**Holiday in Mykonos**

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I've recently booked a holiday back in Mykonos which has brought back some rather vivid memories of my last trip there. This is a repost of what happened on my last trip - some time ago now - I wonder if this holiday will be as memorable!

The tale concerns a holiday I once had with my now ex wife Wendy, I've changed her name -- though divorced we remain good friends and I'd still like to keep it that way.

In true Lit fashion I will now describe Wendy; in a word she was petite, 25 years old at the time, 2 years younger than me, 5 ft 2in and nicely packaged a lithe firm body. She wasn't a super model or a glamour queen, and I didn't think so even when I was married to her either, but she was very cute and a lot of fun to be with. A head of thick dark, shoulder length hair that was naturally curly, and may god help anyone that dared say it was permed. Her breasts at 34B, weren't big but neither were they small, sort of in between, perky if you like, with really dark nipples that would stand on end with the slightest provocation. Her best feature was undoubtedly her ass, or as we say over this side of the pond, her arse, which truly was the perfect peach. Character wise she was what I would call flirty, preferring male company to female and she loved to be the centre of attention, though without it seemed, ever trying to be. She had an abundance of that thing that you can't put your finger on sex appeal, animal magnetism or whatever; she just had loads of it, she had a fun, naughty side just below the surface that always seemed to show through.

Wendy was what you could describe as a sun worshipper. Any chance she got she would be out in the garden, bikini on and topping up her tan, and I have to say, what a tan it was. She had the sort of skin that never seemed to burn no matter how intense the sun was, she just went a deep brown, almost chestnut colour within about three days. I on the other hand have to go through the well done lobster stage before my skin gets used to the sun, and even then I would never catch up. Sadly living in Scotland we don't see nearly enough of it hence the holidays abroad whenever we got the chance.

We had been looking forward to the holiday for months and when it finally arrived it was hard to believe the time of departure had come at last. Wendy and I had been planning the holiday to Mykonos for ages, and were looking forward to two weeks of doing nothing except lying on a beach relaxing.

We had been to the Greek islands before, Corfu and Rhodes as well as trying a couple of the Costa Del's in Spain but the two of us had developed a love for Greece and planned on seeing as many of the islands as possible. Mykonos as well as being one of the most picturesque of the islands is also the most cosmopolitan and it was for these reasons that made up our minds to go there.

We arrived on the island mid afternoon after a coach and ferry ride from the airport, the sun was high in the sky and the place was truly beautiful. The apartment we had rented was just as we had expected having been to Greece before, simple and basic but all that we needed, and luckily was in a gorgeous location half way between the beach and the town. We spent the rest of the first day exploring the old town which was a maze of cobbled streets lined with bars, restaurants and shops before having dinner and heading back to the apartment.

First thing next morning we headed for the beach stopping on the way for breakfast. A large bay filled with golden sand was waiting for us when we got there. We found a spot just down from a bar, rented a couple of sun loungers and got out the books -- a truly idyllic place. About 30 seconds after our arrival, and following her ritual look around to see that she wasn't going to be first Wendy's bikini top was shoved back into the bag.

"Well I won't need that again" she laughed as she lay back in the sun lounger.

I casually looked around enjoying the view of the many semi naked women on the beach around us "Nope -- certainly doesn't look like it"

We lay there for the day, having a swim now and again and going for the occasional ice cold beer at the bar as the temperatures soared, I watched her in mild fascination; I swear I could almost see her changing to brown in front of my very eyes as the sun beat down on her semi naked body.

Back at the apartment we showered and applied the after sun lotions to each other that lead to the inevitable christening of the holiday bed followed by yet another shower. We grabbed a couple of beers from the fridge and went out to sit on the balcony and watch the world go by until it was time for dinner. After about an hour we were joined by the Pete and Dave who were in the apartment next to ours, the balconies only separated by an iron railing. We said the usual hellos, how are you doings and made some small talk before it was time to get ready to go out to eat. Dave and Pete were also there for the two weeks and were studying the same course at university, they were half way through their holiday when we arrived. As we were leaving Dave said we should try some restaurant or other and gave us some directions as they had found it to be the best. I said thanks and that we might give it a try. We wondered at first if they were a gay couple but meeting them in a bar later on one evening quashed that thought.

This was the way the holiday went for the next few days, lying around on the beach all day at what had become "our spot", catching the sun and just relaxing in each others company till it was time to head back to the apartment. Then it was out onto the balcony to catch the last of the day's sun while having a beer or two with Dave and Pete, chatting about where we had gone and what we had been up to the night before.

A few blushes and non committal comments confirmed that they definitely were not gay -- why is it that women always need to extract every detail -- Wendy was a sponge for everyone's life story, in no time she had found out that they were both 19, where they were from, what they liked and disliked etc etc .

We never saw the guys during the day and it turned out that they used the larger more popular beach to the north of where we were staying -- joking that it was a beter "hunting ground". It was obvious that Wendy was in her element as the two guys were obviously chatting to her more than me though not in an exclusionary way -- it just didn't seem to matter what I was saying, if she went to refill the beers their eyes followed. Don't get me wrong, I wasn't at all jealous or annoyed, it was something I was used to and had endless fun teasing Wendy about -- though she knew the effect she could have she always denied it, though secretly we both knew she loved the attention. Watching her though as she skipped away to get a few cold ones from the fridge I could understand it -- wearing just her bikini bottoms and a sleeveless tshirt the way her nipples pushed against the fabric made it clear that it was only the bikini bottoms she had on. The coldness of opening the fridge only made them harder and the return journey to the balcony made watching them jiggle a sight to savour, a sight only I could see until she actually appeared back on the balcony, then it was a case of who cared what anyone said there was something nice to look at.

Soon enough it was time to get showered and dressed before heading into town again for a bite to eat and some sight seeing.

At the end of our first week it was time for Dave and Pete to go home, and we were discussing the crazy setup found in Greece where you have to check out at mid day even though your flight isn't until 4am the following morning.

We had been caught this way before and while most apartments would often let you keep the room -- for a small fee -- it was still a pain. Pete pointed out that being poor students they were also on a tight budget and didn't have enough cash left to keep the room on for the extra day anyway.

It seemed only natural that we suggested that they drop their gear in our room till it was time to catch their flight home, that way they could do what they liked on the last day -- shower and change at our apartment then we could all go out for a drink and be back in time for them to be picked up. They both agreed that it would be great if they could do that but only if we were sure it was alright.

The next morning they duly knocked at the door again asking if we were sure it was okay, we both insisted that it was, the cases were dropped and we agreed to meet back at the apartment at around 5pm that evening.

We headed back from our spot on the beach at 5pm to find Dave and Pete waiting for us on the apartment steps outside, they said they'd come back only a little earlier than usual so we wouldn't have to wait on them which I thought was very considerate.

As we opened the door and invited them in they remarked how our apartment was a mirror image of theirs except we had a double bed whereas they had two singles, I pointed out that they would know where everything was so they should start with the fridge. This was accepted as a good thought and the beers were soon passed around and we made our way out onto the balcony. Pete jumped the railing and passed the other two chairs over -- thankfully the new guests wouldn't be arriving till tomorrow -- so we all had somewhere to sit. Wendy put on a CD before coming out on the balcony with a beer for everyone.

Dave suggested that rather than going out for a meal and drinks that we could pick up a pizza or takeaway and some more beer to have back at the apartment, saying just to be sure they didn't miss the coach that would be picking them up later.

I think both Wendy and I guessed that they were running short on cash but rather than make an issue of it we agreed saying it would make a pleasant change. Dave and Pete offered to go saying it was only fair as we were supplying the apartment -- I grabbed some notes from my wallet and said to make sure they brought back enough for everyone. About 30 minutes later they returned with a couple of pizzas some beer and a bottle of ouzo. Sitting out on the balcony again, I watched in amusement as the guys struggled to catch a glimpse down the front of Wendy's tshirt as she reached down to the table to pick up a slice of pizza. Wendy looked up catching my smirk and guessed what had been happening, as Dave and Pete realised they had been rumbled they quickly tried to look away which was then followed by Wendy sitting bolt upright and starting to blush. I couldn't help but burst out laughing at the three of them, Wendy swung a playful punch at my arm telling me to behave myself as I would embarrass the two guys, I pointed out that it was the way she had been leaning forward that had caused the embarrassment. Dave started to laugh and apologise at the same time for looking, while Pete just laughed asking what did Wendy expect leaning forward like that, the only reason they had been looking at her boobs was because she was sitting down at the time.

At that point Wendy dissolved into fits of laughter herself saying to Pete "Well thank you very much!" The laughter and the beer continued with the jokes and comments getting more and more risqué as the evening went on.

From then on Wendy made a point of doing an exaggerated wiggle of her ass anytime she walked to the fridge much to the amusement of us all and I could tell she was starting to get a little tipsy the way she was behaving.

Instead of returning with beer this time she brought us all back a tall glass of ouzo thankfully mixed with some water, setting the drinks down she said she had an idea and told us to bunch up and before we knew it she had a camera in her hand, pointing at us with inevitable cry of "Say cheese!" we were soon blinded by the sudden flash. It was then turn about for a while as to who photographed who and Pete asked if I would take a few shots using his camera.

"No problem" I said, "so long as its easy to use" Taking the pictures of Wendy with one arm round each of the guys was easy, the camera was a simple point and click affair, I just wondered if she realised how good she looked as her nipples were still clearly visible through the fabric of her top.

A sudden click signalled the end of the CD and Pete asked what others we had as theirs were all packed away, I said that there was a selection in the case lying in the corner and he should go take a look as I took a last snap of Dave and Wendy out on the balcony.

Pete looked up with a big grin saying he'd found something to put on, he was holding one of Wendy's bikinis, one she hadn't yet worn as she kept saying her tan still wasn't even enough. Bikini is in fact a bit of an overstatement -- it was more like a few bits of string and a postage stamp, a gstring bottom and almost non existent top, I'd bought it for her more as a joke than anything else and didn't think she would ever be daring enough to actually wear it -- her get out was always her tan wasn't even enough.

Wendy walked over laughing and took the garment from him and as she lifted a handful of albums from the case I explained that she had never worn that one because "her tan isn't even enough" mimicking her voice.

Dave said that from what he'd seen of her tan it looked even enough to him and Pete immediately agreed adding that he wished she'd worn it for his picture with her,

Wendy laughed commenting that she was flattered but she wouldn't dare wear it as "what would her husband say?"

As she said it she looked directly at me and I could see that she was silently daring me to dare her to put it on, She knew me well enough to know that I would love to see her to wear it in front of the two guys, but wanted me to be the one to accept the responsibility for it, I also knew that after the drinks and from the way her nipples were standing up under her tshirt that she just might be crazy enough and horny enough to do it.

As Dave and Pete looked towards me I pointed out that it was up to her, it was after all her body, and with a big smile I added that I never stopped her doing anything she really wanted to do -- ball back in Wendy's court I thought smiling inwardly to myself.

Dave and Pete started to laugh seeing that Wendy had been caught out and put on the spot, wondering and I dare say hoping, that she would actually do it.

"Right then -- if you're sure -- I'll go put it on for you three pervs!" she replied, grinning at us as she headed for the bathroom, waiting for me to stop her, tell her it was all a joke.

Though tempted to save my wife's blushes, part of me wanted to see her with two almost total strangers wearing what was really next to nothing, I was curious as well to where it might lead.

As she entered the bathroom she stopped in the doorway and gave a last exaggerated wiggle which made us all burst out laughing and Pete let out a "Woohooooo!" which Dave and I both joined in with just as the door closed.

We all sat in anticipation, breath baited waiting for Wendy to reappear. After what seemed like an age, the door opened and Wendy stepped from the bathroom to a stunned silence, she looked absolutely gorgeous as she walked into the main room.

Wendy smirked at us as she walked over, "Didn't think I'd do it -- did you?" she giggled, looking directly at me trying to gauge my reaction.

Stopping a few feet in front of us she ran her fingers up through her hair as she slowly twirled around to give us a view of the back, "So -- what's the verdict?" she asked.

"Wow" was about all I could manage, seeing Wendy standing there, her firm tanned body on full display with just her nipples and pussy covered by tiny patches of black material, took my breath away.

"You look amazing" I added struggling for words to describe the sight before me.

I heard Dave say "You look beautiful in that -- you should definitely wear it to the beach sometime" then he added "that gstring was definitely designed for your backside" which brought a fit of the giggles to us all.

"Maybe I might just do that" quipped Wendy with a grin, it was clear she was revelling in the effect that she was having on us, "feels good on -- sort of like I'm naked but not quite".

I laughed, "Honey, you are naked but not quite" which brought another fit of the giggles from everyone "not that I'm complaining you understand" I quickly added.

As Wendy sat down she asked "So what about you Pete -- what's your opinion -- hit or a miss?"

Pete blushed, "Definite hit" he replied "and at the risk of ending up sitting on the kerb you've given me an almighty hardon"

Whether because of the drink, the down to earth honesty of him or the fact that we were all thinking what he said, I don't know, but it caused no offence just uproar of laughter from us all, including Wendy.

Pete adjusted himself in his seat trying to hide the fact without it being too noticeable which made it all even funnier, Dave said not to worry he was in the same situation which brought even more laughter.

When Wendy looked over at me pulling a face of mock shock, I just said "Hell sweetheart -- I'm the same and I've even seen you without the bikini" which seemed to amuse everyone even more.

As Wendy got up to refill the drinks we all watched her head to the fridge, knowing we were watching she continued to wiggle her now near naked bum as she went and made a point of bending at the waist as she fetched some more beers. It was clear the effect she was having as the three of us adjusted our seating positions trying to hide the tents we all had in our shorts.

I could tell from the look on her face when she returned Wendy knew what we had been doing and she was enjoying our discomfort. Setting our beers on the table she laid back in her chair and picked out a lump of ice from her ouzo and started to suck on it seductively smirking at us all in turn.

"My turn to try and peek at the goods" she giggled towards Dave and Pete who had been rumbled earlier in the evening, she was deliberately turning them on, and me too I might add.

I reached over to the dresser and picked up Pete's camera, "You wanted a picture of you with Wendy in her bikini" I said.

"If I could" he replied. Wendy moved over beside him and leant over the chair from behind hugging him.

I jokingly pointed out that she should stop hiding behind him as it was looking like he had two heads.

"Good point" she said and scooted round to the front setting herself down on his lap.

"Much better" I said as I clicked the button.

"Me next" said Dave and Wendy giggled as she climbed off Pete and onto Dave's lap.

As I went to look through the viewfinder Wendy gave a wide eyed look, as I suddenly realised what the look was for, she giggled and let out a sexy "Mmmm" grinding herself down onto Dave's lap.

We all couldn't help but laugh, and as Dave blushed bright red I clicked the button again. I couldn't believe what a turn on it was to be watching my sexy near naked wife turning these two guys on right in front of me.

Here she was being centre of attention with nothing but a thin string running up between the cheeks of her beautifully shaped ass rubbing herself on another mans hardon.

My thoughts were interrupted as Pete asked how many shots were left, I passed him the camera and after a quick look he said it was seven.

"Three each and one threesome shot?" I asked.

"Yeah -- we might as well finish the roll while we can, provided Wendy's still willing of course" he replied.

"Sure" said Wendy, "how could I resist the chance of a threesome shot?" she giggled the sexual innuendo not being lost on anyone, "Just one thing" she said.

"What's that?" asked Dave smiling.

"Well I'm the only one in a bikini -- you three should really be in your trunks -- it's only fair"

We all agreed that it was a reasonable request the guys said they still had theirs on under their shorts and I grabbed a pair of mine and quickly changed in the bathroom, as I changed I wondered what was going on outside hearing the giggles and laughter coming from the main room in the apartment as well as a few "whoops" coming from Wendy.

When I asked on my return I was told that after mentioning a picture of a threesome the guys had been teasing Wendy about it, she in turn was claiming that they would be showing any pictures to their friends claiming that she had been a kinky holiday romance with them.

The whoops that came from Wendy had been in appreciation of the guys stepping out of their shorts and shirts which she said they had both done for her in unison in true stripper fashion; I had to smile at the thought. As she had her back to Dave and Pete and they couldn't see her face, she silently mouthed to me that she was really turned on before turning back around, as if I hadn't noticed, I again found myself wondering how far she might go with the teasing of the two guys.

We sat back down with our drinks and started to discuss how best to finish the roll of film and I reminded them that we had a fresh roll in our camera, as I was sure Wendy would want a memento of their last night with us, I knew that I did. I watched Wendy's eyes which seemed to be wandering from Dave to Pete and back again examining their trunks as she mentally guessed at the contents. They were both well built young men with good chests and flat bellies, something I knew Wendy always appreciated in a guy.

It was decided that Wendy would stand with each of them for one of the pictures, then Pete asked if he could have one of Wendy giving him a kiss, on the cheek he quickly added, Dave agreed that this was a good idea and said he wanted one like that too.

Wendy said she would be more than happy to oblige as long as I had no objections. I replied that of course I didn't have any, she could do whatever she wanted to do, her smile told me she was playing that game again, trying to get me to be the one who spoiled the party.

We couldn't think what to do with the last three shots but said we should take these ones and have a think about it. Pete went first and draped his arm around Wendy's shoulder, she hers around his waist in a classic holiday pose, already the bulge in his trunks was clearly visible but we were all past caring.

I laughingly told Wendy that she should pull her shoulders back and stick her chest out a bit for us as I was sure the guys would like to see it better in the picture.

"You think so?" Wendy asked, a grin forming on her lips.

"I know so" I replied to her, secretly daring her to do it, trying to find out just how naughty she wanted to be.

Dave immediately agreed that it was a look that he loved, "Can't beat a thrusting chest" he declared "and Wendy -- your chest was just made for thrusting" we all laughed at his cheeky comment.

"Well thank you -- young man" she said as she took a bow "I'm so glad you like it -- it's always nice to be appreciated" as she straightened up her free hand reached up to the small knot nestling between her boobs and taking one of the loose ends she began to pull at it till it went taught. Looking over at me she asked with a smile "I wonder just how much I should thrust?"

I couldn't believe my wife was doing this to us, never in my wildest dreams had I thought she would go this far, I had never seen her like this in all our years of marriage. Here she was with three guys sporting hardons they couldn't hide and she was still teasing us, and basically asking me if I wanted her to undo her top. What was more was that she was clearly loving every second of it, I couldn't help but wonder how wet she was when I considered the hardon she was giving me.

Pete still standing with his arm around her used his free hand to adjust the erection in his trunks trying to stop it poking its head over the waistband, his movement did not go unnoticed by Wendy, another tug and the string in her fingers grew even tighter. "I see someone appreciates me" she smiled.

"I'm sure we would all appreciate you even more if you kept pulling that as much as you know we want you to and then thrust that gorgeous chest out as far as it will go" I'd said it, I had told her to undo the knot, to expose her breasts to the two guys in the room with us, she had won and I wondered how she would react.

Her reaction was a smile and a sharp tug at the string that allowed her beautiful firm breasts to spring free. Her nipples seemed to have grown another half inch and stood out more than I'd ever seen before, the gorgeous tan covering her entire body accentuated by the darkness of her areolas. She shrugged Pete's arm off her as she untangled the top from her hair and tossed it aside before returning Pete's arm.

"Enough thrust?" she asked with a wicked grin as she pushed her chest towards Dave and myself.

"Most definitely" we both replied almost in unison.

Before I could click the button Wendy said to wait a second, she said she wanted to swap positions with Pete, as he looked puzzled and went to stand on her other side she giggled "Noooo silly -- like this" and put her arm around his shoulder then reaching round with her free hand took his and placed it firmly on her ass, with another little wiggle she smiled directly at me "Mmmm -- that feels much better" Pete was grinning from ear to ear, I think we all were, as I took the shot.

"Now for that kiss on the cheek" said Wendy turning just slightly so Pete could continue to massage her gstring clad ass.

"Ready when you are" I said as I again put the viewfinder up to my eye.

"You'll know when" she grinned over at me. Taking Pete's other hand she placed it on her ass too then looking up at him took his head in her hands and proceeded to kiss him, not on the cheek but on the lips.

Not just a peck either but a full on tongue lashing smacker, her breasts mashing against his chest pressing her mound against the hardness in his trunks. Pete's hands pulled her tighter against him his fingers digging in to the firm flesh of her ass, they were practically devouring each other, I clicked the button all too aware of my own hardon.

Wendy looked towards Dave with a smirk, "Your turn -- and I can see that you're ready for me" she said laughing. While Pete's trunks had just about kept him covered as my wife teased him, Dave was wearing a set of skimpy speedo's that left nothing to the imagination and we could all clearly see that he was hard as a rock. He stood walking over to Wendy trying to be modest as he took his place beside her.

Wendy went through it all again with Dave this time, Pete commented on how good she looked as he couldn't fully appreciate her breasts when he was standing beside her though he did smile as he said how good they had felt pushing against his chest. As they separated Wendy grinned "I sooo needed that"

Dave shook his head muttering "Wow -- thank you" and stood back from her. The bulbous head of his cock was sticking up from his trunks which had obviously been pushed down a bit after Wendy had been rubbing herself up against him.

Wendy smiled making a joke about someone coming up for some air as we sat down again to decide what to do about the last three shots in the camera. As we drank back our beers Wendy reminded me about our camera and we needed a few shots to take back ourselves, I pointed out that she must be enjoying herself too much if she wanted photographs and laughing I picked up our own camera and set it down beside Pete's. Wendy refilled the drinks as Dave changed the CD when he said he had found an idea for the last of the film, he held up the box featuring the Janet Jackson album where she's standing with someone else's hands on her breasts.

Wendy walked back laughing, "Okay -- if that's what you want, I'll do it" she said without batting an eyelid but with that wicked grin again appearing on her mouth, the drinks were definitely lowering any inhibitions she may have had.

"But lets have our drinks first -- I need some courage for this one" she giggled.

I could tell she was up to something but wasn't too sure what she had in mind.

After our drinks I asked "Okay -- who's going first this time?" to which Wendy replied that I was to be first as she handed our camera to Dave.

We arranged ourselves with me behind her and I wrapped m hands around her cupping a breast in each hand, my thoughts had been right, her nipples were indeed hard as wheel studs and pressed into my hands.

I couldn't resist and rolled the hard flesh between my thumb and forefinger, something she loves me to do, the only thing she loves more is to have me suck on them, and gave each nipple a tweak before releasing them.

She squirmed at my touch moaning softly with pleasure as she put her hands behind her back ready for the photo. As soon as they were behind her she was fishing in my trunks for my stiff cock and taking it in her hand she slowly started stroking it. Dave pointed the camera, totally oblivious to what she was doing, and I stopped playing with her nipples and went back to cupping her breasts, Wendy kept stroking as the flash went off, I smiled inwardly knowing now what she had been planning.

Here was my wife about to do the same to Dave and Pete whom we had only met a few days ago and I knew there was no way I was about to stop her. "You sure you don't mind me doing this with Dave and Pete?" she asked grinning as we swapped places and Dave stood behind her.

"As long as you're happy" I replied smiling back at her in the full knowledge of what she was about to do.

As Dave wrapped his arms around her I smiled at the look on his face as her hands found his cock, it was a mixture of shock and the thought that his dreams had all come true at once.

Pete sat watching, blissfully unaware of what was going on as he awaited his turn to stand behind Wendy and cup her gorgeous breasts in his hands. After the picture was taken I noticed it took a good few seconds for Dave to adjust himself before he stepped out to swap places with Pete.

Again there was the look of shock and disbelief mixed with excitement as Wendy's hands sneaked into his trunks, only this time it was on Pete's face, I took my time composing the picture letting her have her fun as I was sure Pete wouldn't object.

After the flash went off we were left with only one shot to take on Dave and Pete's camera so Dave rejoined Wendy and Pete. I asked what they wanted for their "threesome" picture as it was clear Wendy was turned on enough for just about anything.

"What do you mean -- just about anything" joked Wendy, "I am ready for anything" from her wickedly horny grin I knew she meant it too.

"Really" I said questioningly, "how about a shot of you and the guys then -- they can take a nipple each in their mouth, if of course they're willing" it was a dare to her and we both knew it.

Knowing how much she loved having her nipples sucked on I wondered if it might just tip her over the edge and give her an orgasm. While part of me was scared that it would there was a bigger part that was curious to see what would happen if it did and I think Wendy knew that too.

"Well -- if that's what you want to see" she said, Pete and Dave didn't need a second invitation and immediately closed in on Wendy who just smiled at me and raised her arms abandoning herself to the sensation of having two hot mouths sucking on her erect nipples at once for the first time in her life.

I stood there watching in disbelief as she squirmed in delight at the two young guys working on her breasts, holding the camera up waiting to see if she would reach orgasm. I didn't have long to wait and in what seemed like no time she was moaning loudly as they sucked on her breasts, nibbling at her hard nipples.

Her knees began to tremble and I knew it was coming, "Ohhhhh" she moaned in exquisite delight as she gave herself up to the wave of sensation coursing through her body. As she did so her hand snaked down into the bikini bottoms and started to work at the sweet pussy within.

Both guys struggled to keep their lips locked on her gorgeous breasts as she squirmed and shook with the pleasure running through her, the wetness of their saliva glistening against her tanned skin. I pressed the button and the flash of light seemed to freeze the sight before me, my gorgeous firm tanned wife frigging herself as two young guys sucked on her breasts. As the three parted she looked at me before offering her fingers to Pete and Dave each taking a turn to suck her juices from them.

"That felt so damned good" she said clearly aroused and horny as hell, "and I'm glad you enjoyed watching it too" she said as she looked at the bulge in my trunks, "Now get our camera so we can have one for us"

I dutifully obliged and picked up our own camera focusing it on the sight before me. She reached out drawing both Pete and Dave towards her pulling their heads to her breasts, she was still a little unsteady on her feet, and her legs began to tremble again almost immediately. Another low moan escaped her lips as she took first Dave then Pete's hands and placed them inside the bikini, I snapped a shot off as I saw what she was doing.

It was clear that both guys were as turned on by her as I was, their hardons straining the fabric of the trunks, Wendy slid a hand down into each taking their cocks as before only this time she wasn't trying to disguise or hide what she was doing. Pete started to moan with her as she gently stroked his shaft while Dave just closed his eyes enjoying the feel of Wendy's hand wrapped around his stiffness.

I saw the look of sheer lust on Wendy's face as she moaned that she was going to cum again the guys seemed to redouble their efforts sucking furiously as the worked their fingers in and out of her now dripping wet pussy. A shudder took over and she released the two cocks from her grasp as she struggled to maintain her balance steadying herself by holding on to the two men, gritting her teeth she muttered a string of expletives as another orgasm shook her to her very core.

As the wave subsided and she regained some of her composure she looked at me raising an eyebrow over the heads of the two men still sucking at her breasts, a silent question, I answered with a nod.

Wendy smiled as she pulled the two heads from her breasts, "My turn" she said as she began to sink to her knees. Kneeling before the two of them she began to pull down on their trunks muttering a "Mmmm" as first Pete then Dave's cocks sprang out. Both were rock hard and standing to attention and I watched as Wendy wrapped a hand round each, I wont lie and say they were huge or anything, they were what I would call average, though Dave's was considerably thicker than Pete's, anyhow, either way it didn't seem to matter to Wendy.

She pulled them both in close and began to lick, first one then the other before she took Pete all the way into her mouth, his stiff cock glistening as it went in and out as she stroked Dave. Then it was Dave's turn, she began to stroke Pete as she opened her gorgeous lips even further to encompass Dave's erect member, I could see she was struggling a little due to its girth but there was no way she was giving up. After a few minutes she returned to Pete's stiff cock caressing his balls as she fed him into the warmth of her mouth. I snapped away taking photo after photo of the horny little minx in front of me being serviced by the pair of them.

She stopped for a second as her jaw was becoming sore and took the opportunity to beckon me forward, she reached out pulling my trunks down and took my cock deep into her mouth, her tongue swirling over the end as I withdrew.

I reached down and removed the only wisp of material that she had on, I smiled "Only fair -- if we're naked so should you be" I quipped echoing her sentiment from earlier.

"Mmmm -- I can live with that" she smirked back. Running my finger over her now naked pussy I could feel her wetness for the first time, she was soaking, dripping wet. I licked the sweet juices from my fingers as I pulled her to her feet, guiding her over to the bed I pressed her down onto it, she didn't resist at all.

"I thought this might be easier on your knees" I smiled as I turned her over and positioned my cock at the entrance to her dripping pussy.

It slid in easily and she let out a soft moan, before motioning to Dave and Pete to come forward. Reaching out she took Dave's thick cock and guided it towards her eagerly waiting mouth, I looked over and signalled to Pete to come around before I withdrew and had him replace my throbbing cock with his. Stepping back I watched my wife being fucked at both ends, enjoying the vision before picking up the camera again and taking some more photos

"Now that's what I call a classic threesome pose". Wendy seemed to be having her orgasms one after the other as the two of them fucked her to a frenzy.

Suddenly Pete said he was cumming and in a panic asked what he should do, I laughed, "Fill her up -- it's what she wants" and with that he thrust into her squirting his seed deep inside her.

This seemed to set Dave off and as his pace began to quicken he looked over at me and I motioned for him to change positions, there was little finesse as he rammed his stiff thick cock deep into my wife's gaping wet pussy she moaned loudly as her pussy was stretched wider. I took her by the hair and fed my cock into her sweet little mouth and felt its warmth engulf me.

She sucked for all she was worth as Dave pummelled into her from behind, orgasm after orgasm racking her body, she squealed with delight as his hips slapped against her, Pete picked up the camera and continued to take more photos.

All too soon for Wendy Dave again started to speed up and he let out a loud grunt as he too came deep inside her pussy, as he withdrew his cock there was a loud squelch.

My own orgasm was building and I felt my balls begin to tighten then the sudden rush before a wad of cum spurted out into Wendy's mouth, then another and another. She swallowed hard gulping the thick cream down while trying to breath at the same time, her own body quivering and trembling at the slightest touch.

As we collapsed onto the bed, her body had a thin sheen of sweat covering it entirely, hot creamy spunk oozed from her gaping pussy as she lay there, her legs still parted, exhausted from her efforts.

"Oh fuck that felt so good" she moaned her face buried in the sheets not even having the energy left to raise her head

I turned her over and looking into her eyes I saw the sheer lust and satisfaction that was within. Dave came over and passed her drink to her, she downed what was left in one go, as he told her she was amazing, Pete agreed from the other side of the room.

The three of us were soon sitting around the bed beside her, she was making no attempt to cover herself up, why should she, we had all just seen what she could do and how horny she was. "Horny little minx aren't you" I smiled realising that things were never going to be the same again in our relationship.

Smiling back she replied "No -- this is me being a horny little minx" and with that she ran her finger down her body and slipped it into her slit scooping the cum that still leaked and oozed from her sweet little pussy into the crook of the finger.

Smiling at the three of us she lifted it to her mouth and sucked the cum from it, licking her lips as her finger slipped from her mouth with a barely audible pop.

"Oh man" moaned Dave "I'm going to be getting hard again" thinking the same thought as the rest of us, Wendy just smiled and reached out to his semi erect cock and started to stroke it again.

In no time it was hard again and she started to stroke Pete at the same time. The sight of my freshly fucked wife holding a cock in each hand, and clearly ready for more, had me hard as a rock in no time.

I rolled over between her legs and nestled my cock against the entrance to her, she smiled up at me as she stroked the two guys standing at the head of the bed beside her. I pushed deep into her, feeling my cock squishing through what was left of the two loads of cum that were already filling her delicious pussy. Taking long slow strokes and withdrawing right out I could hear the sound of her pussy squelching making that sucking sound as it desperately sought to wrap itself around my stiff cock again.

I could feel her orgasm build as she writhed around on the bed, stroking vigorously at the cock she held in each hand lashing her tongue over each tip as it came within reach.

Plunging into her, my cock glistening with the cocktail of cum and her own juices, she began to moan, softly at first then building to a crescendo of screams as she came hard thrusting her hot pussy up to meet my strokes.

As she came Pete joined her, his cock started to spew forth jets of hot sticky cum that splashed onto her chin and breasts covering her with the milky fluid as she squirmed with delight Dave shot his second load of the evening. It too splattered over her boobs with a little running down her neck to form a little pool in the dip of her collar bone, the strings of creamy white goo showing up in stark contrast against the tanned skin.

As she was coming for a second time I withdrew adding my own cum to the mess covering her chest, the last of my spurts hitting her on the belly. She smiled as the last of the trembles running through her body subsided, looking down; she surveyed her own cum splattered body with some degree of satisfaction.

"I want a picture of this" she smirked, her eyes filled with a mixture of lust and satisfaction.

I picked up the camera and took the shot, the beautiful tan covering her firm body covered in hot sticky stripes of cum, her pussy still gaping with a little cum oozing from it to trickle down her crack and the look of wanton lust and satisfaction on her face, it's a sight I will remember till the day I die.

Dave and Pete said they had better start to get ready to go, we understood, they had a ferry and a flight to catch, Wendy joined each in the shower helping clean the cum from both their bodies and her own, I left her to it and lay back on the bed.

We said our goodbyes and after they had gone she snuggled up beside me, the room was still stinking of raw sex, its heavy scent hung in the air hanging like a reminder of what we had just done. As we talked through what had just happened there were no recriminations, no regrets for either of us,

"So would you do it again?" I asked.

"Would you want me to?" she immediately replied a big smile spreading across her face.