**Night in Malta**

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We take great pleasure in the foreplay we experience before making love, and I think this event was one of the most stimulating, to the extent that I remember most of the details vividly, again the content is quite mild when compared to other stories, but nevertheless this is a true account.

I will be very interested in any feedback you may offer and will happily reply.

We arrived at our hotel in Malta about 3am after a short flight from the UK. The hotel was located in the lively resort of St Julian's and was situated on Bay Street, with its many vibrant bars belting out disco music even at this time of the morning. The late summer temperature was very comfortable, our room was on the fifth floor, leading to a railed balcony fence overlooking the street, and we were more than a little relieved to find our room had two double glazed sliding patio windows to keep out the noise.

The following morning the sun was quite hot so we decided to do some sight seeing and check out the area.

After a light lunch and a refreshing siesta we showered and dressed for our evening meal. We had seen a restaurant at the waters edge that was part of the hotel which looked very promising. My wife wore just her silky, low cut, cross over white cocktail dress, complemented with really high gold stiletto heels, giving her an aura of the utmost desirability. I felt so privileged to be accompanied by my beautiful wife as we strolled down to the restaurant, and was offered a table at the waters edge.

A Latin waiter took our order for drinks before he left us to enjoy the warm evening atmosphere, just immersed in our own company, gazing over the silky waters of the bay from our perfect table.

Our wine soon arrived and the waiter explained the evening specials and took our order for a seafood dish. I noticed Mandy's nipples seem to have hardened with the light sea breeze and the soft silky fabric sculptured them perfectly, clearly showing the circle of her areolas and I was leaning back slightly, deliberately admiring her breasts when the meal arrived.

If ever a prawn could be peeled seductively Mandy could do it; and peel she did, before taking it between her glossed lips with a growing lust in her eyes. I instinctively knew tonight, was going to be one of those nights. She was really hot, and I dared to whisper that I would be very lucky if she were not wearing any underwear and could tell she was visibly elated by the mischievousness of my audacious comment.

I seductively fed her a large juicy prawn dipped in the accompanying sauce and rested my finger over the pale flesh, inviting her mouth to suckle me as she swirled the flesh in her mouth. I removed my finger, and dropped my hand to brush the back of my fingers over the fabric of her dress covering her engorged nipple, making it harder still and wondered how far we could take this sensual experience. I knew things were getting hotter when Mandy stole a glance to make sure no one was looking and could not resist massaging my hardness with her foot.

I fed her another prawn and again, she sensed my intentions, and smiled as my thumb and finger moved to caress her ear lobe before tracing their way down the neckline of her dress and in so doing, moved it over to expose more of her soft breast. We were so engrossed in each other at this time we hadn't noticed our waiter poised at our table and when Mandy pulled back slightly to enable the waiter to top up our wine, he stared at her slightly over exposed breast and his knowing expression confirmed he was more than happy for us to continue our activities.

The meal continued as we lustfully fed each other, our stimulation gathering pace with each mouthful. Each time our glass was almost down to half full it was topped up by the attentive waiter, contributing to the heady ambience and Mandy was now beginning to boldly flaunt her braless cleavage. We pondered on the sweet, but decide instead to move to the lounge area and sample some cocktails. The barman suggested we tried a Silver Bullet and its potency simply added to the stimulating environment.

Mandy crossed her legs, her white dress draped away from her thighs very sexily. We chatted about our holiday, but the underlying themes were very sexual. She excused herself to go to the loo and my eyes pleaded for some sort of response, her mischievous smile as she got up left me in no doubt that she may consider my request; the lust in our eyes was unmistakable.

I watched as she returned and quickly slid next to me, the gazebo lights casting shadows over her partially exposed cleavage as she slid in then passed me the flimsy bit of lace that had been clothing her. I felt the butterflies in my stomach rapidly responded to this erotic gesture. I took them from her slowly then crushed them into my pocket and, knowing her provocative demeanour, wished this night would last forever and turned to call for the bill. The waiter bid us goodnight, but unable to maintain his integrity any longer, sank his eyes to her beautiful soft breasts for his personal gratification. The excitement of another man sexually admiring her breasts was very arousing.

We headed out to the dimly lit street and stopped momentarily to engage in a deep kiss, the passionate urgency of our feelings was confirmed as our hands moved frantically over each other's bodies, her hot tongue dancing seductively with mine. My hand moved gently under the sheer fabric, to at last feel, the soft mounds that had been the focus of so much attention that evening, then persuaded her to let me slacken the wrap sash tying holding the flaps of her dress.

The vibrant buzz of the resort encouraged us to stop on the way for another drink. We came across a sleazy little cocktail bar just a few yards from our hotel where we thought we might have some fun, and, as it was fairly crowded inside we thought we'd give it a go.

Her white dress now only loosely concealing her perfect figure as she walked to the bar, aware I revelled in the expressions of the people sitting at the tables knowing what they could see. We sat at the bar to order a drink where the barman was more than happy to serve us. His eyes soon fell to the valley of her soft cleavage, and he obviously manoeuvred himself to a position to get the best view as the occasions arose. We talked sexily to each other, increasing our arousal for each other with this foreplay. I looked over my shoulder and the whispered that we should move to a tall table and sat on some high stools. Mandy sat directly facing and close to me, her dress had slipped further apart, now just joined where the sash held it together, the silky mounds of flesh showing clearly that she did not need, or wear a bra. Fuck she looked so seductive just sitting close to me. She watched me intently, knowing the power she had over me as I wallowed in her shameless exposure.

Again my hands moved to caress her ear lobes, before tracing their way down her neck line, this time, I dared to uncover her excited nipples, first one and then the other. She lifted her feet to the rest them on the bar on the legs of my stool, her silky dress just slid apart over her legs now uncovering her tanned thighs almost to the vee of her smoothly shaven crotch. Such was the eroticism of the moment she did not move to cover her exposure, and just sat there sipping her cocktail as if in an erotic trance. I'd been on cloud nine all night and now I was heaven. Now desperate to make love, we decide to head back to our room. She pulled her dress to just cover her nipples as we walked the few yards to our hotel.

We entered the foyer of the hotel headed for the lift. As the door closed, I kissed her passionately and our hands ran all over each others bodies, her hand confirming the hardness of my arousal. My hand moved between her thighs God I'd never known her so wet and turned on. She moved to push the button for our floor. I took her grip and moved her finger to press the button for the top floor. As the lift ascended my hand pushed the fabric fully to one side then I let my hand fall to cup and caress her shaven mound, her aroused nub now protruding and sensitive as I circled its hardness.

The lift came to a sudden halt all too soon, the bell chiming softly as the doors opened on the roof garden and I just moved out for a moment to look at my stunning wife standing in an open lift, her cross over dress pulled to one side exposing her charms to anyone who may have come along. I moved back into the lift as the door began to close and pulled the other side of her dress over, now exposing her completely. She leaned back provocatively and said "You now what I like don't you"

I said nothing but pressed all four buttons on the way down to our floor, not thinking or caring about any possible consequences; the excitement was blood rushing as the lift started to descend, stopping and opening its door at each floor, Such was my arousal, as it arrived at our floor, I begged her to do one more thing for me, to go up one floor by herself and come back down just for me to see her emerging from the lift.

Unquestioningly she pressed the button for one level up and the doors closed and the lift ascended. I watched intently as the indicator light when up one floor then stopped, my heart was in my throat when it seemed to stay there forever before I heard the almost inaudible chime as it started to descend. The door opened and she was stood just as I had left her, her glossed lips sucking on her finger. I asked her what she would have done had someone seen her she replied excitedly "how do you know someone didn't........" Fuck that was hot, then strolled ahead of me turning and teasing me until we got to our room.

As we entered, the room was illuminated by the glow of the neons in the street. I called reception and asked them to send up some Moet then pressed against her, cupping her full naked breast. She moaned breathlessly as I rubbed her sensitive nipple against the white material, hoping I had enough self control to pleasure her beyond her dreams.

She turned to playfully bite my neck and I reached up and tangled my fingers in her hair caressing and teasing, then lowered my hand to caress her naked stomach and used my hot saliva to moisten the just the tips of her pert nipples, letting her enjoy the sensation as I move from one to the other causing goose bumps to form all over her areolas. Then I softly kissed the valley of her breasts before moving my mouth lower over her stomach to probe gently at her swollen mound, using as much self restraint as possible to stop myself from losing control.

Our hearts began racing as I lead her to our balcony doors, which I opened to allow the warm evening breeze to filter through the room. The balcony railings overlooked the vibrant atmosphere of Bay Street. Four levels below us, we watched as revellers enjoyed themselves in the lively street. It was hot and humid, the atmosphere very romantic as well as electrically charged. I encouraged her to move to the rail to look down at the revellers then stood behind her, untied her sash and touched her sensually then exposed her nakedness to the nightlife below, my arms around her waist as she leaned against the rail, my hot breath on her neck and bare shoulders; I wanted to expose her to the entire world and knew she loved it.

We were interrupted by a knock on the door announcing room service. I released her and moved to the door to let in the porter, we were delighted to see it was Juan who had been to our room the previous evening. He wheeled in the trolley with the chilled Moet, and saw my wife standing on the balcony facing away from him, oblivious as to the manner of her dress.

He slowly and professionally he uncorked the champagne and poured us two half glassfuls, then picked up the glasses and offered them to us. Mandy turned around on the balcony and walked determinedly towards us, her dress gaping completely leaving her completely exposed to our view. He starred in disbelief as Mandy took the glass from him, downed it in one go, locked her eyes his, and held out the glass for him to pour some more. Even I was flabbergasted at the blatant exposure to our waiter, who boldly indulged his lecherous eyes on her near naked body. He topped the sparkly fluid, never for one moment able to tear away his lusting eyes from her until she moved back out, only to turn again to face us as she leaned her elbows on the balcony rail allowing the lights from neons in the street to illuminate her near naked form.

He stuttered hopefully "If there's anything else I can do for you"

I was just soaking up the electrifying ambience of the moment when Mandy replied "If you would be so kind as to just pass me the bottle I'd be very grateful" seductively encouraging him to approach her and enjoy her full nakedness bathed in lights from the street.

The moment was over in probably less than a minute, but the erotic charge of that moment will be with me forever. I tipped him, as he retired, told us he was very pleased to have served us and should we require anything else, to ask for him by name.

I took my glass with me back out to the balcony terrifically aroused and toasted our best holiday. "Fuck I feel really wicked tonight "she murmured in a soft voice as she brought her hand to the back of my neck; her mere touch sent shivers down my spine as our lips met, hot passion emitted from every tiny pore in her sultry body. Then detaching myself from her, I ran my hand up to caress her perfect breast. It felt soft and so light as my hand formed to cup it as I looked deeply into her sexy eyes. Mesmerised in our ecstasy, I moved closer to her, bringing her delightful exposed nipple to my lips, to taste the flesh of her body was so divine. She pulled me closer and lifted my chin to eagerly kiss my lips, her hand moved lower to my loins and felt the straining hardness she had deliberately generated that evening.

Again I feasted my eyes on her as we kissed in the evening air. Her dress still completely undone, her pouting mound now swollen and glistening then turned her to face away from me again, to face the street.

I was desperate to move my hand around to her front but not wanting to rush things stayed contented just kneading the flesh of her thighs. My breath quickened knowing the craving that was surging through us, my tongue, probing, found its way to her neck. Her moan broke the silence. How much control do I have? I wanted the evening to last forever!! My hands rose to lightly cup her nipples. As I ground my body against hers, and traced the contours of her shoulder with kisses.

Her breath came in gasps as I whispered her name, putting my hands firm on her hips, pulling her closer to me. My hands moved, eagerly, down, around with raw desire and unequalled passion. With her luscious long shapely legs she stood on the balcony, I moved her slowly away from me to stand in the doorway so that I could again truly appreciate her beauty. Thrilling me more as my fingers began to explore her inner thighs before tenderly cupping her soft pubic mound then she cupped her hand over mine to press my hand into her swollen lips, literally slick with her love juice. Once more she moved around me to lean on the balcony rail, instinctively I knew what she wanted and slipped my finger deep inside her. Her elbows rested on the rail and her whole body again exposed to anyone who may have been looking.

She again cupped her hand over mine encouraging circular motions with my fingers over her sensitive clit and within seconds her knees almost gave way as powerful shivers of pleasure began ripple through her body as her ultimate climax peaked........... Then parted her legs, and begged me to continue the caresses along her inner thigh as her arousal reached a new levels, letting the dress slip completely off her body before I took her back to our bed to continue our pleasures.

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During the day we had reflected on the previous nights activities with many "what if" scenarios. Somehow during the cold light of day they seemed more erotic, fuelling our desires for some more erotic activity. So we hatched a plan to try to get the room attendant to our room for some teasing before going out in the evening. We devised an excuse to call room service about a problem with the air con.

Mandy decided to wear a tiny black thong that just covered her sweet pussy lips and my black freshly ironed shirt with only two buttons attached for the occasion, one just below her bust level the other being the lowest on the shirt. Being such a large fit, it gaped quite a lot, so that at the right angle much of her cleavage was visible. It was a perfect combination for our plan. We sat on the terrace with a couple of beers full of excitement and as horny as hell and waited for the knock.

We didn't have to wait too long before the knock on the door came. I looked through the peep hole and was pleased it was Juan, the guy who had visited us the previous night. As he waited by the door, I pulled her close, kissing her passionately and ran my hands over her gorgeous breasts, feeling the hardness of her aroused nipples, and then deliberately half loosened the upper button so hopefully it would eventually slip loose by itself.

I donned my sun glasses pretending to read a book to allow things to proceed, close enough to discreetly watch and intervene if things got out of hand. Mandy opened the door and invited him in and thanked him for coming up. Butterflies jumped in my belly at just the thought of what the guy was thinking. I guessed his eyes would immediately dart to the gap in her shirt, my heart was now thumping as she invited him further into the room

He asked her what the problem was with the air con, so they moved over to where the controller was situated for her to explain the problem.

She explained that we found the air con not cooling enough and asked him if he noticed the room was unusually hot. She looked him straight in the eye and grinned at him teasingly as she held up the looseness of her shirt, momentarily exposing her tanned mounds and fanned it as if to cool herself.

He proceeded to fiddle with the thermostat until the fan came on then said we needed to wait for a few minutes to check if it was working ok.

Now the atmosphere was getting really hot as they made inane conversation but filled with sexual undertones while his eyes cautiously caressed her open cleavage. As they were talking, his smiles and wondering eyes became even more obvious. It was if he were pleading with her to see more.

Again I watched as my horny wife shook her shirt as if to cool herself, this time the top button popped, however she pretended not to notice.

Mandy suggested they move to the balcony as they waited for the room to acclimatize. She walked towards where I was sitting followed excitedly by Juan and sat opposite me on a lounger.

Her swaying breasts had caused the shirt to gape more, allowing much of the swells her cleavage to be seen, I offered Juan my chair and suggested we all had a beer while he waited, which they eagerly accepted.

By this time it must have been obvious to him that she was teasing him, especially now, as she unashamedly twisted and turned as they spoke, so that he could see where the gap in the lower part of my shirt had parted slightly, giving him tantalising peeps of her tiny thong. The vision of that moment still arouses me as I write.

I called Mandy over to help me carry some drinks leaving Juan alone on the balcony. She came back in the room to me and I saw her more exposed than I had left her. I asked her if she was enjoying the experience.

"Obviously!" she replied excitedly with a sexy wink.

I couldn't resist running my hands over her tanned body; her nipples had remained very much excited and as hard as I had ever seen them. I slipped my hand down inside the crotch of her thong, fuck she was on fire as she ground herself against me. Her lips parted with ease as I slipped a finger inside her momentarily.

We decided to push the limits; both almost breathless with nervous anticipation, my hands were shaking as I proceeded to half slip the lower button, so that it would also slip loose eventually.

I watched excitedly as his eyes focused on her exposure, lusting in every step as she walked back to the balcony then up to him somewhat closely, and bent over to give him the beer, her shirt had now fallen away so much that I'm sure he saw all the way down to her smooth belly. She returned to sit down opposite him. Her eyes dropped knowingly to the opening of the shirt now gapping so much most of her aroused left nipple was completely exposed.

She continued to make the mood even hotter when she asked him if he got offended by seeing scantily dressed women in their rooms,

"Not at all," he replied, "In fact it's the only perk we get in this job," as he unashamedly began to enjoy the sight of her fully erect naked nipple which was now blatantly exposed.

Mandy then seductively quizzed him as to how often he sees scantily dressed women in their rooms and had anything really exciting had happened.

He replied that he had seen many women with little or no clothes on over the years but never had he been so personally aroused so much as last night and today, so much so in fact, knowing our demeanour, jumped at the chance to visit our room as soon as the request arrived.

Then it happened, as she moved on her lounger the last button just slipped loose allowing the shirt to fall away over her thighs exposing the tiny thong just about covering her moist slit, her swollen pussy mound exposed lusciously each side of the fabric.

She looked down and said provocatively, "Oops, now that one's come lose," daring to invite Juan to view her exposure, knowing full well her little exhibition would drive me wild.

She began to tell Juan that she hoped he didn't mind but that after the previous nights episode she guessed we could count on his attention and discretion and we had hoped he was the one to come up to our room. Juan seemed delighted with this admission and revelled in the prospect of some fun.

If you can now visualise the scene; we were on an open balcony on the fourth floor of our hotel overlooking the street below and the building opposite. The hot Mediterranean sun only made bearable by the slight breeze from the sea. My lovely wife was sitting on a sun lounger virtually naked apart from my shirt and her thong, sitting with her legs open, opposite a member of the hotel staff. Myself, I was just watching and thoroughly excited by this erotic experience. Mandy was now in full exhibitionist mode as she wallowed in her ability to control and manipulate the situation and I was loving every minute of it.

"How about another beer," I suggested to which Mandy replied,

"I'll get them," bouncing off her lounger.

He watched lecherously and saw my shirt rise up to her tight arse, exposing the soft crease at the top of her long legs and the slope of her tight, bare cheeks as she glided into the bedroom, before returning a few moments' later carrying three bottles of Cisk, then took great pleasure in handing them around before boldly leaning against the balcony rail and looking down the street, taking great delight as the warm breeze billowed the shirt, it was only her arms that prevented it being blown away, then turned to face us and smiling wickedly asked "I bet you'd like to see my pussy, wouldn't you Juan?"

She continued, "We thought, that as last night's experience turned us on so much, you may be happy to see more of me, in fact just talking to you as you look at my nakedness really turns us on. You've got me all hot and wet and I feel quite aroused now, are you aroused Juan?"

Juan rose to move closer, "Ah! Ah! I only want you to look at me, no touching," she ordered. Juan sank back into his seat as though someone had just taken his sweets, but was excited enough to not want this encounter to stop.

With that Mandy began to rub her index finger up and down her thong, the wetness absorbed by the thin fabric clearly showing through the material, then seductively hooked her thumb along the side of her thong and lowered the gusset from her crevice, and began to tease it down her thighs to reveal the luxurious smoothness of her mound and her swollen inner lips.

Never had I been so turned on, my wife was turning our fantasy into stark reality. I was almost at busting point as I watched her perform for our new friend, both hands caressing her tanned body, her eyes turning to me confirming to me that she was about to fulfil our fantasy; to let another man witness her orgasm.

With a low moan, she slid to the hardwood floor, legs spread, and her palms caressing her belly then gliding up over her breasts pinching, pulling, and tugging at her nipples. She slid a finger inside her slippery lips, and rubbed at her clit with her thumb, moaning softly, her pussy lips open for the Juan and the world to see. His erection was obvious as he slid himself forward on his chair and began to rub his hardness openly.

Mandy's caresses became slower, but still deep and full to a gentle rhythm. Her eyes lustfully fixed on our guest as she moaned softly. She let out a deep sigh and licked her lips slowly. She looked over at me, then locked her eyes back on Juan as though in a hypnotic trance slipping her finger very slowly in and out of her pussy, enjoying the slippery sensation. The sheer perversity of what she was did only served to heighten our arousal.

Although Juan was behaving like a gentleman she knew that if she wanted him to do more than just watch, he would. This control she had over him served only to increase her arousal as she began to circle her clit with increased rhythm, her breathing deepening as her eyes darted between us before finally slumping against the railing as her body shuddered and her face contorted with expressions of ecstatic relief.

The whole scene was over in less than 15 minutes but it had seemed to last much longer. Mandy rose to thank Juan for fixing our heating, intimating, "Maybe we will need you to fix something later, we'll let you know."

Juan then sensing nothing further was about to happen, turned around began walking back to the door. As he opened the door, I again thanked him for coming up. He then took one last look at my lovely wife's nakedness and assured us of his discretion.