**Yukiko**

by G-String

I look around the beach, my heart hammering like crazy. I don't know if I

can really go through with this!

It has been a hot though not particularly sunny day in Bali. Actually, it

is late in the afternoon and the sun is going to set in the next hour or

so. If I don't do this now, I shall never get another chance, as I shall

be flying back to Hong Kong tomorrow. As usual, I hesitated far too long.

The scorching heat coupled with the tangy sea breeze is making me drowsy.

I take another furtive glance around but nobody seems to pay me attention.

"Do it, you coward!" A voice screams inside my head.

Timidly, I retract an elbow through the armhole then the other. With a

deep breath, I wriggle the tank top awkwardly over my head, baring my

milky-white breasts to the whole world for a first time!

What brought me here, you may wonder? To start off with, I broke up with

my boyfriend two weeks ago after catching him in bed with Fanny - my

workmate and best friend at the travel agency I work with. Then I thought

I needed some time by myself and booked a flight and a five-night stay at

a hotel here.

The first night I arrived, I promised myself that I was going to have a

good time. So I wandered into a street bar. After drinking a couple

bottles of Bintang on my own, a tall and very dishy Australian guy, in his

early 30s, came and tried to chat me up. I just freaked out and flee to my

hotel, as I was so scared of what I might be getting myself into. For one,

I had never dated another man before. With my ex-boyfriend, it was love at

first sight, or so I thought, and he had me literally. Shit, I was still

thinking of him, even here, alone in my hotel room. Oh, sod it... sod him,

Bastard!

The next morning, I donned my boring one-piece Arena swimsuit and headed

for the beach. The tropical sun was burning fiercely. I squinted my eyes

and was surprised to see quite a few girls were baring their top. I gave

each of them a good looking over. They were of different ages, shapes and

sizes but no Chinese. I thought to myself if they could do it then why

couldn't I, knowing that I have a younger and firmer body than those with

drooping flaps, otherwise I am curvier compared with those rather plain

girls, all of whom strutting out there in just their bikini bottoms.

So I decided that I was going to try topless bathing, if only for once

before I flew home. What's the big deal, you may wonder? Well, for me it

is! Back home, I wouldn't even dare to wear a bikini on the beach.

Then each morning, I put on the swimsuit, a tank top, a pair of towelling

hot pants and headed for the beach on my flip-flops; sitting on the sand,

waiting for the right moment when there were fewer people around, to slip

off the shoulder straps, roll down my swimsuit to waist for a quick dip

and then to run like hell back to the hotel, just to say that "I've done

it!" Well, that moment never came.

I waited and waited. In the second afternoon, just to find something to

do, I had my hair braided in tassels with colourful beads at a beach

stall. The girl pulled the hair so taut my scalp hurt like hell, and which

almost beat some sense into me to quit trying anything silly. However,

when I looked at my new hair-do in the mirror that night, I was so chuffed

with what I saw that I immediately went to the beauty saloon in the hotel

and had my finger and toe nails varnished in the colours of Smarties to

match with the beads.

Anyway, soon I learnt that there would never be a quiet moment on the

beach. It was then I tried persuading myself, "What's the point of doing

it if no body sees you?" But every time just when I thought I had summoned

enough courage to peel down my top, I was seized by a sudden apprehension,

"What if I run into familiar faces?" Then it was another day wasted.

However, each night when I arrived back at the sanctuary in my hotel room

and stripped, I couldn't help admiring my curvy 33B-22-34 figure that I am

so very proud of.

This morning, I did something daring. In a last kamikaze attempt, I left

my swimsuit behind and went topless underneath a loose tank top, ever so

self-conscious of the jiggling of my breasts as I timidly hurried through

the busy hotel lobby. And so, here I am. I've finally done it, well

almost!

Now, sitting ill at ease with my knees drawn up to my chin, my arms

bracing myself and trying desperately to hide my naked breasts, I look

around me sheepishly. Immediately, I notice that a few guys are checking

me out. I take a sneak peek down the chest and find to my embarrassment

that my pastel pink nipples are protruding rather lewdly on my firm though

modest-sized breasts. Then I notice a fluttering at the side of the

ribcage and realise that my heart has all along been galloping at a

maddening pace.

"Put your top back on and stop this silliness at once!" A solemn voice

demands inside my head and I should have listened to it.

"Don't give it up now, you are just one step away!" Yet, another quiet

voice keeps pleading from deep in my heart.

So what is it going to be, returning home and be a coward and a loser, or

finishing off what I've come here to do? I struggle with the alternatives;

my head is going crazy.

Then I seem to a decision. With a shrug of the shoulders, I lower my arms

to unveil my perky breasts. Out of the corner of my eyes, I see heads are

turning. Oh God, people are staring at them! My body is suddenly shaking

like a leaf and my heart is pounding wildly. After just brief moments, a

small group of men begins to loiter round me, ogling unashamedly at my

naked breasts, sending a weird tingling through my puckered nipples; my

cheeks and my upper torso become flushed with embarrassment.

What now? Finally, I make up my mind.

Biting hard on my lower lip, I raise myself on my knees, slip my fingers

under the waistband of my hot pants and give it a push. When I get up and

kick it away, I find myself standing in a sea of wanton males, in a skimpy

pair of pink cotton knickers. Suddenly, everybody around seem to have

stood very still and with lustful eyes are blatantly caressing over every

square inch of my 24-year-old body. There is a sudden flutter of

butterflies in my tummy and my chin is quivering visibly.

"Don't chicken out now and please, don't make a fool of yourself!" I will

myself forward.

Wobbly, my left leg takes a step towards the sea then my right. The hot

sand is burning under my soles, hurrying me on. Then I find myself taking

bald strides on the balls of my feet, unwittingly adding a couple more

inches to the already long slim calves of my 5'5" frame. Not bad for a

Chinese girl, I keep reassuring myself.

There are still a good 60 yards to the sea. I march forward as calmly as I

can manage under the circumstance for a dozen more paces, feeling the

gentle swaying of my up thrust breasts, wearing a smile of false

confidence, yet at the same time enjoying the warm sun and men's hot stare

on my pink flushed bosom. More heads are turning now.

Suddenly, people are pointing cameras at me and my resolve crumbles. I

raise my palms halfway, thinking of shielding my breasts and making a dash

for my tank top and I almost did. Instead, I break into a sprint for the

sea, instantly feeling the bouncing weight of my naked breasts and the

rippling of muscles over my butt; my heart is knocking crazily inside my

chest, my face is burning with embarrassment; colourful beads on my

tasselled hair are flying and beating painfully on my cheeks. I can hardly

breathe and my head is spinning round and round.

As if by a miracle, I make it to the water! And when it reaches about

mid-thigh, I can wait no longer and dive into the surf, swimming out hard

for about 20 yards. The piercing cold water sends a shock through my

system but I have never felt so exhilarated before in my life.

"I've done it, I've done it... Oh, I Love It!" I hear myself laughing and

yelling.

I look back to the beach to see my admirers are lining up at the edge of

the wet sand, straining their eyes to see more of me. Well, can't

disappoint them now, can I? I flip over to swim on my back, knowing that

under the lowering sun my hardened nipples are going to glisten like pink

beacons every time they break surface. I hope the crowd enjoy the show

while it lasts. After a few more minutes of shameless display of vanity, I

flip over again and swim out to the sea to enjoy my new found freedom,

sensing the caresses of seams of warm and cold currents on my naked

breasts, forgetting about everything else.

By the time I swim back, dusk has completely set in and the beach is

mostly deserted. I retrieve my gears and head for the unattended shower

stands. Under the dim light of a tall lamp, I rinse sand from my body and

begin to dry myself with the small towel I took from my hotel room.

I notice a gang of locals are sauntering my direction. That should sound a

warning bell but it does not. At a distance, the bar down the far end of

the beach is jam-packed with holidaymakers. I can hear the laughter and

the occasional clinking of the glasses. About a quarter of a mile or so

further down, I can see the specks of lights from my hotel. What can this

gang do to me? I am still in a state of euphoria, from flashing my breasts

just a while back. Now, I have a strange urge to do it again, slowly this

time, to tease and prove to myself that all men find me sexy and

desirable.

They stop at some twenty paces from where I'm drying myself and begin

murmuring to one another. There must be over a dozen of them, all male,

from their teens to probably 40s. My body is already tingling all over

with anticipation. I take a deep breath to calm the nerves and begin my

wicked show - drying my breasts slowly and very tenderly with the towel,

my nipples erect rather obscenely before my audience. Raising a breast, I

pat lightly under it, letting it bounce back then repeat with the other

one to show these men just how supple my twin mounds are.

They are moving closer again, stopping just 10 paces from where I am and

are sniggering with each other in a dialect that I do not understand. My

breath is getting heavier, almost panting now. I slide the towel down to

dry my flat tummy, suddenly realising that my knickers has become

completely transparent when wet, leaving the small pubic patch inside,

that I painstakingly waxed just before I left home, clearly visible. Oh

god, I am showing more than I am prepared to! What I also realise is that

my pussy is now throbbing in spasm and is soaking wet from the excitement

of standing virtually naked in front of these men.

Well, I don't know what has gotten into me. Perhaps, something just snaps

inside my head; my modesty has completely deserted me. Acting nonchalant,

I sling the towel over a shoulder; hook my thumbs under the sides of my

soaking wet knickers, quickly slipping it all the way down, then stepping

out of it and leaving it on the tiled floor. My heart is now pumping so

fast I have a feeling that I'm going to be sick. For here I am stark naked

flaunting my body in front of a crowd of total strangers.

There is no turning back now. Anyway, after tomorrow, I shall never see

any of them again and nobody will ever find out. A strange calmness

descends over me. With a mischievous grin, I look them one by one in the

eyes; enjoying the effect my body is having on these hot-blooded

Indonesian natives. Without even thinking, I spread my feet to about

shoulder-width, raise my arms, thrusting my breasts out proudly and begin

to blot-dry my tasselled hair, giving my audiences ample opportunity to

take in every curves, every little details of my lithe yet muscle-toned

body. I just hope that they do not notice I am in fact shivering all over.

A handful of them come even closer and are now almost within arms' reach.

Exhibitionism is so addictive I just can't stop myself. With a smirk, I

raise a slim foot and rest it on top of a concrete block at knee high to

my right, spreading my thighs wide open. And meticulously I begin to dry

my pubic fluffs, pulling at the short curly hair and pretending to sort

out entanglements that are not there. My legs are in fact turning to jelly

with this shameless display. Still, this cannot satisfy me!

This is my last night in Bali. When I fly home tomorrow, life is going to

be boring again. I crave for doing something outrageous. With my colourful

fingernails, I spread my pussy lips apart. There is a big commotion when

the rest of the gang closing in and forms a semi-circle right in front of

me, some of them squatting, all trying to get a better look at my

sprouting red love-lips. They are so close I can feel their hot breaths on

my pussy!

I sense a heat surging to my pussy and as I splay my inner flaps apart,

droplets of my arousal gush out and roll down the inside of my thighs.

Even under the dim light, I can see my nectar glistening down mid-thigh. I

grab the towel and swipe my love juice from the tender flesh of my inner

thighs then try to dry my love-lips, which is futile. My pussy is leaking

profusely, as if it is trying to drown out a fire that has been burning

deep inside me.

I am getting so excited that I have become careless. The towel

accidentally scrapes over my engorged clit and it makes me jump.

"Ouch!" I gasp, my legs suddenly give and I stumble.

The guy on my left catches me in time. I shudder as a hot palm cups under

my left breast; my heart misses a beat. When I look to my left, I see a

moustached guy pulling a lopsided grin at me. He looks around 40, not tall

for a man, at about my own height, bare-chested, with a small beer belly,

not particularly good-looking but with a chubby and boyish face.

I try to free myself but he begins to tug and roll my left nipple with his

thumb and forefinger. And I suddenly hear funny gurgling noises in my

tummy.

"Oh! Mmmmmm..." I let out a long whimper.

My knees buckle as I find myself leaning back against him, my neck resting

on his shoulder. I shut my eyes, not believing what is going on.

As if on cue, so many pairs of hands are suddenly roaming all over my

body. A wet tongue lashes roughly across my right nipple before a pair of

moist lips closes around it and begins to nibble at the now throbbing hard

nipple. I feel suction and a quarter of my perky breast disappears into a

wet hot cavern.

"Ayeaah," I gasp, "Ohh!"

I sense a hot breath over my left cheek and I flick my eyes open. The guy

with the moustache is trying to kiss me on my lips. Summoning all my

strength, I push him away. And as he steps aside, I find myself falling

back. However, powerful hands grab me. Strong grips come under my

depilated armpits, either sides of my slim waist, inside of my thighs,

behind my knees... Effortlessly, they lift me off the ground; spreading my

legs wide open before landing me onto the damp towel and holding me on the

tiled floor. With their spare hands, they continue to fondle my body; a

few begin groping roughly at my breasts. I am suddenly truly scared!

I crane my neck and find to my horror that the moustached guy has removed

his pants and is kneeling between my splayed thighs, nursing a hard-on.

"No! What do you think you're doing?"

I shout at him and try to wriggle myself free but a hand is quickly

clamped over my mouth and grips tighten on me. Loud and incomprehensible

voices are suddenly buzzing all around me. Then I feel the tip of his hard

cock gliding along my wet slit, wedging itself at the private entrance of

my love tunnel. I screw my eyes and almost die with shame. Desperately, I

shake my head to tell him no but it is too late. There is a sharp thrust,

aided by my free flowing nectar the moustached guy shoves his cock to the

hilt in me, hitting me hard at the back of my vagina.

"Aarrrh..." in shock I scream a muffled scream.

Without any finesse, he begins to rock on top of me, thrusting the base of

my spine painfully against the ground. His hard cock pumps so furiously in

and out of me it feels like a hot iron, burning the tender flesh from my

pussy, hurting me.

Then comes a weird sensation on my breasts. I open my eyes a crack to find

a couple of guys are kneeling either side of me twirling and flicking

their tongues over my painfully engorged nipples. A handful of them are

caressing or kissing my tummy, where I'm most ticklish. Apart from the

four that are still holding my limbs down, the rest of them are fondling

liberally all over my body with one hand and jerking their cocks with the

other.

I want to shout for help but the moustached guy suddenly quickens his

pounding, hammering relentlessly against my pubis, poking harder and

deeper inside me. Despite my predicament, I find myself getting aroused

and my climax is suddenly building. The throbbing pain on my nipples

spreads a strange tingly sensation all over my body. When I sense a

gradual swelling of the cock knob inside me, I'm simply beyond myself.

Desperately, I hold onto my breath, unable to believe what is really

happening to me. Then all of a sudden, my body turns rigid as I'm hit by a

colossal orgasm.

"Waaa! mmm... Ohh... Ohh... Shit, oh, shit!" I squeal as my pussy

convulses around the hard throbbing cock, sending him over at the same

time. With a grunt he is suddenly cumming, his warmth gushes deep into me.

"Oh shit, this isn't real... Oh shit, this can't be real!" I screw my

eyes, shaking my head, thinking aloud.

By the time his shuddering dies down, I'm still shivering with wanton

desire. I sense his cock slipping out of me, but a hard one is quickly

pushed into my pussy. I just groan in ecstasy.

"Ohhaaahh!"

I'm too ashamed to open my eyes to see who he is but begin to rock my

pelvis, to meet his powerful strokes, not wanting to climb down from my

climax. Something hot nudges at my lips and when I open my mouth a crack,

a hot cock dripping wet with pre-cum is shoved to the back of my throat

and it gags me. The thrusting then intensifies at the both ends of me.

The guy in my mouth rocks so wildly that his cock slips out of my lips a

couple of times but I grab it with both hands and promptly put it back

into my mouth. That is when I find out that they have already released

their grips on me and their hands are roaming all over my naked flesh.

Their every little touches seems to send an electric current through my

quivering body, leaving me tense and with an insatiable desire. Amid my

confusion, someone lifts my left foot as a wet cock begins to rub and

tickle at the soft sole of my slim foot. Oh God, what is he doing? I'm

feeling delirious!

To cling onto a bit of reality, I squeeze my lips around the cock in my

mouth. I suck so hard, drawing his pre-cum, that I hear the guy hiss in

pain and ecstasy. Well, I know that he is almost there and I bob my head

rapidly up and down his cock, twirling my tongue round the circumcised

cock-head, sucking even harder, until I send him over.

"Mmm... mmm..."

Timed with the loud grunts, thick whacks of cum are shot into my mouth.

There is so much of the tangy stuff that I can't hold it all in my mouth

and some begin to trickle down my throat. I shudder at the thought because

even when I gave head to my ex - that bastard, I had always spitted

everything out. As I am still pondering on this, there comes a deep thrust

in my pussy.

"Aahhh..."

I gasp for air and a whole load of cum gushes down my throat, choking me.

I quiver as the slimy stuff slowly reaches my stomach. Then all of a

sudden, the cock at the other end throbs and squirts in my pussy.

"HHO!"

I yell at the top of my voice as another wave of orgasm hits me. The whole

world seems to be spinning round and round me as bolt of lightning flashes

through the back of my head.

I wonder if they had practised this before; I just know that the two spent

cocks are quickly replaced with two hard throbbing ones. Somewhere along,

an erect and slippery cock is placed in my right hand and I just yank at

it, as if my life depends on it. By now, I don't care who they are or how

many as long as they keep going at me, keeping me at the peak of my

climax!

Amid that hard thrusting in my pussy and my mouth, there come a frenzy

rubbing and tickling against the suppleness of my left sole. A hot

splutter of gooey slime suddenly coats around my toes and begins to roll

down the back of my calf, trickling ever so slowly down the back of my

thigh.

"She's very pretty, isn't she?"

Out of the blue, I hear a lady's voice with a British accent. Stunned, I

open my eyes to find a young western couple, leaning against an iron

railing some 10 yards away, watching the orgy at the edge of darkness. I

don't know how long they have been there, but they must have seen my

shameless craving for sex.

"Mmm, and what a great body too!" The man says in reply.

"Do you want her? Well, why don't you bloody go and join the queue?"

I sense a hint of jealousy in her glib remark and am secretly pleased with

their compliments. I just lay here screw my eyes shut and moan, enjoying

all the attention.

"Yeah, harder... yeah, mmm, mmm..."

I am whimpering, begging for more, and I know the two guys poking me are

about to come. However, the cock in my right hand jumps and beats them to

it. A thick whack of hot spunk is splattered all over my face. I can't

wipe it off as I am jerking another hard cock with my left hand. I can

only lash out my tongue and scrape as much of the gooey stuff into my

mouth as I can manage and it tastes delicious!

Then it just happens. Two loads of hot cum shoot simultaneously into me.

They don't last very long, none of them do, but that doesn't matter. It

seems that I have developed an allergy for cum. As soon as a tick whack

hits me, my whole body simply explodes in ecstasy. So here I am bracing

myself for a new wave of orgasm.

I hold on until the very last moment when I flick my eyes open, searching

first for the eyes of the tall British girl, then her man and my pussy

suddenly twitches in spasm, my whole body shaking violently. This time it

hits me real hard, knowing that I am giving a show, that out there are

people watching my every shudder, listening to my every whimper. My eyes

roll in their sockets as blinding flashes strobe across the back of my

head. I can't breath and fear that I'm going to pass out! Then a fresh

splutter of cum hit my face and I just go berserk.

"Yeeeaaaaaaaahhh!"

By the time two cocks slip out of my mouth and my pussy, I'm still jerking

the two in my hands, as if I'm trying to revive them. But they finally

shrivel and slip from my grasps. Suddenly, things have quieted down. I

have lost count of how many of them have had me but there must still be

more on the line. Oh, I am so desperate for a hard cock in my pussy!

A dark shadow suddenly looms over me. He drags me up and flips me over on

all fours. My gaping pussy is poised in the air, waiting for his mercy.

Then I feel his hard cock rubbing along my pussy folds, very slowly from

front to back, when it suddenly flicks over my puckered butt hole. I

squeal in surprise.

"Ohh!"

Then his cock knob slides forward between my wet pussy lips when he gives

a sudden thrust and impales himself deep inside my vagina. I just cry in

ecstasy.

"Hho!"

Slowly, he retreats until only his hard knob is wedged between my dripping

pussy folds and there comes a second thrust, deeper than before. My pussy

begins to quiver in anticipation of a fast approaching climax.

"Ohh, yeah!"

Again, he retreats ever so slowly until the ridge of his hard helmet

grinds against the rim of my quivering inner labia. Oh, god he is driving

me crazy! I tighten my grip below, holding him in my pussy. Then all a

sudden, his cock knob pops out of me as it slides back and glides over my

butt hole, making me jump. Oh, god! What is he doing? Doesn't he know that

I am almost there?

"Come on, put it back in my puss..."

However, before I can finish my plead, there is a short burst from behind

as his cock knob suddenly stretches my sphincter and squeezes itself

through my virgin butt hole.

"Arrrrrrhhhhhhhhh..." in shock and in pain, I squeal in Cantonese, "Ho

Tung Ah!"

That is all I can manage as a splitting headache overcomes me. I grit my

teeth and shake my head in agony. I clench my sphincter in a futile

attempt to block his advance. The grips of his rough hands tighten on my

quivering butt as he pulls me back towards me, impaling his cock all the

way inside me. The pain as his hard cock scrapes through my rectum feels a

hundred folds more intense than the rupture of my hymen, just over a year

ago.

"No, no, no...." I shake head wildly as tears come streaming down my

cheeks; my whole body is throbbing in excruciating pain.

His slow retreat provides little relief, as he was only half way out

before he gives another deep thrust.

"Arhhh..." I grit my teeth and whimper in pain as he begins to pump

through my butt with increasing speed.

A vice like grip on my cheeks forces my lips open and a long slim cock is

thrust into my mouth. Then the agony begins to intensify. My butt hole

feels as if it is burning and my jaws ache from the synchronized

poundings. Not long, my breasts begin to ache from the violent overhang

swinging.

It seems a like a life time and the pounding continues relentlessly until

the scorching agony in my rectum gradually turns to a numbing pain, then

tickling. The guy inside my mouth suddenly cum with a loud groan. But

before I have time to swallow everything another cock is shoved back into

my mouth and the poundings continue.

The rapid stretching and rubbing of the engorged cock knob through my

rectum finally turns into weird tingling and I find that I just can't

breath, especially with my mouth so full with a yet another fresh splatter

of thick cum.

"Hmm... Hmm..." my sphincter contracts suddenly, the spasm quickly spreads

through my body, my back arches, "Yeeaaaarrrrrrrh!"

I cannot believe it as a huge tidal wave of orgasm washes over me, and I

scream in delirium! Nothing seems real anymore! I only know that amid the

shuddering, I begin to rock my butt against the guy behind me and gripping

my sphincter to the rhythm of his strokes until I feel a shudder behind me

as a hot spurt is shot deep inside my rectum then I finally collapse over

the tiled floor, panting.

There is a round of applause. Whether it is for me or for the guy who just

took away the cherry of my back garden, I don't know! I only know that I

am being turned over, lying on my back again as one of them squats over my

chest who squashes my breasts together tightly around his dripping hard

cock and begins to slide it to and fro right under my nose. Around the

same time, I sense a hot cock knob rubbing along my love lips then slowly

begin nudging itself into my pussy.

"Aaaaarrrrrhh! Sssss..."

I hiss in pain when he pushes into me, as if I am being impaled by a thick

bloom stick.

Out of shock and agony, I pushed the guy riding my breasts away. When I

look down between my thighs, I find my cheeks burning with shame. For

right in front of my eyes is that very dishy Australian guy whom I rudely

brushed off the first night I arrived, whose cock is now buried snugly if

only halfway inside my quivering pussy.

"Sorry did I hurt you, Miss?"

I look for a hint of mockery, but there is none in his handsome face and I

find myself nodding in reply.

"I'm so sorry. You're so beautiful I just can't help myself. Perhaps I

better take it out."

There seems a genuine concern in his eyes and I find myself melting away

already as I begin to shake my head. He flashes a set of white teeth at me

as I smile coyly under him. Where is my modesty? I should be so ashamed of

myself!

The guy who was riding on my chest tries to mount over me again but I just

keep pushing him away, my eyes never leave the pair of sparkling blue eyes

that is smiling down at me. After a few failed attempts, the Indonesian

guy gives up and I am suddenly left alone with my new lover.

"I'm John. I fell in love with you that night you walked out on me. And I

confess that I've been spying on you."

Again, I feel so embarrassed and wonder if he is making a mockery of me.

He must be thinking what a pretentious slut I was. But there is nothing of

such kind except pure lust in his eyes. I don't know what to say to him

and I'm suddenly afraid to look him in the eyes. Timidly, I avoid his

gaze. Then he begins to slide his big cock further into me and I find my

heart pounding madly, in anticipating of our passionate lovemaking.

"Hey, what's you name?"

"I am Yukiko." I reply shyly.

And I feel his cock twitches inside me.

"What kind of a name is that? Sorry, I don't mean to be rude, it's a

beautiful name but I thought you're from Hong Kong. It's just that your

name sounds Japanese to me."

"Yes, it is." I giggle shyly and explain, "in Hong Kong it's fashionable

for us office gals to pick a Japanese name."

"Well, Yukiko. You know, I've long been dreaming of making love to either

a Chinese or a Japanese gal. Tonight, you make both my dreams come true."

"You're making fun of me!" I try to push him away but again I melted under

his boyish charm, my whole body is suddenly tingling with a weird desire.

"I'm sorry. I don't mean..." there is a pause when he searches for my

eyes, "Yuki..."

I turn my head aside demurely as he forces his cock to the hilt through my

pussy.

"Oh, John... you're so big!" I shudder and clench my vaginal muscle

unwittingly around his manhood at the sign of pain.

"My gorgeous Yukiko! Oh God, you're so tight! Just relax, I shall be gentle."

But he is not! His rocking soon gathers momentum, thrusting deep inside

me, through my cervix into my womb, driving me crazy! Not long, I hear a

familiar squishing noise as his long thick cock slick rapidly through my

quivering vagina. I have never been penetrated so deep and by a cock so

thick before, but it is such a wonderful feeling. I just screw my eyes and

lose myself in this maddening carnal pleasure, forgetting where I am or

who I'm with, just gripping the big cock with my pussy, panting, sweating,

shuddering...

"Ohh, mmm... mmm..."

Not long I find myself thrashing my head about, groaning lustfully to the

rhythm of his deep strokes; my fingers are crawling behind his neck,

pulling at his long blond hair; my legs are wrapped around his slim waist,

my heels digging behind his lean white butt, drawing him even deeper and

harder into my pussy... I've never felt so full in my pussy. Then I feel

the swelling of his bulbous cock head, stretching deep inside me.

"Oh, Yuki, Yuki, Yuki..." he is suddenly panting as he keeps repeating my

name.

When the first blast of hot cum hits deep inside my womb, my whole body

jerked in one massive convulsion, as I arched my back and cling tightly to

his shuddering body.

"Aaaaahhh, Aaaaahhh... Oh, John. Ohh... Ohh... Hho... hmmm.."

After a long while, I finally begin to climb down from the peak of my

climax, the shivering however remains as my pussy continues to squeeze

around the semi-hard cock.

"Oh, John that was so wonderful!"

"No Yukiko, you are wonderful and you are the most beautiful girl I've

ever met!"

Then he kisses me full on my lips and I shudder with a tingling passion. I

begin to think - If I hadn't rudely sent him away that first night, then...

"Yukiko, you ready for the shower?" He asked after a long passionate kiss.

I nod my head and sense his thick cock slowly slips out of me, leaving me

with an inexplicable void!

"Oh, My God! That thing of yours didn't really... did it?" I shudder at

the sight of his spent yet still very tick cock that looks at least seven

inches in its deflated state.

John merely grins at me. He helps me rinse cum and sand from my hair, my

face...

We dry ourselves after the quick shower. I look around and see my pink

knickers lying on the tiled floor. Someone must have treaded on it as it

is now full of sand and grit and is torn. There is no way I am going to

wear it again. I slipped on the hot pants and begin looking through my bag

but can't find my tank top. I begin to panic. How on earth am I supposed

to get back to my hotel without something to wear on top? Desperately, I

search my bag again, to no avail.

"Something's wrong, Yukiko?" John asked.

"I can't find my top. I must have forgotten to put it back in my bag...

and I have nothing else to wear. Oh God, what am I going to do, John?"

I strain my eyes over the long stretch of sand. There is no way I am going

to find my top out there in the darkness.

"Hey, you can try mine on."

He says after a while and hands a day-glo yellow garment over to me. I

look at the mesh tank top and then at him.

"Are you serious, John? This is see-through. I can't possibly wear it back

to the hotel. I..."

"Sorry love, but this is all I have." He looks apologetic.

I sigh as I pull the oversized garment over my head. It hangs loosely over

my shoulders and reaches half way down my thighs, much like a dress. I was

right; it hides nothing - my naked slim torso, the shape of my 33B-Cup

breasts and my puckered nipples are clearly visible from underneath the

eye-catching garment. I look around in desperation. But what else can I

wear? I begin to dread for the journey back. I look at John, hoping that

he would offer me some advice.

"Don't worry, Yukiko. You look fabulous in this. The mesh holes are quite

small..."

Well, there is really nothing else I can do. I look up at John who stands

a head towering over me and wonder what shall I say to him.

"Yukiko," he mumbles, "can I walk you back to you hotel?"

"John, I think I'm okay..." I say as I turn to walk on the sand. A million

things suddenly come to my head!

"Can I see you tomorrow?"

"I'm flying back to Hong Kong tomorrow, John."

Even I can hear the reluctance in my own voice. If I hadn't been such a

prude then John and I could perhaps have five passionate nights in Bali.

"Can I at least have your address in Hong Kong or you e-mail? I think I

shall have my next vacation there and may be we can get together for a

drink or something."

I ponder on the idea for a long time before turning to him and reply,

"John, what just happened was wonderful. But, things back home is a little

bit complicated. I, eh..."

"It's okay. But we have something to remember, haven't we?" He sighs and

pulls a mischievous grin.

"Yes. Oh, John I'm sorry!"

And I stand on my tiptoe and give John a long passionate kiss.

"Bye, John," I start to walk away but suddenly remember, "Oh, how can I

return this tank top to you?"

"Keep it Yukiko, something to remember me by."

I blow him a kiss and skip merrily away. After some 10 yards, I turn again

and he is still there watching me. I wave him goodbye one last time and

strolls contentedly toward the lights of my hotel.

My heart begins to thunder again as I approach the hotel, to rejoin the

civilized world. The doorman bows deeply, poking his nose just inches from

my outthrust breasts, straining his eyes to peer through the mesh fabric

at my nakedness underneath and I let him. Oddly, I find myself enjoying

the attention.

The air-conditioning in the hotel lobby hits me in full blast and I feel

my nipples puckering. I check myself in the brightly lit hotel lobby.

Although the holes in John's mesh top are tiny, my perky white breasts are

still visible underneath. My erect pink nipples are straining to poke

through the tiny holes of the revealing garment. The lobby is almost

deserted but I find that beady eyes of the bellboys are already following

me.

It is just before 9 p.m. and I think there is time for a quick drink.

Feeling daring, I saunter into the lounge bar in this revealing outfit.

Most of the tables are occupied but a sudden quietness seems to descend

the second I walk through the door. Then the murmurs resume and I find

myself the centre of attention. Well, after the beach I feel confident

that I can handle this.

"Good evening, ma'am." The barman greets me; his eyes are fixed on my

perky breasts.

"A Bloody May, please?"

"Yes, ma'am."

I look around and find that the patrons are of mixed nationalities; and to

my relief there are no familiar Chinese faces. At the table closest me sit

an elderly couple, in their 60s I guess, with pink flushed cheeks, both

being overweigh by at least 60 pounds. The man raises his glass and gives

a toast at my direction. I pick up my drink to return the friendly gesture

and gulp down all of it and order another one. Then I see the lady

sniggering at his ears before breaking into a shrill laughter. The old man

struggles to get up and steps unsteadily towards me.

"Evening Mme. eh... Please excuse me. My wife and I are celebrating our

wedding anniversary. We would be honoured if you would join us for a glass

of champagne."

He says with a warm smile but his eyes never stray from my semi-naked

breasts. "You dirty old man", I think to myself. Well, with his old lady

around, I think it's safe. Anyway, I too have something to celebrate

tonight.

"Oh, I would be delighted but only if I'm not intruding..."

"Please!"

I pick up my glass but find that I have already emptied the second round.

At the table, he pulls the chair for me and treats me like a real lady. A

barmaid quickly appears with a third champagne glass and the bubbly liquid

is poured.

"A toast to a most beautiful young lady."

I feel so flattered by the compliment and gulp down the delicious wine.

I'm suddenly so thirsty. By the third glass of champagne, I find out that

they are a retired couple from Canada and they hear about my choice of a

Japanese name. It is then I think he makes a cheeky remark about my

attire.

"A nice dress you put on there!" I think he says.

"This you mean?" I raise the shoulders of the mesh tank up and let it

drapes smoothly over my perky breasts, giving him a flash of the goodies

hidden underneath and thinking all along "What a dirty bugger!" His wife

suddenly bursts out in a squeal of laughter.

"No, no Yukiko. I said you put on a nice act back there." He points

through a patio door towards his back.

"I beg your pardon. I must be thinking slow with this lovely bubbly

swimming in my head." Giggling, I excuse my incomprehension. The champagne

is in fact making me tipsy.

"Ha, Ha..." his wife bursts out in yet another shrill laughter, tears

streaming from the corners of her eyes before saying to her husband, "Oh,

she doesn't know."

"My dear lady." He says in a hush voice, "I think you better take a look

out there, through the patio door."

"All right..." I say thinking they are just pulling my legs.

I get up wobbly to find that all eyes are on me again. My cheeks are

burning hot. I have been drinking more than I should. I make my way

precariously through a sea of lechers; push through the patio door, which

closes with a bang behind me.

The warm and tangy sea breeze suddenly engulfs me. It is very dark out

here. In broad daylight, one must be able to get a panoramic view of the

sea but there is really nothing to see now. Just when I think of rejoining

the couple and admonishing them for playing this little trick on me, I

notice four telescopes mounted on stands along the railing. I strain my

eyes toward the direction of the beach and I have a sudden feeling of

unease.

I step behind a telescope stand and peer tentatively through the lenses.

First, I only see pitch-blackness. As I continue to search, a bright light

hit my eyeballs that I have to squint my eyes. I follow the light down and

my heart suddenly leaps to my mouth. I find myself looking at a pair of

pink knickers, my own knickers that I left behind at the shower stand!

Quickly, I search through the area. Surely, there are the shower stands,

now deserted. There is the railing where the young couple leaned against

and watched me being gangbanged by the dozen or so Indonesians. The scene

is so crystal clear under the telescopic lenses that I can even make out

my footprints on the sand - at the very spot where John and I had our

parting kisses.

"Oh, My God!" I gasp.

I have seen enough, more than enough! My head is suddenly spinning.

Through the tinted glass window, I notice that patrons from quite a few

tables are looking out here and waiting for my return. The hot and humid

night air is suddenly making me nauseous. I swipe my palms over my face to

find that I am sweating all over. I try to arrange the mesh top to provide

a bit more cover to my naked torso underneath but it was futile. I pull a

straight face and step back into the lounge bar, thinking of making a

hasty excuse to the couple but the lady beats me.

"There were long queues out there..."

She doesn't get to finish her sentence as she is again seized by an

uncontrollable shrill of laughter. My face is now burning scarlet, my

temples throbbing from the effect of the champagne and the sea of mockery

in front of me. It is just too much. I quicken my steps through the

tables, my breasts swaying lewdly under the see-through garment. Well what

should I care anyway, knowing full well what they have all seen? Suddenly,

someone begins clapping his hands as I walk pass. Then everyone seems to

join in. I leave hurriedly, tripping over at the doorway but I keep going.

I just want to find somewhere to dig a hole to bury myself.

I wake up feeling woozy in the head. My body is aching all over and my

pussy is feeling so sore! After a quick wash, I begin to pack my things to

get ready for the airport. After a long deliberation, I reluctantly stuff

John's tank top in a paper bag and leave it in the rubbish bin before

stepping out of my hotel room and clicking the door shut. I am determined

to put it all behind me.

I keep my sunglasses on during the flight home and am immensely relieved

to see no familiar faces onboard the plane. The Garuda flight lands safely

at Chek Lap Kok Airport and a taxi sees me home swiftly.

"Hey Yukiko, haven't seen you for a few days." The caretaker greets me at

the lift lobby.

"Oh hi, Uncle Wong. I've been away on vacation."

"You're looking radiant with that suntan. Let me guess, Phuket, right?"

Before I can correct him, his phone rings and he begins yakking away. I

wave a quick goodbye and sneak into the lift.

Alone in my flat, I suddenly realise how empty it is that I have thrown

all that bastard's stuff away. I am dead tired and decide to leave

everything until tomorrow. As I lay flat on the hard mattress of my bed, I

feel a whinging pain on my back. I strip and discover a small bruise patch

at the base of my spine. With fond memories, I recall the poundings I took

on the tiled floor the night before. A mischievous grin breaks over my

lips as I fall into a dreamless sleep, naked in bed.

Comes Sunday, I do the unpacking and washing. After a bit of tidying at

home, I go out for a quick dinner at a cafe nearby. On my return, I meet

the guy living in the flat above me in the lift lobby. We have never

talked before, merely greeted each other with a nod or may be a strained

smile. So it comes as a surprise when he suddenly asks me.

"Had a nice holiday in Bali?"

"Oh yes, thanks!"

Then we take the lift journey in an awkward silence. What a dirty bugger

who keeps eyeing me all over and making me queasy. I wonder if Uncle Wong

told him about my trip, but did I tell Uncle Wong about Bali? I probably

did then.

I shall be going back to work tomorrow and I loath at the prospect of

seeing Fanny that two-faced cow again!

Having nothing else to do, I begin to check through my e-mail before going

to bed. There are just a handful of messages in my in-box but one in

particular catches my attention.

"WHAT A SLUT" it's titled and it is from that bastard!

I click it open which starts, "I hope you enjoy your Bali trip as I enjoy

these attachments. You pretentious bitch!"

Instantly, I am flushed with anger. He never dared to call me a bitch. I

am going to close and delete the message but am intrigued about the

attachments, so I click open the first one. Suddenly, I am feeling dizzy.

The Jpeg file shows me running topless on the beach, one breast bouncing

upward on the side of a raised arm and the other one, defying gravity,

pointing proudly ahead on the side of a pulled back elbow, my pink nipples

were puckered; my long suntan right leg was making a big stride forward

while a strained but smoothly muscle-toned calf was about to leap off on

the ball of my slim and high-arched left foot. Colourful beads were flying

at the end of my hair tassels and I wore a radiant smile. I looked vibrant

and stunningly beautiful in the sharply focused picture but...

First, I am stunned and then I am thrown into a maddening rage. That

bastard had been spying on me. You Bloody Bastard! Then I notice a smudge

at a corner of the picture. My heart sinks when I check it carefully. It's

the stamp of one of those free websites showing voyeur photos. I remember

that bastard once made me surf the site with him. Oh, My God! If my photo

appears on the web then...

Quickly, I click open the rest of the Jpeg files and I find myself shaking

with shame and anger as tears suddenly roll down my cheeks. The dozen or

so attachments are from no less than three different websites. With the

exception of the first picture, all the others are hardcore, showing me

skewered in every conceivable posture, some I don't even remember

performing two nights before. There is no mistaking that I was being had

by a big gang and was apparently enjoying it. In one, I was taken from

behind while another hard cock was jammed into my mouth. Although the

angle of the picture doesn't show it very clearly, but I recall all too

well where that cock from behind was buried and it brings back painful and

humiliating memories.

Oh, Yukiko you stupid twit! What have you done this time?

At the end of the attachment, there is a brief note: "I enjoy them so much

that I take the liberty to forwarding them to a few friends. Hope you

don't mind, Bitch!"

With trembling hands, I scroll to the screen top and check through the

list. When I see the e-addy at the front desk of my travel agency, my eyes

roll in their sockets and a sudden blackness washes over me!