**Vacation**

My husband loves to expose me. He doesn't expose me too much around home, but when we go on vacation, he makes up for lost time. He insists I don't pack any bras, and only the skimpiest knickers I own.

He prefers I wear transparent blouses, but will settle for leaving some buttons open. He doesn't want me to wear knickers when I'm wearing a skirt. I can wear them with pants to protect my lips from chafing.

We prefer all inclusive resorts, in the Caribbean, when on vacation. He wants me topless on the beach, and always volunteers to apply lotion. What a guy! We don't like nude resorts because these is no challenge, or thrill. I have to admit that I enjoy being exposed, but I don't like to expose myself.

We went to a resort on Turks and Caicos for our last vacation. On the flight down, I sat next to the window, on the left side of the plane. When the seatbelt light went out, Dave leaned over me to look out the window. While he enjoyed the view, he unbuttoned my blouse, pulled it open, and began fondling my tits.

After a few moments, he stopped, and pulled my blouse closed. When I began to button it, he told me to leave it unbuttoned. Nothing was showing, so I didn't feel too nervous. Every time he looked out the window, he opened my blouse and fondled my tits. When we landed he let me button the bottom three. My blouse was open to below my tits. When I leaned forward my blouse would gap open, exposing my tits and nipples to anyone looking.

The shuttle driver was very helpful whenever I got in or out of the van. After we checked in we followed the bellman to our room. On the way, Dave unbuttoned the three bottom buttons, pulled my blouse out of my shorts, and left it hanging open. When we got near our room, Dave pushed it to either side of my tits. The bellman made sure we knew where everything was, in our room, and in the resort. He also showed how everything worked in our room, including every light switch. This attention to detail may have been the result of Dave taking my blouse off when we entered the room.

After he left, Dave said, "Take your clothes off, and we'll go for ice."

"You want me to go for ice nude?"

"Yes."

"I can't, I'm too nervous."

"Ok, you can wear your knickers."

What a guy!

I was relieved, and disappointed, when we didn't meet anyone.

After we unpacked, we decided to explore the resort. I put on my bikini bottoms, and my unbuttoned blouse, at Dave's request. I walked with my arms crossed in front of me, unless we were in a secluded area. At those times, Dave would push my blouse to either side of tits. In the elevator, on the way back to our room, Dave took my blouse off. As soon as we got off on our floor, Dave my bottoms off. I walked down the hall, to our room, nude.

I wore a mini skirt and blouse, no bra or knickers, to dinner. Dave ate with one hand, while his other hand was between my spread legs, fondling my lips and probing my hole. I have to admit, I was wet. I was getting more turned on by the minute.

It was dark when we left the restaurant. Dave waited till we were away from the building, then told me to unbutton my blouse. We walked to beach and along the water for awhile. When we were off our resorts property, Dave took my blouse off. The warm evening air felt good on my exposed tits. We'd walked about 25 yards when Dave pulled my skirt up to my waist. It wouldn't stay there on it's own, so Dave tucked it into the waistband. The warm evening air felt good on my exposed ass, bush, and lips. We passed a few people. The men always said hello. Dave walked with a smile on his face and his hand on my ass.

We'd walked about 200 yards when we came across a gazebo. Dave suggested we stop for a few minutes, before heading back. We sat in the gazebo watching the waves, enjoying the night, and 'making out'.

We stayed there for about a half hour then began walking back. We hadn't encountered any negative reaction to my walking topless, with my skirt pulled up, so Dave took my skirt off. I walked back nude. I felt sexy and naughty. When we reached our resort, I put my skirt and blouse back on, but left the blouse open. As we neared our building, Dave took my skirt off again. We passed two couples, and the men said hello. As we waited for the elevator, Dave took my blouse off. I was nervous being nude, so Dave covered my ass with his hand. What a guy! We didn't meet anyone else on the way to our room.

We were both tired from traveling, but not that tired. We fucked like bunnies, before falling asleep in each others arms.

I'll tell you about day two next.