**Man, I Love Hawaii**

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One day, after being married for almost ten years, a strange realization hit me: I'd somehow never bought my wife clothes. Her work wardrobe wasn't overly varied, and at home it was t-shirts and sweats, so the thought had never crossed my mind. That's not to say I didn't buy other things as gifts--jewelry, vacation experiences, nice dinners, etc.--just never clothes. So I set about to change that fact, never expecting it to lead to one of the greatest nights of my life.  
  
After perusing some stores, I found the perfect dress: a little red flowered number that showed off her incredible cleavage. When we had just started dating in college, she showed up to one date wearing a little red flowered dress that I, to this day, have seared into my memory as one of the hottest things I'd ever seen. I hoped to recapture some of the magic with this one, even though we're no longer in our 20's. I couldn't wait to give it to her, and see her try it on.  
  
After what seemed an overly long time in our walk-in closest trying it on, I asked her tentatively if everything was okay. Her response was a mixture of laughter and exasperation..."Are you sure this is what you meant to buy me?" Now, my wife, if you haven't read earlier stories, is a former athlete with 34DD (sometimes 34G or H) breasts and a slim waist. I couldn't imagine what was making her laugh so hard about a simple dress until she walked out and I saw my "mistake."  
  
After looking back on it, the model I had seen wearing this dress couldn't have been more than a B cup, if the gods smiled upon her that day. And this dress had a bow-tie closure in the front--very cute on the slim model, and completely overmatched on my busty wife. When she walked out to show me her new dress, it fit perfectly everywhere but her chest, where two small ribbons were fighting a losing battle to stay closed across her magnificent chest. There was cleavage, there was underboob, there were nipples poking out through the fabric--because there's no way a bra was fitting under there as well...it was damn near perfect and completely unwearable in public. We both laughed until we cried, I undid the knot, and we fucked until we fell asleep.  
  
Flash forward a few months, and we were taking a trip to Hawaii. As we were packing, I noticed a brief flash of red flowers going into my wife's suitcase. Hesitant to ruin a surprise--or alert her to her mistake in packing a dress that didn't pass local decency laws--I said nothing. Thankfully, when we got to Hawaii she informed me she'd brought it to wear over a swimsuit in case we went to dinner after the pool one day. I had the perfect spot in mind, a local bar that had tables on the beach, sand between your toes, and great Mai Tais. Reservations made.  
  
What I didn't expect was how the tropical atmosphere would work on my lovely wife. As we got ready for dinner, I mentioned how much better the dress looked with nothing underneath it, and she said, "Ah...I remember when you bought it for me. You hoping for an encore of that night?"  
  
I replied, "Of course I am. Always. I just think it's a flattering dress for you to wear, and it can't be much different than the small bikinis girls wear on the beach here..."  
  
And then something amazing happened--the swimsuit came off, revealing her naked, tanned body with a neatly trimmed patch above her full pussy lips, and the dress went on. No bra, no panties, just translucent white fabric with red flowers and a simple tie preventing my wife's magnificence from being out in the open. She smiled at me mischievously and said, "Let's go celebrate!"  
  
When we walked up to the restaurant, she was already getting looks from other diners, the waiters, people walking by...it was impossible not to notice what was happening. After ordering a Mai Tai and settling in to our table, I had to fight the urge to just stare at her (along with everyone else nearby.) My beautiful wife was sitting in a public restaurant, on the beach, spilling out a dress made for someone built quite differently, and I couldn't stand up because I was rock hard the entire time. She finally said, "Listen, if this is too distracting, I'm going to have to do something about it." That was enough to scare me into behaving appropriately...I wasn't about to ruin a night like this!  
  
After appetizers and our main course, she complimented me on my ability to keep it together and appreciate the beautiful views...with every pun intended. It was at that moment that the world changed, because she winked at me and slowly, deliberately, undid the tie, letting the straps fall lightly across her hard nipples. She was now almost completely exposed, and if she moved at all the straps would fall and she'd be topless in the restaurant. Her breathing had changed, becoming shallower and sharper, and I could tell from how she was rubbing her legs together that she was getting aroused at her own boldness.  
  
Needless to say, our waiter noticed the change in attire, as he dropped the check off, made small talk, offered to refill everything on the table (including the salt shakers), and finally gave up when he realized he wasn't going to get what he wanted. I paid the check, and then sat holding my breath to see what was next. It had gotten dark as we watched the sunset over the ocean, so we were mainly lit by the ubiquitous tiki torches and the light of the moon on the water. It was magical, intoxicating, and anything was possible.  
  
And then it happened: she stood up, letting the straps fall. She was now out in the open, her dark pink nipples standing at full attention on top of her round, beautiful breasts. She gathered her clutch, and marched her way back through the crowd gathered at the hostess' stand waiting for tables. As I excitedly limped after her (no one is walking smoothly with the raging erection I had at this point) I heard two guys standing in line say to each other, "Holy shit...man, I love Hawaii."  
  
We made it back to an alcove on the beach near our hotel before she grabbed my shirt and kissed me passionately, then pushed me onto the sand and mercifully unzipped my fly to release my cock. With a hunger in her eyes, she hiked up her dress and slid her very wet and throbbing pussy on to me. She rode me until we both climaxed together, silently, with the crashing waves as our soundtrack.  
  
She stood up, my cum trickling down her leg, loosely retied the dress for re-entering the hotel, and thanked me for buying her such a pretty dress.  
  
Any time my love, any time.