

# **Amy's Tijuana Sex Show**

**By: Crimson Rose**

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Amy Branson just turned nineteen. She is a cute little thing; not supermodel beautiful, but that girl-next door sexy all guys want to take home to the parents. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, a healthy 130 pounds, with a nice round ass and perky 34C breasts. Her shoulder length black hair and green eyes give her a slightly exotic look.

She was in her bedroom packing her bags. It was summer vacation and for the first time in her life she was going without the family. The trip to Mexico was all Lana's fault. Lana was Amy's best friend and worst influence. Although she acted sweet and innocent around the right people, she was a true devil in disguise.

Lana Wilson is a twenty year old sex kitten. She stands 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 135 pounds, and has firm 36B breasts. She wears her brown hair long; nearly to her ass, and her eyes change colors so often thanks to contacts that most people do not know their true color. Today they are a striking shade of blue.

Unlike the nearly virginal Amy, Lana was addicted to sex. She has spent nearly every day of the last two years experimenting and thus far nothing is off limits. She has been planning this little vacation for the last six months. She thought it was the perfect excuse to get Amy out of the clutches of her overprotective parents and into another country where no one knows your name. It was the best place to go hog wild and it was her every intention to turn Amy on to many new sexual desires.

Amy, of course, had no idea what her friend had in store for her. If she had she would never have gone along. All she knew was that Lana planned the entire vacation. She knew they were driving to Mexico where they would be staying for three weeks before driving back home. All in all they were going to enjoy at least a month of vacation before they returned to the humdrum life of college.

HONK... HONK. Amy looked out of her bedroom window. She saw Lana's Lexis pull into the drive. She grabbed two of the four suitcases and headed downstairs; running into her mother on the way. James, her father was opening the door for Lana. They were joined shortly by Jenna, Amy's mother.

"Ok you two," her father spoke. "Be careful driving, and if anything goes wrong just call and we'll come and get you."

"Mexico is a dangerous place to go isn't it?" Jenna asked. "Wouldn't it be safer to go to Canada?"

"Oh come on mom," Amy said. "We'll be perfectly safe. The hotel is only three blocks from an embassy."

"From what I was told by my uncle Mike," Lana cut in. "The whole area around the embassy is patrolled day and night. We couldn't be any safer."

"Are you sure your uncle can't get you rooms at the embassy?" Jenna said with a nervous smile. She had heard all kinds of crazy rumors about Mexico and she tried for the last six months to talk her naïve daughter out of going.

"We'll be fine, mom. We are making several stops along the way. I will call you every day."

They loaded up the car and the two young women began what they hoped would be the vacation of a lifetime.

# Stop One

## Party Houston Style

The first stop they had planned was to Houston, Texas. Lana has a cousin there she hasn't seen in ages and figured now was as good a time as any to drop in and say hi. Truth be told, Lana had made plans with her cousin Jake nearly four months ago. Jake was just as rowdy as Lana and they both caused their fair share of trouble growing up. No one ever knew it, but Lana and Jake were lovers. It lasted only a year, but it was the beginning of things to come for them both.

Together they planned a party for Amy. This was sort of a test. If Amy didn't go along with it then the next month would be very dull. However, if she went along and loosened up, then it would be the first of many such parties Lana had planned for her friend.

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It was nearing midnight by the time Lana pulled into Jake's driveway. The street was lined with cars, all their owners currently inside Jake's house. The music was loud enough to be heard from the driveway. Thankfully the nearest neighbor was over 300 feet away. They opened the door. Amy grabbed her ears reflexively as the music threatened to deafen her.

"DAMN, LANA," she yelled at her friend. "Do you think they could turn that down a bit?"

"Oh lighten up Amy. It's a party. Grab a drink and let loose for once. We are here to have fun so get to it."

The party was in full swing. Amy guessed there were perhaps twenty guys and eight women and that included her and Lana. Everyone was talking, dancing, and just having a good time. Amy was given a beer which she barely sipped. Jake saw this and started teasing her.

"Look at the little baby sip on her beer," he joked. "Would you like a nipple for that bottle?"

Those nearby laughed at Amy's expense. She sulked and tried to hide in a corner, but Lana would have none of that. "Look, Amy," she said, her voice serious. "If you are not going to have fun we might as well turn around and go home. Is that what you want??"

Amy felt like a scolded kid after getting caught with her hand in the cookie jar. "No," she finally said, her face blushing in embarrassment.

"Good, then drink that damn beer. It better be gone by the time I get back or else." She turned and walked off, giving Amy no chance to argue.

Amy took a few deep breaths and drank the cold beer down as fast as she could. She chugged it until she was nearly out of breath, and then chugged it some more until, just as Lana reappeared, the bottle was empty.

Lana took the empty bottle and handed her friend a plastic cup with what looked like pepsi in it. Amy sighed in relief. *Thank god she didn't bring me another damn beer*, she thought.

"I want you to drink that all down nice and fast just like you did the beer. Don't stop until the cup is empty."

Amy took the cup and inhaled deeply before bringing it to her lips. She drank nearly all of it before she had to stop for air. It tasted funny to her, but not bad so she finished it off. "That was much better than that nasty ass beer," she said. "I could drink that all night."