**Showing in Bali**

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Earlier this year my husband and I visited Australia. Sharing a motor home with my brother and his wife left us little opportunity to pander to each other's pleasures and so decided to stopover in Bali for an amorous seven days on our trip back.   
  
For this beach hotel and island tour, I had packed a separate suitcase containing only the bare essentials for the hot climate, mainly a couple of light summer dresses and my yellow bikini as well as a revealing Wicked Weasel that Dave had bought and optimistically throw in.  
  
Having lost a bit of weight in the gym over the winter, I was again a comfortable 36B and looked forward to getting a nice tan before returning home. Getting ready for the beach, I pulled on my yellow bikini. I had worked hard over the past couple of months to maintain my well toned figure and on checking myself out in the mirror realised I was more than a cup size smaller than before, so was conscious that most of my breasts were visible from certain angles, which stimulated me somewhat.   
  
Throwing on a sheer white cover-up, we headed across the hotel grounds to discover a beautiful palm fringed beach where the waves crashed on to the sloping shoreline. Dotted along the shoreline, there were well-spaced lush cane loungers shaded by thatched umbrellas.   
  
A beach attendant emerged from a large gazebo, sheltering a very primitive bar and massage area. He directed us to a spot some twenty-five metres in front of him, and swished his fibre broom over the cushions before inviting to make ourselves comfortable. He introduced himself as Joseph then handed us a well-worn menu of drinks and snacks. Loving the feeling of the sun on our skin at last, we ordered a couple of cold beers, which he eventually brought over.  
  
Not long after we had settled down, we watched a beach vendor wearing a white cotton robe trudging along the pitches and guessed it wouldn't be too long before he approached us. He flashed a well-rehearsed broad smile and greeted us in English (funny how they nearly always get it right).  
  
As we live in a comparatively privileged society, we felt morally obliged to take an interest in his wares, so decided to buy a couple of decorative wristbands and had a bit of fun haggling over the price. As I let him rabbit on about this and that, I could make out his eyes behind his sunglasses taking in my pale-skinned breasts giving me a bit of a tinkle, nothing more. Eventually he moved on along the beach before trekking over to the gazebo and resting with the attendant where I assume he kept his stock.   
  
We spent the next hour or so just soaking up the sun, trying to get an even tan so that we didn't look like two fresh tourists, and lazily watched the hawker, who didn't really pester us, pass along every half hour or so with a different line.  
  
By now, the sun was getting quite low and so we decided to head back up to our hotel. Joseph waved us over, asking if we wanted to reserve the same spot for tomorrow, which we were happy too.  
  
I happened to mention over dinner that I was sure the hawker was peeking at my breasts. Without a beat, Dave, knowing my penchant for revealing myself, suggested that if he was taking an interest I should indulge myself and perhaps take advantage of the situation, which lead to some stimulating pillow talk as we made love that night.  
  
Day 2   
  
The following day I decided to wear the same outfit, but wanting to give my husband a little titillation, slightly slackened the neck strap so my bra cups were now loose enough to make the edges of my areolas visible.  
  
Anyway, eager to have a look around, we wandered along the peripheral path before paddling back along the shoreline. On our arrival, Joseph prepared our pitch, making a big deal out of shaking the cushions before handing us the beach menu.   
  
We set out our little patch of paradise and liberally covered ourselves in sun cream before settling down, me with my iPod and Dave with his book. Just as I was immersing myself in my music and an extended fantasy of yesterday's events, Dave reminded me about what I had promised during our lovemaking and said "Now's your chance!"   
  
I opened my eyes to see our hawker further along the sands heading in our direction. Before I had any opportunity to agree, Dave leaned over and deftly unclipped the neck strap of my already loose bikini so that only the back strap was holding it in place. The hawker greeted us like old friends, this time introducing himself and showing a photo of his family and soon had a tray of "genuine fake" watches and rings laid out on the bottom of my lounger for our appraisal.   
  
Feeling a bit wicked and wanting to tease the guy a bit more, I casually leaned forward to view what he was offering, giving him ample opportunity to focus on my salacious exposure. As my eyes flicked up, I caught him full on, gawking at the swell of my breasts, further stirring the butterflies already awakened deep in my belly. More than just enjoying his lecherous attention and knowing it would be turning Dave on, I sat up completely, provocatively dropping my legs either side of the lounger so I could pull the tray closer to see the watches.   
  
Dubious thoughts were now swimming through my head, but any misgiving that I had were soon overshadowed by my overwhelming desire to arouse Dave's emotions, and my tummy was doing summersaults at the thought that the hawker may even be stimulated as he took in my exposure.  
  
Aware that Dave would be excited by my provocative behaviour, I further hunched forward allowing the cups supporting my breasts to fall away and so make even my flushed nipples visible. Basking in my uninhibited behaviour, and keen to keep him there a little longer, I continued to rummage though his stock. Trying this and admiring that, until I eventually picked a dressy wristwatch, leaving Dave to do the customary haggling over the price as I casually rolled on to my tummy to get some sun on my back.  
  
Relishing the thrill we both got teasing the hawker, Dave teased me about our pillow talk the night before, and couldn't resist flicking the back strap of my bikini loose. Moments later Joseph came along and asked in well-practiced English phrases whether we wanted anything off the menu. We had seen him deliver some coconut cocktails earlier and so ordered two.   
  
Maybe five minutes or so passed when Dave said, "Aye up, here he comes. I dare you!" Already in a heighted state, I didn't really need to be dared to do anything and so waited until he was right next to us, then turned over with my arm barely covering my naked breasts to weigh him up and gauge his reaction. For a moment, I thought of allowing him a full view but in heat of the moment decided not to. He headed back to his gazebo, and joined by the hawker who seemed to be talking about us.  
  
I lay back on my back feeling as horny as hell, reliving the daring episode, with my top now just draped loosely across my breasts. The hawker who trundled past every fifteen minutes or so, would always come close by and wave, probably just hoping for further glimpses of my carelessly covered boobs.   
  
As we were packing up for the day and not wanting to miss another opportunity for more of our selfish foreplay, Dave beckoned him over on some pretext or other. My lust was now screaming out at me to show more, so I sat up, with my arm across my bikini top to hold it in position. Fumbling for my bag, I let part of my top fall, freeing my excitedly pink-tipped left breast completely for his admiration. Further excitement tumbled through my loins as his gaze settled firmly on my momentary exposure until I feigned embarrassment and regained my modesty.  
  
After he moved away, we were so turned on it was all we could do to pack up our things and head back to our room.   
  
On passing the gazebo the hawker had joined Joseph and asked how we had enjoyed our day and informed us that tomorrow he would bring along some new lines he thought I might like. Strangely then, being in their close proximity, made me tremble with excitement like a student on her first date.  
  
Our lovemaking that afternoon, intensified by the day's events, was awesome; we could not resist for one second, the desire to fulfil each other's needs.   
  
Day 3   
  
I lay in bed having missed breakfast, cuddled up next to Dave who had the usual morning woody and wanted me. As I caressed his erection, my mind was on the beach, and wanting to take my excitement to a higher level, asked if he thought I could get away wearing my white Wicked Weasel. The way his cock jerked at the suggestion was all the approval I needed.  
  
I enjoyed a long warm shower and not wanting any new growth showing at the sides of my mound, lathered up my pubic region before taking my Ladyshave to delicately remove the light stubble. My shaved area was now as smooth as silk, apart from the closely trimmed landing strip.  
  
It was the first time that I had worn it since Dave bought it for my birthday 9 months earlier and I had almost forgotten how tiny it was. The small adjustable top just about covering less than a quarter of my soft breasts and the tiny string triangle didn't leave much to the imagination either. Actually, it looked quite vulgar, especially when worn low to show a hint of my landing strip peeping provocatively over the top. But oh, it made me feel so fucking sexy!   
  
To avoid causing any offence, I borrowed one of Dave's shirts for the walk through the hotel gallery and grounds. On our arrival, Joseph immediately greeted us before escorting us to our pitch. It was the first time I had really taken notice of him, his mature but lithe body did not truly show his age and I felt quite nervous as I peeled Dave's shirt off in front of him as he swished the cushions before rushing off to his gazebo.  
  
Moments later without warning, Joseph appeared bringing us two coconut cocktails with his compliments. My heart thumped at this unexpected encounter so soon, but Joseph seemed to make no big deal about it other than to compliment me with an intuitive wink. Feeling quite sexy in my daring bikini, I just lay back, plugged in my iPod, and wondered how the day would progress.  
  
Sitting up to suck up the delicious cocktail, I saw the hawker approach carrying a selection of silky wraps. He wasted no time greeting us with his warm smile probably knowing that as well as spending some money it would be worthwhile voyeuristic opportunity. "Look lady. Feel these. Pure silk just for you, you can wear it any way you like, as a sarong or a wrap or fold it many different ways." All the time, verbally repeating himself, as he took in my daring attire.  
  
Picking a pale blue wrap, Dave urged me to try it as a sarong. Picking up on his undeniable enthusiasm for some sort of raunchy behaviour, I rose to the challenge, folded it twice in to a triangle and wore it around my waist. Tying the knot loosely just below my navel, I slipped my thumbs into the waist, sort of cowboy style proclaiming to Dave "Sexy or what?"   
  
Drawing both their gazes my skimpy bikini G-string, I shuddered as I thought to myself, "Fuck that was hot. Now that I'm in gear anything's possible."   
  
The sarong framing my barely covered pussy made me horny beyond belief. I sat back on the lounger, asking him if he had any rings, as I needed to buy some presents. Off he went like a shot and was back in less than a minute with the tray of watches and jewellery. Knowing Dave would be turned on by my provocative performance and feeling no shame, I moved my legs astride the lounger giving him room to put the tray.   
  
I just couldn't believe what I had just done, almost delirious with emotions I drew deeply on my cocktail. As I perused the tray, I was afraid to glance between my legs to see how exposed I was. Our hawker was at last lost for words when I made my choice, and on offering him half the asking price did not even quibble. Dave was visually impressed and agreed to pay the guy, but wanting to prolong the experience, opportunistically took his time.  
  
My insides were still quivering as Joseph appeared, to see if we wanted any more drinks or snacks. Dave croakily ordered a couple more cocktails to calm us down, as Joseph tried to glance discreetly at my still blatant exposure. By now, my pussy needed some serious attention; I was so high that I swear if anyone had offered, they could have had me where I lay.  
  
Joseph returned in his fastest speed ever with two more filled coconut husks and caused another tumble of excitement by suggestively enquiring if I would like a special massage. After a very short discussion and with Dave's encouragement, I ambled over to the gazebo, swinging my hips to exaggerate my sex appeal. Once there, Joseph directed me to stand at the edge a large slightly tilted wooden frame and instructed me to remove the sarong.   
  
I felt deliciously vulnerable as he picked up a bunch of fragrant stems and proceeded to swish the odd grains of sand from my shoulders, before brushing down over my scantily covered breasts allowing the soft fibres to give my aching nipples a momentary stimulation. Then swivelling me around and gently brushing the rest of my body, concentrating on my exposed buttocks, enhancing the already electric atmosphere.  
  
Inviting me to lay face down on the mattress, he kneeled beside me. The moment I felt the touch of his hands undoing the necktie of the bikini, some very erotic thoughts flashed through my mind. His hands gently worked some warm coconut oil into my shoulders in a relaxing circular motion. His hands glided lower until he reached the other tie, and sensing no objections, he untied the bow.   
  
Listening to the sound of the waves, my mind drifted to my earlier encounter with the beach vendor, wondering if I had aroused him to the point of him having to masturbate to relive his arousal, and wondered whether he would notice Joseph massaging me.   
  
A thousand thoughts went through my mind as he trickled more warm oil all the way down along my spine. My stomach was swimming with butterflies as his sensual hands worked down my back, kneading the oil deeper into my skin, eventually encompassing my buttocks and allowing his thumbs to occasionally slip along the cleft between them.  
  
My pulse quickened, I was getting really turned on and fast, and my body was reacting faster than my mind. My eyes opened dreamily to see Dave standing nearby, already captivated with anticipation and truly thrilled with Josephs daring manipulations.  
  
He continued to drip the warm oil down my the thighs and calves, massaging every inch of my sensitive skin, until finally he reached one of my most erogenous zones, once there, the mere thought of him massaging me feet was almost enough to bring on an orgasm.   
  
He stopped for a moment to let me rest before draping a modesty towel over my back before turning me over. I was on heat as never before as I rolled over somewhat awkwardly, letting the towel fall to my side. Dave smiled and nodded towards the left where our hawker had cautiously sat at the bar.  
  
I could feel my chest start to rise and fall in long drawn out breaths as Joseph reached for more of the warm aromatic fluid. Like a serving cocktail waiter, he trickled it accurately over my totally exposed nipples, down over my tummy to my pubic mound, leaving a path of heightened arousal in its wake.   
  
Kneeling beside me, he massaged my shoulders and around the sides of my torso to my stomach disappointingly avoiding what I needed him to touch the most. I felt my his hands slide down lower, gently circulating his thumbs into the shallow recess of my pelvis, then further down to the tops of my thighs. My mind spun with anticipation of his next movement. Conscious now that his expert hands were closing in on my pubic area I sought Dave's encouragement before opening my legs slightly to allow better contact.   
  
As my chest started to heave with laboured breaths, he brought his hands onto my thighs coasting up and down, but taking a more sensual approach on the up stroke. My breath pace quickened, my pussy ached and every atom in my body craved that each stroke would bring his thumbs closer, until at last I felt his thumbs rise close enough to caress the smoothness of the forbidden swollen flesh visible outside the confines of my bikini.   
  
This pleasure was short lived as he moved to kneel at my feet, raised my foot to rest in his lap, and started to manipulate the soles of my feet and up through my toes. As my other foot nestled in his lap, my thoughts were confirmed as I felt the hardness of his cock and curled my foot around to massage it.  
  
After I reciprocated my feelings, he reached once more for the warm oil and dribbled it over the visible fuzzy growth just above my bikini. The palm of his hand glided over my belly before he drew it slowly towards him, daring his palm to rub over my pubic bone. The emotions I felt were truly unbelievable.   
  
Encouraged by his enthusiasm, I raised my buttocks inviting him to remove my bikini and watched Joseph glance at Dave in case there was any hint of disapproval. Knowing my husband's penchant to seeing me exposed to strangers, I knew there would never be.  
  
Savouring the task, he slipped his thumbs under the waistband and gently removed the tiny piece of flimsy fabric that had restricted our intimate pleasure. As his hands slid back up my thighs I parted my legs wider, spreading myself, allowing the full glory of my womanhood to be exposed to him. Dave's hand stroke his erection through his shorts confirming his arousal as he watched Josephs thumbs follow the contours of my naked pussy, gliding between my legs, finding my wanton, slippery folds open and inviting.   
  
I watched Joseph's gazing up at me from above my furrow, he trickled more of the warm fluid to mingle with my own excretions. The pad of his thumb gyrated in slow, insistent circles at the very tip of my clit, and then followed the slippery flesh between my legs before curling a finger inside, sending me to places that I have only ever experienced on one or two previous occasions.  
  
Then when I felt his breath between my legs, I was no longer in control. Such was my arousal the moment he flicked his tongue over my clit, I started to come and gripped his head, wrapping my legs around his head, forcing him to keep his tongue inside me as tremors of such enormous strength shuddered through my entirety.   
  
I don't know how long I held him there, but it was quite some time until these powerful waves of pleasure subsided. As he rose, I could see evidence of his own ejaculation, and felt quite elated that he had cum whilst pleasuring me.  
  
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As I basked in the sensational glow of my after-cum, Joseph told me to relax and reached over, gently placing a handmade lei of bright yellow flowers around my neck, before walking towards the shoreline with the hawker who had also witnessed my mind-blowing orgasm.   
  
My husband moved beside me sporting the biggest erection he had ever had.  
  
"Now or later," he offered.   
  
Guessing that we would probably be arrested for fucking on a public beach I panted "Back in our room would be safer."  
  
Picking up my bikini and stuffing it into our bag, Dave offered me his shirt, wanting me to walk with it unbuttoned through the grounds. Given my horny state, I was more than happy to oblige, holding it closed just above my crotch we strolled past some possible witnesses to my recent climax.   
  
The light sea breeze made it difficult to hide my nakedness completely as we walked across the manicured lawns passing people going to and from the beach. A few noticing, others ignoring my bold behaviour, but my only thoughts were to maintain this amazing stimulation.  
  
This was our last night at this hotel and knowing how aroused my husband was and how much total satisfaction I now craved, I was keen to suggest he take some souvenir photos of me, much to the delight of a nearby gentleman, who watched me posing quite provocatively alongside the fountains.

Then, rather than take the route through the busy lobby, we chose to walk along the open-sided first floor gallery around the pool area. When Dave suggested some even sexier shots, I didn't need much persuasion to remove his shirt, drape it over the wooden rail and pose overlooking the gardens for the thirty or so metre walk to our room.  
  
As usual, Dave fumbled with door pass keeping me exposed for as long as possible before entering, but once inside I took no time releasing his engorged cock.   
  
Desperate not to come too soon he withdrew and slid down my torso give my aching nipples at the attention they desired. Mumbling how much I liked showing off, how much he enjoyed watching me, how I wallowed in the power I had when men looked at my beautiful tits, how my nipples casually slipped in and out of view as I walked. The appreciative gesture I had from the gent near the fountains as he watched me pose. But mostly whispers of how turned on he'd been, watching me being sexually pleasured in the gazebo.  
  
Now that my total satisfaction was in sight, I rolled Dave onto his back, and impaled myself on his eager erection and climaxed after just two or three strokes. My clenching muscles caused him to lose complete control as I felt him shudder and shoot his hot sperm deep inside me.  
  
Completely exhausted we collapsed in each other's arms hugging and kissing not being able to get enough of each other until his spent erection began to subside. Lifting myself slightly above him, I let our combined juices dribble over his balls before sliding down over him and enjoyed licking him clean, preparing him for a more relaxed session a bit later on.  
  
Day 4  
  
The following morning we showered and prepared to meet our Guide / Driver who was to take us on to our next destination as well as a short escorted tour of the island. Dave was delighted when I chose my lightweight khaki summer dress merely fastened by five buttons and a waist strap, which would give me some latitude to tease should the opportunity arise.  
  
The time of departure arrived and we were delighted to see a lovely C280 pull up outside and hoped it was ours. The driver seemed about late thirties and well presented in white slacks and blue shirt with the company logo. He introduced himself as Kadec, checked our documents and put our luggage in the boot.  
  
It was quite a relief to get into the air-conditioned car, once we hit the main road out of our resort Kadec explained that we would visit two temples, have some lunch, then on to our hotel in Ubud. Kadec was born in Bali and proud of its heritage and filled us with all manner of detail about the island.  
  
The car slowed as Kadec pointed out some exotic fruit trees along the roadside asking if we would like break. He picked one of the fruit and showed us how to peel it before offering us a taste the delectable fruit. Dave said he wanted a photo of me picking the fruit off the tree, so I posed reaching for the fruit. As we got back to the car, Dave whispered that that was quite a sexy shot and when asked to elaborate he confided that, as I reached up the gaps between the buttons gapped and showed a bit of my breast. At the time, that was not my intention but his words gave me a bit of a tingle at the thought that Kadec may have see part of my braless mounds.  
  
Anyway, we arrived at our next stop about half an hour into our journey, a Hindu temple that was unfortunately quite a bit of a walk up a steep hill.  
  
Grabbing our camera, we followed Kadec up the path. The humidity was almost unbearable and Dave and I were sweating profusely as we reached the top. We spent some time listening to our guide before looking around and taking the obligatory photos before it was time to leave. On the pathway back down, was a small shack selling soft drinks, so picked up a couple of cokes then sat on a boulder just off the path and told Kadec we'd follow him down.  
  
By this time my dress was sticking to me and my panties were absolutely sodden in an uncomfortable way, so to Dave's delight I just reached up and slipped them off intimating that I would not wearing them anymore.  
  
Back at the car, the a/c was already running as we got in, which soon revived our comfort. It was not long after that that Dave's hand started wandering along my thigh.  
  
Shortly after we arrived at our next Temple, which was thankfully just off the road, Kadec went through all the usual historic patter before leaving us time to look around and went back to the Merc.  
  
Dave got me to pose around the place, mostly at angle where he could focus on the gaps between my buttons. Even at one time persuading me to undo the middle one for a sexier pose before we finally headed back to the car.  
  
Kadec informed us that the restaurant he had booked for us was not too far away and had panoramic views over the countryside. Twenty minutes or so later, we pulled up a long driveway and Kadec ushered us on to a receptionist who took us to our allocated table shaded by a large umbrella.   
  
I needed to freshen up and so went to the restrooms. While reapplying my makeup at the mirror, turned sideways to see what Dave had been all worked up about, and was quite keen to see how much of my boob was actually visible. Positioning myself this way and that, not a lot was visible but when I stretched up my arm, as for the posed photo, the dress gapped quite a lot.   
  
Feeling a bit daring, I flicked open the button across the lower part of my boobs, so from a sideways angle a clear view of my lower curves showed. Then, on stepping back, I could also see that it gapped a little at pubic level as well which stirred me quite a bit and so decided not to redo the button and give my husband a bit of a thrill.  
  
The fresh mountain breeze was just perfect as I sauntered along the terrace to our table to where the waiter had already delivered some chilled fruit juices. Dave was overjoyed at my decision to reveal some flesh and to maximise my exposure, offered me the seat, which was at right angles to him, as well as being the direction the waiter would approach. Unfortunately, the waiters' pompous manner prevented any banter with us and only served to leave us both in hysterics.  
  
After a very giggly lunch, I asked Kadec if he would take some photos and feeling a bit naughty posed turned slightly with my arm around Dave's shoulder, knowing my dress would gape to his view and most of the cleavage of my left boob would show. Not outwardly showing any emotion, I noticed him discreetly adjust himself, which encouraged me somewhat.   
  
On arrival at our hotel Kadec took our luggage through to reception where we booked in and introduced to our Room Boy, Kim. A smooth skinned youngster in his very late teens, who took us to our room and who would be responsible for our needs.  
  
We followed him through the jungle like gardens to our secluded bungalow complete with a sun deck and spring-water plunge pool, after placing our suitcase on the rack he settled at his station at the end of our deck.  
  
Entering through the floor to ceiling glass door, we were amazed how large the room was. A massive centrally located bed as well as a suspended oval cane chair overlooking the decking.   
  
Stepping out of my sundress and putting on the kimono provided, we unpacked our suitcase. With devious thoughts in mind I decided to asked Kim to get the sundress laundered so that it would be fresh for the following day, and on the way back bring us a couple of gin and tonics.  
  
While he was away, we stripped, hit the plunge pool and chatted about the day's events. Dave commented on how arousing it was for him during our lunch break and wondered if Kadec had noticed the gap between my buttons. I knew for sure he had.   
  
Kim returned with our drinks placed them conveniently at the side of the pool, only to reveal his inquisitive nature as he peered into the clear water before returning to his chores, brushing around the deck and picking up the odd fallen leaves.  
  
Ready to step out, Dave passed over the kimonos, which we wore until we dressed for dinner. The restaurant overlooked the floodlit jungle garden, and the atmosphere was so romantic. We chatted about our day, but mostly at the back of my mind was my mischievous plan for the following day.  
  
Returning along the path to our room we were surprised to see that Kim was still in attendance, the room was illuminated with several mosquito candles and Kim proudly slid open the glass door to show us that he had showered our bed with fragrant red petals. Then before leaving, drew the mosquito net curtains to float in the doorway.  
  
My husband took me in his arms, kissed me passionately and before long, we were writhing naked on our enormous bed. As I sat on top of him in my favourite position, I was sure I could see movement on the deck outside through the dresser mirror. The thought that we were being spied on only served to arouse me further as Dave's hot cock pulsed deep inside me. Deciding to take advantage of the situation I played to my voyeur, moaning louder, cupping my soft breasts and squeezing my nipples, until I felt the familiar final thrusts, as Dave shot deep inside me. I lasted a couple more strokes then shuddered through a long and powerful orgasm.  
  
As his hardness subdued I moved to sit on the suspended chair and facing towards the bed proceeded to watch my husband's delight as I masturbated for him. Leaning over to the bedside table, he reached for his camera and clicked away knowing how much we enjoyed posting the best results online.  
  
While he clicked away, I began to casually swivel the chair around to face my voyeur, my eyes almost closed not to alert him. As the camera flash illuminated my nakedness. I slid a finger slowly along my pussy lips, up and down, moaning softly, dipping my finger into my cum filled pussy, licked the tips of each index finger before cupping my tits again, and lifted them in his direction, pinching my nipples with the wet digits.  
  
As you may have read in our other stories, there have been many times in the past where I have allowed myself to be seen. Initially it was at my husband's request, but now the excitement of knowing that someone will take pleasure in seeing me orgasm sends me wild in a weird sort of way.  
  
Mere moments away from release, my body went into overdrive, my fingers vigorously caressed and exposed my virtually hairless pussy, my rhythm was calculated and stirring. My fingers opened and explored, in and around the soft sensitive folds, until the excitement of my exhibition sent me shuddering to another orgasm as my eyes opened to focus on the silhouette outside.   
  
Day 5  
  
The following morning we woke to a knock, announcing our breakfast.  
  
Dave slipped on a pair of shorts to open the door while I just pulled a sheet over myself. Kim entered placing our tray at the window and Dave served our breakfast in bed. Having a lazy morning, I asked Dave to ring for my dress, which Kim returned with a little later.   
  
I was sitting in front of the dresser with my kimono untied when he made his presence known. He saw me, then froze as he saw my reflection, but relaxed as I smiled and asked him to hang the dress in the wardrobe. Feeling the urge for a little excitement, I leaned forward a little, willing my breasts to swing free of the robe for his titillation for a moment as he left.  
  
Realising this was my most fertile time of the month; my mood was especially horny and daring. Unknown to Dave and using a pair of nail scissors, I snipped the button holes for the first and second buttons both vertically and horizontally encouraging them to pop open any time, almost to my navel.  
  
Before long, it was 1.00pm time to meet Kadec for the excursion into the island.  
  
As soon as I bent to enter the car the gravity of my breast caused the button to pop which I pretended not to notice but wondered how long it would take Dave to tell me. As we drove off, I noticed Kadec casually adjust his mirror, and was excited at the thought that he was keen to see my breasts.  
  
Our first stop was at a large Buddha monument carved into the hillside overlooking a nearby village. Kadec smartly moved round to my side to open my door, I liked to think that he was hoping for a further glimpse inside my dress, and who was I to disappoint him. As I alighted, I lingered a little, and feigned embarrassment when I realised my button had popped and re-buttoned it. Kadec's interest in us seemed to intensify. He stayed close, obviously now a game target.   
  
A quick tour of the monument and it was time again for some obligatory photos and Dave invited Kadec to stand next to me. As we shuffled around the inevitable happened and my top button popped to reveal a fair amount of cleavage. As it wasn't really a religious temple I felt comfortable enough as I posed to make the photos a bit more risque. Kadec grinned at the camera unaware of my exposure while my darling husband clicked away. When he finally noticed, Kadec eyes almost popped out. We laughed and kept the situation very friendly as I again pretended to be embarrassed.  
  
Decision time, I mused, shall I leave my top button loose and go for a repeat performance, I knew Dave would love me to and Kadec was showing interest, I was aroused at the thought, so left the top one loose.  
  
Travelling through the countryside my arousing thoughts began to get the better of my common sense and wondered how much of my pubic region was showing through the gaping fabric then almost subconsciously slipped the lowest button.  
  
As drew closer to the next stop, Kadec started reciting the history of the rarely visited pagan temple, it origins were unknown but much superstition and folklore surrounding it were passed down through the generations.   
  
There were only a couple of cars parked in the makeshift car park, where the Merc glided to a stop. I slid out on the kerb side behind Dave and again on bending forward the weight of my breasts popped the next button. Further flutters of arousal excited me now that my dress was unbuttoned to my waist. I could tell Dave was delighted and keen to see how Kadec would react to my deliberate exposure. Kadec noticed my accident immediately and I muttered profanely that it just keeps coming loose and hoped he wouldn't be embarrassed.   
  
Kadec pointed up through the trees to the ruin asking whether we wanted to go up as it was a bit of a walk. Dave, who I know had seen enough temples for a lifetime, developed a sudden keen interest in the walk up. Kadec, who led the way kept talking and turning around to check out my deliberate exposure.   
  
We reached a narrow clearing where Kadec pointed out an ancient Kepuh Tree where, it was said, witches would gather to prepare their rituals. It was also apparently, local tradition for fertile women to climb a makeshift ladder and place something of value for good luck on its branches before visiting the temple. In an instant, I knew what his motive was.   
  
It was an invitation I cockily accepted. Excited by the possibility, that in a few moments, I would have the power to expose the secrets of my femininity to him should I so wish. Turned on by my perverse audacity, Dave dug out some coins for me to place on the tree and giving Kadec some leeway, stood much further back to enjoy my exhibitionism and pulled out the camera.  
  
Kadec hurriedly shook the ladder to confirm its sturdiness and held it solid before inviting me to climb. Carefully, one step at a time I ascended, anxiously shaking with this, one to one, shameless exhibition I was about to perform. As I reached the third step, I knew that my crotch was at his eye level and well placed for the gap in my dress, so stopped for a moment pretending to be a little nervous and telling him to make sure he was holding it safely. The thrilling preparations of an orgasm was welling deep inside me as I took two more tentative steps, his eyes now at hem level, then finally, the sixth and final rung. I knew that Kadec was directly below me and gave him ample opportunity to view up my skirt , but dared not look down to see if he was looking.  
  
Wanting to prolong my excitement and desperate to see his reactions I accidently dropped a coin next to him. Reaching to retrieve it, my eyes fixed solidly on his for a moment, and then I stretched to place it on the bough for good luck.  
  
Climbing down I felt a serious pang of guilt wondering if I had overstepped the mark, but such thoughts were soon overtaken when I saw him trying to discreetly adjust himself.   
  
As we continued along the path, the temperature both inside and out made me hotter and hornier than ever so I allowed my exposed breasts to jostle without mercy for Dave's arousal and Kadec's curiosity,   
  
At the temple, as Kadec recited its history struggling not to stare, my mind focused on far more interesting pleasures until I heard the word "consummate", and so coaxed Kadec to elaborate.   
  
He pointed to a large flat stone at the front of the temple, and in a slightly embarrassed manner, told us that according to folklore, the slab was a pagan alter used to consummate marriages. According to folklore, after the husband had ejaculated, the village elders would spurt their own semen over the bride's abdomen to increase the couple's fertility.   
  
I sat listening to his flustered spiel with my legs draped over the edge of the stone slab. A fleeting thought of me getting fucked, surrounded by older men eager to cum over me, flashed through my brain as I imagined the scene.  
  
I snapped out of the trance when Kadec, who by now, was getting more comfortable with my exposure, offered to take some photo of us. My husband set me up for some very racy poses. My excitement was aroused further when Kadec fished out his mobile phone and asked if he could have one for his personal use. Knowing what he probably meant by "personal use", how could I refuse?   
  
I hadn't seen anyone other than Dave indulge in this self satisfying activity. Visions of Kadec masturbating while remembering this encounter while looking at my images flashed through my mind and so I decided to really give him a couple of explicit come-and-get-me poses to savour.   
  
Sitting on the slab and feeling very sexy, I held his gaze and seductively undid all the buttons below my waist giving him an incredible shot of my neatly trimmed landing strip before parting my legs to reveal the smooth swollen lips of my pussy.  
  
Feeling incredibly aroused by my wanton behaviour, my mind flashed to vision of the virgin bride getting fucked on the altar with the village elders standing around. Their hard cocks in hand, waiting for the glorious moment when they would spew their seed over the orgasmic bride. My thoughts turned to Kadec's feelings, his burgeoning erection now clearly discernable. Would he like to spurt his semen over my belly I wondered?  
  
Thoughts of an audience to my lustful poses flashed through my mind as I heard approaching voices. My body was shaking with excitement as the devil in me dared myself to continue this wanton exhibition and encourage Kadec to masturbate over me. The mood was broken all to soon as we saw a group dressed in religious garbs approach, whereon Kadec swiftly changed back to his professional mode leaving me to discreetly button up. At this point, my brain was swimming with possibilities that would probably have got me arrested.   
  
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The downhill trek to the car soon caused my top buttons to pop loose again leaving me unbearably turned on, by the time Kadec opened my door I just lingered long enough for him to get another look inside my dress at my swollen nipples.  
  
Dave slid in behind me, Kadec calmly pulled away for the journey back to the hotel. I was simply over stimulated and needed some attention. My loving husband instinctively knew my needs and urged me to touch myself. I sank back in the seat, closed my eyes on the edge of orgasm and dared to fleetingly touch the sticky wetness oozing between my legs as I relived the moment when I had posed for Kadec's mobile phone, and wondered if Kadec have ever come across such an openly sexual couple before. If I was ever to cum without actual physical contact, this was as close as it would get but knew our pent up arousal would be a bonus later.

Returning to the hotel later than anticipated, left us little time to freshen up, Kim was sat at his station and promptly jumped to greet us. I had a quick shower and slipped on my kimono. Dave said he fancied an aperitif and asked Kim to fetch us a couple of martinis.  
  
By the time Kim returned and made his presence known, Dave was in the shower.   
  
Turning to meet him, and aware the kimono's belt was slightly loose, I instinctively reached to tighten it, but on the spur of the moment, thought it would be quite sexy to give Kim a peek and so proceeded to the entrance, towelling my hair, knowing the movement would eventually cause it to fall open. Kim immediately took in my nakedness then avoiding eye contact, looked straight at the floor as I took the drinks leaving me thinking feeling guilty that I had probably embarrassed him.  
  
Running late, and wanting to feel as feminine as possible I threw on my red satin dress with a scoop neck, which at first glance would look quite demure enough, but knew that the imprint of my nipples would show clearly when aroused.   
  
All through dinner, Dave kept stimulating my emotions, recalling the day's events, wondering what Kadec and Kim were thinking. Not that we cared, for me it was the vain urge to show myself off and to arouse Dave, for Dave he gets off just watching me getting aroused, so it's quite a mutual thing which always ends us having the most amazing sex. The mood was well set as we made our way back to our bungalow stopping at frequent intervals to kiss and caress each other's bodies.   
  
Kim was idling at his station as we arrived, then promptly continued his well rehearsed preparations for our bedtime. As soon as he left, we were again in each other's arms as my husbands hands began to rise up inside the hem of my skirt. Our extreme arousals reached new levels as he continued reminiscing about day, focusing of the stone alter on top of the mountain.   
  
I was breathless as he teased me on how far I would have gone with Kadec around, how much he knew I would have enjoyed being the bride, exposed in front of the old men of the village, the feeling of torrents of hot sperm landing on my belly, how much they probably looked forward to the ceremony.  
  
Our bodies moved together, the air reeked of raw sex inflamed by the intensity of the events over the last few days, emotions of love, the deep desires and passions, arousals and anticipations, and above all, the willingness to give each other the stimulus and fulfilment we both craved.  
  
Telling me how much he loved me, Dave continued his long slow thrusts, before withdrawing to slide down my torso and suck and nibble on my sensitive nipples.  
  
Then offering his hardness to my mouth so that I could fully appreciate the arousal I had generated. I confirmed how much my exposures had thrilled me beyond belief.  
  
He moved and set me out spread eagled on the bed telling me that this was probably the way the virgin brides were arranged for the ceremony, reiterating how exposed the brides had felt as their husbands penetrated them for the first time, and how much he knew I would have enjoyed it.  
  
As I turned to take him in my mouth, my heart flipped as I see the form again peering thought the light mesh. The fact I have a voyeur now almost sets me over the edge but this time I was determined to take advantage and see what could develop.  
  
Kissing his hard length, I mumbled that our voyeur had returned, making him push me away for fear of coming on the spot. He wished me to extend my exhibitionistic performance and moved away to fetch some water giving me some latitude to tease my voyeur. My eyes closed, I let my hand drop between my thighs, slipping my finger into my throbbing wetness. My finger coated with my slippery secretions. I drew it to my mouth, and gently sucking on it for my admirer.  
  
I contrived to move to the edge of the bed facing the door presenting my complete nakedness for his admiration, and then slowly lifted my head with an authoritative look, summoned in my voyeur.  
  
My suspicions were confirmed, when Kim nervously opened the curtain and stepped into the room. Obviously worried about being reported, he begged me not to tell anyone. On seeing evidence of his arousal, I was quite flattered and told him everything was ok and that I didn't mind him peeping.   
  
Confronting him about last night I asked him if he had masturbated to which he admitted. I couldn't believe what I had just asked our room boy, but erotic thoughts were again swimming in my head causing further excitement inside me.  
  
Kim swung an inquiring look to Dave who was standing at the bathroom doors, who intimated that if I wanted to encourage Kim it would be OK with him.  
  
I reached down to unfasten his pants and free his solid erection. His shorts were sticky and his penis oozed a thread of pre-cum as I began to stroke his shaft up and down, slowly.   
  
"I just want to see you how you do it yourself," I teased and layback on the bed as his reluctant hand took over the rhythms.  
  
Dave kneeled on the floor at the edge of the bed and drew me towards him burying his face between my legs. His experienced tongue sought out, and pleasured the folds of my slippery pussy, eventually lifting his body, for his engorged manhood to slide deep inside me,   
  
Our eyes locked on each other and we both concentrated on each other sensations. My mouth opened slightly and my breathing quickened. With each breath, my excitement grew as the evening's unexpected scenario intensified my lustful desires.  
  
Now breathless with excitement, my thoughts flashed over to the stone alter. My eyes moved to the anxious young stud and motioned him to kneel on the bed beside me, encouraging him to rub the tip of his shiny cock against my sensitive nipples, imagining myself as the virgin bride as Kim's slippery helmet nudged against my breast.  
  
Telling Dave I wanted act out the fantasy, he withdrew and kneeled opposite Kim. I watched their rhythm increase, urging them to spout their hot cum all over me. Almost immediately, Dave clenched his buttocks letting loose a torrent of pearl white sperm over my tits and neck. Trailing my fingers tips through the hot semen, I lowered my right hand to massage my pussy whilst drawing Kim's cock closer to my face.   
  
Sensing my usual craving, Dave again positioned himself between my legs, his tongue crazy to fulfil my desires. Kim tensed and thrust his cock forward as unbelievable wads of cum spewed out into my face, some in my hair.   
  
Giving Dave the visual of my cum covered face, he was recharged and moved to enter me. His throbbing hardness continued to send further waves of energy through my body as I caressed my breasts and tummy with their slippery sperm. Now it was time. Time at last to succumb to the desires that had built up inside me. I needed to cum, and wanted Kim and Dave to see me do it.  
  
As I started to rub my clit, I felt sensations so powerful that I lost all control; my whole body surrendering to one the longest releases of energy ever. Especially watching this young stud mercilessly pumping his cock, provoking more streams of his hot semen to spurt over my breasts  
  
I was in heaven, when I felt every muscle tightened and strain in Dave's body as he came.   
  
When our moaning finally ceased, our bodies were entangled and exhausted with spent energies. Dave's his cock slipped easily out of my overflowing pussy. Our juices dripping from our coupling, as he withdrew and kissed me hard again, having cum so explosively.   
  
We pull apart slightly and check on Kim who was obviously unsure what to do or say, before pulling away completely.  
  
Dave grinned, "I think we'll all need some time alone to shower now."   
  
As Kim turned to leave, I winked to reassure him that everything was ok and retired to the shower.   
  
I could feel Dave's cum on my leg as I turned on the tap, releasing the cascade over the sticky residue on my face and chest. My thoughts returned to the hot, erotic events of the past few days, and just could not resist the urge to invite my loving husband to join me and extend one of the most satisfying erotic encounters of my life.