**Yvonne with Sue's Tropical Adventure**

**by [yvonne2011](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=918584&page=submissions)©**

Hoping to get more feedback!!

Hi folks. Sue here with Yvonne writing. We've already explained how we have to keep our nude adventures somewhat private because of our business ties. Well, this story takes place thousands of miles away from home. That made it possible to get naked in more places and in some places where naked ladies don't usually show up and do quite a few more things. It shows how Paul likes to push me. And, Paul even got a small chance to show off.

Paul and I had been married for five years (that puts this about ten years ago) and took a second honeymoon dream vacation. We flew to one of the former French islands in the South Pacific. I had packed my sexiest clothes and what I thought were skimpy swimsuits.

This island turned out to be very European and my swimsuits were rather conservative. Thongs were common. Topless women were everywhere on the beaches, at the pools, and even in the beachfront shopping areas. Most of the women wore some kind of blouse or cover-up, away from the water, but many didn't.

Our second day there Paul asked me if I wanted to get a swimsuit that was a little more daring. I quickly agreed and we headed toward the beach shops. I was wearing a bikini with a long pull-over blouse, sandals, and a big hat. At the second shop I found a deep green thong swimsuit that I thought would go with my red hair. It looked like my size but I couldn't find the matching top.

Paul found a sales girl that spoke a little English. I asked her for the top that went with the thong bottom. She told us that there wasn't a top for this suit. It was meant to be worn by itself, topless.

WOW! I'd been naked a few places but those were private (the cabin and the lake) or places where nudity was expected or least condoned (amateur strip shows, and one adult motel) but this was a new idea to me. I looked at Paul and he shrugged "Go for it!" I looked for a changing room and tried to ask the sales girl.

She just pointed to a corner between two racks and covered her eyes, as if to say, "I won't look." What the hell?! I slipped off my bikini bottom and put on the new green thong. Holding my blouse up, I checked myself in the mirror. My ass looked great, if I say so myself, and I do! Paul took the blouse off over my head and said he wanted to see it the right way, TOPLESS.

I'd never been topless in the middle of a store. I'd seen several women topless, or nearly so, in the stores today. I noticed another woman trying on a swim suit in the aisle; she was completely naked. Far from home, I knew I wouldn't get arrested or cause a scandal. I unhooked my top and handed it to Paul. My nips stood up like pencil erasers. I already knew I had to buy the thong; it was getting very wet. "I'll take it." I told the sales girl. "Pay her quick!" I whispered to Paul. "We need to get back to the hotel. I'm going to fuck your brains out!"

While Paul was paying he saw a sign written in French. He recognized words for package or parcel and what looked like 'delivery'. He asked the clerk, in pantomime and pidgin French, if they could deliver my old swimsuit back to our hotel. "Oui, oui!" she answered. She put my suit in a bag and had Paul write the name of our hotel on it. Before she closed it, Paul put my blouse in the bag.

Paul put my hat back on my head, gave me my sunglasses, and led me out the door. I was 95% naked, with no cover, over a mile from our hotel. Damn, I was hot! That bastard Paul took me into every shop on the way back to the hotel. He had me trying on hats, necklaces, and sunglasses looking in mirrors so I was reminded how close to naked I was.

Although topless women weren't a rare sight here, I still got plenty of attention. A taxi stopped asking if we needed a ride, no charge. When I thought I'd explode, Paul decided to stop for lunch and drinks at a sidewalk cafe. DAMN! When he tried to order dessert I told him, through clenched teeth, I was about to rip off my pretty new swimsuit and fuck him right there in the middle of the street. I slipped his hand between my legs. Paul relented when it came away drenched.

With a sly smile, he led me two blocks back to the hotel. Instead of heading straight to our bungalow, Paul walked over to the front desk. He asked the desk if a package had been delivered (my other swimsuit and blouse) for us. The clerk made a big show of searching for the package while checking me out closely. I leaned over the front desk resting my tits on the COLD marble counter. My already stiff nipples came to full size and another clerk dropped a box full of mail. He finally told us that most shops delivered any packages after they closed for the day. Paul gave him a tip and asked him to deliver the package when it showed up.

As we headed for our bungalow, Paul walked several steps behind me, watching my ass. I must confess, I made a show of it, stopping and bending over to smell a flower. Feeling a little more in control, of the situation and myself, I decided to have some fun and make Paul suffer a little.

There was a small bar with a few tables near the pool. I told Paul to get drinks and picked out a table screened on one side by several palms. While Paul got the drinks I rearranged the chairs and my new swimsuit, sat down, and crossed my legs. When Paul returned with the drinks, I pulled his chair around so he was sitting very close, facing me. I put my right foot in his lap so only he could see between my legs. I'd pulled crotch of the suit aside so Paul was staring into my red bush.

As we sat there sipping our drinks, I had my first public masturbation. Paul's eyes nearly popped out of his head as I casually dropped my left hand into my lap. Moving just my fingers, I stroked up and down my outer lips. I kept up a steady stream of small talk, holding my drink with one hand while digging deeper and deeper into my pussy with the other. As I got hotter, my voice dropped to a whisper and my talk got dirtier. I told Paul how cruel he was, walking me all over town dressed like this. "How would you like to be displayed almost naked to a town full of strangers? I bet you'd like it; I know I did!" I was starting to tell him what I was going to do to him in the bungalow when I had to stop talking. My breath came harder and deeper. With a low growl (couldn't scream here next to the pool) I came, drenching the chair.

After adjusting my suit, I finished my drink and told Paul it was time to get alone and naked. Before we left the outdoor bar, Paul told a waiter that I'd spilled a drink on my chair. I wondered if the waiter recognized the smell when he cleaned the chair. We almost ran back to our bungalow and Paul nearly ripped my beautiful new suit when we got there.

I also got to pull another trick, flashing the hotel staff.

An hour later, Paul and I were still in bed after some great sex when there was a knock at the door. Paul hopped out of bed and started walking toward the bathroom. "Do you want to get that, Sue?" he asked. When my nipples hardened, he knew I was game. "Take your time." he told me as he slipped into the darkened bathroom leaving the door open just enough to watch.

I peeked out and saw the desk clerk with a shopping bag, my other swimsuit and blouse. As I reached for the door, I felt a glob of juice, Paul's and mine, start to ooze down one leg. I scooped it up and spread it on my tits. Now I smelled as freshly fucked as I looked and felt when I opened the door. The clerk almost dropped the bag when he saw me.

"Oh, thank you very much! Please put on the table over there." I told him, positioning him where Paul could see. "Let me get you a tip." I started 'searching' for my purse to get some money, making sure to give him a great show. After a couple minutes searching, I suddenly remembered, "Oh, my husband tipped you earlier at the front desk. Please tell your boss how very pleased we are...." I babbled on and on dragging out the experience as long as possible.

When the clerk left Paul came out of the bathroom and threw me on the bed. As soon as he touched my pussy I came, gushing out more fluids. Paul ate me for a long time before he mounted and screwed me to another great orgasm. As he rolled off me he asked, "Do you want to order room service now?"

After he placed the order I headed for the shower. "No, don't take a shower." he told me. "I want you hot and sweaty, your hair a mess, and cum running down your legs when the food is delivered." I spent the next half hour masturbating while we waited.

When the food arrived, I yelled, "Just a minute, I'm coming." And I did. As I finished up, leaving my pubic hair drenched and my face flushed, Paul ducked back into the bathroom, door barely open. "Please bring the tray over here. Put it on the table." I told the waiters. Yes, waiters. For some reason, it took three waiters to bring our food. One had the tray. One had the wine and the last waiter just carried the bill. I'm guessing they were tipped of by the desk clerk about the naked Madame in bungalow four.

I started looking for a pen to sign the bill, putting on another show for the staff. I know one of these guys had to have a pen, but they let me search anyway. They must have really enjoyed it. In the third bottom drawer I searched, I 'found' a pen and signed the bill adding a nice tip for all of them.

The next day, the maid 'caught' me masturbating. She stopped when she opened the door and saw me naked on the bed with my fingers in my twat but kept watching. She was still looking at me when Paul came out of the bathroom naked (He wanted to have a little fun too.). She said she could come back later but Paul told her to go ahead and clean as he started getting down a suitcase. Now I got to watch someone check out my naked man.

The maid was watching Paul, or more correctly watching Paul's cock, as she ran the vacuum cleaner. I watched her in the mirror as she watched Paul. Neither of us made any move to get dressed while she made the bed and cleaned the bathroom. When she was almost done, packing up her tools, I led Paul over to a chair and knelt between his legs. "Please close the door when you leave." I told the maid while I started sucking Paul off. The maid stood there watching us for five minutes as I brought Paul off and played with myself. She didn't leave until Paul flooded my mouth. That was a first for my wonderful husband, getting off while a stranger watched. I was happy to give him a thrill.

The next couple of days I wore my new thong, a lot of sun block (I'm a real redhead remember), and little else. I went swimming, shopping, and even out to eat topless, I loved it! On one shopping trip Paul noticed a sign in French. He recognized the words for swimwear, petite, and most. It was advertising the smallest swimsuits available. We had to check this place out!

The store was very small along a busy street far from the beach area. In the window was a partial mannequin (just thighs and hips) wearing the littlest thong I'd ever seen. I'd never heard of Wicked Weasel back then but this was a lot like one of theirs. It would barely cover my pussy lips. I drug Paul in by the arm.

The store owner was very helpful and spoke English quite well. He found three suits in various shades of green. (In case you couldn't guess, I love wearing green with my red hair.) I picked the smallest pale green one. Again, there was no changing room. I slipped off my sandals and put my hat and sunglasses on a table. As soon as I pulled my thong off the shopkeeper's eyes went wide.

"Oh, no! Madame must be shaved to wear this kind of suit." He dropped to his knees for a closer look at my pubes. He pushed my knees apart and checked my outer lips. I've always kept those trimmed short so they were OK, I guess. "Below is fine. But, this must go." he said tugging the hair above my slit. He helped me slip the tiny swimsuit on and showed me how the pubic hair bunched up. "If you wish to wear this suit, you must remove this hair. My brother has a barber shop across the street. I will see if he can help."

The shop owner dialed the phone and started talking to somebody in French. I caught one word that sounded something like 'depilate' so I assumed he was asking about hair removal. While he was talking on the phone, Paul slipped the tiny suit off, leaving me standing there naked. "My brother says he will be happy to help. His shop is right there." he said, pointing across the street. "Claude is waiting for you."

My heart was pounding with several mixed emotions. I'd never been naked in the middle of a city street or in a barber shop. I knew I had to do this! I gave Paul a grin and said, "Let's go!" Before we got out the door, I handed some things to Paul: all my jewelry. If I was going to do this, I was doing it NAKED! NOT A STITCH.

I took my time crossing the street with Paul several steps behind me. I waived at a passing bus that honked at me. To stall, I even turned the wrong way, walking away from the barber shop. It felt like forever before I stepped into the shop and everything went silent.

I stood in the doorway looking at the customers who were staring at me. Claude rushed over and took my hand, leading me into the shop. "You must be the lovely lady my brother called about. Let us see the hair that must be removed for the naughty swimsuit." He turned me so I was facing the light from the front windows. This also had me facing the waiting customers: two older gentlemen, a teen-age boy, and a lifeguard looking hunk about 25. I was stark naked with five men admiring me and Paul was nowhere in sight, WOW!

As Claude closely examined my bush, he said he could shave just the part that would show above the suit. Or, he could remove all the hair. I'd never been completely shaved before. Nancy once told me that redheads should wear their pubes like a badge of honor. Figuring a total shave would take longer, prolonging this adventure, I agreed.

Claude laid a towel across the seat of the barber chair and raised it as high as it would go. The height of the chair made for a great show as I climbed up into it. Now think about a barber chair for a moment. It's not really designed to groom a customer between the legs. My pose was rather awkward and my audience had a very good view.

First Claude used clippers to remove most of the hair above my slit. He had me lift my legs over the arms of the barber chair, making the view even better, to use the clippers on my outer lips. I was already quite turned on and the buzzing clippers almost put me over the top. I calmed down a little bit, but then he started lathering me up. The warm soap got my clit swelling but it hid the juice I was leaking all over the towel.

My legs were starting to cramp up from their position over the arms of the barber chair and I started squirming. I never thought I'd miss the stirrups the doctor uses but this was very uncomfortable. When Claude asked if I was alright, I told him I needed a place to rest my feet. He barked something in French (the only word I caught was 'assistance') to the waiting customers. The teenager and the lifeguard hunk jumped up and ran over to the chair.

Claude directed one to each side to hold my feet up. They each had a great view that got better with every stroke of the razor. One of the older men said something in French causing the teenager to blush bright red and everyone else to laugh. I asked Claude what was so funny. He said the comment was about the boy never having seen one of these since he came out of one.

Feeling sorry for the boy I stroked his cheek and thanked him for his help. I noticed a tuft of my pubes still sitting on my stomach and gave it to him as a souvenir. He blushed again but put the hair carefully in his shirt pocket. Claude was still working on my lips, shaving and wiping. I thought he was done when he asked about my derriere. Did I want my butt shaved too?

Claude scooted me farther forward in the chair and plucked at the few hairs around my ass-hole. "These too will show in my brother's naughty swimsuit." he told me. "You will need to turn around." As I struggled to sit up and shift around, my lifeguard helper picked me up and stood me up on the floor. Claude laid the back of the barber chair down and I crawled up on all fours, giving another great view to my audience.

Claude said something to the helpers next to me. Each grabbed a butt cheek spreading me open even further. I felt the brush spreading lather along my crack. Again, it really helped hide the juice dripping from my twat. Very quickly, Claude shaved all around my ass and wiped the excess lather, and the juice, off of me. My helpers assisted me down from the chair and I stood there more naked than I'd ever been: NO clothes, NO shoes, NO jewelry, and now NO PUBES!

I asked Claude what I owed him for his services. I realize I had no money, but I still asked. I should mention that dear Paul, who had all our money, had left me alone in the barbershop the whole time. I'd seen him walk by the shop door a couple of times and I knew he was nearby, but being there alone was a BIG turn-on! Claude picked up a lock of my red pubic hair off the floor and said, "If I may have this as a keepsake, I will consider myself a wealthy man." He sniffed the hair like it was a flower and put it carefully in a drawer. Who said the Irish have all the blarney?

I quickly gave him a little kiss and turned to my two helpers. I gave the lifeguard a kiss and felt him stroke my ass. When I gave the teenage helper a longer kiss he blushed again. Before I let go of him, I squeezed his crotch and I'm pretty sure he came in his pants. I gave the one older man and small kiss on the forehead and thanked him for being so polite. The other man, the one who had made the rude remark to the teenager, I slapped his hand and told him he was very naughty. Everybody laughed; even if they didn't understand the words they knew what I was talking about.

When I left the barbershop Paul had already crossed the street and waited for me in the door to the first store. I took my time again getting back to where he was standing, enjoying walking around the street naked. When I finally got to him, we entered the store together. The storekeeper (I never did get his name) admired his brother's work and said now I was ready for one of his tiny swimsuits.

I tried over a dozen suits on spending most of the time naked looking through the piles of options. I ended up buying the first pale green I'd tried on. The owner pulled and tugged at the suit making sure it was all the way up my butt. As a final adjustment, he slid his hand between my thighs tucking the wisp of fabric between my lips. Now you could see what's now known as a camel toe between my legs. I gave him a big kiss and told Paul to pay him.

We left with me wearing this tiny suit along with my sandals and hat. Thank God, Paul remembered to pocket the deep green thong. With no taxis in sight we took a crowded bus back to the beach area. We had to stand up holding a strap the whole way. Nobody offered me their seat; I guess the view of me standing there was just too good.

We walked back to our hotel getting even more looks. Now the stares I got were more evenly divided between my tits and my crotch. I made Paul stop by the pool for drinks again. We sat at the same table and I masturbated again. When I stood up the suit was soaking and almost totally see-through. Back in our bungalow Paul had his fun playing with my newly bared snatch. He said he missed my beautiful red pubes but this was a fun change.

There was one problem with my new shaved look. It wanted to grow back too fast. I struggled in the shower to shave myself. Paul tried to help but spent more time playing with me than he did shaving me. The day before we left for home, Paul came up with an idea that I loved.

With a new safety razor and me in my naughty little swimsuit we went back to the barbershop. Claude was delighted to see me again. "My most beautiful customer." he told me (more French blarney). He was less happy to meet my husband but told Paul he was a very lucky man to have such a lovely and daring wife.

Paul explained that we were having some trouble keeping me shaved and asked if Claude could give him a lesson in grooming me. Claude said he'd love to help but worried that Paul would injure my delicate parts with a straight razor. Paul produced the disposable razor and asked if it would do. I spent the next half hour in the barber chair with my husband working on my snatch.

Paul was a lot more 'hands-on' than Claude had been during my first shave. He did everything but stick a finger in me while he worked. His pulling and tugging, as he shaved me, was much less gentle and much more sexy than the barber's had been. At one point, Claude turned away to answer the phone and Paul moved to one side, blocking the view of the other customers. Taking advantage of the situation, Paul slipped two fingers into me and started to rub my clit with his thumb. His right hand kept moving as if he was still shaving me, while his left hand worked its magic.

In less than a minute, I came stifling a moan with a pretend cough. I drenched the towel covering the chair. Claude finished his phone call and came over to inspect Paul's work. "Beautiful!" he proclaimed. "Now clean her up and we do the derriere." Paul wiped me off, taking his sweet time with the towel and helped me turn around.

Adding to my excitement was the mirror. My ass was facing the front of the shop with the windows and the waiting customers. I faced the mirror watching them stare at my sex. Paul spread my cheeks wide and did a through inspection of my ass and outer lips. He felt carefully for the short hair starting to grow back. As he stroked, I watched the audience lean forward for the best possible view.

Paul applied the shaving cream to my ass and slid the razor down both sides of my crack. All too soon, he was done and was wiping me off. I started to get down but Claude told me to hold still. He got a warm wet towel and carefully wiped all the areas that had been shaved. I almost came again when he wiped my outer lips for the third time.

Claude again refused any payment for his services. He asked if he could take a picture to remember his most beautiful customer. He gave a small camera to Paul and stood beside the chair as I sat there looking as ladylike as possible. Paul took one picture of this pose. Before getting up I signaled Paul to take one more picture. I spread my legs as far apart as I could and Paul clicked off one more shot. I'd love to see how those shots came out and I wonder where Claude displayed them.

We flew home to the real world the next day. I let my pubes grow back (damn that itches) and I seldom get to wear my naughty suit any more.

I hope you enjoyed my most public adventure and we're looking forward to your feedback.

Sue (with Yvonne at the keyboard)