**My Tiny Bikini**

by caratchsc1

*Tom's poker buddies get an eyefull*

Last fall my husband, Tom, got the idea that we’d take a vacation at a clothing-optional resort in Jamaica. I was reluctant, but I knew he really wanted to do it, so I agreed. I told him there was no way I was going to be prancing around naked. Of course, I knew he’d enjoy the scenery!

I was sure the one-piece suits I wore at home would stand out like a sore thumb. I went out and bought a couple of reasonably conservative bikinis.

So we went and had a good time. For sure, it was a different and exciting experience. The resort was beautiful and the food was good. Almost all the men and about half of the women were nude. There were all shapes, sizes, and ages of people…some hot bodies…some not so hot… but all apparently comfortable being naked.

After a couple of days, I got comfortable enough that I went topless on the beach. Tom commented, and I had to agree, that my body, my boobs at least, looked good. I must admit I enjoyed the freedom and didn’t mind the admiring glances I received.

On the next-to-last day, Tom tried to persuade me to go entirely nude. “Come on, Cara, you’ll probably never get this chance again. And I want to see all these studs admiring my wife’s firm ass.” I told him topless was as far as I’d go.

So Tom had a suggestion: he’d noticed that the boutique had some very skimpy bikinis in the window. So he said, ”If I get you a new bikini, will you agree to wear it?” To please him, I agreed.

Well, skimpy hardly tells the tale. The top was just two thin patches that barely covered my nipples. The bottom: just a pencil-thin string between my legs and a little triangle in front. Instead of covering my most private parts, the string just emphasized them. When I put it on I felt more exposed than if I had been totally nude. But I wore it to the beach…under my coverup.

At first, I just stayed on our towel but then I got brave and walked on the beach with him. I even walked back to our room without putting on my coverup. I was displaying my most intimate parts for the sexual pleasure of strangers...and I loved it!

So, that was our vacation. It was great and, I must say, reinvigorated our sex play for a month or so.

Here’s what happened next. Tom is a member of a poker group…four other guys, all from the neighborhood, all married, all in their late forties or fifties. They meet once a month, rotating from home to home. Beer and sandwiches are served…usually by the host’s wife.

When it was Tom’s next turn to host the poker group, he told me he wanted to give the boys a treat…”I want you to dress sexy for them.”

“What do you mean?" I asked.

“Well, your short skirt and heels. Show them your lovely, long legs.”

“Well, that’s ok…that’s what I always wear.”

“No, I mean that’s all…tight top and no leggings.”

“My God, Tom, what’s gotten into you?”

“I’ve just been thinking…all of the other wives are kinda dumpy. Some of the guys have told me how lucky I am that you’ve kept your figure. And they’re right. I’m very proud of how you look so I just think we should spread the wealth. You can wear a sexy bra and pretty panties if you want.”

“I don’t know, Tom. I like those guys...I don’t want them thinking I’m a slut. That skirt is really short…I won’t be able to sit or bend over.”

“They’ll just think I have a sexy wife.”

“Their wives will not be happy…they’re my friends too.”

“I’m going to tell the guys I have a secret treat for them. What happens in the poker group stays in the group.”

As I thought about it, I was intrigued. Tom was proud of me and he wanted me to do it, and the thought made me hot. So, on poker night I dressed as he suggested.

When I showed Tom before the guys arrived, he whistled. “You are so sexy. The guys are going to go crazy.”

When all four had arrived, Tom announced, "here is your surprise…our sexy waitress for the night.”

I walked in with a beer for each of them.

“Wow, Cara, you look gorgeous tonight,” one of them said.

After a while, Tom called for more beers. I brought them in. Then Tom asked me to pick up coasters for the beers. They were on the bottom shelf under the TV. As I started to kneel to reach them, he said, “Don’t bend your knees…we want to see your bottom.”

I thought, 'what the hell if that's what he wants, I’ll do it.' So I bent over and held the pose for a moment. “Is this what you mean?" I asked as I looked around.

“Oh yes," one of the guys said. "Please bend over again…I think I blinked.”

“Too bad Charlie, you’ll have to wait for the next round of beers.”

I was so hot…I thought maybe my panties showed a wet spot. So I went upstairs and took them off. I was so hot…and I was wet. Then I remembered the bikini Tom bought me on vacation. I put on the bottom and went back down.

Soon Tom called for more beers and I brought them in. I wanted to bend over again but I was embarrassed by what they would see. Still, I was so excited.

“Is there anything else I can do for you guys?" I asked.

One of them said, “Tom, isn’t there something else you need her to pick up?”

“So, you want to admire my wife’s ass again?”

“It sure was hot last time…of course, I do.”

“OK, Cara, show us again.”  
  
“Are you sure that’s what you want me to do, Tom? You may get a surprise.”

“Turn around and lift your skirt," Tom said.

I did…OMG it made me so hot.

“Cara!” Tom said.

“Can’t say I didn’t warn you, Tom. You invited them to admire my ass and that’s what you got. How long are you going to make me stand here like this?”

One of the guys, Peter, who was always making risqué comments, said, “turn around Cara, show us your hot pussy.”

“Up to you, Tom…you started this. Now you’ve got the boys all excited. I’ll turn around if you want…I’m having a good time.” Oh Hell…I just dropped my skirt and stepped out of it. “There…that’s what you wanted to see, Peter. What do you think, Tom…your wife is nearly naked in front of your friends.”

“I’m proud to have a beautiful and sexy wife, that’s what I think.”

I just stood there and let them get their eyes full.

Peter said, “Cara showed us her pucker and now we see her snatch. I can’t believe it.”

I said, “There you are boys…now go home to your wives and pound them hard. Just keep our little secret.”

I gave each guy a full hug as he left. They were all hard. Peter gave my ass a squeeze.

Then Tom took me to bed for a fabulous fuck.