**Lost a Whole Day on Holiday**

by Isabella

My husband Johnny worked for Silverman Enterprises in our small town of Higham Ferrers. Johnny worked in maintenance but that was a bit of a pain, especially when it came to holidays. When everyone in the town went on their summer holidays, Johnny and his workmates were at their busiest, going into factories to carry out updates or repairs. Because of this, we usually ended up having our main holiday later in the year when we would have to go further afield to get a little sunshine.

We'd booked our holiday in Southern Spain for the end of August, two weeks in a three star hotel in Estepona, bed, breakfast and evening meal. The end of August was our usual holiday choice because it was well away from Johnny's busiest time but one week before our holiday was due to start, there was a fire in one of the companies hosiery factories and all of the maintenance team were rushed in to get the factory re-opened as quickly as possible. After two days it was clear that there was at least three weeks work involved to get the factory back onto its feet. Johnny's team leader asked Johnny if he could postpone his holiday for three weeks.

Johnny said, "If I cancel now I'll lose the two thousand pounds I've paid for the holiday so I don't think I can!"

Johnny told me that evening when he got home, my reaction was to say that his team leader was a cheeky bastard; it was bad enough that we kept having meals out cancelled because Johnny had to work late to get a factory running after some machine broke down or other last minute problem without them trying to cancel our summer holiday as well.

The next day at work Johnny's team leader handed Johnny a letter from the big boss of the company, Stirling Silverman. The letter started, 'Dear Johnny' and ended with a friendly salutation. The contents of the letter brought a smile to Johnny's face and he couldn't wait to show the letter to me when he got home...even though I'd been in bed for an hour and was fast asleep by the time he got home after working sixteen hours straight.

I made him a cup of tea because he was still on a high from working so hard all day and he needed calming down a little. Johnny sipped his calming camomile tea while I read the letter from the big boss. The letter was very friendly and casual, phrases like, 'Take it as a personal favour if...' and 'Eternally grateful if..." the up and the down of the letter was that Sterling wanted Johnny to postpone our holiday for three weeks and he would swap out two weeks bed breakfast and evening meal holiday in Southern Spain for a three week all inclusive holiday in a hotel on one of the smaller Greek islands. We talked around things for an hour; I checked the island of Kea, things like what the weather would be like towards the end of September. The stats were good; it would be sunnier on average than our planned holiday, sunnier as well as hotter and the upgrade to all inclusive would be a big uplift on the holiday we'd paid for.

So we agreed to have our holiday a month later than we'd planned. The hotel wasn't a beach hotel, it was on a high cliff above the sea, beautiful scenery and beautiful hotel. The weather wasn't as predicted though; it was hot but overcast, the worst September in living memory for lack of sunshine.

It was a shame that there wasn't enough sunshine to be able to get a tan but I virtually lived in my white Lycra bikini, spending most days out by the swimming pool although I never went in it, the Lycra bikini was totally unsuitable for getting wet as it turned transparent. We could have all the alcohol we wanted all into the price of our holiday so that was how we spent most of the time, relaxing, reading and drinking but we didn't get drunk because all of the free alcohol was very low alcohol and I discovered a taste for Retsina wine and drank it by the bottle because it was only six percent alcohol.

The holiday flew by, the last full day of our holiday was soon upon us, Johnny wasn't looking forward to having to go back to wearing clothes again when we got home...he was even less happy with the thought of me going back to wearing my conservative clothes back home. It would be the second week of October when we got home, it would be cooling down rapidly towards winter so I'd be well into wearing my winter clothes once we got home.

The final day of our holiday was certainly a change, it rained...rained hard but it was still warm unlike British rain. It looked like it was going to be a very poor end to out three week holiday. We were sitting in the hotel's lounge looking miserable, the last few guests that were staying at the hotel had hired cars to explore the rest of the island, not that there was much to see on Kea.

The hotel receptionist was talking on the phone to one of her cousins, after she finished she told us that on the other side of the island the sun was out, Johnny asked her if she could order us a taxi to take us to the sunny side of the island.

We were taken to a hotel that had a private beach; Johnny paid ten euros to use their beach and facilities. I ordered a sandwich for my lunch and a bottle of Retsina and sat under a parasol drinking the wine and eating my sandwich. The sun had come out with a vengeance after being missing for three weeks.

I hadn't realised that there could be different strengths of the same wine so I was soon out of my head, partly because of the sun but mainly because of the wine and the very light lunch. I fell asleep under the parasol and lost the rest of the day. My next recollection was being woken up at six o'clock in the morning to get ready for breakfast before we left for the ferry to take us to Athens for our flight home. I had a pounding headache and was sore all over from the sun when I stepped into the shower, my breasts were bright red and very sore, I'd never let the sun shine on my breasts before so I assumed that the sun had made it through the very thin Lycra of my bikini top.

In the shower there were signs that I'd had sex, crusted semen in the hairs around my labia and I felt overly wet inside. After my shower I plastered my body with soothing after sun lotion. My legs and arms had just turned brown rather then bright red as I often got sun on them but I covered them in after sun as well.

I had an uncomfortable journey home, my blouse rubbing against my chest hurt for most of the flight and even though it was quite cold when we landed I still couldn't put my coat on for the trip from the airport to home. Johnny actually liked seeing me wearing just a loose cotton blouse in the taxi with no bra under it...he liked the way I looked so much that he wanted sex the minute we walked through the front door. I wanted to put him off because I was so sore but he talked me into letting him strip me naked in the living room and take me standing up leaning on the back of the sofa.

As I stood for my husband I was really glad that I'd insisted on net curtains at the living room window as I stood there looking out into the street as my neighbours walked up and down the street while I was being fucked from behind...not up the back passage though, in the right hole.

Johnny went back to work on the Monday morning a happy boy, our after holiday weekend had been some kind of sex-fest for him...or should that be us? I'd been happy with my six to twelve shags a year after the honeymoon, Johnny worked far too hard usually to be very frisky at the weekends that he wasn't working but after a restful three week holiday he was full of beans...beans as well as spunk and he wanted to dump as much of that spunk into my cunt as he possibly could.

On Monday afternoon he was home unusually early, he was home at exactly the moment that I'd have expected him home if he finished work at his official finishing time rather than one or two hours late. He bounded into the house looking very happy and not the slightest bit tired like he would after a full day's work.

"Easy day darling?"

"It was great."

"So, what happened today to make you so happy?"

"Everybody wanted to know all about out holiday, they were all interested because we had to swap our planned holiday for a later one, they all loved the photograp..."

He stopped short of finishing saying 'Photographs!' and I saw a reddening in his cheeks.

"...You are okay with me showing the pictures to my mates at work aren't you?"

"What pictures?"

"You know, the pictures you asked me to take of you when we went around the bay from the hotel at Spathi."

"I can't remember much of what happened after drinking that bottle of Retsina...what pictures did I ask you to take of me?"

"Shit...I thought...well, I mean...you told me to take photographs of you on the nudist beach."

"I didn't...I can't remember leaving the hotel, I just remember drinking that wine, Kea Supreme Retsina and then I must have fallen asleep."

"No, no you didn't fall asleep, you took your bikini top off on the sun-lounger and the barman told us we'd have to leave if you didn't put your top back on. You didn't want to so we walked around to the next bay where they allow people to sunbathe in the nude."

"You mean that I walked around from the hotel with my tits hanging out?"

"No, you pulled your beach-top on and walked around the road wearing just that and your bikini bottoms. You told me to take pictures of you on the nudist beach..."

"You mean you asked me if you could take pictures of me!"

"No...I really didn't...I was shocked when you asked me to photograph you, especially after you went in the sea and your bikini bottoms became transparent."

"I think you'd better show me these photographs!"

Johnny took his mobile phone out of his pocket and he flicked through his library of photographs, he looked at his screen and was about to hand his phone to me but stopped short, "Before you look at these photographs, you have to realise that you asked me to take them, you actually said, 'Take some photos of me on the nudist beach to show your mates at home!' and I took that to mean that it would be okay to show them to my mates at work as well."

I took his phone from him, the first picture wasn't actually a picture, it was a video clip, me walking in front of Johnny, my beach-top was totally see through and my tits were wobbling about, my voice came through the little speaker on the phone, "Don't film me here, wait until we get to the nudist beach and I get my shirt off, your mates will like those pictures better!"

I gasped at what I was saying in the short film and the fact that I didn't seem the least bit drunk or out of control. There were several pictures of me posing on the sand on the nudist beach, men were walking back and forth looking at me as I lay there with just my bikini knickers on.

There was a picture of me in the sea talking to two men, the water up to my breasts and then a short film of me on the sand again, my knees were up, my legs apart and my white Lycra bikini knickers were totally see through. Men were walking along totally nude, they were stopping opposite my feet and looking straight between my legs and as Johnny filmed, each man grew an erection.

Johnny stopped the video at one man, an African man, he grew quite a tree trunk out of his groin, "You told me that you liked his cock the best, you said that you wondered what it would feel like to have that thing inside you and then you asked me if I'd ever thought of watching you with another man!"

"Shit, just how much wine did I drink?"

Johnny grinned at me and shook his head, "We ordered two bottles in the hotel and I had two glasses, you had a bottle and a half in around an hour."

Well, that much alcohol in an hour would have made me drunk but not the Retsina that they gave us in our own hotel.

"How strong was the Retsina at that beach hotel?"

Johnny went to our almost empty suitcases, I'd emptied all the clothes and washed them or put the clean ones away, he ferrited about in the bag and brought out a bottle, "I spotted this at the airport duty free shop!"

The wine was the same as the bottle I'd remembered drinking from at the beachside hotel. I checked out the label but it was all in Greek, I saw '15%' at the side of a Greek word, 'αλkoóλ'!

"I think this word could be alcohol and it says fifteen percent, it's only like three times stronger than the wine they gave us at the holiday hotel but that means it was like me drinking four and a half bottles in just an hour."

"God I'm sorry darling but you didn't act at all like you were drunk, I didn't question why you had suddenly changed overnight like that, I guess I didn't dare question it in case you changed back into your usual conservative self!"

"You preferred the wild me then?"

"Of course I did, when you insisted that I masturbate you on the beach under your towel it blew my mind, all those men walking past and rubbing their cocks watching me get you off under your towel. And the sex we had out on our balcony when we got back to our hotel was amazing!"

I put the wine bottle away and had to think things out, perhaps I had been too conservative in the past, I had been a little wild before I met Johnny but had really settled into married life with him, behaving more like our mothers than the way I'd acted before I met him.

October was windy and so cold that it chilled right down to the marrow in my bones, all thoughts of my play day on the naturist beach driven out of my head. November was even worse, even colder and it snowed in November too. The first of December brought an end to the snow but not the cold and a letter from Johnny's company.

Silverman enterprises had seven factories in Higham Ferrers as well as the maintenance company that Johnny worked for, in the past, each division of the business had looked after their own Christmas party but this year Sterling Silverman had got involved, to save money he had decided to hold just one big party for all of his two thousand employees.

I let Johnny buy me a very revealing dress for the party and I allowed him to pick out my underwear as well to wear to the Christmas party. An hour before the party was due to start Johnny opened the bottle of extra strong Retsina and encouraged me to down the lot on my own, he couldn't join me as he had to drive.

I wasn't as out of my head as I had been in Greece, for a start off it wasn't sunny so I wasn't dehydrated but I was well on my way, I was even happy to walk out to the car dressed like a whore without a top coat on in the freezing cold.

I'd danced with every one of Johnny's co-workers and when the last one took me back to our table Johnny asked me who I would like to dance with next. I spotted a large black man dancing with Gail King, I giggled, "I'd love to dance with that big black bugger!"

Johnny raised his eyebrows and smiled at me, "You want me to go and ask him if he wants to dance with you? He looks a bit like that black guy on the beach that you liked so much on Kea! Are you getting a thing for black men darling?"

I just giggled again at that thought.

I lost sight of Gail King and her dance partner and Johnny towed me behind him as we went to look for them so I could ask for a dance.

Johnny was almost having to hold me up as the fresh air hit us as we went out into the car park, the rear door of Sterling Silverman's limousine was wide open and inside the back of the car, on the ocean of white lambs wool carpet was the black man with his trousers around his knees and he was on top of Gail King fucking her arse off. He didn't shoot into her though, he just gave her a mind blowing orgasm and then pulled his cock out of her cunt, it looked like his cock was a foot long and as fat as my forearm.

Johnny said, "Hi Suleiman, my wife was wondering if you'd like a dance with her before we have to go home!"

Suleiman pulled his trousers up and zipped the fly before taking my arm and leading me back into the building and out onto the dance floor. I had a little more to drink and once again I got alcohol induced amnesia and forgot all about what had happened after leaving home that evening...well, not everything, I could remember the powerfully built black man dragging me around on the dance floor bur very little else.