

How To Fix A Ruined Tan Line

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HOW TO FIX A RUINED TAN LINE

To put it in a nutshell, Doreen was perplexed.

It might be more accurate to say Doreen was perturbed.

Her two week holiday was just beginning and already disaster had struck. Just yesterday she was congratulating herself on finding the "perfect" new summer bikini. It was the perfect color. It was the perfect fit. It felt perfect on her skin. It was guaranteed not to shrink or fade or dissolve in the salt water. The price was ridiculously low.

Then she had to find that terrible full length mirror in the hotel room. She kept bouncing up off the bed and running to the closet to look over her shoulder at the terrible truth.

Her figure was as fantastic as usual. She knew she was a 10 in any guy's book. Her problem was she looked like a clown because of 2 inch wide strips of stark white skin that framed her perfect new beach togs. She was afflicted with the bane of nicely tanned outdoor type young women the world round. She had exposed white skin revealed in a sickly display of incomplete tanning. Her best friend Cynthia Smyth-Jones had warned her repeatedly about her finicky refusal to remove her bottoms when they got their daily doses of sun rays. Doreen was comfortable with unstringing her top without removing it entirely but there was no way she would remove her bottoms and expose her sensuously shaped arse cheeks. The usual gaggle of perverts were looking for any opportunity to record "costume malfunctions" or relaxed standards of modesty to get the maximum coverage of the sun's

healing rays.

She also refused to go to one of the many tanning salons that offered “nude tanning programs.” The young business accountant sat on the edge of the wide comfortable bed and wept into her crumpled up sweat towel that had become almost a “baby” blanket of sorts.

Doreen ran to the door and flung it open because Cynthia had just called to tell her she would be right over to view the damage.

“Opening the door in your bikini, that’s a bit risky even for you, girl!”

Doreen giggled.

She spun around and bent over to display the offending white stripes that looked like two landing strips on the bottom half of her lusciously shaped bum.

The sound of Cynthia’s laughter convinced Doreen that she was beyond redemption. She was doomed to ridicule by absolute strangers.

Cynthia told her to straighten up and look forward. Then she instructed her to lift first one leg and then the other as she ran her fingers between the bikini bottom and Doreen’s much sought after posterior.

“The bad news is the material is not going to stretch and cover your cheeks, love! The good news is we might be able to reduce the contrast at one of the salons along Ocean Blvd.”

Cynthia had Doreen remove the bottoms and lay flat on the bed. She measured the width and height of the white arse cheeks and even tested them for bounce and flexibility. The opportunity to play with Doreen’s bum was not to be missed. Her own backside was fully tanned almost into her deep crack. She had even wadded her cheeks to spread open a little bit when she was browning them up. Cynthia was one of those girls of fair complexion whose skin was overly sensitive to the rays of the sun. Her obsession in keeping herself nice and brown was more of a defensive strategy than an attempt to secure additional male attention to her already highly desirable body.

In point of fact, Cynthia was a product of generations of inbreeding and expensive finishing schools for young ladies. Her degree of composure and complete lack of visible emotion made her the perfect companion for the volatile Doreen. Although the lovely Cynthia had sexually experimented with a number of various sizes and shapes of cocks, she hid the fact that she really got off on just being able to touch and inhale the aura of a beautiful young female like Doreen in special moments like these.

“Dor, baby, before we go to the tanning salon, let’s try repairing it with some blending cosmetics that will hold pretty good unless you go in the water or somebody or something rubs it off.”

Doreen couldn’t think of anything rubbing it off like that unless some guy was doing her doggy style and started banging her bottom pretty hard. She liked getting it that way the best of all but not if it was

going to mess up her tan line.

“Put your ass up nice and high, honey! This stuff has got to sink into the skin real deep and smooth.”

Cynthia started to rub Doreen cheeks with the mixture of base skin color mix and they could both see in the mirror that her bum was starting to turn into a pretty good matched one-tone brown instead of the sloppy looking two-tone job.

“I got to get it to stick real good, so I will be using this paddle to get it right in the pores.”

The refined girl held Doreen’s hips steady and began to briskly spank the young girl’s bottom with a flat paddle normally used for table tennis. The sharp raps were applied with a heavy hand and soon Doreen could not stop herself from yelping in discomfort.

Despite her attempts to prevent it from happening, Doreen began to spray the bench with her female juices leaking in response to the spirited spanking. She was somewhat mortified because she did not want her best friend Cynthia to think she was gay or something like that. When Cynthia’s fingers accidentally strayed into her crack, she shuddered and achieved a minor orgasm just thinking of being the well-organized girl’s play-toy. She realized that her friend must suspect exactly what her shudders and release of liquids meant.

“Cynthia, I am so sorry. The paddle just made me feel so horny I had to go like that. I have been very naughty and I hope you will forgive me.”

Cynthia just smiled and pushed Doreen’s head down real low.

“I am going to give it the stress test now to see if it will stand up to some over-enthusiastic boy with only one thing on his mind.”

Her best friend took off her skirt and pulled her panties off all the way. She folded them neatly on the desk and took up a position right behind Doreen holding her hips nice and steady for a pretended doggy style fuck from behind. The sound of Cynthia’s skin slapping into her bouncing bottom was sexy and made her want to get it real bad. She didn’t care if it was a cock, a dildo, a finger or anything else that was right to hand.

Cynthia took a long time testing Doreen’s pretty bottom.

Doreen was whimpering under her friend’s labors and she could feel the sweat rolling down her back and her quivering hips. When her best friend finally peeled her body off of Doreen’s shaking bum, they both peered intently at the offending area right at the bottom of her arse cheeks.

It didn’t work!

The splotched streaks of brown and white looked worse than before. Now it looked like she was a

victim of some crazy genetic scheme involving DNA tampering or cloning.

“We have to go to plan B.”

Cynthia took out a small notebook with email addresses and phone numbers. She told Doreen that they would be going to the VIP spa for a tanning “touch-up”. When Doreen asked how much it was going to cost, she replied,

“Not a cent! I get lifetime service because my mom was a charter member of the spa. Roberto is going to take good care of your pretty little ass!”

Cynthia told her to not put on any panties or the swim suit so Roberto could make a quick assessment of the extent of the damage.

Roberto turned out to be a very distinguished white haired older man with a firm, heavily muscled body and fingers of steel. Doreen groaned on top of the table as he measured and checked her skin and even pressed deep down in her muscle tissue. He told her to get up on all fours so he could check her problem from almost every angle. Both Roberto and Cynthia left her waiting in the Doggy position while they planned their approach to correcting her two-tone ass problem.

She saw Roberto getting trays of mixes and application tools ready on the operating table. Cynthia told her that the only way they could get rid of the problem was to “shade in the non-tanned area” with his patented “fill” lamps.

Roberto instructed Cynthia to strip down and get up on the table with me and keep me immobile while he worked with the lamp. He warned us it would probably “sting” a little but the more it stung the better it was working. The very first time he turned the special lamp on Doreen’s defenseless arse cheeks, she screeched like a banshee and tried to push Cynthia’s knee’s out from between her legs.

The tanning master paused long enough to have Cynthia lubricate Doreen’s brown eye with his special protective oils and he unceremoniously shoved in a butt plug that was both fat and black. The shiny lubricant ran down the inside of Doreen’s legs like melted butter on a griddle. The process was almost finished and Roberto and Cynthia cleaned up Doreen and stood her up on the pedestal for inspection. Her entire ass cheek area was the same color deep brown and the only untanned area was inside her dark crack which could only be viewed when Cynthia spread her ass cheeks wide for full view.

Roberto was fingering her landing strip pussy hairs with a practiced ease. He seemed interested in the way she had trimmed them in an interesting V design. Her pink pussy slit and her protruding clitoris was still somewhat excited from Cynthia’s pretend doggy style fucking and she was self-conscious about her fully exposed sexuality.

Cynthia took Doreen’s bikini out of the sealed plastic bag and helped her get ready for a full dress inspection. She snuck a look back over her shoulder in the full-length mirror and was more than

pleased with the result. Her precious bum was intact once again. She knew her beautifully tanned arse cheeks would attract a lot of potential fucking partners and she did not have to worry about nasty remarks or sniggers from the groups of back-stabbing females that prowled the beaches for ready cock.

When Roberto told her to bend over, she was a bit confused because she could see he was sporting a fine cock-stand under his tight linen trousers. Certainly, he was not going to make her take it in her pussy or up the ass while Cynthia was watching. Then, with a simple twist, the tanning expert removed the black butt plug. The scent of her ass was very evident to all three of them. Roberto held the butt plug under his nostrils and inhaled like he was judging a fine wine. He smiled at the two of them and both Cynthia and Doreen broke out in a fit of giggles.

Doreen knew she owed her best friend Cynthia big time for working so hard to help her solve her two-toned arse cheek issue. When they got back at the house, Doreen let Cynthia sit on her face with her panties removed. The scent of her pungent female odor made her own pubes vibrate with desire for tasting the female juices first hand. It was the deepest she had ever allowed her tongue to go inside someone else's body. Cynthia's whines of pleasure sent her into a frenzy of activities stretching and entering her boss's pussy again and again. She rubbed her own pussy but was unable to achieve the release she needed so badly.

When she saw Cynthia bring out the ten inch dildo from under her skirt, she knew it was too late to say no.

She only hoped she would be able to take it all in. It didn't really matter which hole. She just knew this time she really had to come.