**Suzie's Fun**

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Suzie's Fun Chapter 1

Last winter, my wife Suzie and I took a long weekend getaway at a resort in Jamaica. We'd been there once before, several years earlier, when we were just discovering the joys of exhibitionism. Suzie had paraded in a very daring bikini, and even gone briefly topless on the clothing optional beach. This time, we were ready for something a lot more advanced.  
  
We checked in Thursday just after the dinner hour. After stowing our stuff in our room, I suggested a drink in the lounge.  
  
Suzie grinned her wicked grin. "I think I'll change first."  
  
I couldn't wait to see what she'd wear. The one thing I could count on was that it would be outrageous. I wasn't disappointed. Suzie emerged from the bathroom in nothing but a slinky black slip. The bust was low cut and lace, allowing her braless breasts to swing free, her erect pink nipples clearly visible beneath the lace. It was also so short that it barely covered her sweet rear end. As we walked down the hall to the elevator, she lifted the hem to show me that there was nothing but her beneath the skimpy garment. I couldn't imagine how she could sit down without showing off her pussy, but that just added to the excitement. Needless to say, she attracted a lot of attention in the lounge that night.  
  
The next morning, when we woke up, I asked her to get the complimentary newspaper that I knew would be sitting right outside the door. Without a moment's hesitation, she jumped out of bed, opened the door, and stepped out in the hall. The door swung shut behind her. She was nude, just the way she always slept, and I was proud. She hadn't even glanced up and down the hall when she stepped out. A moment later, there was a light knock on the door. I stood up, stretched, and shambled over to the door, mentally savoring each second she was out there. Finally, I opened the door and let her back in the room."I must be still asleep," she grinned. "The door swung shut on me, locked me out."  
  
"Yeah," I grinned back. "Anybody up and about out there?"  
  
"No," she pouted. "I heard the elevator stop, but it must have been someone getting on. I guess they were already standing in the alcove when I came out."  
  
Too bad, but the day was just beginning. I looked at her luscious curves, accented by a neatly trimmed pussy and firm swinging tits and thought: there are some guys in this hotel who don't know what kind of treat they're in for today.  
  
A little later, we went down to the breakfast buffet in the main dining room. Suzie wore her shorty robe, casually belted at the waist, with nothing underneath. We served ourselves, and sat at one of the glass-topped tables. Once again, the robe barely covered her sweet tush. All through breakfast, I noticed the men walking by our table or seated nearby stealing quick glances at her long lovely legs. But the view I got was even better. Suzie was totally casual about the tie to her robe, letting it work its way gradually looser as we sat there eating. By the time we'd finished, the robe was all but falling open, allowing a sufficient gap across her thighs to give me a clear view of her bush through the glass of the table. When the waiter brought us our last cup of coffee, he was treated to the same view. I thought he was going to spill the coffee as he poured it for her.  
  
I noticed at breakfast that the hotel guests seemed to be nearly all men. I was a little puzzled by this till we walked back through the lobby. There was a big sign by the front desk welcoming the President's Club of a major industrial equipment manufacturer. 'President's Club' meant salespeople, and industrial equipment meant 99% male. We had been planning to take in the nude beach, but a predominantly male audience suggested another strategy.  
  
I pointed out the sign to Suzie. "Maybe we should check out the pool, today." When she had changed into her bikini, I told her to go ahead. I'd be down in a few minutes.   
  
So, a few minutes later, I walked out on the spacious deck surrounding the pool. I was delighted with the group I found there, an excellent audience for a bit of casual exhibitionism. There were no kids, and only two other women: one leathery old matron, dried up and brown from too much sun; and one gorgeous redhead in a very skimpy white bikini. About a dozen men were scattered around at tables or by the shaded bar. A couple were swimming laps. Suzie had taken up residence on a chaise in the sun  
  
I decided to sit by the bar and watch. I ordered a Bloody Mary and struck up a conversation with one of the salesmen sitting near me. He was a handsome guy about fifty with gray hair and a look of prosperity about him. It turned out that he was the Vice President of Sales for the industrial equipment company, the guy who was sponsoring this little shindig. We shot the shit for a while, and I kind of liked him. His name was Tom and he wasn't too full of himself. He seemed relaxed and open, with a lot of stories gleaned from his years on the road.  
  
He also had a healthy interest in the ladies. I watched his eyes keeping track of Suzie and the redhead. At one point, he nudged me. "Check this out," he suggested, looking over my shoulder to where I knew Suzie lay.  
  
I casually turned and saw Suzie on her stomach with the bikini top on the little table beside her. "Oh, yeah," I laughed. "That's my wife, Suzie. Quite a little showoff, isn't she."  
  
Tom was suitably impressed. "You're a lucky man," he told me.  
  
A vague idea started to form in my head. "Suzie gets her kicks from it, you know - showing off," I remarked casually. "She's a born exhibitionist."  
  
"So I see," Tom agreed.  
  
"Oh, this ..." I nodded over at Suzie. "She's just relaxing right now. When she puts on a show, you'll know it. I don't think there's a dare I could come up with that she wouldn't carry out."  
  
"Really."  
  
I let that sink in a minute. "What she really likes is to shock people in unexpected situations. She gets off on the element of risk."  
  
"How do you mean?" Tom wondered.  
  
I described her little foray into the hall that morning, fetching the paper. I could see the wheels start to turn behind Tom's eyes. "Suzie loves it down here. She's got the feeling she can do whatever she wants. My problem is coming up with stuff that's daring enough to satisfy her."  
  
"That's some problem to have," he observed carefully, watching my eyes for any hint that I was bullshitting. Apparently satisfied that I wasn't, he made me an offer. "Perhaps I could help."  
  
Funny, that's just what I'd been thinking. We spent the rest of the morning plotting.  
  
That afternoon Suzie and I went shopping in the nearby town. The contrast between the town and the resort was striking. Nearly everyone in the town was black and poor. Nearly everyone at the resort was white and rich. Suzie, being an equal opportunity exhibitionist, wore a short cream-colored skirt and a print shirt. As usual, there were no panties under the skirt, and the shirt was open over her braless breasts, only knotted at her waist.  
  
At one point, we passed a broken down shack that served as a local bar. It was open to the street, with tables set up on the sidewalk outside. A dozen rough looking black men sat at the tables playing dominoes. When they caught sight of Suzie, the games stopped and they stared. I tried to read their faces. There was curiosity in their expression, some measure of social or cultural hostility, and something else I could not interpret. The very strange thing about it was that the expression on each face was virtually the same. Whatever they felt, looking at the rich young white couple out flaunting themselves among the natives, it was universal.   
  
One of them, a tall, broad-shouldered, young stud, finally grinned broadly, showing a massive, gold front tooth. "Hey mon," he called to us. "Show us some more."  
  
Suzie wasn't the least intimidated. She dropped a package she was carrying and bent over to pick it up, shining a full moon on them.  
  
The faces of the domino players changed subtly. The hostility seemed to fade, leaving only a blank stare tinged with the first faint stirring of lust. The grin on the leader widened. "Looking fine," he cheered.  
  
Suzie straightened up, turned to them and opened her shirt, before taking my arm and continuing serenely on her way.  
  
"Hey, sweet stuff," we heard behind us, "come again, any time."  
  
We had a few more adventures that afternoon and evening, but nothing much. I didn't push it, hoping to prime Suzie for the major showing Tom and I had devised for late that night. She was hoping for something really outrageous, and seemed a little frustrated with our limited success. Around midnight, we were in our room, when I suggested a midnight swim. Suzie perked up immediately.   
  
We made our way down to the terrace overlooking the beach. It was dark and we were alone. On the beach, an occasional walker went by. I think Suzie would have liked a bit more risk, but she didn't hesitate to drop her bikini on the sand as she ran into the warm embrace of the sea. I waited behind on the terrace, watching her silhouette in the shimmering moonlight.  
  
Suddenly, I was joined on the terrace by several dozen men. They came from several directions, each with a drink in his hand. Lights came on across the terrace. The men milled around, chatting, drinking, laughing at each other's jokes, as if it was a cocktail party.  
  
I heard someone call my name. Then Tom walked up to me with his hand outstretched, a knowing grin on his face. "Glad you could make it."  
  
I shook his hand. "And I'm glad you could get your guys out here tonight. Suzie needs a little lift. They don't know what's going on?"  
  
"No clue. I just suggested we move our drinking out of the stuffy lounge. One of the bartenders is going to set up shop and keep us from thirst. Everything on plan on your end?"  
  
"Should be, if our bikini thief is doing his job."  
  
"Don't worry about that."  
  
The bartender went over and opened up the little bar on the terrace. Tom and I took up seats there and he bought me a drink. We made small talk for a few minutes, but I was antsy. I couldn't wait to see what Suzie would do when presented with this crowd. She had to pass through the terrace to get back to our room. It was all I could do to restrain the impulse to rush to the edge of the terrace and watch her emerge from the water, find her bikini gone, and then ... But I did - restrain myself, that is. I sat at the bar, sipping at my drink, studiously attempting to follow Tom's conversation.  
  
Time moved slowly. It seemed like hours had passed, though I 'm sure it was only a few minutes, before I heard a gasp from one of the men standing at the edge of the terrace. I quickly glanced over. Several of them were staring out toward the water. I could imagine what they were seeing, but I didn't catch a glimpse until Suzie was ascending the stairs from the beach up to the terrace. She moved gracefully and erect, with no effort to hide her nakedness, stepping up to the terrace, right into the midst of the gathering. Light played on the water that dripped from her body. The men fell utterly silent and watched her, awestruck. Suzie met their stares with a calm and confident half-smile.  
  
"It was such a nice night for a swim," she said to some of the salesmen standing near the stairs, and began to make her way across the terrace toward our wing of the hotel.  
  
"Hey Suzie," I yelled.  
  
She turned, a little startled, and saw me at the bar. I motioned her over. She hesitated only a second, then padded sweetly to me. What a vision walking naked and glistening through the crowd, so beautiful and confident.  
  
I pulled another bar stool over to where Tom and I were sitting. Before she sat down, I introduced her to Tom.  
  
"Nice to meet you," Suzie murmurred, ludicrously shaking his hand.  
  
"The pleasure is mine."   
  
Tom's smile had the authority of his years and experience. Suzie seemed a little intimidated by him, where she had easily passed through the crowd of his salesmen. She took the stool and faced us, crossing her legs demurely.  
  
"This is Tom's shindig," I told her. The whole group of them was having a drink and decided to take it outside. Say, what happened to your bikini?"  
  
"Yeah," she pouted, "I wondered about that too."  
  
"You mean it got washed away, or something?"  
  
"Yeah. Or something."  
  
"Well. You don't need it in Jamaica."  
  
She looked down at her pussy, squeezed between her legs. "No. I guess not."  
  
"I'm certain of it," Tom offered, gallantly. "Could I buy you a drink."  
  
Suzie nodded. "A vodka Collins."  
  
The bartender was particularly delighted to serve that drink to Suzie. He refused to let Tom pay for it, insisting that Suzie's drinks were on the house. "It is the house rule, mon."  
  
Tom started telling Suzie about the President's Club sales meeting he was hosting, what it meant to be a member of the club and the privileges it brought with it, including the trip to Jamaica.  
  
Suzie was amazed that so many men could win such an expensive prize, and Tom explained a little about the economics of sales. Each of the men there had sold at least three million dollars the previous year, and many of them had opened important new accounts. The dollars they brought into the company more than paid their way. Suzie seemed fascinated with this discussion and listened intently. She interjected comments and questions in the right places, and I marvelled at the scene. At least 30 men stood around in groups, casting frequent glances at my naked wife, as she sat brazenly carrying on a casual conversation with a sophisticated and handsome man old enough to be her father. It was too good to be true, a fantasy, come to life.  
  
The bartender put a reggae tape on the outdoor sound system. The music had an irresistible beat and it took Tom less than a minute to ask Suzie to dance.  
  
I had to smile at Suzie's momentary fluster. She had made herself comfortable with this crazy scene, but the thought of bouncing and turning in front of all those eager male eyes gave her pause. She reddened a bit. "You mean with you," she stuttered foolishly.  
  
Tom smiled gently. "Well, yes. If your husband wouldn't mind."  
  
"Of course not," I assured them.  
  
Suzie got up a little hesitantly and walked with Tom out into the middle of the terrace. Tom began to shuffle and sway in time to the music, and Suzie followed along. The salesmen quickly gravitated toward them, gradually blocking my view. My wife was dancing naked for a crowd of men. I finished my drink and arranged my raging hardon in my pants before I moved over to join them.  
  
When I pushed my way into the crowd to get a look at Suzie, I was pleasantly surprised to find her totally into it, dancing with wild abandon. Her breasts bounced and swayed deliciously, as her body moved to the music. Whatever reservations she'd had were long gone. She was smiling and laughing, playing to Tom and the circle of salesmen that surrounded them. The men began to clap in time, and Suzie just ate it up, increasing the tempo of her dancing. Tom moved at a more sedate pace, his gentle and authoritative smile encouraging her. Occasionally, in the frenzy of her dance, Suzie's legs would part sufficiently to allow a brief glimpse of her pussy lips below her neatly trimmed bush. I laughed to myself, thinking that Suzie had finally reached the ultimate, showing off everything.   
  
When the song ended, Suzie stood for a moment with Tom, smiling and saying something I couldn't catch. They started to walk back to the bar as another bouncy reggae number began. One of the salesmen, a handsome young one, asked her to dance, and Suzie quickly agreed. Then, for three of four more tunes, she danced with different men from the crowd.  
  
It was getting late. When I saw the bartender take the CD out of the stereo, I thought Suzie's fun was over. But I got a shock when he put another CD in the player and it turned out to be a beautiful slow reggae ballad. Suzie stood quietly in the center of the crowd, a sweet expectant smile playing softly across her lips.   
  
Tom confidently strode back over to her and asked her to dance. Her smile just broadened, and she opened her arms to him. He put one hand on her naked hip and took her outstretched hand in his other. They began to sway gently to the music, and Suzie moved in closer, allowing Tom's arm to encircle her, his hand moving down almost onto her sweet bum. By the end of the song, her breasts were crushed against his chest.  
  
I couldn't take my eyes off them. With all of her showing off, Suzie had never had the least intimate contact with another man. It began to dawn on me that Suzie's adventures might not have reached the ultimate that night.  
  
When the song ended, however, Suzie and Tom walked back to the bar. I quickly joined them and we had another drink together. Tom told us that this was the last night of the President's Club in Jamaica.  
  
Suzie pouted. "Oh, that's too bad. We're staying till Sunday. Couldn't you stay over one more day."  
  
Tom looked at me, to see if I shared my wife's enthusiasm for our new friend.  
  
I just smiled and said, "Why not? It's the weekend. I'm sure you don't have to be back to work till Monday."  
  
"That's true," Tom agreed. "I'll see if I can change my flight in the morning."  
  
Suzie and I finally broke up the party and went back to our room, where we made love with ferocious hunger. On my side it was fueled by the image of Suzie's soft naked body nestled in Tom's gentle embrace as they danced. I wondered what memory or fantasy was turning up Suzie's heat, but I didn't ask her.

Suzie's Fun Chapter **2**

The next morning, Tom met us for breakfast. "No problem," he smiled. "They had room on the flight tomorrow."  
  
"Fantastic," Suzie exclaimed. "Let's spend the day exploring. I want to see some of the rest of the island."  
  
Tom and I agreed, though I don't think that was what either of us had in mind. We were more interested in continuing our exploration of Suzie. But her idea was to charter a boat and a guide to take us around to some out-of-the-way spots along the island's beautiful coast.  
  
At one point, I had to excuse myself. When I returned to the table, the two of them were chattering gaily, like old friends. I felt a pang of jealousy, which was immediately overridden by that mental picture of them dancing together. They looked vaguely sheepish when I sat down, as if they had been discussing something I wasn't supposed to hear.  
  
After breakfast, Tom went into town to see about a charter. Suzie and I went back to our room and picked up where we had left off the night before. In an hour, I was shot. Even Suzie couldn't coax another erection out of my poor raw penis. She seemed as if she could go on indefinitely. I fell asleep and didn't wake till I felt Suzie's hand on my shoulder, shaking me.  
  
"Come on," she said. "We'll be late. Tom called and said to meet him in half an hour down on the beach. He said he's got a great boat and a guide who knows the island like the back of his hand."  
  
We threw on our swim suits, packed a small bag with some light beach clothes, sandals, sunscreen, etc., and hustled down to the beach, where Tom met us minutes later in a big gleaming-white power cruiser. We waded out and climbed aboard.  
  
"Okay, Johnny," Tom called out.  
  
The cruiser rumbled to life and churned slowly away from the beach. I looked up and saw the tall black guy from the shanty-town bar sitting at the helm. He turned and grinned down at us, the bright sunlight glinting off his gold tooth. "How you doin' mon. How's the pretty lady."  
  
"Oh." Suzie jumped up laughing. "I remember you." She turned around and bent over, showing him her pretty buns. "Remember me?"  
  
He laughed, a deep earthy rumble. "I remember."  
  
We motored out to a point about a mile up the coast from the resort. I could still see our high-rise hotel, until we rounded the point. From there, the shore cut sharply into the steep slope of the lush green hills that seemed to rise right up out of the water. Suddenly Jamaica was a primitive jungle island, far removed from the posh tourist hotels and glitzy time-share condos. On the verdant hillsides, there was no sign of civilization other than the occasional rough shanty with its galvanized metal chimney poking up through the roof. Tom and Suzie and I gazed on the rocky shoreline with silent respect, acknowledging for the first time our status as guests, or even intruders, in this paradise of wild and natural beauty.  
  
Tom went below for a moment. When he came back up, he had Suzie's lost bikini in his hand. "One of the guys went for a walk on the beach this morning. He must have found this where it washed up," Tom lied.   
  
"Yeah," Suzie laughed. "He must have." She held up the scraps of cloth. There was much less to them than the suit she was wearing. "Maybe I'll go change."  
  
Tom smiled and showed her down to the cabin, then came over to sit with me on the padded bench that ran across the stern. The throaty rumble of the motor and the sloshing of the wake drowned our voices, allowing us to speak privately without Johnny overhearing from the helm, only ten feet away.  
  
"How did you happen to find Johnny?" I asked, a vague suspicion gnawing at my gut. "We ran into him yesterday when we were walking in town."  
  
"What a coincidence," Tom exclaimed. "They recommended him at the boat rental place."  
  
"Yeah. Quite a coincidence, I'd say." The suspicion remained, mixing with a nervous anticipation that was not altogether unpleasant.  
  
Tom was not much concerned with convincing me. He moved on to other, more interesting topics. "He told me he knows an island that's generally deserted this time of year. The coral divers apparently use it as some sort of a staging base in the spring when they go out after the black coral. It might be interesting to see the diver's camp, and the island itself. Johnny says it's beautiful."  
  
"Sounds ..." I stopped cold. Suzie was ascending the steps from the cabin, and she was stark naked.  
  
"Oh, I just realized how silly it would be to wear that suit," she giggled when she saw our faces. "Here it is, my last day on the island before I go back to the snow and cold, my last chance to sun my naked buns. Besides, it's nothing you guys haven't seen before. Now move over, I want to lie down and soak up some sun."  
  
Tom and I got up and let her lie down on the bench. She was a beautiful sight, and it was not lost on Johnny. He stared down at her from the helm with that same odd expression we had seen on the faces outside the little shanty town bar the day before. The brilliant sun sparkling off the water, the green slopes ... Suzie's sweet body was framed in a paradise of natural beauty. I thought to myself that I had never seen anything so achingly beautiful, so irresistably desirable. Suddenly, it scared me that Tom and Johnny were seeing her like this. I could only imagine how such a vision would affect them. This situation could get out of hand.  
  
Tom gave me a wry unreadable smile and shrugged. "Suzie," he said softly, "don't let that sun burn you. You better put on some sunscreen."  
  
"Oh, you're right," Suzie agreed, without opening her eyes. "Would somebody get it out of the bag, please?"  
  
The bag was right next to Tom's chair, so he picked it up and rooted out the plastic bottle of sunscreen. When he tried to hand it to her, Suzie just lay there with her eyes closed against the searing brightness of the sun. "Here you are," Tom said politely, to get her attention.  
  
"Oh," Suzie groaned, without looking up. "This sun has got me. I can't move. Would you put it on for me?"  
  
Tom was momentarily stunned by the prospect. I was even more shocked. This was heading into uncharted territory. I knew I would have to either stop it now or see it through to the logical conclusion. I was afraid, but incredibly excited. Never in my wildest fantasies had I imagined such a scene.   
  
Tom looked to me for a sign. I shuddered and involuntarily glanced up at Johnny. His eyes were trained forward and his face offered nothing. Finally, I shrugged and smiled at Tom, then leaned back in my chair and let fate take its course.  
  
He hesitated only a moment. Then he squirted a glob of the cream into his palm and began to carefully apply it to Suzie's face. Next he did her shoulders and arms, moving slowly down toward her breasts with his light caressing massage.   
  
"Make sure you put it on thickest where I'm all white," Suzie instructed.  
  
Tom happily complied, rubbing an extra handful into each of her white breasts. Her breathing quickened and her body seemed to tense. Finally Tom's hands slipped over her taut pink nipples and she sighed softly.  
  
He continued down over her flat belly till he came to the pure whiteness around her pubic patch. Again, Suzie tensed with anticipation. Tom's hands spread the sunscreen generously over the newly exposed skin, but did not stray into the waiting warmth between her legs. I could sense her frustration when Tom moved down to her feet and began to apply the cream upward over her legs, first the shins, then over her knees to her thighs. Just as he was finishing, his fingers finally moved between her thighs and gently brushed her swollen labia. It caused her to writhe slightly, just as he finished, saying, "There you go. All creamed up."  
  
Suzie's eyes opened. The unintended double entendre had momentarily broken her casual pose. Her face reddened slightly, but she only murmured, "Thank you."  
  
"You're very welcome."  
  
We sailed on, gradually becoming accustomed to our fabulous deck ornament. When Suzie turned over, Tom once again did the honors, carefully rubbing the sunscreen into every inch of her backside and only lightly teasing the sensitive regions between her legs. I suspected that he knew exactly the effect he was having on her, and that it was exactly his intent.  
  
After about an hour of cruising up the coast, Johnny turned the boat away from land and headed out into open ocean. A small island soon became visible on the horizon, and twenty minutes later, we were tying up to the crude dock the coral divers had built.   
  
The island looked to be less than a mile long, composed of a group of low green hillocks that grew up abruptly from the water. Trees and shrubbery were cut away to form a small clearing where the dock met the land. A lean-to with a ragged thatched roof was the only shelter. In a land of natural splendor, the camp was less than spectacular. But the island, lying silent and alone in the wide expanse of ocean, held an air of mystery and the promise of exotic adventure to our mundane mid-western eyes.  
  
Johnny led us ashore and showed us the camp. Suzie put on her beach cover for the expedition, but it did nothing to ease the tension that knotted my guts when Johnny helped her step from the boat down to the dock. We all knew she wore nothing beneath the skimpy cover. It seemed as if she had turned the tables. Now she was teasing us.  
  
The camp turned out to be more interesting than it had appeared. The divers had left behind small piles of discarded black coral scattered irregularly about the clearing. Johnny explained that it was only worthwhile for the divers to bring the finest pieces to shore. What they had discarded had seams of the softer red coral running through it. It would crumble in the artisan's hands if he tried to fashion it into the jewelry and trinkets that the tourists were willing to buy. In these slag heaps of the sea, however, you could still see the homes of the microscopic creatures that had built these islands.   
  
Near the lean-to, several sets of bleached bones were laid out at the very perimeter of the clearing. These were the remains of the small sharks that had ventured too close to the divers. The bones were lined up around the clearing as an offering to the spirits of the deep. The divers believed there was powerful magic in the bones, and that while their camp was so protected, the sea could not take them.   
  
Suzie wanted to explore the rest of the island. The growth of trees, bushes and vines was impenetrable, so we stuck close to the shore and picked our way around the island's perimeter. Most of the way led over the broken coral of the shoreline, but, after an hour of this difficult going, we came to a beautiful beach of fine-grained white sand. We had come nearly three quarters of the way around the island. The clearing and our boat were less than half a mile on.   
  
"Wow," Suzie exhulted, "this is perfect. Let's get the lunch and have a picnic on the beach. This is paradise."  
  
The only problem with that was that the lunch and all our gear were back on the boat. I looked at Tom and he looked back at me. "Johnny," he said, "would you mind going on to get the boat. You can bring it around and anchor right here off the beach."  
  
"No problem," Johnny grinned.  
  
Before he had even disappeared into the jungle at the edge of the beach, Suzie had cast off her cover and charged into the water. She looked so beautiful and natural in this idyllic setting, Tom and I just stood and watched her for some time. "Come on in, you guys," she yelled, "the water's fantastic."  
  
We wandered down to where the waves gently rolled up on the sand. The water was pleasantly cool. Further out, Suzie dove into one of the two foot breakers, giving us a tantalizing flash of naked buns. When she came up and saw us wading in, she called: "What, am I the only one who goes nude here? You going to wear those swim suits even in the water?"  
  
That shamed us into dropping our suits, and I noticed with some discomfort that Tom's dick was longer and thicker than my own. But what can you do? I am what I am and that's all what I am. Maybe if I ate some spinach it would do for my dick what it did for Popeye's biceps.  
  
But Suzie wasn't interested in our equipment. She laughed and splashed, and we all dived and swam in the surf till the boat came around the point and Johnny eased it in toward the beach. He anchored in about four feet of water and we waded out to get the lunch and a blanket. After he'd handed us what we needed for the picnic, he dove off the side in a nice flat racing dive and swam into the beach with a few powerful strokes. When he finally stood up in knee-deep water, his broad back looked like Triton rising from the deep.  
  
Johnny was the only one with a swimsuit on, which seemed a little uncomfortable to Tom and me. We put ours back on as soon as we got to shore. Suzie didn't seem to mind, though. She wanted to dry off in the sun, she said.  
  
We sat on the blanket and had a fabulous meal of some kind of Island Chicken that came from a shop that Johnny had recommended. Johnny sat with us, though not without some level of class or racial tension. But, as good liberal Americans, Tom and I worked hard to produce a genial and egalitarian conversation. Suzie made it alot easier, chattering away as if we were all old friends. As the time passed, we got a little more comfortable with Suzie nude in our midst. It was pleasant, and would have been pleasanter for me if it hadn't been fraught with so much meaning.  
  
When we finished, Suzie went down to the water. She sat where the waves ran out, cooling her legs in the wet sand. Every so often, a particularly strong breaker would foam up to her and cool her from the waist down. The three males sat on the blanket and watched. Our conversation drifted off into sporadic disconnected commentary on the place, the weather, etc.   
  
Johnny finally offered something real. "That's a fine looking woman you got there mon, even if she is white." He laughed good-naturedly to show he didn't mean anything by his casual reference to race.  
  
I was taken off guard by his remark. Up until then, he'd said little, other than responses to direct questions. "Thanks," I stammered.  
  
"Yeah," Tom agreed. "You should have seen the impression she made on my guys last night. When I was sending them off this morning, they couldn't talk about anything.else. I hope Suzie liked our little trick as much as they did."  
  
"Oh yeah," I laughed. "You know she was mad at me for being so uncreative up to that point. She said we were wasting precious time here, but that little escapade made up for it, big time. You can see she's picking up right where we left off."  
  
"What trick you play on her, mon?" Johnny's reserve was overcome with curiosity.  
  
I told him how we did it, and why, and again, how much Suzie had enjoyed it.  
  
"That lady got some spunk, mon. How far she take this stuff, anyhow?"  
  
I looked at Tom and back to Johnny. Then I shrugged. "I guess we'll see."  
  
Johnny nodded sagely. "I guess so."  
  
As if on cue, Suzie stood up and faced us. "Well come on. Let's go for a swim." Then she turned and raced into the water.  
  
Tom watched her for a moment, before he stood up and dropped his trunks. "Looks good to me. What do you say, Johnny? Danny?" Then he ran down to the water and dove in.   
  
Johnny stood up and worked at the drawstring of his shorts. "Yeah, mon. I take a swim, too." He seemed a little embarrassed about losing his shorts, but finally stepped out of them, facing away from me.   
  
"You coming, mon?" he asked turning toward me.  
  
Holy shit! His dick was six inches long at rest, and about as thick as a baseball bat. Not only were my sexual reservoirs tapped from the last twenty four hours of sex with Suzie, but in this crowd I was also clearly outgunned by both Tom and Johnny. I was particularly sensitive to this shortcoming since Suzie was so evidently out there, ready to be gunned by someone.   
  
"I'll be down in a couple minutes," I told him. "You go ahead."  
  
He trotted down into the water, and I watched until he came close to Suzie. I watched the look on her face as she first caught sight of his equipment. The look was one of surprise followed quickly by fascination. I tore my eyes away and began picking up the remains of the lunch. I bundled it all into the same canvas bag and cooler we had used to carry it up onto the beach. I decided I'd carry it back to the boat, as something to do while discreetly keeping an eye on Suzie. I didn't take my suit off to wade out to the boat, but the others didn't notice. They had splashed their way out to a sandbar offshore and were sitting in a tight group in ankle-deep water, facing out at the little breakers that gently washed them. When I got to the boat, they were about 20 yards away. I cracked open another beer and sat down to watch, knowing somehow what I would see. I was filled with an odd, gut-rending mix of dread and anticipation.  
  
I think we all knew what this was about at that point, but it took some time to approach it. It seemed that Tom was too polite to presume. Johnny maintained his habitual reserve, the reserve he adopted to protect himself from the social and racial tension he felt among these affluent white foreigners. Suzie had never taken her little exhibitionist games to the next level, the level of intimate contact. She had no game plan to guide her. But the next move was clearly up to her.  
  
They sat there talking for a few minutes. Then Suzie stood up and dove into the deeper water where the sand bar fell away sharply toward the open ocean. She surfaced about ten feet in front of them, then dove again. Suddenly, Tom was pulled off the sandbar into the deep water. He didn't try to fight it, going down with a grin. He and Suzie came up together, very close together, and laughing. Suzie put her hands on his shoulders and pushed him under again, lifting herself half out of the water, pinning his face to her lower belly. She held him there for a moment, laughing and mugging to me. Then she pushed off and went under again, moving over to Johnny to get him into the game. He went under, too. Suzie climbed on his back and rode him around, but, as strong a swimmer as he was, Johnny couldn't keep his head above water with Suzie on his back. He moved back onto the sandbar and crawled up out of the deep water, Suzie still riding. Then he grabbed her legs and stood up. Suzie had to wrap her arms around his neck to hold on. Her breasts were crushed against his shoulders and her pubic mound against the small of his back.  
  
They played in the surf for the next twenty minutes, their games getting more and more intimate. I opened another beer, just as the three of them waded ashore. They were a little further away, so I took out the binoculars. It was as if I was sitting on the blanket with them, the only difference that I couldn't hear them. The gentle wash of the ocean drowned whatever sounds they made.  
  
Suzie lay on her back, letting Tom and Johnny approach her. They positioned themselves on either side of her and began to massage her shoulders and stomach and breasts. Suzie seemed to enjoy the attention. Even through the binoculars I could see the ripples of sexual excitement flowing through her. After a few minutes of this, Suzie reached out and took a cock in each of her hands. That was the signal to the two men to slide their hands a little further down her body. They reached between her legs and rubbed her hot box. Almost instantly, Johnny's dick grew to its greatest length and thickness, practically bursting out of Suzie's grasp. He moved between her legs and began to rub the tip of his thick black penis up and down the slit of her pussy lips. Suzie's head was thrown back, her mouth open in anticipation. Tom gently rubbed her breasts.  
  
Suddenly, I saw the big purple head of Johnny's dick slip inside her, causing her back to arch involuntarily, her head flopping from side to side. She'd never had anything that size inside her before, and I was afraid it would hurt her. But Johnny was careful, rocking gently into her a fraction of an inch at a time. And Suzie wasn't afraid. She wanted more. Soon she was pushing back at Johnny, taking more and more of his length, a rhythmic cry floating out to me with each shuddering thrust. I could hear, as well as see, my wife's first orgasm under the steady pounding of Johnny's rod.

Johnny wasn't even all the way in, but he wasn't stopping. While she writhed on his cock with her first orgasm, he just kept slipping her a little more with each push, never missing a beat. Tom bent down to suck on her breasts and Suzie's hand unconsciously found his dick. Johnny was pushing into her with long slow strokes, stretching her, filling her beyond anything she had known. Soon she was crying out again, rising toward another orgasm. Finally Johnny was all the way in and her cries reached an unbearable pitch. Johnny began to slam into her harder and faster, gripping her hips to pull her to him. Suzie broke into a sustained howl as she had a primitive cataclysmic orgasm. Johnny's butt cheeks began to clench spasmodically, and I could tell he was filling her with his load. In the welter of sensation and emotion that rolled over me, I recognized a strange satisfaction in the fact that Johnny's head was thrown back, his chest heaving, in the expression of his own sexual explosion. Suzie had taken on that enormous and threatening black snake and ridden it to glory. I was proud of her.  
  
The three of them collapsed in a heap and lay still for several minutes. I lay back in the deck chair and closed my eyes. The image of Suzie writhing on Johnny's pole was burned on my retinas. I stood up unsteadliy and noticed that my dick was hard and throbbing, my balls aching. I went below and got another beer.  
  
I sat down on one of the benches below, vaguely trying to form some kind of mental reaction to what I'd just seen. I wasn't mad with Suzie, and I wasn't really jealous. The only emotion that started to come through was a nervous excitement, slightly tinged with fear.  
  
I thought of wading ashore and joining the party, but quickly rejected it. This was Suzie's party, and the last thing I wanted at that moment was to interfere, or to constrain her in any way. I finally went back up on deck and sank back in my observation chair, exhausted.  
  
Suzie, Tom and Johnny were just beginning to stir. Suzie's hand was moving over Tom's prick and balls, while Johnny gently caressed her tits. Tom's dick snapped to attention, standing tall and swollen in Suzie's hand. She rolled over to bring her mouth into play, licking slowly up the shaft and running her lips and tongue over the red bulbous head with each stroke. Tom was leaning back on his elbows at first, watching my wife tongue wash his throbbing hardon. When she took him deep into her throat, his eyes closed and he lay down flat, giving himself up to her ministrations.  
  
Johnny, meanwhile, had moved behind her. Suzie was on her knees, bobbing her head up and down on Tom's dick, while Johnny was working on her shapely ass. First, he inserted a finger in her dripping pussy, then ran it around the rim, pausing to gently tweak her clit. I could see her stiffen as he found her most tender spot. That was all the encouragement Johnny needed. He knelt behind her and positioned the thick purple head of his dick in the soft slick folds of Suzie's pussy lips. Suzie pushed back in time with the motion of the blow job she was giving Tom, and Johnny's dick slid gently inside. Johnny pushed forward a little, but let Suzie establish the pumping action, bouncing between his dick on one end and Tom's dick at the other. It took them a few strokes to get the rhythm, but when they did, it ran like clockwork. Tom was the first to come, his head rising up off the blanket as his wad spurted down the back of Suzie's throat. Suzie swallowed what she could, and licked up the rest. Then she laid her head on Tom's hip, letting his softening dick rest warmly in her mouth, as she gave herself up to the pleasures of Johnny's meat. Johnny's rigid black pole slid easily in and out, glistening with the sweet sticky wetness of Suzie's love juice. Soon I heard a moan of satisfaction rise over the wash of the surf, as a heavy orgasm took her. Johnny started pounding into her for all he was worth, and wracked another violent orgasm from her a minute later, just as he exploded into her.  
  
Again, the three of them collapsed in a heap. I found a bottle of beer in my hand that I had hardly touched. I drank it in two gulps. The sting on my parched throat felt good. My senses were overloaded, my mind was blank. I lay down on the bench at the back of the deck and tried to sort through my scattered thoughts and feelings.  
  
It wasn't jealousy exactly. There was a small measure of fear, the fear of losing her, but that wasn't so much of it, either. Anger? There was a little. Why hadn't she told me she was up for something like this? Again, that wasn't really it. If I thought about it long enough, I realized I was proud of her. She had taken our game way beyond our previous boundaries without batting an eye. I was always proud of her wild streak, and this was its fullest expression. The thing I ended up on was the realization that I was still in shock. I wouldn't know what it all meant and how I felt about it for a couple days, at least.  
  
I had just resolved to sit back and let it happen, just take it in for now and sort it out later, when I heard a gentle splashing and felt the boat rock as someone climbed the ladder out of the water. Suzie came over the side, grinning, dripping and naked.   
  
"Hi," she said brightly.  
  
I mumbled something and had the satisfaction of watching her grin slide slightly askew. "You have fun?" I asked. There was a hint of challenge in my voice.  
  
She looked down at me, shading her eyes with one hand. Then she laughed. "I sure did," she said.  
  
"That's nice," I allowed.  
  
"Well, didn't you watch? I thought we put on quite a show. Bet you never saw a girl do two guys at once."  
  
"True."  
  
"Well it's not as easy as it looks."  
  
"Tom and Johnny didn't seem to have much trouble with it."  
  
"Yeah, but they were only doing me. I had to take on both of them.  
  
I got up off the bench and stood facing her. Suddenly I was as horny as I've ever felt. I slipped a finger between the lips of her sweet pussy and buried my face in the crook of her neck. "Poor baby," I murmurred.  
  
My finger slid into her gooey hole and she moaned and shuddered. A moment later, she lay on the padded bench with one leg resting up on the teak board that formed the back of the bench. Her other foot was on the deck, opening her well-used pussy to me. I stripped off my trunks and made as if to enter her, but that wasn't what she wanted. She pushed on my shoulders, signalling me that she wanted me to go down on her. I hesitated. Two loads of Johnny's jism - what hadn't dripped down her leg or been washed away in the sea water - was still in there. Did I want to stick my tongue into another man's come. Her excitement was infectious. I licked her like a madman.  
  
She came in seconds, and I had the taste of Johnny's load in my mouth. I slid up her body and kissed her deeply.  
  
"Alright. You made me taste it," I said. "Now, how do you like it?"  
  
"Not bad," she laughed, "but I liked it better when Johnny was shooting it in me."  
  
"I could see that," I noted dryly.  
  
I was thinking my cock might have recovered enough from its morning exertions to stand up for a blowjob, but I noticed Tom and Johnny wading back to the boat with the blanket and the rest of our stuff. They climbed on board and Johnny said we had to be heading back. Suzie didn't move. She lay across the bench like an open invitation. Johnny got us under way, moving about the boat with his thick black dick wagging half-erect.  
  
None of us quite knew what to say. Tom and I got beers from below and settled into our deck chairs, somewhat overwhelmed by the waves of lust that seemed to emanate from this beautiful animal that purred beside us.   
  
Suzie looked at the two of us and made a small inward smile as her hand moved slowly and sensuously toward her inflamed pussy. Her fingers played with her swollen labia, stretching and spreading them, dipping discretely into her oozing love box. She brought her fingers to her mouth and sucked on them. When she was satisfied she'd sucked off all the come, one of her glistening moist fingers slid over her clit and began to gently rub it. Her eyes closed, and she quickly brought herself to another orgasm.  
  
When her breathing got back to normal, she lay on the bench with her eyes closed. "Oh god," she sighed, half to herself, "I'll never get enough."  
  
Tom looked at me and grinned, shaking his head.  
  
As uncertain as I was about this whole adventure, Tom's expression struck me funny. I grinned back.  
  
By that time, we had crossed the short span of ocean and were again cruising along the steep coast of the big island. Suzie seemed to luxuriate in the late afternoon sun. Her body glowed with it, or with the collected afterglow of several spectacular orgasms. Her breathing became very regular and shallow, as if she was asleep, or in a deep trance. Tom and I watched the shoreline slip by, once again privileged to have Suzie's beautiful body framed by the natural grandeur of the island and the sea. We said nothing for some time. I realized that the silence felt entirely natural and even comfortable.   
  
But I wasn't particularly surprised when Tom asked quietly: "Do you think she'll regret anything from today?"  
  
I had been thinking along the same lines. "No. I don't," I quickly answered. Then I thought about it a little more and amended: "Well, if anything, she'll probably think of things she could have done today, but didn't. Maybe she'll regret that."  
  
"You think so?" He looked at her with an odd look of respect. Maybe he'd never met a woman so open and secure in her sexuality. He seemed to have trouble believing her.  
  
"If she runs true to form, that's how it'll go," I assured him.  
  
"That's amazing." He nervously searched my face, but he must have been satisfied. "If you're really serious," he offered, "we might be able to plan one more ... thrill for her to take home to Michigan."  
  
I had to think about that for a minute. Then it hit me. Tom had really gotten off on his own participation in Suzie's little escapades. He'd been part of the planning, and most of the execution of her appearance on the terrace the night before. He'd found Johnny and the boat. And now he had another fantasy to fulfill with my wife. A tingle of anticipation formed instantly in the pit of my stomach.  
  
I grinned at him. "Sure. What you got in mind?"  
  
But he wouldn't tell me. "You'll enjoy it more this way," he said. "You just take the pictures. Okay?"   
  
I reached over and gently rested my fingers on her fuzzy, warm, and slightly sticky pubic mound. Her tender skin fluttered beneath my hand. "Okay," I said.  
  
Tom went below and brought up 3 more beers. He handed me one and took one up to Johnny manning the wheel. Tom sat across from Johnny on the little elevated deck. They weren't more than fifteen feet away, but their conversation was completely erased by the rumble of the engine and the wash of the sea.  
  
Tom said something to Johnny and Johnny grinned. A moment later, his look became puzzled, or incredulous. Tom talked for a bit. Johnny grinned again. Tom asked him a question, and Johnny grunted back a short answer. Tom asked another question. This time Johnny looked at him for a long moment before he answered. When he did, his answer was sullen but long and involved. He motioned with his hands to the left and the right. They talked for a while longer. Tom was more animated. Johnny was serious and subdued. Finally, Johnny pointed to some distant point and Tom nodded, then got up and came back down to the main deck.  
  
But, instead of resuming the deck chair he'd occupied earlier, he went over to Suzie on her bench and began the same kind of sensual massage he'd given her with the sunscreen on the way out. Suzie didn't open her eyes, but her body came alive to his touch. I could almost feel her flesh jumping under his fingers. He worked his way up her smooth tanned legs, and she generously parted her thighs to give him ready access to her throbbing clit. But again, he only teased her, moving his gently kneading hands up her inner thighs, just to the thick parted lips of her pink pussy, then around her clit, maybe just brushing it casually as they passed on to her soft pubic mound and her sweet flat stomach. At her breasts, he paused to give them extra attention. They deserved it, and Suzie seemed to love it. She reached out and took his dick in her hand. Tom was already hard. While he carressed her breasts and shoulders and neck, Suzie stroked and squeezed his cock.  
  
What he did next shocked me. Tom knelt on the deck, leaned over my wife, and gave her a long penetrating kiss. Suzie seemed surprised at first, but then responded in kind, eagerly exploring his mouth with hers. When they broke, Tom whispered something to her that made her giggle softly.  
  
Johnny left the wheel and moved forward onto the roof of the cabin, a wide expanse of white fiberglass that served as a sundeck. We were passing the headland where the high-rise hotels, including ours, came into view across the small bay. The boat was heading slightly out to sea from the hotels, running at half throttle, and it stayed steady on course with no one at the helm.   
  
Tom quickly moved to take Johnny's place at the wheel. "Come on, Suzie," he called to her. "Danny says you love to show off. Let's see you do your stuff."  
  
She looked at me and laughed. "Oh, is that what he says? Well, grab the camera." She got up and joined Tom at the wheel.   
  
He pointed toward the shore. Suzie's eyes followed. I couldn't tell what they were looking at, but Tom turned the boat in the same direction and gave it some throttle. We seemed to be heading more for town than the hotels. Tom said something more and Suzie grinned wryly. Then she moved forward on the sundeck and joined Johnny. I thought: "what the hell," picked up the camera, and moved up to the copilot's seat next to Tom. I got a better view of what Suzie was up to from there.  
  
"So what kind of a thrill did you cook up," I asked Tom.  
  
"You'll see," he said. A small smile played at the corners of his mouth.  
  
I didn't see much for a couple minutes. Johnny and Suzie were just standing there, watching the approaching land. As we got closer, I started to get the picture. We were making right for the center of town, where a long pier jutted into the sheltered water of the bay. There were people out on the pier. I could soon tell that there were about twenty black men out there, fishing. I sighted through the camera and snapped a shot of the two of them facing their unsuspecting audience.  
  
As we drew near enough to see the men clearly, Suzie said something and Johnny laughed. "Go to it, Sweet Stuff."  
  
Suzie moved in front of him, kneeling on the very prow of the boat, and began to work on his dick, gently encouraging it with her hands and mouth. Johnny had his back to Tom and me, so we didn't get the best view of Suzie's mouth action. That view was reserved for the men on the pier. I watched them and took another picture.  
  
We were about a hundred yards away, when one of them pointed at us. Tom kept up a steady course, pulling rapidly closer. The men left their fishing poles leaning against the wooden rail and crowded out to the end of the pier. When we were about twenty yards away, Tom cut the engine to idle. As we drifted lazily past, Suzie released Johnny's massive cock from her mouth and pushed him down on his back. She turned and faced the men on the pier, squatting over Johnny, sliding the tip of his cock through her dripping slit till it was wet and shiny. Then, slowly she started to take it in, sliding down a little further with each bounce. I snapped away, getting it all on film.  
  
The men were utterly silent, with the same blank expression we'd seen on their faces at the open air bar when we'd walked in town the day before. Finally, a voice called out, "Hey Johnny, you musta been deep-sea fishing. Looks like you caught a beauty on that big pole of yours."  
  
Some of the others added their own observations, but they were lost on Johnny and Suzie. The two of them were getting heavily into each other. Suzie was leaning back to allow Johnny to reach around and caress her breasts as she worked her way down his shaft. As stretched as she was from their previous encounters, she still started to gasp as she descended toward the base of his cock. Johnny's eyes were closed in concentration, and he began to buck softly, rising to meet each of her thrusts. Finally, he gave a serious thrust of his own and sank the last inch of his dick into her. She cried out with her first orgasm and raised a cheer of appreciation and encouragement from the crowd.  
  
But Suzie needed no encouragement. Now that she had taken in the whole thing, she began to pound down on him with desperate intensity. Johnny pushed into her just as feverishly. This action soon brought Suzie to another orgasm, which only fed her frenzy. Johnny didn't miss a beat, either. I could see he was nearing his own eruption by his ragged breathing and the clench of the muscles in his legs and abdomen. When it came, it was worthy of his exceptional equipment. He suddenly broke the rhythm of their coupling with a single deep thrust as far into her as he could go. Suzie's cry was a wild mix of fulfillment and abandon. Johnny gushed into her with three more deeply penetrating strokes, each drawing out the same primal cry. And then it was over. Suzie squirmed and clenched her pussy down on Johnny's dick squeezing out the last of their mutual orgasm, then lay back on his chest, utterly exhausted.  
  
The men were silent again, watching with an expression of awe. Tom swung the prow of the boat directly at them once more, giving them a direct view of Johnny's cock slowly relaxing in Suzie's cum-filled pussy. Tom waved to the men and pulled back the throttle, setting a course back out into the bay, toward the hotel. I got the last few shots on the roll of film as we were pulling away.  
  
That night, Suzie "snuck" over to Tom's room and gave him a private turn. He treated her so well, Suzie was temporarily blinded by his power and his ease. She kissed him deeply when we parted at the gate the next morning, promising to meet him again at his next President's club outing.  
  
As our plane climbed away from the sparkling turquoise water and the white sand beaches of Montego Bay, Suzie sat back and sighed.  
  
"Aw, what's wrong, baby? Kind of hard to get back to reality?" I teased her.  
  
"Oh, yeah. I guess. It was incredible. I can't even believe I did it. It was like it was somebody else."  
  
"Well, whoever she was," I told her, "she sure looked alot like you. We'll have to check those pictures I took when I get them developed."  
  
Suzie actually blushed. "Oh, God. If you're going to keep those pictures, We're going to have to store them in a vault."  
  
"I don't think so," I grinned. "I think they'll add some spice to the usual boring vacation pictures we'll be showing all the neighbors."  
  
"Ha, ha," she said dryly, putting the lie to my bravado.  
  
I settled down to read my trashy airplane novel. Suzie opened a magazine, but seemed distracted. When I glanced over at her, she was gazing out over the expanses of the Caribbean slipping past us five miles below.   
  
"You know," she said thoughtfully, "it's an idea."  
  
She had lost me. "What is?"  
  
"Showing those pictures." She turned and looked me in the eye with a serious expression. "I mean, why is that humdrum little life of ours back home - why is that reality? I keep thinking of the past three days as some kind of dream or fantasy. It's even fading like a dream already. Why does Jamaica have to be fantasy and Michigan reality? Maybe that is the real me in those pictures."  
  
Suzie's brow was furrowed with concern. My expression must have shown my surprise. She was desperate to make me see what she was saying, but she didn't need to worry.

I laughed. "It is the real you, Suzie. Just like the sweet little housewife I come home to every day is the real you. I love both of them, and I wouldn't want one without the other."  
  
"Really," her eyes still searched mine, but now they glistened. "Oh, Danny, we were made for each other." Then she kissed me tenderly and long.  
  
"It's true," I smiled when she let me go, "but you were also meant for a wider audience like Tom and Johnny."  
  
"But it's you I love," she stated simply and flatly, and I knew it was true.  
  
She put up the armrest between us and leaned her head against my shoulder and fell into a sweet satisfied sleep. I felt the softness and the warmth of her cheek against me, and it seemed to wrap me in the warmth and comfort of her love. I felt closer to her and more sure of her than I ever had before. The doubts that had crowded in on me when I watched her with Tom and Johnny on the beach - those doubts were gone, and gone for good. We were solid, and we could do anything.  
  
Suzie must have felt the same. As we descended into Detroit, she suggested brightly: "Let's have that new couple down the block over next week. You know who I mean? She's always out in the yard in her little bikini ... very pretty and very showy."  
  
"Oh yeah. The guy's a runner, looks like he keeps in shape. That couple?"  
  
"Yeah. Them."  
  
"Sure. It would be nice to welcome them to the neighborhood, get to know them."  
  
"That's what I was thinking." Suzie smiled her wicked smile. "They might like to see our vacation pictures."  
  
I felt the old familiar stirring between my legs. Suzie discretely covered it with her hand. "They just might," I agreed.  
  
A week later we found out they did, but that's another story.

Suzie's Fun Chapter 3  
  
Stan and Linda Hart were the new couple on our street. To welcome them to the neighborhood, we invited them over to see our vacation pictures. I warned them about Suzie's nudity and exhibitionism, but they just laughed and said they'd be excited to see them. Having seen Linda working in her yard in her sexy bikini, it was the reaction we expected and hoped for. So, we set up the screen, shut off the lights and fired up the projector. I plugged in my laptop and took them through the digital images I had put together and edited.  
  
Along with all the typical shots of the beaches and the sunsets, the first set of pictures included private shots of Suzie on the balcony, showing off her skimpy, sexy resort wear -- both in it and out of it. Then there was a whole series of her on the terrace, when she couldn't find her bikini after her nude midnight swim. I explained how Tom and I had set it up. The pictures of her dancing with the salesmen and Tom were unbelievable. Stan and Linda were blown away. The last series of the first batch included most of the boat trip with Tom and Johnny -- everything that wasn't X-rated.  
  
"Wow," Stan said when I turned the lights back on, "that's a lot more interesting than most vacation pictures."  
  
Suzie laughed delightedly. I could see how proud she was of her sexy adventure and the way it looked in the photos. I wasn't sure if we should take it any farther, but Suzie didn't hesitate.  
  
"We took some that are even more interesting," she teased. "Danny had to edit out the steamy stuff."  
  
Stan picked right up on it. "Hey," he protested, "we want to see all the pictures."  
  
"You won't be shocked or offended?" I asked, mostly for the record.  
  
"Wait till you see our vacation pictures," Linda laughed.  
  
"Alright. I warned you," I said as I turned out the lights.  
  
This batch started with Tom and Johnny and Suzie splashing nude in the shallow water of the cove, then sitting on the sandbar; swimming and playing in the deep water; and Suzie riding Johnny's back. Then there was the long telephoto series of their threesome on the beach. I heard Stan suck in his breath at a picture of Johnny thrusting into Suzie from behind. The expression on Suzie's face is ecstatic, almost disbelieving the fullness she's feeling. Tom's dick is disappearing into her moaning mouth.  
  
The last series was Suzie and Johnny on the bow of the boat, as we drifted past the pier. There were a dozen of Suzie gradually impaling herself on Johnny's pole. Behind her, you can see the intense expressions of the men on the pier, watching her, hearing her cries. Linda moaned as she saw Suzie take Johnny's last inches into her stretched and burning pussy.  
  
"Oh my god," Linda gasped when the show was over and the lights came up. "Suzie, you're a lucky girl. What an experience!"  
  
"Oh, you're so right," Suzie agreed. "It was fantastic, and I'll never forget it, but ..."  
  
"But?" Linda cried. "No buts about it. That was the real thing, the stuff that dreams are made of."  
  
"I know, but that was Jamaica. We're lucky if we go once a year. That's not enough. I want that excitement much more often than that. On the plane back home, Danny and I agreed that we've got to figure out how to have some of these adventures closer to home."  
  
"So that's why you invited us over," Stan joked.  
  
"Exactly," Suzie crowed.  
  
We all looked at each other, thinking about what that meant.  
  
Stan was the first to suggest something. "If you're really into showing off, Suzie, I've got an idea."  
  
That was just what we wanted to hear. When Stan explained his idea, it was our turn to be blown away. It was outrageous. Suzie had never done anything like it -- except in Jamaica, where it didn't seem quite so crazy. I wasn't sure she had the nerve.  
  
Our little get-together with Stan and Linda was on a Friday night. Stan's plan was to take place Sunday morning. It didn't give Suzie much time to think about it. I thought she was a little tentative about it, but she said she'd do it, and I've never seen her back down yet.  
  
We all drove down to the ball field on Saturday to check it out, a dry run. On the way down, Linda wanted to know more about Suzie's exhibitionism. "What kind of scenario turns you on the most?" she asked.  
  
"That's easy," Suzie laughed. "It's anytime I can show myself nude to people who aren't expecting it. The best is when it's in a situation where I don't know how they will react -- the element of danger."  
  
"But I could see you liked the fucking, too, in the pictures last night," Linda reminded her.  
  
"Well, yeah, but that's not really what it's about for me. The rush I get is mostly pure adrenaline. The sexual part is there, of course, and it's important, but the biggest thing is going from that incredible fear and trembling, wondering if you can do it, and if you can, what will happen -- going from that to having done it and seen it all work out. That exhilaration, that sense of power and freedom is worth 15 Johnnie's. But the nice thing about the sex is that it opens up a whole new set of possibilities. It gives me more confidence to be even wilder. You know what I mean."  
  
"Wow," Linda gasped, "I guess you know what you want."  
  
"And I think we can fix you up tomorrow," Stan added. "Wait'll you see this setup. If you've got the nerve, Suzie, this one could fit your fantasy."  
  
The ball field was secluded as Stan had said, ringed with trees. There was a pickup softball game going on, and there were no casual spectators, and very little foot traffic from the rest of the park. It was mostly just the two teams on the field and some subs and friends on the benches. Stan showed us where Suzie could spread her blanket and where I should park to get the best view. Suzie was kind of quiet, probably from the butterflies that were taking wing in her stomach. She perked up a lot, though, when she got the idea to have Linda join her.  
  
"Come on," she urged. "It'll be fun."  
  
Linda shook her head. "Not me. I'm not ready for that. I'd like to, but I'll have to work up to it. You're in the big leagues and I'm just a rookie."  
  
Suzie smiled at the compliment, but it didn't do anything to settle her nerves. After seeing the field and talking about it all morning, it was starting to seem very real and very scary. It was also very soon, but maybe not soon enough. Most of Suzie's adventures up to this point had been more or less spontaneous. This was by far the most planning we'd ever done. Suzie was on pins and needles for the rest of the day, and I don't think she slept much that night.  
  
The next morning, she showed me the bikini she planned to wear. It was the one she'd lost that night on the beach in Jamaica, the one that Tom had returned to her the next day. She joked that it hadn't got much wear yet, but her laugh was a little hollow.  
  
Linda drove down with us and we got to the field about 10:30. As we expected, the game was already under way. We sat in the car and watched for a few minutes. Stan was at third base. He looked like one of the younger guys. Most of them were in their late thirties or early forties. Counting both teams, there were about 20 guys and three women on the field and the benches. Even with all the laughing and joking around, they all seemed very much into the game. The foul area in right was a gentle grassy slope that overlooked the field. Suzie would have a good view of the players from there, and they would have a better view of her. I was parked in a small gravel lot that ran along the left field foul line. From there, I could photograph the game and its spectacular spectator.  
  
"You ready," I asked.  
  
Suzie's smile was slightly bleak. Her nerves were revved up to fever pitch with fear and anticipation, but that was what she wanted. "Ready," she choked.  
  
I helped Linda get set up with one of my cameras. When she was ready to shoot the first part of our little scenario, Suzie and I walked down the path that circled around the field. Suzie carried a small bag with her towel, some sunscreen, and a magazine. When we got around to the other side of the field, we cut through the trees and picked a spot to spread Suzie's towel on the little grassy hillside. From where we sat, the right fielder and the first baseman were both less than 25 yards away. Most of the players checked us out when we sat down. They probably took us for a couple who had come to the park to get some sun and decided to do it while watching some old guys play softball. They accepted our presence and went on with their game.  
  
Suzie had on a denim sundress over her bikini. When we sat down, she kept it on for a few minutes, to get comfortable with the scene and to make her stripping less conspicuous. I sat with her partly for the same purpose, but also to perform the important task of taking her clothes away when she got naked.  
  
"Danny, I don't know," she whispered, letting the fear bubble up one last time. "They're so close. There's so many of them. What if they all come over and get angry with me?"  
  
"I'm going to be right across the field, and Stan's here. He knows them. There won't be any trouble. Relax, Suzie. This is a good one. Enjoy it."  
  
"I know, I know." She took a deep breath and began to unbutton her dress.  
  
I watched the guys on the field and on the benches. A few of them seemed to notice Suzie taking off her dress. I was sure they'd appreciate her bikini. You don't see too many thong-type bikinis in Michigan.  
  
That was part of the strategy. They'd get used to her wearing almost nothing. Then, when she lost the bikini, it wouldn't be so obvious and shocking. It might even take a little time before they realized she was nude. I had to hand it to Stan. He had not only recognized Suzie's exhibitionist fantasy almost immediately; he had also come up with a dandy just as quickly.  
  
Suzie had the dress off. She was sitting up, watching the game, showing quite a bit of skin in her tiny bikini. I could see a lot of the players taking frequent glances our way.  
  
"What do you think?" I asked.  
  
"Shouldn't we wait for some of the novelty to wear off, first?" Suzie suggested hopefully.  
  
I thought of a way to soothe Suzie's nerves. "Lie down," I said. "You need some sunscreen."  
  
I rubbed the creamy lotion into her skin, which I could feel getting hot in the sun. I'm sure the players envied my hands wandering all over this beautiful, near naked girl. Suzie was very tense when I started, but she began to enjoy the sensual pleasure of her rubdown. When I was done, she glowed, both literally and figuratively.  
  
"Oh, that was nice."  
  
"Roll over," I said. "I'll do your back."  
  
She obediently rolled over. Her normal Michigan two-piece had left her buns a shocking white. They caused a stir among the softball players. Fortunately, Suzie wasn't watching the field. I rubbed the lotion into those glorious buns, then down her legs and up her back. I untied the top of her bikini to get the sunscreen even. Her eyes were closed and there was an expression of sweet surrender on her face.  
  
"Suzie," I whispered, "it's time.  
  
"Oh," she pouted, but she let me pull the top of her bikini out from under her and put it in my little bag. I still had to collect her thong, but I gave it some time. I let her stay just topless for a while. She got a lot more glances, but that wasn't a bad thing. Nobody did or said anything to protest her partial nudity. Why should they get upset when she goes all the way? She was gaining confidence by the minute.  
  
We started watching the game. Suzie had to twist her head around to see the field. She wasn't quite ready to sit up and face them with her naked breasts, choosing instead to show them the long lines of her naked legs melting softly into the taut, gentle roundness of her ass and the graceful flow of her back and shoulders. When I thought about it, I decided that was the right idea. I could slip off her bottoms while she lay face down. The players wouldn't even see the difference, for a while. By that time, I'd be back at the car, with Suzie's clothes and my camera, and Suzie would be out there, on her own, meeting her brave new world boldly in the nude.  
  
I reached over and pulled the strings of her bottoms. The bows unraveled and left the scrap of cloth lying loosely in her crack.  
  
"Danny," she gasped. "I wasn't ... You should have told me."  
  
"It's easier this way," I said. "You don't have to build up the fear quite so high. When there's a hit, I'm going to slide the suit out from under you. You've got to lift up your hips just a little and let it slide between your legs. Okay?"  
  
"Danny, this one is different." Her voice was a hoarse whisper. "This one feels really dangerous, like I could get arrested, publicly humiliated. I don't know."  
  
"You're right," I agreed. "Any of that could happen, but that's part of what you want, isn't it?"  
  
I knew how her perverted little mind worked, and I wasn't about to let her talk herself out of this. "Now get ready. There could be a hit now any minute. It'll just take a second or two. You know what to do, right?"  
  
She let out a long shuddering sigh. "Yeah, okay," she choked.  
  
We watched in tense silence for a few minutes. Then there was a nice sharp hit to left field. All the players were either scrambling to their positions, or watching the play of the ball.  
  
"Now," I said, and I slid my hand under her and found the little scrap of her bottoms. I pulled, and it slid out, the tiny triangle of the thong whipping through her legs. I stuffed the bottoms in the bag, while Suzie quickly closed her legs and lay down flat.  
  
I watched the play. The hitter tried to stretch it into a double. The shortstop took the throw from left field, and they would have had him, but the throw was high. The hitter slid in well under the tag. I looked over all the players on the field and on the benches. I didn't think any of them saw me take off Suzie's bottoms. I didn't think any of them knew she was now completely naked. It was time for me to move on.  
  
"See you, Suzie," I said, standing up. "I'll be at the car."  
  
She didn't say anything. Maybe she couldn't.  
  
I walked away. I didn't look back until I reached the edge of the woods, where I was pretty much screened from the players but could still see Suzie lying on the little hill. She looked naked, but probably not much different than she'd looked before I took her thong. I hurried to the car.  
  
Linda was there with the zoom lens digital camera I'd given her, snapping away eagerly at Suzie's show. She hardly looked up when I came up.  
  
"You get the action when I took away her bikini?" I asked.  
  
"Got it."  
  
She had a good vantage point. She was partially screened from the players, but she had a good view of Suzie and the field. Over her shoulder, I could see that Suzie was still on her stomach and the game was going on. I took my other camera to another point I had scouted out.  
  
Suzie was still lying with her head down, as if she was only interested in the sun or sleep. And amazingly, there was no overt reaction to her naked ass. But that began to change when the teams changed places at the end of the inning. I got some good shots of the right fielder walking past Suzie. He was a forty-year-old guy with a modest gut and glasses, and he was checking out her naked buns with a hungry expression. He stood less than 20 yards from where she lay gleaming in the sun, and even when play started, I got several shots of him glancing over at my naked wife. I think he could tell that even the small scrap of her thong had disappeared, and to say he was distracted would be an understatement.  
  
I wasn't paying much attention to the game either. Somehow two guys got on base, and then there was a solid thump of the bat on the ball. The right fielder pulled his gaze away from Suzie and looked toward home plate, searching for the ball, which was, unfortunately, a routine fly to right, one that should have been an easy out. But since he hadn't seen it leave the bat, he couldn't find it in the air and it fell about 10 feet from where he stood, looking around confused. The two runners scored and the batter reached second.  
  
That started everyone on the field laughing and yelling out joking insults at the guy in the field. "Hey Eddie, the game's over here," and "You're just trying to keep the inning going so you can stay out there."  
  
Eddie's face turned a little red, but he gave them a shamefaced smile and turned back to the game. I was getting great shots of this little scene, and I assumed Linda was too, but so far, the star of the show was still lying face down, showing us only her long legs, the smooth lines of her back and shoulders and a very lovely butt. I wanted more, and knowing Suzie, I was pretty sure that's what she wanted too. It wasn't long before she proved me right.  
  
When the team in the field finally made the third out, Eddie began to walk back to the bench, passing within about 15 feet of Suzie. She sat up and turned toward him giving him a sweet smile and saying something. Her breasts faced the field and it was clear, even though she kept her legs together, that she was naked. He looked a bit tongue-tied, but he answered. She gave a small laugh and lay down again, this time on her back.  
  
When Eddie got back to his bench, the other team had not come out. There seemed to be some kind of discussion going on just in front of the pitcher's mound. I couldn't tell what it was about, but Stan was in the middle of it. He called Suzie's right field admirer over and there was more talk before Eddie walked back out to where Suzie was watching from her blanket and asked her something.  
  
She hesitated for a moment, then stood up and walked with him back toward the discussion on the infield. I was amazed at her boldness. For the first time, I was a bit uncertain about all this, but at the same time, I was proud of Suzie. The look on her face was priceless - nervous, eager, excited. I was catching it all on my camera. A cheer went up from the players gathered by the pitcher's mound. Suzie's uncertain expression widened into a big smile as she joined them. There was a little more discussion before one team took the field and the other walked to their bench. Suzie went to the plate and stretched magnificently a couple times, picked up a bat and took a few practice swings, then positioned herself in the batter's box. That was an unbelievable set of pictures that Linda and I got from different angles at slightly different moments.  
  
It was slow pitch, and the pitcher must have been a little rattled. His first pitch sailed over the catcher's head, and his second didn't make it to the plate. Suzie stood there with her bat cocked, looking serious, ready and very naked. She's not an athlete, but she is very fit and coordinated. I knew she had played softball before; she knew what she was doing. It was a pleasure just watching her swing the bat in preparation for the pitch -- the smooth work of her lithe muscles and the bobble of her soft breasts. With her legs spread and her arms up in the batter's stance, she was incredibly sexy, and I was just hoping my camera could capture it. When she took a full cut at the third pitch, it was breathtaking ... but she whiffed and almost fell on her beautiful butt. Both teams shouted encouragement, but I'm sure they were all hoping, as I was, that her turn at bat would never end.  
  
She recovered her balance smiling at her own lack of discipline then swung the bat a couple times to settle herself and stepped into the box for the next pitch. It was right down the middle, and this time, she made no mistake, giving a nice, level swing that connected solidly. The ball flew over the head of the second baseman and dropped between the two outfielders. Suzie dashed to first before they even got to the ball.

I got three shots of her sprinting along the base path, but when she pulled up on the bag, I could see there was something wrong. Her face was drawn in a grimace of pain and frustration as she lifted her left foot and massaged the sole. I knew immediately what the problem was. She was barefoot and the base path, which was mostly soft dirt, must have had a stone or two in it. Apparently her left foot had found one.  
  
She stood on the base, but it was plain she wasn't putting any weight on the bruised foot. There were several more shouts of congratulations for the hit, but they could see what I saw, and there were some words of appreciation and encouragement, too. The other woman on her team walked over and offered to run for her, which I knew would disappoint everyone. Suzie bravely waved her off and stayed in the game.  
  
I was starting to think about winding this thing up. Only one or two spectators had wandered over to the field while Suzie had been out there nude, but I was conscious of how easily someone could call the police and turn this into a completely different kind of adventure, one none of us wanted any part of. As if he'd read my thoughts, the next batter hit into a force play. Poor Suzie could barely limp halfway to second before the shortstop shoveled the ball over to the second baseman for the put out. She walked gingerly back to the bench, clearly unable to put any weight on her left foot.  
  
Needless to say, while Suzie was out there, everyone paid much more attention to her than the game. It's a wonder anyone could hit the ball or field it if someone did. At first, their expressions tended to be amazed, amused and, on the men at least, somewhat lustful. But as she sat down on the bench and massaged her foot, something else began to show on their faces. It seemed like a kind of pride. They were proud that she had favored them with her spectacular show, proud of her beauty and her softball skills and particularly proud of the toughness that made her take the injury without complaint. I got some more pictures of Suzie on the bench among the ballplayers.  
  
When the inning ended, I was ready to try to extricate her from the midst of her admirers, but I didn't have to. When she stood up, her foot was too sore to play anymore and she told them she had to go. Their disappointment was obvious, but they seemed to understand, and they smiled when they waved and said their goodbyes. Linda and I kept shooting, capturing the ending to Suzie's naked softball game as she walked along the left field foul line back to the car.  
  
Not wanting to miss a single shot, Linda and I converged on her just as she got there, but I quickly got her into her sundress and into the car. I was still nervous that we might get some unwanted attention from the local authorities. Michigan isn't nearly as casual about public nudity as Jamaica.  
  
Suzie, who had looked so cool and in control out on the softball diamond, was so excited she could not contain it as she was getting into the car. "Ohmygod, ohmygod, ohmygod," she babbled. "I can't believe I did it. It was incredible."  
  
"No," Linda said firmly. "You were. I've never seen anything so brave in my life."  
  
"I'm not brave," Suzie laughed. "That's the point. You know your fear and you attack it."  
  
"Well, it sure looked like you beat it from where we were. Didn't it, Danny?"  
  
I was just pulling out of the park, finally starting to feel safe from official interference. "I bet that was the scariest one you ever did, right?"  
  
"It sure felt like it," Suzie said. "I mean, in Jamaica, it just kind of happened -- dancing with Tom's salesmen and then Johnny on the boat. I didn't have to think about it much or worry somebody might take it wrong."  
  
"They loved you."  
  
"It sure seemed like it to me. I can't wait to find out what kind of comments Stan might have heard."  
  
"He never told them he knew you?"  
  
"Not at all. He played it perfectly."  
  
"Hey, that gives me an idea," Linda said brightly. "Danny, why don't you go through all the pictures and put them together in a slide show, like you did with the ones from Jamaica. Then bring them over to our place tonight. I'll cook us a nice dinner. Then we can go through the pictures and Stan and Suzie can describe it for us. It was so exciting, but I was busy working the camera. We've got to savor this. I want more."  
  
I looked in the rearview mirror and saw the excited gleam in her eye. "Great."  
  
Suzie sat back in the front seat and closed her eyes, sighing. "I want more, too. I sure hope Stan has some more good ideas like that."  
  
"Me too," I laughed.  
  
"Don't worry," Linda said. "He will."

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