**When White Gets Wet**

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I have always enjoyed the attention I get from men when I wear white bikinis, particularly when they get wet. The dark shadow of my nipples and pubes always seams to attract the eyes of any virile male.

All my swim suits are white; I tell everyone that I wear white to show off my tan. Barry, my husband, must like them because he buys me new white swim wear every May for my Birthday. Things seam to get smaller and smaller each year.

I have been told many times that I have the figure to be a model. Although I'm not tall enough to be a fashion model and I think that my breasts are too small to be a glamour model, but they are my own and firm. My small dark nipples are high and always draw interest when I wear a thin cotton T shirt or tight vest without a bra.

Barry is quite a bit older than me and I know that he likes to show me off. He is a commercial photographer but he also has a small portfolio of portraits and soft glamour. Naturally he has pictures of me in it. He would be in trouble if he didn't. He tells me that he likes the comments that are often made about the photographs of me. Especially by young studs who have no idea that we are married.

Barry tells me that one particular photograph gets more remarks than the others. It's a photo of me on the beach having just come out of the Mediterranean. I was topless of course, because we were in Majorca. I had just been chatted up by a group of four good looking American boys who must have been in their late teens or early twenties.

They were drinking beer and as I passed they offered me some. I just fancied a mouthful to take away the taste of the sea, so I took a drink from a bottle that they had just opened. I suppose that I did put on a bit more of the bottle in my mouth than I needed, but I thought that the boys would enjoy the show.

I had expected them to be looking at my nipples, as they had been made erect by the cold sea. But when I looked at them again they were all looking at my bikini bottoms. At first I thought that I had left the makers tag attached, but I soon discovered the true reason.

As I returned to Barry, he told me to stop so that he could take a photograph with his digital camera. He got me to stand in front of a huge rock with my hands on my hips and my feet about a foot apart, just like I had been standing when I spoke with the boys. My nipples were still hard and I had arched my back slightly to keep them really high.

When I saw the picture I realised why the boys had been looking at my bikini bottoms. Even on the little screen it was clear to see that my trimmed pubes were much more than the usual dark shadow and the material had gone so see through around my shaved pussy lips that they looked virtually as pink as the skin on my boobs.

It was too far to go back to the hotel to change and I considered covering up with my shorts, but Barry convinced me that when dry the bikini bottoms were decent. I only found out later that he had lied.

Barry had gone to get something to drink. I was sunbathing on my sun bed when I sensed that someone was putting me in the shade. I opened my eyes a little and saw that it was the four American boys from earlier, standing by my feet. I raised myself by putting both my elbows on the sun bed, thus giving an excellent view of my boobs and I found it was more comfortable when I put my feet on the sand either side of the bed. I had intended to draw attention to my nipples and wasn't thinking then what a good view of my pussy they would have.

The boys introduced themselves, I can't remember all their names but the tallest and best looking one was called Troy. He did most of the talking.

"We are looking for a good place to have a drink, Do you know of anywhere around here?"

He wasn't looking into my eyes when he spoke; he was looking right between my legs. I understood how big boobed girls felt when guys looked at their breasts instead of their face when in conversation.

"That's a good bar over there, where my husband is."

"Your Husband? We thought that he was your Dad," said another. He too was looking at my pussy. In fact they all were.

"Can you look at my face when you talk to me, please?" I felt a bit like a school teacher chastising her pupils.

"But your pussy looks so fuckable," said Troy.

"You're a bit direct aren't you? Anyway don't you know that it's rude for guys to stare at a girl's pussy?"

"It's ruder for girls to show horny young guys like us as much as you are." Troy replied, looking into my eyes this time.

"And how much is that?" I asked.

"We can see the pink inside your pussy lips."

"You're bluffing, you can't see that much."

"Oh yes we can, we can also see that you're wet. You've made your bikini even more see through."

I know that I should have closed my legs, but I was beginning to enjoy myself.

"Is there any way that you can get rid of your old man and come back to our place for some fun?" asked the boy stood to my right.

I saw Barry returning, "Don't be so cheeky, you're all far too young for me."

"Don't worry about our age we all know how to fuck." Troy informed me.

Moments later Barry arrived, He glanced between my open thighs and then said,

"Hi boys, what were you talking about?"

"They were just asking about good places to have a drink, and I gave them some advice." I interrupted.

Troy rescued me "Yes, We were thinking of the bar that you were in. We'll try there first. Perhaps we will see you both there later?"

As they left I thought that Barry might think I was being a little sluttish, so I went on the offensive.

"You told me that these bikini bottoms weren't see through when they are dry."

"What make you think that they aren't?"

"It was what the boys said. "

Barry put his glasses on and said "I see what you mean." As though he didn't already know.

"I hoped that they thanked you for the show."

"They wanted to do more than thank me."

"What did they want to do for you?"

"You don't need to know right now, but it was an offer I might consider next time."

I lay back down and pretended to read my book. I wondered if the boys really could see the pale pink of my inner flesh. They were certainly right when they said that I was wet.

Although we didn't see those boys again, I still got plenty of attention as I let Barry talk me into wearing the white bikini bottoms the rest of the holiday.

One time when I returned from a swim before Barry, I found a note inside the book I had been reading. I didn't recognise the writing. It read, "I'd love to push my tongue into your tight lipped pussy and play with your pea sized clit." I looked around and it could have been any of the half dozen or so of the nearby guys that had been staring at my pussy that day.

I know it was wrong to lie with my knees apart, but I let Barry convince me that I would get a more even tan in that position.

Barry was certainly getting his fair share of sex on that holiday. I did think about the four boys and the note I got a couple of times whilst he was taking care of me. I let him think it was he that got me off so fast.

I have never been unfaithful to him. If he enjoys guys looking at me and I enjoy them looking, what is the problem?

We had been home about a week when Barry asked me to help him with a photographic project that he wanted to do. It wasn't hard for him to persuade me to pose nude for the photos. He assured me that they were to be arty in style.

He normally uses black & white for his personal projects, but that time he used colour film.

As I posed, I closed my eyes and thought about the holiday. I dreamed that I was the only woman on a busy nudist beach and that all the men had been walking past my well spread feet most of the day before the four American boys approached.

In my mind, they were also naked and all of course were well hung. I watched their cocks grow as they stared at my moist groove. I wanted them to look and I let them know by spreading my thighs wider until my lips came apart.

I also imagined them all rubbing my body with oil and one by one pleasuring me with their thick young cocks as a circle of men watched and Barry recorded it all on film.

Barry suddenly spoke and it snapped me out of my daydream. My knees were spread and by the look on his face he had got some saucy photos of me.

Barry usually arranges delivery of his photos and so I was surprised when he asked me to pick the prints up from the lab for him.

I blushed when I saw the photos, most of them showed my pussy and one of them was a close up that I didn't remember being taken. My lips were slightly open and there was a pearl of creamy juice between them. No wonder the lab guy gave me a wink when he handed me the prints.

I began to wonder who else may have seen them and suspected every guy that smiled at me, as I walked around town, of working at the photo lab.

I rarely wear a bra, and often wear tops that show my nipples, but never when I am at work. I will flash my knickers, but only if I fancy the guy. But I never show my pussy around my home town.

A few weeks later I was checking Barry's portfolio for new pictures, and sure enough there was one from the set in there. It wasn't the open lips shot but my lips were easy to see even if they were in some shadow.

The next day, Barry came home from shooting a rock group who were in town as part of their tour. He said that a couple of them were keen photographers; they had seen his glamour portfolio and had bet that they could take better pictures than him. They had looked through the book and picked a model. They chose me.

I was flattered but said no straight away. I was in my home town. Barry begged me to pose for them as he may loose a lot of work if I didn't. He had told them that I was a model. He had checked with my agency and that I was available.

Barry showed me a photo of the band; there were five of them, they were all my type except for the grisly drummer. He pointed out the photographers; it was the lead singer and his brother. They reminded me of the boys on the beach but more muscular and with longer hair, so I agreed to do it.

Barry told me that their favourite shot of me was one where I was wearing some silk high legged knickers. They had to have seen the one showing my pussy because it was next to that one in the portfolio.

"What did they say about the other photographs of me?" I asked Barry.

"They thought that you were very photogenic."

"Anything else?"

"One of them mentioned that he liked your erect nipples."

"Anything else?"

"One of them liked the jewel in your belly button. He thought that it was sexy."

"Anything else?"

"One of them said that he liked dark pubes on blonde girls. He also said that he loved the way you had it trimmed."

"Did they mention my pussy?"

"Like I said, they thought that you were very photogenic."

I knew that they would have said more than that, but didn't push the issue. I suspected that Barry wanted me to show them my pussy so that he could see how they reacted to seeing the real thing.

I told him that there was no way they were going to photograph me naked. He assured me that I wouldn't have to show anything that I didn't want to.

As I chose my underwear for the shoot I made sure that all the bras showed my nipples and my knickers at least showed my pubes and with some my pussy lips could also be seen through the translucent material.

I was asked to keep my make up light and very simple. I suspected it was to make me look younger than my 28 years.

Although nervous I was looking forward to the shoot. We were on the top floor of the hotel and approaching their door when Barry gave me a hug. He sneaked his hand down between my legs and with one finger discovered how much I was looking forward to the shoot as well.

I had worn my very short yellow mini dress with just my matching silk thong under it. As we entered the room the cool air conditioning hit me and both sets of eyes locked on to my erect nipples. I knew that they could see the dark shadows as I had checked in the mirror before we left home.

The boys were staying in the penthouse suite of the biggest hotel in town. There was glass on two sides of the room, so there was no need for flash equipment.

The brothers were even better looking than in their photograph. They introduced themselves as Ross and Jake, Jake was the lead singer.

Jake passed me a joint and I soon felt extremely relaxed. I emptied my bag of underwear onto the bed and the boys had a look through to see what they wanted me to wear first.

Ross asked, "What are you wearing under that dress?"

"Just some yellow panties that match my dress."

"Can we see them?"

I felt a little nervous as I took hold of the side of my dress and lifted it so that the hem was as high as my jewelled belly button.

It felt so strange, I usually only allowed guys a flash of knickers. This time I was inviting a proper inspection. I could feel myself blushing and felt vulnerable and virtually naked even though still fully dressed.

They were expecting a professional model so I had to act it. I bit my tongue to take my mind off the eyes that stared at my barely covered pussy.

I knew that the tight silky material showed the shape of my lips, but for Barry's sake I had to make them think that I was a real model. I spread my feet and pushed my hips forward, I knew that the boys would like that.

Jake made me feel good when he remarked, "I like those very much."

Ross added, "They're great, but please put these on." As his hooked middle finger passed me the most see through G string that I owned.

"They should look even better." Said the wide eyed Jake.

I think that they expected me to change in the bedroom, but I chose to disappoint them. I dropped the hem of my dress and took the tiny underwear to the bathroom.

I looked at myself in the mirror as stripped off the dress and pushed the yellow knickers down my hips. My pussy seamed reluctant to release the material from between its lips at first until the sides were well down my thighs.

After the knickers were off, I admired myself in the mirror. I knew that the boys would have preferred me like that, but I slipped the knickers on and checked again in the mirror. I knew that they wouldn't be too disappointed because the material hid very little.

I realised then, that they hadn't chosen any of my sexy bras for me. I called Barry and asked what else they wanted me to wear.

"You'll look great in just the knickers."

I didn't want to appear easy, so I had a look around the bathroom; I found a large white vest on the floor. It was so large that it had to belong to the grisly drummer. I hadn't seen him up to that point.

I walked into the room, and found that he and the other band members had taken positions around the room. I wasn't happy with them all being there but didn't feel that I was in a position to object.

My nipples pushed against the white material but the vest was longer and less see through than my dress. I sensed a slight air of disappointment from the two photographers.

The grisly drummer barked "I thought she was supposed to be a glamour model, the bitch is wearing my fucking vest, and I want to see flesh!"

"Ignore him; He's used to seeing strippers. Not real models." Jake reassured.

"He can leave if he wants." I suggested.

"I'm going nowhere," was the reply

Although shaken, I asked where they wanted me to pose. All the chairs were occupied and I wasn't really surprised when both brothers pointed at the large bed.

Barry sat over by the TV. He had brought his camera as well. I thought that it was to take pictures when the boys were re-loading. Not realising that they had digital cameras as well.

Ross said, "Please lean back against the head rest and pull the vest up a little higher so that we can see your legs."

I pretended to be shy, I knew that they wanted to see my pussy, my legs were still together, but I pulled the vest high enough to reveal the knickers.

"Spread your right leg to the side whilst keeping the left leg straight." Ross directed.

After each shot my legs went wider at his request. I wondered if the brothers could see that my pussy lips were beginning to part.

The effect of the joint was really taking hold by then. Both brothers were giving me compliments and they made me feel really sexy. It seamed only natural to take the vest off.

I lapped up their attention and began to writhe about on the bed without needing direction.

The two photographers were snapping away in a very professional way. But sitting behind them was the ugly drummer. His vest was now on his lap, he was clearly playing with his cock under it. The look in his eyes was one of lust.

I suppose that I didn't help matters by playing with my knickers. I was pulling them at the sides to make my legs look even longer when I felt the material slip between my pussy lips. The brothers were polite enough not to mention it so I carried on posing for a few more shots before pretending to realise what had happened.

As I slowly pulled the damp material free of my lips all the boys must have had a clear view of my groove before I covered it again. I saw the eyebrows of the drummer raise as he leaned forward for a closer look.

After a few more shots the drummer demanded, "Take the knickers off."

Barry then spoke for the first time

"The boys have been taking some great shots with them on."

"I want a proper look at that pussy." Replied the drummer.

With that, he came to the bed and grabbed at the side of the flimsy garment.

"Don't rip my knickers, I'll do it." I offered.

I looked over at Barry, wondering if he was going to put a stop to the shoot, but he just put his eye to his camera waiting for the shot. I took that as his approval.

I raised my legs in the air and slid the lacy material up and over my feet. I kept my legs high above my head as I thought that would give a sufficiently good view of my pussy.

But no, "spread your legs." Ordered the drummer."

Slowly I spread them. Both photographers zoomed in and complimented me on how sexy I looked. I didn't see what Barry was doing; I was looking at the drummer. He was openly masturbating at the back of the room. Although he wasn't close to the bed I felt intimidated by the obscenely large purple head of his cock pointing in my direction. It looked dirty and I felt dirty.

I was lying on my back and spreading my legs so that someone I hated could jack off whilst looking at my pussy.

"Spread yourself."

I wasn't quite sure what the drummer wanted as I had my legs as wide as I could already. Until he came to the side of the bed and stuck his hand between my legs. He roughly opened my pussy with two of his fat fingers.

He was hurting me so I offered to take over. I placed my feet flat on the bed at the back of my thighs and spread my knees as far as I could. Then used my middle and index finger of my right hand to spread my lips so that he could see what he wanted.

I wished that I hadn't been quite as wet. He must have thought that he had got me that way. I could feel the breeze of the air conditioning against my secret inner flesh.

The big drummer was closer now; he was at the end of the bed looking into my pussy whilst furiously wanking his thick cock. The two brothers were on either side of him bending forward as they focused their lenses on my pussy.

Still not happy, the drummer growled, "I want to see deeper."

I felt under his control as if hypnotised. I used the index and middle fingers from both hands and did as he instructed.

My hips were moving up and down as if they had a mind of their own. As I raised my hips, my lips stretched still wider. The cameras were clicking faster than ever.

I assumed that the drummer must be happy as I could hear him quietly grunting.

"Play with yourself. I want to see your fingers inside."

I was aching for something inside me but I had never even touched myself in front of Barry, never mind some big cocked bully.

I obviously didn't act out his command fast enough because he grabbed my legs behind my knees and dragged me to the end of the bed. He released my legs but instead of closing them, I don't know why but I opened my legs wider and pulled my pussy lips apart so that my pink tunnel invited him. I couldn't believe what I was doing, but I was desperate for a fuck. It didn't matter whose cock it was. I just hoped that Barry would understand.

I closed my eyes and waited. He surprised me by shoving his fingers in me. I don't know how many fingers he used because within seconds my orgasm hit me.

His fingers must have slipped out as I thrashed about. My eyes were still closed, when again without thinking, I spread my legs, opened my pussy and waited. He must have wanted to put his cock in me this time.

Looking back, I suppose I was lucky, because the beast let out a huge groan and began shooting his come over me. The first jet hit the back of my thigh. I couldn't believe that I was still holding myself open as the second load hit my lower belly. I felt the liquid hit my pubes and run along my groove to my anal area.

Still I didn't close my legs. I wanted to be fucked. I don't know why but the thought of all that goo created by the sight of my pussy made me feel really good. My Barry hadn't produced that much stuff in all the years we had been together.

Ross said. "You bastard, I wanted to fuck her but I don't fancy your stuff all over my cock."

"She's got more than one hole you fussy bastard." The drummer informed him.

Ross was on his way to my open mouth when Barry rescued me. He pulled me to the bathroom and pushed me into the shower.

As I showered I heard Barry admit defeat. He accepted that their photos would be sexier than those in his portfolio. He didn't mention all the action shots he had taken.

We went down to the under ground car park. As soon as we got in the car we fucked like two wild rabbits,

I wonder if Barry is thinking of any more modelling assignments for me. This one was so close to being in the 'loving wives' section.