This is a true story of an unplanned but exciting exhibition experience that happened to me recently and that has opened me up to new possibilities!

My husband and I have a tradition of going to the beach the week after

Labor Day - the water is still great, the beaches aren't as crowded,

and, truth be told, the rates for everything are a lot better. It is a

week that I look forward to every year as a time to get away, let down

my hair, and have some tropical fun. Plus, I have always had something

of an exhibitionist side to me, and getting away to the water and the

sand makes me feel uninhibited in a way that I never could around more

familiar settings.

So it was that on our appointed weekend we packed up the convertible and

headed to our favorite destination - Panama City Beach, Florida. We

checked into our condo and started to pack as much fun as we could into

the days...and the nights. Like I said, the water always makes me feel

a little more daring, so I debuted a new bikini that definitely met

with my husband's approval. It also seemed to get the attention of

other guys on the beach, and I'll admit that I was having fun showing

off and being a frolicking "beach bunny." We spent our days on the

beach, we ate out at great seafood restaurants every night, and we

ended each day with fantastic sex back in our condo. All in all, it

was shaping up to be a great vacation.

On our next to last night in town, one of those planes flew over the

beach pulling a sign for one of the local beach clubs - a place well

known for its dancing and night life. Now, I LOVE to dance, so I

talked my husband into taking me that night. He's not much of a

dancer, but I promised him I'd make it worth his while. That evening,

I slipped into my favorite "club" dress - a blue shimmery number that

is strapless and very low cut in the back...and very high cut at the

hemline. I went without a bra and chose a pair of black thong knickers

to go under the dress. I knew from the look on my husband's face that

I'd made the right choice, and we headed out the door to the club.

Once on the dance floor, the atmosphere and the beat immediately went to

my head. Dancing always gets me going, and I really began to get into

the music. I was moving my body to the beat and using all the moves I

knew to turn on my husband. I'd dance up close to him, grinding

against his leg. I'd back away, swaying my hips seductively, and then

I'd turn around and bend over, allowing him to grind against me. The

contact was really turning me on, and I could feel my knickers begin to

get moist with my excitement. I also noticed that I'd drawn the

attention of several guys on the dance floor.

With a wink toward my husband, I began to dance just as seductively with

these other guys. It felt good to have their hands on my hips and to

see their eyes as they mentally undressed me (guys don't hide what

their thinking very well!). Once, as I was dancing close to one of the

guys, another one came up behind me, and before I knew what was

happening, they sandwiched me between the two of them. It was so hot

to feel "trapped" between them, and I could easily feel the evidence of

their own excitement as they pressed into me. I leaned back into the

guy behind me, reaching my arm above and behind me to draw his head

closer. He took advantage of my raised arm to put his own arms around

me and cop a feel of my breasts, even giving my protruding nipples a

quick pinch.

I smiled at the guys, and made my way back to my husband, who had been

watching the whole thing. "If you don't get me out of here now, you're

going to have to fuck me right here on the dance floor," I told him. I

could see him pause for a moment as he considered the options, so I

grabbed his arm and led him out of the club. We soon found our way

onto the beach behind the club. I took off my shoes, and we began to

walk beside the surf.

The dancing back in the club, combined with the romantic atmosphere now

by the water had me very turned on. So, when my husband led me beside

a beached catamaran and started to kiss me, I melted into his arms.

His tongue played with mine for a while, and then he began to trail

kisses from my lips to my neck and nuzzle below my ear (I love that!).

I felt his hands exploring my torso and moaned as he squeezed my

breasts through my thin dress. Feeling safe under the cover of

darkness, I did not object as I felt him begin to pull my dress up

above my hips - and I lost all will to object when he started to rub

his index finger against the ever-moistening lips of my pussy.

Before I knew it, he had my dress down off of my shoulders, freeing my

breasts to the night air and to his licking and sucking mouth. I

dropped the shoes that I had been holding until this time, and I leaned

back onto the side of the beached boat, spreading my legs as my husband

knelt before me and kissed his way up my thighs to my waiting, dripping

cunt. I moaned in pleasure as I felt his tongue start to caress me.

He did little circles with it around my clit, and then he licked slowly

up and down my lips as I spread them for him with my fingers. He would

alternate those motions with piercing jabs into me with his tongue, and

the effect soon had me on the verge of a thunderous orgasm. Grasping

his head to me, I shuddered with pleasure as he sucked my clit between

his lips, and I screamed in pleasure as I came.

My clit is extremely sensitive after I come, so I pushed him back and

caught my breath for a moment. Then, wanting to return the favor, I

got down on the sand with him, straddled him from in front, and freed

his hardened cock from his pants. There was already pre-cum on the

tip, and I licked it up hungrily, swirling my tongue around the head of

his cock to moisten it with my saliva. Feeling him throb with

pleasure, I began to slurp hungrily at his cock, bobbing up and down on

it with my mouth while stroking the shaft of his cock with my right

hand. While I was doing this, he had reached around behind me and was

putting first one, then two, then three fingers into my pussy, causing

me to ache for more of him inside me. My wish was soon granted as he

suddenly rolled me over on my back, with my dress still bunched up

around my waist. I spread my legs for him, and he entered me from on

top. It felt so good to feel his cock slide into my pussy. I was

craving it, wanting to feel full of his manhood, taken by his lusts.

We fucked like that for quite a while, with my hips rising to meet his

powerful thrusts, and my moans of ecstasy spurring him on when he

pinned my arms above me and once again begin to suck my breasts into

his mouth, first my right nipple, then my left.

As his tempo increased and his thrusts grew deeper, I knew we were

reaching a crescendo together. Then, he pulled out and told me to get

on my knees. Using the twin-hulled sailboat as a prop, I bent over its

side and spread my legs for him. With him watching hungrily, I reached

behind me and began to play with my pussy and beg him to fuck me. When

I spread my ass for him, he came up, grasped my hips and placed his

cock once more against my cunt. I had a moment to feel his heat

against me, and then I gasped as he pushed roughly into me. Soon, we

were once again into our carnal rhythm, with my legs spread for him, my

cunt open to receive him manhood, and my breasts smooshed beneath me

against the side of the boat.

It was then that I looked up and saw that we were not alone. Standing

not more than ten yards away from us was two of the guys from the club

- the two that had sandwiched me and felt me up on the dance floor.

They had obviously followed us onto the beach, and now they were

smiling broadly as they enjoyed the show. I froze. While I have

always had fantasies about having sex in front of a group of guys, this

was a big step from fantasy into reality. I was caught in a moment of

indecision, but then I thought, "What the heck...if I'm every going to

experience this, now is the time. Nobody knows me here, and besides,

there's not much point covering up now since they have already caught

quite an eyeful."

I looked back at my husband, who had stopped his fucking and was

obviously waiting to see what I would do. My answer was to grind my

ass back against him, drawing him even deeper into my wet pussy.

Taking this the consenting sign that it was, he resumed his ravaging of

me from behind, now harder than ever. I began to feel more and more

daring, so I raised up onto my elbows so that my breasts could now

swing freely with our fucking motions. Locking eyes with the guys, I

licked a finger and began to play with and pinch my nipples - the very

nipples that one of them had sought to feel earlier on the dance floor.

 They both watched, transfixed, and it seemed that I could feel the

heat of their lust as their eyes traveled all over my body.

Soon, I could tell from my husband's labored breathing and from the feel

of his cock swelling inside me that he was about to come. Usually, my

favorite part of sex is to feel him reach his climax and shoot his load

inside of me - it gives me a sense of accomplishment that I savor.

However, tonight I wanted to give our audience a show they'd remember,

so when I felt him on the edge I wheeled around, pulling his cock from

my pussy, and knelt before him with my mouth open wide and my breasts

thrust forward. I did not have to wait long, as he jerked off a few

times and then began to shoot his load in thick streams of hot come.

The first shot hit my face, and then I directed it into my mouth and

onto my tongue. He came and came in the excitement of the moment, and

I did my best to catch all of it in my mouth. When he was done, I

began to gently but hungrily lick up and down his shaft, collecting as

much of his seed as I could. The salty taste turned me on even more,

and I knew our watching friends were taking in every moment as I paid

homage to my husband's cock. As I licked, I could feel some of his

come that had landed on my cheek dripping down onto my breasts, so I

pulled those up toward me and began to lick them clean as well. I

turned to smile at the guys, my face and my breasts now glistening with

come in the moonlight, and was just in time to see both of them come as

they jerked off watching me.

As we stood to leave, my dress feel back around my legs, but the top

portion was still down to my waist. Again figuring there was little

point in covering up now, I took my husbands hand and we walked by the

guys, who simply watched us as we disappeared down the beach back

toward the club. Later that night, we soaked in the hot-tub at our

condo and talked about the experience. I had to admit that, although

it was my first experience at so brazenly showing off to such an

extreme, I had liked the experience and found it very sexy. I told my

husband I would consider doing it again at some point. At that point,

he took me to our bed where he made love to me again until we feel

asleep contentedly in one another's arms.