**Travel Teaser**

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I related my wife's two most exciting exhibitionist episodes in my prior stories, but there have been other episodes that, though not quite as wild, were still very exciting. As I said before she would never admit to being an exhibitionist, only to enjoying men's attention. Reading these stories, you probably wouldn't agree that Betty is conservative, but remember, these are rare events that occurred over many years. If you knew her over this time, you'd never suspect that these events occurred. I on the other hand would be quick to admit that I really enjoy buying her sexy outfits, showing her off and seeing her on display.   
  
Betty has a quick smile, great body and knows she attracts men's attention. We have learned each other's fantasies over time and love to discuss our fantasies and tell stories during sex to increase the excitement. Some of the stories that excited her were about how horny businessmen get when traveling, and how much more aware they are of sexy women when they are away from home. She gets really excited at the thought of a man masturbating in his room after she has teased them. We get excited relating different fantasies of her accidentally exposing herself or reliving actual times when she has been exposed for others to see her.   
  
These discussions plus the anonymity of being away from home usually combine to raise her libido when we travel. She always packs some sexy outfits and includes at least one sexy bathing suit to go along with her conservative suit, just in case. Add in some alcohol and she is quick to abandon her normal conservatism and becomes a teasing exhibitionist, excited showing herself off and making horny men lust for her.  
  
The following are some of the actual episodes that occurred during our travels. Writing about these actual episodes has been surprisingly exciting, almost like reliving the actual event. On one trip in particular, several episodes occurred that culminated in an unusually exciting voyeuristic opportunity for me. From my previous stories, you have seen that I'm not above spying on her when the opportunity arises.   
  
I had to travel to Southern California in late October on business for ten days and Betty insisted on coming with me to sightsee and lounge around while I worked. Betty planned some sightseeing and shopping trips while I worked and we planned to sightsee together on weekends. We stayed in a nice, two-story motel in Riverside, California that had a nice pool, hot tub and lounge. Our first floor room was right next to the pool. The room had a front door entrance from the hallway leading from the lobby and a patio entrance from the pool area. Cutting across the pool area was the quickest way to get to our room from the parking area.  
  
On the second or third evening, I was surprised to come back from the jobsite and find Betty in her sexy bikini bathing suit sitting at a table by the pool and having drinks with two strangers. Two other men at an adjacent table were joining in the conversations. As I walked up Betty introduced me to her friends and invited me to change and join them. We all had a drink together before we left to change for dinner. Over dinner, Betty surprised me by excitedly relating the story of how she came to meet them.   
  
Betty had taken me to work and kept the rented car to go shopping. She had worn one of my favorite outfits; a silky, pleated skirt that was very short, about six inches above the knee, and looked even shorter in her high heels. The skirt was very flirty, lifting easily in the slightest breeze. Her tight fitting top was low cut, displaying her sexy cleavage.   
  
Betty told me that when she got back to the motel, a strong breeze had sprung up. She was forced to make two trips to get her bags from the car to the lobby since she needed one hand free to hold her skirt down. Once in the lobby, she hoisted all the bags and headed to our room, taking the shortcut through the pool area. She said she noticed the men at the pool eyeing her as she strode toward them, arms loaded with packages. Halfway to the room the wind hit her and lifted her skit straight up. Holding the packages with both arms, she was helpless to do anything about her skirt flapping above her waist. Betty said she knew she was exposed to the men's stares from the waist down, and was initially very embarrassed. She decided that she really had no choice, and decided to act cool and just continue to the room, letting them enjoy the show.   
  
I got excited at the thought of her helplessly on display and asked her which panties had she worn. When she described her French cut, shear white panties; the thought of them enjoying her exposure became even more exciting.   
  
By the time Betty got to the door of our room her embarrassment was replaced with excitement. She quickly put her bags down and again felt the skirt billowing up behind her from the breeze. Leaving the bags by the door, she went inside and peeked back out through the curtains to see her audience. She saw six men staring intently at the door, waiting for her return. Watching the men actually looking for her heightened her excitement.   
  
Betty walked back out without looking directly at them. She turned her back to them and bent low, without bending her knees, to raise her dress as high as possible. As she reached for some of the packages she again felt the wind lift her skirt. She was excited knowing they were seeing her entire ass on display in the skimpy, transparent panties and took her time gathering the packages. Once back inside Betty again peeked out and saw her audience still staring at the door. She returned for the rest of her packages and repeated the display.  
  
She was so excited by the episode that she decided she wanted to continue to tease them. She changed into her skimpy, white bikini and decided to go lounge by the pool to keep the tease going. They surprised her by immediately introducing themselves and inviting her to join them for a drink, which she accepted.   
  
I was surprised that she had acted so brazen without any encouragement from me and that the episode had excited so much that she wanted to relate the story to me. Usually it takes some alcohol for her to be horny enough to expose herself. As I was to learn, this episode triggered a buildup of sexual excitement that led to several more teasing events before the trip was over.  
  
The white bikini Betty had brought turned slightly transparent when it got wet. Since she knew that her nipples became visible, she usually wouldn't get in the water if she wore the suit in public. The next evening, however, I found her again by the pool, with several other men sitting around, and noticed that her suit was wet. When I joined her Betty was quick to invite me into the pool. She offered to get us some drinks and paraded her wet suit to the bar. I noticed several guys staring at her slightly visible nipples and barely visible, trimmed bush as she picked up our drinks and returned to the pool. I knew she was enjoying the attention she was getting, because she kept finding reasons to move in and out of the pool.  
  
That night, while having great sex, I told her how I had watched guys staring at her in the suit. Talking about her effect on the other guys got her so excited that she wet the sheets with her noisy orgasm.   
  
We headed out sightseeing on Sunday, taking in the coastal communities to the South. Betty wore one of her very short, tight stretch dresses, which teased me the entire afternoon with a lot of leg. It ensured that I would hold the door for her when she got in and out of the car and flashed me shots of her panties. On the way back to the motel we passed a neat, two-story golf driving range that I decided to check out. Betty and I both play golf, but she didn't think she was dressed appropriately to hit golf balls. I told her that I really wanted to watch her tee up the balls and swing the club in that tight dress more than I wanted the practice. Feeling horny enough, she agreed to hit some balls if they had clubs we could use.   
  
I bought a bucket of balls and a few tees and carried them out to the range, which was pretty crowded on both levels. I set Betty up so I could be behind her to have a good view of her bending and swinging. Dressed as she was, she immediately caught the attention of all the other men. I noticed that those standing behind me were already watching her carefully.  
  
When she bent over to tee up her first ball, she kept her knees straight to raise her dress way up in the back for my benefit. I watched her dress slide up until I could see her panties peeking back at me. As she straightened up and spread her legs to swing, her dress stayed up almost to her crotch before she absentmindedly pulled it down with one hand. Without tugging the dress back down, she bent to tee up her next ball. This time the skirt rode further up her ass, erotically exposing her panties and cheeks. Standing again, Betty turned and asked me if I was enjoying the view, and I assured her I was.  
  
As we continued to hit the balls, she kept flashing her thighs and panties at me. As she moved to tee up yet another ball, I glanced at the men behind me and noticed that every one of them had paused to watch her. Realizing the size of her audience, I was getting more excited every time her she bent over.   
  
I offered to get us some drinks and headed off to the soda machines. From my new vantage point, I could watch Betty from the back and was also behind all the guys watching her. Most of the guys were pretending to tee up their balls and hit them, but they looked a little ridiculous bending over and trying to watch her at the same time. Two guys who had walked down from the second level with their empty buckets stopped in their tracks when they spotted her. Making no pretext of doing anything else, they just stood and watched.  
  
The view she was giving them was very erotic. As she teed up her balls, her skirt consistently rode up to just above her crotch, which I doubted that she realized, giving them flashes of her white panties. When she stood to swing, the skirt stayed just below her crotch, and almost exposing the bottom of her cheeks.  
  
When I returned, Betty again stopped tugging her dress down after teeing up her ball to tease me. As she straightened up to hit the ball, her pretty cheeks just peeked out the bottom of her skirt. As she bent to tee up the next ball, the skirt was again riding up her ass. Then when she straightened to hit the next ball, the skirt stayed so high above her crotch that she had to tug it back down.  
  
It took about 20 minutes to empty our buckets. As we walked away she had quite a large appreciative audience watching. As we drove back to the motel, Betty told me that she'd really gotten horny knowing all the men were watching. She removed her bikini panties in the car and let me play with her pussy as I drove back. I kept squeezing her bare ass as we made our way to our room, barely able to wait until we were inside before launching into a memorable round of lovemaking.  
  
The next day, I came home to find Betty with one of her short, flirty skirts on. Before going to dinner, I suggested she walk across the pool area and get us each a drink while I sat in the chair outside our room and watched. Although there was only a mild breeze blowing, I saw every man out there watch her as she walked to the bar, and ordered her drinks. She went out of her way to move to the side of the bar where the breeze was more direct. As she lingered there the breeze lifted her skirt enough to showoff her panties several times. All eyes were on her as she carried the two drinks back to the table with the breeze continuing to play with her skirt.   
  
As we sat and drank, Betty told me that she had spent the day at the pool with a younger woman she had met. They had been joined by a group of very young soldiers who were staying at the hotel. I had noticed the bus in the parking lot. I can't remember why the new recruits were there, but for some reason they were staying at the hotel for a few days and were hanging out at the pool in the afternoon. I was sure she had enjoyed their attention all afternoon, but she insisted that the boys had only been interested in her company since they were lonely. They enjoyed talking about home and, acting like boys, had wrestled each other in the pool and splashed the two girls when they were in the pool. She insisted that the younger girl, who evidently was built very well, had gotten a lot more of the attention in her skimpy bikini. When I asked she said she had worn her one piece, more conservative bathing suit to the pool.  
  
I was sure she was downplaying the attention she was getting from the boys. As much of a showoff as she'd been so far, I didn't think she'd pass up a chance to tease a bunch of young, horny recruits. Then I came up with a brainstorm to help her show off her body more than the younger girl.  
  
If she was really going to tease these boys the next day, she certainly would wear her white two piece bikini. While she watched TV later that night, I snuck her bikini into the bathroom while I pretended to use the toilet. Using her nail scissors with great difficulty, I cut the inner lining out of the top and bottoms of her suit, leaving only the outer layer of material. Since the materials felt the same to the touch, I was sure she wouldn't notice unless she looked closely when putting them on. If she didn't use the bikini with the boys, I figured I'd have some fun the next night at the pool.  
  
The next day I made an excuse to the customer that I had other work to do at the motel and left about noon. I couldn't wait to get to the motel and spy on her. I noticed their bus was in the in the parking lot as I made my way to our room through the hallway. I peeked out of the curtains and saw Betty sitting with the other girl and about 5 or 6 young men. She was sitting in a lounge chair sipping a cocktail. I noticed that the shoulder straps of her white Bikini were hanging down untied. One of the boys was sitting next to her talking and two were chatting with the other girl. Over the next fifteen or twenty minutes, several more guys showed up until about 15 or 16 were in and out of the pool, wrestling and having water fights. The guys started playing horsy, sitting on each other's shoulders, jostling and trying to push each other off.  
  
I was just beginning to think that nothing was going to happen when several of the guys got out of the pool and moved toward the two women. Betty and the other girl were pulled from their chairs, protesting and yelling and thrown into the pool. I saw the other girl stay under water to pull her top up, and Betty tugging hers up as she stood up. Both were precariously untied and both must have come down falling into the water.  
  
As Betty moved to the shallower water, I was stunned at how transparent her suit had become. I thought, "Shit, she's going to kill me." I had wanted the suit to be a little more transparent, but didn't realize it would turn this transparent. Her top was no longer white, but had become the color of her skin, with her nipples so clearly visible that she might as well have been naked. The boys noticed immediately and all of them gawked at her. I started getting excited watching her unknowingly become the center of attention I also was a little concerned at how aggressive the boys might get, and worried that they would interpret her extremely transparent suit as an open invitation.  
  
Before Betty could escape, one of the boys dove under the water behind her, forced his head between her legs and lifted her up on his shoulders. Betty was laughing, and holding the boy's head as she was displayed for the other boys. The other girl was also lifted up, protesting, on one of the boy's shoulders, her suit top dangerously low on her breasts, and moved toward Betty. The two women, laughing like schoolgirls, started pushing on each other as they were brought close together. From the back, I noticed Betty's bottoms were halfway down her ass. The other girl quickly prevailed, pushing Betty over.   
  
Betty tried to stay under water to pull her top up, which had slipped down, but another boy had moved quickly between her legs and started to lift her again. Realizing that the young men were staring at her exposure, she tried to keep her arm across her breasts as he raised her while her other arm held onto his his head for balance. With her arm across her exposed breasts, she tried to use her other hand to ease her top up, but before she could the other girl bumped her again and she went over into the water. This time she managed to pull her suit up under the water as she moved to the ladder.  
  
Two boys pursued her as Betty scrambled up the ladder. As she turned to face them, her transparent bottoms were visible to me for the first time. Again I was shocked at how transparent her bottoms had become. Her neatly trimmed bush was completely visible in the skin colored bottoms as all the boys eyes were focused on her crotch. I'm sure her pussy lips were very visible to them close up.  
  
The two boys caught her and grabbed her arms. The held her arms out, threatening to throw her into the pool, while the other boys continued to stare at her naked body displayed through the transparent suit. She yelled and pulled back, but, laughing, they finally pushed her back into the pool. As she stood up clutching her top, one of the boys again had forced her legs apart and was lifting her onto his shoulders.   
  
The two girls were again moved together to resume their battle. This time Betty aggressively grabbed at the other girls arm and struggled to push her over. One boy on another's shoulders also moved into the battle.  
  
As they were locked in their shoving match, the other girl's breasts were suddenly completely exposed. I realized that one of the boys in the water, or the guy holding her up must have pulled the straps hanging from her bathing suit top. As she yelled and concentrated on pulling her top back up, Betty knocked her over. Before she could catch her balance, the two boys moved in and shoved Betty. With her own top hanging precariously low on her breasts, I realized that the aroused boys were now probably intent on exposing her "accidentally" as well. As they pushed against each other with their arms, I watched one of the boys in the pool reach for her strap and pull. As her breasts also popped into view, she shrieked and struggled to free her arms from the other boy's grasp. As the boy held her arms, the rest enjoyed seeing her bare breasts for a few seconds before she finally broke free and fell into the pool.  
  
The first girl climbed out of the pool, and angrily grabbed her towel and bag. She singled out one boy in particular to direct her anger at as she walked away toward her room. I guessed the boys were getting a little too frisky and maybe had been a little to eager with his hands under the water. Or she was just unhappy about her top being pulled down. Her yelling had the effect of settling the boys down for the moment.  
  
I watched Betty pulling her top up and tying it securely before she stood up and made her way to the ladder to climb out. I was sure that she two realized the boys were getting out of control, although she didn't yet realize why. As she stood next to the pool drying, she still wasn't aware that her bathing suit was so transparent that she was standing in front of them virtually naked. Several boys climbed out and sat on the side of the pool, with the rest moving closer to her in the water, all intently staring at her exposed body. She sat on the edge of the lounge chair and reached for her drink as she talked to two of the boys. Sitting there with her knees apart, facing the boys as she toweled her hair, she was displaying far more than she realized.   
When she settled back onto the lounge chair, several of the boys moved to the adjacent chairs and joined the conversation. From where I stood peering out the window, she still looked almost naked, with her nipples very clearly showing. I could only imagine how exciting the view was for the boys up close.

As they continued chatting over the next 15 or 20 minutes, her suit began to dry. I was sure the boys were disappointed as her suit gradually returned to its white color. As near as I could tell, she never had noticed how transparent it had become. From their gestures, I gathered that they tried to get her to go back into the pool, but she wisely declined.  
  
I stayed for another half hour, but things remained calm and the boys started wandering off. Reluctantly, I headed back to work.  
  
That evening, I noticed her suit drying in the bathroom and asked if she had worn it. She  
  
Said that she had but hadn't gotten into the pool. The next day I told her that I had cut the lining out the night before and was anxious to see her in it that evening. She yelled at me for ruining her suit. That evening, before dinner she changed into it and wore it to the pool with me. I was amazed again at how transparent it turned. I noticed a few heads turning to watch. Judging from my reaction, she looked at her crotch and quickly lowered herself into the water. She insisted that I get her a towel to cover up with before she'd get out of the pool.  
  
She remained a tease the rest of the trip, but never new how much of a tease she'd actually been.