**Displaying Myself in the Sand Dunes**

**by [Kay-Dee](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=264965&page=submissions)**

My husband and I were on a holiday near Studland in Dorset - that's in England on the south coast. There is a very long sandy beach backing on to a big expanse of sand dunes, so it's easy to find somewhere to hide away from the public gaze - well that's what I thought.

Our holiday was slightly out of season so the area wasn't packed with too many visitors and, luckily, the weather was hot and sunny. What could be more perfect? Peace, quiet, sunbathing and hopefully some satisfying sex. Just what we both needed to recover from our hectic business lives.

On the first day we headed to the dunes and settled in for a spot of relaxation. As there seemed to be no one about I went topless and it was heavenly feeling the sun and a slight breeze on my skin.

The day was pretty uneventful, though we did notice several single guys roaming the dunes. They were no doubt bird watching, but not of the feathered kind! It didn't bother me and if they wanted a look at my breasts and perky nipples they were welcome. I quite like showing off .

That night we made love quite passionately.

I guess it was the sunshine and change of scenery that did the trick. I know that I was exceedingly wet when my husband pushed his cock into me All I could think of was those lone guys searching the dunes and the look in their eyes when they saw me topless. God, it got me so hot I was wrapping my legs round my husband's waist shouting, "Deeper, deeper, harder, harder." I came in torrents and so did he! So the holiday was doing us good, that's for sure.

The next day on the way to the beach we stopped at a small parade of shops and I started to look at the bikinis while my husband went to buy a newspaper.

"Look at these," I said to him when he found me in the shop.

"You'd never wear one of those."

"Want to bet," I answered.

They were exceedingly brief, to say the least. The back was merely a string that went between the buttocks and the front was minute. Just sufficient to be decent, but in an indecent way. The top half was two small triangles and string ties.

"Go on get one. I dare you." said my husband, much to my surprise. So I did.

Once on the beach, it was quiet so I tried on the bottom half of the bikini. It was definitely brief! It barely covered my pubic mound.

"That'll give the guys a treat. You can even see the shape of your pussy lips," commented my better half, "I think you'd better wear your old one instead."

I rather liked the idea of 'giving the guys a treat' so, much to my husband's annoyance, I decided to keep on wearing my new purchase.

"It's either that, or I will go completely naked," I told him. So he shut up and started to read his newspaper.

I lay on my towel and I felt so sexy, so very sexy. I felt like leaping on my husband and fucking him stupid - but I didn't, of course! I could sense my nipples swelling and getting hard and I had a lovely, tingly glow in my tummy.

"Mmmm," I moaned to myself.

As my husband was now sunbathing on his tummy. I had a look about and, sure enough, there was a single guy on a high dune looking down at me. It felt so sexy. I touched my tits and pulled on my nipples slightly. He made his way nearer to have a better look at me, which excited me no end. I slightly parted my legs so he could get a decent view of the shape and folds of my barely covered mound. My fingers travelled south and brushed my clit. I felt so horny I wanted to cum for my onlooker but then my husband turned over and sat up. The bloke disappeared.

A little later I saw him again and he was looking in the direction of a dune nearby. Feeling curious I stood up and had a look.

"Oh my God!" I said to myself.

There in the next dip was a young couple, obviously a lot more daring than my dear husband. She had his cock out of his shorts and was beginning to give him a blow job.

"What are you looking at?" asked my husband.

I put a finger to my lips for him to be quiet and beckoned him over.

"What is it?"

"Shhh! Look," I said.

"Fucking hell," he whispered.

The girl was really into what she was doing now and was sucking on her boyfriend's cock, taking several inches into her mouth. I couldn't help but notice the healthy size of his penis and I slipped a hand underneath my pussy mound in appreciation.

The boyfriend obviously couldn't take much more and pushed her away before pulling down her bikini bottoms. We had a glimpse of her hairy pussy before he started to push his fingers inside her. We then heard her say, quite clearly, "Fuck me, for fuck's sake fuck me."

He climbed on top of her and we watched as his cock pushed into her spread pussy. I glanced over at my husband and could see he had a hard on. It was a good job he had on some baggy shorts otherwise his cock would have been exposed.

The couple were by now lost to their surroundings and were fucking away like mad. My own hand moved quicker between my legs. This was all so erotic and dream like.

There were moans and grunts as they both orgasmed and I shuddered to a small climax myself.

Slightly embarrassed at being voyeurs we made our way back to where our belongings were. My husband still had an erection and there was a small patch of pre-cum showing through the material of his shorts.

"Shall I finish you off," I asked reaching for his cock.

"For goodness sake, let go of me," he barked, "Someone will see."

The thought of us being watched made me virtually cum, but I knew my husband wouldn't agree to anything like that - unfortunately.

We returned to our hotel and I partly undressed so that I was only wearing the small g-string bikini bottom and a short top. I went out onto our balcony to look at the view while my husband had a shower.

I was slightly leaning over the balcony when he made his way behind me and immediately I could feel his erection on my bottom. This was very adventurous for him. I luxuriated in the feeling of his hardness and he pushed it between my legs so that it was rubbing on my cunt.

All I knew was that I wanted to be fucked so I moved my g-string to one side to give him access. He moaned something about how we couldn't do it here. I ignored him, spread my legs and guided his cock into my wetness with my hand.

I was so lubricated I felt sure it was running down my thighs. He grunted and easily pushed all of the way in and I felt his balls hit my bottom. He was extra hard and started to thrust in and out of my love tunnel. He didn't last long and moaned out in a familiar way as he ejaculated his sperm deep inside me. In my mind I just wished we could have fucked like this in the sand dunes with others watching. I touched my clit lightly and my vagina pulsated into an almighty orgasm.

I so wanted to be a beach exhibitionist showing off my cunt, spreading it open and thrusting my fingers inside. I came again, squeezing my vaginal muscles on my husbands wilting cock.

In bed that night we got talking. He admitted that watching the couple have sex turned him on and said he liked being a voyeur. I told him how I'd prefer to be the one being looked up.

"That's us," he joked, "Sexually incompatible."

"Not necessarily," I answered.

I suggested he could look at me in the sand dunes and I could perhaps strip naked and masturbate.

"Yes, but others would probably see you as well. All of those men who go searching the dunes would see you."

"Mmmm, I know," I added.

I felt my tummy flutter with sexual excitement.

"You like the idea don't you? You dirty whore," exclaimed my husband.

I reached over to him and his cock was rigid. I reckoned he liked the idea as well! I bent over and took his cock in my mouth and slurped greedily . The flavour of pre-cum filled my taste buds and I sucked him like a lollipop.

My mouth was overflowing with juices as I continued to devour his cock. He began to moan and groan and thrust upwards with his pelvis and his cum erupted and hit the back of my throat. I swallowed hungrily as he pumped more and more onto my tongue.

"Yes," I told myself again, "He definitely likes the idea of me showing off in the sand dunes."

He, of course, could hardly refuse to go along with my plans for the next day, when I explained them to him. Especially when I promised him another blow job afterwards, even several if he wished. I would have done anything to get my way.

My plan was that we would go to the beach in the afternoon, when there would be more men about. I would settle into the dunes as if on my own, would strip naked and then work myself off in whatever way I felt appropriate. He would watch from the top of the dunes along with the other wandering guys.

That night I could hardly sleep.

The next morning we went for a short walk and then back to the hotel for some lunch. I asked him to massage me with sun oil before we set off for the sand dunes, but wouldn't let him touch my pussy. I didn't want to cum. I wanted to feel sexually frustrated and desperate for satisfaction. That way I'd put on a better show. I just prayed there would be a few men about to watch me finger fuck myself.

Once at the beach I walked along ahead of my husband and found a suitable hollow in the dunes for my performance. I laid out my beach blanket and positioned it so that my shoulders would be raised against one side of the dune.

Before I sat down I did some stretching and could see my husband had positioned himself so he could look down at me. I raised my arms above my head and leant backwards. This pushed my tits out and my nipples tingled as the sun and warm breeze caressed my skin.

I was only wearing the brief g-string bikini bottom and it felt as if it was welded to my pussy like a second skin. God, I was hot.

As I lay down on the blanket I put on my sunglasses so no one could see where I was looking. To one side, near my husband, there was now another man looking at me. I could feel my mouth water with anticipation.

Another two men, who were sitting together, were also taking in my body.

I couldn't put off my performance a moment longer, otherwise I would cum without touching myself. I reached for my suntan oil and trickled some on my tits and began to massage my breasts. They were amazingly sensitive and when I pulled on my hardened nipples an involuntary whimper left my lips.

My hands moved slowly down to my soft tummy and under my g-string and I could feel how wet I was and how my clit was exposed and solid. I wanted to cum so much . I pushed my g-string down my thighs, over my knees and finally it was laying by itself on the sand.

I arched my back and slightly and opened my legs. I wanted them to see my swollen pussy lips. As I looked about me the two men, who were together, had made their way nearer and were sitting only a few feet away.

My heart started pounding so hard it was like a drum beat in my ears. All my inhibitions were now gone and I spread my legs wide apart and touched my clit and continued to rub it with my finger. The other man and my husband had also moved nearer me. Fuck, this was so hot, so exciting and I pushed fingers inside my sodden cunt and started to finger fuck myself.

I was so wet and slippery my fingers flowed in and out of me like silken gloves. The two men now had their hard cocks in their hands and were both wanking as they watched. This was almost too much for me to endure. I couldn't hold back and was thrusting my fingers into my vagina as deep as they would go. The single man was also rubbing his penis.

I'd never felt more desired or sexy, these men all wanted me. I came with an amazing orgasm, my head was rocking from side to side and I could feel my tits bouncing as I continued to finger myself. I looked at the single man and as I did so he moved very close and his cock spurted a cascade of spunk over my legs. The two men also let fly with their seed and I watched as it landed on the sand.

This sent me over the top again and I shook with a further orgasm, my hands becoming drenched with my pussy fluids. I was breathing heavy , sweating and also a little embarrassed as I saw the expression in my husband's eyes. He appeared shocked at what I had just done. He remained still as the other three guys moved away. They knew the show was over.

"Well?" I said, "Did you cum?"

He nodded , stood up and walked away leaving me naked in the dunes. I gathered my thoughts and after a little while dressed and made my own way to the hotel.

"Fuck!" I said to myself, "That was incredible."

As I walked and went over what I'd done in my mind my sexual urges were returning. I now needed some hard sex to sort me out.

My husband was already in our room when I returned to the hotel He looked sort of shell shocked and not over happy.

"You did agree to it all beforehand," I said. "I know," he quietly answered.

I hugged him and his penis straight away began to harden as I rubbed my pussy against him. I needed him erect and willing.

"Come on," I said, "I'll do anything you want, absolutely anything."

I led him to the bed and started undressing, talking all the time.

"Do you see how my nipples are erect? Fuck, they are so sensitive. Do you want to suck them? Or bite them? Look how far they stretch when I pull them. Fuck that feels good. Do you want to spray them with your hot cum? Look at my cunt. I'll take off my g-string. My cunt lips are so swollen. I'll pull them back and you can see my clit. It's hard like miniature penis. Touch it, lick it, do anything with it. And my pussy, it's so wet, do you see? Do you want to push something inside me, anything at all. Come on, do anything you want. Do you want to see my bottom? Shall I bend over like a dog and pull my cheeks apart?"

I carried on talking dirty and suddenly he almost knocked the wind out of my lungs as he fell on top of me biting at my neck and then my tits.

"That's it bite me. Harder if you want."

His cock was between my legs and I spread myself as far as I could.

"Fuck me, push it in. Fill me with your cum over and over. Go on fuck me hard."

And he did. His cock sunk deep between my velvet folds.

"That's it fuck me deep, get it right in as far as it will go. Does that fell good?"

We were now both out of control. He banged into me and I was screaming out as he did so. I was scratching his back and bottom trying to pull him ever deeper. I was thrusting my chest upwards so he would bruise and squash my tits with his chest. And then he came, in floods. I felt his spurts erupt inside me as I also came swearing and screaming like a mad whore, our combined juices almost too much for my cunt to take. I could feel liquid spilling out and running between my bottom cheeks and on to the bed, a sticky, slippery river of satisfaction. Fuck, I wanted lots more of the same.

As we calmed down I smiled up at him and said, "Darling, are we going to the sand dunes again tomorrow?"