**Red Pixie Holiday to the Coast**

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A few months ago, my Hubby surprised me with a weekend getaway. He took me to the coast and had pre-booked a room in a luxury hotel.  
  
Hubby enjoys taking photos of me. He is still working on lighting, and I am practising sexy poses. It is evident that we are not pros at this but, I have to say, it is a lot of fun.  
  
Since this was a surprise holiday, I had not packed anything. Hubby had reassured me that everything I needed was wrapped in the suitcase that he brought out of the car.  
  
I was relieved when he opened the case: he had rounded up all my makeup and cosmetics. I could never travel without my beauty products. Hubby told me that he had been taking careful note of what products I used over the last few weeks and he said he was confident that he had everything I needed. If not, he said, we could go out later and purchase any missing items. What is it with men: I can't just go into a store and find my stuff. I have my favourite brands that might not be available here!  
  
I was, however, concerned that there seemed to be nothing for me to wear. Hubby had packed a few clothes for himself and all his camera equipment, but I could see nothing for me!  
  
Hubby produced this small packet and said that what was inside this packet would be all that I needed to wear this weekend.  
  
As I opened the small bubble wrap packet, I thought it could not possibly have everything I needed. Under the bubble wrap was some packaging saying Wicked Weasel. Intrigued, I ripped this open. Out fell five small packages: four tiny packets each containing something black and one larger pack with something blue inside.  
  
With a huge grin, Hubby asked me to try on the items in the packets. I opened the small packages first. There were two tiny thong bikinis. One of the bikinis was called Galaxy and has a shiny embossed fabric. The bikini bottom had a sting that needed to be tied AT the sides.  
  
I said I would try that one on later. It was way too small to wear out in public. Holding up the other bikini, I could see that it had slightly more coverage. It was still a thong, though.  
  
Next, I opened the larger, blue packet. It contained a blue maxi dress. Hubby said that the dress was for me to wear later when we ventured out for dinner. Surely this was not the extent of my clothes for a weekend!  
  
Hubby said, "why not?" He explained that we were planning on spending most of our time on the beach anyway. With a big sigh, I accepted that all I had to wear was two ridiculously small bikinis and one blue dress. At least the dress looked appropriate.  
  
Hubby suggested I go and have a shower while he set up his camera equipment. He wanted me to model one of my bikinis. Picking up the larger of the two black suits, I went and found the bathroom to have a quick shower.  
  
After I had cleaned up, I put on the bikini. From the front, it looked OK. Yes, it was unlined, and so I knew I had to be careful when the fabric got wet. Turning around and looking back at the mirror, I could see there was no coverage over my butt. Oh, my God. Hubby wanted me to spend the day on the beach wearing this! And the other bikini was only a string holding three tiny triangles apart!  
  
Taking a deep breath and thinking to myself that I wanted to make this a holiday that Hubby would never forget I decided to go with the flow. Walking out of the bathroom, I thought "showtime!"  
  
Hubby was on the balcony that overlooked several apartment blocks nearby. He turned around and saw me standing there in my new bikini. I gave a twirl and asked, "You like?"  
  
"My God, Pixie, You're so hot!" he replied.  
  
I lent up against the aluminium and glass balustrade and looked out at the scenery. I could see the ocean and waterways from this vantage point. Hubby came up behind me and massaged the bare skin of my arse.  
  
"You look fabulous," he whispered in my ear.  
  
I turned around and faced him. Rubbing his crotch, I said, "You do like this. Don't you?" I could feel Hubby's impressive hard-on through his shorts. Hubby's big grin gave him away.  
  
I started posing on the balcony. There were a little round stool and a lovely soft sun lounger.  
  
I showed Hubby how I could make the small triangles covering my tits even smaller. The afternoon sun was shining on my glowing, fair skin.  
  
It was exciting when as I posed. I could see people on other balconies and windows staring back at me!  
  
We moved inside to try some more photography out of the sun. Standing on the window sill, I started my seductive posing again. Hubby reached over and pulled at the strings that held my top on. There were two bows: one behind my flame-red hair and the other behind my back. Once the two strings were undone, my bikini top slipped away.  
  
Taking this a cue, I slipped off my bikini bottom.  
  
The next thing I know is that Hubby slipped in behind me and pressed my naked body firmly against the glass.  
  
I whispered, "Those people are watching!" as I looked over at the adjacent building.  
  
"I know," replied Hubby. "I want people to watch you!" He has slipped a hand to my wet pussy, and I felt him insert two fingers inside me. The soft pads on his fingers were rubbing against my G-Spot. He pulled my hair away from my neck and began to nuzzle my neck. I love it when he does this.  
  
Before long, he was pressing me up against the window as I pushed back into his crotch with my arse. I could feel his hard-on as I ground against him. Hubby's other hand was cupping under the sides of my boobs.  
  
I could feel my Hubby fidget with his trousers. They soon dropped to the floor. He must have been commando as the next thing I know is that he impaled me with his hard cock. God, I was wet. He slipped into me with ease.  
  
My hands moved onto the glass to hold myself steady, and Hubby placed his hands on top of mine, pinning me in place.  
  
"You've got quite an audience," whispered Hubby in my ear. Through heavy-lidded eyes, I forced myself to look out, As Hubby pumped into me, I started to count the people watching. "Five, six, oh God, seven, eight."  
  
"You're going to wear these small bikinis at the beach. Aren't you?"  
  
"Oh, fuck, yes. Twelve. Thirteen . . ."  
  
"I want people to look at my sexy, hotwife."  
  
"Oh, yes. Fuck this is good."  
  
"How many men are watching your sexy, fucking show?"  
  
"Oh, I can see fifteen . . . men . . . oh, I'm going to cum soon."  
  
"Scream, I want you to scream so they can all hear you."  
  
"Oh, God. That's IT . . . I'M C U M M I N G!" I screamed out loud as I had an earth-shattering orgasm.  
  
That set Hubby off and I felt his hard cock twitching as he filled me with his hot cum.  
  
My legs gave way, and I felt myself being held in place with Hubby's two hands as my weight was supported by his hard cock that was still inside me.  
  
After a while, as our breathing returned to normal, he pulled out of me.  
  
"Let's go out for a drink. Wear the new blue dress. Leave your bikini behind!" Hubby suggested.  
  
"OK," I replied, not really knowing what I had just agreed to. I could feel his cum dripping down my bare legs as I stood there next to the big plate-glass window.