Shadow of a Doubt Ch. 05

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Chapter 05

"Lady, if you think I'm gonna upset your boyfriend, you gotta be kidding." He turned to Johan and continued, "I don't want no trouble, dude."

The relief that washed through me was tempered by a strange sense of inadequacy. My first thought was, *Oh, thank God!* The second was, *Lady? I'm only five years older than this guy, at the most!*

"Please," I said quietly, moving closer to him, "listen to me..." Lightly holding his tanned upper arm, I flicked my eyes down at the feel of his warm tight skin. I wondered if his hard bicep would taste salty. Trying to compose myself, I swallowed and said, "Johan is my husband, and I... I'm his good girl. I do as he tells me and h... he told me to ask you for help with my um, my bikini."

He looked over at Johan. "You guys *want* me to do this?"

I could hear Johan chuckle before speaking. "Yep."

Surfer boy looked back at me. "What about you? Is this what you want too?"

I hesitated. I was getting uncomfortable standing in the parking lot, holding up my bikini bottoms in my fingers. I wanted to get back into the car and cross my arms and die of embarrassment! I wanted it to be over! But, I knew there was more than that... something *deeper*... "Please," I whispered, gazing at the ground, my heart hammering in my chest. "H... Help me."

He snatched the flimsy fabric from my fingers and my mouth dropped open. I didn't think he was going to do it. Gasping, I stared open-mouthed at him as he went straight to his haunches. In a moment he had my thong untangled and his eyes drifted up my legs to the hem of my short skirt. He took one look at the thin, opaque material and grinned up at me, making me blush even harder. "Lift your foot," he said. Resting a hand on his shoulder, I picked up my left foot and he threaded it into my bikini. "Other one, he said as I heard Johan getting out of the car behind me. My bikini was now around my ankles and I must have looked a sight! I was just glad I was between the two cars and not in the middle of the car park. Sliding my thong up, over my calves and up above my knees, surfer boy stopped half way up my thighs and licked his lips. "Move your feet apart," he gasped, eyes riveted to the front of my skirt.

I stepped wider until my bikini bottoms became taught between my thighs. I couldn't believe what was happening and suddenly I felt very naughty. *I really should be spanked for this*, I thought. He wrapped his fingers around the back of my thighs, steadying himself. To me, it felt like his hands were on fire. The unfamiliar touch so close to my pussy sent a rush through my body. I had a sudden urge to slide my fingers into his curly blonde tangle of hair and pull his face into my wet cunt. Well, *that* thought

was so naughty, I almost *moaned!*
"Lift up your skirt," he said, interrupting my brain.
"P... Please," I whispered, taken by surprise, "don't make me."
Johan stepped up beside me with his hands on his hips and a smirk on his face. "Do it, baby."
I swallowed and took the edges of my skirt in my fingers. I quickly looked around and saw two guys with surfboards walking towards us from the beach. They were still about a hundred yards away and they hadn't seen us yet. I figured I had about two minutes. I pulled up the hem of my skirt and closed my eyes, softly moaning to myself. I could hardly believe I was showing my cunt to a stranger. Wild contractions pulsed around the Ben Wahs as I shuddered at the thought, a trickle of juice running down the inside of my thigh.
"Oh, man. That's pretty," surfer boy whispered.
"She has a pretty cunt," agreed Johan.
"Turn around. I want to see your ass." Surfer boy was catching on and I didn't think I could have felt more like a slut as I awkwardly turned around, bikini bottoms tight between my thighs. Knowing we could be discovered at any moment, I quickly placed my hands on the car door and stuck out my ass.
"You have a fuckin' *plug* in your ass?" he exclaimed, making me blush all over again. "Lenny and Aldo will never believe this!" With my eyes closed and my face burning, I felt him slap my ass softly, then pull my bikini into place, lifting the sides high on my hips "All done," he said, standing and watching me turn around and fix my skirt.
"Thank the man, Shannon," ordered Johan.
"Th... thank you," I whispered.
"My pleasure! You guys are freaky. Wait till I tell the others about this!"
With the beach bag and towels over his shoulder, Johan chuckled and took my elbow. "C'mon, babe. Let's go for a swim. Bye! And thanks!"
I couldn't believe what I'd just done. I was busy with amazed thoughts and was sucking in deep breaths of air when we almost bumped into the other two surfer guys. They rounded surfer boy's car just as we were leaving and Johan had to guide me around them. I smiled at how close they went to getting an eyeful. My ears pricked as I heard them talking about me. "Dudes, you won't believe it. That chick had a plug up her ass, just like we were talking about last night!" surfer boy almost shouted with glee.
"No way."
"Which chick?"
"The one that was just here!"
"No way! She was a babe!"
"Man, you're on drugs."
Johan chuckled merrily, dragging me down to the beach. The excited voices faded and the sound of the sea rose in their place. The sand was warm and white and squeaked underfoot as we walked over the dune and down to our destination. Being a Monday it was pretty deserted. There were a few piles of towels abandoned by those swimming or surfing and a couple of families further up the

beach, but most of the people nearby were women, sun baking alone. One even had her top off while lying on her back, reading a book. As we walked past, I wondered how she could do that so brazenly. I'd never done *anything* like that before. Not even in the backyard! I'd always been too bashful. "You better stop staring," Johan whispered.
"Huh?"
"At her tits. Can't you stop looking? Are you imagining sucking them?"
"Johan!" I cried, punching him in the shoulder and glancing back at her. "You're bad." She *did* have nice tits though.
"You're worse."
I blushed all over again. The Ben Wahs were slipping and clicking inside me with every step. It's hard to walk on sand without exaggerating one's hip swivel. 'Perfect for Ben Wahs, ' Johan would have said. I clenched around them and was deliciously reminded of the plug in my ass. When I took off my clothes, the plug would be obvious to anyone who looked. I had a thong on for goodness sake. Trembling nervously, I said, "A... Anyway, I was not staring."
"If you say so. Okay, here is good. Lay out the towels. Don't bend your knees."
Johan dropped the beach bag in front of me and it fell on its side. Then he threw the towels on top of it and nonchalantly looked out to sea, like nothing was unusual. I just stared down the towels, open-mouthed.
I shook my head and shrugged, suddenly thinking this was fun. Bending over at the waist, I picked up the towels and righted the bag. I folded one towel over my forearm, poking my tongue at Johan playfully as I laid out the other one. Straightening them, I moved from one end to the other, bending over each time, like a complete show-off. I actually took my time, making sure anyone who happened to look had a good view of my ass.
"Slut," Johan said, grinning.
"I can't believe I'm actually doing this."
"Your skirt is caught on the plug too."
"Oh, God."
Quickly flipping it free, I sat on my towel, and winced as the plug pushed deeper. My skin was tingling all over and my poor clit pulsed as I took deep breaths, trying to calm down. Johan stood over me, peeling his t-shirt over his head and throwing it to me. Folding it like I always did, I realised I was squeezing my thighs together, crushing my clit. "Take your clothes off. I want to see that bikini."
I bit my lip. "In a minute? Please baby?"
"All right. But just a minute."
I looked around again. The closest people were two guys busy towelling off after surfing. It looked like they were getting ready to leave. I started to rock back and forth on my ass as I watched them. Glancing around, I noticed no one was really looking at me. They were all in their own worlds, enjoying the heat and the sun and the sound of the waves. Maybe they wouldn't even notice if I was just in my bikini. Maybe it would be like I was invisible or something. "Ugh," I groaned.
Closing my eyes and gathering myself, I thought about things. *Why did I ever tell him know about all*

this stuff? Well, you did ask him to do it, I answered myself. *Yeah, but I never thought it would be so intimate. And so humiliating. Oh stop it, feel your cunt. You love it!*
I ran my fingers over my pussy under my skirt. My bikini bottoms were soaked through. "Mmmmm..."
"You can't fucking wait, can you?"
I bolted upright in utter dismay, almost hyperventilating and feeling my sunglasses go flying. Had I really just touched myself, right here on the beach? In front of everyone? Desperately I searched for and found my sunglasses, fumbling as I tried to put them on my head. At least with them on I felt a *little* anonymous. I pulled my knees to my chest and wrapped my arms around them. Looking around again, I hoped no one had noticed how nervous I was. Just as I was catching my breath, Johan fell to his knees on his towel beside me. "Turn and face me. Put your hands down behind you and lean back on them. Spread your legs either side of mine and I'll take your sandals off for you."
"O... okay." I moved around to face him and spread my legs like he had asked. Glancing sideways, I realised my topless friend was looking right at me. I mean, she also wore sunglasses and she was laying on her front so she might have been asleep, but if she *was* awake, she'd be looking right up my skirt.
Johan chuckled. The bastard! He knew!
Before I could say anything, he lifted my foot and took off my sandal. He put my foot back down so my legs were spread even wider. I trembled. God, she would be getting such a view. I hoped she was awake! Was she smiling? I felt a new tide of wetness seep between the lips of my clenching pussy. God, if they weren't transparent before, they sure would be now! I blushed scarlet. "You're showing her your cunt, aren't you?"
"Y... yes."
"Do you like it?"
"Y... yes."
"You're a hot girl putting on a show, aren't you?"
"Yes," I trembled again. "H... Hot."
Without warning, Johan's fingers and thumbs bit into my nipples and shook my breasts. He released them again so fast I wasn't sure it even happened. They burned and surged, thick and pointed under my tank top, shooting sparks of pleasure across my skin. "Ohhhh..."
"What, dirty girl?"
"Please... no, baby... don't... Ohhhh!!" He gripped my nipples and shook my tits *again*. I had to bite my bottom lip so as not to cry out. Thankfully in an instant he let go, but my respite was short lived. He reached between my legs without ceremony and pinched my clit, holding it right through my bikini. I screwed my eyes shut and tried not to moan aloud. He let go just as quickly, telling me to stand up and take off my clothes. I was in a pre-orgasmic daze as I climbed to my feet, and could barely see three feet in front of me. The hissing in my ears was becoming deafening and I was beyond caring whether people were watching me or not!
Johan sat cross-legged in front of me with a nice big bulge in his surf shorts. Smiling at him with heavy-lidded eyes, I reached up, slipping the tank top over my head and tossing it on the towel in

front of me. Automatically I reached to make sure my bikini top was on properly. "I'll do it," said Johan, jumping to his feet.
My arms dropped to my sides as Johan stood and adjusting the fabric, his fingertips brushing over my swollen nipples intentionally. Holding my breath, I looked around and apart from the topless girl, only the two surfer guys were watching me. They looked like they were ready to leave, but it was clear they weren't going anywhere while I was on show. I swallowed and turned back to Johan, glancing down and checking my breasts were covered. Johan had actually narrowed the strips of fabric and both breasts were bulging out the sides.
"Take off your fucking skirt."
"Please, baby..."
"Please what?"
"P... Please... D... Do it for me..."
"You can do it."
"I c... can't."
He stepped in closely, reaching behind me and drawing down the zipper. I tried to help him out, to ease the skirt over my hips but it fell from my trembling grasp into a pool of white cotton around my feet. Johan held my hand and I stepped out of them. "Run your fingers through your hair. Arch your back." I did and it felt wonderful. "You are so beautiful."
"You know," I whispered. "I feel beautiful."
"C'mon, let's swim."
Johan stood and I threaded my arm through his, leaning against him. As we set off for the water with my hips swaying, I hoped the cool water would do me good. I was hot!
Once I was in the water, I wasn't so sure. It was cool and refreshing all right, but it screwed my nipples into tight little balls and my asshole contracted around the plug. My pussy was so hot the cold water didn't even make an impression, apart from hardening my clit even further. Johan cuddled me and caressed my ass before kissing me and swimming away under a wave. Another time he his fingers over my searing pussy before swimming away again. Over and over he teased me, relentlessly. I was giggling and tried to get away from him each time. Eventually he grew tired of the game and dragged my bikini bottoms down my legs and off me. Whooping, and held them aloft and cried, "Just can't keep them on, can you?"
"Give them back!"
"No!"
"Johannnnn!" I swam back to him and kissed him softly, wrapping my arms around him and pressing my tingling skin against his. "Please, baby. I can't get out without them. I know they're practically see-through, but I just couldn't go without them."
Johan just smiled and said okay. "But on one condition."
"Name it."
"Wear only your bikini all the way to the car."
I can do that. "I'll do it."

He handed me my thong and I was trying to pull them on while Johan took me by the arm and started dragging me toward the beach. They got hooked on the butt plug and Johan was being so rough that I kept stumbling and couldn't fix them. In moments I was hauled out of the water and I stood before him, dripping wet and hurriedly readjusting my bikini bottoms and checking that the plug was in flush. I quickly looked around and three or four faces were turned our way, but I couldn't tell if they were paying attention.

That was when I blushed harder than ever.

"What?" Johan asked, noticing.

"I just made sure the plug was right in."

"You pressed it in?"

"Yes!" I squealed and started running for our towels, giggling. Johan was on me in a flash and tackled me to the ground. I thudded into the soft sand and came up with a mouthful. I had white sand stuck all down my front. I turned over and brushed some off my stomach. "That was mean!"

"I didn't say you could run." He shrugged and stood, then scooped me up effortlessly and carried me back down to the surf and tossed me in. I turned over and dove through a wave, washing off the sand. Johan dove after me and came up beside me and kissed my nose. "Now, are you ready? I'd like a drink after this, fancy a vodka?"

"Mmmmm... *Now* you're talking." I slipped my arms around him again and kissed him softly.

"I love you, baby," he said, kissing me harder. I melted into him and felt him pick me up again. He carried me out this time, water dripping from our glistening bodies. He put me on my feet and took my hand, leading me up the beach. As we reached the dry sand, I looked ahead and noticed everyone in our vicinity was watching us. I blushed and looked down, noticing my nipples pressing out against the fabric, dark and clear as day.

"God, this bikini is more like lingerie than swimwear," I mused. I didn't *dare* take a look at my bikini bottoms. *I might faint if I do*, I thought, giggling.

"What is it, now?" Johan asked.

"Everyone's *watching*," I whispered in reply.

Johan looked ahead too, and I wondered if he saw the topless girl brushing her fingers between her legs. I trembled at the thought that the sight of my body aroused her. I looked over at the two surfer guys and they had big grins on their faces. One of them sported a huge hard-on and was scratching it subconsciously with an errant finger. I wasn't sure if he knew I saw. In fact, I could hardly think beyond what I saw. I felt so naked and exposed and pointlessly clothed, and yet strangely safe with Johan by my side. The Ben Wahs clicked as I walked and only stopped when I picked up my towel, shook it and wrapped it around me.

"What are you doing?" asked Johan, rubbing himself down and pulling on his t-shirt.

"Getting dry." It wasn't true. I just wanted to cover up for a minute. Just till everyone stopped staring.

"When you are done, give me the towel." It only took a moment before I handed it to him. "Turn around."

I was facing the surfers. Johan proceeded to vigorously rub me down, yet he was careful not to dry

my bikini. He had me lean forward a little while he dried my legs. The surfers were goggle-eyed and staring unashamedly. I looked over my shoulder and felt Johan twist the plug. I moaned a little and glanced at my topless friend. She was looking right at me, leaning on her elbow while her other hand had two fingers under the edge of her bikini, stroking her cunt. She stoped, reaching up and lifting her sunglasses to gaze into my eyes. Amazingly, she slipped her fingers into her mouth and sucked them.

Moaning softly, I licked my lips and turned back to the surfer guys. The one with the big hard-on was now squeezing his cock through his pants. A big wet stain crept out across the fabric and he turned beet red.

Oh, my God, I thought. *He came in his pants*. I giggled as Johan straightened me up and from the corner of my eye I watched as the young guy got his gear together and scrambled away in the direction of the car park. His friend was right behind him asking, "Dude, what's wrong?"

My pussy was tingling, contracting uncontrollably around the Ben Wahs every twenty seconds or so. My mouth was dry as Johan took my hand. "Your sandals are in front of you. Slip them on."

Without even thinking I did as he said, picking up our stuff and walking back up to the car park with him, holding his hand. It was of surreal and kind of dreamy. The hiss in my ears was a dull background hum and I was amazed I'd managed to do what I'd done. My slick pussy lips slipped back and forth against each other as I walked, and the click, click, click of the Ben Wahs was relentless. But I was exhilarated!

We had to do this again sometime. Maybe I would get to flash someone. Actually deliberately flash my cunt at a stranger. I'd like to try that. A fresh rush of adrenaline ran through me. *Could I do that?* I wondered. I could feel my nipples crinkling again. I was feeling good and I smiled broadly. We approached the Mustang and we were almost there. I'd done it! I'd actually worn my see-through bikini to the beach, and I hadn't been arrested!

Johan walked with me up to the passenger side of the car and tossed our things in the back seat. I was away with the fairies. Shaking the salt out of my drying hair, I ran my fingers through it and brushed bits of sand from my tingling skin. There were only three other cars left in the car park. Johan stepped in close to me, wrapping his arms gently around me. I smiled as he held me, his warmth spreading through me. As my arms encircled him and my hands caressed up his muscular back, I became acutely aware of his hardening cock against my tummy and my body melted.

"Mmmmmm..." I moaned softly, closing my eyes and clenching the Ben Wahs all over again.

He was holding my clothes in one of his hands, using them to brush any sand that might have clung to my back. His other hand caressed downward to my ass and rested on it gently. Softly squeezing, he leaned into my ear and the feel of his breath made the fine hairs on the back of my neck stand up. I could feel my nipples pressing against his chest. God, they ached!

"Take off the bikini." I felt a swift tremble run through my body and my legs felt weak. I needed to sit down. Somehow reading my mind, Johan's hand on my ass tightened and took some of my weight. I wrapped a leg around his thigh, crushing my wet pussy against it and moaning aloud into his sparse blonde chest hair.

"Ohhh..."
He licked my ear and continued. "I want you to take off your bikini. Hang it over the mirror again, both pieces."
I leaned back and looked up into his clear blue eyes. I felt like I was drunk with pleasure. I was very slowly rolling my hips, caressing my pussy against his thigh. I swallowed. Then suddenly I was standing there alone. Johan had taken a step back from me and was leaning against the car, my clothes in his fist, waiting. I only hesitated a moment before I untied my top and was sliding the bottoms over my hips and down my smooth legs. The feelings were all crashing into each other and all I could do was giggle as I stood up with my bikini in my hands, completely naked.
Then the spell broke and a panic raced through me. I looked around, biting my lip. Wasting no time, I leaned over the door to hang my bottoms and tie the top to the car's mirror. As I did so, Johan ran his fingers up the inside of my thigh and wiggled the plug in my ass again.
I gasped. "Oooo..."
He smacked my ass lightly and pressed his other hand into the small of my back, pinning me. He leaned down again, kissed my shoulder and spoke quietly. "My dirty girl needs a few quick smacks."
He leaned back up again and before I knew it, a firm, rapid-fire *smack smack smack* rained down on each of my cheeks. It completely took my breath away and I could hardly think. The warmth quickly spread over my ass and my hard little clit tingled. "Ohhhh, Jesus..." I moaned. Johan let me up and handed my clothes to me. I took them and put them on like I was in a trance, buzzing. I felt like I could do anything, and yet in moments I was standing there, fully clothed like nothing had happened. I was pretty sure no one had seen a thing!
I jumped into the car giggling and was brought right back down the earth. My breasts bounced a lot and my nipples ached as they dragged up and down under the material of my tank top. Not only that, but I had a sharp reminder of the toy in my ass and gritted my teeth, pressing my hand down onto the seat and lifting a hip. That plug was starting to get annoying. But that wasn't the worst of it. The worst was yet to come.
"How about that drink?" Johan asked. "I feel like a beer." I didn't get a chance to respond before he continued. "We'll go down to Ernie's."
We swung out of the parking lot and sped down the road, wind whipping my hair. I seemed to remember reading somewhere that Ernie's was a strip club. Silently I clasped my hands together, burying them between my legs and pressing the heels of my palms into my pussy. Tightening my thighs around them, it felt wonderful and tingles surged out, spreading down both arms and legs, raising goose bumps all over my skin. I looked down and my breasts were pushed together and the edge of a nipple was sticking out. I slumped in the leather seat, resting my head back against it as I sighed. I hoped there wouldn't be too many people there, it was only just after midday.
Looking down at my throbbing nipples, I shivered, wondering, *God, what will they think of me?*