**The Bikini**

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**The Bikini Ch. 01**

I have always been a bit of a flirt I guess, and I have never been ashamed of my body, but until a few years ago, I wouldn't have described myself as an exhibitionist. It seems strange to think of it now, but there was a time when I would hardly dare to leave the house braless, let alone in a tiny mini-skirt without panties. Yet today, when I think of the hundreds, perhaps thousands of complete strangers who have seen my naked body and watched me perform the most private of sexual acts, I am filled with the same rush of adrenalin and ache of forbidden desire that I experienced the very first time.

My husband Dan is the one to thank (or blame?) for this transformation. He was the one who first gave voice to our innermost fantasies. He was the one who suggested, dared and gently pushed me to overcome my doubts and inhibitions. His loving acceptance and encouragement allowed me to begin the most liberating, erotic and sensual journey of my life.

And he was the one who bought me the bikini. That bikini started it all.

It arrived in a tiny box, gift-wrapped. It was not a special occasion, not a birthday or an anniversary. It was a Tuesday I think. I was just home from work when he met me in the front hall saying, "I've got a little surprise for you, Nancy." Then he held up that tiny little box.

"What's this?" I asked, giving him my best "what-have-you-been-up-to?" look. The box was very light. It felt empty in fact. "Earrings?" I asked.

He gave me a funny, horny little smile. "Open it," he said.

I pulled off the bow and the paper and lifted the lid. It was wrapped in tissue, and at first I had no idea what I was looking at. It looked like a tangle of wadded up white strings. "What the heck...?" I pulled the wadded strings out and saw that there were tiny triangles of white cloth attached. "Oh my god," I said, " is this a..."

"It's a bikini," said Dan, "Remember when we were looking at that Australian web site with the tiny bikinis? I couldn't stop thinking about how great you'd look in one, so I ordered this. I'd love to see you wear it."

At first I didn't know quite what to say. I had always been rather shy and conservative when it cam to my swimwear, or any of my clothes for that matter. Surely Dan wasn't thinking that I would actually wear this thing out in public. I thought back to the time he was talking about and suddenly I remembered. That was exactly what he was thinking.

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I remembered that evening quite clearly.

We were unwinding after work, having a couple glasses of wine. It was a warm night and I had stripped off my work clothes in favor of my favorite short cotton robe. Dan was out in our home office working or answering email. At least that's what I thought he was doing until he called me out there to have a look at something.

A work buddy of Dan's had shown him this web site that sold incredibly small bikinis and Dan wanted me to see it. I came out and sat on his lap and we looked through the sight together, stopping on this page or that to comment on how small and sexy the bikinis were. Then we came across the section that featured photos of female customers modeling bits of micro swimwear in public. It was a revelation to me. That women would actually send in photos of themselves very nearly naked for the entire world to see was something I had never dreamed of. It was like discovering a whole new world of erotic possibilities. I remember feeling a strange mix of emotions: curiosity, fear, envy and more than a little erotic excitement. The women were tan, fit and pretty for the most part, but none of them were super models. Most seemed to be in their early to mid 30's just like me. They were genuine amateurs who seemed to truly enjoy showing their bodies for all to see. The bikinis were all g-strings, very tiny but quite flattering, and many of the women were topless. I did not lust after them. I am not a lesbian. I lusted for them, wanting to be like them, wanting to be that daring, sexy and free myself.

The photos were having an effect on Dan as well. I couldn't help but notice his growing erection as we browsed them together. I reached down and grabbed his stiffening cock through the thin fabric of his pants. "Is that for me or them?" I asked.

"Always for you my love," he said.

Right answer, I thought. I was starting to feel randy myself and the wine was making me brave. I stood up and said, "That must be getting uncomfortable. Why don't you take it out?"

He didn't say a word, just unzipped his pants and pulled out his dick. The sight of Dan's big hard cock almost always gets me going. I leaned over and gave him a deep wet kiss as my hand reached for his erection. He was hard as steel. I have to say that I love Dan's cock. It is as near to perfect as a cock can be in my opinion: 7 ½" long, thick and circumcised, with a large heart-shaped head. I knelt down before him and began stroking that beautiful cock as he sat there looking at photos of other men's wives. "You like looking at those dirty girls don't you?" I remember asking, and then took him into my mouth, licking the salty pre-cum from the head of his dick. "They make you want to jerk off don't they?" It was not so much a question as a request. Watching Dan masturbate had been a recent addition to our sex play that I enjoyed very much.

"Yes and yes," he said.

I teased him with my hands and mouth, first sucking, then stroking his throbbing, wet cock just an inch or two inch from my face. "Then why don't you?" I asked. I was kneeling between his legs just in front of the computer desk. "You can cum on my tits or in my mouth. Your choice."

"Can't I do both?" he asked.

"If you think you're man enough." I laughed and opened my robe, revealing my small breasts and thick, hard nipples. Dan didn't need to be asked twice. He began stroking his cock with a deliberate, measured rhythm. I arched my back for him and reached a hand down inside my panties to rub my own pussy. Dan started to stroke faster, looking back and forth between me and the almost nude women on the computer screen. I looked up and noticed that he kept flipping back to one particular woman. She was tall and thin, with small breasts and shoulder length dark blond hair. Just like me. Indeed, we could have been sisters. I had a nasty thought. "Would you like to see me like that?" I asked, already knowing the answer.

He hesitated for a moment, then said, "Yes I would."

"Really?" I was intrigued and getting hornier by the minute. "You would like to see your wife showing off her ass and tits and pussy on a beach like that?" I was very wet and could feel that my clitoris and lips were swollen and thick with excitement. I rubbed harder. Dan was jerking his cock faster and faster just in front of my face. It was a beautiful sight. The situation was making me very hot but what I said next surprised even me. I wanted to see Dan cum and somehow knew that this would send him over the edge. I said, "You want me to be a slut like that don't you? You want other men to see me... You want your friends to see me... To jerk their hard cocks and cum all over me..."

"Oh yes," he said. It was almost a whisper. I saw him tense and I opened my mouth wide for him. A flood of cum erupted from his hard cock; the first warm spurts going into my waiting mouth and the rest onto my chin, neck and chest.

He was breathing heavily, shuddering as he pumped the last of his sperm onto my face and breasts. It was a huge load. My mouth was full and my tits were covered. I swallowed what was in my mouth and said, "Well, I guess you really are man enough."

"Switch places with me," he said. His voice was raw with passion.

I stood and pulled off my soaked panties, sitting down at the computer desk with my legs spread wide. Dan kneeled before me, licking and fingering my pussy as his warm cum ran down between my breasts. It took me no time at all. I came hard and fast, looking at the tall slender woman with the small breasts in the tiny bikini.

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Now I was holding a bikini just like hers. Well, not exactly. Hers was red. This one was white. I held it up to the light. "Can you see through this thing?" I asked.

Dan smiled. "Only when it's wet," he said.

"Great. And where do you think I'm going to be wearing it? Around the house?"

"That would be a start," he said, and then he looked down at the floor. I could tell he was a little disappointed at my reaction. He said, "Look Nancy, I just thought it would be fun. I mean, when we were looking at them, you um... You said some things. Thought you might like to try it."

"It?" I asked.

"I mean the bikini. You have such a beautiful body... Why not, well, show it off a little bit?"

Standing there looking at him, I was suddenly overcome by how much I loved this man. What was my problem anyway? I knew that deep down I would do anything for him. I thought back to our night of bikini 'shopping' by the computer and felt a familiar warm tingling between my legs. I looked up and said, "Will it turn you on if I wear it?" I didn't say "in public", but those unspoken words hung in the air between us nonetheless. I'm sure that they were written all over my face.

"Oh yes," he said, answering both the said and unsaid. "And I think it will turn you on just as much."

"Okay," I said. "Poor me a glass of wine and I'll go try this thing on." I took the little box and headed for the bedroom, saying over my shoulder, "Then we can talk about where you're going to take me to wear it!"

In the bedroom I stripped naked and stood for a moment in front of our mirrored closet doors. I have a tall, slender, athletic figure. My breasts are small, 36b if you must know, but with large, thick nipples and puffy areolas. My belly is flat, my hips are pronounced and my legs are very long. At 33, my ass was still round and firm from years of running. Not too bad, I thought. Now let's see how this thing fits.

I pulled the bikini out of the box and put it on. It fit surprisingly well. The tiny triangles of white cloth just managed to cover my nipples. The g-string bottoms tied at the sides and the stretchy material formed nicely over my pubic mound and labia revealing quite the camel-toe. The suit was unlined and I could imagine that it would indeed become transparent when wet. Despite the fact that I generally keep it well trimmed, quite a bit of my pubic hair was still peeking out over the top. Going to have to shave, I thought. Turning to have a look at the back I noticed just how much smaller this suit was than my existing tan lines. Fortunately I'm olive skinned so my un-tanned ass didn't look too much lighter than the rest of me. The back was nothing but a white string that disappeared completely between my butt cheeks. I put one leg up on the bed and looked back over my shoulder. Sure enough, with my ass spread, anyone who cared to look would get a clear view of my anus.

I felt a warm tingle and realized that the thought excited me. Turning back around, I took another good long look at my body, this time trying to imagine how I might look to men on the beach. The bikini did nothing to hide my erect nipples; in fact it seemed to accentuate them. I have large labia that always seem to be hanging out and they were clearly outlined by the thin fabric of the bottoms. I sat down on the bed and leaned back, looking in the mirror to see what the view between my legs might be like to the casual observer. The sight gave me a sudden rush of excitement and I let out a little gasp. The hood of my clit was perfectly visible, like a tiny hard cock pushing out on the fabric. I began to touch myself.

There was a knock at the bedroom door and Dan's voice saying, "Hey, what are you doing in there?"

I smiled. He knew me so well. "Playing with myself," I called, "wanna help?"

The door swung open. He was holding two glasses of red wine. "I thought you'd never ask," he said.

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The bikini had quite an affect on Dan that night. We made love twice and I never did get the thing all the way off. The first time he just slid the fabric between my legs to one side and fucked me right on the edge of the bed. The second time was an hour later when I returned from the bathroom bottomless. That brought his hard-on back to life and I ended up riding him to mind-blowing orgasms for both of us. The top never came off.

That night we lay awake planning a weekend getaway. A three-day weekend was coming up soon and we decided that a quick trip to Las Vegas would be just the thing.

"You'll bring the bikini, right?" Dan said.

"What bikini?" I teased.

He gave me a look.

I looked into his handsome face and then kissed him deeply. "Yes," I said, "I'll wear it for you."

And for everybody else, I thought.

**The Bikini Ch. 02**

The first time I ever wore that tiny white bikini in public was at the pool of the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas, Nevada. It was an intensely erotic experience for me and would become the catalyst for many more to come. The rush I experienced is hard to describe; it was like being completely nude and covered at the same time. Except that it was better than being nude. A bikini like that accentuates and advertises. It says look at my tits and pussy; enjoy my exposed ass. My gentleman readers should never doubt that a woman in a bikini like that wants to be seen and desired. She is putting her sexuality on display and hoping for a reaction, even if that reaction is nothing more than hungry stares or furtive glances.

But I am getting way ahead of the story. Great sex, I have found, is all about buildup, anticipation and context. The buildup had begun three weeks ago with Dan's gift of the bikini. Now, with the time for our trip upon us, the anticipation was reaching its climax. The context would be provided by our fantasies and the circumstances of our trip.

It's about a six-hour drive to Las Vegas from our home on the East side of Phoenix. Both Dan and I had gotten out of work early to get a head start on the long weekend. We had packed the night before and Dan was very helpful with packing my bag; that tiny white g-string bikini was the first thing he tossed in. We left home late Friday afternoon. It was May and already getting quite warm. I wore a light, wraparound sundress that tied at the side. Dan was handsome as always in kaki slacks and a golf shirt. We tossed our light bags into the trunk of the Mustang and were headed out onto I-10 by about 4:30.

Dan had insisted that I go braless. In fact, he wouldn't even allow me to pack a bra. This was Dan's birthday trip and I had agreed to dress however he desired for the whole weekend. I was already dressed for the trip when he stopped me at the door. "I like that sundress," he said, "but do you know what would make it look better?"

"Different shoes?" I said. I was wearing my favorite strappy sandals.

"Um, no. Take off the bra," he said.

Going braless had always made me a little self-conscious. My breasts are not large, but I do have big, thick nipples that always seem to be poking out. I know that men like looking at them but a certain lack of self-confidence had always kept me from enjoying that. That and the fact that I didn't want to look like a complete slut. Now recent events had me rethinking certain things. I knew now that Dan wanted other men to see and enjoy my body. And I knew that the idea was turning me on too. Maybe I really was a complete slut and just didn't know it yet. I turned around and lifted my hair so Dan could undo the clasp of my bra.

I let the straps fall down off of my shoulders and then pulled my arms through. Then I reached down the front of my dress and pulled out the bra like it was a magic trick, never even exposing a nipple. "Ta-da!" I smiled.

"That's cheating!" Dan protested.

"All's fair in love and war," I said. The thin fabric of the sundress felt wonderful against my nipples and they were immediately hard as pebbles.

"Mm. That's better," Dan said, taking me in his arms and giving me a warm kiss. "Those are some mighty nice pokies you've got there."

"Thank you sir," I purred, "Should I keep the panties on?"

He gave me a mischievous smile. "For now," he said.

We took off down the road, making pretty good time in spite of the holiday weekend traffic. Soon we were speeding across the desert, stereo blasting some good old-time rock and roll. The long drive gave us plenty of time to talk and make plans for the weekend. We talked about work and friends and family, but Dan always managed to steer the conversation back towards sex. After three years of marriage, we had become pretty open about discussing our sexual wants and fantasies, and Dan had a seemingly endless number of hot and nasty things that he wanted us to try. He told me again of a particular fantasy that had me dressing up like a slut and cock-teasing strangers in a bar. I new it must have been a favorite of his because he had mentioned it on at least two other occasions. Maybe it was the sexually charged nature of our little trip, but thinking about the possibilities of it then started to excite me quite a bit. "Well, this is your birthday trip," I said. "Maybe we could make that happen." He didn't say another word about it, but gave me a long, searching, sensual look that made me ache with desire.

We decided to stop for a bite in Kingman. It was about 7:30 pm when we pulled into the parking lot of a little chain restaurant on fast-food row. The place was laid out like a classic old-time diner, though it wasn't one, with a row of Naugahyde booths next to the windows and a long counter in front of the kitchen. It was mostly empty and we slid into one of the booths across from the counter. There were two or three other couples that I noticed and a couple of solitary men, probably truckers, seated at the counter. It was one of those cheep, brightly lit places with garish pictures of food on the menu. Even the salads came smothered in cheese and bacon.

It had been warm outside, but as it usually was in these places, the air conditioning was set to 'Arctic'. I was still wearing my little cotton sundress and my nipples got so hard that only a blind man could have missed them. Dan certainly didn't. "Careful you don't put somebody's eye out with those," he said.

"Very funny," I said. My nipples were aching, and not just from the air conditioning. I was still feeling hot and bothered from our conversation in the car and decided it would be fun to tease Dan a little bit more. The waitress came and took our order. I asked her where the restrooms were and told Dan I'd be right back. As I walked toward the back of the restaurant I had the feeling I was being watched. I glanced over and caught one of the truckers looking at me. He was staring directly at my braless tits and I felt a rush of warmth flood my pussy. My small breasts don't bounce very much, but I noticed that they were jiggling quite a bit with each step that I took, hard nipples straining against the thin cotton fabric.

The restroom was empty and I did my business quickly in the stall. Washing up in front of the mirror, I took in my overall appearance. My conical breasts stood out proudly, the v-cut neckline of my dress showing more of my chest than I had noticed at home. The dress was cut fairly loosely and, turning this way and that, I could see that if I leaned forward and brought my shoulders in, my exposed nipples could clearly be seen from the side. I remembered the trucker's hungry stare and wondered if he had seen them. The thought gave me another warm wave of pleasure.

I looked hard into my own face. What was going on with me? Who was this wanton woman I was turning into? I had always been the shy, quiet, smart girl, always the responsible one. Many men had told me that I was pretty over the years, but I had never used my looks to get ahead or to gain attention. In school I had been an athlete, not a cheerleader. Had I secretly envied those other girls? Was there something unfulfilled in my past that made me want to push barriers and break taboos now? Surely this wasn't only about pleasing my husband. It was clear that Dan wanted me to be seen and desired by other men. Now I was finding that I wanted it too and the emotions were getting complicated. I took a deep breath and let it out. As usual I was over analyzing everything. I made a decision there and then to quit thinking so much and just go with what felt good -- at least for the duration of the weekend. If Dan wanted me to act like a slut, then I would show him just how slutty I could be.

I untied the belt of my wraparound dress and then retied it a little more loosely. It came to about mid thigh and loosening it created a long slit exposing much more of my left leg. I turned this way and that to study the affect. From the front my breasts were still covered, but from the sides it would be much easier to see my bare nipples, especially if I leaned forward a little. That gave me another nasty thought and I decided to go for it. I reached up under my dress and stepped quickly out of the thong panties I had been wearing. The only problem then was what to do with them. I hadn't brought my purse in with me and didn't really fancy the idea of carrying them across the restaurant. Deciding I didn't really need them anymore, I dropped them into the ladies room trash. It was liberating.

My heart was pounding as I gathered the nerve to leave the restroom. Casting one more glance back at myself in the mirror, I pushed the door open and stepped out into the brightly lit restaurant. The walk back to our booth seemed much farther than it had on my way to the restroom. The thin, clingy fabric of my sundress felt electric on my skin. My little tits jiggled freely as I walked and my panty-less pussy felt wonderfully exposed in the cool air. It felt like everyone was watching me and I drank in every moment of it.

I had to walk directly passed the two men at the counter on the way back to our booth and found myself hoping they would get a good side view of my breasts. Once again, the first trucker's eyes never left my tits and my hard nipples were tingling. I gave him what I hoped was a friendly smile as I passed but he never once looked up at my face. I felt sure that the other fellow was staring at my ass.

Sliding back into our booth I leaned forward to give Dan a better view of my loose tits. "I'm not wearing any panties," I whispered.

"Really?" said Dan, his face lit up like a kid on Christmas morning.

"Truly," I said, leaning back against the vinyl booth and giving him my sexiest smile. "I am completely naked under this thin little dress."

"That's pretty hot," he said, "and I'm not the only one who thinks so." His head gave a slight tilt in the direction of my tit watching trucker. "You have a fan," he said.

I glanced over to see if he was still looking. His back was to us but every now and then he would casually look back over his shoulder to check me out. I had definitely attracted the attention of the other man as well and caught him looking our way more than once. "Not just one," I said, and leaned forward with my elbow on the table causing the top of my dress to fall open just a bit. We both knew that if the trucker turned and looked now he would have a clear view of my exposed breast. "Do you want them to see me?" I asked.

Dan smiled, but the waitress arrived with our food before he could answer. The burgers were hot and greasy and we dug into them hungrily. I continued to lean forward as we ate, hoping my naked breast was visible to the voyeuristic men at the counter. I was a little disappointed when one of them paid and left, but the one closest to us, my original tit watcher remained, lingering over his coffee. The way I kept squirming in my seat must have sent a clear signal to Dan of just how aroused I was getting. About halfway through our meal he looked over and gave me a funny little smile. "Show me one of your tits," he said suddenly.

"What?" I said. I had heard him quite clearly.

"Well," he said, leaning forward and lowering his voice, "the way you've been sitting, with the top of your dress open like that, I figure that guy at the counter has been getting a pretty good eyeful. Only problem is I can't see very much from this angle. Seems only fair that you should let me see one of your tits too."

I was taken aback just a little. Leave it to Dan to up the ante in my little game. My heart was pounding. "Do you really want me to?" I asked.

"Sure," he said, and gave me a horny, I-dare-you-to look.

"Okay," I said and gave a quick look around the nearly deserted restaurant. Most of the other patrons had paid and left and our waitress seemed to be hiding in the back somewhere. I saw the trucker at the counter glance over my way again. He was probably forty-something with a baseball cap, blond goatee and a boyish face. I realized at that moment that I had a choice. The way we were sitting, It would be easy enough to show Dan my left breast in such a way that our friend at the counter would see next to nothing. The other choice was to pull the fabric aside and expose my right breast allowing both Dan and the trucker to see everything.

I reached up with my left hand and toyed with the edge of the fabric covering my left breast. Then, before I had the chance to think too much more about it, I brought up my right hand and pulled my dress aside at the neckline causing my right tit to pop out. It wasn't a quick flash. I wanted both Dan and our voyeur to get a good long look.

I looked down at my own chest. With the fabric pulled aside, one large, erect, pink nipple was jutting straight out like a ripe cherry. It looked delicious and obscene in the bright light of the diner.

"Nice," said Dan, "Now leave it that way for a while."

My breath was coming in short little gasps now as my rational mind screamed for me to cover myself. I didn't. I let my right hand fall to my side leaving my pointy boob out in the open for anyone to see. I couldn't look towards the trucker. I looked out the window thinking, what the hell, we don't know any of these people. The thought made me brave, and it wouldn't be the last time I would use it to justify some outrageous behavior that weekend. I just sat back, wondering if anyone in the parking lot could see me. I spread my legs a little and gave Dan a questioning look that said, what's next?

"How's your pussy?" he asked.

The question, asked so directly, almost made me loose what little composure I had left. I shuddered. "Throbbing," I said.

"Then why don't you touch it?" he said.

He was giving me his permission, his blessing in fact, to masturbate in public with another man watching. I finally gathered enough courage to glance back over at the trucker and caught him looking at me. He looked away quickly and then looked back. My perky little boob was still exposed for him or anyone else to see. I reached up slowly as if to cover myself, but instead began to pull on my hard nipple, rolling it gently between my thumb and forefinger. My left hand found its way down between my legs and under the hem of my dress. My eyes were only for Dan now and I could see the raw pleasure on his face as I began to rub my pussy. I was incredibly wet and little jolts of electricity went racing through my body when I touched my clit and pussy lips. I closed my eyes. I didn't know if our friend was still watching, but the thought that he might be was making me feel like a wanton slut. I liked the feeling.

Dan cleared his throat suddenly as the waitress came back toward our table. I covered my breast quickly and sat up, feeling suddenly flustered and awkward. She didn't seem to notice a thing, but asked us if we would like any coffee or desert. Dan declined for us both and asked for the check. When she left I sat looking at Dan, I was still breathing heavily and ready for him to take the lead.

I didn't have the nerve to look and see if our trucker friend was still watching and Dan didn't give any indication. He said, "Before we go, I want you to do one more thing."

I was almost afraid to ask, but I said, "What thing?"

He smiled. "I want you to show him your pussy. When the waitress comes back I'm going to go over and pay the check. I want you to wait here at the table for a moment, and then, when you're sure he's looking, I want you to slide out of the booth and give him a good view. Then come and meet me outside."

I could barely believe what I was hearing but knew without a doubt that I would do it. Dan was asking me to do exactly what I wanted to do, and he knew it. All I could say was, "Okay."

A moment later and the waitress brought our check. Before Dan could get up to pay it I reached a hand down beneath the table and inserted a forefinger deep inside my soaking vagina. I don't know if our friend was watching, but I pulled my hand back up and stuck the wet finger in my mouth, sucking it like a cock. My juices were slippery, warm and salty-sweet. Dan gave me a lusty smile and left to pay the check. When he stood I could see the outline of his hard-on pushing at the front of his kakis and I let out a quiet little moan.

The cash register was at the far end of the counter near the front doors. Dan walked over and met the waitress there, leaving me alone in our booth. I wondered if she noticed his raging hard-on. I heard the register chime and the front doors open and close. Dan was now outside waiting for me and it was now or never.

I made a small show of finishing my Coke as I took a quick look around the restaurant. Our trucker friend was still at the counter but wasn't currently looking my way. I decided to go for broke. My dress had already hiked up quite a bit from my squirming on the Naugahyde but I reached down and pulled the hem up even further until just a thin strip of material covered my pussy. Then I turned slightly sideways in the booth and let my left leg rest on the seat. If he did happen to glance over now there would be no hiding what I was doing; he would have a clear view of my wide-open pussy. The thought made my pulse pound. I began to slide toward the edge of the seat, letting my dress creep up even further. I willed him to look. I wanted him to see me now.

He looked over, first at my tits as usual, and then down at my wet, eager pussy. I expected him to look away quickly but he didn't. He took a good, long look as I slid the rest of the way out of the booth. When I stood my dress fell back into place and he finally looked up at my face. I turned quickly to go, smiling back over my shoulder as I headed for the door. He gave me a curt little nod. You're welcome, I thought. Honestly, I think he was more scared than I was.

When I got out to the parking lot, Dan was leaning against the Mustang. "How'd it go?" he asked.

I didn't say anything, just kissed him deeply and reached down for his hard cock. We were parked near the street and cars were whizzing by. The parking lot was well lit but I didn't care. I was being driven by animal impulses that I didn't fully understand. I only knew that I wanted his cock, first in my mouth and then in my pussy. I knelt down in front of him and unzipped his pants. I pulled out his hard-on and took it into my mouth, sucking for all I was worth. It was Dan that finally stopped me. "Not here, Honey," he said, "let's go."

He started to put his cock away as he walked me around to the passenger side. "Leave it out," I said.

"Fair is fair," he replied. He opened the car door for me and I crawled into the passenger seat. I didn't get all the way in at first but sat on the edge of the seat with my legs spread wide, exposing my pussy to the cool night air. I reached up and began stroking his cock into my open mouth. Again he stopped me, saying, "Nancy, we're going to get arrested if we don't get out of here."

That brought me back to my senses a little. "Okay," I said, "but leave your cock out." I pulled myself the rest of the way into the car and shut the door. Dan did what he was told and I enjoyed watching him walk around the front of the Mustang with his glistening cock bouncing along in front. He jumped in and started the engine. We were barely out of the parking lot when I leaned over and went down on him again.

"You're not wearing your seatbelt," he said.

I pulled his cock out of my mouth and sat up. "I'm living dangerously tonight," I said, "That's not all I'm not wearing." I reached a hand over, untied the belt of my dress and pulled it completely open. We were still on the outskirts of Kingman and the street traffic was fairly heavy. It was dark out and the windows of the Mustang were tinted, but anyone who pulled up along side of us would be able to see me if they looked hard enough. I put the seat back a little and spread my legs. Dan responded by reaching a hand over to rub my pussy. Soon he had two fingers inside of me as his palm pressed down on my clit. I lifted my hips, grinding my pussy into his hand. His cock was still standing straight up above his lap and I reached for it, stroking him in time to my own pelvic thrusts.

"He saw my cunt," I said, "he looked right at it... I wanted him to see it." A moment later I was cumming. The orgasm shook my entire body and I braced myself with a hand against the headliner of the Mustang. My left hand was still pulling on Dan's cock and I could feel him tense as his warm sperm began to flow. I leaned over and took the rest into my mouth; swallowing his cum and then licking him clean of what I had missed.

When I sat up we were back on the open highway. Neither of us spoke for a while and I flipped the switch to roll down my window. The night air felt wonderful on my near naked body, caressing my breasts, my thighs and my still pulsing vagina. We passed a truck and my legs were wide open. I wondered if he saw me; saw my open cunt. I wondered if he was the trucker from the restaurant. I didn't care. I felt sleepy.

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"We're here," Dan said, and I awoke to the dazzle of lights that is the Las Vegas strip. It was after 11:30, the perfect time to arrive in Vegas. One should always arrive in Las Vegas after dark, I think. During the day the town looks tawdry and used, like a tired old hooker without her make-up on. But at night she comes alive with glamour, fantasy and alluring possibilities.

I pulled my seat up and noticed that my dress was still undone. My nipples had softened a bit but my breasts were still fully exposed. I suddenly remembered our earlier adventure and began to feel horny all over again. "You just left me like this?" I asked Dan.

"Well," he said, "you looked so comfortable over there that I didn't want to disturb you."

"Uh huh, right," I said, "And how many trucks did we pass?"

"Oh, quite a few," he said smiling.

I pulled the dress together, covering myself somewhat but didn't bother to retie it until we were pulling into the Flamingo parking lot.

Dan drove the Mustang up to the valet stand where a handsome young man was waiting. The valet opened my door for me and I stepped out. My dress was tied quite loosely now and it was nearly impossible for me to get out of that low car without giving him quite a show. As Dan tipped the young man and retrieved our bags I couldn't help thinking what a night it had already been. First no one but Dan sees my tits or pussy for all of our years together, and now I'd already shown them off to at least two strangers in one night. This was going to be quite a weekend.

**The Bikini Ch. 03**

Except for my shoes, I was naked, pressed up against the plate-glass of our hotel room window. I faced the traffic, the flashing lights and the glitter of the Vegas strip below, legs apart and arms raised high above my head as if in surrender. From behind me, Dan ran his stiff cock up and down along the seam of my pussy, lubricating himself with my juices. Again and again he would rub the head against my clit sending little shocks all through my body. Then, ever so slowly, he entered me, giving me just a little bit of his cock at a time and then pulling back before pushing in a bit further. The sensation was driving me mad. I love being fucked from behind and Dan knows it. The feeling of his thick cock filling and stretching me as I braced myself against the cool glass of our hotel room window was incredible.

One of the advantages of being a tall woman is that it makes having sex standing up so much easier.

After checking into the hotel we had gone straight up to our tenth floor room. It was nice enough, certainly modern and comfortable with all of the amenities that one might expect. Not the Ritz Carlton, but it would suit the carnal purpose of our weekend just fine. The friendly bellman brought in our bags and then showed us how the phone, the mini-bar and the wireless internet all worked. At that moment I hadn't given a fuck about the wireless internet and could hardly wait for him to leave. My little cotton sundress was practically falling off of me and the walk from the front desk to the elevators had made me horny all over again. Maybe it had all been my imagination, but it seemed there had been eyes everywhere, watching me, looking at my hard nipples as my little boobs jiggled along beneath the loose fabric. Remembering our earlier adventures at the restaurant and in the car didn't help matters much either. In the elevator, Dan had made light conversation with the bellman as the young man kept casting furtive little glances in my direction.

After the tour of our room, Dan had tipped the man and he finally left. I had to thank him for opening the curtains though; the view was incredible and had given me a very naughty idea. With the bellman gone I immediately untied the belt of my dress and let it fall to the floor. Naked, I walked straight over to the window and stood there looking out with my hands upon my hips. "I want you to fuck me right now," I said. I didn't turn around when I said it and, with the mood I was in, the words could easily have been meant for the entire city.

Dan had stripped quickly, joining me at the window, his proud erection warm and stiff against my behind. He kissed my neck and reached around to fondle my tits, rolling my thick nipples gently between his fingers. I leaned forward against the glass and Dan knew just what I wanted. He reached a hand down to my pussy, fingering me from behind and I thrust my ass back towards him in wanton desire. "My God you're wet," he whispered.

Then he began rubbing his cock up and down along my pussy lips and teasing his way inside of me. At last he was all the way in me, his warm cock stretching and filling my eager vagina. His slow rhythm was driving me crazy and I thrust back against him, urging him to fuck me harder and faster. I put a leg up on the air-conditioning unit, spreading wider for him and for the city below. My arms, face and chest were pressed up against the glass and I bucked with desire every time my nipples came into contact with the smooth, cool surface. I looked out with lust on the city below, reason gone from my mind. I'm fucking Las Vegas, I thought, I'm fucking Las Vegas...

Dan had one hand on my hip as the other held my face against the glass. I took his thumb into my mouth, sucking it like another man's cock, making it slick with my saliva. He knew what I wanted then but I told him anyway, wanting to say the words out loud. "Put your thumb in my ass," I said, my voice sounding raw and strange to my own ears, "fuck me in the ass with it."

He complied. Pushing his cock deep inside of me, he pulled my ass cheeks apart and gently pushed his slick thumb into my anus. The lights of the city were spinning before my eyes and I shut them tight. I began bucking wildly; screaming into the night, "Fuck me! Yes! Fuck me!" The feeling was incredible. His thumb worked in and out of my ass as his thick hard cock pumped faster and faster into my pussy. I could feel him swelling even bigger inside of me and knew that he was about to cum. I began to furiously rub my clit and either that or his swelling dick sent me over the edge. It felt like I was falling, falling right through the glass of the window and down into the glittering night. My heart and breathing seemed to stop as I hung in the air for a few endless seconds. Then finally came the release, muscles contracting as orgasm rocked my body from head to toe.

Dan moaned, pulling his cock almost all of the way out of me before thrusting it deep back inside to fill me with his sperm. I could feel him ejaculating inside of me in time to my own convulsions of pleasure. It seemed to go on and on.

We both slumped against the glass in loving exhaustion. After a time, Dan's softening member slipped out of my pussy and he stood and walked across the room. I heard the zipper open on one of our bags and then he said, "Turn around."

I did. My legs were wobbly and I didn't trust them. I sat right down on the air-conditioner, facing him. He was holding our digital camera. "Oh Dan," I said, "Are you kidding? I must look like shit."

"You look beautiful," he said, "I want to get a picture of you by the window. Smile."

Dan had always enjoyed photographing me naked but recently he'd been asking me to pose for him more often. Our first photo shoot had made me both nervous and excited, but after a while I had begun to enjoy them more and more. In the past we had used erotic photography as foreplay, Dan wanting to shoot me after sex was something new. "Can't I at least clean up a little bit first? I'm all drippy," I pleaded.

"Nope," he said, "I want you drippy."

"You're a pervert," I said, "What are you going to do with these pictures anyway?"

"Show them to the guys at work. You don't mind do you?"

"Not if you don't mind if I cut off your balls," I said. I knew Dan would never do such a thing but the thought did get me buzzing. Oh, what the hell, I thought. "Wait a minute," I said, "Not 'till I say when."

I spread my legs wide for him and gave a good push with my kegel muscles. "Okay, now!" I said, just as a stream of Dan's sperm oozed out of my open pussy and down onto the hotel room floor. Dan snapped the photo and the flash just about blinded me.

Looking at that photo now I can hardly believe what a porno slut I looked like. I'm sitting in front of the darkened window wearing nothing but my favorite strappy sandals. My hair is a mess, my nipples are sticking straight out and my mouth is open in a big smile. My hands are on my thighs and my legs are spread, showing a wide-open, just fucked pussy with a trail of white semen dripping down to the floor. I look thoroughly and totally happy.

By the time we got cleaned up and ready for bed it was close to 2:00 am. We were both exhausted from the long drive and the evening's adventures and wanted nothing more now than to sleep. The bed was big and soft and I snuggled up under the covers close to Dan. We were asleep in no time.

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We both slept late Saturday morning, but Dan was up and in the shower before I had even opened my eyes. I heard the water running and slowly came awake, ravenously hungry and needing my morning dose of coffee. Picking up the phone I ordered both of us eggs benedict, coffee and orange juice from room service. Then I got up and walked over to the window. Dan had closed the drapes sometime during the night, but I reached up and pulled them open again. I was still naked from the night before and just slightly sore from our session at the window. The soreness was just enough to make me pleasantly aware of the lower parts of my body.

The Las Vegas Strip was bathed in the light of mid-morning. Directly across the way was Caesar's Palace and I could see the Bellagio and its world famous fountains just to the South. I doubt if anyone could see me behind the glass of our room but it still felt joyous and free to stand there naked. Then I laughed out loud. Focusing on the glass before me I could plainly see where parts of my body had smudged against the window. Nice sex-print, I thought. We were going to have to leave a good tip for the maid.

Dan emerged from the shower wearing only a towel; his well muscled and tan chest giving me my first pussy tingle of the day. He saw me standing before the window and smiled. "Good morning naked lady," he said.

"Good morning yourself," I replied, then walked over and kissed him. "I just ordered breakfast and coffee. It should be on the way up."

"Mm," he said, "Now I know I love you." Dan needs his coffee too.

"I need to take a shower," I said, and headed off for the bathroom without another word.

The hot shower felt wonderful. After washing my hair and my body I spent a long time just standing there, letting the water run over me. When I emerged I could hear voices outside and realized that our breakfast had arrived. I wrapped a towel around my wet hair, turban style, and slipped into one of the hotel's fluffy cotton robes, belting it very loosely. Time to be naughty again, I thought.

I stepped out of the bathroom just in time to see the young man from room service setting a tray upon the table. My sudden appearance caused him to look up and I felt a warm rush of pleasure as his eyes took in the deep 'V' of flesh exposed by the partially open robe. "Hello," I said.

He muttered a "good morning" and looked away quickly. I saw Dan standing there just a bit behind him. He had been reaching into his wallet for a tip when I came out of the bathroom and his hand stopped in midair. He gave me a wide-eyed look of surprise and delight. Looking over at the young man and then back at me, he silently mouthed the words: "Open it."

It was my turn to give a wide-eyed look but I was instantly turned on by the idea. The robe was barely tied and I felt a surge of adrenalin as I casually placed my thumb behind the belt and pushed out and down. I crossed the short distance from the bathroom to the bed and let the robe fall open completely as I walked. I passed right by the young man and caught him steeling another glance at my exposed skin. When I reached the bed I didn't know quite what to do next, so I just stood there, back to him, pretending to get something off of the nightstand.

My heart was pounding. Exposing myself like this was giving me a kind of sexual rush that I had never experience before. It was forbidden and dangerous and erotic as hell. I heard him preparing to leave and new that I wanted to show him more. I ached for him to take a good long look. He and Dan were at the door; it was now or never.

I turned around, the open robe leaving my tits and pussy fully exposed to the room service man's view. Dan's back was to me as he thanked the man at the door and handed him a tip. As the door was closing the young man looked right at me. There was no way he couldn't have seen me. He was very professional, giving no indication of what he had seen. "Thank you," was all he said.

Dan and I sat down to eat our breakfast. I didn't retie my robe, but sat there, casually exposed, sipping my coffee. After a while Dan asked, "Did he see you like that?"

I looked right at him, not wanting to hide anything, wanting him to know the lust I was feeling. "Oh yes, I think he did," I said.

"Did you enjoy it?" he asked.

"You know that I did. And I enjoyed the guy in the restaurant seeing me last night. But I especially enjoyed you fucking me afterwards." I laughed. "This is some hot new form of foreplay you have turned me on to, my love, and I fear that you might have created a monster."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I want more," I said. I heard myself saying the words but could hardly believe it. I leaned forward, "I want to be your slut today," I said.

Dan gave me a searching look. He didn't say it, but I knew that he was wondering just how far I might go. He said, "Do you want me to fuck you now?"

"Not yet," I said. I thought about things for a minute and took another sip of coffee. "Let's go down to the pool after breakfast."

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I stood looking at myself in the bathroom mirror. The white bikini was every bit as tiny as I remembered it; it revealed far more than it covered. Putting it on had gotten my nipples hard again and it seemed I could barely contain them in that little top. I had trimmed my pubic hair way back before the trip but it still peaked out above the bottoms and at the legs. I got out my razor and shaving lotion. "Honey," I called, "I need your help."

Dan was at the bathroom door a moment later. "I need you to shave me," I said.

He gave me an appraising look as I stood before him in my g-string bottoms. And then a loving little tug to the wisp of hair that showed above the top. "Yes you do," he said.

Untying the bottoms and letting them fall to the floor, I sat down on the vanity counter next to the sink, spreading my legs to give Dan better access. He turned on the sink and began to spread warm water and then lotion on my pubic mound and the outer lips of my vagina. Dan had shaved me before and I trusted him completely. He was always gentle and careful and quite thorough, doing a far better job than I could do all by myself.

I was already aroused when he began to run the razor over me, but as the short brown hairs gave way to smooth bare skin, I could feel the warmth radiating out from my pussy. He had to spread my outer lips to get at all of the hairs and I could see my labia becoming engorged and puffy. There will be no hiding those, I thought, and suddenly realized that anyone who cared to look would be able to see that I was shaved. I started to breathe more heavily and my legs began to shake. "Hold still," said Dan, "I'm almost done."

"Leave a little bit on top," I said, "I don't want to look like a little girl." I also knew that a small dark patch would show through quite nicely if I chose to go in the pool and get the bikini wet. The thought made me squirm on the counter top.

"Hold still!" Dan commanded, "You don't want me to cut off something important do you?"

A few minutes later and he was finished. Dan washed away the last of the loose hairs and the lotion in the sink and then stood back to admire his handy work. "Mmm nice," he said, "that looks good enough to eat. What do you think?"

I stood and looked in the mirror. My pussy was now completely bare except for a small, dark patch of hair just above my clitoris. When I'm aroused my labia are often swollen and distended but now they were hanging out like puffy pink curtains. I reached down to feel the smoothness between my legs and ran a finger over my slippery wetness. My pussy felt incredibly exposed and sensitive and the thought that I was about to show it off to the world was both terrifying and intensely pleasurable. I saw Dan in the mirror, standing behind me. He was smiling warmly with a huge hard-on straining against the front of his swim trunks. I desperately wanted him to fuck me, but I also wanted to wait, wanted to build the anticipation; to see how aroused I could keep myself and for how long.

I turned around to face him, leaning back against the counter. "It feels pretty smooth," I said, "but do you think it will pass the lick test?"

"Only one way to find out," he said, and immediately got down on his knees in front of me.

I sat back on the very edge of the counter and spread my legs for him again. Dan started gently, kissing my eager pussy as if it were a mouth, teasing and tasting me before plunging his tongue inside. Then he took my labia into his mouth, sucking hard until they were even more pink and swollen than they had been. I looked down and saw that he had released his hard cock from his shorts and was stroking it as he licked my pussy. I moaned with pleasure, holding his head in my hands, directing him up towards my clit. He put his whole mouth over it, massaging and pressing down with his tongue. I could feel myself nearing the brink of orgasm and with an act of will I pushed his head away. "No," I said hoarsely, "Not yet... I don't want to cum yet."

Dan stood up breathing hard; his rigid upturned dick poised a few inches from my open cunt, ready to enter me. "I know what you want," he said, and moved forward until the head of his penis just made contact with my pussy lips. "You want to tease me all day, don't you? You want to tease us both until we can't hold back anymore..."

I pushed my hips toward him and felt the head of his cock slide inside of me. "Yes," I said, knowing that I had no will to stop him from fucking me now. "I... want to wait."

He pushed halfway inside of me and then stopped, lingering for just a moment. Then he pulled out. "Okay," he said, "Let's go to the pool."

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It was 1:00 by the time we headed down to the pool. I had brought a blue sarong to wear as a cover up and put it on over my tiny bikini, wrapping it around and crisscrossing the material in front of my breasts to tie behind my neck. Then I pulled my hair back in a French braid and put on sandals and dark sunglasses. For now, except for my legs and shoulders, I was completely covered. We grabbed a couple of other essentials to take with us and headed out the door to the elevators.

It had been all that we could do to stop ourselves from going the rest of the way in the bathroom and we were both still highly aroused. Dan was still semi-hard beneath his swim trunks and my freshly shaven pussy was swollen and sensitive. My naked ass felt delightfully exposed beneath the sarong and the tight fabric of my bikini bottoms rubbing against my pussy was giving me little jolts of pleasure as I walked.

We reached the elevators and waited for one to come back to our floor. Suddenly the doors opened and we stepped inside. There was an older couple already in the car and Dan made light conversation with them as we descended. I was too horny and preoccupied to talk very much. The thought of what I was about to do was intoxicating me and I felt myself getting wobbly in the knees. On one level I told myself that it was no big deal, we were just going down to get some sun at the pool, it was perfectly natural and normal. After all, it was just a bikini; it wasn't like I was preparing to strip naked in front of a bunch of horny strangers. But on a deeper level I knew the truth. I knew that this bikini was an advertisement for my tits, ass and pussy. It was like wearing lingerie in public and inviting a sexual reaction. I knew that I wanted that reaction, wanted to be the object of desire and carnal fantasy. This was not a spontaneous or accidental flash. This was a premeditated act. I had planned for it; purposely dressed for it and had even shaved my pussy for it. I knew what men wanted to see and knew that I wanted to show it to them.

It seemed to take forever to get to the pool area and when we finally arrived I could hardly believe how crowded it was. The area was beautifully landscaped in a Caribbean island theme complete with palm trees and waterfalls. Dan got us a couple of towels and we found our way to a quieter corner of the property. We claimed a couple of chaise lounges and a small cocktail table and laid out our towels. Dan sat down took off his shirt, looking at me expectantly. I looked around to see who our immediate neighbors were. On the right was a good looking young couple, though the girl was a bit chunky, and on our left were three college age young men seated at a table and enjoying cocktails. My lounge was closer to the three young men.

I adjusted my lounge and then lay back, still wearing my sarong. Dan was still looking at me. Oh, what the hell, I thought. I untied the sarong and pulled it off, exposing the little white bikini underneath.