**Bikini Shopping**

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A few months back I convinced my wife, Kate, to go out dancing in a tiny dress without underwear. She was very reluctant at first but by the end of the night she found it as thrilling as I had. At one point, after initiating an intense sex session in the club's bathroom, she got so into the fantasy she began telling me how she let a stranger on the dance floor watch as I fingered her in the crowd of people. To her this was purely fiction but I knew the truth. That night, I noticed the way Kate was dancing after a few drinks. Anyone in the right position could have clearly see up her dress. When I actually did catch a guy looking, I put on a show for him. I finger fucked Kate's pussy to near orgasm while he watched. I still haven't told her about this because I'm not quite sure how she'd take it. We've been doing a lot of experimentation with exhibitionism lately and I'm not ready for it to end.

Since the night at the club we've really gone wild. Kate only occasionally wears panties anymore, even with short skirts and dresses. She's been wearing more revealing tops too, ones she could easily pull down to flash me her tits. She says it's for me and that she loves teasing me and turning me on but I know it excites her too. If we're out and she's in a skirt or dress, she cant wait to show me what she has under it. If we turn a corner and no one's in sight, she'll flip up the back of her dress to show me her big ass with a tiny thong pulled between her cheeks. If we're out grocery shopping, she'll squat down to grab something from the bottom shelf, purposely flashing me her hairy muff under her denim skirt. There hasn't been a repeat of the night at the club though. I mean, we've had sex in plenty of public bathrooms since then but she's been very careful about not flashing anyone but me. While we're having sex, we'll talk about strangers seeing up her skirts or turning just in time to see her flash me her tits but it's just talk. Unfortunately, Kate would never go that far. I don't know why I get such a thrill at the idea of some stranger, man or woman, getting a glimpse at her beautiful snatch or big tits. What I did know though, was that at the rate we were going I'd have her pushing her boundaries in no time.

Kate and I loved to travel. We took at least one big trip every year and we were less than a week away from our next one. In five days we'd be on our way to our favorite destination, Thailand. Kate and I have spent a lot of time in Thailand over the years. Mostly Bangkok and Chiang Mai because that's where all the history is. And all the best food. This year we were going to one of the islands, Koh Samui. Neither of us had been but we knew enough about it to know we'd have a great time. Bright sunny beaches and warm, crystal clear water. What more was there to know? As the days went by agonizingly slow, we made all the preparations we needed to. We both had coverage at work. We had a ride to the airport set up and we have a close friend housesitting for us.

The day before we were set to fly out, Kate decided her old bathing suits wouldn't do and that we needed to go shopping immediately.

"I didn't think you'd want to be seen with me in these old rags." She pouted, holding up her old bikini. "I figured you'd want me in something sexier anyway." She added with a wink.

Not only do I hate shopping, but I especially hate shopping at the mall. The crowds of people, the screaming kids and the smell of cheap greasy food drives me up the wall. There was no way I was tagging along for this one. Especially given that it was Sunday which meant the crowds would be doubled. I explained to Kate that I still needed to shoot off a few emails before we left on our trip. I felt like she knew I was lying but she didn't put up much of a fight.

"Fine." She said sassily. "I guess I'll find someone else to model new bikinis for."

Before I could say anything, she was out the door.

It was about an hour later when I heard my phone go off. A text message from Kate. I opened the text and it was a picture of her hand, stretched out in front of her holding a bunch of bathing suits.

I replied. "Looks like you hit the jackpot." Send.

Ten minutes later another text came through. I opened this one and got quite a surprise. Kate had taken a picture of herself in the full length mirror of the changing room. The swimsuit she had on was a one piece but it was very fashionable. It was a dark bronze color and had large dramatic holes cut out of each side. It showed a lot of skin for a one piece but still had a very respectable and classy look to it. The suit was tight. In the picture I could see her big tits straining against it and the outlines of her nipples were clearly visible.

I texted her back. "I like that one!" Send

Moments later, my phone buzzed again. Two pictures this time. I opened the first one. Again Kate was standing in front of the mirror but this time she was in a basic black bikini. My wife is very pale, almost milky white and I love the way black contrasts with her complexion. The top of the suit did a great job of lifting her tits and providing incredible cleavage. Not that Kate's tits sag in any way. They're just not as perky as they were a few years ago. I loved Kate in a bikini because it shows off her tight, toned stomach. All the time she spends in the gym definitely pays off. I opened the second picture and my cock instantly came to life. With one hand, Kate had pulled down the bikini top and let her full breasts spill out. Her other hand was cupping one of her tits with her nipple pinched between her finger and thumb. She had her head back and mouth open as if she were moaning. Such the actress.

I responded quickly. "Having fun?" Send.

I was staring at my phone waiting for it to go off again when it started to vibrate. Two more pictures. I was blown away by the first one. I'm not sure this would even classify as a bathing suit. The bikini was bright pink, almost the color of Kate's now very flushed skin. Two small patches of fabric only covered half of her large breasts and they were held together by a tiny string. Her tits were almost fully exposed. It was the bottoms that prompted me to start stroking my cock through my sweatpants. A very narrow sliver of pink fabric barely covered her pussy. Her dark bush was escaping from the top and the sides and I could clearly see her lips through the suit. Like the top, the bottoms were also held together by the smallest of strings. I closed my eyes and started to imagine what that suit would look like from behind Then I remembered there was a second photo. I opened the attachment and thanked god my wife knew me so well. In this picture, Kate was on the floor, back arched with her ass high in the air toward the mirror. The suit had wedged itself in her pussy and splayed her lips open on either side of the fabric. A damp spot was forming at the entrance of her wet hole. The only thing on the back of the suit was the same tiny pink string, so tiny that it didn't even cover her puckered asshole between her spread cheeks.

I knew Kate had no intention of buying this suit and that it was for my benefit only but I didn't mind one bit. She knew what she was doing to me. I was so overcome with lust. I wished I was in that room with her right then so I could bury my face in her big ass and devour her sweet pussy.

It was in this last picture I finally got a good look at the room. There was no door! Just a flimsy curtain in the reflection. Anybody could peak through the slit in the curtain and see my half naked wife taking dirty pictures for me. That got me going.

"Get your ass home right now!" I typed frantically. Send.

After fifteen minutes without a response I figured she was rushing home to me but then my phone went off again.

"I'm sorry love but I couldn't wait. I asked you to come with me but you were too busy."

What did she mean she couldn't wait? Just then, another text came through. A video message. I opened it and was immediately greeted with a closeup of Kate's wet pussy and tiny, pink asshole. Immediately after seeing what I was in store for, I dropped my pants and began stroking my now rock hard cock. Kate's right hand came into view on my phone's screen and she started massaging her cunt from her tight opening to her clit. Her fingers were instantly slick with her wetness. She spread her bald lips wide open, pulling and kneading on them, just teasing herself. She did this until her hand was damn near dripping with her juices. I don't know that I've ever seen Kate so aroused. The wetness that her pussy was producing was literally oozing from her cunt and dripping onto the floor. Her lips were swollen and almost red when she finally sunk her middle finger deep into her tight hole. I could see her thighs shudder and try to close instinctively. After slowly sliding the one finger in and out of her slick cunt for a minute, she added a second. She started picking up her pace and I could hear quiet, muffled whimpers. Every few seconds she would pull her fingers out and vigorously rub her whole hand over her pussy and engorged clit. When she did this, her juices would splash around in droplets onto her thighs and the floor. When Kate added a third finger into her soaked and sloppy cunt, she started to buck her hips toward her hands to get deeper. She was fucking herself at a pace I wasn't even able to obtain with my cock.

I was going at myself with a faster pace now too. My hand was flying up and down my cock, my balls bouncing as I jerked myself to the sight of my wife fucking her own pussy. I started thinking about the lack of a door in the changing room again. I imagined one of the store's employees peeking through the curtains, seeing Kate stretching her hot, hungry cunt. I started stroking faster thinking of a stranger looking on as my wife's lying there, covered in sweat and about to cum. The sloshing and wet sucking sounds coming from her pussy drew my attention away from my thoughts and back to the screen. I heard her start to grunt and knew she was close to cumming. Kate lifted her hips as she withdrew her fingers from her now gaping cunt. Her fingers went to work on her clit at a blazing fast speed. She started thrusting at the air as if she were being pounded by a cock. What happened next was almost in slow motion. Kate abruptly stopped rubbing her clit and let out a loud guttural moan. Her pussy began to quiver and her asshole began to spasm, opening and closing with contractions. A stream of fluid gushed from Kate's wide open cunt and poured down her seizing anus, splattering onto the ground. Her body was jerking and shuddering and I heard her whispering "oh my god" over and over again. Watching my wife's intense orgasm brought me to a powerful orgasm of my own. I felt my balls tighten and pulse as my cock erupted. Stream after stream of cum spurted from the tip of my dick onto my hand and stomach.

The phone screen had gone black and I was quick to save the video to the gallery on my phone. I was reeling. I couldn't believe that was my wife in that video. In that moment she was a creature of pure sexuality and I loved every second of it. I had just finished cleaning myself up when I heard the front door open. Kate walked in nonchalantly, smiling the same smile she gives me every day. She kissed me on the cheek as she set her shopping bag on the table. She made absolutely no mention of what just happened and I shot her a curious look.

"What?" She asked with an adorably shy smile.

I broke out in an ear to ear grin and she started laughing.

"Want to see what I got at the store?"

This is going to be a good vacation.