**Amber Gets in Trouble**

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I'm lucky my husband, Wallace, loves me the way I am. Sometimes I make it difficult for him; sometimes it's easy.  
  
We're sharing a big beach towel, side by side on our backs, in the afternoon sun. Wallace has an entirely unremarkable pair of swim trunks that guys get away with. I'm wearing the bottom half of one of my smallest bikinis, probably his favorite. Since I have some skirts and pants with a low waist, where tan lines would interfere, I've pulled down the bikini bottom's straps over my hips, though it still covers what it needs to. It gets the attention of men walking by, checking me out: they might wonder if I wanted to strip completely and chickened out at the last moment, or am just daring myself to do it in stages. Even though my breasts are bare, they want to see more.  
  
They'll be disappointed; showing more is not allowed here. Going topless is fine, and many, many women are wearing no more than I am, but a sign at the entrance prohibits full nudity and lewd behavior. We're not at a nude beach; in fact, we're not even at a beach.  
  
It's ingenious what the resort has done here: on an expanse of rooftop above the casino floor, there is a fake beach. Gentle slopes of real sand lead to a concrete deck surrounding a glittering blue pool. There are private cabanas, a bar with all kinds of tropical drinks, and Polynesian music piped in. The whole area is adults only, and bikini tops are definitely optional; there's a lot of bare skin here.  
  
Wallace has a triple standard about his wife going topless. In private, he prefers me wearing as little as possible, and he doesn't have to insist. I love how much I can turn him on visually, even before we touch. However, when other guys can see me, he'd rather have me cover up, even though I don't want to. He's still very possessive in that way. Here at the fake beach, I know that all these other men enjoying the sight of me has him on edge, though he's learned to be more tolerant about it. On the third hand, he still has a roving eye for other women, even though he acknowledges that's a little unfair. Early on, I used to catch him looking; he'd notice he was caught, and immediately start gazing very intently at nothing at all. Now he knows I don't mind if he looks, and he doesn't mind if I check out the guys. But he still has issues with other guys looking at me.  
  
What other guys see is a woman born in Hong Kong but raised in the U.S., with long, very dark brown hair; a cute face and smile (so my husband says), slender all over, with breasts on the small side (especially when lying on my back). My nipples are small and brown, and Wallace can tell that I'm semi-turned on by laying out like this, but he knows how stiff they can get.  
  
Our spot is near the shallow end of the pool, and great for people-watching. There are countless cute women here, some of them in bikini bottoms so small they obey the "no nudity" rule in name only. A blonde girl that can't be much older than the minimum age here climbs out of the pool wearing a robin's-egg blue bikini bottom that probably isn't meant to actually be worn in the water. It's transparent now, and would show her pubic hair clearly if she hadn't shaved it off. The view even catches my interest. Her boyfriend looks like he has planned all this. It's almost a certainty that he's thought of it. I nudge Wallace, but he already notices.  
  
Later, his head turns, and I follow his gaze. A couple of college-aged Asian girls approach, both topless, and they're captivating. Wallace does admit having a "thing" for girls from our neck of the woods, but he insists it's not a fetish. One girl is a lot like me, slightly taller and slim, in a small bikini bottom. She has sunglasses, so I can't see much of her face but a pert nose and lips. Wallace does like faces, but there's much more of this girl to see. The other girl has larger breasts, a set any man would notice right away, and more in the hips as well. As a last resort, or perhaps deliberately, she seems to have picked something out of the lingerie drawer, a sheer white panty with a bit of lace.  
  
As Wallace watches them pass by, another guy is checking me out, giving me more attention than to the other women. He looks me up and down. He's in very good shape, a bit of a blond hair on a muscular chest and stomach, wearing terrycloth shorts as white as a movie star's smile. He walks by again, in the same direction, less than a few minutes later. I pretend not to notice this. Maybe he's looking for his car keys, or the men's room; or maybe he wants a longer look at me, but has to split it up. I nudge with the straps on my bikini a little lower; just to avoid tan lines, of course. Maybe I can slip the whole thing off, quickly fold it up, and lay it on top of the one thing it still needs to cover.  
  
Who am I kidding. I wish I could be naked now, not even just for him; to have everyone admire my whole body, hiding nothing. I'm not brave enough to make this happen, but I can still fantasize about it. Every inch of my body out in the warm sun, the way it should be. My hand would find its way between my legs, tickling my pubic hair first, as I marvel that it's all out in the open; then I'd touch myself, hesitant at first, teasing my lips and feeling them swell and moisten. I'd realize again that I was being watched, and I'd move my hand to my side, but leave my legs where they were. I would care less and less about modesty, and everyone would see how wet I was. This would turn me on more, and I'd have to touch myself again, my tingling nipples and throbbing pussy; to avoid worrying about everyone watching, I'd simply close my eyes. The whole thing would spiral into a rather public climax, here on my beach towel. I don't think Wallace would approve of that, so I restrain myself and keep the bikini bottom on.   
  
The man in the white shorts is at the opposite side of the pool now. He looks like a tennis player; maybe he's an instructor. He's handsome enough that I can easily imagine him taking one of the girls here away for a private lesson. She's young, flirtatious, sexy, and bouncy; she wears both parts of her bikini, but the top can barely contain what it needs to as she tries to volley his serve. Embarrassed, she calls time out to adjust it after a pink nipple peeks out. He comes to her side, letting his touch linger as he corrects her posture. Soon the bikini is no longer a problem because it's off, and the tennis part of the session is over.  
  
I'll probably never find out his name, so I call him Dennis, the tennis guy.  
  
Wallace is ready to take me back to the hotel room, having enjoyed enough of the local scenery, not to mention his darling topless wife, almost bottomless in her semi-pulled down bikini bottom. It's time to him to finish taking that off, and have his way with me, but in a more appropriate place. He picks up our towel, to return to the attendant, and I pick up my bikini top. I'm ready to go straight to the room with him, but heed the desire to make him wait, as well as the twinkle of another idea that hasn't even completely formed yet. I want to walk through the shopping area first, an indoor concourse like a high-end mall, designed to capture back any large winnings the casino might hand out. He grudgingly agrees. As we leave the pool area, he tells me to put my top back on but I brush him off; I'll do it a little later but not right now. I brace myself against the chill of the air-conditioned corridor leading to the shopping arcade.  
  
There are plenty of women shopping in bikinis; this is a place where guys who hate malls might change their minds. But I am the only one topless. As I expected, it's a bigger turnon than it was outside. I don't tell Wallace any of this, as he's anxious to have me dressed again. I decide I'll delay putting on my top until one of the resort staff forces me to. So far no one has. The women seem to be amused at my appearance; none of the men object at all. It's nice having Wallace at my side, as people don't really bother me; they look, but don't touch. Even one security guy sneaks a peek before continuing his survey of the area, and I wonder if anyone except my husband wants me to cover up.  
  
Wallace glances at my chest. "This whole thing is turning you on, isn't it?"  
  
I admit it does. It's not just the air conditioning. I touch my breast and brush a finger against a hard nipple, just to check.  
  
"Don't do that," he scolds. "It looks bad."  
  
He's right, and I reluctantly drop my hand. Bad behavior might compel the staff to insist that I cover up; and I really want to see how long I can go without my top. Anyway, other parts of me are responding as well, places where it would be even worse manners to check.  
  
Sometimes I wish Wallace wasn't so prudish when I was in public. Suppose he was more daring than I was; what if he had coaxed me into keeping my top off, and would even tease me by trying to pull my bikini bottom down? Each time it happened I would shriek in fright, even though that would draw more attention to me, basically naked and fumbling to grab the strip of fabric bunched around my knees. Dozens, maybe hundreds of men would get a good look at my bare bottom and bush. Suppose we got into a tug of war and it tore completely off, and I'd cry in anguish as I now had nothing to wear. Maybe he'd run away with it, and I'd run after him naked, even though the tattered bikini bottom was no longer wearable. Maybe I'd get lost.  
  
Maybe it's best that Wallace is a good influence instead of bad. What I'm doing now is risky enough.  
  
I turn from a shop window and notice a familiar face a few stores back: Dennis the tennis guy, checking me out through a crowd of people. Following me. Wallace doesn't notice and I don't tell him.  
  
It's getting more crowded; Wallace holds my hand so we don't get separated. I shiver as people brush against me, mostly unintentionally; but we are close enough that some men are taking surreptitious liberties, mostly from behind, a covert squeeze or pinch or caress. A man's hand lingers at my bottom. I glance behind me; Dennis has closed the gap. I pretend not to notice him, not to be bothered. There are enough people around that he can stay close to me without being obvious.  
  
We're at a central atrium now, a junction of two concourses, and it's as congested as an LA freeway overpass. We slow to a stop as spectators crowd around a performer, bubbly and cute, dressed in a translucent yellow leotard, juggling apples, then bananas, then an airborne fruit salad. For those men not fans of juggling, her body offers its own attractions.  
  
Since Wallace is holding my left hand, Dennis stands behind me, to my right, idly caressing my bottom and hips, no longer settling for a touch here and there. His warm hands slide over bikini and bare skin easily. I get the feeling that my bikini is in the way, that he would prefer to take it off. I find myself swaying a little, or maybe just shifting my weight, but he takes it as confirmation that I approve of what he's doing. He traces the curves the bikini takes around my hips, below my waist, over my bottom. His hand grazes my belly, and dips downward, atop that little triangle of material still covering something. I suppose I should brush his hand away, set some limits; but the opportunity passes. He strokes me there, sensing the heat and hunger beneath; by now, I've decided I like that very much and am happy to let him keep arousing me for a while. I do hope that Wallace doesn't turn around at an inopportune time.  
  
I wonder how far I'll let Dennis venture, when he takes a much greater risk, reaching up to cup his hand underneath the curve of my bare breast. I shiver and involuntarily clasp Wallace's hands tighter. He reads it as affection and returns the grip, while looking straight ahead. Dennis is taking a huge chance, fondling both breasts and exploring, playing with my tender, erect nipples while he can get away with it; I don't want him to stop quite yet. I just hope he's quick enough to retreat if Wallace starts to turn around.  
  
He wants more; I can sense it. He wants me back in his room, on my back on his bed, screaming and moaning and sweating and out of breath, as he fucks me so hard and so skillfully that when we finally take a break, I'm unable to move, as if all the bones have been taken from my body. He's wanted that since he first saw me on the beach towel. He knows that's not possible, but he's obsessed enough, and foolhardy enough, to have as much of a taste as he can.  
  
Both his hands are at my waist again, where it's a little safer; it seems like he's backing off from being so daring to fondle my bare breasts. I find out he's not backing off at all. His fingers slip inside my waistband at the back and sides. It's all I'm wearing, and his hands are underneath. Very suddenly I'm letting him reaching inside in front, stretching the bikini bottom as his fingers brush through my pubic hair, lower, and I still haven't stopped him yet. I shiver as his finger slides along my pussy lips, which are already wet. I have to be careful how I react; a too-tight grip on Wallace's hand may prod him to turn around.  
  
Dennis seems to have a lot he wants to do, and realizes there is not much time. He slips a finger inside me, and I just about jump into the air, at the same time he peels the bikini down with his other hand, so I'm not only topless but bare-bottomed. I'm very much turned on at this point, but there's still a sliver of panic as his right hand leaves my now-exposed pussy so he can use both hands to pull my bikini bottom further down. It's past my knees now; I'll be in huge trouble if Wallace sees this. I need to get Dennis to put it back on. But it's all the way down, loose at my ankles, with the straps tickling the arches of my feet.  
  
The crowd around us shifts a little, as some people make their way out, and Wallace, still looking forward, leads me by the hand to a closer spot. I don't want to stumble or otherwise get his attention, so I tiptoe out of my bikini. I want to keep an eye on Wallace, so I don't dare turn around to see if Dennis picks it up. He returns to me, caressing my bare bottom and bare pussy, a finger between my hot, swelling lips. I don't think he has a third hand to hold my bikini. It's gone. I'm naked, and not only that, well on the way to an orgasm, and I just can't worry about the missing bikini right now.  
  
Wallace is a few feet away from me now; our hands connect between two strangers standing close together. We almost can't see each other. Now Dennis can wrap both arms around me, hugging my naked body to his as he expertly strokes my breasts and pussy. I can feel his erection straining against his shorts, pressing against my bottom. He's going to make me come. He pinches a nipple, and it's like an electric shock, spicing up the pleasant buildup of warmth inside me, from his fingers along my bare skin. My pussy lips stretch against one finger, then two, in as far as they can go, driving me crazy as they bump each other and stroke inside me.  
  
There's not much keeping me from turning around and letting him do whatever he desires. It's all about want now. I'm vulnerable, and hungry, and at his mercy. I think he has more of a sense than I do of what can be done and what would go too far, and "too far" is anything that would cause him to have to stop. His finger slips in and out of me, sliding along my tingling lips, just a zzzing of pleasure as he finds just the right spot before shimmying back between my lips, into my steaming pussy. I'm biting my lip, trying to stay quiet, trying not to breathe too hard, even though my heartbeat has just about doubled. I want him to make this last, but he knows he needs to hurry, and he's already figured out how to send me over the top.  
  
A bunch of people have to be watching at this point. I don't even try to look around and see. They're watching a nude, horny woman get expertly fingerfucked; then they see her come.  
  
The climax feels so intense that it takes all my will to avoid crying out and avoid clenching Wallace's hand too hard. I think I succeed, not because I know for sure but because my husband appears not to notice. Dennis holds me close to him as I come down to earth. He's very hard now, poking against the small of my back. It feels like he's also nude, and just holding up a towel between us for propriety's sake. I love the image of that, and picture his tight round butt, his muscular legs and abs, his curly pubic hair and long, thick cock pointing out. I want to sign up for one of his imaginary tennis lessons. I want what he wants, to be taken to his room. That's not possible; but touching him here would be, if my hands weren't full. Wallace is holding my left, and my bikini top is in my right. But I wonder why I'm still holding onto the top; I don't intend to put it on anytime soon, and without the bottom, what's the point? I don't have plans for the top right now. I open my hand and let it drop.  
  
Dennis doesn't pick it up, and I realize I can't count on it staying where it fell. It's too enticing a souvenir. I realize with a thrill that my bikini is probably gone. I'm naked, without a safety net, having just enjoyed a great climax and convincing myself I want to return the favor.  
  
I reach behind me, find his flat stomach, with a bit of soft hair that gets thicker the lower I reach. His shorts have a waistband with a lot of give. I reach inside, and he's so hard, and I love how it feels. All this power and desire for me. The shorts are loose, but there's not really enough room inside, especially as he grows even stiffer at my touch. His fingers trace lazy paths along my nude body that make me tingle. He's going to make me come again.  
  
I feel along the shaft for the tip. The shorts begin to annoy me. I fish my hand out and try to shove his shorts down. He helps and his cock springs free. I can't see behind me, but it feels like he's taken them all the way off. I'm so wet. He crouches down a little and pokes between my legs, rubbing me between them and it's so delicious. I wish he could be inside me, but there's no way to do it if I stand up straight; and if I don't, then Wallace will certainly find out what's going on.  
  
He stands up again, and I curl my fingers around his shaft, moving my hand gently back and forth. I can't grab too hard because my hand is dry. If he were inside I could squeeze him as tight as I wanted; I'm so slippery. I wonder if Dennis or Wallace notices my scent. I wonder if the others around me can.  
  
I haven't thought exactly about what to do if Dennis climaxes. He made me come, and I want him to come too, but the aftermath is of course very different. The moment arrives quickly enough; I feel him clench up and stop moving. Then there is a splash of hot semen against my backside, just above my butt, and another, and each pulse dots me with more of his juices. I let him go; he's reluctantly, gradually getting soft.  
  
Suddenly he's gone. I don't even have to turn around to know he's no longer close by. I wonder how I'm going to explain this to Wallace. There's no way to cover it up; I'm naked and have another guy's come dripping down onto my bare bottom. I'll have to worry about that later; I can do nothing about it now. I'm still horny, so I start touching myself. The whole need for any sort of discretion seems to have gone, except for Wallace, so I don't worry about what other people might see. They see my finger deep inside myself, and back out, glistening with my juices. They see me playing with my swelling lips. They see my leave smears of pussy juice on my breasts as I touch my nipples. If I come now, I might as well make noise; there's not much to hide anymore.  
  
There's sudden, moist but clean heat at my back, and I realize it's a washcloth, soaked in hot water. Dennis is back, and cleaning me off. I can't express how grateful I am. After the washcloth is a clean towel, and then I'm as good as new. I'm still naked, with no prospect of getting dressed, but that problem seems minor in comparison. I'm still turned on, and am about to touch myself again when he takes my hand and gives me something. It's my bikini, both parts. I grasp it. He tickles my bottom with a fingertip, and then he's gone for good.

That's my signal to start behaving again, and figuring out a way, if possible, to get myself dressed. I don't know exactly how I'll do it with one hand. I'm still trying to think of an idea when Wallace tugs my hand, and threads us through the crowd toward the elevators for our rooms.  
  
He glances back at me, with an already prepared frown of disapproval; he's not surprised that I haven't put my bikini top back on. When he realizes I'm naked, he's dumbfounded for a moment, before he takes me aside, next to a tall potted plant. "Amber, what the hell? How long have you had this off?"  
  
"Most of the time."  
  
"You realize how many people have seen you?"  
  
"A lot." He would have insisted I put on the bikini by now, were he not so upset and surprised. I'm in no hurry to put it back on.  
  
"Did anyone touch you?"  
  
Hmmm. "A few people did. We were in a crowd." I have a guilty smile, like I enjoyed it despite myself, because I know it will needle him.  
  
"Where did they touch you?"  
  
"Just about everywhere. Too tempting, I think."  
  
"Where?"  
  
"Here," I say, reaching behind for my bottom with both hands. "And here," I say, caressing my breasts and pinching my nipples.  
  
"Why didn't you say anything?"  
  
I shook my head. "I didn't want to make a scene." I wonder if he'll spank me if I get him angry enough, though he's not really angry, just shocked. Part of me wants him to spank me so hard I cry, even though he's never laid a hand on me in anger. If he were to spank me naked, in a crowd, my bare bottom quivering and red, I'd probably come.  
  
"Anything else?"  
  
"A guy did touch me here," I say, and placed a fingertip inside my tingling pussy. "I couldn't get away. He, um-"  
  
"Upstairs," he says thickly. His eyes narrow in a way that once would have frightened me, but I recognize the look now. He wants my body and can wait no longer. He tugs me by the hand to the elevator. Another couple is about to step in, but the girl sees me and pulls her man back.  
  
We have the elevator to ourselves and say nothing. He pushes down his shorts and his cock springs up. I reach for it, but he has other plans. He lifts me against the mirrored wall; my skin rubs against the glass. I wrap my legs around his hips and he enters me. There is no need for foreplay; we are both ready, though I have to stretch to take him inside for the first few strokes, the ones that sometimes feel the most intense of all.  
  
He has the presence of mind to punch our floor button. The door opens and he shuffles into the hallway, with my body still wrapped around him and his cock still inside me. There are people around, and they're getting quite a show. His shorts are still around his thighs, but I'm nude, and my bikini, which I left in the elevator, is headed back to the lobby. He leans me against the wall as he fishes for his keycard. Inside, before the door even clicks shut, he nearly throws me on the bed; I bounce once, and then he is on top of me and back inside.  
  
It's over quickly; neither of us can wait; but we won't be doing it just once. We turn over so I'm on top of him. He gazes into my eyes, both of us bathing in post-orgasmic euphoria.  
  
"So what really happened back there?" he said. "I made a point of not turning around."  
  
I tell him everything. I could have omitted some things, but I don't keep secrets from him.  
  
One thing I "forgot" to mention: Wallace and I swap sex partners sometimes; we'd call it "swinging" except it seems like something our parents' generation would do. We fool around with some good friends, and select people who have become good friends. It's a thrill for both of us, but for different reasons.  
  
I've broken new ground by fooling around with a stranger -- I still don't know Dennis's real name -- but Wallace is OK with it, within reason. We both knew that vacationing in this resort, where no one knows us, might have led to that. There are never secrets between us for long; just long enough to add extra spice. Though I shared my body with Dennis, and Wallace has thoroughly enjoyed some of my cuter, more open-minded friends, that's just for fun. There's a profound, complex, solid, and trusting emotional and physical connection between Wallace and me that is never shared with anyone else.  
  
"So what do you want to do for fun?" I say. "Those two Asian girls?"  
  
"You read my mind," he says with a twinkle in his eye.  
  
"You sure you can keep both of us busy?"  
  
"The question is, can I keep the three of you busy."  
  
I like the sound of that. "Hopefully they're down by the pool still. Too bad we have to get dressed."  
  
He sighs. "Too bad indeed."  
  
I'm lucky my husband loves me the way I am. Sometimes I make it difficult for him; sometimes it's easy.