**Our Trip to Spain** Ch. 01

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*This story is based on fact with very little embellishment and is therefore quite mild in comparison to other stories. I am very interested in any feedback you may like to offer.*  
  
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We arrived in Spain late in the evening, after a short flight from the UK. The September temperature was very comfortable and would allow for some leisurely activities without running from place to place to avoid the rain. We booked into our hotel, which was situated just across the road from a shingle beach with just the occasional beachfront bars, bustling with tourists having their evening meals.  
  
Our room was on the first floor with a sliding patio window and balcony overlooking the beach. My mind was already in overdrive merely thinking about the possibilities for some amorous adventures for the week ahead. After a quiet snack and a short walkabout to get our bearings, we headed for bed and soon fell asleep.  
  
At breakfast the following morning the sun was quite warm so we decided to do some sightseeing. You dressed in my favourite white cheesecloth blouse and a mid calf white wraparound skirt that you had bought on a previous holiday. The blouse is made little more interesting as it is a little on the tight side, and tends to gape slightly around your bust. It was obvious to anyone who noticed that you had decided not to wear your bra.   
  
The combination of the sunshine silhouetting you through your clothes and the breeze blowing through your blonde hair made it impossible to take my gaze away from you as we trundled through the narrow streets. We were persuaded to take in a sightseeing tour on a horse drawn carriage, to the delight of the driver, who knew all to well, how to position his mirror and turned around regularly to sneak glimpses of your firm nipples straining against the white blouse.  
  
We arrived back at our hotel around lunchtime and decided to opt for a light lunch on the terrace and enjoyed leisurely Tapas with a couple of glasses of wine before sauntering back into our hotel to get changed for the beach.   
  
To my delight you decided to wear the snakeskin bikini that I had bought you on a previous holiday. You looked absolutely stunning, as it showed off your tanned shapely body perfectly:  
  
The bikini was made from a very thin fabric; the simple, quite narrow panels had a snakeskin design and fitted almost as a second skin. Both the top and bottom could be adjusted by drawing the panels along the strings; the bottom is also tied at the sides. I know that this suit makes your feel very sexy; remembering what happen the last time you wore it. We were watching a couple making love on a nearby boat in a bay in Majorca, you were so aroused, that you could not resist the temptation to slide your fingers into the flimsy gusset of the bikini showing how much you were turned on, then brought yourself to a pleasurable climax for me.   
  
We found a seclude spot along the shingle beach on put our towels under the shade of one of the trees lining the shore, "Rub some lotion on my back." you asked, as you turned on to your stomach. I began to squirt the oily liquid onto my hand and I started on your upper back. You were smiling contently as you wiggled your body to a more comfortable position. I was enjoying myself and proudly looking at you, such an attractive woman with a beautiful figure, only slightly exposed. I continued to rub the lotion into your lower back and sensually over your thighs, and continued the massage, working down slowly to your toes, making your completely relaxed until you seemed to be dozing, and I was quite happy just to watch the talent walking by.  
  
Then as always, after a while when just lying on a beach, I start to get bored, and so to liven up the situation I decided to play with you and maybe get you in a playful mood for the rest of the day.   
  
As you dozed I playfully ran my fingers slowly along the edge of your bikini top and widened the gap between your breasts, so that the edges of your areolas were just visible; the lower half of the top tends to rise up with movement anyway. Your bikini bottom is again made from the same thin narrow material, not lined, and tied neatly at the hips with bows. So being the insatiable show off that I am, I slowly slid the waistband of your bikini down with my little finger as I caressed your flat stomach with my palm, until the top of your neatly trimmed landing strip was clearly visible. Then slipped my finger along the fabric edge to your groin having the effect of leaving the crotch of your bottom noticeably gaping. Much to the amusement of a youngish guy probably mid 20s who although wearing sun glasses was clearly watching every move.  
  
It seemed like eternity waiting until you woke up properly, to see if you would get up and walk with your bikini in the arrangement I had left it. I was finally so frustrated with anticipation, that I woke you, suggesting we go along the beach to a bar for a couple of cocktails. When you got up and shook the towels, your firm breasts left little to the imagination and your bottoms gapped as I had left them. You smiled innocently and took my hand, my heart thumping with stimulation as we walked past numerous people to the beach bar.   
  
The bar was fairly quiet and we sat on high stools at the edge of the bar resting our feet on each others seat. The barman could only see us from the waist upwards, and on seeing you took no time in approaching us to take our order, but seemed to linger, chatting to us as he mixed the drinks. All this time my hand was resting on your thigh, until I gradually moved my fingers up and slid them carefully into the front of your bikini pulling the fabric away from your mound and gently caressing your neatly trimmed pubic hair with the backs of my fingers. You could not move my hand away as it would have been obvious to the barman what we were doing.   
  
A few minutes later he reluctantly moved away to serve another customer who had been waiting patiently at a table, you asked me what the hell I thought I was doing. I replied by asking you if you were enjoying the attention you whispered "yes, but that isn't the point".   
  
At this stage, the erotic charge between us made me even bolder and I dared to pull one of the strings tying the bottoms, slackening the whole gusset, and then cautiously moved the thin fabric over to expose even more of your intimacy, I was ecstatic to see that your lips were now slightly swollen and glistening with excitement.   
  
I couldn't believe how daring we were and how mutually erotic the moment. We were sitting in a quiet part of an open beach bar with me subtly caressing your trimmed pussy; anyone that may have passed close to us could easily have seen our audacious foreplay.   
  
The barman returned and continued talking then began to blatantly take every opportunity to openly look at the exposure of your soft breasts, arousing you to the extent that you moved your arm, willing your aching nipples to escape from the narrowed flimsily top and show him what he wanted  
  
Myself, I just wanted to rip off the bikini and fuck your right there, especially when you lifted your elbow to the bar causing you left nipple to pop into view. The turn on for both of us was tremendous as I continued to rub you discreetly whist making inane conversation with him.   
  
We finished our drinks thought we had better head back to our hotel before we got too carried away. Then you, bravely knowing very well my penchant to voyeur you, allowed me to retie the bottoms knowing that I would tie it as low and loose as possible, but you adjusted your top just to cover your nipple leaving only the darkened edge exposed.   
  
The 10 minute walk back along the beachfront and through the hotel to our room was very intense. You walked beside me without adjusting your bikini but needed to pull it up occasionally when you thought it might fall down completely, and only holding your towel in front of your when you saw someone inappropriate coming towards us. Such was the eroticism of that walk, I felt that my cock was so hard it could have exploded. Once in our room I laid your on the bed and peeled away the crotch of your bikini and slowly kissed and probed your with my tongue, keeping you on the very verge of a climax, then stopping, so as to keep your in a intense state of arousal for the evening ahead. You protested, but knew this daring level of foreplay always heightened our sexual needs and primed us for a lust filled evening.

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After the afternoon's excitement we were more than just looking forward to a very sexy evening. You know I always enjoy watching as you dress to go out, but this evening you mischievously suggested that you would join me in the bar once you were ready. Although somewhat disappointed, my only consolation was the anticipation of knowing that you were still highly aroused and would wear something quite revealing. I wandered down to the bar and ordered some drinks and eagerly waited for you to appear: Always a head turner, your impeccable make up, scrunched blonde hair highlighting your well balanced figure. You're my dream lover. The wife that enjoys all things that makes her husband happy to be with her.  
  
15 minutes or so later I could hear the distinct clatter of your heels. My heart started beating faster and I felt a rush of excitement and anticipation as you came down the stairs into the bar. Then the feeling of immediate rapture as I was delighted to see you dressed for pure lust, wearing only your two piece white suit, the jacket, one of my favorites, is held together by only two buttons, one of which is placed just below your bust line and one slightly lower, and gold colored high-heeled shag-me shoes, which certainly complimented your legs under the medium length skirt. Your tanned breasts nicely exposed with a generous amount of cleavage. Your mere presence generated a fair bit of attention on its own and I could see other men in the bar sneaking a look at you, which excited me even more.  
  
We hadn't booked a restaurant for the evening, so we strolled along some of the quaint alleyways and checked out some of the smaller restaurants before settling for a romantic candle lit bodega. The waiter who was a typical Latin type, slim and good looking, introduced himself as Pete and showed us to our table then slowly pulled out your chair for you to sit, I am sure it was to catch a glimpse of your slightly exposed breasts. I whispered how horny it made me, to see the way other men looked at you and knew by your response that it had the same effect on you. You looked so sensual. I got real pleasure sitting across from you as we picked from a tasty selection of Tapas and didn't even pester you in my usual way for you to undo some buttons. You looked fantastic just the way you were.   
  
Our waiter seemed hooked on you, giving you a lot of personal attention, which always flatters you, and you returned his compliments in a quite flirtatious manner, His attention to detail was impeccable and he made sure we were well satisfied with our meal and service.  
  
After we finished eating, the waiter suggested we might like to take our coffees at the bar downstairs which was more relaxing.  
  
The look in your eyes said it all as you gestured for him to show us the way.  
  
You looked very seductive as you shuffled onto the bar stool giving the obliging waiter occasional glimpses inside your jacket as he took his time meticulously pouring our coffee and liqueurs.   
  
As the evening progressed the mood became more intense and you started flirting with the barman who introduced himself as the owner, his name was Carlo. He was probably in his early fifties; you could tell by his fit appearance that he looked after himself well. He was certainly more than happy to chat, amusing you with double entendres and that sort of thing, all the time savoring your gorgeous sensuality and seemed a little annoyed when he had to go to serve someone else.  
  
As he moved away, I looked you strait in the eye then slowly and deliberately undid the top button of your jacket. You knew exactly what I craved. I think you must have been really turned on, as you made no attempt to stop me.   
  
Another drink was poured and I moved slightly away from you so that I could enjoy the scene. The sexual feeling was euphoric, knowing that on his return he would easily be able see inside your jacket, your full breast and even the erect nipple. When he came back he became more confident now that he knew the game, even complimenting you on your outfit and the way you wore it. The fact that this stranger was enjoying looking at your almost naked breasts was mutually very arousing  
  
We were wondering where to go next and asked him if he could suggest any good venues that would suit us. He mentioned that there was a vibrant jazz club nearby that may interest us. It was further down the road and he said that he goes there most nights after he closes, and, if we went in with him, we would not have to queue. We decided to take him up on his offer and finished our drinks while we waited for him. He was now noticeably looking down at your semi exposed breast at every opportunity as he chatted and tidied up.   
  
When we arrived at the jazz club, Carlo spoke to the doorman who allowed us in immediately. We were ushered upstairs to the bar and dance floor where a jazz quartet were playing smoochy music. He ordered the drinks and we sat down at a table near the edge of the dance floor, the mood was becoming very sexy. The effect of the alcohol loosening your inhibitions had you flirting madly with him, he then asked me, if I would object if he asked you for a dance.   
  
You gave me a mischievous grin as you got up to dance and I felt a mix of jealousy and euphoria as you went to dance with him. I tried to watch you as you danced but you moved into the middle of the floor where there were too many dancing for me to see you. Two or three tunes later I could make you out returning through the crowd to our table. The remaining button on your jacket was now loose and I knew that it was not slack enough to come loose by itself.   
  
Fuck you looked so seductive as you sat down and chatted without redoing the button.   
  
Another smoochy tune and you and I danced together. You were holding me close to you, swaying to the music. I moved my leg in between yours as you ground your crotch intimately against me, feeling the hardness of my rigid cock pressing into your thigh. You teased me by occasionally allowing full views of your delicious swaying breasts as we danced, again I needed to step back and take you in visually so that I could fully appreciate the performance you were giving me.   
  
You took hold of my face and kissed me deeply. We stayed locked together like this until the end of the song. God your body is so delicious  
  
You now had that glowing aura about you that made me think that anything was now possible. We returned to our table and I squeezed your hand tightly, to let you know I loved you very much.   
  
Carlo then asked you for another dance, you looked for my approval and my nod confirmed. This time you danced a sexy salsa, closer to our table, you turned toward me with your back to him and danced against him, feeling his lustful hardness between your buttocks. He placed his hands on your hips and you gazed ecstatically into my eyes as you gyrated to the beat. I could just make out his hands motioning up inside your open jacket and cupping both your breasts, his hot breath on your ear. You moved your hands to cover his and massaged his hands into your breasts; I was both excited and amazed at this open display of sensuality before my eyes.  
  
You were clearly enjoying the attention and couldn't fail to become aware that several couples around us had noticed your performance. It was amazingly erotic and it really wasn't hurting anyone. I was certainly turned on by your lusty performance.  
  
When the music finished you kissed him lightly on the cheek and continued to flirt with him on his dancing style as you returned to the table.  
  
I asked why your breathing was suddenly so heavy. You whispered to me that it was because you were very aroused, almost having had a climax when you felt his hands move up to your breasts and at the thought someone might see you behaving like this.   
  
You then said that we better order a taxi rather than walk back to the hotel. He asked for one more dance before we said goodbye but you declined, feeling you could not trust yourself if you had another dance with him.   
  
The taxi arrived, as we were getting in the back , our new friend asked if he could have a lift as far as our hotel as it was on his way home, we obliged and he slid in the back with us, leaving you in the middle. Your jacket was still unbuttoned and open as we drove along, giving us a perfect view of your full breasts and excited pink nipples.  
  
You leaned over and gave me a sweet kiss, uttering a feeble groan, and then turned it into a deep French kiss as I reached over and cupped your breast, my fingers manipulating your erect nipple to increase the excitement. When the kiss ended, Carlo looked at me to confirm my willingness and then slid his hand over your other breast at the same time. You were really turned on, as you made no attempt to stop us. This was the first time in your life you had allowed anything like this to happen.   
  
We arrived at our hotel a little after midnight and all got out of the car, we said our goodbyes, and Carlo thanked us, for what was a most memorable evening and invited us back to his bodega the following evening.  
  
We walked through the foyer and up to our room, our hands all over each other, my whole body trembling with desire. I opened the door to the room, dimly lit by the streetlight across the road. The room was uncomfortably chilled as I had left on the air con on so opened the patio window to our balcony. Across the road and looking up as you switched on the light was our friend Carlo.  
  
I called you over to wave, but first could not resist slipping your jacket off your shoulders. Instinctively you knew what I desired and recklessly just said "yeh why not" then slipped your thumbs into the waistband of skirt and slowly slid it down your long luscious legs before stepping out of it and cautiously stepping into the light and then onto the balcony totally naked. Your hands teasingly covering your perfect breasts until you placed one arm around my back and waved with the other.  
  
My stomach was somersaulting at the possibilities.

**Another Trip to Spain**

We were away for a weekend in Puerto Banus in Spain and were going out for special birthday, champagne and all the works. My wife, as usual, had dressed to please me in a white cotton dress that was tied gypsy style across her breasts. Although not overtly see through, it gapped sufficiently showing she was not wearing a bra. Underneath, which she was completely naked, she had shaved herself so that no shadows would show her missing clothing.   
  
I had been extremely turned on all evening as we dinned in this rather posh restaurant in the harbour area, separated from the waters edge by a road that was closed to traffic during the evenings. We were sat on a table next to the road with many people passing. It was fantastic just to sit and people watch. Most were fairly well dressed and most of the women were dressed for the night out, some were ultra sexy. This harbour area becomes a real playground with its many bars and clubs.   
  
We had visited this place about 18 years previously when we were quite naïve as to the goings on in the world. Anyway now we were there again, this time more mature and wiser. We watched people and people watched us. During the evening meal we spoke of our passions and our fantasies, enjoying each other's company.   
  
The champagne had gone to our heads and I started teasing my wife by pulling the knot holding her top loose. It was like loosening a shoelace; the entire top became slack and brought more of her cleavage into view. I'm sure the waiters at the restaurant had seen it all before but were too professional in their manner to stare. We asked for the bill and went for a walk along the harbour side. I was extremely proud to be promenading with her on my arm, her good looks and figure turned a few heads, and with every step her top seemed to loosen even more.   
  
We stopped to admire a beautiful wooden yacht. It had far more quality than most of the plastic Gin Palaces around. Two of the crew were enjoying a beer on the gangplank and saw us admiring the boat; we started chatting to them about the boat how it was built. They constantly replied with innuendos like "yes she's in very good shape" "we love the fine lines" "moves really well" and that sort of thing, my wife certainly understood their meaning and was blushing when we left, and told me being in their presence had turned her on.  
  
We decided to try and find a Piano Bar that we had visited on the previous visit. It seemed larger than before and the atmosphere was great, you didn't order drinks at the bar as there were several stewards going around and taking orders. By this time we were really in a party mood, the place was very crowded, and my wife's dress was really gaping. Much of the deep vee of her tanned flesh was exposed.   
  
I noticed one guy with his wife leaning against the rail watching us intently I sort of acknowledged them as his eyes were fixed on my wife's exposed cleavage. By this time she was leaning/sitting against me as I sat on a high bar stool facing the couple. His wife was also very smart, dressed in a pale blue cocktail dress, with a deep halter neck partially covering her smallish pert breasts.   
  
The music was loud and vibrant so we cold not really talk. I had my hand around my wife's waist and watched the other couple watch us. Already aroused by the possibilities of this encounter, I moved my hand up around the side of her dress and up to her shoulder then gripping the top slowly pulled it over her shoulder to reveal more of her breast to them. I didn't even consider at this stage whether or not she approved as I was in heaven knowing that I was allowing this couple to gaze on my wife's delights.   
  
They started to respond as though we were in some sort of sexual competition and he moved his hand up to cup his wife's breast. Now I needed to enlighten my wife as to what was happening and nodded to her in their direction. She looked across and saw them smiling at us, then looked down to see what they were able to see, most of the mounds of her breasts were exposed. She smiled back at me and gripped my fingers; a few moments later, I took her gaze in mine and turned her around to face me and gently pulled her shoulder strap back into place then started undoing the tie on her blouse, not stopping until it was completely removed.   
  
I was so hard that my wife could feel me as she pressed against me. At this time she knew what I craved and turned back towards to other couple knowing the pleasure I would get from this show. The tension was electric. The top was now loose to her navel and she purposefully gyrated her side against my hardness and allowed more of her nakedness to be seen. The feeling I was getting was indescribable I could not believe how this encounter was developing! The other guy moved his hand inside the woman's dress was still gently rolling his her nipple between his thumb and finger as they us watched intently. My wife's delectable soft mounds must now have been almost exposed to them.   
  
I needed to see! I moved from the stool to stand in front of her. Yes much of her cleavage was exposed. The eroticism of the moment increased my boldness and I once more slid my hand to gently caress her shoulder then slipping my thumb under the strap, gently pulled it slightly over her left shoulder, hoping that gravity would do the rest. I watched expectantly as the strap slipped slowly down her arm before finally letting the fabric fall from her tanned breast and bringing her exited rock hard nipple into view.   
  
I turned to see if we were still being watched. Yes we were and he was now holding his wife in front of him, his hands not in view, I got the impression he was feeling her from behind. Through the excitement I began to consider the consequences of our actions and decided to cool it from them. I didn't want to give them the opinion that we were looking for action with them, as we have never been with other partners since we met.   
  
I moved us to a different part of the bar and fortunately they did not follow. My wife pulled back her strap to the edge of her shoulder and we ordered another drink, twice more in the bar she let her strap fall for me as though it was accidental, once just before the steward returned, so that, as he brought our drinks her nipple just popped into view for him. His eyes happily dropped as he openly took advantage of what was being shown to him.   
  
The short walk back to our hotel was also very memorable; her strap just kept falling down and allowing many that night to see her exposure. The hotel foyer was more or less deserted apart from the male desk clerk so I encouraged her not to pull up her strap as we walked to his desk to collect our key. The feelings of excitement again overtook my senses as she exposed herself for my pleasure. Yes he noticed and feasted his eyes on her 'accidentally' exposure. It was so stimulating I thought we'd never make it to our room.   
  
In the lift our lips met and my hands moved slip the strap off her shoulder completely, the doors opened at our floor, but unfortunately there was no one there but me to appreciate her exposure.   
  
A lot of kissing and fondling took place as we headed along the corridor to our room, hoping that a door may open and we would be caught, we arrived at our room desperate for each others bodies and made love with the lights full on and the curtains fully open the excitement of the fact that someone may be attracted by the light and take advantage of the erotic scene we were offering, stimulating our fulfillment.