Castle Showdown  
By Jennifer Doalfer  
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(Exhib, MF, Wife)

For many years we have been celebrating our anniversary by going to some amusement park or the like, with me dressed somewhat provocatively wearing lightweight or semi-transparent clothes, enjoying the thrill of knowing people were looking at me. Often we relieved our arousal in some public area nearby, imagining that people could be watching us.

However, for the last couple of years we have gone through a phase of too much work and stress which affected our relationship, to the extent that I had actually moved out of home for a while. I am happy to say we are back together again. The workload is still there, but we seem to be better able to cope with the stress without taking it out on each other. Unfortunately it’s had a negative influence on our sex lives. My dreams, and the excitement they sparked, have not been so intense, probably because of the lack of time. Also, it seems that the stress has limited Poul’s “abilities” somewhat. He feels embarrassed and it probably has also had a general effect on me, as it leaves me frustrated if I get this pent up and mere manual stimulation cannot satisfy it.

So, a couple of weeks before our anniversary when Poul said that this year he had booked a four-day stay at a secret location for us to celebrate in a different, more romantic setting, I received the news with mixed feelings. I still enjoy the exhibitionism we practised, and even though the actual ensuing act might lack something, I still felt that a “romantic only” stay was not exactly what I needed. But I didn’t want to say no, as I was afraid that he had chosen this solution in order to be spared the embarrassment of not being able to perform when we reached that part of the night.

“What clothes should I take?” I asked innocently as I packed the suitcase the night before we had to leave.

“Both kinds,” Poul answered, knowing perfectly well what I was asking. “You never know what opportunities might arise,” he continued with a lewd smirk. I guess that meant there was still some hope.

So I packed for walks in the woods, days at the beach, decent dinners and not so decent public displays -- with a slight arousal already building up.

“Where are we going?” I asked as we got into the car the next morning. I had already found out that we were going by car and not by plane as I needed to know that when planning distribution between the suitcases of “prohibited items” such as nail files and scissors.

“That is for me to know, and for you to find out – as late as possible,” he replied keeping the eyes on the road as the morning traffic out of Copenhagen was getting hectic.

We drove for almost two hours, the roads getting narrower and narrower, entering parts of Denmark I had never seen before, and certainly hadn’t known contained such a beautiful landscape. We hit a gravel road and finally as we turned a corner around the edge of a forest, a huge old castle or chateau with moat, tower and flying standard emerged.

“Whow!” I couldn’t help myself exclaiming. I knew this part of the country had some nice old castles, but I had never seen this one.

“The castle, now a hotel, was only opened to the public last year. It is very exclusive so they are not advertising their existence. Only those it the right circles know about it,” Poul explained.

“When did you enter those circles?” I asked as I didn’t feel we belonged to any blue-blooded line of aristocrats.

“Well, I didn’t,” Poul explained with a smile. “But I heard a patient of mine describing it, and I asked him if he could swing a reservation for us for our anniversary. When he heard of the idea of taking you there as a surprise anniversary gift, he caught on immediately and made all the arrangements for me.”

The place was fantastic. They lowered the drawbridge over the moat as we announced our arrival at a small phone in a guardhouse. Young boys in medieval dress took our suitcases and drove the car out of the courtyard and into a hidden parking area in the woods, so no cars would be visible from the castle. The check-in was equally impressive; somehow they already knew who we were, so there was no signing in or pre-registering credits cards. A very attractive hostess took us to our suite, which must have been the biggest in the place, occupying the entire width of the end of one of the wings. The view was excellent, the moat and a lake in front, a foot bridge to a park across and behind a long row of trees you could see the sea less than a kilometre away.

However, the view was nothing compared to the suite. At the front it had a large room, with a knight in shining armour with a full-length lance which didn’t even reach the high ceiling. There was a bar, seating arrangements with sofa and large armchairs, enough for a small party, all in royal blue with gold motifs. The bedroom was so large that the huge, four-poster bed at the far end seemed like a child’s bed. The bathroom had real gold taps, whirlpool, sauna and steam bath. I had never seen anything like it.

I think Poul was as taken aback as I was.

“I don’t even know how much this is going to cost,” he said, shaking his head. “My friend just said he would take care of the arrangements, and I didn’t think it was right to start asking about the price”.

“Let’s not worry about that now. Let’s just enjoy it now we are here. What do you want to do now?” I asked him.

“Well, tomorrow is all arranged with meals etc. planned for the day, but I haven’t organised anything for today or the other days, so I guess we can do as we like. Maybe unpacking, then a quick snack for lunch and then a trip to the beach? We can ask reception to book us a table for dinner in the local fishing village which I’ve been told has some excellent fish restaurants.”

Poul seemed to have it pretty much worked out already, so I just agreed and started unpacking. We ended up having sandwiches served in the room, and, as we relaxed afterwards, Poul produced a small gift-wrapped parcel.

“This is a small ‘day-before’ gift for you,” he said with an embarrassed smile.

I knew that smile, so I wasn’t really surprised when I unpacked the smallest tanga bikini I ever remember having seen. Life on the Danish beaches had changed radically over the last 4 or 5 years. Before that everybody would be sunbathing, swimming and even playing at the beach topless and in many areas along the west coast even totally naked. But a new generation of shy teenagers, disgusted with their parents ’68-style liberation, now populated the beaches in swimsuits, which still didn’t leave much to the imagination, but at least was not signalling a connection with their parents’ generation. Last time I had been topless at a beach I had been aware of stares, which were no longer admiring, but rather critical. Not so much, at least I hope not, because of my body, but because it really wasn’t acceptable to the young people that their parents’ generation still went topless on the beaches. I am not looking that old, and I believe I am still attractive, but I also realise that you have follow the trend of the time. With this swimsuit I would be “dressed” but might just as well be naked.

Even though I had just had a bikini shave, which left bare all but a little puff of hair at the top of the slit, I still had to get the shaver out and trim a bit more of the hair as the front part of the bikini bottoms was no more than two or three centimetres wide at the top, thinning into a narrow band digging in between my pussy lips, turning it into only a string not even visible between the buttocks. The top was as flimsy, again with no more than the same amount of material covering the nipples, and the rest just strings. Oh, and I didn’t mention that the material was rose coloured and very thin, bordering on transparent.

When I modelled it for Poul he came over to me and while kissing me, pulled up the front of the bikini bottom so it dug further into my pussy.

“I think you like these,” he said as his fingers played with my lips which were already swollen and wet.

“Uhmmm, yes. But let’s not waste the excitement now. Let’s keep it for later, please,” I whispered in his ear.

I threw on a light summer dress over the bikini, packed a bag with towels, sun lotion, books and something to drink. On the way down we arranged for reception to book us a table at a restaurant in the village and organise transport as we didn’t want to drive.

When we got to the beach it turned out that that there were more stones than sand and that quite a few people were crammed together at the only part with soft sand. There were grass patches and dunes, but going to the beach, in my mind, meant lying on the sand on your towels, not in chairs on the grass. Otherwise we might just as well have stayed at home.

We managed to find some space when a family left just as we arrived. It was as far from the sea as you could get without leaving the beach. You could actually comfortably lean against the elevated grassy bank, which was up to half a meter in height.

The space was small but we managed to get our large towel laid out flat. I don’t think my attempt at dropping the dress and lying down without attracting too much attention was very successful. Lying on my tummy, getting my book out, I could hear the guys one row down towards the sea making giggling comments, and I was fairly certain I knew the cause. But even with the thong digging in between my buttocks, I didn’t think there was too much on display, so I spent the next half hour reading until finally we got hot and sweaty and the sea became too irresistible.

Walking towards the water was, however, not something that could be done while remaining decent. I don’t think there was a pair of eyes on that small beach which didn’t follow me. I could see them first looking neutrally in the general direction of our movements, then focussing eyes and attention, perhaps nudging a friend in the side; the first stare concentrated on my breasts where the material proved totally inadequate in controlling the swaying of my breasts. I pretended not to be aware that the nipples were outside the material as much as inside. Soon that was no problem because as I had to step around bags, towels and people, I noticed the shift the glares, away from my breasts and down between my legs, where the long strides over obstacles totally bared my shaved pussy, with only a crumpled piece of material digging in between my pussy lips. I hoped the flush on my face would be written off as pertaining to the sun, but I knew the swollen nipples and red wet swollen pussy lips wouldn’t. The last bit, where the sand was wet, was free of people, which allowed me to run the last few metres into the sea, splashing through the small waves and throwing myself into the water, finally being able to get most of my body out of sight.

“That was some show,” Poul laughed when he caught up with me.

“Yeah," well, I hope you got your money’s worth. If your intention was to show me off in that skimpy bikini, you certainly got your way.” I wasn’t really angry with him, which he knew perfectly well.

We splashed around a bit, swam along the coast and ended up a good bit away from our sandy beach.

“I think I will get out here and walk back on the grass. I felt a little funny about getting back out of the water with everybody being prepared for the show,” I said as I made my way towards the more stony part of the beach.

Back at our place on the beach, I wrapped a towel around me and sat down leaning against the bank. I put on my sunhat and sunglasses and got my book out. Soon I was caught up in the book and had forgotten all about my little display. A light breeze had come in from the sea, making the temperature more bearable. The book turned out to have some rather arousing episodes, such as when the couple visited ancient temple sites in Mexico and decide to have sex on one of the alters used to sacrifice young virgins.

It was only when I noticed the cool wind on my pussy lips that I realized how excited I had become. Without thinking I had pulled my legs up, resting the book on my knees. From behind the sunglasses I looked up to see if anybody was looking at me. Of course there was! A middle-aged man right in front of me was pretending to read a newspaper, but I could see his gaze fixed on me, or rather somewhere between my legs. Me, being me, didn’t for a second consider covering myself.

The book had already got me excited, and now this guy was staring at my crotch, with the thong once again dug in between my lips. I pretended to scratch my stomach and managed to pull the throng even further into my slit. The way I sat I could easily look down at myself while pretending to read. I was rather surprised to see how exposed I was. My rather large pussy lips were totally visible and the whole area was wet with a combination of perspiration and wetness from the excitement. I was wondering about the state of his cock. It was really frustrating not to be able to touch myself.

But then, why couldn’t I, I thought to myself. Poul was facing the other way; there was nobody else apart from my voyeur who was able to see up between my legs. The naughtiness of what I was about to do really got my juices flowing.

I pretended to concentrate on the book, while I casually placed a hand between my legs. I spread them a little more, as I very lightly ran my fingers over the pussy lips. I could almost hear the gasp from the man as he realised what I was doing. Of course, he thought I was caught up in my book without having noticed him. Just touching the lips wasn’t really enough for me and soon I was playing more actively with them. I was getting hot. I was trying to imagine what my actions must look like from his position. I shivered as a small orgasmic contraction hit me. My clit, still covered by a piece of material, was very wet. My movements were becoming more rhythmical and I knew that the display from earlier had built up an excitement, which would rapidly lead to a full orgasm. There was no way of stopping me now. I looked down, no longer pretending to read, and moved the material aside, totally baring my pussy and dug two fingers into myself as far as they would go. I leant my head back against the grass on top of the bank. Looking out from under the sunglasses, I knew the guy now would be able to see that I was looking at him -- had he been able to get his eyes away from the action of my fingers. I kept looking at him as I slipped the fingers out and found my throbbing clit. It was so arousing to sit there looking straight at a guy watching me while I knew that in 30 seconds he would be watching me come. I didn’t want to miss the opportunity; I just wanted to come now. I increased the speed and soon felt the familiar warming sensation and the first small contraction rippling through me. Just as the first major contraction hit me, I saw the guy’s eyes shift to my face. I just stared at him. He didn’t try to hide that he was looking, and just kept his stare fixed on my face as it displayed the telltale signs of an impending orgasm. I dropped the book when the largest contraction hit, but was unable to reach for it in the middle of the orgasm, so I just let it fall. I dug my fingers inside me again and held them there forcing my breath back to normal as I was slowly coming down. The guy gave a knowing wink, but I only had energy for squinting an apologetic smile.

Fingers out, bikini material back in place, book picked up, trying to look normal again. Pretending to continue reading the book, I replayed the scene in my head, not really believing what I had actually done. But I had, and I actually felt good about it. It had been too long since I had had the satisfaction of such blatant exhibitionism.

About five in the afternoon Poul and I made it back to the room, had a little rest, a pre-dinner drink and got dressed for the evening. It was remarkably hot for a Danish summer evening, so my thin summer dress was perfectly adequate. Adequate from a temperature point of view, but barely from one of decency, It was made from a loose, thin flowery material which clung to the body, especially if it was just a bit moist from perspiration. At the front it buttoned up all the way, and unless unbuttoned didn’t really offer any views of my breasts or upper legs, but because it clung to the body as it did, it didn’t leave much to the imagination. It was obvious that I wore no bra, and even though the absence of a “visible panty line” didn’t necessarily mean no panties, it didn’t take much imagination to realize I probably wasn’t wearing any.

At reception we found out what the hotel understood by “transport to the village”. In keeping with its style, a two-horse carriage with the hood down was waiting in the courtyard. Judging from the lack of interest shown by staff and other guests, I guessed that it was the normal means of conveyance from the castle, so I tried to make it look like it was totally normal for me to be transported in this fashion.

What would have been a ten-minute drive by car, turned out to be a 30-minute ride through small forest roads, which didn’t allow room for any runners or cyclists and us at the same time, all of which slowed us down further, but also allowed us to enjoy the surprised looks of the tourists as we passed by.

The restaurant was right on the harbour and the fish we ate was so fresh, probably no more than a few hours after being caught, and it certainly tasted fantastic. We ate outside where a mild breeze made the cloth cling to my body, making my excited nipples stand out prominently. Excited, because with both of us were sitting on the same side of the table in order to enjoy the view of the harbour; Poul had a hand up between my legs while we were drinking the aperitif. I was aware of the stares of the waiter, but actually thought we were behaving a lot better than what we had done many times before.

After dinner we called for the cab and spent the 30-minutes wait walking around the harbour enjoying the smell and the atmosphere.

The cab driver had pulled the hood halfway up, shielding us not only from the evening dew but also from his view -- apart from a small plastic window. Considering how hot it was, I suspect it was rather to give us some privacy. We were quickly out of the small village and into the forest.

Poul turned towards me.

“Jenny, I would like you to take off your dress. I have been watching you all evening through that thin dress, and I am just really excited by the idea of you riding naked through the woods.”

I had been thinking of some exploit once we were back at the room, but the thought of obeying Poul’s request, already had my imagination going.

“But, Poul, it is not actually really dark yet. With the hood up we would not be able to see ahead if there were other people on the road until too late when we pass them.” I was just merely thinking aloud, not really objecting.

“I know,” he just said, as he indicated for me to get started.

I undid all the buttons in one go, waiting for his next command.

“What are you waiting for,” he asked. “I want it all the way off.”

He almost ripped the dress down my shoulders and off my arms. The dress fell off me as I leant forward and I suddenly felt very exposed. I could clearly see the trees in the woods and knew that anybody passing us would also easily be able to see me in the faint light that never really disappears in the Danish summer nights. We were, however, shielded from the driver, unless he should choose to turn around and bend down to look through the small window.

“Come and sit up here,” Poul directed, as he pulled me up on his lap facing him as I straddled his legs.

I held on to the edge of the hood as his hands found my nipples and started playing with them. When I stretched up I could see over the edge of the hood and the back of the head of the driver, no more than one and a half metres from me. Poul’s fingers soon found my wet crotch and started playing with my clit. I could feel that all the excitement of the day still had me on a high, because it wasn’t long before I had this strong desire to get Poul inside me.

I got off his lap and started to undo his belt.

“It is not only me who has to sit here all exposed. You get your trousers off as well,” I whispered to him as I was working on his buttons.

“I just hope it is a bit more willing this time,” he said with a slight hesitation and embarrassment in his voice.

“So do I. I need a cock inside me now,” I said. But my hope dwindled as I saw the sorry state of his manhood.

I went down on him, with a picture in the back of my mind of me sitting there totally naked, with my tits swaying from the movements of the cab, while sucking some life into Poul’s cock. Finally it seemed hard enough to be able to do the job, so I got up, straddled him again, staring into the back of the head of the driver as I slowly lowered myself down onto him.

“Oh god, I need that,” I exclaimed, maybe too loudly, as I started to move up and down.

I don’t know if it was my voice or the changed movements of the carriage that did it, but suddenly the driver turned around and looked straight at me. My first thought was to hide, but then I realised that all he could see was the top half of my head. He might be wondering what I was doing, but he couldn’t see anything. I just smiled at him and pretended to be looking ahead at the road. He smiled back, nodded his head almost as if in understanding, and turned around again. Poul, not knowing what had just passed, grabbed my hips and started to work harder, thrusting himself upwards into me.

He was going full speed as if wanting to get this done with while he still could. I was very aware that the cab was rocking in a fashion which must have aroused some suspicion from the driver, but I was hot and didn’t really care. The situation was just up my alley. Naked in nature, daring and risky, in a good position where I could control the action. Naturally it didn’t take long before my breath became erratic, I had a hard time controlling the sounds which I normally use to let Poul know the effect he is having on me, and to guide his speed and actions.

When the first high was approaching and I had to collapse over Poul, I suddenly felt his cock go limp, like from one second to the next. I kept rocking on him, but he slid out of me. I was still riding high, and my disappointment was unimaginable.

“Oh Poul, what’s wrong now?” I couldn’t understand how anybody could lose interest so quickly and then especially at a time like this.

“I have got no idea; I am excited enough, it just won’t play along,” he said, probably as frustrated as me, and a good bit embarrassed too.

“Play with me then, I was just about to come,” I pleaded.

“I can do better than that. I feared this might happen so I brought along your favourite toy,” he said as he dug into his jacket and produced the little fat dildo I seemed to prefer these days. It was rather short, but wide with a protrusion at the front which could stimulate the clit, while the head could move in a circular way, right on the g-spot. I usually have some very strong orgasms when using it.

“Oh, boy, that’s naughty,” I gasped as he moved me a bit away from him so he could insert the dildo into me.

The thing was wild. The g-spot movement produced a feeling as if you had to pee (which fortunately was not the case) like if you let go of your vaginal muscles, which in itself was a rather arousing experience, but when it was coupled with the action of the clit stimulator, it became almost unbearably intense. I grabbed the strut holding the hood, throwing back my head, letting my hair blow with the wind produced by the speed of the cab. I wouldn’t last a minute in this way, I knew from past experience.

Of course it had to be at just this time when we approached the first walkers we had seen during the trip through the forest. I saw them up ahead some time in advance, perhaps because the driver steered the horses at bit onto the side which increased the bumping and rocking of the carriage. However, the speed didn’t slow so we were rapidly approaching them.

I just simply couldn’t stop. I was just feeling the first contractions of a major climax and after having had to break off because of Poul’s situation, I just simply couldn’t do anything this time. Also, what could I do? I couldn’t get my dress on in time anyway – and since when had it bothered me that people saw me nude? Not usually, but I still felt very exposed, sitting naked in the back of the horse carriage and coming in a huge orgasm while people were looking on.

I was climaxing as we passed them. I didn’t want to collapse over Poul as I came. I wanted people to be able to see my bouncing tits and my contorted face. I bit the edge of the canopy to stop screaming out, but still managed to get a good look at the shocked surprise on the faces of the couple during the few seconds it took to pass them. They had moved off the roadway to let us through and had an unobstructed side view of me. The driver had slowed the horses to a slow trot so they had a couple of seconds for the image to register. I could almost hear the gasp from the woman and clearly saw the large eyes of the man as he stared unhindered at my white body in the fading light.

I finally collapsed over Poul.

“Oh my god,” I whispered, “that couple looked straight at us.”

Poul was quick to react. He saw them just as they slipped out of my sight behind us.

“Turn around, quick,” he commanded.

I wasn’t really thinking, I just reacted to his words and turned around on his lap, with my back to him and now facing the staring couple, still only a few metres behind us. Poul grabbed a tit with one hand and with the other he forced my legs apart again jamming the dildo into me.

The horses had picked up speed again, and I guess it was only about ten or twenty seconds before we were so far away that I no longer could see the expression on their faces, but as I sat staring at them it seemed like an eternity. Long enough time for the next orgasm to be approaching. It rocked me violently, just as they faded into the shadows of the trees, so I let the feeling hit me properly this time without having to worry about people watching me.

When finally I could relax, I was drenched in sweat, my hair sticking to my body and I felt like I had been run over by a steam locomotive. I just fell off Poul’s legs and collapsed on the seat, trying to get my breathing back to normal.

“I think we are approaching the castle,” Poul said pulling on his trousers, “so you better get that dress on again.”

I stuck my head out the side and looked ahead.

“Yeah, thanks. And not a second to waste,” I said as I hurriedly got the dress back on. I was still working on the last buttons as the wheels hit the gravel of the driveway and the castle loomed over us.

The driver must have given instructions ahead, because the bridge was lowered and we entered the courtyard without delay. He swung himself down from the driver’s seat and helped me down, holding my hand and giving me a very special look. I just looked back. I didn’t know what the look meant, but I knew he hadn’t been able to see anything so I just smiled innocently and soon entered the hotel, clinging to Poul, my legs still wobbly.

There is nothing more to report on that evening. We got to the room, had a bit of a laugh thinking about the view we’d offered to the spectators, and went to sleep in each other’s arms.

The next day was our big day. It was an important day for us, but actually not for this story. All that needs to be said was that Poul had arranged a very special day with a fantastic breakfast, lunch on the terrace, afternoon tea by the moat and a super exclusive dinner. We spent the time between either the lawn in front of the castle or in the room.

The lawn was a compromise. I wanted to be at the beach where I could wear my small bikini, but Poul didn’t want to spend the time going back and forth between all the activities. He is also quite happy for me to wear a more decent bikini, as he says he likes my bikini lines. I have always tried to avoid them, but Poul thinks they are sexy. He thinks that if you can get a sneak view of a pair of tits in a daring dress, it is much more exciting if you feel that the girl normally is a bit shy. Absence of bikini lines means that girls don’t mind being topless and let other people see their tits at the beach. He thinks a sneak view of a girl who is normally shyer, is much more exciting. He knows that I am not shy, but he likes to think that the other men, who happen to get a look, would think I am. Male logic escapes me, but in this case I was happy to oblige.

Let me skip right to the dinner. The table was reserved for 9.00 pm and as it was another very warm night we sat outside, not even needing to put up the parasol next to the table, there to shield us from the evening dew normally occurring around sundown.

I wore a knee-length skirt of the wraparound type which Poul likes so much because it can be “unwrapped” all the way up to your waist if need be. The matching top was really meant to be worn with some kind of halter top underneath as it was very low cut, wide and loose. Poul, of course, didn’t want me to wear anything under it, but I didn’t like that idea, as I felt the restaurant was too exclusive for that kind of display. Even though there was less light outside, I thought my breasts would be totally visible to everybody whenever I got up or sat down, or even if I just reached for a glass. Again a compromise was called for, and Poul accepted that I wore my black bra underneath. It has lace around the edges, but the main part covering the tits is of a very fine, thin, black material through which you can easily see the nipples surrounded by the triangular shape of the tan line. I think Poul actually thought this more exciting than no bra at all. Still very exciting from my point of view, but at least I could pretend that I wasn’t aware how transparent it was. It is more difficult to pretend to not know you are not wearing a bra :).

The dinner was uneventful as we had a female waitress and were seated at the edge of the restaurant’s veranda, overlooking the grounds. The restaurant was fairly full and busy, and it was obvious that it was the better clientele from the surrounding area as well as the hotel guests who was there. Many were also elegantly and lightly dressed, showing a lot of skin underneath loose summer clothes. Poul was especially attracted to a young woman in her early twenties, sitting not far from us.

“Look at that girl,” he said, knowing that I would not immediately turn around and stare, but would take the first opportunity to causally pretend to be looking for the waiter or something while checking out who and what he was talking about. “She is stunning, and look at that top.” He was practically drooling.

I managed to turn around, and could see what he meant. She had on a dress that looked like it was painted on her. A pair of well-proportioned tits was stretching the material, making her hard nipples stick out as if they had been pinned on.

“Implants spring to mind,” I whispered when I again was facing Poul. “Implants always make the nipples stand out. They look too much like Victoria Beckham’s.”

“So what is wrong with that?” Poul asked. He had always fancied Posh Spice. “I wonder what she is doing with a guy so much older. Maybe she’s a call girl?”

I had looked at the guy before, and didn’t think he looked that old. Mid-fifties perhaps, but tall, slim and in apparent good shape. An aristocratic look, self confident, expensive clothes – maybe the type who would pay for a call girl, even though he should have no problem finding one for free.

“Or maybe she just fancies him,” I said, “he doesn’t look too bad from my point of view.”

The discussion went along a line of call girls, horny housewives, old “perverts”, exhibitionism and before long I was starting to get excited again. It was tradition we would always do something daring and exciting on our wedding anniversary night. When we walked around the grounds earlier in the afternoon, we had come to a playground not far from the castle, and had discussed the possibility of returning there after the dinner when it had become dark, and try out a few Karma Sutra type positions on the playground apparatus.

“Where do you want to go after the dinner,” I asked innocently.

“The tower fascinates me,” Poul answered, not in any doubt what I was referring to.

Earlier we had gone up the castle’s tower to scout for possible places. The inside was creaky and spooky, but Poul liked the idea of fucking me there, as he so delicately put it, up on the platform at the top of the tower. It was very exposed and with only a metal guardrail offering absolutely nothing to hide behind, so it was only the fact that we didn’t think anybody would think of looking up towards the top of the tower in the middle of night that had seemed to make it a possibility.

“I was tempted earlier today, but have you seen the spotlight on the flag? I think we would be flooded by the spotlight. Perhaps just a tad too obvious,” I said with a twinge of sarcasm. “I think the playground is still the best option.”

We were at the coffee and brandy stage. It was almost dark now, but still warm. Many of the terrace guests had gone inside to the bar.

Poul put on his mischievous smile.

“Now there are not so many people here, why don’t you go up to the room and take off your underwear, so we are ready for a trip to the playground?”

I looked around. There were only three couples left on the outside veranda. I would have to pass through the bar, but I guess that wasn’t too bad. The top was almost okay -- as long as I was standing up.

“Hmmm, why not?” I said dreamily. “It is only the couple over there who are close enough to notice anything when I come back, and it seems like they are ready to go.”

I got up, thinking about how just a move like that would have bared my tits had I not been wearing the bra. I noticed the elegant gentleman from before looking at me as I got up and wondered how much of my breasts and excited nipples were visible to him through the bra. It was getting dark, but I was right under one of the lamps, so he would have been able to get a good look. For some reason, all of a sudden, that got me really excited. Perhaps it was all the talk about call girls that made me imagine what it would be like to be with a guy who was a stranger, and knowing he was going to fuck me before the end of evening. I shut off that image, gave Poul a quick kiss and hurried to freshen up a bit and remove bra and knickers.

Coming back through the bar there were a few appraising and lewd glances. I know my breasts bounce visibly under my tops when I don’t wear a bra, and knowing I had to pass the bar, had actually got me enough excited to make my nipples hard, which made the movements of the breast under the thin top even more noticeable. However, I was through in just a few seconds, and nothing further happened.

However, when I reached the veranda, I stopped, surprised to see that the elegant gentleman was now sitting in my seat across from Poul, obviously in a close conversation.

I was suddenly very conscious of my lightly dressed state, and was actually just about to return into the bar, when Poul spotted me. The gentleman also turned around so my escape was no longer possible. I took a deep breath, pretended nothing was wrong and walked briskly over to them.

Both men stood up when I got to the table. Poul introduced the gentleman as Jerry, who pulled out another chair for me. It all happened so quickly, that there was no way for me to do anything but sit down, despite knowing perfectly well, that any move like that, with Jerry was standing over me, would offer him a completely unobstructed view of my bare tits, which, from the passage through the bar, were still showing all the signs of excitement. I didn’t look at Jerry as I sat down, but I could see from Poul’s eyes darting from Jerry to my front, that he was also very aware of the sight offered to Jerry.

When I was comfortably seated and as decent as the light top in the overhead light would allow, Poul explained the presence of Jerry.

“Jerry was just telling me a little about the castle here, but perhaps I better get Jerry to repeat it rather than me trying to retell his story,”

“Sure,” Jerry began. “The actual history of the castle is long and boring, and you can read about it in the material left in your room. It is the recent story which is more interesting. Briefly it was a fortified castle for centuries but was completely rebuilt in the late 19th century in this current chateau style. The castle was bought five years ago by a consortium of businessmen, wanting two things. One was to provide a hotel experience which would attract the ‘rich and beautiful’ and the other was to provide a scenario for the activities of the swingers’ club they had built up over the previous years. It had been a success, which was hampered by the size of their previous premises and the inability to scout for new members. This castle provided a solution to all their problems.”

Jerry stopped and looked at me in an enquiring way to see if the opening of his explanation had scared me off or if I was interested in hearing more.

I was certainly interested in hearing more. We had been talking about swingers’ clubs, especially Poul, who felt that with the present problems with his erection, I might want something else. Perhaps he also saw it as an excuse to pursue an old fetish of his, of showing me off to other men and dreaming of me having sex with them while he watched. We hadn’t got any further than talking, and I certainly hadn’t got to the point of making a decision, but the thought was provoking and up to now I hadn’t minded thinking about it. As I’d not indicated any distaste for his story, Jerry continued.

“I am the one taking care of the second issue here, that is that of scouting and recruiting new members, which is obviously why I came over to talk to you. You seem to be of the right age and judging from Jenny’s dress, I would say possibly also inclined to be willing to listen to a proposal.”

Poul looked at me to see how I was reacting. I shrugged my shoulders, indicating that I didn’t mind. I didn’t want to show any more enthusiasm for the time being, but I could feel from the juices starting to flow, that my body was certainly interested.

“We have built a club room in the basement of one of the wings of the hotel, with all the facilities required of a swingers’ club. I would love to show you, but unfortunately the club is closed tonight, but if I might be allowed to invite you tomorrow night, I would like to be your host and show you around. No obligations on your part at all. But should you be willing to participate, we have several ‘able bodied’ men here who, I am sure, would like to be involved in your introduction,” he said, the final bit being addressed directly to me.

If I was reading the message right, this guy sitting here, right in front of Poul, was telling me that he would like to fuck me. I shivered. This was exactly in continuation of the feeling I’d had when I got up from the table. If I wanted to go along with this, I knew that it would be this guy who’d soon be fucking me. At this point I was excited enough to probably accept, but I wasn’t going to give in so quickly.

“I thought swinger’s clubs were for couples, so it wasn’t just dirty old men showing up to bunk other peoples wives,” I said, perhaps a little too harshly. I didn’t like the idea that Poul was completely out of the picture.

“Oh, we have thought of that,” replied Jerry not seeming to take offence. “You are not the only one bringing that up. However, it is a problem that quite a number of the rich people getting into this syndicate, are either alone or with a wife not interested in such activities. For that reason, the syndicate employs a number of hostesses, one of whom I just had dinner with, to entertain the husbands of wives. It was my impression that your husband seemed rather interested in Emma, the girl I was with. Isn’t that right Poul,” he was now addressing Poul directly.

“Are you saying that I could ‘be’ with Emma if we joined your club?” Poul asked. I could see the thoughts running through his head. Would I accept having to have sex with some of the men in this club so that he could have Emma, who, judging from his previous comments about her, was evidently worth dying for.

I wanted to tell him it was okay. I wanted to lean over the table and feel the state of his cock, but I knew if I did I would lean enough forward to expose myself completely to Jerry again. However, I didn’t need to think long. I wanted Poul to say yes, and actually I was now getting quite excited about the relationship between Jerry and me which was slowly building. Let him watch my tits again; if we go ahead with this he will be seeing plenty of them later.

“It is okay with me,” I whispered in Poul’s ear as I reached under the table, feeling for the state of his cock. It was as hard as I could remember it for a long time. I kept my hand there for a while, knowing that Jerry was looking right at my tits. At this point I was thinking of the tan line, and wondering what impression that was having on him. When I finally straightened up he smiled at me and continued.

“We have four hostesses, and you could take your pick. Obviously the same goes for your wife. We have two young male hosts if she would rather go for that. But I know from the comments made by some of the guys at the bar, that she could probably have her pick amongst any of the members,” Jerry added with a smile, which seemed sincere and not at all lewd, which was how his comments could easily have been construed.

I thought of my passage though the bar. Had I known that I was being measured up like that, I would have been much more self-conscious. Imagine it! They had not only been looking at my tits, but actually looking forward to the sex they were hoping to have with me. I was dripping by now. There was no doubt in my mind that we would at least go and check out the situation tomorrow. For now I couldn’t wait to get into the forest with Poul and relieve some of the tension.

“Okay,” Poul said. “I think I can probably persuade Jenny to come and visit tomorrow. For now we were planning to go for a walk in the woods and enjoy the evening together. That is a kind of a tradition for our anniversaries.”

I couldn’t believe what Poul was saying. My thought was to get rid of Jerry, and then sneak out in the forest without anybody noticing. Walking out into the forest, dressed like this was a dead giveaway as to what we were intending to do.

“Well, I can tell you, that is a favourite pastime of many of the guests here,” Jerry said with a knowing wink. “There are actually several places which are very private, and also some which are a bit daring and are used by some of the swinging couples. One of the places is called The Lovers’Bench. That seems to be the favourite of many as it is shielded from the hotel, but has a lovely view of the shore as it sits on a small ridge at the end of the forest. I will be happy to take you to it if you want?

It was said innocently enough, but there was no doubt about the hidden invitation. If he came along he was either going to participate, or at least, knowing where he had dropped us off, going to watch.

I was taken a bit aback by the whole thing. Yes, I wanted a bit of excitement, and was happy to go along tomorrow and learn a bit more. But now it was developing into something progressing faster than my mind could process. I needed thinking time. But I wasn’t going to get it.

“That would be very nice of you,” Poul said with no hesitation at all. “We wouldn’t like to get lost in the woods, and if there are really some nice places, it would seem a pity to miss out on the opportunity.”

“Fine,” Jerry said and turned around to call over Emma, who had been waiting for him at the bar. I could see Poul practically eating her alive in his thoughts as she came over to the table. Her top was really just like a silk stocking, clinging to her so the shape of her body and her tits were as obvious as if she had been naked. I could see the primitive mind of Poul ticking, dreaming of what he has going to do to her tomorrow night in exchange for me being fucked by randy syndicate members.

“I am going to take the folks out and show them the location of the ‘Lovers’ Bench,” he told her. “You just go and do the usual thing and I will be up to your room straight afterwards, okay?”

I didn’t know what the usual thing was, but I suspected it might be a while before he was back.

The bill being taken care of as part of the package, we just stepped off the veranda, onto the gravel path to the small foot bridge over the moat. We quickly crossed the bridge and soon we were into the chateau gardens on the way towards the small wood between the hotel and the beach. Jerry didn’t miss any chance to help me over fences, warning me against slippery slopes and generally taking any opportunity to touch me. Jumping down from a small gate we had to climb he caught me from the front, holding his hand so high up my sides under the loose top, that his hand actually touched my breast. There was just enough light from the moon for me to see the question in his eyes. No, I didn’t mind: as a matter of fact he would probably have been surprised had he known how horny I was at that point.

When Jerry was leading the way through a small path in the woods, Poul came up to me. He held me back a little to make sure his whispering wasn’t heard by Jerry.

“I want you to fuck him”, he whispered in a rather hoarse whisper.

I guessed as much, but didn’t think he would have put it so bluntly.

“Don’t tell me you don’t want it,” he continued. “I know you well enough to tell how excited you are.”

“Maybe we should just accept that he would probably be watching us after he leaves,” I suggested.

“No, no,” he objected. “I want to see him fuck you. I have seen how he’s been watching you, and I know he wants to. The two of us can do it when we get back to the room, but this is an opportunity I don’t want to miss.”

We didn’t get a chance to continue as Jerry had come to a narrow part of the path; he stopped to help us get past. Not that there was much more to be said.

Jerry helped Poul along to the ledge, less than 25 centimetres wide, and guided his hand to the near invisible railing. While Poul crossed, Jerry moved up close behind me and put his hands on my sides under the top. Involuntarily I leant back against him, brushing up against what appeared like a very hard cock straining to get out of his trousers. I don’t know what he read into my move, but his hands immediately travelled up my front cupping my bare breasts.

“I can’t wait until tomorrow,” he whispered. “You are driving me insane with desire. Please try to persuade Poul to let us do it tonight. I can feel you want it as well.”

I guess he was judging by the hardness of my nipples and the fact that I hadn’t moved away or stopped his hand playing with my tits. My legs were trembling. I hoped they wouldn’t give way when I had to cross the ledge.

“We’ll see,” I whispered back as I moved towards the ledge.

His hands reluctantly let go of my body and instead guided me across the ledge.

Right around a corner the ledge widened to about one metre by two metres with a railing guarding the edge. A fall wasn’t going to be fatal, it was no more than about ten metres of slope ending on the beach, but still it was nice with a rail. Away from the edge there was a free-standing bench. Behind the bench the bank continued upwards for about another three metres. I don’t know if anybody would dare to stand up there looking down, but that was really the only place from where anybody could see down to the bench. I guess the idea of letting Jerry watch from somewhere was out of the question anyway.

“One of the reasons people tend to like this place is because of the light,” he said as a beam of light swept over us. At first I didn’t know what it was, but then I realised we were close to the lighthouse which you could just see around the corner. “There is one minute between each sweep, and people on the beach would actually be able to see any action on the front part of the ledge, if they happened to look up, right when the light swept by. Some of the people in the club seem to find that adds a bit to the excitement”.

I could see what he meant. Fortunately, you could choose if you wanted the action to take place on the bench, shielded from view, or if you wanted to stand by the railings at the edge where you wouldn’t be shielded.

“What are the small red lights for,” asking about the small lanterns at the edge of the ledge with a very faint red light which gave an eerie kind of atmosphere.

“Some people like to see each other when they make love. The beam from the lighthouse tends to blind you a bit, but the red light provides just enough light to make it possible to see what you are doing in between the sweeps,” Jerry explained as if he had rehearsed the speech and delivered it many times.

I walked up to the railings and looked down to the beach. You could see the white waves, but not see if there was anybody down there.

“Do people ever walk this beach at night?” I asked.

“No, not often,” Jerry answered. “It is narrow and stony. It would be almost impossible to navigate it without breaking a leg!”

I was wondering if “not often” meant that people might be down there on an evening when they saw people disappearing into the woods in that general direction.

There was a pregnant pause. Now would be the time to ask Jerry to leave. But neither of us did, and he didn’t make any move to leave either. Another sweep of the light hit us and blinded us for a second. The flash lasting so short a time that the eyes didn’t get time to adapt, so they soon regained their night vision.

“Your dress seems almost transparent in this light,” Poul said.

“Yes, I can almost imagine what she would look like if she wasn’t wearing anything,” Jerry commented with a sigh. “It is almost a crime having a body like that covered at all.”

“I am sure Jenny wouldn’t want to be considered a criminal,” Poul almost whispered as he started to undo the buttons at the front of my top.

I put a hand over his stopping him.

“You do know what will happen if you continue?” I asked him.

“Yes”, he said as he unbuttoned the rest. The top split open just as the next sweep of light illuminated us again, showing clearly my now naked breasts.

Jerry helped to remove the top completely, folded it up and placed it over the railing away from me.

“Jerry, I know this may sound funny,” Poul said, “but it is really okay with me if you want to fuck my wife.”

Not “make love” or anything nice like that. No, my husband wanted a stranger we had just met to fuck me.

“Not funny at all. Actually, rather common amongst swingers. And I will be very happy to do so,” he added.

He moved up behind me. Close, so I again could feel his hardness pressing against me. He put his hand on my shoulders, lightly running his fingers down my arms to my hands, which he took and lifted up behind his head, indicating he wanted me to stand like that. I held on to the back of his head as he moved his head down close to mine and started to kiss my shoulder, neck, ear and finally, gently moving my head half around to meet his mouth. He tasted nice, manly. While we kissed he put his hands on my belly right under my tits and held them there for a while. I wanted them on my tits. I twisted a bit around, but without moving my hands away from where he wanted them, I couldn’t do anything to get him to go further. It was frustrating.

“I want to see you all naked,” he whispered in my ear. He placed my hands on the railing, indicating I should hold on while he guided me a bit further back, making me lean forward holding on to the guardrail. In that position my tits would hang a bit away from the body, seeming bigger and more pointed. I knew it was a position in which Poul likes to watch me, so I wasn’t surprised when he moved down to the end of the ledge where he could see me from the side in the next sweep of the light.

Jerry’s hands moved to my back and untied the string fastener which held the skirt. He carefully removed it, folded it and hung that too over the top over the railing. The next time the beam of light swept over me, I looked down at myself. I almost seemed white in the strong light, my tan line only barely visible.

Jerry put his hands on my shoulders, lightly tracing inwards towards my spine, following it down all the way to my waistline, over my bum, down my legs to my feet, then moving them further apart. Coming up the inside of each leg his fingers met right on my pussy lips, just touching them ever so slightly. Then again over my bum, hips and around to the breasts, playing with the nipples, cupping them, squeezing them until I nearly came. One hand left its breast and travelled down the front, over my minute tuft of hair and onto my cunt. His fingers spread my lips and played with my clit a little before burying themselves inside me. I couldn’t stand like that any more. I stood up leaning back against him, spreading my legs a little more as I arched my back, giving him easy access down my front. I had totally given myself to him. If Poul wanted to see me be fucked by another guy, so be it, I didn’t care. This guy could do with me what he wanted as long as he did it hard -- satisfying my rising need and frustration.

I turned round, unbuttoned and almost ripped off his shirt. In the light I could see a well-trimmed body, tanned and slightly hairy. As I said, manly. I undid his belt, buttons and zip and removed his trousers as carefully as he had my clothes. He wasn’t wearing any underwear either which explained the way his cock had stood out in his trousers when I brushed by him. Now it was rapidly growing to full size, which was rather impressive. Not fat, but long and straight already dripping with his pre-cum.

I pushed him around so he was leaning back against the railing. I kissed him while he played with my tits. Then I slowly moved downwards. Cheek, ear, neck, shoulder, finally licking and biting his nipples. By me going further down he had to let go of my tits, but that couldn’t be helped, I wanted to taste his cock and lick off the pre-cum. I grabbed his balls as I licked the underside of his cock, carefully running my tongue around the head before I finally took it into my mouth. I could hear him grunting.

“Oh, yeah, suck it hard now,” I could hear him exclaiming in between heavy breathing.

I glanced sideways over to Poul to see his reaction. He seemed frozen; I couldn’t tell whether from excitement, fascination or horror at seeing his wife eating another guy like that. As I took the whole head into my mouth, slowly moving back and forth, taking in a little more with each move, I kept looking at Poul. As I took down Jerry’s cock all the way to the hilt, Poul finally looked at me, letting out an audible gasp. I started to move the cock in and out at greater speed. Knowing that I couldn’t keep giving deep throat and breathing as heavily as I was at the same time, I concentrated only on the head and the rim of the glans. While working away at Jerry I indicated for Poul to get closer so he could see properly what his wife was doing. I wanted him to feel how excited this got me, so I placed his hand between my legs for him to feel how the wetness was running out of me. He tried to play with me, but I stopped him. That wasn’t what I wanted from him at this point. Right now I was all Jerry’s and I wanted to keep my excitement centred on him.

“Jenny, stop, please,” He begged. “I don’t want to come now, and I will if you continue like that much monger.”

“Come over here,” he directed me. “Lie on your back on the bench. Yes, just like that. Now spread your legs for me.”

He sat on the bench with a leg on each side looking down at me. My head was hanging over the end of the bench, so he pulled me a bit closer. Then he ran his fingers up and down the inside of my thighs, just stopping short of my pussy every time. Then he bent down, kissed my belly button and then with his tongue he traced a line down past my pubic hair. I could feel his warm breath on my pussy. Then, ever so carefully, just barely noticeably, he started to lick my lips. I was conscious of the size of my pussy lips and it seemed just so intimate the way he was looking at them. Soon he was sucking them into his mouth. Very slowly he increased the pressure and the movements, until in the end he forced the lips apart with his fingers so he could insert a tongue inside me. I couldn’t lie still. I was moving my hips trying to meet the next stroke of his tongue, to make the feeling harder as the lightness of his touch was driving me nuts with frustration. Finally I grabbed him by the hair and forced his tongue up to my clit, holding his head steady while I gyrated, frustratingly trying to control the speed and action.

“Oh, please! I can’t stand this any more. Stop fooling around and fuck me instead,” I almost screamed at him. Foreplay is overrated: at some point it gets just too much.

He stopped licking, and looking at me, lifted my legs up and placed them on his shoulders. My legs were just enough apart for me to be able to see him place his dickhead where his tongue had just been. He moved it up and down in an action that was much harder than his tongue could manage. Finally he rested it just at the entrance, paused a little looking up at me and then over at Poul who was right behind me. When he was sure he had our attention he slowly guided himself into me in one long movement until his legs hit mine. I love that first entry. With still only minimal lubrication my pussy lips were sticking to his cock, being pulled along inside, pulling them in a very noticeably way. Poul once commented on this and what an erotic sight it was to see them disappear like that, only to spring out again when the dick was pulled out.

While staying all the way in, he leant forward, still with my legs on his shoulders, holding his head as in a vice, until he had to lift himself off the bench. He kept moving forward, resting his hands on the bench next to my head, my legs now touching my breasts. Only then did he retract, almost all the way out, then to re-enter in another long hard thrust. After a couple more slow long strokes, he picked up the tempo and after a short while he was working away with the speed of a rabbit.

It wasn’t a position I was used to, but it was effective. He had full and easy access and was in a position to pound unhindered into me. I couldn’t do anything but concentrate on my oncoming orgasm. I could just begin to feel the first warm contractions when he slowed down and finally stopped completely, deep inside me.

“I am not ready to let you come yet,” he smiled as he slowly pulled out. “Now you tell me how you want it.”

“That’s easy. I have always been an ‘on top’ girl,” I said as I got up and directed him to take my position on the bench, but with his legs straight out so I could straddle him. I have always loved the way a guy looks up at you as you guide him into you and sink down over him. I made sure that I this time I could look at Poul and see his reaction as I let myself down over Jerry towering dick. I wished Poul had been naked as well. There was something wrong about Jerry and me being naked and Poul fully dressed. As if he didn’t fit into the game, which was wrong. He was very much part of the game. It was doing this in front of him and for him. That was part of the excitement.

Now I could control the movements. Not only up and down, but with each downwards move I also moved a little forward, just as our pelvic bones met, in that way stimulating my clit with each move. I grabbed my tits, squeezing them together, pinching my nipples so it almost hurt. Then he held on to my hips, moving up as much as he could to meet each of my moves. It wasn’t long before the first small contractions again hit me.

“Can I come now then,” I begged, totally out of breath.

“Yes, but I don’t want to come yet, so I will help you a little on the way.” Jerry took my clit between his fingers and started to rub it in expert circular motions.

With his help it took no more than 30 seconds for me to come. I am afraid I let out a scream, which I tried to stop, but couldn’t. Sometimes the feeling is just so intense that I can’t control myself. I collapsed over him, still rocked by the aftershocks. I could feel his heart beating hard. His hands ran lightly over my back, just barely touching me. Finally when I could breathe somewhat normally I sat up again. He was still hard inside me.

“That was fantastic. The build up to this had lasted all evening and I was just so ready. Now it is your turn to choose the action,” I said, moving slightly back and forth so I could still feel him inside me.

“Okay”, he said gently pushing me off him. “I would like you to stand over here, like that.”

He guided me over to the railings facing the sea. I could feel what little wind there was hitting my body, moist from the exertions. I was right over one of the red lanterns, and I could see my body lit up by the faint red light and then being hit by the strong sweeping light, blinding me again for a few seconds. He guided my legs apart until they were spread so that my hips touched the guard rail. Then he pushed me slightly in the back indicating that I should lean forward. For a moment I thought I would fall over the railings, but then I could see what almost appeared as small handlebars on the side of the lantern that I could hold on to if I stretched a bit forward. I was bending forward so much that my back was horizontal, my breasts hanging completely free as a pair of cones.

“Umm, “ he said behind me. “In this light I can just see the silhouettes of your fantastic pussy lips ready to suck me up.”

“It always surprises me, how accessible a girl is when she stands like that,” Jerry said, but this time directed towards Poul. “But I guess that is also the way nature intended us to fuck. Don’t you get excited by the sight of your wife like that, spread out, presenting herself to me, waiting for me to put my cock inside her, and fucking her until I explode inside her?”

I was worried about how Poul would take this. This was stretching the “fuck the wife” scenario to the limit.

“This is the realization of one of my favourite fantasies,” Poul said, as if slightly out of breath. “Just go ahead.”

I felt Jerry move up behind me, positioning himself at my entrance, gripping my hips and in one long hard move plunge himself into me so I had to hold on to the “handlebars” to push back against him. I now understood the cleverness of the position. I was leaning so far forward that I couldn’t really push back, and the railing provided a backstop so I couldn’t move forward. In this position he could hammer into me as hard as he liked, without me moving more than a couple of centimeters either way. And boy, did he take advantage of that.

This wasn’t a question of the slow gentlemanly act I had experienced so far. This was rough and hard. I could feel him really deep inside me, bottoming out each time. He managed to pull almost all the way out and then just ram back in again at full steam, picking up speed to the point where I couldn’t even try to counter the thrust; all I could do was take what was coming. I am not usually able to reach an orgasm from just vaginal action, I need simultaneous clit stimulation, but I don’t know if it was the kinkiness of the situation, the position or the roughness, but I slowly started to build up a somewhat different sensation. Not quite like the early sensations of small contractions, more like a slow build-up with increasing tension and a different surge in my stomach. A big contraction coming from far away and steadily building up to where I felt now it would break into the familiar climax. But it didn’t, it just kept growing. I had never felt anything like this before. I felt like screaming -- and I did!

“Ohhh, I am coming, I am coming, I am coming . . . ” I kept repeating, believing that was what was happening. But the sensation kept increasing with no release.

Jerry seemed unstoppable. I couldn’t believe he could keep it up for so long. I don’t know if he was holding back until he knew I was coming, or if we just happened to reach the top at the same time. I was in no doubt when he finally reached the point of no return, because he started to yell at me.

“Come now, come now, I am going to explode in you now,” he screamed. And I did as I was told. A long, incredible orgasm. My whole body shook. I almost lost the grip of the handles. His hot come poured into me. It filled me to the point of spilling over. It ran down my legs and all the while he still slowly moved in and out of me. It took me a long time to come down, the contractions not wanting to stop. I felt my tits shaking with the contractions and wondered if this was the view of bouncing breasts Poul had envisioned in his fantasy.

Jerry slowly slipped out of me. I was too exhausted to stand up by myself so he had to reach an arm around me, holding my tits while pulling me back up. My legs were shaking, and I could only just make it over to the bench, dropping down on it like a sack of potatoes.

Poul bent over me and gave me a brief kiss.

“Happy Anniversary, love,” he whispered.

“I hope you enjoyed it,” I said, meaning it.

“At least as much as it appears you did,” he said with a smile in his voice.

All three of out broke into laughter and it was a long time before we stopped. They say it is healthy to laugh like that.

“Earlier when I saw you two at the restaurant, I must admit I was dreaming of the opportunity to have sex with your wife,” Jerry said to Poul. “But I hadn’t dared to hope for it so soon or so intensively. That was one hell of an experience.”

“I just hope Jenny hasn’t been used up completely, for I am bursting now,” Poul said.

“Oh, Poul, darling. Of course you must be. I am so sorry,” I stood up and hugged him, feeling slightly guilty that it was Jerry’s semen that I could feel running down my leg. “What do you want to do?”

“I don’t know if you have any energy left, but I haven’t given up on the tower yet,” he said with hope in his voice.

It wasn’t that I couldn’t get excited from the idea, but right now I just felt exhausted. However, I didn’t feel like letting Poul down after what I had just been given. What must he be feeling, standing there looking at Jerry and me, both naked, both exhausted from our encounter?

“Ok, let’s go back and see if the lights are still on,” I said.

“They will be,” Jerry said. “But that shouldn’t hold you back.”

He looked at his watch.

“It is after one, and everybody will have gone to bed. Except me, of course. If you really do do that, I will be in my room enjoying the view. With a bit of luck I can get Emma to come along, and perhaps I can fuck her while watching you, dreaming that it was me up there with you again,” he added with a wistful smile.

“Ok, let’s go and have a look,” I said, getting up and reaching for my clothes.

Poul rushed over to help me. He tied the skirt at my back, while Jerry was watching me all the time. I think he was just enjoying the view.

“Wait a bit with the top,” he said. “I would love to see those lovely tits bounce as you walk through the woods.

Why not? I was still rather hot. If that turned him on then he could look all he liked.

He rushed getting his own clothes on, struggling with his cock which seemed semi-erect again. I just laughed at him and he smiled back.

We made our way back and this time Jerry crossed the ledge first, obviously wanting to enjoy the view as I carefully crossed. This time he didn’t have to hide it when he grabbed my tits as I passed him.

Soon, however, we got so close to the castle that I felt the need to put the top on again. And a good thing I did as Emma was still in the bar with the bartender, waiting for Jerry. I guess she had a good idea about what had been going on, but, of course, she didn’t care: she just sported a sly, half-amused smile as Jerry gave her a light kiss on the cheek.

We said good night, and Jerry wished us good luck and hoped to see us at the club the next night. After having received instructions on how to find it and how to get in, we made it across the courtyard to the tower entrance. We looked up and saw the light was indeed on. It seemed far away though, and we could see no lights in any of the castle’s windows. I wondered which one was Emma’s, and how good a view Jerry would have of the tower.

As soon as we got inside, Poul stopped me.

“Jenny, I am so thrilled at what you did. I couldn’t believe the intensity of the last bit. I thought I was going to come in my trousers. Seeing your naked body, partly in the red light and partly lit by the light from the lighthouse, made such a strange impression. Each sweep of the light, like a flash going off, making an indelible impression on my mind. When you stood there, bent over, with your pussy so openly on display, waiting to be fucked, I almost felt like jumping over there myself.”

He stopped, out of breath. But his dirty talk had got me excited again. I leant against him kissing him. I could feel his excitement, his hands were shaking. He felt like the boiler of a steam engine about to explode. I felt his hands go up under my top, grabbing my tits hard. Before I knew it, he had pulled the top over my head, flung to the side. His hands struggled to undo the knot at the back of the skirt, pulling it off me instead. He was wild. I stepped back a bit from him.

“Easy now,” I said, “remember we were going to do this at the top of the castle.”

I took a step up the stairs, realising I would have to run all the way up stark naked. Poul reached for me, but I turned and ran. I could hear him rushing to get his clothes off and then his steps behind me all the way up. But it was much further that we expected, and I was in much better condition than Poul, so I reached the top long before him, rushing up on the platform before realising I was right in the spotlight. I stopped and looked around. The light was dazzling me, so I couldn’t see anything. I turned my back to the light as Poul made it to the top of the stairs. He stopped as if he had seen a ghost.

“Oh my god,” he exclaimed. “You look so naked as you stand there in the spotlight, with the castle as a backdrop.”

He walked slowly over to me. He ran his hands over me as if I was a statue he was appraising. Just ever so lightly over my breasts, around to my back, over my bum, pulling me up against him.

“Now it is my turn,” he said as he moved me a bit away from the spotlight.

We went to the edge of the platform. Metal railings not much more than a metre high were all that prevented us from falling the 30 metres down to the court yard.

“Do you think Jerry is down there looking at us?” I asked.

“He is probably busy screwing Emma at the same time,” Poul replied.

“Are you envious?” I kidded him.

“I am envious that he has had both my wife and Emma on the same night.”

“Don’t forget, he hasn’t ‘had’ me any more than he has ‘had’ Emma. It is just for sex. You are the only one who ‘has’ me.” I pulled him tight to me for a long kiss.

“Umm, and I am going to have that right now,” he said when I let go of him. “I would like you to bend over here like you did for Jerry.”

He turned me around, put my arms over the railing and made me hold on to the iron uprights from the outside, again resting my hips against the top of the railing, bending over double for him. He spread my legs as far as he could, and got down behind me, turning around under me, sitting with his back to the railing right in front of my pussy. He put his hands on my buttocks and pulled me down to him. I bent my legs and pushed my pussy right in his face allowing him to lick the juices off me. Juices that were half from my present excitement and half Jerry’s sperm still seeping out of me. I couldn’t believe what he was doing. I was looking at the windows of the castle wondering if Jerry was looking at this display of total surrender. But then I started to get excited. Poul now had a couple of fingers inside me, playing with my g-spot, while expertly licking my clit, sucking it out, keeping it between his lips while running his raspy tongue over it. As he felt me starting to come, he slowed down wanting to keep me on the edge for a while. Finally I felt him stop, get up, and move a few steps back.

“Oh Jenny, that is such a sight. Much better light than in the forest. I can see your pussy lips hanging loose, your entrance wide open and dripping.” He moved closer again, put a couple of fingers inside me, wetting them. Then he slowly moved them up to my asshole, circling around, wetting the whole area. Then I felt him move right up behind me, putting his dickhead right at my pussy entrance. He paused only for a few seconds then he entered me in a slow careful move as he put a finger up my ass. Only then did he start to drive in, faster and faster, while massaging my butt-hole as well. Not deeply, just enough to stimulate that erogenous zone, knowing very well how much that excites me.

Even though I realized the time was nearly two in the morning and we were up quite high up, and that people normally don’t look up, much more likely to look down, I couldn’t help thinking what a display we were putting on. I was bent over the edge of the railings, legs far apart, holding on to the bar at about the height of my knees. As Poul had picked up speed I knew and felt my tits flying violently back and forth, and as the arousal built up and excitement hit me, I knew my facial expression must be giving away my feelings, like bending back my head, squeezing my eyes shut as the orgasm approached, only to open them up widely in an almost frightened expression, panting through an open mouth as the contractions hit me. With the beam of light still hitting me from the lighthouse, I knew that if Jerry was indeed watching, he would see from my facial expressions the feelings evolving inside me.

Unfortunately that was not the expression my face was going to show today; instead it was one of frustration and disappointment. I felt Poul stop and go limp again. I grunted in disappointment, not thinking of what it would do to Poul’s embarrassment. I knew enough anatomy to know that if he could get it up as he had just managed, it was hardly a physical defect, but rather a mental one, which certainly wasn’t helped by my involuntary display of frustration. I didn’t want Jerry and Emma to know Poul’s failings, so I put on a more neutral face, got up and turned around.

“You are not getting away with that,” I said in as loving a way as I could muster. “I have had my pleasures and so you are going to have yours too.”

I turned him round so he was sitting on the edge of the railing, while I got down on my knees. He wasn’t totally limp, he was still semi-erect. I took his cock into my mouth, tasting what must have been a mixture of flavours coming from me, Poul and Jerry. I sucked at it, licked it and stimulated the head the best I knew how. I put a couple of fingers inside my still dripping pussy, wetting them completely with my juices. Then I forced Poul’s legs apart putting the fingers far enough into his ass to be able to stimulate his prostate gland, and, for a change, making use of my medical knowledge.

I could feel that had an effect. I don’t really know if it was because he was excited by the actual act or if it was the physical stimulation of the gland, which I know is used in the hospitals when they need to get sperm for fertilisation of the woman in couples having difficulties. Whatever the reason, his cock grew to its normal erect size. I wasn’t going to stop to make him fuck me again. I thought he deserved his release as well, after what I’d had tonight.

“Oh shit, Jenny I am going to come in your mouth if you go on like that,” he managed to get out in between grunts.

Not that I had any problem with that, but I actually enjoy seeing the man ejaculate if I have the opportunity. Often it happens inside me as oral stimulation normally belongs to foreplay, but this, going the way it was, I wanted to enjoy seeing him come.

When I could tell from his grunts he was near, I held back and changed to a hand job. Kneeling in front of him I knew it was going to hit me, but I wasn’t going to stop to move out of the way, so I just continued, still working the finger up his ass knowing that would also increase the force of the ejaculation. However, when he finally came, I hadn’t expected the force or the volume. The first jets hit me in the face and hair, then I managed to move a bit, but I was still hit on my shoulder, tits, stomach, and he just kept coming till I was a total mess. Finally he slowed down. I removed my finger and used the hand to squeeze his balls lightly, while I licked and sucked the last bits of come out of him.

When we finally stopped and got our breath back, he was licked clean but I was soaked. As I stood up his come was literally dripping off me. Not having anything to wipe it with, all I could do was to smear it around, getting the biggest blobs away, clearing it off my face and hair as well as I could. I was still left rather unsatisfied, but willing to stop now. I was tired and needed my bed. We kissed, and without another word made for the steps. It was still a long way down, and by the time we reached our clothes at the bottom of the tower, I was somewhat dry, but I could still feel cloth sticking to me as we, a few minutes, later walked out on the courtyard across to reception.

I didn’t think anybody else would still be up, but as the reception door was now locked we had to ring the bell for the night porter. He looked like he’d been sleeping, which was good, as I couldn’t bare the thought that he had perhaps been awake, checking on the state of the castle and seen our display at the top of the tower. However, no matter how asleep he still might have been, I could see from his eyes all over me that he wondered how I had managed to get to look like that. The caked, dried sperm looked a bit like peeling skin after sunburn, but a blob in the hair that I had missed was hard to explain away. Fortunately he didn’t comment, and only when I saw myself in the mirror in the bathroom did I realize how fortunate that had been, because the source of my dishevelled state was very obvious from all the blobs I had missed.

Poul went straight to bed, but I had to have a bath to get cleaned up. That also gave me an opportunity to relive the last bit of frustration still lingering, so when I finally made it to bed I was relaxed and exhausted, not even time for a reflection on the night’s activities. Plenty of that was to come later, though, but that will be in the next instalment of this story.