**Vacationing in Mexico - Part 1**

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Last month my husband and I took a vacation trip to Mexico where I discovered that the male population there could easily be considered the horniest on Earth. Besides being very macho, the guys in Mexico will fuck anything that moves at the drop of a hat. When they walk into a room, the fish stop swimming. Another thing is that they can be very erotic and highly experimental, and some of the things they wanted to do I never even considered. This will become obvious as my story progresses.   
  
My sexual escapades started as soon as I got on the flight to Mexico, by my husband who suddenly decided that he wanted to join the Mile-High Club and dragged me into the bathroom for a "screw". As soon as we snuck in there he slipped his hands up my flimsy dress and yanked my thong aside. He got down on his knees and lifted me up onto the sink. It was quite cramped, but nevertheless he managed to bury his face in my pussy and was happily going to town. A few minutes later he got up and took out his cock. He pulled me down off the sink and maneuvered my face onto it burying his cock in my mouth fully. I took hold of it and started to lick from the base to the tip, occasionally pausing momentarily at the tip for a quick flick of the tongue.   
  
He soon had me back on the sink where he pulled my knees apart in the cramped space and buried his cock in my pussy. I had my pussy professionally waxed baby-smooth before leaving home, in expectation of a little flashing (little did I know) in Mexico, to stir up the general population. The sight of my smooth pussy made hubby very horny and he was soon shooting his cum on my belly and the outside of my pussy.   
  
A few hours later we landed in Ixtapa/Zihuatanejo. We got accosted by cabbies as soon as we got out the gate and we soon picked a very helpful driver and hopped into his cab. I couldn't help but notice his stares when I was getting into the cab. I was still dressed in the flimsy summer dress I'd worn on the flight, and it flailed in the breeze as I walked. It was loose and light enough that I had to hold it down at the slightest breeze to keep it from lifting up and "putting my goods on display".   
  
The drive to our destination was a half-hour drive and our driver was quite talkative. He spoke good English, though broken as expected, and soon we were on quite friendly terms. He asked about us, where we were planning to go, what we were planning to do, and whom we were planning to do it with. My husband mentioned that we were planning to find a secluded beach to do some nude sunning. The driver asked if we were nudists and we told him that we were not, but we occasionally enjoyed lying out in the nude. He also mentioned that there was a certain thrill knowing that anyone would be able to walk in on us and that it was exciting for him to know that a complete stranger would see his naked wife. I wasn't very surprised when he suddenly asked the driver if he'd like to see my tits. The driver quickly nodded and half-turned towards me. I gave hubby a venomous look, not because I minded showing my tits, but because I still like to be asked first.  
  
I leaned forward and dropped the spaghetti straps holding my dress up and it quickly dropped down around my waist. I wear my thongs pulled high over my hips, and the thong waistline stood out in sharp contrast to my skin where it was exposed. My tits bounced lightly as I giggled at the silliness of the whole thing. The driver reached back for a feel but I slapped his hand away playfully, until hubby said, "Come on honey, he just wants a little feel". The next time he reached back I let him cup a breast and pinch a nipple between his fingers. In the meantime, hubby laid back enjoying the fruits of his labor.   
  
The driver got more brazen and suddenly blurted, "Can I see your pussy?" I couldn't help but laugh, because the way he said "pussy" was very funny. He placed the accent on the "u" making it sound like "poosy", which was very funny to me. Anyway, hubby answered for me again, earning him another venomous look, "Of course you can! Honey, show him your "poosy."" I was having a blast showing my "private parts" to this total stranger in a foreign country, so I climbed over the seat into the front passenger seat. I lay back sideways with my back against the door and I placed one foot on the seat and the other on the floor. I opened my legs as far as I could manage, giving him a view of my thong-covered pussy. I massaged the outside of my pussy a little at first then pulled the material aside, giving yet another man a view of my smooth pussy. He said something in Spanish, but didn't care to translate it. His hand was on the seat right next to my pussy and I reached for it and placed it on me.   
  
He used his index finger and thumb to spread my pussy lips apart for a better view of pink skin. He kept saying things in Spanish, which was turning me on because since he didn't want to translate it meant that he didn't want to offend me with the implied nastiness. Hubby was leaning forward looking over the back seat at this point, and he contributed by massaging my left breast. The driver had his index finger inserted in my pussy and was slowly finger-fucking me while at the same time keeping an eye on the road. We were going through semi-hilly country down a two-lane road. I hadn't seen a car for miles, and since we were outside the city, nobody was walking. I asked him to pull over.   
  
He gave me the biggest grin he could muster and pulled right over on the side of the road. I removed my dress completely and rather than have my thong pulled aside I opted to remove it altogether. I was now completely naked except for my sandals, which were "Greek wrap-around" style and were too much of a pain to take off and put back on.   
  
I needed cock! I reached across the seat and without asking I unzipped the driver's fly. He fumbled a little, but settled down as soon as my hand found cock flesh. I pulled it out easily since he wasn't very big, then got an all-fours and using my tongue I licked it like a lollipop. I peeled back his foreskin slowly while being careful not to use too much teeth and lots of tongue and lips.   
  
My husband was happy to mainly watch and caress my pussy while I had most of the fun. The driver shot his load within minutes and in typical macho style he held my head down as he shot his cum into my mouth in spurts. I didn't mind since I don't dislike the taste of cum too much. After he came the fun kind of went out of me and I sat up and got dressed, and we continued our drive. When we arrived at our destination the driver didn't charge us for the drive, but gave us his telephone number so that we could call him when we were ready to go anywhere. We promised we would, and went inside to check into our hotel.

**Vacationing in Mexico - Part 2**

After my little adventure with the Mexican cab driver, we checked into a local hotel and got some much needed rest. I showered and ordered room service.  
  
The first day in town was quite un-eventful. We did find a secluded area on the beach and laid out topless to catch some sun, but nothing eventful happened at all. Even the evening was average, with dinner and some dancing, and not much else.  
  
The next day was another thing altogether. We decided to pay a couple of local fishermen to take us out with them for a few hours. We had gone out to the marina and were talking to them (hubby speaks Spanish) and they mentioned that they knew of a clear-water lagoon nearby, and that they were going to fish there. We asked them to take us with them and they agreed, but for $20 each. It was a small price to pay for the adventure I believe.   
  
The boat was a step above a dugout with a small motor at the back and a handle sticking out of it for direction control. We soon came in sight of the lagoon. They hadn't lied in the least because the lagoon was azure blue and shallow enough to clearly see the white-sand bottom. We could see fish swimming and soon we were wishing we could swim. I hadn't brought a bathing suit, but as some of you know, I don't consider that an obstacle. I was wearing a summer dress again with my ever-present thong, this time in red.   
  
I suddenly stood up in the boat, almost tipping it over, and lifting my dress over my head I took it off. My breasts were bare, as I almost never wear a bra. Excepting my husband, the other three fishermen were in shock, with wide staring eyes, and open mouths. It was obvious that they had not expected this. Wearing only my thong I dove into the clear water and swam to the bottom. I soon came back up for air and noticed that they were still staring open-mouthed, this time at my husband, who was just shrugging his shoulders at them and laughing.   
  
I swam for shore and stood on the beach calling them to come beach the boat. A few minutes later they did just that and after getting out of the boat they just stood around, mainly looking at me. I decided to go one better, so I went into the water again, but when I came back out I wasn't wearing my thong anymore. Now they were not just mainly looking at me, they were blatantly leering. I liked it. I went and laid in the sand next to them and hubby, and I asked hubby what they had spoken about while I was swimming and he told me that they had asked him, "Is she trying to get \*\*\*\*d? There are people in the hills here that would \*\*\*\* her if they found her like that."  
  
We all went swimming following our adventure, then boarded the boat and went back to the city. I had lost my thong, so for the whole trip my dress was flying.   
  
That evening my husband and I dined together in a very romantic restaurant. He ended the night by telling me that we were on vacation, far away from home, and to have fun. We went back to the hotel, snuck into the Jacuzzi, and fucked our brains out.

**Vacationing in Mexico - Part 3**

After my interesting experience with the Mexican fishermen I went back to our hotel room to freshen up.   
  
I got into the shower and lathered up, soaped up my breasts, my navel, my pussy, penetrating myself with my middle finger. This gave me pleasure, and I soon found myself fingering my clit. I did not make myself orgasm though. Rather, I got out of the shower, toweled off and got dressed. For the evening I decided to dress in a short, black dress, without panties, which I’d usually rather not wear, and black heels. I was going shopping and then meet my husband for dinner later.   
  
I was in the mood for flashing, and I had many ideas on where and how to accomplish my little exhibitionistic side. Although I didn’t need shoes, I headed for a local shoe store, just down the street from the hotel. I’d passed by this store that same morning and while looking through the window I’d noticed the clerk there. He was a nasty looking man of about 50, quite overweight, and with a lecherous look on his face that told me he would enjoy seeing me naked. I seem to get off on the thought that a man I find repulsive would see me naked, and lust after me. Call me a tease, but I enjoy it.  
  
I walked into the shoe store and was immediately approached by this man who offered to show me all his shoes, one pair at a time. He placed his hand at the small of my back as we went from rack to rack. I picked several styles and he soon left me to get the right sizes, while I made myself comfortable in a hard wooden chair. A few minutes later he was back and kneeling before me he gestured for my foot. I raised my leg and he pulled a small stool for me to rest it on. I knew that he could see up my dress, but I also knew quite well that everything would be in shadow, especially since I was wearing a black dress.   
  
I opened my legs a little as soon as he looked down towards the shoes. As soon as I moved my knees apart he seemed to have sensed the motion and shifted his gaze directly between my legs. I knew immediately that I had his attention. He had cracked his lips open and given his lips the once-over with his tongue. He then looked up into my eyes, but I just averted my gaze and acted innocently. Each time he looked away or down I shifted slightly in order to get my dress to shift higher up my thighs, and my legs were apart enough to allow him to see my pussy clearly without letting him know that I was aware of his looks.   
  
I bought one pair of shoes and went my way. I wasn’t yet satisfied though, so as I roamed the streets window-shopping I also kept a lookout for my next potential flash spot. The opportunity came in the form of a couple of young men sitting along a low wall in a side alley. They had caught sight of me in my short dress as I crossed the alleyway and had hooted and whistled. They looked like young men out for a day’s playtime, and I’d turned and smiled as I went by, but didn’t give it a thought until one of them ran after me and engaged me in conversation as I walked along. He spoke broken English like many others in the resort town, and asked me several questions about me, and what I was doing there, when suddenly he asked me if I was wearing anything under my dress. I looked down at him with a mock-shocked look, which he knew was fake by the fact that it was followed by an open-mouthed smile.   
  
The young man was persistent however, and in my book persistence gets you into many doors. He kept asking what color were my panties and my bra. He asked if I had sampled the local male population yet. He asked if my “woman parts” were shaved or if it was busy bushy like the local women's. I can only assume that since I hadn’t slapped his face with his first question he had assumed that boldness would get him places, and he was right. He asked me if I’d let him look up my dress. I pretended to be shocked again, but said “Yes”. He smiled and asked me if I’d show his friends too. I wagged a finger in his face in mock discipline, but said “Yes” again.   
  
We went back to the alleyway where his friends were still sitting on the low wall, talking. As soon as we turned the corner their eyes widened. My new-found friend said something to them in Spanish, and they all turned and looked at me smiling. I told him that we should go somewhere more private, and his solution was to tell everyone to go behind the low wall to the grassy area there. This wasn’t much more private than the alleyway, but I didn’t feel like spending all day looking, so I followed them over.   
  
They all stood around looking at me uncomfortably, waiting for me to do something. Through my translator I asked them what they were whistling at earlier when I’d passed them. Their response was that I had a nice butt, and that it “looked good in that dress”. I asked them if they wanted to see it. The unanimous response was “Yes, of course!” So with a smile I turned around and pulled my dress up to my waist. The result was a few gentle slaps, making my butt cheeks jiggle. One guy caressed my butt and I accommodated by bending slightly forward for a sexier look.   
  
As I did that, my translator asked on behalf of one of his friends, “Can we see your pussy?” “Yes, why not?” I replied, and turned around to face them. My dress was already raised to my waist, so I leaned back onto the low-wall, placed my right leg on top of it and let my left leg dangle below. I couldn’t quite reach the ground with my left leg, so I let it swing below. I reached with my right hand around and below my thigh, and pulled my pussy lips apart. Several of them came closer and when one of them finally reached out with his hand, they all followed suit one after another. They were gentle, yet bold, and started to get bolder. An example of this is when one of them reached out and worked his index finger into my pussy, and they all wanted to imitate him. I was suddenly penetrated by finger after finger until I finally closed my legs and placed my hands over my pussy, blocking access.   
  
I didn’t think that it was very fair that I had showed them mine, but had never seen theirs. I wasn’t embarrassed to say so either, and they all laughed when my friend translated. I kept my dress raised around my waist, but dropped both legs to the ground and crossed them, placing my hands in my lap. I put on an “I’m waiting” face, and they got the hint. All but two of them reached inside their shorts and pulled out their cocks. None of them were circumcised, and all were standing at attention, saluting the General. I reached out and touched a couple of them with my hand, and they felt nice and hot.  
  
No, it didn’t turn into a Mexican gangbang, and it pretty much ended soon after when it got too busy of an area to be naked in, so I moved on.