my backyard.

I let the sun warm my body from the outside in while my lust and the alcohol warmed me from the inside out. I inhaled deeply, enjoying the fragrances of saltwater and seaweed mingling with the coconut scented tanning lotion on my body. The sound of the waves was so relaxing.

I didn't notice that one of the girls had walked up to me so when she started talking I jumped.

"Hi!", she said, "My name's Ashley. That's Stacey over there. We noticed you drained your drink. Do you want another one?"

I fought the urge to cover my tits because that's where Ashley's eyes kept darting as she talked to me. I'd been ogled by men before but it was so bizarre to have a woman look me over! Had Scott noticed them holding hands when he picked this spot?! That sneaky fucker.

I introduced myself and said, "Sure, Ashley, I'd love a drink... or two".

We both laughed and she brought one over to me... it was stronger than the margarita Scott had bought for me! I nervously downed this one, too. I was going to be drunk in no time.

After a little more small talk Ashley asked if she and Stacey could come tan with me.

What was I supposed to say?!

When they brought their towels over and laid on both sides of me, the couple to our left packed up their things and drove away. It was clear they didn't approve of my exhibitionism nor Ashley and Stacey's lesbianism.

The girls were polite, asking where I was from, how long I had been married, how old my kids were, etc. I found out that they were students in a Massage Therapy class which is where they met. They'd been together for about six months.

The conversation was normal but everything under the surface was not. They were staring at my tits while they talked to me or letting their eyes roam up and down my legs, not even trying to hide their gaze like a man would. Occasionally one of them would touch my arm or hand as we talked and let it stay in contact a little longer than appropriate. They were making me uncomfortable but there was a little curious arousal as well. Girls fifteen years younger than me were flirting with me and that was not only flattering but a little exciting.

Eventually I flipped over and Ashley volunteered to rub some lotion on my back. She put some lotion on her hands but, instead of a usual rubdown, she started massaging my shoulders.

I sighed and commented about how good it felt.

Ashley enthusiastically asked, "Can I practice my back massage on you?"

There was a genuine eagerness in her voice that was so endearing there was no way I could tell her no.

Stacey piped up, "What about your feet and legs? Can I practice giving you a lower body massage, too?"

Ashely clearly knew what she was doing on my back. All the nervous energy from two women flirting with me was melting away as my shoulders were getting rubbed. I couldn't imagine the magic Stacey could do to my feet so I agreed.

My god they were going to be good at their jobs as massage therapists! I felt every muscle in my body turn to jello as they got to work on me.

Ashley ran her hands up and down my back, caressing my muscles. I started to tense up a little when she got down to my bikini bottom but she just pushed harder on my muscles, forcing me to submit to her caress. Stacey, meanwhile, was done massaging my feet and slowly started working her way up my legs. Soon they were both working around my ass with Stacey rubbing my thighs and Ashley working the back muscles right above my rear. It was so relaxing but at the same time the sensation of four hands rubbing my body was sensually overwhelming.

The alcohol was really kicking in now, drowning my inhibitions and logic. Also, I still hadn't gotten off from the sexual high of blowing Dan & Scott that morning so my body started to dictate to my mind what I was going to do.

I spread my legs at Stacey's request so she could work on my upper thighs.

Her massage became softer and more sensual and she let her thumbs occasionally brush up against the fabric covering my pussy.

Ashley slowly slid her hands down under my bikini bottom and started caressing my ass. I drew my knees in a little and arched my back, slightly lifting my butt up into the air to allow their hands better access to me. Stacey was now running her fingers over the fabric covering my pussy more aggressively. I was gently pushing my torso up and down, working in rhythm with Stacey's hands, my body non-verbally begging her to finger me.

My arousal was no longer hidden from them nor me. I wanted them to give me sweet fulfillment. I had read plenty of lesbian erotica buy had never been with a woman. I absolutely adore a cock but this experience was opening me up to bisexuality more than I would have imagined!

I was so caught up in the moment that I didn't realize what the girls were doing until it was over.

Stacey whispered, "Now."

In the blink of an eye, Ashley's hands were off of my ass and on the swimsuit ties at my hips. She quickly undid them while Stacey grabbed the bikini fabric covering my crotch and pulled as hard as she could on it.

I was naked.

The alcohol had significantly slowed my reaction time as well as my thought processes. By the time I realized what had happened and turned to get my bikini bottom back from Stacey, she was in the water with it. I got up and ran into the waves after her, so she just backed further out into the Gulf. When I finally caught up to her she tossed my bikini into a crashing wave where it disappeared into the surf.

Stacey body surfed back into the beach on the next wave while I splashed around in the water for a minute in a futile search for my suit. I gave up and looked back at the beach, where I saw Ashley and Stacey getting into their car, waving my towel and clothes at me. They drove off, giving me the middle finger as they left, their car was down the beach before I could even make it out of the waves to chase after them.

I rewound all of their actions in my mind... they hadn't been flirting with me. They were playing an elaborate prank on me. Those little bitches!

All of a sudden I became painfully aware of my situation- I was on the beach, totally naked, with my husband and his car a quarter of a mile away. Stacey and Ashley had made a big enough scene that everyone within earshot of us was aware of what had happened. Every eye on the beach was on me, with catcalls and a couple of whistles drawing even more attention to me. I was standing in ankle deep water, my chest heaving from the exertion of chasing Stacey. I looked up and down the beach and no one even tried to act like they weren't looking at me.

I didn't know what to do, so I waded back out into the Gulf until the water was over my tits. Everyone was still watching me. I was starting to get desperate as I realized that I was going to have to walk down the beach naked. What no one could see was that I was fingering myself. My god, I wanted to cum. I let the waves of excitement and emotion wash over me and started grinding my hips against my fingers. I looked longingly towards Scott's car.

About a hundred feet from where I was I saw a guy start jogging down the beach my way. He looked to be part of a group of men in their twenties. He started wading out towards me. I was getting pretty close to an orgasm but he was close enough to me that I had to stop masturbating. Motherfucker, what does a woman have to do to get off?!

"Hey!", he yelled out to me, "You want a shirt?"

I nodded yes.

He grinned a sly grin that let me know there were strings attached and kept talking, "My friends and I have a bet on whether or not those tits are fake... if you let us all feel 'em we'll give you a shirt, OK?"

What choice did I have? It was either a groping by some horny twentysomethings or walking down the beach naked for 1/4 of a mile.

"Fine.", I told him.

I followed him out of the water, aware that every step revealed more and more of me to everyone on the beach. It was a liquid striptease with the Gulf of Mexico as my lingerie and I was slowly removing it for everyone. I glanced up and down the beach and figured that about forty people were looking at me. It made me so fucking hot.

My nipples were erect and my tits bounced as I jogged after they guy, trying to keep up with him. I walked directly past so many people! I particularly remember a couple who were staring at me, slack-jawed. The man's swimsuit was wet so his boner was clearly visible. 'Mmmm I'd love to ride that', I thought to myself.

I resisted the instinct to cover myself with my hands and let the guys look me up and down as we reached their spot on the beach. There were six of them and they slowly formed a half circle around me like lions going in for a kill.

There was no hiding my arousal... my pussy was engorged with blood and my inner lips were sticking out. My nipples were made of stone, a rouge sex flush was covering the top of my chest and my cheeks, and my lips were swollen and pouty.

The guys just stood there, drinking me in for a couple of minutes... so did the rest of the beach. I probably could have walked down to Scott's car in the time they took staring at me but I didn't want to. I wanted their adoring eyes on me. I wanted to let them have power over me. I wanted to be desired. I wanted them to see how horny I was.

Finally, the one who got me up on the beach spoke up and said, "She'll do it."

With that said, he walked up to me and cupped my breasts in his hands. I bit my bottom lip to stifle a sigh but it came out through my nose anyway. The guys chuckled as they now had no doubt that I was getting off on this. I felt like a drunk girl at a frat party which is pretty much what I was. Guy #1 caressed my breasts, lightly pinching my nipples as he let go of me. I exhaled strongly, almost panting.

The next guy walked up.

And the next.

And the next.

And the next.

Each one groped me and found a new way to play with my breasts and get a rise out of me. Each guy's turn with me was watched by the entire beach. Finally, it was the last man's turn to feel me up but he didn't move.

"Come here", he told me.

I walked up to him and waited. He reached out his hands, stopped an inch from my breasts, and made me walk into his hands.

All the guys howled.

Unlike the rest of them, this guys was deliberately gentle, almost teasing me. My mouth opened a little and I started breathing deeply as he made circles on my nipples with his thumbs. I pressed my tits further into his hands. He looked me up and down, slowly, taking his time drinking me in like you would a fine wine. His eyes made me feel so wanted that I shivered a little as the emotion of his desire washed over me.

He slid his right hand down my side, wrapped it around my waist, and let it rest on my ass. He pulled me into him, pressing me against his cock. I would have let him fuck me if he'd tried but he only wanted to show up his friends. He let me go and I reluctantly stepped back.

All the guys voted... four said 'fake' with two saying 'real'. I let them know my girls were fake and they divvied up the loser's money.

One of them reached into the back of a truck and pulled out a white t-shirt for me to put on. I slowly slid it over my head --letting it cover my face for a few seconds so the guys could stare at my pussy a little longer-- and pulled it down. The bottom inch of my ass poked out from underneath the shirt and my nipples were clearly visible through the thin fabric. Because I was soaking wet it clung to my body and became see-through in all the wrong places.

"Thanks for the feel!", one of the guys shouted as I started walking down the beach towards Scott.

Everyone I passed stared at me in disbelief. They had all seen what I did and everyone wanted one last glance at the slut before she disappeared. 'How many of them will think of me tonight as they jack off or have sex?', I wondered to myself!

When I got to the car Scott opened the door for me, smirking as he did so.

"That was so fucking exciting", I whispered to him as I got in.

The drive down the freeway was exciting to say the least. I was ogled too many times to count. I started getting nervous as we pulled into the hotel's parking garage... I couldn't walk through the lobby like this!

Scott had other plans: he had me walk up the stairwell naked. My bare feet slapped the concrete with each step and echoed up and down the stairwell. After the beach, my inhibitions were numbed... I didn't care who saw me like this anymore. Unluckily for the guests and staff, none of them decided to use the stairwell at that time!

Scott met me on our floor and held my hand as we walked down the hallway. Once we were in our room he pushed me onto the bed in our room and I finally got the fucking I'd needed all day long.

It was one of the rare nights where I was satisfied long before he was.