**Just Do It For Me!**

by[VoyeurSurf](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=481551&page=submissions)©

I married my husband right after graduating from college. I knew we would be married while he was away on his mission. Our parents and church leaders decided that he and I would make a good match. I of course had the final say but it was understood that objecting would be frowned upon. So when he returned I accepted his proposal.

Luckily for me, John is a good looking man. To my surprise he is not the saint he led everyone to believe. On our wedding night I expected timid lovemaking with the lights off while still wearing our garments. But instead, I was pressed up against our 24th floor hotel widow, completely naked as he took my virginity from behind.

The next day John had another surprise for me. We planned to spend the day at the beach and I had on my sporty bikini top which tightly held my lovely 34C breasts and matching bottom completely covering my sweet round ass. I'm wearing a white cover-up over my bikini and ready to head down to the beach when John said, "Take off your bikini top and just wear your cover-up."

He could see my hesitation. I am too conservative to leave our room with my breasts freely swaying underneath a loose cotton shirt. Not to mention the obvious side-boob view.

"You're kidding right?" I asked.

"No one knows us here and we will never have this chance again to be so daring. Just do it for me!"

I reached back and unhooked my bikini top and pulled it off from underneath my shirt. My breasts are firm but there was no denying I was topless underneath the cotton cover-up.

The looks I was getting in the hotel lobby felt as if I was wearing something completely see-through. Even the hotel employees were falling all over themselves offering us assistance down to the beach.

I made a conscious effort to keep my arms at my side to avoid exposing my tits but when I handed my beach bag to the bellman I gave him a great peek at my bare breasts.

It was at this point seeing the smile on John's face when I decided to just do what my new husband wanted. In the gift shop I bent over to pick up some magazines. Men walking by were treated to a great view down the front of my shirt. Some of them even circled back to get a second look when I appeared not to realize my exposure.

John watched with approval as more men took a closer look at my perky tits. I decided to tie my cover-up around my waist revealing my bikini bottom enticing more excitement for my husband and the men admiring me.

I could almost feel their eyes on me as I adjusted my bottoms and accidently pull them down enough to show off my ass crack. I reach for the swim suits on sale. The clerk hurried over to help and was quick to suggest a revealing thong and bikini top for me to try on. It was his lucky day because I really wanted to please my husband.

Behind the curtain I could sense the anticipation of the salesclerk waiting on the other side for me to come out from the dressing room. Looking at the mirror my ass cheeks are fully exposed and the bikini top barely covers my puffy pink nipples. I feel naked but reach up to open the curtain anyway.

The salesclerk and John both react wide-eyed seeing my exposed body. I felt extremely vulnerable but at the same time liberated. I stood in front of the mirror looking at a the 22 year old, half naked women looking back at me and decided, if this is what my husband wanted, then so be it.

Down at the beach it felt exhilarating being exposed it public. John was so proud of me for wearing my new swim suit and kept professing his love for me. It wasn't long before he realized that tops were optional and persuaded me to go topless.

What an incredible sensation that I will never forget. Overprotected my entire life, I was nearly naked in front of so many strangers and I didn't care. I even got up the nerve to walk down to the ocean, tits and ass on display, for a swim with John.

The rest of our honeymoon I didn't wear a bra underneath my clothes. John was thrilled seeing all the attention I received from other men. I wanted John to be happy with me and asked him if he wanted me to do anything else.

"Like what?" he asked.

"Do you want to see me with another man?" I inquired.

"What!" "No way, I just like showing you off. Don't be ridiculous."

When we arrived back home we agreed to never tell anyone of our escapades. Every once in a while I get the urge for that sensation of being exposed in public. But it is simply too risky in our small town.

On our two year anniversary we return to the place of our honeymoon. Arriving at our hotel room I fully expected John to take me again in front of our widow when instead, he whispers in my ear...

"I want to see you with another man."

The End