Anniversary 2002  
By Jennifer Doalfer  
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I seem to have made a habit of detailing the events of our wedding anniversary each year. This year should not be an exception just because I haven’t written a story for more than six months.

The weather has been very mixed this summer. Sometimes very wet and windy, and very warm and humid at others. As our anniversary night approached the weather turned warm and humid. That was fortunate, because my habit of wearing revealing clothes to the amusement park Bakken on our anniversary has some years been totally wrecked by cold weather, which didn’t really permit light clothes. One year we braved a torrential downpour and went there under a large golf umbrella. We still got wet, and we were probably only two out of a hundred guests in total, which ruined the plan for the evening totally. This year looked promising. Our anniversary was a Saturday night which meant a lot of people, and the weather forecast predicted a tropical night, which to us meant a night when the temperature wouldn’t drop below twenty degrees Celsius at any point during the evening. Everybody would be lightly dress so I wouldn’t stand out in the crowd.

As usual I had been planning the events for the evening as well as I could. I had a special dress made for the evening. Thin Indian cotton cloth, light in colour and quite transparent, but still strangely heavy for that kind of material. It had originally had large sleeves, which I had had removed so it now showed bare shoulders and quite a lot of skin at the sides, almost allowing a free side view of my breasts if I leant forward. The weight of the material made it cling to my breasts when standing up, showing their naked outline quite distinctly without being too provocative; but the weight of the material also meant than when leaning forward the material would fall away from my breast, in a way which with the air reaching my nipples, let me know that they were totally revealing at the sides. Three buttons down the front was all that it held it together. The top one was normally at a level just above my nipples. But if I pulled the jacket up at the back of my neck, the top button would fall below the breasts allowing a clear view down the front, especially for people standing above me, as for instance a waiter when I leant forward while eating.

Rather sexy I thought, knowing the extent of the exposure, but Poul almost thought it was too much – and he usually can’t get me to be revealing enough.

The outfit originally had loose trousers, but that didn’t allow the freedom of access the tradition required. So I had the seams at the inside of the legs unpicked and the material joined in the fashion of a tight-fitting skirt. In reality there was not enough trouser-leg material to close the skirt completely. Instead, it was open at the front up to about halfway between my knees and crotch. Again, provocative, providing easy access, but not overly revealing. When I tried it out at home, I knew, however, how I would be feeling wearing it when outside in the open.

With no knickers and perhaps a bit wet from excitement with the air hitting my private parts, made me I was very aware of how little was separating my pussy from the free view of thousands of amusement-park guests. All in all, a very fitting outfit for the evening, not too revealing when I didn’t want it to be, but very revealing when that was required.

Sex life had been a bit boring recently. We simply haven’t had time to experiment or play around as we used to. We were normally too stressed or tired to spend prolonged time with sex. However, our anniversary night was a sacred tradition. We intended to allow ourselves the time and relaxation for it to be an experience which would last a good while.

At about 4.00 pm we were starting to prepare for the evening. The children had been sent to my parents so we would have the house to ourselves after the trip to Bakken, which usually left us so excited that the sex lasted late into the night, and sometimes at places which would be rather awkward if the children should start looking for us.

The phone rang and Poul answered.

“Hi Greg, long time no hear,” I heard him say.

My heart sank. Greg was a very good friend of mine from the university days. He now lived in Australia and had quite an exciting life as one of the flying doctors. If he called, it meant he was not in Australia but here – unless there had been a major catastrophe.

“What are you doing here?”

Right, so he was here. I could see the evening falling apart.

“Sure, of course,” Poul said, his face dropping with the disappointment. “If you are only here this one evening, then of course we will make sure we can meet tonight.”

I was shaking my head violently. I did NOT want Greg to spoil our evening.

“Where are you staying?” A pause while Poul scribbled. “Let me give you a call in fifteen minutes. I will just have to coordinate with Jenny.”

I think we spent the first 30 seconds just looking at each other. Then I finally let out a sigh.

“Okay, I guess that was our evening,” I said like a deflating balloon.

Poul looked speculative.

“Well, why should that spoil our evening? We just invite him along.” He smiled a dirty smile.

“I am not going to Bakken with Greg in this dress,” I said quite convinced.

“Why not? He doesn’t know what we usually do, and he will just see it as a nice summer dress. Greg is too polite to say anything even if he should find it a bit revealing.”

Poul knew Greg as well, even though they hadn’t been as close friends as Greg and I had been.

Greg was indeed a very polite guy. I’d had a crush on him at some point, but he was just too shy and very difficult to get away from his books. At one point I thought he didn’t fancy me, but from the way he looked at me and talked to me, there was no doubt that the liked me and was more than a little interested. He just never made a move and didn’t react to any help I provided.

“Poul, don’t kid yourself. You know how revealing these clothes are. He can’t avoid getting a good look at my breasts if we were to go to Bakken together. And the fun we usually have in showing me off, how can we do that when he is along?” I still couldn’t see it.

“We might have to be a bit more subtle, so he doesn’t realise it is on purpose, but I actually find it quite exciting to think about him looking at you the way you are dressed. I always thought he was a little more than just casually interested in you, so I am sure he will also find it exciting.”

I was sure he would. I remembered the way he used to steal glances at me when he thought I wasn’t looking. I was sure he would have plenty of opportunity tonight. But so what? Wasn’t that actually the reason we went to Bakken? The only difference would be that we normally tried to be anonymous in the crowd, but here I could not hide in anonymity.

“We just won’t let him ruin our evening out. If he gets a good look as well, that will actually just add to my excitement.”

I could see what he meant. He still had on his swimming trunks from a dip in the pool and he was getting hard. I had to admit that I was getting excited as well. Each year we tried to be a bit more adventurous and I had been wondering what we should do this time. Having Greg along might just provide that extra kick.

“Well,” I said with a hesitation I didn’t actually feel anymore, “If you look at it like that, I guess I won’t ruin your chance of a bit increased excitement.”

“Don’t tell me you wouldn’t find it a bit exciting as well?”

It was a statement as much as a question.

“I don’t quite know yet, but I am willing to give it a try,” I said, playing hard to get.

“I think you will have to do more than that,” Poul said with a mixture of mischief and persuasion. “You have to let go and not get second thoughts halfway through, because then we might just as well cancel it now. Just let me direct the evening. You just have to pretend not to be aware.”

“Okay, to a certain extent.” I wasn’t going in with no emergency brake. I know Poul, and you can’t always tell how far he is willing to go.

Poul had already picked up the phone and dialled the number of Greg’s hotel. He was put straight through.

“Hi Greg, it’s Poul again. I just had to clear it with Jenny. It’s our anniversary today, and we usually go to Bakken for the evening, but if you want to come along you are very welcome”.

Greg apparently apologised for the inconvenience and offered not to spoil our evening, but at this time he had actually become part of it, so of course, we wouldn’t let him back out now. Poul arranged for us to pick him up as his hotel was on the way.

As we showered and got dressed we were both aware of the tension. There was no doubt that Poul found it very arousing to think that I would be going to Bakken dressed as I was, with an old friend who used to be very interested in me, knowing very well that I would be posing just as much for him as for the other guests. That I knew him well, and previously would have loved to have jumped into bed with him, just added to the kinkiness of the situation.

We were both obviously aroused, but avoided talking about it. Even though we were both burning to do so, wee didn’t want to lose it and jump into bed right then. Better to let the excitement build. Poul knew that when I got really excited I usually lost all my inhibitions. We were studiously avoiding thinking further ahead to when our excitement usually forced us into the woods for quick sex in excitingly close proximity to the lights and also people strolling in the forest.

As usual we can judge the success of my outfit by the attention I get from the taxi driver. It must have been obvious to him that I would not be able to get into the back seat of the taxi without showing a good deal of bare thigh, so the guy jumped out opening the door for me, making sure I got in first, which would force me to slide across the back seat, with a good chance of my skirt splitting open down the front. I didn’t want that to happen, as I would find it rather embarrassing if my newly-shaved pussy was on display so early in the evening. Concentrating on holding the parts of the skirt together, I knew I had to give up on holding the top close to my body. He might not have had the view of my legs which he obviously had hoped for, but no doubt he had a good look at my breasts which I could do nothing to prevent becoming highly visible.

When we got to the hotel Greg was waiting for us. He got in the front with the driver, and when we arrived at Bakken he insisted on paying, so he was busy and I managed to get out, without showing too much skin.

We walked around in the tightly packed crowds for about an hour before we had to go to our reserved table at the restaurant. Greg, as I had expected, couldn’t take his eyes off me. I couldn’t judge exactly how much he could see, but there was no doubt that he was dancing around me trying to get the best view.

“I haven’t been to Bakken since I was a kid,” he explained at some point. I knew he was from Jutland, and even if he had often been in Copenhagen, Bakken is usually only for the locals. “I used to stand for hours in front of the “Hurlumhi” to see if any girls would get their skirts blown up by the compressed air. It was quite exciting when you got to see somebody’s knickers,” he laughed like a little schoolboy who had been caught spying on the girls in the gymnastics class.

“These days many girls go to Bakken for a bit of excitement. I have seen company parties where the guys would offer large bets to see if any of the girls would go into Hurlumhi with no knickers, and quite often somebody would take the challenge. It seems to be okay here at Bakken,” Poul was explaining with a poorly-hidden reference to me.

“Yeah, I can see many girls who are very skimpily dressed – it is very nice,” he added with a sideways glace towards me.

“But on a hot night like this it is very nice to be so lightly dressed.” It seemed like I had to give an excuse for my light dress, but I couldn’t avoid being aroused by the conversation which was obviously directed towards me.

Poul continued explaining how we usually spent our anniversary evening out here, managing, without actually saying so, with words to make it apparent that I always went out here with as little clothing on as possible. I don’t know what looks went on between them, but from the somewhat dirty grins I gathered that Poul had indicated something about the sex which usually followed after we left the bars and amusements.

By the time Poul finally took me into the jungle ride I was wet from the dirty talk and the thoughts that the talk had fostered in my aroused mind. Greg was in a cart ahead of us. I didn’t think he would turn around, and if he did I really didn’t care.

As soon as we were away from the boarding area Poul had my three buttons undone. I put an arm around his neck pulling him in for a kiss. But Poul didn’t want his body obscuring Greg’s chance of a look at me, so he took my arm and put it behind my back, slipping the jacket over my shoulders completely baring my front. I put my free hands between his legs, pulling up his shorts so I could play with the head of his dick which was now peeking out. I was dying for him to touch my exploding nipples.

“Poul, kiss my nipples, they are burning,” I begged quietly.

He shook his head and pulled my arm a bit further behind my back which just forced my breasts to stand out even more prominently. I looked ahead in the dark. I didn’t remember the tracks doubling back, but I was wondering what Greg could see. Poul slid a hand between my legs. My skirt had slid up a bit, and he could get right at my pussy without even lifting the material. No time for foreplay, the ride only lasts a few minutes. He didn’t waste time, but I was still only feeling the momentum build when I saw the light from the end of the ride. I squeezed my legs together and tried to get my arm free.

“Poul, stop it!” I cried when he didn’t make any move to let go of the arm behind my back.

Just as we hit the saloon-type doors to the boarding area, he let go. I had no time to button up, I could only quickly gather the jacket in front of me.

Greg was there giving me a hand getting out of the cart. He laughed when he saw my unbuttoned top.

“You guys are playing teenagers again,” he commented. Then his gaze shifted looking down at my exposed pussy. Having to hold my jacket together I had forgotten how easy access Poul had had, and now the split was open all the way up to the small tufts of hair I always leave above the pussy lips. I didn’t actually think I could blusch any more, but I managed to then like a fourteen-year-old schoolgirl.

I quickly jumped out and turned my back to the guys and the crowd, shook the skirt down and managed to do up the buttons in record time. I turned around and strode past the guys without looking at them.

“Ready for the bet for the Hurlumhi?” Greg called out as they ran to catch up.

“No, I think you’ve had your view.” It was supposed to have sounded huffed, but I couldn’t help laughing at the situation when I saw the way the two guys were looking at me. A bit like a cat when a bowl of cream has just been put in front of it.

We tried the roller coaster which I managed to get in and out of quite decently and Poul was too busy holding on to try anything there. When we got to another ride, the name of which escapes me, I ended up in the queue next to Greg, and soon the very efficient usher has Greg and me in the same car. I hadn’t really thought much about this ride, but as we got into the car I realised we were sitting as if on a motorbike, a leg on each side of a log, the arms out over the side of a kind of railing, the rear person leaning against a back rest, but the front one leaning against the other person behind. Only as I got in did I realise that it was a very unfortunate skirt for this kind of ride. I was decent, but just barely. Fortunately Greg was behind me, where he couldn’t see up the skirt. If it hadn’t been for the high sides everybody else at Bakken would have been able to look straight up my wet and still excited pussy.

The ride was wild. I was pressed back against Greg and as the car picked up speed and swayed wildly from side to side I was fighting just to hold on. I knew I was sliding further down the seat, but couldn’t really do anything about it. It wasn’t long before I could feel Greg go hard from the way I was riding all over him. I looked down and realised that my skirt had slid up and was now very close to once more revealing to Greg my shaven pussy and its long red swollen pussy lips. I tried to push back against him, but my feet slipped and I just sunk even further down. The skirt had cleared the critical point and I could see the bare skin above my pussy just under my tuft of hair. I couldn’t do anything. I leant my head back against Greg. I twisted my head back, trying to get a glimpse of his eyes, but they were riveted to some place between my legs. I felt a tremble go through me. I actually wanted him to be looking down the front of my dress. I wanted him to see my bare tits with the stone-hard nipples being flung sideways under the material rubbing against it, with each sideways shove, till they were hurting.

I spread my legs further wriggling against his hard rod pushing into me. I mouthed to him above the sound of the rushing air and screeching iron against iron.

“Touch me.”

I could see him watching me as if he couldn’t understand me. I yelled at him,

“Hold me tighter, touch me.”

He tried to let go of the railing with one hand, but was flung violently sideways, grunting with pain.

I knew the ride would end soon, but I wanted the experience of his hands on me. In fact I was desperate. Then I felt his hands at my sides. I hadn’t realised how big the area of bare skin was under my arms and down my sides until I felt his hands running up and down my sides. He had managed to reach me with his arms braced around the railing.

“Touch me now before the ride ends.” His hands reached forwards and touched the sides of my bouncing breasts.

“Oh yeah, hurry now,” I begged.

Finally I felt his hands cup my breasts. The nipples were so sensitive from the rubbing against the rough material that his fingers felt like a relief. Then I almost exploded as if a small orgasm was flowing through me. My pussy was fully exposed. I knew what it must be doing to him to watch it and not be able to touch it. Probably close to the feeling I had. Frustration beyond description. I looked down myself. I could clearly see the outlines of his hands on my breasts through the material. I wondered if Poul could see it as well and what he thought about it. He had said he thought it would be exciting if Greg was going to be looking at me, but what about if he was touching me?

The ride was coming to a close. It was a long steep drop with no sideways movement. I risked letting go with my hands and as we slid to a stop I just managed to pull the skirt down resisting the urge to touch myself. Greg only reluctantly let go of my breasts as I slipped out of his arms. Out of the car I turned around and looked at him as he got up. He had a hard time moving what appeared to be a large and very hard dick down a trouser leg, squeezing it down as Poul slid to a stop right behind us and quickly jumped out of his car. Greg moved ahead of me so Poul couldn’t see the tent in his trouser. Poul caught up with me and put an arm around me.

“Was it good,” he whispered in my ear.

“Frustrating,” was all I could get out.

We weren’t far from the restaurant and we soon found our table. Poul elegantly organised the seating with the two of us across from each other with a view down over the crowds,crowds and Greg at the end of the small table so he could sit and look sideways down my jacket. As soon as we had ordered Greg excused himself to go to the bathroom. Poul got up and came over to my side of the table leaning down as if to whisper something to me.

“I want him to sit and look at your naked breasts,” he said as he hiked up the back of the jacket, dropping the front down to where the cleavage was almost showing my nipples even without me bending forward.

“Oh, Poul, it is not just Greg that will be watching my breasts, they will be visible to everybody,” I complained.

“You are so right,” he said with a smile as he sat down again. “Remember to let me direct the show for tonight. Just pretend you aren’t aware, forget about trying to cover up again and enjoy all the approving looks you will be getting.

I made sure I sat up straight when Greg arrived. But no matter how I moved I knew I was exposing myself.

We ordered and got our drinks. The waiter stared at me. My breasts are still quite firm, the nipples are high on the tits which makes them easily pop out even when they are not supposed to. Here I knew they were in the open and stone hard. I just pretended not to notice. But it was hard as the waiters gave us special attention and the other males and even some female guests made detours past our table obviously wanting to have a look. But it was only Greg’s attention I was interested in. I could not forget the hard dick he’d had trouble hiding.

Greg was the same old polite self. He even pretended not to look down my front and he certainly made no references to my dress. Our conversation was circling around sex, spanning from airline sex, which he claimed to have had with nurses while on the way to sick calls, to the look of some of the people passing us with Greg pointing out the types he preferred. It didn’t escape either my or Poul’s attention that they happened to be a total match with me.

When we got to the desert we had emptied several bottles of wine. I started to relax. People had stopped passing by our table, and the waiters must have had enough of my breasts. I leant back a bit when suddenly I felt something move up the inside of my leg. First I thought it was Greg, but then I realised he was too far away. I looked at Poul. He looked away innocently, but I realised it was his toes running up and down my leg. He must have taken off his sandals. His toe felt cold against my skin as it traced its way up to my knee pushing it aside. Greg was telling a story about the red light district in Amsterdam. It wasn’t dirty, but funny and as I laughed I managed to slide further down in my chair trying to meet Poul’s foot. It pushed my other knee out to the side making the tight skirt ride up again. Fortunately the long tablecloth hid the action.

“As we walked along we noticed that Anders kept looking in all the windows of the cabins, glass cubicles really, where the girls display themselves to potential customers, and he was constantly falling behind. Finally, Jacob got tired of waiting for him and decided to play a prank on him.”

Greg was far into his story as Poul’s toe lightly brushed against my pussy lips. I jumped as if struck by lightening.

“Are you all right?” Greg asked worried.

“Sure, just go on with the story.”

“Ok then. At some point when Anders wasn’t looking, Jacob slipped into one of the cubicles. We didn’t know what was happening except that we saw Jacob paying the girl in the window.”

Poul’s toe was systematically rubbing my clit. I was getting so wet I was afraid I would stain the skirt. I leant forward pushing myself harder against his toe. Putting my elbows on the table I knew that would give Greg a clear view of my completely naked breasts hanging free as the jacket dropped away. I wanted him to sit there staring at my breasts as he was telling his story. I could see from the direction of Poul’s stare that he was aware what I was doing. I wondered how hard he was getting. This was what we had talked about in some of our shared fantasies. I knew he got aroused from the thought of other guys watching me, I just wondered what he felt about seeing his wife so obviously enjoying exposing herself so willingly. But what could he expect since he was playing with me like that?

“Shortly afterwards Jacob appeared wearing the girl’s underwear and nothing else. He took the girls provocative stance and just waited, stone faced for Anders to get to the window.”

The story was funny but I couldn’t concentrate. I could actually feel Greg’s eyes on my breasts as he told the story. He wasn’t even hiding the fact that he was looking, and I didn’t care because I was approaching orgasm.

“We had to move down the street in order not to give Jacob away as we couldn’t stop laughing. When Anders finally came to the window he froze. He was drunk, but he didn’t think he was that drunk. He blinked. He just couldn’t believe his eyes. But then Jacob winked at him and pulled down the bra showing his nipple. We couldn’t help ourselves. We laughed so hard that we were rolling on the ground. Anders got so pissed off that he ran into the shop trying to hit Jacob so we had to go and rescue him. After that Anders stopped looking in the windows.”

I doubled over when I came, trying to hide the move as though laughing at Greg’s story. But I don’t think he bought it. I think he knew all along what was going on. That’s what made it so exciting, getting brought off by Poul right in front of Greg. I hadn’t done anything that wild in many years.

We finally left the restaurant. Down on street level I looked up at our table wondering how much of the under table action people had been able to see through the railings of the balcony.

We walked around a bit, had a few more drinks, getting quite drunk. Greg insisted on trying the merry-go-round, but this time I knew better than to get on it. We just watched him. He was young, handsome and with a quite wonderful personality. I was just wondering what it would be like to go to bed with him, when Poul interrupted my thoughts.

“I want you to let him fuck you”.

I couldn’t believe he had said that. I looked at him with a surprise I really felt.

“But Poul?” was all I could utter.

“I want us to go out into the forest later, and then I want both of us to fuck you. I want to see him entering you, fucking you hard so your breasts bounce all over. I want him to see your naked body in the moonlight, and I want to enjoy the view of t two white bodies copulating within sight of the guests at Bakken, not caring because they are so engrossed in fucking each other, he gasped as if out of breath.

I almost came. I could envision just exactly what he was describing. And there was no doubt I wanted to do it. I clung to him.

“Oh God, Poul,” I whispered. “Are you sure that is what you want?”

“Yes, and the more I know that you also want it, the more excited I get. Will you do it? Please, for me?” He almost begged.

But he hadn’t needed to. I really wanted to and if he really got more excited from knowing that I also wanted it, then why not give him the added pleasure?

“Ok Poul, I am so horny. That would be an exceptional ending to an anniversary night. I can’t wait to feel his dick inside me. I have been wanting that ever since we went on the ride together. What do you want me to do now – tell me and I will do it.” I was so hot.

“I want you to let him know that you want him to fuck you. That you will let him do anything to you that he desires, as long as it is something we can do together. Can you do that?”

“I hope so – let’s try.” I didn’t know what Greg might do once he knew I was available for anything he had in mind, but I was dripping wet with the thought.

When Greg got off the ride we continued into another bar. I had to have a drink. I felt my legs shaking. I couldn’t believe the turn this evening had taken. I certainly would never have thought we would get to this point when we were talking about it at home in the afternoon. But I was so excited I was just riding along. I recognised the feeling from my younger days. The wilder the better.

Poul went for drinks while Greg secured a table for us. We had hardly sat down before I felt his hands on my knee. I just looked at him. Didn’t try to stop him.

“Oh, Jenny, I have been wanted to do this ever since our ride together,” he said as his hand slid up between my legs.

It was rather dark and his action was hidden behind the table.

“I can’t believe how sexy you are tonight. I used to be madly in love with you, but thought there were so many better looking guys hovering around all the time that I never thought I stood a chance with you.”

His hand was lifting the dress. I put my leg over his. He squeezed it between his knees as his hand moved my other leg away to the other side. The skirt slid all the way up. We both looked down. Again my pussy was visible. I lifted the skirt up further revealing the hair above the pussy.

“I have never seen pussy lips like that.” His fingers reached down playing with them. It was as if his fingers were electric. He forced my lips apart, slipping a finger into me. I almost came.

“Jenny,” he whispered in my ear, “What would Poul say if he knew we were doing this?”

I guess this was the time to tell him.

“Greg . . . ” I hesitated, both because I was slightly embarrassed and found it difficult to say, and partly because his fingers had found my hard and highly excited clitoris.

“As a matter of fact, Poul has asked me for a special anniversary gift. He has asked me to let you know that I am willing to do anything with you tonight.” I paused a bit to gauge his reaction. He was just looking surprised at me.

“Poul and I usually go for a walk on the paths behind Bakken. We find a place where we can still see people and then we fuck. Poul’s present to me tonight is that I can ask you to fuck me. My present to him is to actually do it. He wants me naked in the moonlight and then he wants both of you to fuck me!” I almost came just from the dirty talk, but that was what Poul had asked me to say.

“I would love to do that,” he whispered excitedly in my ear, licking it at the same time. “But I would feel really awkward doing it with Poul watching. Doesn’t he get jealous?”

“He has been so excited all evening from the way you have been watching me. No, I don’t think he will get jealous. I think he will find it exceptionally arousing. Normally the experiences of our anniversary night are something which we relive and use to rekindle our excitement in the nights to come. This would really be something to remember and which would keep us going for months.”

He had unfortunately stopped playing with me. The conversation was too serious for that. Also Poul was approaching.

“Greg, just do me the favour please. This is our anniversary gift and you are the giver.”

He didn’t reply. He just let go of my leg while I pulled down the skirt.

“This place is a rip off,” Poul said as he put the drinks in front of us.

We didn’t talk much. We could have gone dancing, but that seemed tame compared to what we knew was coming. Finally I stood up, leaving my drink untouched.

“Come on you two, I need some fresh air.” I ignored that catcalls from the other men at the table as they got a good view of my breasts when I stood up. It wasn’t their attention that had me going now.

We made a beeline to the edge of Bakken. As we passed Peter Lips house, a small famous restaurant just outside Bakken, I put my arms around the two guys and pulled them close to me. The road was empty of people, but we were still close enough to Bakken to easily see in the back windows of the restaurants and down the alleys it was still full of people milling around.

“Last year when we walked here, I had Jenny’s tank top down around her waist,” Poul explained. “She just got so horny from the thought that the people in the restaurants might be seeing her. I’ve had pictures of that sight in my dreams many times since then.”

“Uhmm, so have I,” I readily admitted.

“It seems a pity to miss the opportunity for such an experience this year just because Greg is along,” Poul said.

He looked at me as he started to undo my buttons. I didn’t say anything. When the last button was undone he just left the jacket hanging. The free swaying of my breasts made them slowly begin to peek out as the material fell to the sides. As it cleared my nipples, I felt my knees go soft and I clung on to the guys. A waiter in one of the restaurants opened a back door to clear out some garbage. He didn’t look up, but I was very aware of the sight he would have had if he had done so. I wondered how many restaurant guests were looking at me through the dimly lit windows.

“I can see some bikers approaching,” Poul said.

I looked up. I could see the cycle lights in the distance.

Greg looked down my front.

“Well then let’s give Jenny her thrill,” he said as he lifted the jacket down over my shoulders completely baring my front. Just the fact that I had my arms around the guys prevented it from falling off completely.

The bikes were closer now. It was a couple of guys and a girl, a bit younger than we were. They were slowing down as they approached us.

“Kiss me,” I begged of Greg. He did so. He tasted good and I was able to pretend that I wasn’t looking as they passed. But I did through half-closed eyes. They were almost falling off the bikes, especially as Greg cupped a breast and squeezed my nipples just as they passed.

That was the last straw. I lost it. I couldn’t help myself.

“I am just so excited now. Come let us go in there.” I charged ahead to what I thought was a good spot for the next step.

I crossed the rough riding path into the woods. The trees were old with big crowns but no branches low down, so there wasn’t much coverage. I made for an old fallen down tree. The branches were completely smooth; this was evidently a favourite climbing tree for kids when they were here on afternoon trips.

I turned around facing the guys who had stopped, and were staring at me. Poul was holding my jacket which had fallen off my shoulders as I let go of the guys. I was a bit surprised that Bakken was still so clearly in view. I could still easily see people in the restaurants and guessed they would be able to see me as well. But I couldn’t go any further now. There were no suitable places to stop further in the forest, and I wanted to continue now.

Greg moved closer to me. He looked me over.

“Jenny, I am impressed. You look as if you are still only 25.” He put his hands out to cup my breasts as if he were judging their firmness. Poul moved a bit to the side so he could follow what was going on. I looked over to see his reaction. He smiled encouragingly.

“I want to see you completely naked,” Greg said. That was what Poul had wanted, and I was going to let him have his present. I undid the skirt button and zipped it down. A small wriggle and it cleared the hips falling to the ground. Poul went over and picked it up.

“Jenny”, Greg said with a hoarse voice, “do you get horny from standing there like that, knowing that people might be watching you?”

“Oh yeah, so much,” I mumbled with an equally husky voice.

“Well then, show me how you satisfy yourself when you get excited”.

I looked at him. That wasn’t what I had expected. I wanted to get fucked.

“Sit on the big branch over there.”

I did as directed.

“Slide higher up so you can rest against that branch over there.”

From this position I was looking down at him.

“Now I want you to bring yourself off while I watch.”

It is strange. I don’t mind people looking at my breasts, and I got really hot when I realised Greg was looking at my exposed pussy in the car. But sitting here like this seemed suddenly very private. I was getting second thoughts. People who might be watching might find it understandable if a couple, in the excitement of the evening, disappeared into the forest. But a girl sitting on a tree branch bringing herself off within view of people at the Peter Lipp restaurant and maybe other people at the restaurants of Bakken, was just so depraved.

Greg seemed to sense my hesitation. He moved over and stood between my legs, running a fingernail up the inside of my thigh.

“I want to see you play with those incredible lips of yours.” He bent down low and sucked one of them into his mouth. He sucked it for long enough for me to get too excited to care.

When he stopped he took my hands. He placed one between my legs and the other on my breast, wordlessly indicating how he wanted me to go ahead.

As he stood back a strong light flickered over me. First I thought I had been caught in the headlights of a car, but then I saw that the spotlight on one of the rides swept across the trees of the forest when it was at its highest.

Poul and Greg stared at me. I was just so horny I didn’t care. My fingers found the lip which Greg had sucked and I started playing with it, reliving the feelings of it being sucked into his mouth. If they wanted to look and if the whole world wanted to look then let them look. When I was younger I had been embarrassed by my large lips, hanging down even below the rich pubic hair when it was unshaven. When shaven, as I was now, they were protruding like saddle bags ready to encompass a dick, sometimes being sucked into the opening with the thrusting. Me playing with them in front of Greg and who knows else, was just the ultimate in exhibitionism.

Soon I had to give up on the lips and concentrate on my clit which was screaming for attention. My other hand was squeezing my nipple hard. As the clit action was paying off I leant back closing my eyes, kind of sinking into a black hole. I could feel the first warm rushes approaching, but was then halted when I felt a presence between my legs. I opened my eyes and saw Greg right in front of me.

“Slide down a bit so you come closer,” he said. He had dropped his shorts. His dick touched my leg as I moved down to where my pussy was level with it.

“I am not used to such public sex, but I don’t want to miss this opportunity,” he said as he positioned his glistening dick head right up against my swollen lips.

As he slowly but firmly entered me, the enormity of the situation hit me. This was the first time I was actually having sex with another man with Poul’s knowledge and acceptance. In reality it was just as much for his sake as it was for mine. I realised this must be a very powerful experience for him as well. I took Greg’s head in my hands, holding him against my shoulder, making sure he didn’t see me looking longingly at Poul. I could see him staring at us from only a few feet away. I caught his eyes and smiled as well as I could under the circumstances. My mouth formed the words “I love you” and he blew me a kiss before wording the same message himself.

Greg had picked up speed. The feeling was gigantic. I was sitting in a good position where he hit me well with each thrust. I couldn’t help making a face each time his long, but narrow shaft reached the bottom and I could feel his pubic hair rubbing against my newly shaved mound and still sensitive skin. I could tell from Poul’s gasping breath that the more excited I got and the more he could see me reacting to each thrust, the more excited he got.

Maybe for that reason I allowed myself to be more noisynoisier that usual. Certainly Greg could be in no doubt when I was approaching my climax. I was letting out small choked screams with each deep penetration. As he knew I was coming he picked up speed. I kept looking at Poul the whole time as the first waves of the orgasm hit me. Greg was good,good; he kept up the pace all the way though the climax and when I squeezed him hard and begged him to stop he still managed small rapid movements which kept the orgasm going for what seemed like minutes.

Greg slipped out of me. I looked down between our bodies, glistering with sweat, and saw his still hard and throbbing dick, realising that he hadn’t come yet.

“Whoa, what staying power,” I whispered, quite out of breath myself.

“Yeah, you are not done yet,” he smiled.

I shivered and though of Poul. I indicated for him to come over. I climbed down from the branch and gave him a hug.

“Jenny, will you promise not to stop if I tell you something?” he whispered in my ear.

“Sure I don’t really feel like stopping now,” I said with a satisfied smile.

“The bikers stopped when they saw you go into the forest. They have been watching you since you dropped the skirt. I can’t really see them, but I noticed the direction they took and each time the spot goes sweeping past the reflection of their bikes lights up.” Greg had heard as well. He turned his back in the indicated direction, probably feeling rather exposed with his still-hard dick glistering in the light.

I turned around casually and just managed to catch the reflection of the next sweep. They were close. No more than about 50 feet. I was surprised I hadn’t heard or seen them. But then again, with the noise from Bakken and my own excitement, I probably wouldn’t have heard anything. The thought of them watching both my own masturbation and my exaggerated climax, put on for Poul’s sake, was chilling.

“What do you think they are doing?” Greg asked.

“Probably picking up inspiration to go home and screw the bird they had along. She was really pretty.” Poul seemed almost envious. But then again he was probably rather frustrated now. I thought it was time for some action for Poul as well.

“Poul, move over here,” I directed. He stood with his back to the fallen trunk of the tree providing a seat about a foot off the ground, not being able to move away without falling over it as I quickly undid his shorts and slipped them down.

“Now lie down on the trunk,” I directed him.

He did so, with a leg resting on each side. His cock didn’t take long reaching the familiar size. Not overly long but really fat and with a large mushroom head.

Even though it was mainly my exhibitionistic tendencies that appealed to Poul, he didn’t shy away from an opportunity to show off himself when he knew there would be one or more good looking young girls looking at him as well.

I straddled the trunk in front of him, bending down licking the moisture off the head. I was aware of my upturned rear end being an invitation to Greg, hoping he was going to take it and not be shy in front of the spectators. I licked all around the mushroom head, holding it up straight knowing that was how Poul wanted to show it off.

I slipped my lips around it putting my lips just over the head applying pressure just behind the head, rocking my head sideways knowing this usually drove Poul wild. Right enough he dropped back on the trunk forcing his cock harder against me.

Of course, it wasn’t long before Greg moved over behind me. I was well aware that in my position, with a leg on each side of the thick trunk, I was spread completely open for him. It must have been an invitation inhumanly hard to resist, even if taking it would mean exposing yourself to the spectators. He no longer had his back to Bakken or the voyeurs, and would not be able to forget the spectacle we provided, showing the profile of my hanging breast and two hard towering dicks in action.

He entered me deeply in one long hard move. I couldn’t help letting out a groan. Poul looked up. When he saw what was happening he stopped my action on his dick and leaning on his elbows he just appeared content watching me being fucked hard from behind as he had originally wanted. I rested my hands on his knees, lifting myself up so my bouncing tits were easily visible. I know Poul loves to take me in that position. When possible we will do it in front of a mirror, because he finds it so arousing to watch my breasts bounce or more accurately fly back and forth with each heavy thrust. Many times he has said he whished I would accept letting somebody else fuck me in that position so he could watch. I was just so aware that this was exactly what he had wanted, and that I was having great pleasure providing him with the opportunity.

Greg put his hands on my shoulder and pulled me up to an almost standing position. The sensation was strong as his dick now hit my g-spot and I started to come again. I looked into the bushes and this time I could see the white faces just over the thick part of the bushes. I wondered if they actually knew we were aware of their presence. They didn’t seem so intent on hiding. As usually when I am about to come I can stretch it out by thinking about something else, but this time another thought hit me as well. I was on the pill so I wasn’t afraid of Greg’s obviously approaching orgasm, but when I had had dreams of actually having sex with somebody else while Poul was along, I had always envisioned the guy coming over my tits or over my back. In some way I had always shied away from the picture of the guy actually coming inside me. Normally that didn’t bother me, but the thought of Poul watching another guy shooting his sperm into his wife I thought was maybe just a little too intimate. However, Poul made no move to indicate that he disapproved of the situation, even though it must be obvious to him as well what was about to happen.

Greg was clutching my tits, but I wanted them to swing freely so I moved his hands to my hips. That gave him added leverage and even though I was still some distance away from my own orgasm, I realised that he didn’t have long to go. He was working hard, breathing heavily and when finally I felt the warm shot of his sperm injected into me he pushed me over so hard that I fell flat on Poul’s stomach his dick digging into my chest. In this way I had my contorted face just inches from his as Greg emptied his load into me with his last long and heavy thrusts. I moved up to kiss Poul. His mouth tasted salty and sexy. He was out of breath as well.

“Thank you,” he whispered almost inaudible into my ear. “Come up here now.”

He pulled me closer to him. As I moved I felt Greg’s dick slide out of me and wet moisture running down my legs.

From my straddled position I had to stand on my toes to get his towering dick into me. As I lowered myself I felt Greg’s semen squeezed out and as I rocked back and forth I felt it was just as much his come which provided the lubrication. The thought of Poul fucking me within seconds after another guy had just shot his load into me, was just so provoking that I couldn’t help wonder what was going on in Poul’s head. But the thought didn’t linger for long, it just added to the excitement. In this position it was practically up to me provide the movements, and I was working hard when I felt a hand on my breast. Greg had moved up behind me and was leaning in over me, licking my sweaty back.

Fucking Poul with Greg grabbing my tit shook me. When Greg inserting a finger in my exposed asshole, I wasn’t sure what I felt about it. I was so wet all over that his finger easily slid in. I don’t know if Poul realised what was going on, but I was going wild. This was one of the best experiences I have ever had with anal stimulation, probably because of the way I was forced to stay with my legs wide apart. I was pushing hard against his finger when I felt him slip another finger in. The sensation was explosive. I felt like being pulled apart. I had never experienced such an intense pleasure. I had always been shy of being touched there, but have learned to accept a finger which gave just the right feeling of submission, but this was intense.

I was throwing myself back wanting the sensation to be deeper when suddenly the finger slipped out. I collapsed on top of Poul in disappointment. But in that position I presented my asshole more directly towards Greg and soon I felt the pressure back with renewed force. I almost screamed in pleasure. I had my hands on Poul’s shoulder using them to press back towards Greg with each move I made.

I felt a sudden stab of pain bordering on pleasure and then the movement picked up again. I leant back a bit, stretching my arms. Greg’s hand again squeezed my breast hard. As his other hand squeezed the other breast, pulling me against him, it took me second to realise it was no longer his fingers up my anus. I almost came with the thought of the fact that I was being sandwitched. I had never tried that before. As a matter of fact I had been fucked in the ass so few times that it could be counted on one hand. I had always shied away from the initial pain and the absurdity of the act. But here I was just about to come from the thought of two dicks inside me.

I don’t know if Poul initially had picked up on what was going on, but after he came in a violent contraction he had to pull out as I too was just about to come. I think Greg realised I hadn’t come yet, so he pulled a hand around my front and found my clit as he kept pounding into me. I was so close to coming that it didn’t take more than a few seconds before the first violent shakes hit me hard. I realised Poul was having his dream vision once again as my tits flung wildly all over, but wondered if he had ever dreamt that it should be changed to a vision of his wife being ecstatic over being fucked in the ass.

As the big rush hit me I realised that Greg had just come again. I wondered what it was like to be filled with sperm in both holes and walking around with no knickers for the rest of the evening. I was still shaking and feeling the aftershocks as Greg slid out. I had to concentrate on relaxing as he did so, but the feeling of him pulling out was so strong that I almost came again. We have played with string of beads which you pull out of your anus as you come, and this was just the same feeling.

I rested heavily on Poul’s chest until my breathing was normal again.

“Well, happy anniversary you two,” Greg said with a big smile. “It just doesn’t seem fair that I should be given such a gift on your anniversary.”

He stood back a bit while he put his clothes on. I sat back on the trunk against a branch totally spent, watching Poul get dressed and picking up my clothes.

“Do you realise what that skirt is going to look like after three loads of sperm hashave run out of me again?” I asked with a big smile.

“Well if you want to go around like that then okay with me,” Poul joked.

“Does it matter? I guess half of the population at Bakken has seen me without it now.” I had been sitting on the tree looking at the people in the restaurants realising how obvious we must have been. Also, even though I hadn’t thought of checking, I couldn’t believe that for the last half hour while we had been lost in our own act, nobody had passed us on the path we had taken there..

I did get dressed eventually and as we walked out to the path again we spotted the bikers getting on their bikes further down the path.

“I hope they go home and use it for something useful,” Greg said with reference to the obvious excitement they must be feeling.

“We’ve certainly have an experience to last us a long time. This has been an unbelievable way to spend an anniversary, and I am sure you are going to be in our dreams for a long time to come,” I said, as I gave Greg a big hug.

“Well you are certainly going to be in many dirty dreams of mine from now on,” Greg laughed. “But for now, I actually would like to make it home. This is your anniversary night. I am sure you have a lot to talk about, which you don’t want to share with me. I will just give you a deep-felt thank you and then split to my hotel on my own.”

We were still on the outskirts of Bakken, so when he gave me a big hug he slipped my jacked away and squeezed my breast.

“You are just fabulous,” he whispered in my ear as he gave me a wet tongue kiss. Then he turned around and walked away.

We walked around in Bakken again. We got a drink, but felt that everybody was looking at us. I was so aware of the semen running down my leg and especially the feeling of it running out of my anus. But I couldn’t really wipe it off, so I just let it run, reminding me of the incredible experience.

We made it home, but the skirt was ruined. We talked and made love again all evening. Good, loving sex. I don’t know if this has changed anything. Until now it doesn’t seem to have. Would we do it again? Maybe - under the right circumstances.