**Vacation Fantasy**

by Avagard

*The young wife's reluctance, replaced by active participation.*

Even before we were married, I used to fantasize about my sexy bride, Sandy, exposing herself to strangers. She is so beautiful, tall, with that dirty blond hair and angelic figure. Her long legs, perfectly shaped, rise and swell gradually to support a nicely rounded ass and trim waistline. Her full but not oversized bustline draws men's eyes like a magnet.

Sandy goes along with my voyeuristic fantasy a little bit, and sometimes wears wickedly short skirts or clingy tops with no bra underneath. These occasions, which are few and far between, have become an incredible turn on for me. Sandy knows it and sometimes asks me to buy her something or do her a special favor and then I get to watch my wife flash various strangers in return.

Our favorite vacation spot is a resort in the Bahamas. No one knows us there and Sandy can indulge my fantasies without the fear of diminishing her reputation. The huge resort has a beautiful beach several swimming pools, and a large casino. Our daily routine consists of a big buffet breakfast then heading down to the beach where Sandy will sunbathe topless. I get quite a thrill when someone walks by our spot on the beach and sees my beautiful wife Sandy lying there with her top off. It is especially stimulating for me when someone takes up a lounge chair nearby and stares at my topless wife. I have a hard on practically the entire time we spend on the beach.

In the evenings Sandy dresses in a sexy outfit and we hit the casino. My wife is a real hit at the craps table and not just because she's a lucky roller. All the bending over the table to place bets and pick up winnings puts on quite a show. This is a real turn on for the both of us, but for me particularly. Sandy won't admit it, but I think she enjoys the attention too. It really gets her hot and she likes me to give her oral sex afterward.

I'm always depressed when its time to head home. My wife returns to her conservative behavior. She still looks great, but I miss the excitement of her flashing, flirting, and being the naughty wife. Within a month or so, I'm planning the next trip.

Back at home, Sandy works selling real estate for a local agency. She always dresses prim and proper and is very professional and businesslike. She has never spoken of the fooling around that we do in the Bahamas to anyone. Even though, I would like her to continue my voyeuristic fantasy back at home, my wife won't hear of it.

One day Sandy came home with a little announcement.

"Guess what John? ... The regional board of realtors had decided to hold their annual convention in the Bahamas this year. And they are having it at "OUR" hotel."

"Wow! That's great honey!" I was righteously excited. "We're going right?"

"Well we can go... but I think we'll have to tone it down a little. I don't think we'll be doing the naughty wife thing this time." Sandy stated flatly.

"Awe, come on" I whined. "It will be fun, to do a little flashing with the other brokers around. It just won't be the same vacation for me without all the fun that goes with it."

"I'll think about it." Sandy replied in an unconvincing monotone.

I knew that the "I'll think about it" answer was just her way of saying no without actually saying it. I struggled, in my mind, to think of a way to get Sandy to change her mind. The realtor convention and getting my sexy wife to go topless on the beach in front of the other brokers was at the forefront of all my thoughts.

After a lot of coaxing, Sandy finally agreed that we could leave for the convention a few days early. That way we could get in a little bit of my fantasy entertainment prior to the arrival of the other realtors. I looked forward, with great anticipation, to our little trip until the day finally arrived. After our first night in the hotel we hit the beach early.

Sandy looked great. She had on a silver string bikini. The two triangles of the top barely covered her large pink nipples. The bottom had just enough fabric to cover her pubic patch. This area required quite a bit of shaving to fit into the skimpy suit. My wife's tits bounced and swayed with every movement. She looked better than a centerfold model. I was enjoying every single second as her and I walked along the beach.

We picked out a spot near a palm tree that was not too crowded but not too secluded either. I set up a couple of lounge chairs for us. I positioned them facing toward the water so we could watch the waves pound on the beach and see the other tourists strolling the shoreline. My wife and I applied our suntan lotions, grabbed our preferred reading material out of the beach bag, and settled in for some serious sunbathing.

After a little while two guys took up a spot about ten or fifteen feet away from us. Sandy gave me a playful smile. She swiveled in her chair so her back was toward me and she was facing the two young men. She reached in back of her head, picked up her hair, and held it all bunched up on top of her head.

"Honey, can you help me untie my top?" Sandy asked, in a voice loud enough that the two guys could hear her clearly.

One of the men looked up quickly and smiled. He elbowed the other guy and whispered something to him. The second guy looked over too. I untied the strings and Sandy removed her top, shook her hair all around sensuously, sat back in the chair and started to apply some lotion on the newly exposed areas. Wow did my wife look hot. The distinct tan line created this small white triangle that really offset and defined her large pink nipples. My cock got rock hard immediately. The two guys had huge grins and repositioned their seating arrangement to get a better view of my wife lying there topless.

My wife glanced over at the guys and gave them a seductive smile. Then she looked over at me and blew me a kiss

"Is this making you happy, John?" she asked cheerfully.

"Of course it is, baby." I replied spontaneously "You look great!"

"Don't forget now," she warned, "On Thursday when the others get here we have to stop this. I'll go topless on the beach and act naughty until then ... but that's it, okay?"

"I am still hoping you will change your mind by then" I confessed.

"You can hope all you want" she said "but you'd be better off to forget about it."

I really enjoyed the rest of the day as a few more men came by and sat somewhat near us. Another couple took up a spot on the beach just a few feet away and the wife removed her top too. She had small firm breasts with puffy nipples. The husband looked over at me and gave me a smile and a wink.

That afternoon we retired to the room around 3:00. I was all hot and bothered. Sandy and I showered together, to remove the sand and lotion, and promptly hopped into bed. My wife sat on top and gently guided my cock into her pussy. She started rocking slowly. It felt great and I blew my load almost instantly. Sandy climbed off me and pulled my head down between her legs. "Eat me." She instructed. I happily obeyed.

That night Sandy dressed in a sexy sundress. The top part had a V shape that extended down between her large tits. The fabric that covered her breasts came up to tie behind her. The back was scooped out real low, almost to her ass, so it was obvious that she didn't have a bra on. The hemline was loose but real short about two-thirds the way up her thigh. The cotton material was very thin and if you looked closely you could barely make out the outline of my wife's skimpy black panties. In the front, a hint of the outline of Sandy's nipples was faintly visible through the material.

Sandy paraded in front of me and did a little twirl.

"John ... how do you like my new outfit?" She asked rhetorically.

My mouth just hung open.

"I thought I would be extra specially naughty for you tonight!" She said as she put her hands on top of her head so I could get a better view.

"This is the kind of outfit you like, right John? A sexy naughty wife outfit." she remarked

She looked terrific. Her firm tits pushed the cotton fabric away from her body. Her breasts were practically falling out of the sides. They were begging for me to reach in for a little feel. My wife's golden tan blended beautifully with the fabric. I was in heaven.

"I love you, Sandy." Was all I could managed to get out of my mouth.

With that we were off to the lobby bar for a couple of drinks before dinner.

Between the drinks and a bottle of wine with the meal Sandy was getting a little tipsy. Her face was flushed. She had discontinued her previous attempts at modesty and did nothing to cover up her sexy bosom as it jiggled and danced with every step. She was boldly flaunting her sexy appearance to everyone in the casino.

We took up a position at the end of one crap table and started betting. I was standing on the end next to the dealer. Sandy was just to my left and two guys were on her left next to the stickman. Sandy was betting the field and winning on nearly every roll. As she leaned over into the center of the table to collect her winnings she was giving us all a nice view of her sexy tits that were almost falling right out of her dress. From behind, you could catch a glimpse of her tiny panties every time she bent over. She was putting on a real show, pausing now and again to give me a seductive smile.

Sandy was too engrossed in the game to notice the two men next to her who were smiling wickedly as they watched her every move. Suddenly she looked over and recognized these two onlookers as people that she knew from back home.

"Hi guys!" Sandy exclaimed, "I didn't expect to see anyone here so soon!"

Sandy turned to me and introduced the pair.

"John, this is Brad and Frank. They must here for the realtors meeting. They own an agency on the other side of town."

"Nice to meet you" Brad said "We decided to come down a little early, do some gambling and take in the sights" He was boldly staring at Sandy's chest.

The other guy, Frank, nodded at me, then just stood there smiling.

We shook hands and continued playing the game. I was a little depressed. All I could think of was that my fun was over. Now that these other realtors were here my wife would be opposed to extending our little voyeuristic fantasy any further. It was over.

Much to my surprise, Sandy never tried to cover up and didn't ask to leave. In fact, she was all bubbly and excited. I figured she was affected by the drinking. She was bouncing around and cheering on every lucky roll of the dice. Brad and Frank were cheering too. Heck, she had the whole damn table going.

Sandy had moved to stand between her two friends. It looked like she was having a great time with them. Every time someone would roll a winning number she would grab one of their arms and pull it into her chest as she jumped up and down with glee. Apparently, she felt no modesty at all as her tits were almost falling right out of her dress.

My wife was giving them quite a show and brushing her breasts against each of them at every opportunity. I attributed her flirtatious behavior to all the drinks that night. I was soaking up the pleasure of this sexy vision and so were her two colleagues.

Every now and again my wife would make serious eye contact and give me a little wink. Sensing her need for approval, I would flash back a very appreciative smile. The trio of realtors appeared to be having a great time joking fooling and flirting. My wife looked fantastically delicious. The guys kept staring down her top and looking at her ass. I was getting really excited. It turned into another wonderful voyeur fantasy night.

We retired to the room around midnight. Sandy and I got naked and climbed into bed.

I was a little put out that some realtors had already arrived and expressed my displeasure to my wife.

"I guess my voyeuristic fantasy days are over." I declared flatly.

"I'm sorry, honey" Sandy started in "I didn't know anyone else was coming early. Are you really disappointed?"

"YES!" I said without hesitating.

Sandy propped herself up on her elbow and reached under the covers. She started slowly stroking my cock and talking in her naughty wife teasing voice.

"Oh poor John, having his naughty wife fantasy ruined." She teased

"I guess I could keep it up just a little bit more ... if that's what you really wanted."

She kept stroking me and didn't wait for my answer.

"I was having fun tonight being your naughty wife. Did you like me showing off my boobies and brushing them up against Brad and Frank? I bet you enjoyed seeing your naughty wife with those men didn't you? Did you see them looking at me and touching me? Does it make you happy seeing your wife flirt with the other brokers?"

"Yes" I panted "You were great tonight honey."

Sandy kept up the naughty teasing voice and started rubbing a little faster.

"Brad and Frank were bad boys tonight too." She confessed

"They were looking inside my top and Brad had his hand under my dress feeling up my ass. You're not mad at me are you, for giving them a tiny peek at my boobies and letting them touch my ass just a little bit?"

"No I'm not mad. This makes me so hot." I assured her. "I want to hear more."

Sandy continued her description of the events that had just passed.

"Brad was the worst one. When I didn't stop him from rubbing my ass the first time, he reached right inside my panties and kept it up. He kept sliding his hand behind the elastic and feeling me. It was so exciting ... him doing that with you right there next to me!"

Sandy could tell from the look on my face that her confession was really turning me on. She slowed down on her rubbing, but still steadily applied the strokes to my cock.

"Yes, I was very, very bad tonight." Sandy continued. "Letting those men, from back home, look at my boobies and reach under my dress. I was really, really naughty and it was fun for me too! They were feeling my ass with my husband right there watching. That's what turned me on so much. It turned me on to let them do it to me, especially with you right beside us!"

Sandy rubbed my cock even faster now.

"Do you want me to keep playing the naughty wife?" She coaxed "Do you want me to take off my top tomorrow in front of Brad and Frank while you're watching me? Do you want them both to get a good look at your naughty wife topless on the beach?"

Sandy really had me excited now. "Yes" I told her "Yes keep playing the naughty wife"

My wife swung on top of me and lovingly guided my cock into her pussy. I instinctively reached up and started to massage her well-proportioned breasts. She started rocking and continued her little teasing voice coaxing me along.

"Okay ... I'll do it if you want." She told me "If you really want me to ... tomorrow on the beach I'll make sure that Brad and Frank can have a good long look at my boobies. I'll be your naughty wife. Tell me now ... is that what you want?"

"Yes! Yes, I want you to do it for me!" I panted.

With that exciting thought in mind I immediately experienced a powerful and joyous climax. I must have cum a pint, I didn't think I was going to stop. I was so excited over this new development, and my wife now willingly playing out this role for me.

Sandy rolled off of me and gently guided my head down to her pussy. "Eat me now" she instructed me "Eat your cum out of me and I'll be your naughty wife."

I gladly complied. I didn't want her to change her mind, besides I was getting good at pleasing Sandy with my mouth. I delicately applied just the right amount of pressure to just the right spots. Before long, my wife's body seemed to stiffen and shiver as I brought her to a writhing orgasm. We dozed off locked in each other's arms.

The next day we were off again to the beach. We located our spot by the now familiar palm tree. We sat down and relaxed. I had positioned our lounge chairs facing the beautiful turquoise waves that splashed on the pink sand beach. It was a sight to make your heart soar, to almost sigh out loud. I love the Bahamas, and I love my beautiful wife who was making my special fantasies come true.

The morning passed quietly. Sandy had her top off and was lying on her stomach reading a novel. I was sitting upright reading a newspaper and soaking in the hazy sunshine.

My wife looked great. I admired the white soles of her tiny feet, and the way her legs were so smoothly sloped, steadily rising to the soft mounds of her rounded ass. The little triangle of her tiny bikini barely covered her butt with thin strings reaching out to her hips ending in a neatly tied bow. Her breasts were tucked under her arms and flattened out against the lounge chair. Her dirty blonde hair hung down on both sides of her face and cascaded under her chin. Her mirrored sunglasses reflected the sunshine. I watched her sumptuous lips move slightly as she read along in her novel. She was truly a vision.

The beauty and silence of the moment was suddenly broken by the appearance of Brad and Frank, casting shade on our faces.

"Well Hello!" They both said together.

"Hi" I answered.

Sandy propped herself up on one elbow and shaded her eyes with her other hand causing one of her tits come into full view. "Oh hi guys!" She said cheerfully.

"Mind if we join you?" Brad asked rhetorically as he pulled up a lounge chair next to Sandy. Frank was right behind him pulling up another.

"It's okay with me if it's okay with Sandy!" I answered.

"Hey wait a minute, John! They can't sit here right now!... I don't have my top on!" Sandy exclaimed, only calling attention to a fact that we were all keenly aware of.

Sandy jumped up abruptly, facing the two men and grabbed her tiny bikini top. She held it up against her chest feigning modesty. Actually, she was revealing a lot more that she was hiding. Heck the top could barely cover her up when it was carefully put into place. It just looked like a handful of string being stretched across her bustline. Her silver dollar sized nipples were in plain view of all three of us. She quickly dropped the idea of using her bikini top and covered up her tits with her arm.

"Oh this is so embarrassing!" She said with kind of a playful ring to her voice.

Sandy bounced around her chair looking around for a piece of clothing to put on. She kept bobbing and looking around giving us all a delicious view of her jiggling tits. Finally, she grabbed my T-shirt from the end of my chair and held my shirt bunched up in front of her chest.

"This is so embarrassing!" Sandy repeated, still holding the shirt but letting it fall a little so a hint of her large pink nipples peeked over the top.

"I'm sure Brad and Frank don't mind." I said laughingly "I'm sure they've seen women topless on the beach before!"

"That's right! We don't mind!" Frank quickly added. "We've seen lots of topless women here on the beach." He had a huge grin.

"We already saw you now anyway!" Brad observed. "Don't cover up on our account."

I sensed that my approval was crucial for Sandy at this stage.

"That's right Sandy." They already saw you anyway. Besides you always go topless on this beach. No one will mind!" I assured her.

Sandy's mood was hard to read through the sunglasses, but she had a playful smile.

"Well I suppose if you all promise to keep this a secret." She said as she lowered the shirt just a little, so slightly more of her bust was exposed.

"We promise." Brad and Frank chided almost in unison.

Sandy sat back in her chair. "You guys are awful!" she joked.

My wife left the shirt bunched up loosely against her chest and picked up her novel. The T-shirt was still hiding part of her bosom. About half of her nipples peaked over the top.

"I'm ready for a Pina Colada." Sandy announced "Who's buying?"

Frank offered to go for drinks and soon returned with a round of extra large creamy rum concoctions with huge pieces of pineapple sticking out. He distributed them and sat down facing Sandy. "Cheers everyone!" He announced as he took a sip from the straw.

We all began sipping on the tasty drinks. By this time the awkwardness of the situation was starting to fade away. The T-shirt had slipped down off of my wife's chest and was resting on her stomach. Her sexy tits and big pink nipples were in full view of we three voyeurs who were soaking up the pleasure of seeing her lie topless in the sun.

Sandy spent the rest of the afternoon topless in front of her two friends and I. A couple of times my wife went for a dip in the ocean. Brad and Frank were quick to join her. From my vantagepoint on the beach I watched them frolic in the waves. I noticed that from time to time one of them would sneak a feel of my wife's tits or grab her ass. Sandy was laughing and looked like she was enjoying all the attention.

After several drinks and quite a bit of frolicking in the sun, Sandy told me she was tired and sunburned. She whispered something to Brad before we got dressed and headed up to the room. I was hot! I was ready to take her as soon as we stepped through the door. All the excitement of seeing my wife topless all afternoon had me in a state of ultimate arousal. I hugged my wife and kissed her deeply.

"I love you so much and I want you so badly." I told her.

Sandy started in with her coy teasing act "So you liked your naughty wife on the beach today, John? You didn't mind that I was topless in front of those two men all day?"

"No" I told her "I loved it!"

"It was fun for me too." Sandy confessed "I think Brad was really having a good time. Did you see him touching me? It was so thrilling for me! Letting him touch my boobies with you right there watching, you saw him right?"

"Yes, I saw him." I told her

She continued talking in her naughty teasing voice and stroking me through my bathing suit. "Do you want to see more? Because I asked Brad if he could come over with here with his bottle of Aloe for my sunburn. I told him I would call him when you went into the shower, so he could help me rub it on. I could let him touch me if you wanted me to."

I was real excited. This sounded like a great idea. I quickly agreed. Sandy showered hurriedly and came out wearing a towel that barely stretched from her bust to her butt.

"Now I'm going to call Brad and ask him to come over." She told me. "I want you to hide in the bathroom and turn on the shower so he can hear it. Leave the door open just a crack so you can see us."

"I will tell Brad that you like to take long showers and ask him to apply some aloe to my back. Then we will see if he tries to take advantage of the situation. I will let him do whatever he wants as long as the shower is on. When you think he has gone far enough, just turn off the shower and I will hurry him out of the room!"

"Don't forget now." She warned me. "I'm going to let him do what he wants until you turn off the shower, okay?"

I was easily convinced. "Sounds like a plan" I told her and she immediately rang up Brad's room which was just down the hall.

I hid in the bathroom with the shower running and with the door open just a crack. My wife sat on the bed combing and drying her hair. Brad was there in a flash. Sandy greeted him at the door wearing just her towel.

Sandy sat back down on the edge of the bed and held her hair up in a bunch on top.

"Brad?" she asked seductively "Since John is in the shower, and he usually takes forever in there, I was wondering if you could rub that Aloe on my back for me?"

Brad sat on the bed beside her. "It would be my pleasure" He answered laughingly.

Brad started by rubbing lotion on Sandy's shoulders. Sandy began making light pleasurable moaning sounds. She nonchalantly let the towel slip off her torso. From my hiding place in the bathroom I had a clear view of the action. My wife was holding her hair up on top of her head while Brad rubbed Aloe on her back. Her beautiful tits were totally exposed.

Before long, Brad's hands moved to the front as he began coating her breasts with the sunburn ointment. Brad was really getting into massaging my wife's breasts. To my surprise she just sat there, with her hands on her head, letting him have full access to her beautiful bosom. After a little while Sandy remarked about his technique.

"Brad I think you've already gotten enough Aloe on those parts. Don't You?"

"You can never be too careful when it comes to sunburns." Brad answered laughingly as he continued what he was doing.

Much to my surprise Sandy just let him go on rubbing her breasts. Taking this as positive reinforcement, Brad began planting soft gentle kisses on my wife's neck and shoulders. Sandy's pleasurable moaning sounds got a little louder. She turned her head to face Brad's and began kissing him passionately on the lips.

This set into motion a new level of intensity for the two. Sandy placed her hand high on Brad's thigh and started gently rubbing his leg. On each successive stroke, my wife's hand went higher and higher until it finally reached Brad's crotch. He began massaging Sandy's breasts with increased enthusiasm. As they continued kissing, they both moaned in acknowledged delight over the passion building between them.

Brad was still wearing his swimming briefs and the size of his erection was obvious. Sandy tugged at the waistband. This was the signal he had been waiting for. Brad stood up and removed his swimsuit. His huge cock bobbed out pointing right at my wife's face. To my surprise she wrapped her hand around Brad's huge manhood and started stroking it gently.

"Oh that feels so good." Brad blurted out "Sandy, suck on it for me." He added

I watched in shock as my sweet sexy wife curled her lips over the big pink head of Brad's cock. My heart was pounding out of my chest and my mouth was dry as a bone. I couldn't believe what was happening. Part of me wanted to turn off the shower and end this. The other part of me was begging to watch my wife make him cum. My stomach was doing flips, as I struggled with mixed emotions.

Brad moved his hips in sync with Sandy's sucking and slurping. I couldn't believe this was really happening. Here I was, hiding in a hotel bathroom, while not 10 feet in front of me this realtor was fucking my wife's mouth. She was giving him the most spectacular blowjob I had ever witnessed. The whole sight was incredible.

It wasn't long before I saw Brad's body tense and he started cumming into Sandy's mouth. Sandy pulled away and continued stroking Brad's big cock while he delivered spurt after spurt after spurt of cum all over my wife's face and tits. She was covered.

Brad finally finished and began pulling up his bathing suit. Sensing my cue, I turned off the shower in the bathroom. "Shhh Johns done showering." She whispered. "You've got to go right away!" Sandy got up and hurried Brad out of the doorway. As soon as Brad was gone, I came out of hiding, hugged my wife and pulled her down onto the bed.

"That was the most erotic sight I've ever witnessed." I panted.

"I was wondering when you were going to turn off that shower." Sandy started. "You must have liked to see your naughty wife getting soaked with cum, didn't you?"

"You were so sexy." I answered

Sandy knew I was hot as hell so she went right into her naughty wife act.

"Brad was such a bad, bad, boy." She began. "He squirted his hot cum all over your naughty wife while you were in the bathroom."

Sandy began pointing out the obvious white dribble that coated her tits and nipples.

"Look ... he got his cum all over my tits... See ... He squirted some cum on my face and into my mouth too! You're not mad at me are you? Mad because I let Brad put his cum in my mouth and then all on me too?"

"I'm not mad honey." I answered. "I love you."

"If you're not mad then lick the cum off my tits. Suck my nipples and lick all Brad's cum off of me." Sandy commanded.

I immediately began sucking Sandy's big nipples and licking her tits. I kissed her deeply tasting the cum inside her mouth with my tongue. My wife guided my head away and down to her pussy. I lovingly pleasured her to two writhing orgasms. Now I was more than ready to get mine. I moved to climb on top of my wife, but she stopped me.

"No, No, now." She scolded me in her playful voice. "If you want me to keep up being the naughty wife, then I get to torture you. No sex with me and no rubbing yourself either! As soon as you do, it's all over, no more naughty wife. Do you understand?"

This was cruel. No sex at the very time that I needed it the very most. I couldn't believe that she could be so wicked and so nasty. Sandy was displaying a definite mean streak. She was carrying the naughty wife thing to a new extreme. Gradually, I found the thought of her torturing me intriguing, and agreed to go along.

"Okay." I agreed "You get to torture me and I get to see my naughty wife. Deal."

"All right then." Sandy confirmed. " I have to get ready to be real naughty tonight!"

With that Sandy headed for the shower, while I got a beer out of the mini-bar to try and cool off. I didn't know exactly what my sexy wife had in mind or how far she would go but I was willing to give it a try. After all, I could always call it off, just like the shower thing. I was game if she was, and it appeared that my voyeuristic fantasies would be realized in spades. I sat out on our balcony while my wife got dressed for the evening.

Sandy looked hot again tonight. She had on sexy dress that really showed off her breasts. Heck they were practically falling out of the sides of her top. The hemline barely reached over her ass. She had asked Brad and Frank to join us in the bar. I couldn't wait to see their expressions when Sandy showed up looking hotter than the night before.

That night at dinner we sat in a booth at a fancy seafood restaurant. Frank sat right next to Sandy and the two were very close. I wondered if Frank knew about what happened between my wife and Brad that afternoon. I figured that Brad had told him all about it and he wanted to get his share of my naughty wife too. I thought I saw his hand on my wife's thigh when I got up to use the bathroom. Sandy was bubbly and beaming.

We skipped the casino that night and headed to the disco. I sat by and watched while Brad and Frank danced with my wife all night. Their hands were all over her and she looked like she loved it. Sandy made no attempt at all to discourage their groping. They were brushing their hands up against the sides of her tits. Her skirt was riding so high up most of the time that her panties were visible to everyone on the dance floor.

We retired to the room around midnight. Sandy undressed and climbed into bed next to me. I was so aroused I was ready to burst. This really was torture!

"Do you want to quit now honey? Have you had enough yet?" She asked

"I think I can hold out a little longer." I exaggerated.

"The other realtors are going to start to arrive tomorrow." Sandy reminded. "Are you sure you don't want your naughty wife to give you some fantastic sex right now and then we can call it quits?"

"I'm sure" I lied to her. "Then eat me now." She told me. I gladly obeyed.

When we put out the lights and went to sleep I couldn't get the events of that day out of my mind. I kept replaying them over and over. I wondered what the next day would bring and what would happen when the convention started and the others began to arrive.

The next morning we slept late. We ordered breakfast in the room and ate out on the patio. Sandy was walking around in just her panties when the server arrived to deliver our food. She gave me a little wink, and to my surprise, helped the server set up the table while she remained topless. He appeared mesmerized by my wife's sexy tits. He was so flustered that he left the room before I could tip him.

Sandy told me that because of minor sunburn on her nipples, and the realtors arriving that day, she didn't feel comfortable going topless on the beach. I was a little disappointed. However, when I saw the bikini she had picked out I changed my mind. In fact, even though her big pink nipples were covered, I think being naked would have been more modest. My wife looked sexier than ever!

Today we decided to camp next to the pool. Sandy was quite a hit, with the men on the patio, flaunting her micro sized bathing suit. Brad and Frank joined us a little later. I thought Frank's eyes were going to pop right out of his head when he saw my wife getting out of the pool. Both men were fawning over her all day.

As the afternoon passed we were, once again, enjoying some Pina coladas. Some of the realtors were starting to arrive at the hotel. Before long the new arrivals descended on the pool deck. The men were swarming around Sandy like bees around a hive. She was a little tipsy from the rum and the sun and it showed. She was flirting playfully with all the area brokers and they were all absorbed with admiring her nearly naked body. Sandy was all bubbly and glowing with excitement. Apparently she loved the attention.

We headed back up to the room around 5:00. Sandy was really feeling the effects of the drinking. She took a shower and we both opted for a little nap.

When I woke up Sandy was already getting ready She had chosen a brand new revealing dress to wear to the opening night dinner for the realtors. It seems that Sandy had pretty much lost all of her inhibitions. She came up with another plan for a voyeuristic fantasy to tantalize me. She pitched the new idea cautiously.

"Okay now" she told me "we've had quite a bit of fun on this trip, right?"

I just nodded in agreement.

"But all of the other realtors are getting here now and I'm not sure this is such a good idea." She continued "How about if we have one grand finale and that will be it okay?"

"What did you have in mind." I was curious about what this grand the finale would be.

"Well, I could call Brad and Frank and tell them that, because of the opening night dinner, you decided to visit a casino in town to let me be with my friends. I'll ask them to come over and pick me up for drinks. You can hide in the closet and when they get here I will let them do what they want with me while you watch. How does that sound?"

I wasn't sure. Sandy was really getting into this a little too much. I didn't know what to think or do. I recalled the previous day's blowjob and how exciting that had been for me and for us both. After a brief pause, I agreed.

Sandy was quick to get them on the phone. They were coming right over. I took my place in the closet sitting behind a sliding door that was opened just enough for me to have a view of the room. Sandy left the door unlocked and moved into position so she would be in their full view as they walked into the room. She pretended to be getting ready fixing her dress as she flashed them both a view of her tits and her naked ass.

The two men arrived right away and took in a long look at my sexy wife Sandy. It was a little obvious as she continued to flash them while she fiddled with her dress. Brad boldly walked over and asked her if she needed help. He ran his hand under her thigh and began stroking. His hand gradually moved between her legs. He leaned over and took her nipple in his mouth.

Sandy offered no resistance at all. "Thank you Brad." She said laughingly "That's the exact kind of help I need right now."

The moment wasn't lost on Frank. He took up a position on the other side of Sandy and began fondling her other breast.

"You guys are VERY helpful." My wife told them kiddingly.

Brad and Frank quickly started to disrobe. Sandy pulled off her dress in one fluid motion. She knelt down in front of Frank and reached for his cock. He slipped it into Sandy's mouth while Brad positioned himself behind her. Brad was rubbing his cock on my wife's slit while she sucked and slurped on Frank. Suddenly Brad rammed his huge cock home in one searing stroke and began pumping briskly.

My heart was beating out of my chest. It was so loud I thought I would be discovered hiding there in the closet. My mouth was dry and my stomach was doing flips. It was an incredible sight before me. My wife was on her hands and knees with these realtors fucking her on both ends. It seemed they were moving in a choreographed porno dance.

Brad was the first to finish. His body tensed and he started to move at a much slower pace. "Oh Sandy I'm cumming, I'm cumming in you." He announced.

Frank and Brad swapped positions. Frank seemed even more enthusiastic than Brad had been. He was pumping his cock rapidly, slamming against her hips causing her tits to jiggle wildly. Brad put his cock in front of Sandy's face and she was licking and sucking it clean. Frank started to cum almost right away. When he was finished he pulled out and the three of them collapsed in a heap all breathing heavily.

After a long pause Sandy got up and dismissed the two realtors telling them she had to get ready all over again and would meet them in the lounge a little later on. As soon as they had left she freed me from my hiding spot.

"Was that a special grand finale for your naughty wife fantasy?" She asked me teasingly.

"Yes baby that was perfect." I answered, already panting with lust for her.

"Brad and Frank both got their cum way up in me." She confessed "Your naughty wife is full of cum from fucking with those two men. Does that make you happy, John? Seeing your naughty wife getting fucking two men until she is full with their cum?"

"You make me very happy." I told her

"Then eat me John." She told me "Eat their cum from me now. Then you can have your sloppy seconds from your slutty naughty wife"

I got down between her legs. She was soaking. All the cum was flowing out making a small puddle. I licked her to two orgasms before I couldn't stand the torture any longer. I mounted my wife missionary style and began fucking her madly. She was all loose and wet, so much so, that it was difficult to create any friction at all. It didn't matter. I started cumming in about two minutes anyway. I enjoyed one of the best climaxes ever.

We rested for a moment in each other's arms. Sandy confirmed that her exhibitionism was over now. That the slut wife fantasy was finished for this trip and it was back to business. She showered and dressed in a more conservative outfit. It was over.

I kissed Sandy tenderly and thanked her for my best vacation ever. That night at dinner she swore Brad and Frank to secrecy. Sandy wore a modest one piece-bathing suit the rest of the weekend and dressed very prim and proper. We returned home to our usual routine.

As always, I'm already planning our next trip. We are thinking of inviting Brad and Frank to go on an ocean cruise with us. Let me know if you would like to hear about it.