**Luciana, The Entry Ticket**

by Llorna

*A favorite artist is on, and only Luciana can get them in.*

"Really feels good, the positive balance," said Lance, grinning. "I've cleared all my credit card dues and still have money in my account. Never happened!"

"Yeah, new experience," said Amee. Our team had handled a product launch with higher incentives, and our Branch Head had doubled it later. Everyone in my team had received the credit two days ago.

"Well, be wise," I said. "Don't waste your money on silly stuff."

"Don't worry, boss," said Drake. "We won't be putting it in savings plans or investing it. We'll use it all for boozing and clubbing."

"Yep, you don't have to worry about us at all," said Winona, grinning as I facepalmed. "One good shopping spree, and it'll be history. What're you planning with your managerial loot?"

"Mmm, I was planning to visit Emi in Miami." My brother, Emiliano, was a freshman there and had invited me for the long weekend. "But it fell through. His professor dumped some work on him."

"Ooh, Miami!" Winona exclaimed. "Sunny skies and sand and warm sea. Would have been nice!"

"Want to go? I asked, smiling. "Emi and I booked two rooms at a resort in Naples. We're not getting much of a refund. You can have them."

"Wow!" said Lance. "What an offer, Winona. Pack Brett and take off!"

"Let's all go!" said Amee. "Since we didn't make it to the Bahamas."

A trip to the Bahamas had been the incentive for meeting the launch target, but we had fallen short. I looked around at my team. "Seriously? Flights aren't too expensive right now. And it's not the Bahamas, but Florida can be great too."

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"I don't believe it." Amee was ahead of me in the security queue. "This plan really worked out!"

"Well, we already had two rooms booked," I said. "The resort had two more rooms available. We're all going to enjoy a four-day holiday."

"Miami, here we come!" Lance had a huge smile plastered on his face. "Has anyone been there before?"

I nodded. "I visited Emi at Thanksgiving. He and his roommates showed me around. It's an exciting place."

"I bet!" Amee rubbed her hands. Then, dropping her voice, "How'd you get Brad to join us?"

"He asked me out for a drink last week." Bradley and I had worked in the same team for two years and gone out a few times. Then I got promoted to manager, and he had abruptly stopped asking me out.

"Finally," said Amy, clapping her hands delightedly. "His place or yours?"

"Huh?" I said. "No, we went to that bar round the corner from our office. It's not too noisy, and we both like it."

"So, then?" Amee put her phone and belt into a tray for the scanner. "You invited him for this trip?"

"I wanted to, but I thought this trip was for our team, so I didn't." I got a long look from Amee. At work, I was her manager. In personal matters, she sometimes treated me as a feeble-minded child. "But Brett invited Brad. It's my guess Winona put him up to it."

As a new manager, I had a small team consisting of Amee, Drake, Lance, and Winona. Brett wasn't on my team; he worked in the IT department of our company. He was Winona's boyfriend and shared a flat with her.

I was spared a dressing down from Amee as she stepped into the cubicle and took position for the scanning. After my own scan, I joined her and the rest of our group.

I looked with pleasure at Bradley as he hefted my carry-on bag and his own. At six feet, he was about seven inches taller than me and had the broad shoulders that go with being a competitive swimmer. He kept his blond hair trimmed short and was always immaculately turned out, one of the things that had attracted me to him.

"So we have Brett to thank for Bradley joining us?" Amee asked Winona as we three found seats near our gate. The guys had wandered off towards the bar and restaurant area. "What made him think of it?"

"Brad was cribbing to us at lunch one day. He wanted to take Luciana out, and she had turned him down, saying she was going to Miami with us." Winona grinned. "I had to kick Brett under the table about four times before he got the idea and invited Brad to join us."

"Umm, that's all very well, and thanks," I said. "Brett and you will share a room, of course, and Lance and Drake will share one."

"Okay," cut in Amee. "I know you and I were going to share a room, but that's all off now. I'm going to enjoy having a room to myself."

"Brad and I haven't reached that stage yet, Amee." I realized she expected me to share a room with Bradley. I rubbed my nose, feeling my friends were moving up the gears of my love life too quickly. "Can we share a room to start with and then see how things go?"

"No, I'll be stuck with you all vacation." Amee was inflexible. She reached out as Lance returned, holding cans of beer between his arms and chest. "You share with Brad and let me enjoy having a room to myself."

"But Brad may not want to share a room," I argued. I accepted a can from Lance. "It's not like I'm some hot chick he finds irresistible."

"Excuse me," said Lance. "After the Success Party, we know exactly how furnace-level hot you are."

I felt the heat rising in my face and throat and felt grateful for being dark-skinned. Our company had held a party a month ago, and I'd had to strip halfway through it because of a lost wager. I'd spent over an hour naked, and almost everyone in the office had been there.

"She's blushing." Winona giggled. "But Lance is right. Nothing that breathes is going to say no to sharing a room with you. And Brad has it bad for you. Just do it, Luciana. We're on holiday and far from home."

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It was late evening when we landed in Miami and drove to Naples. The front desk checked us in smoothly, and we all had our keycards within minutes. I was nervous as Brad closed the door behind the bellboy.

"Thanks for inviting me on your team's trip, Anna," said Brad, sitting down and pulling off his shoes. "They're a fun bunch, and I'm really looking forward to four days with you."

I grinned at him. "That's sweet of you, Brad." Moving to his chair, I climbed up onto his lap and turned my face to him. He was surprised but met my open lips with his. He held my waist as I held his head and pushed my tongue into his mouth.

Brad smelt faintly of an after-shave as I moved my head back to take a few deep breaths. Then I attacked his mouth again. His lips were firm, and I enjoyed mashing them against his teeth with mine. I moved my legs to straddle him and held his head as our kiss went on. His hands on my waist felt so good...

Brad got into the kiss and tightened his grip. I leaned back, letting him hold my weight. He leaned forward as his tongue flickered around mine, and my breathing became irregular. I felt his hands find the hem of my top and raise it.

"Let's not keep the others waiting," I suggested. "They'll all be wanting to go to dinner. Shall I shower first?"

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"I wish we could have stayed a day in Miami and looked around," said Drake. He reached out and served himself. "Would have been fun, I guess."

"We should plan a trip just to Miami next time," said Bradley. He put his arm around me and pulled me closer. "We'll just leave the planning to Anna. She makes things happen."

"Luciana does that all right." Drake looked at me, and I looked back at him and then at the others. I was ridiculously pleased to find that their looks held mainly affection, though I was their manager. Brett wasn't on my team, but his girlfriend was, and he seemed happy with me, too.

"This trip happened because my plan fell through," I said, laughing. "Emi and I had booked rooms, and we couldn't get a refund. I can't take credit for planning this trip."

"Is Emi going to graduate this year?" Amee asked, pouring herself another glass of wine.

"No, no, he's a freshman." I stopped her from topping up my glass. "A long way to go."

"Ah, so he's much younger?" Drake asked.

"He's 23, six years younger than me," I answered. "He got a job after high school, but he always wanted a college degree. When I got promoted, I told him to go ahead and apply to colleges." I felt a hand on my thigh under the tablecloth and smiled at Bradley, sitting next to me. "His roommates are all eighteen or nineteen -- just out of school."

Conversation at our table flowed easily. The server was attentive, and the food was good. I kept to my usual limit of two glasses of wine, knowing what it did to me. I noticed that Bradley was also sipping his wine very slowly and preventing the server from topping his glass off.

"I think we'll crash now, people," said Winona after a while. "Been a long day, and all that wine's making me sleepy." Holding Brett's hand, she left our table.

"I guess we'll retire, too," I said, looking at Bradley. He nodded, got to his feet, and moved my chair back. "See you all tomorrow at breakfast."

Bradley opened our door and stood aside to let me enter. Closing the door, he turned to me and put his hands on the wall on either side of me. He leaned in to kiss me, and I kissed back. His hands moved to encircle my body, and I delighted in his strength as he pulled me into himself.

I put my arms around his neck, glad I was wearing three-inch heels. He turned his face to me and kissed me again before moving his lips down my chin to my chin and then neck. My nerves were tingling from his gentle touch as he bent at the knees to explore the hollow of my throat with his tongue. I felt him lifting my top and held his hands.

"Brad," I whispered. "The drapes."

"What about them?" Bradley kissed my throat, almost making me forget what I was saying.

"They're open!" I got out, struggling to speak. "Everyone in the rooms opposite can see us."

"But those rooms are pretty far away." Bradley didn't want to stop what he was doing.

"Not so far," I said. "Please? It'll only take a minute."

As he moved to the drapes to close them, I found the switches and turned off all the lights in the room. There was just enough light filtering through the curtains for me to make out his silhouette.

I flowed into his arms as he approached. He stumbled because he couldn't see me coming at him, but recovered and put his arms around me. I felt his strong shoulders and solid chest as he gently pulled me into himself.

Not wanting him to sense my nervousness, I went on the offensive. Brad raised his hands as I lifted his tee, helping me to remove it. He unbuttoned his jeans as I sat on the bed and pulled them down along with his briefs. Working by feel, I found his dick and put my hand around it.

"No fair," he complained softly, tugging at my top. I stood up and took it off as he slid my skirt down my hips. Hooking my hands into my panties, I dropped them and fell back on the bed. Brad took a sharp breath as I grasped his dick again.

I felt it swell and become hard in my hand as I used my other to hold his scrotum. His balls were heavy, and I enjoyed their weight in my palm as I stroked his dick. Brad reached down and put his hands on my breasts, making me pause for a moment.

I bent and kissed his dick head, and he gasped in anticipation. Dropping his balls, I put my arm around his hips and brought him closer. Opening my lips, I took his cock head and half his shaft into my mouth.

Bradley seemed to have a normal-sized cock, to my relief. I wasn't a virgin, but my sexual experience was limited. I'd avoided the ignominy of graduating from college with an intact hymen, but only just. After that, I'd dated several guys, but Brad was the first one with whom I felt a connection. The first one, after college, with whom I was doing this. I'd graduated seven years ago.

His dick in my mouth felt warm and I swirled my tongue over it. Brad ran his hands over my long hair as I moved my lips back and forth on his steel-hard organ. I could feel the engorged veins with my mouth.

"Anna?" Bad said softly. "Can we move onto the bed?" He held my arms and I stood, releasing him from my mouth. His strong arms felt good as they went around my hips. He straightened, holding me, and spun us around as I held his head and smiled in the dark. Suddenly I found myself flung onto the bed and bounced on the soft mattress.

"I've wanted this for a long time, Anna," Brad whispered, as his hands held my toes, one by one. Slowly, his fingers moved to my ankles, then my calves, as I ran my fingers through his hair. "It's so dark. I can't see you."

"The sun will rise," I said, pulling his head down to kiss him. His lips felt awesome as I nibbled them with my lips. "For now, let's have fun in the dark."

Brad went back to exploring my body. His hands ran up my calves to my knees and then slid up my thighs. As he reached my pussy, I felt my breath catch in my throat. No one but myself had touched me down there in years, and the feeling was overpowering. I moaned as he stroked my labia, running two fingers up one and down the other.

I almost went crazy as he separated my pussy lips and felt for my clit. As his thumb brushed it, I gasped and clutched his hair, making him gasp in pain.

"Sorry," I managed to say, as his thumb drove me mad by pushing my clit from side to side. "I didn't mean to pull your hair." He laughed softly and inserted his finger between my slippery lips. Holding my clit between thumb and finger, he tugged gently as I arched my back and tried to hold back a scream. My whole body was on fire and I thrashed my legs, forcing Brad to release his grip and remove his hand from my pussy.

In the dim light, I saw him lower his face to my belly. His mouth made a circle of light kisses around my belly button and then moved upwards. As he reached the underside of one boob, I gasped again. His mouth went around my small boob, kissing it gently in a spiral that led to my nipple. Already firm from the time he stripped me, I felt it become longer and achingly hard as he opened his lips and took it in.

"Your nipples feel lovely, Anna," he breathed, holding both of them in his fingers. "So hard, and such a beautiful tapering shape. Let's have a light on."

"No!" The word came from me before I could control myself. I felt Bradley sit up straight and shake his big head. "I mean, we can do that later."

"You're not really into this, are you?" he asked. "You're pretty resistant about everything."

"Of course I'm not." I protested, reaching out to find his hand. "I'm looking forward to it." I realized how formal and stilted the words were.

"I realize your friends have bulldozed you into this, Anna," said Bradley. He rolled over again and sat on the edge of the bed. "But I won't push you for anything you don't want."

"Brad, no. Brad, I want you!" I almost cried then. Reaching out, I held his arm, terrified he'd leave. "I've wanted you for a long time, Brad. When you stopped asking me out, I thought of going to Herbert and getting my promotion reversed."

I felt Bradley stiffen as I babbled on. "I know I'm not good in bed, but I'll learn. Stay with me, Brad." I sat up myself, holding on to him.

"I'm not going anywhere, Anna," he said, and I reveled in his gentleness. "I just wanted to be sure I was welcome."

He pushed me back on my back, and his hand found my breast. I nibbled at his earlobe as he ran a finger around my nipple before gripping it and stretching it. His other hand landed on my belly and slid between my thighs.

My whole body went rigid as he found my clit again. His thumb pressed it gently as his fingers probed for the opening to my honeypot. I cried out as he slid a finger into me and buried it to the hilt.

"You... you're driving me nuts, Brad," I whimpered. "Just do me now. Don't make me wait."

"Umm, if you say so." Bradley leaned down and kissed me, a deep passionate kiss that curled my toes and threatened to stop my respiration. "Yours to command, Anna."

He rolled over and loomed over me, elbows extended. I reached down and held his fabulous love tool, enjoying its throbbing. As he lowered himself, I guided him into me. Though he'd looked normal, I suddenly felt him stretching my pussy as he entered.

"Please stop, Brad," I almost shrieked. "You're so big! Give me a minute."

"As long as you like, Anna," Brad said. "We have all the time in the world."

"Go on, then," I said, putting my hands on his waist. "Slowly, please."

"Am I hurting you?" Brad sounded concerned. "We can stop and try another day."

"If you pull out of me now," I declared, "you won't see another day. I just needed a moment, Brad. Go now!"

And he did. Dipped his love tool into me halfway and pulled out, and then lowered himself again. With each stroke, I was able to accept more and more of him. By the time two minutes had passed, he was able to put his whole length into me.

I was biting my lip to prevent myself from whimpering. But as he moved unhurriedly in and out of me, I felt the difference. My pussy switched from sending pain signals to flooding my senses with pleasure. I felt trickles of fluid leaking out around his dick and hoped I wouldn't make the bed linen unusable.

Bradley accelerated as I moaned and raised my face to kiss his lips. His weight was on his hands as he moved his hips up and down above me, driving my pussy ever closer to the storm. As he lowered himself to his elbows and held my breasts, my body went over the edge.

My whole lower abdomen was on fire, and my orgasm flooded my senses. My mouth was open and speaking, but I could hear nothing. I knew Bradley was above me, but all I saw were flickering colors -- red, orange, green, and others I'd never seen before. My fingers held his waist cruelly as I was tossed around in the storm.

Minutes passed, and my orgasm waned. My breathing returned to normal, and I could see again. Bradley had paused with his dick buried deep, and his smile arrested my breathing again.

"Oh, Brad." Talking was still an effort. "That was glorious! Thank you for being so gentle with me."

He lowered his face and took possession of my lips. Words can be absolutely foolish at such moments, I realized. I spread my thighs a little and slapped his hips. He raised his head and smiled down at me before resuming his rhythm.

He was going full length in and out of me, and I could feel his balls hitting me below my pussy with each stroke. Brad was breathing heavily and I sensed he was about to burst. His strokes grew faster and more jerky and then he gave a deep groan. I felt hot liquid pump into me as he continued his long, deep strokes. His dick filled my pussy so completely that his cum got forced out with every stroke.

Bradley rolled off me and lay next to me, breathing deeply. I turned on my side and threw my leg over his tummy. Snuggling up to him, I buried my face in his neck and bit him gently. I held his softening cock and stroked it, feeling a trickle of cum on my hand. He smiled with his eyes closed, and we both fell asleep.

I woke sometime during the night to find my pussy lips being licked. In the dark, I ran my fingers through Bradley's hair and tried to pull him up, but he resisted, insisting on continuing what he was doing. I gave up and let my hands fall to my sides as he ran his tongue over my labia, from bottom to top, over and over again.

"Brad, come up here where I can kiss you," I whispered. His answer was to separate my labia and start licking the inner lips, driving me insane with desire. As his tongue flicked over my clit, I arched my back and squealed in pleasure. Bradley rubbed his tongue in circles around my clit, only occasionally letting it run over it.

My breath grew ragged as my pussy ignited. Hot liquid flowed out and ran down my thighs. I clamped my thighs on Brad's head, trapping him with his mouth at my pussy. And still, he managed to move his head up and down and his tongue from side to side, tormenting and pleasuring my most sensitive flesh.

Brad's tongue was a tool of the devil, inciting my clit and pussy lips to push me further down the path of insanity. I put a hand on my mouth to muffle the scream as I came. I felt red hot heat radiate from my clit and pussy and envelop every cell of my body. My muscles contracted, locking me in an arch with only my heels and head on the bed.

For long minutes my orgasm controlled me, making me insensate. I dimly became aware of Brad's strong hands on the small of my back, supporting me as my muscles relaxed. I came down from my sensory storm and collapsed, struggling to breathe.

"You're magnificently sensitive, Anna," Bradley whispered in my ear. "It's a delight to touch you or eat you."

"You're an expert, Brad," I said, giggling. "And I've had the two best orgasms of my life right on this bed."

"That sounds good, honey," said Bradley, cupping my breast. "And it gives me a lot of motivation."

"That sounds good for the rest of my holiday." I pushed my hand between us and found his semi-hard cock. "Mmmm, this feels so good. Is it time for breakfast yet?"

"It's just past midnight," Bradley said, laughing. He put his arm across my belly. "Close your eyes."

I thought I couldn't fall asleep with a man in the same bed, but I did that night for the second time. Bradley was a peaceful sleeper, I found. Didn't toss and turn during the night; in the morning, I found him in the same position, with his arm across me.

"Good morning," I said, coming out of the bathroom and finding him sitting up. "I hope you're well rested." He laughed and patted the bed near him.

"The sun has risen, but you're in a robe." His smile belied his complaining tone. "Did you sleep well?"

"Mmm, very well." I straddled him and leaned in for a kiss. "Though it's difficult with you nearby. Are you very hungry?"

"Yes, I'm looking forward to their breakfast buffet." Bradley put his hands on my waist as I rose on my knees. His hard cock touched my thighs.

"Then we'll make this a quickie," I said, lifting my robe enough to take him into my pussy. This time it wasn't as difficult for me, and I enveloped him easily. "Hold still, and let me drive."

I was feeling energetic after my shower and bounced on his lap as he held my hips. He pulled my robe apart and kissed my breasts whenever they came within range of his mouth. My 32B chest was firm and didn't flop around too much, but I was glad of the partial cover provided by the robe.

"Anna, Anna." Brad closed his eyes. "I'm going to come. Aahhhhh!" I felt his warmth flood me and mix with my own juices. It triggered off my own climax, and I wrapped my arms around his head and hung on as my body trembled and caught fire.

I climbed off him and collapsed on the bed. "Does your dick stay hard even after you come?" I put my hand around his manhood, sticky with his juice and mine.

"It'll go down in a couple of minutes." Bradley ran his hands through my hair, something I was coming to love. "If you don't come before or with me, there's a small grace period to get yourself off."

"I see." I spoke absently, enjoying the feel of him in my hand. "Mmmm, I'm glad you came along on this trip, Brad. How about you go for a shower while I get dressed here?"

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Amee was almost jumping up and down in her excitement. "What a stroke of luck! Damiel De Angelis is performing today right next to us. Who's coming with me?"

"All of us, of course," said Drake. "We do everything together. One for all and all for one and all that. And I swiped an airsickness bag from the plane."

Amee swung a fist at him, and he took it on the shoulder. "Stop being mean! Damiel has a voice, and he looks dreamy, too."

"Guys," said Winona. "This concert is in the property next to us, not in our resort." She looked at us and went on, "That's a nudist beach club."

"Umm, well," said Lance. "Is that a problem? I've been to a nudist beach. Those people do their thing and don't trouble others."

"Yeah, Lance boy," said Amee. "I bet you want to go."

"Who, me?" Lance protested. "Nah, I'm not into gawking at nudists. They believe in that lifestyle and its benefits."

"Yeah, there isn't anything sexual in nudism," affirmed Winona. "They do it for some health and other benefits. They actually frown at people indulging in sexual activity at nudist sites."

"Well, so we'll go?" Amee's enthusiasm was somewhat tempered, but we could see she desperately wanted to see her favorite performer.

"Of course, Amee," said Bradley. "I'm sure there'll be a lot of people like us there -- just interested in the concert. What time does it start?"

"Six in the evening, it says," said Drake, studying the poster. "We should go earlier to get a place near the stage."

"Sounds good!" Amee almost danced as she walked on with us. "I've never seen Damiel live. Can't hardly wait!"

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The concert was in a fenced part of the beach, obviously a privately owned property. Two guards stood near the guardhouse behind the gate. One of them stepped in front of the gate as we approached and pointed to a board near the entrance. We stopped and ran our eyes down the rules.

Be respectful

Remember sunscreen

No alcohol on the beach

At least one member of every group must check in clothes at Reception

"We just want to attend the concert and have dinner, maybe," said Brett. "Are you serious about this last rule?"

"We have to be." The guard ran his eyes over us. "We've had trouble with groups of people who aren't nudists but come just to gawk. And some weirdos come to shame the people who believe in nudism."

"So this keeps them out?" Amee asked.

"Pretty much," the guard answered. "The people who like to shout "slut" and "freak" at our people aren't going to go nude themselves."

I could see Amee was deeply disappointed as we walked to the open-air restaurant nearby. Amee loved live music concerts of all kinds, and Damiel De Angelis was one of her favorites. She was quiet as we ordered a drink and finger food. Winona and Brett made unsuccessful attempts to cheer her up.

I watched the activity at the entrance as more people turned up for the concert. A few groups were actual nudists; all of them got undressed and entered. I saw a few groups turn back, as we had. But some groups, faced with the rules, discussed it among themselves for a while. One or more of them shed their clothes so that all their friends could go in. Our situation was unusual, I realized. We were seven people who worked together.

"No, it's fine," Amee said, replying to something Drake had asked. "I'm sure he'll be performing near Arlington sometime. I'll grab the chance, then." Her tone was flat, making her dejection clear.

I signaled our server to get our check. "Let's try one more time," I said as Bradley produced his card. Amee looked at me curiously as I walked out swiftly and headed for the gate. I talked to the guard briefly, and he nodded toward the building set beyond the gate. I saw my colleagues walking towards me, looking puzzled.

The Reception was set up like a cloakroom, with lockers. I had to wait while a nudist couple undressed and deposited their clothes. They were obviously regulars, chatting with the woman behind the counter as they took off their clothes.

"Hi," the woman at the counter said. "I'm Dana. Are you a member?"

"Hi, Dana. No, we're staying at the resort next door," I said. "We want to attend the concert. The guard said one of us must deposit clothes."

"That's right," Dana said. "At least one person in a group or family should be nude during your stay at our beach club. How many people are you?"

"Seven, including myself," I said, steeling myself. I unbuttoned my shorts and pulled them down my hips. "Is that all right for a group?"

"Yes, it's okay," said Dana. She took my shorts and folded them as I lifted my shirt over my head. "I'll help you," she offered, and I turned around to let her unhook my bra. I hesitated a moment, then slid my panties off and put them on the counter with my phone and clutch. Taking off my flip-flops, I handed them to her.

I thought Dana would be blase about nude people at her counter, but she leaned forward and ran her eyes over me as I stood up, fully nude. I squirmed as she looked down at my belly. My pussy lips were thin and didn't meet each other; I knew she could see my clit. I had a thin strip of black hair above my pussy.

"You look wonderful," she said. "Welcome to our club!"

I didn't feel wonderful; I felt giddy. I held onto a chair back till the room stopped spinning. In a minute, I knew I would step out into a crowd of people, stark naked in daylight.

She handed me a form. "Just fill in your details while I put your things away safely."

She came back to the counter as I finished the form and took it from me. "You can all do your own thing inside, but you must all leave together. You can only operate the locker when all seven leave. Don't drink on the beach, and if you want to have sex, go to your room." She fastened a band around my wrist. "That's to get your clothes and things back. Have fun!"

I walked out and found my friends waiting at the gate. Their jaws dropped as I appeared, fully nude. "Are we good to go now?" I asked the guard.

"Yes, sure," he said, stepping aside to let my group enter. "Uh, ma'am. You can wear shoes if you like."

"I'm enjoying feeling my toes in the sand," I told him, smiling. "That's what we came here for, I guess."

"Well, okay," he said. "If you're going to the concert, you'll have no problem." I wondered what he meant, but all my friends had surrounded me by then.

"What are you doing?" asked Winona. "Why didn't you tell us?"

"Yeah, I didn't want this." Amee looked troubled. "The concert isn't that important."

"I just realized," I said, waving a hand. "That I could do this. You've all seen me naked before at the Success Party. Let's go."

"I'm not sure that makes any sense," said Bradley. "But I can see you're a good friend to have."

Amee put her hand around my waist. "I second that opinion." She looked at me. "I can't believe you're doing this."

"Not a big deal," I said, though I could feel my heart thumping fast. My toes curled as I saw all the guys running their eyes over my body. "There are plenty of other people naked here."

"Well, actually," Lance said, peering ahead. "The concert area doesn't have many nude people. It's all people like us, just interested in the music."

"Oh." My feet had slowed down. I saw a crowd of people in the enclosure created for the concert. I wasn't looking forward to being naked in such a crush. "Well, it can't be helped, I suppose."

"We could go down to the beach," Bradley suggested, looking at the situation ahead. "It won't be so crowded, and most people who came for the sun will be leaving." He put an arm around my shoulders, and we turned toward the beach.

"Yes, this group playing now is meh," said Amee. "Let's go to the beach till Damiel is on."

"Ow!" I cried out and jumped back. The sand was burning! I now realized why the guard had recommended keeping my flip-flops on. Bradley was looking at me in surprise. "It's hot. I can't walk on it."

"That cluster of palm trees will have cooler sand," said Lance, pointing. "But it's a long stretch of hot sand between."

"I'll go back to reception and get my flip-flops," I said, dreading the long walk back fully exposed.

"Or," said Winona, looking at Bradley. "Someone could give her a lift."

"Great idea." Bradley grinned at her, then at me. "Ready?"

He bent at the knees and put one strong arm under my knees and the other under my shoulders. Straightening, he started walking toward the clump of trees as our friends cheered and clapped. I turned my face to Bradley's shoulder, knowing every eye around would be on my naked body as I was carried along.

"She's so light," said Bradley. "Must be 90 pounds. I could carry her home."

"We could do a relay," said Lance. "Amee and Winona can lift 90 pounds, I guess."

"That's ridiculous," I said indignantly. "I was 116 pounds at my doctor's office in October. I'm not some malnourished waif."

Bradley lifted me up and down in his arms. "Hundred and sixteen, huh? Doesn't feel like it. Someone else wants to take a guess?"

"No!" I almost screamed and put my arms around his neck. "Please don't pass me around. You can put me down if you're tired."

"Of course, I won't pass you around," he said, and Amee and the others joined him in laughing. "I won't put you down either till we reach the cool sand."

"Hey, Brett," said Lance, pointing to Winona, who had taken her shoes off and was doing her best damsel in distress act. Brett laughed and went back to lift his girlfriend in his arms.

"First time here, huh?" A naked couple returning from the beach had stopped to talk to us, and Bradley came to a halt. "Leaving shoes at reception is the sign." They smiled, and we all laughed, acknowledging our inexperience.

"Yes, next time, she'll know better," said Bradley, grinning. "Her burnt soles will remind her."

"Yep, the sand gets really hot after noon," said the woman. She was in her early thirties and completely at ease talking to the seven of us while naked. "You won't be able to work on your tan now," she said to me.

"Yes, the sun's gone," I said as Bradley shifted me to a sitting posture in his arms. I wondered how strong he was. "But we're here mainly for the concert, so it's fine."

"Ah, you're not really nudists, then," her husband spoke for the first time. "You're naked just as the group's entry ticket."

I smiled back at him. "More or less. That's the requirement for attending the performance. We didn't want to miss it."

They nodded to us and moved on, and we moved to the cluster of palms. Lance removed one shoe and felt the sand, then nodded. Bradley put me down on my feet. Brett had lowered Winona a while ago, and she had put her shoes on.

Many of the people were leaving, I noticed. It was still light, but the sun had long set. Amee gestured to me, and I lowered myself to the sand. She directed the others to places around me.

I wasn't sure this was altogether desirable. They'd surrounded me, shielding me from the eyes of the other people on the beach. But I was now sitting naked at the center of a circle of my coworkers.

"So we'll go to the concert in a little while," Brett said. "Brad and you will head back to the resort?"

"No, that's not on." I shook my head. "All seven of us have to check out together. My phone is checked in, so call Brad."

"You'll have to stay here till we finish the concert?" Amee looked upset. "Damn! Wish I'd never seen that poster."

"Don't be silly, Amee," I said. "Brad's with me, and I'll have a good time. Don't finish with the concert, enjoy it. I'm fine. It's getting dark, too, so pretty soon, no one will see I'm naked."

"You're being sweet, Luciana," Amee said. "Something I'll always remember you for."

"This group's performance is ending," said Lance. "Pretty soon, Dammiel will begin his gig."

"Let's go, then," said Brett, and everyone but Brad and I got up. "We'll call you."

Left alone, Brad and I sat facing each other, trying to make conversation. The sun had long set, and most people who came for a day in the sun had left. Only a few couples and groups were scattered around us.

"This is incredible of you, Anna," Bradley said, looking at me. "I can hardly believe you did it."

I shrugged, trying to be nonchalant. "It's a nude beach. Dozens of people are naked here. No big deal." I lay down on the sand and smiled up at Bradley. "It was a bit awkward with my team around, but I'm enjoying myself now."

"Happy to hear that." Bradley shifted to sit next to me. He ran his finger down my arm till he reached my hand and held it. "I'm glad you included me in this trip, Anna."

"I wanted to," I confessed. "But I wouldn't have if Winona and Brett hadn't just done it." Winona had got Bradley on this trip, and Amee had seen to it that we shared a room. My love life was getting along with help from my friends.

"Uh, can I ask you something?" Bradley said after we'd been quiet a while. "You don't have to answer if you don't want to."

"Sure, ask," I said, looking down at myself. My small breasts were almost flat because I had my arms stretched out above my head. My dark brown nipples were feeling the ocean breeze but weren't yet at full hardness or length.

"Um, last night, you know." Bradley was strangely diffident. "I just wondered. Was it your first time?"

"Of course not!" I was shocked he should think I was a virgin at 29. "I had a boyfriend in college, and we did it all the time."

I saw the small grin on his face and wanted to kick myself. College had been seven years ago, and Bradley knew it. "All right, I know I'm not good in bed." I felt my eyes prickling, and my vision blurred with tears forming.

"No, no, I didn't mean that." Bradley was contrite at once. "You were incredible, Anna. You're so passionate, and you have a magnificent body." He squeezed my hand and leaned down to kiss the top of my head. "I just asked because you seemed to be in pain at first."

"I don't know." I freed my hand and put both hands behind my head, looking at the dark sky. "It wasn't my first time, but it's been a while."

"I'm sorry I made you feel bad." Bradley put his hand on my hip, and I looked at him. He looked so sorrowful that my heart melted. "I had a great time with you, Anna. I can hardly wait to get to our room again."

I grinned at him and blew him a kiss. He moved his hand from my belly and ran a finger around my navel, making me giggle. He looked around to check if anyone was watching us. There were only a few people on the beach now, and no one seemed to be close enough to see us in the dark.

"Brad," I breathed, "be careful." He moved his hand up to cover my breast, and my breath caught in my throat. Squeezing it gently, he leaned over me, and I opened my lips to kiss him. His hand massaged my boob as his mouth seemed to suck the breath out of me. My head spun as I realized I was kissing him naked on the beach.

And it didn't stop there. Bradley held my nipple between his thumb and finger and stretched it. I felt it grow hard and affect its twin. I looked around wildly, wondering how many people were watching Bradley enjoy my breasts. He was now holding both of them and crushing them alternately.

"Brad," I whispered. "Don't do this here. There are people all around."

"As long as you don't make too much noise," he said softly, "no one will come to know." He released one of my breasts and moved his hand down my flat belly. I wasn't ticklish, but I shivered in anticipation.

"Brad," I whispered. "That woman told me that if we wanted to have sex, we should go to our room. We shouldn't do it here."

"We're not having sex, sweetheart," Bradley said softly. His fingers were caressing my labia. My exposed clit felt his fingers as they passed up and down, making me shudder and jump on the sand. "I'm just exploring the wonders of your fabulous body. I can't wait till this silly concert ends."

His fingers separated my pussy lips and tried to enter my love cave. I was so nervous about being naked in public that I was completely dry, and he wasn't able to get his fingers in. He settled for rubbing my clit in circles, driving me crazy. I didn't want to do this on an open beach, but I was reluctant to obstruct Bradley.

His other hand rolled my hard nipple back and forth while he rubbed my clit gently but mercilessly. I felt my brain freeze as I realized that I was aroused in spite of being in a public place. Bradley felt the moisture oozing from my pussy and took advantage to get two fingers into it.

"Brad," I pleaded. "Please don't do this to me here." He shut me up by leaning down and kissing me.

"It's night, my love," he murmured into my ear. "Noone's close enough to see what I'm doing. As long as we're quiet, no one will guess. Just relax and let yourself go."

"Brad," I protested. "People sitting around us know I'm naked. They saw before it became dark. And they can see your arm and shoulder moving."

Bradley stopped but didn't take his fingers out of me. "I don't think so, Anna. Everyone's engaged with their own friends. No one's really interested in us." Without moving his arm, he twiddled his fingers inside my pussy, sending pleasure signals that threatened to neutralize good sense. "Is this okay? I'm not moving my arm."

"You're driving me crazy," I murmured. "But I'm loving it." I put my hand over his hand on my breast. I saw his teeth as he grinned in the dark.

Very slowly, he started his fingers moving in and out of me. I could see he was making an effort to keep his movements minimal and discreet. I turned my head from side to side and realized that visibility was very poor now. The lights on the concert stage were distant and didn't penetrate the cluster of trees we were in.

"I think you're right, Brad," I breathed. "It's dark enough to make us almost invisible."

"Told you!" Bradley increased the range of movement of his fingers, drawing them out almost completely from my pussy and then thrusting them in. "This just feels so awesome, Anna. You're completely naked here on the sand under the sky and stars, and I'm enjoying you. This is the most exciting thing I've ever done."

"I also, Brad," I murmured. Closing my eyes, I concentrated on the feelings he was sending me through my pussy. Every nerve ending inside me seemed aflame, and I could feel my fluids leaking out. The heat spread to my belly and thighs, and breathing became an effort.

Brad moved his other hand from breast to breast, squeezing and tickling, caressing and pinching. My entire body seemed to be on fire, and Brad continued to stoke the flames with his hands and fingers. My pussy was intolerably hot, making me squirm and writhe on the sand.

And still, Brad continued the torment. His fingers found the sensitive patch on the front wall of my vagina and rubbed it. I tried to control myself and utterly failed; my back arched, and I clawed the sand beneath me.

Brad's hand holding my breast trapped the nipple between two fingers. He squeezed, and my breast and nipples joined the conspiracy to destroy coherent thinking.

My clit suddenly clanged its own alarm. Brad's thumb had found it and was rubbing it side to side. My orgasm burst upon me, and I was glad Bradley released my breast and laid a warning finger on my lips.

I could feel his fingers and thumb slow their cruel stimulation. I knew it was night, but I saw bright flashes of light and heard thundering drums. I was sure my pussy was giving out fire and smoke as it sent fiery pleasure signals that overwhelmed all my senses.

I found myself lying in Brad's lap when I returned to my senses. I was curled up in a ball with my knees drawn up to my chest, trying to fit myself into his lap as he sat cross-legged in the sand. I stayed quiet with my face against his belly, enjoying the feel of his fingers running through my hair.

"You okay, Anna?" he whispered. "You held your breath, trying to remain quiet, and sort of passed out."

"I seem to have survived," I said, turning face up and stretching out my limbs. "And I'm feeling fine." I rolled off Bradley and rose to my knees, brushing the sand off my body. I looked around and held my breath. "Oh, God, I had an orgasm among all these people!"

"Easy, Anna," Bradley stood with me and put an arm around my shoulders, supporting me. "It's dark, and no one saw us."

"But it's such an indecent thing to do!" I turned around, expecting people to be looking and pointing at me. But the few people still on the beach were shrouded in darkness, and I could only make out their shapes dimly.

"If people can't see you, there's nothing improper, Anna," said Bradley cheerfully. "But you look like you could do with a drink."

"Yes, please," I said faintly. "It's been a shocking evening."

The air off the sea was cold now, but it was nothing to me with Bradley's arm around my shoulders. The sand that had burned my feet earlier was still a little warm, and I enjoyed its feel. The sound of the concert was louder here. Idly I wondered how much longer it would last.

"Uh, Anna," said Bradley as we reached the bar. "Will you be okay going in like this?" He lifted his hand, indicating my nakedness.

"I guess it'll be all right," I said. "This is a nudist club, so they're used to it."

"I was thinking of you, not them." Bradley grinned and held the door for me. I slipped through quickly, not wanting to draw attention. We found a small table and sat across it.

"What can I get you?" Bradley asked. "Red wine?"

"Yes, please," I said. "Are we having dinner here?"

"I was thinking, as soon as Amee and the others come, we'll go get your clothes," Brad said, and I nodded. "So then we have to leave this club area?"

"That's probably right," I said. "Once I get dressed, I'm no longer an entry ticket."

Bradley went off to get our drinks, and I sat back in my chair. Using a tissue, I tried to be discreet about cleaning my dried pussy juices. I hoped the rest of the group wouldn't notice anything when we got together again.

Placing a glass before me, Bradley held his as he returned to his chair. "I love your confidence right now, Anna."

"It's a faraway place, and only strangers around," I said, putting my hand on his. "And I'm with my boyfriend."

A big grin split Bradley's face. "That sounds really good, Anna." He raised his glass, and I picked mine up. Touching them lightly, we took the first sips.

"I'm actually getting used to this," I said, dismayed. "It's a nudist place, but still. I'm not a nudist."

Bradley opened his mouth to say something, then changed his mind. After a moment, he said, "You shouldn't worry, Anna. You did it for a good reason. And getting naked on a beach doesn't make you a bad person."

I stood up and leaned over the table to kiss him. Bradley moved our glasses to save them from my dangling breasts. I kept my eyes on Bradley, knowing people at tables around would be looking at me.

"I hope you like Mozzarella sticks," said Bradley as a server approached. "I was a little hungry."

"Hi, I'm Nolan." He placed a platter on our table as we smiled at him. "I hope you enjoy them." He turned to me. "Boss says your next drink is free whenever you come up to order it."

"Tell him thanks," I said, smiling at him. Nolan looked almost too young to be working. He took a lingering look at my breasts before turning to Bradley.

"We have a nice three-piece band. They'll begin after the concert ends," he said. "So I hope you people will stay."

"We'll probably go back to our resort," said Bradley. "But your place is really nice. Are all these people members?"

"Yep, almost all," Nolan said, looking around. "We get very few non-members. The rule about one nude person in every group, you know."

"This is strange, isn't it?" I'd been wondering. "You're a nudist club, but I don't see anyone naked here."

"Oh, our members like being nude on the beach when the sun's out. After dark, they all get dressed." Nolan ran his eyes over me again. "There was one nude guy at a table there, but they left. You're there, of course."

"Oh!" I was startled. "So, is your bar for members only?"

"Nothing like that.. You're most welcome," Nolan declared. "For your next order, I recommend our lobster sliders. They're our specialty.

He moved off to another table, and I served Bradley and myself. There was activity on the small stage in the corner -- the musicians setting up their equipment. I usually enjoyed live music and dancing, but I didn't see myself staying for it tonight.

"Drink up, Anna," said Bradley, interrupting my thoughts. "You can get your free drink before the concert finishes."

I shook my head. "I'll pass. The bar area is too busy." I took a sip and looked at Bradley. "I don't have a very strong head. I'll have my second at the resort with dinner."

"Cool." Bradley smiled at me and put his empty glass down. "I'll get another if you don't mind."

Alone, I took a large gulp from my glass. I hadn't let on to Bradley, but Nolan's revelation that I was the only naked person in the bar had shocked me. I hoped the outdoor concert would end soon. There was only a small amount left in my glass, and I finished it just as Bradley returned.

"The barman gave me a drink for you," he said, placing a glass before me. "Even though you didn't go to the bar for it."

"It's too soon for me," I grumbled but took a sip. "Thanks for bringing it, though."

Bradley's phone lit up with an incoming call, and he grabbed it. "Yeah, Brett... We're in the bar...Okay, we'll wait here...Yeah, we're ready to leave...See you."

"The concert is almost done," Bradley said, and I sank back in relief. "Shall I tell them to meet us at the gate? The guards can count us all out while you're inside the Reception, and you can get your things."

"That's thoughtful of you," I said, smiling at him. "But it doesn't matter now, does it? I was naked with them all for half an hour in daylight, so five minutes more at night will hardly do any harm."

Bradley leaned forward and picked up my glass. Holding it to my lips, he encouraged me to take a large sip. "We should finish our drinks before they turn up so we don't have to hang around."

I nodded and looked at him coquettishly over the rim of my glass. "In spite of all your consideration, Mr. Bradley, you're going to get screwed tonight."

Bradley grinned. "That sounds promising, Ms. Luciana. I'll hold you to it." He reached out and held my hand. "Have you ever used the F-word?"

"Of course! All the time. Who doesn't?" I looked at his hand on mine and felt a growing warmth in my lower regions.

"During college?" he asked teasingly. He pulled my hand, and I leaned forward, my breasts over the table.

"Ah, well, my parents were somewhat strict," I admitted. "Strong language would earn a reprimand, at the least. Emi gets ribbed by his friends, too."

"Ribs sounds good!" I heard Drake's voice and looked up to see our group. "But I didn't see them on the menu."

"Oh, hi," I said, crossing my hands over my chest. "Good concert?"

"Girls loved it." Lance jerked his thumb over his shoulder at Winona and Amee, making his own opinion of the performance clear. Amee grinned and nodded at me, mouthing a silent thank you.

"We looked at the menu outside," said Brett. "Seems pretty interesting and different from our resort. They have just one restaurant."

"Yeah, and it'll get tedious eating at the same place four nights in a row," said Winona. "How about we have dinner here tonight?"

"Yeah, some change will go down good," said Drake.

Bradley leaned forward to say something, and I raised a finger to his lips. I signaled to Nolan, and he was with us in a moment. "Can you move us to a larger table? We're seven."

Nolan rubbed his nose. "With the concert just ending, we're quite full. I can join another table to yours and get seats, but you'll be a bit squashed."

"That's all right." I spoke quickly, before Bradley could say anything. "And get us two platters of your world-famous lobster sliders while we order."

"Some drinks?" Nolan asked. "We have a special on Margharita pitcher."

"We'll take it!" Amee loved the sweet and sour drink, I knew. She sat next to me as Nolan arranged chairs around our expanded table. I found Brett on my other side. "Let's order quickly, Luciana. Then I'll come with you to get your clothes and phone."

"I was trying to say that." Bradley got a word in at last, and I grinned at his sour expression. "We need to all pass through the gate for Anna to get her things. As long as we're on their premises, she has to be naked."

Amee raised her hand to her mouth, eyes wide. "Oh, shit. I'm sorry, Luciana." She made frantic waves, trying to attract Nolan's attention. "Let's cancel and get going."

"I don't think so, Amee," I said, putting my arm around her. "It's kind of you, but I really don't mind now. If the rest of their food's like their mozzarella sticks, we're in for a treat."

"Are you sure? Dinner will take an hour, minimum," said Winona. Her boyfriend was sitting against my naked body, and I wondered if that was a factor in her concern.

"I'm sure, Winona." I grinned at her. "Everyone here is a stranger, and Brett is giving me good cover."

Brett blushed. I didn't see it, but Lance, sitting opposite him, did. He took great pleasure in pointing it out to all of us. Poor Brett squirmed and looked everywhere but at me.

"Want to trade seats with Brad, Brett? Your girlfriend might give you trouble after this." Drake gave Brett a way out.

"No, you don't." I grabbed Brett's arm and pulled him back to his seat as he tried to rise. "Your girlfriend trusts you, don't you, Winona? And me, of course." I fluttered my eyelashes at her as our table laughed.

Lance pointed a finger at me. "Who are you, and what have you done with Luciana?"

I sobered up a bit. "I'm still Luciana, but Luciana in vacation mode."

"And with two very quick glasses of wine inside her." Bradley seemed in good humor again. "That's normally her weekly ration."

"What do you all think of me?" I felt I had to protest. "I'm not some prudish teetotaller. I enjoy a good time as much as anyone. I'm having a great time here with you all."

"I hope so, love," said Amee, putting her left hand on my thigh. "And we're all having a great time because of you." She leaned over to brush her lips on mine. Her hand on my thigh crept higher, and I looked at her. She met my gaze and grinned.

"It's the same situation as our Success Party, isn't it?" Drake looked around the restaurant. "Luciana naked in a crowded restaurant. But the mood is so different!"

"Well, that was pretty much forced on Luciana." Lance sounded angry. "I guess all of us felt bad for her. Especially since most of the office behaved like jerks."

"To start with only, Lance," I said. "After I'd been naked for a while, most people were nice to me. Let's not remember that party, please."

"Yeah, that brought us all close." Winona always liked to see the bright side of everything. "And it's one of the reasons we're all in Florida instead of freezing in Arlington."

"Hear, hear"! Amee said and moved her hand further up my thigh. There was no tablecloth on the polished table, and Brett would see how close that hand was to my pussy in a minute. Amee lowered her voice. "Just making it a little interesting for you. Didn't Brad do the same on the beach?"

I felt my face and neck grow warm. "Please, Amee. Brett's right here."

"He can't hear us with that band playing. And he's too shy now to look in this direction." Amy gave me a wicked smile, and her hand reached my labia. I sat up straight, alarmed.

"Amee! What are you doing?" I tried to keep my voice low. "Your hand is on my, my..."

"On your pussy," Amee said calmly, making no effort to keep her voice down. "Calm down, Luciana. No one can hear us above the music, and no one is looking at us."

She was wrong about that, though. Nolan returned with a pitcher and grinned as he looked over our shoulders. Amee removed her hand from my pussy and raised a finger to her lips. Nolan smiled and nodded.

"Shall I pour for you all?" he asked. Receiving a nod from Bradley, he went around the table, filling our glasses. He stopped at my glass when I said no.

"Have it, Luciana," said Drake. "You don't have to drive yourself home tonight. It's just a short walk to your room."

"And Brad is willing and able to carry you home, if necessary," said Amee. Her hand had returned to its earlier place between my thighs. "He has demonstrated ability in that skill."

"I don't want to be carried out, thanks," I said, laughing, and allowed Nolan to fill my glass. "It's just that I'm not used to tequila."

Without any special effort, Amee's hand on my pussy was stimulating my exposed clit. I tried to move her hand, and she grinned at me and held firm. I didn't want to get into a struggle and attract attention.

"Have you decided, people?" Nolan was at our table, giving Amee and me knowing looks. He held up his tablet and entered our orders. "I expect to get you the lobster sliders in five minutes and your mains in thirty."

"That'll be very nice, Nolan." I spoke pleasantly, trying to keep my face and voice normal. "Yes, another pitcher after ten minutes, I think."

Amee leaned toward me. "I love it that your pussy lips don't cover your clit." I wished she would lower her voice, at least. She had fixed her hand on my pussy and was running her middle finger up and down my most sensitive flesh. I wrapped my hands around my glass, hoping it wasn't brittle.

Nolan appeared with two platters and proceeded to serve us. Bradley and I had shared a portion of mozzarella sticks, but the others were obviously hungry. Amee, too, concentrated on eating, to my relief.

The band was playing a series of peppy songs, and a few people had stepped onto the small dance floor. My feet started tapping, and I wished I could join them. I saw Bradley smiling at me and knew he'd guessed my thoughts. On our earlier dates, we'd enjoyed dancing.

"... and Damiel was absolutely in top form tonight," I heard Winona say as the band paused. "He sang mostly his newer numbers, though. Not the favorites."

"I guess all artists want to promote their newest work." Amee smiled at me, and her hand landed on my pussy again. "But I wish he'd taken requests." Her fingers started a slow, maddening movement on my labia.

"The earlier band was pretty good, I heard," said Drake. "But we were on the beach, then."

"Sounded pretty ordinary," said Winona, shrugging. "We heard them while we were walking to the beach. I'm glad we got the chance to see Damiel live."

"Amee," I said softly. "Please stop. I'm close to climaxing. I have to work with all of you again."

Amee tittered. "Can you be absolutely quiet when you come? No? Well, okay then, just bang your glass on the table when you're close. I'll stop."

I picked up my glass and put it down hard on the table, spilling some of the Margharita. Bradley and Drake looked at me in surprise, but it had the desired effect -- Amee's fingers were stilled. Taking a deep breath, I said, "Sorry. My hand slipped."

Nolan brought our food, and we all got busy serving ourselves and eating. Brett's elbow kept knocking against my breast, and he kept apologizing until I told him to stop worrying about it. I realized that being crowded around a small table had a benefit when naked. Not many people were staring at me since I was covered on both sides.

The band took a break, allowing us to converse in normal tones. Nolan came around again, asking if we wanted any dessert, and Bradley said a very firm no without asking around the table. I raised an eyebrow at him; he shook his head slowly.

I felt fingers on my pussy again and saw Amee had pushed her plate away. I felt her finger and thumb push through my labia and take a grip on the base of my clit. I stole a glance at Brett as she pulled my clit upward.

My brain was torn in two. I certainly didn't want to orgasm before six of my office colleagues. But the pleasure signals from my clit were testing my self-control, and I knew it was only a matter of time before I made a spectacle of myself.

Amee was having an animated conversation with Lance, waving her right hand for emphasis. Her left hand kept a grip on my most sensitive part as I tried to concentrate on what Winona was saying. My whole body was trembling with the effort to keep my orgasm at bay.

"Excuse me, Amee." I couldn't hold on much longer, I knew. "Could you let me get out, please? I need to use the restroom."

Bradley looked at Winona and Amee. "Uh, could one of you go with Anna? She's naked and all, and you never know."

"I should have thought of that!" Amee put her hand around my waist. "Come, Luciana. I'll take care of you."

"It's not necessary," I protested, but Amee's arm around me was insistent. I didn't want to draw attention, so I had to walk with her toward the women's room.

"You're incorrigible, Amee," I said as soon as our table was out of earshot.

I saw people at the tables we passed stare and try to get a picture before we passed them.

"You're irresistible, dear Luciana," she replied, holding the door open for me. As soon as the door closed behind us, she pushed me against the wall and put her hand against my pussy. "Open," she whispered, and without knowing why, I moved one foot sideways to give her access.

Amee put her fingers between my labia. I assumed she would grip my clit again, but she went below it and found the opening to my love canal. I was already moist from her attentions, and she found it easy to slip two fingers inside me. She started a slow rhythm in and out of me as I stood with my back to the wall.

"Are... are you crazy?" I tried to catch my breath and talk to her. "Someone will come here in a minute."

"Let yourself go and enjoy it, Luciana," Amee purred, coming close to me. "If you stop controlling yourself, we can finish before anyone comes." She speeded up her rhythm, and my pussy started burning.

I leaned my head back against the cold wall. The fiery messages from my pussy were all I cared about now, and I let them overwhelm me. The near-constant teasing for an hour had me on edge, and my orgasm exploded within moments.

I leaned forward as my climax engulfed my body. I could hear the blood thundering in my ears and nothing else. For long moments Amee stood holding me as her fingers gently relieved me of the sexual tension of the past hour.

I stood up straight and leaned against the wall, trying to catch my breath. I opened my eyes and found myself alone. Shaking my head, I moved further into the women's room and found Amee washing her hands. She grinned on seeing me and offered me a wad of tissues. I started cleaning my pussy and thighs while Amee kneeled before me with more tissues and cleaned my knees and legs.

"Umm, Amee," I asked hesitantly. "Are you..."

"Nope, I'm straight." She tossed the tissues into the bin. "Not done this to a girl since college." She put her hands on my bare waist and pulled me close. She kissed my lips for a moment before moving back. "You're just so damned hot, Luciana. I couldn't resist."

"Thanks, I suppose." I washed my hands and looked at myself in the mirror. Did I look like a girl that had just been fingered to an orgasm? I wished I had my clutch; my makeup needed some repair.

"Sorry if I embarrassed you out there," said Amee, leaning on the basin and watching me. "Do you want a hairbrush?

"No problem, Amee." I took her brush and went to work. "It was fun. We were lucky no one came in while we were at it."

"It was a calculated risk." Amee took out a lipstick from her clutch. "When the band took their break, most women went to the restroom. I was pretty sure no one would come in now."

"Magnificent logic!" I said, feeling much better now. "But you nearly caused me a mental breakdown. You're so expert, and I was trying to resist. Drove me nuts."

"He, he, he." Amee giggled. "Coming to the restroom was the best thing you could've done. And Brad asked me to accompany you."

"If only he could have seen us." I giggled, imagining his reaction to seeing Amee and me.

"That can be arranged," said Amee, grinning. "I don't mind repeating the performance for Brad's viewing pleasure. You just tell me when."

"No, thank you very much!" I punched her arm. "I don't want to be so out of control again, let alone with an audience."

"You've been unusual today, love." Amee put her hands on my shoulders and stared into my eyes. "Thanks. I don't know how to say it any better, but you've been wonderful."

"I got you in to see Damiel; you gave me a fantastic orgasm. We're quits." I laughed at her shocked expression. "We should go back now, or they'll all be worried."

With her leading the way, we went back to our table. The band had started up again, and people were dancing. Lance was settling the bill and thanking Nolan.

"Where's Winona?" I asked. I didn't see Brett either.

"She convinced Brett to join her for a two-step." Drake pointed to the dance floor. "Would you like to dance?" he asked Amee.

"I'll come if Luciana will." Amee looked at me, fun in her eyes.

"Uh, I don't think so." I looked around the bar. "I'm the only nude person here."

"Well, come on, Luciana," Amee encouraged me. "We've finished dinner, the check's settled. I know you love dancing, and they're playing great music. We can duck out in a moment anytime you like."

I thought for a moment and raised a hand toward Bradley. With a huge grin, he rose and took it. Amee and Drake followed us onto the dance floor, and we dropped into the steps. I loved the nightclub two-step, and Bradley was pretty smooth. But the song ended, and we switched to a line dance. Bradley dropped out, and I found myself dancing next to a middle-aged bearded man. He smiled at me, and I admired his skill as he effortlessly moved to the music. The song ended, and the band paused, preparing for their next number.

"A pleasure dancing with you," he said. "I'm Jim, and this is my wife, Kelly." Kelly didn't look any too pleased, I noticed. "I guess you're not a member."

I looked down at myself and laughed. "I suppose it's kind of obvious. We came for the concert and stayed on for dinner. This is my boyfriend, Brad."

"Hi." Jim shook hands with Bradley. His wife looked happier now that she knew I was attached. Jim turned to me again. "If you want to come again, just let me know. I can sign you in without you having to get naked at the Reception."

"That's very kind of you." I moved towards Brad as the band started playing again. "Perhaps we'll see you again tomorrow."

The song was a slow song, and I moved close to Brad. He put his hands on my bare hips, and I moved into him. I molded my naked body to his and swayed with him to the sensuous rhythm. With my face close to his shoulder, I couldn't see anyone else.

I felt Bradley's breath quicken and was puzzled. This was a slow song, and not much energy was needed. Then I felt his erection against my belly and understood. Smiling to myself, I put my hands around his hips and pulled his groin into me.

I guided Bradley's hand from my hip to my bottom and lifted one foot off the floor. In an instant, his strong arm took my weight. I lifted my other leg and wrapped it around his hips. Carrying all my weight, Bradley danced on to the music as I positioned my arms around first his neck and then his head.

Bradley lifted me higher, and I found myself facing him. A quick kiss on the lips, and then he shifted his grip to lift me still higher. His face was now between my breasts, and I had to resist the urge to feed him my nipples.

Bradley was twirling in place now, and the band members were all looking at us. His face hidden between my breasts, Bradley kissed my chest before lifting me higher. I took advantage to lift a leg over one of his shoulders. With him holding me up, I repeated the move on the other side.

My pussy was now pressing against his Adam's apple. His tongue flickered in and out of my navel, and I leaned back against his hands supporting my back. As he lowered my body, I crossed my ankles behind his neck.

He slid his hands from my back to my elbows and then my hands. I was hanging upside down along his front, my weight in his hands holding mine and my legs around his neck.

With some effort, I uncrossed my ankles and got them off his shoulders. He held my hands until I got both legs on the ground and then moved his hands to my hips, moving me in time to the music. I moved my naked body into him and again felt his hard shaft on my belly.

The song ended, and I was surprised to hear applause. Stepping away from Bradley, I saw that everyone else had stopped dancing and were standing in a circle, clapping. Stark naked between thirty people, I bowed and mouthed thank you before dragging Bradley away. Our friends followed us as we moved through the door and towards the Reception.

"What a performance!" Winona was enthusiastic as she walked with me. "It was the most erotic thing I ever saw live."

"Uh, yes, that's right." Brett agreed with his girlfriend. "You two were really into it."

"I didn't realize people were watching us." I was still blushing and feeling the heat in my cheeks and throat. "Why didn't you warn us?"

"It just happened," said Amee. "When you got stuck to Brad, the other couples just stopped dancing one by one and stood watching you two. And I agree with Winona. You two were exceedingly steamy. One woman near me muttered that you two should get a room."

"Oh, God!" I was mortified. "I was just dancing with Brad and having fun. I wasn't trying to impress anyone."

"You're built to impress, sweetie," said Winona, putting her arm around my naked waist. "All the men there are going to either fuck their wives or jerk off in the next few minutes."

Bradley burst out laughing. "I think so, too. Anna is something. These guys didn't know what they were getting into when they asked her to undress. Not one guy there will forget her."

The woman at Reception had left, but the guard counted us, scanned my wristband, and opened my locker. Amee helped me get dressed while the others waited outside. Reaching the resort, Bradley turned down the offer of a nightcap at the bar and took me straight up to our room. Funnily enough, Brett and Winona also decided to go to their room immediately.

"What a day!" Bradley came out of the shower wearing a towel. "I've enjoyed it immensely, but I'm going to enjoy the night more." He took my top off and fumbled behind me for my bra's hook. "With the new, wild Luciana."

"Uh, Brad," I said, putting a stiff arm between us. "The drapes."

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