**Alan and Jo on Vacation**

by Vfalcon29

“Alan, I told you it doesn’t interest me,” my wife, Jo, said.

“Aw, honey, come on, just look at the brochures, please. You weren’t interested in being naked with me at first. Now, you’re usually bare ass by the time I get my shoes untied. We spend more time naked here than clothed.” Since we got married two years before, she’d gone from being a shy virgin to a sensual woman and wife.

From making fumbling love in the dark to starting the day with an occasional blow job, Jo had come to love oral sex. She even learned to love sex and feeling sensually excited by the tonguing I sometimes gave her ass when I went down on her. She especially loved it when I sucked my cum from her pussy after we made love. But allowing others to see her bare 5 foot 6 inch body? Nope!

I had asked her to accompany me to a nude resort as her anniversary gift to me. Despite her refusal, I’d sent for the flyers and brochures anyway. I had been trying to get her to go with me to a clothing optional vacation spot since we first got together. I thought the choice of going at least topless would relax her attitude enough to convince her to try public nudity. I’d taken the plunge myself when I was single by camping alone at an isolated ‘ranch’ (as it called itself) about sixty miles from where I lived. I got over my nervousness quickly and thoroughly enjoyed it.

“Yeah, but it’s just us here at home, Alan. Do you want all those fat old men ogling me? Or are you really just an exhibitionist yourself?”

“I told you about my experiences, Jo. I was almost as reluctant as you. Still I was determined to see how it felt.” After that first time at the naturist campground, I had returned again early the next summer. Then, on my vacation the following year, I’d chosen a nudist resort, with rooms and casitas you could rent, as opposed to a ‘naturist’ campground. I enjoyed the experiences, but the lack of having someone to share it with never left me.

Also, an important difference between naturism and nudism is that naturism is usually more clothing optional. A nudist place usually requires everybody to be nude, except for footwear, and in certain other cases, like women’s periods, they could wear panties if they (the women) chose.

“If you were as reluctant as I am, you’d never have gone the first time,” she said sarcastically. She sipped her drink and eyed me while she idly picked up the first brochure.

In the brochures for most places that allowed nude recreation, they show their facilities without guests, or the guests are so distant that their nudity is clear, yet blurred, so even their gender could only be guessed at. This was for one of those places. It was nudist, rather than clothing optional or naturist, and featured several pools and rooms to rent. There was a ‘swim-up’ bar at one pool. There was a clubhouse, with games “for kids and teens to play”. Jo stopped and dropped the brochure. “Kids?! Teens?! What the hell, Alan? People take their kids to this place?”

“They do, honey. Some kids are raised as nudists. It’s healthy and develops body confidence and respect for others. I was a secret home nudist almost from the start. But family nudity is fairly common.”

“Yeah, and allows pervert daddies to observe up close and personal as their daughters ripen! Then they take them into their bed next to pervert mommy.”

“Jo! Stop it!” she was winding up to some kind of hysteria. I hugged her and calmed her down.

“Why aren’t you satisfied with what we have, Alan?”

“I am satisfied. But I want to share this with you. I know you’ll like it. I just think we can make our life better if we loosen up a little. It might help you change some of your attitude about being naked if we went to one of the clothing optional places first. You wouldn’t have to be seen in less than your swimsuit. It only covers your parts that would be illegal to uncover other places anyway.”

“What will you wear if we do that?”

“I’ll most likely go naked. You can’t imagine the feeling of the sun shining all over your skin, or the way it feels to swim in the nude. I really mean you can’t imagine it.”

“Well, but I’ll have to see all the naked people even if I wear a swimsuit. They’ll all be fit and muscular, the women just as fit and sexy. They’ll be able to see me and understand why I had to keep my suit on.”

“It isn’t that way at all. And, what happened to ‘all those fat old men’ you were afraid of seeing you naked? Nobody judges anybody else. They look, then that’s it. You’ll be the same way.”

She picked up the brochure again and scanned it. Tossing it to one side, she chose a two-page flyer for a naturist place at a hot springs in the mountains. They did show some guests around the springs. Some were nude, some in shorts or bikinis.

Several body types were represented. There were a few very ‘fit’ and slender folks, but other people lounged naked nearby. Fat men who may not have seen their penis in years were usually with women equally out of shape, their tits hanging and flopping to the sides. There was one couple who were both ‘in between’, kind of the way we were, too.

Jo glanced at my dick, lying along our thighs as we sat together. “Seeing these women doesn’t make you hard?” she asked, indicating a group of young women laughing as they sat on the edge of one pool.

“It makes me wonder what it would be like to take one or more of them to bed, but there’s nothing new about that. It’s the same as when I see an attractive woman on the street, fully clothed. I’m sure you think the same thing when you see a handsome man.” She admitted it was, pretty much the same thing.

“Oh ... I still can’t just accept it and go along with it. I wouldn’t mind being naked with you somewhere, it’s just the public nature of all this.” She waved her hand to indicate the brochures.

“Look, Jo. Even if you were to run into somebody you knew, they’d be naked too. It’s not like they’d be gossiping about your activities unless they were going to expose their own as well. And that isn’t likely to happen if we pick a place far enough away. The only people we’ll see – and who will see us – will be people we’ll never see again.”

“But...” She seemed to have run out of new objections.

“Please, Jo honey. This would be the best gift you could give me this year. And I’m betting you’ll feel thankful for the gift you’re giving yourself, too.”

She studied my eyes. Then I saw her own eyes soften.

“All right honey. I’ll give it a try. But pick a place that’s ‘optional’ so I won’t be required to be naked until – or unless -- I work up to it, okay?”

“Thank you, baby,” I said gratefully. I illustrated my gratitude in the kiss I gave her. Inside I was jumping up and down in glee. I was single and alone on my previous visits. It was enjoyable, but it felt kind of incomplete. I just knew Jo would feel differently after a day or so.

I picked a place sufficiently far enough from home that it would be odd to encounter anyone we knew. We got a reservation for a cabin and then we just waited. The time passed though not quickly enough for me.

Jo asked me what she should pack the night before we left. Then she laughed. I laughed with her. “Well, we’ll probably want to drive to town a time or two. Take something you’d wear to a family restaurant, and a pair of shorts and a couple of tops. Take underwear if you want it (we’d both pretty much stopped wearing undies by then anyway), but I predict most of your clothes will still be clean when we come home.”

She pared her clothes down so both of our clothes fit into one of the smaller suitcases. We had great sex that night and it seemed to me she was feeling extra horny.

We had a 100-mile drive ahead of us, so we left early. Our route was southward so the sun came up to shine on my left arm when it rose. Jo slept for a half hour or so but woke up when I pulled off the highway and rolled into the parking lot of a café.

“Are we there?” she asked, but realized we weren’t after looking around.

“No, but I’m starving. And I need another cup of coffee,” I said.

“Oh. Okay. I guess I could eat something, too. How much longer?”

“Oh, about an hour, I guess.”

We entered and ordered breakfast. It was still only eight o’clock. After we ate, I figured we’d get to the campground about nine thirty. That would give us time to settle in to the cabin we’d rented (Jo said she might take her clothes off, but didn’t want to sleep on the ground in a tent). It had been a lot of years since I’d camped ‘rough’, as it’s put, so I was just as glad we had a cabin.

Due to road work, we didn’t arrive until nearly noon, though. I had cautioned Jo that she could expect to begin seeing nude people once we entered the gates. She sat up straighter and became all eyes, tipping me to the level of her curiosity. It made me smile. I silently bet myself that by the next morning, she’d begin to shed some of her clothes at least.

After checking in, we got back in the car. The desk clerk had been a young blonde, totally naked. A couple of guys came in to check something or other while we were there. Jo’s complexion reddened as she glanced repeatedly at their dangling dicks and at desk clerk Marsha’s tits.

Locating our cabin, we checked the water, lights, etc., finding them operative and satisfactory. We also agreed we weren’t hungry, so we skipped lunch. Then I started to undress. “What are you doing!?” Jo asked.

“I’m getting into my clothes for the week,” I told her with a grin.

“Just like that?”

“Yup. Just like this,” I said, doing a turn, now that I was naked.

“What am I supposed to do then?”

“Do what you want. Change into your bikini, or shorts. Go topless, bottomless, or get naked. Relax, honey. If this is like the other place I went, people are laid back, friendly and relaxed. Something about not knowing the status of anybody else does tend to relax a person. No designer outfits to prove how rich you are, no fancy jewelry, no Rolex watches. Nudity is a great equalizer.”

“Hmm ... Well, if you’re going bare assed, I guess I could wear my bikini.”

“Yeah, and, to tell the truth, you could just as well leave it off. It’s thin enough material, and cut so that you might as well be naked anyway.”

“Alan! It isn’t that bad! It isn’t a thong, with my ass cheeks hanging out.”

“No but once it’s wet, it’s clear how your ass would look bare. Your tits, too, if the water’s cool enough. Besides, you’re obviously female so everybody knows what you have under your clothes anyway.”

“But I’ll know I’m covered. Maybe...”

“Yes?”

“Well, maybe later I can work up to going topless. I did that with Melissa when we went to France back in college.”

“Okay.” I wrapped my arms around her. “I meant what I said when I told you to do what you want as far as clothes go. I love you and really do understand how hard this decision was for you. I can’t thank you enough.”

“Well, we’ll see if I can join in with you. I know that’s what you want.”

“You’re right. I’d really enjoy you stripping down and hanging out with me naked. We could watch all the other naked people. But if you don’t feel right about it, I understand.”

“That’s why I love you. You genuinely care about my feelings.” I kissed her. Before Jo put on her bikini, I asked if she wanted me to rub sunscreen on her. She did, then returned the favor. It took more for her to protect me, since there was more of me exposed – not much, but still ... We took a stroll through the grounds. Jo kept switching between looking at all the naked people around us and looking at me. I wasn’t sure what she was expecting from me. Did she watch to see how I reacted to other women?

There were some attractive ladies there, some teenage girls, too, that drew my gaze. One girl, about sixteen, with a womanly bust, sat with her legs wide open, her thin pubic hair not thick enough to cover her wide open pussy. I was wearing my darkest glasses, though, so my ogling was covered. My dick didn’t signal any messages either.

The place, being inland, had no saltwater beach. It was on a large lake, though, and there was a beach. We found a semi-private spot and spread our towels. The nearest others were at least thirty feet down the beach.

I reclined and removed my glasses. Jo lay on her belly, folding her hands to her sides and closing her eyes. The sun was warm and heated up exposed skin in short order. As always, whenever I lie out nude, my dick moves as it warms. I’m sure it has to do with angles of incidence, skin density and all that, but it really feels like it is moving voluntarily, like a snake or a worm.

I heard Jo turn to her back. Since my eyes were closed I didn’t realize she was looking at me. She realized the phenomenon I just mentioned was happening and watched in fascination. “It’s so cool, the way it kind of squirms around,” she said.

I opened my eyes and shaded my face. “What?”

“Your dick,” she said and looked around guiltily. “The way it moves by itself. It’s kind of like it won’t move on its own, but the sun powers it. It’s a solar powered dick,” she got a big kick out of her own joke. “I can think of times when it would be nice to have a sunlamp,” she snickered.

I looked down. I had felt it. It wasn’t erecting. I’d noticed it years earlier and never paid attention any more. But as we both studied my cock, it did start to fill out. I wasn’t erecting, though the feeling made me want to, but the previously constricted penile tissue was also relaxing, just as we were.

“That’s so cool,” Jo’s voice was quiet. I found myself smiling.

“I just feel so good here, honey. I hope you can relax and try going nude.”

“I’ve just been lying here feeling the straps and elastic around me. Then I look at you, all naked and free. I might be closer than we thought – both of us.” I rolled toward her and kissed her. That was when I started to erect.

I broke the kiss, surprising Jo. “Your lips are making me hard, honey. Hard dicks aren’t really cool at these places, except a few I’ve read about. This isn’t one of those.”

“What are you supposed to do with it?”

I replied with virtually the words of the brochure. “They ‘expect men to control or discreetly cover erections until they go away’.” As I spoke, I turned to my belly, ‘covering’ the offending member.

“What about all this ‘freedom’ you talked about then?”

“I was talking about free to go unclothed, not sexual freedom. We could have gone to a place like that, but you were reluctant to begin with.”

“Oh, yeah. I knew that, I guess. I was just wondering what one of ‘those places’ is really like.”

“If you like it here, we could go to the Caribbean next time. There are some sexually open resorts there, I understand,” I smiled at her.

While we’d been talking, Jo casually glanced around, then untied her top. She tugged it out from beneath her and laid it on the corner of the towel. Then she looked at me and smiled. “It’s a good thing you smeared sunscreen on me before I put on my suit,” she said. I pulled her to me and kissed her.

My dick was drilling into the sandy dirt below my towel and that was fine with me. After a while, Jo suggested a quick swim. I asked her to give me a few minutes so I could ‘relax’. But as any man knows, it doesn’t happen by wishing it. So I decided to bare it all on a run to the water.

The sight of my shy wife running topless to the water was enough to give me a hard on anyway. The cool water helped calm things down for me while having the opposite effect on her nipples. We splashed a while where our feet didn’t touch, then played in the waist deep water a while. Then she was hungry. “C’mon, my love, let’s get something to eat,” she said. We retrieved our towels and hiked into the clubhouse. Jo had just tucked her top into her bag.

The clubhouse was set up in a cafeteria type dining building. It was open to customers at certain times of day. Outside of cafeteria hours, it was a sit down café. We had gotten in before the cafeteria turned into a café. So the cost of our dinner was about half what it would be later. Jo seemed to have lost any self-consciousness about her tits being exposed as she moved along the line, wearing only her skimpy bikini bottoms. We were surrounded by mostly naked people, though, so I guess she felt comfortable.

We got our trays and plates filled and found a table space nearby. All the tables were outsized picnic tables, seating 12 or fourteen people – more if some were young kids. We sat across from another couple who were both nude. Jo was directly across from the woman. I was on Jo’s left and the other guy was on the woman’s left as well.

I concentrated on my food and only realized Jo and the woman had begun having a conversation when my belly started filling up. I tuned in and discovered they were talking about ‘newby’ nudists like us.

“I can’t remember ever not being a nudist. My parents were and that was the way I grew up,” the woman was saying.

“Wow. I can’t imagine when I was younger, coming home to find my mom and my brother naked, then joining them,” Jo said.

“That’s exactly the way it was. They had nudist friends, too, and threw parties, barbecues in the summer.”

Jo just shook her head. I knew she was trying to imagine that scenario with her own family.

I felt we were leaving the other guy out, so I moved my nearly empty plate to Jo’s other side so we could talk. I caught the guy’s attention and asked him if I could buy him a beer.

“Huh? Oh, sure! Never turn down a free beer! Names Dale,” he said holding his hand out across the table. I shook it giving him my name. Finished eating, we went to the lounge.

“How long have you and your ... lady been together?” I asked him.

“Oh, hell, we tied the knot, let’s see ... maybe six years ago I guess. But we’d been together two years before.”

We traded parts of our lives gradually. It’s kind of the way guys find out if they can be friends. We found things to laugh about and more serious subjects.

As the loud music faded, Jo tapped me on the shoulder. “Honey, we’ve been invited for a drink – or two. I want to go.”

“Okay.” I was quick to agree. I felt the more ‘exposure’ (pun intended) she got with nudists, the more likely she’d loosen up herself. Besides, the prices were high in the lounge.

We followed two naked butts to their cabin. After ten minutes walking behind them, I felt I knew all I needed to about both of their butts.

Inside the cabin, Lori took charge of the drinks while Dale went to pee. Dale didn’t bother to close the door when he peed.

While Lori was at the kitchenette counter, Jo looked for a place to sit. “Honey, my suit’s still damp. I don’t want to get anything wet,” she whispered.

“Well, take your bottoms off. You’ll be sitting on your towel anyway.” She looked at me, then glanced at Dale shaking the last pee from his dick, then at Lori’s naked butt. Then she just pulled the knot loose and let her bottoms fall to her feet. Her cheeks (the upper ones) were bright red and I smiled at her, then gave her a grateful kiss. She’d made it.

Lori noticed when she brought our drinks. “See? It isn’t so hard, is it?” she asked Jo with a smile.

Jo bravely agreed, though I knew she was cringing inside still. She’d get over it. It helped her relax when Dale, coming from the bathroom, didn’t seem to notice. He probably hadn’t noticed Jo wasn’t naked in the first place.

We had drinks and they showed us photos of their family. Their two sons were in college on scholarships. “It gives us more time and money to go to places like this,” Dale said.

“Alan told me there are places where ... well, where open sex is permitted. Have you guys ever been to one of those?” I was surprised at her boldness.

Lori smiled and told us about going to a club like that. “It was surreal, Jo. I think most people still kept their sex private, but if you looked around, you could see any variety of sex going on around you. Couples were screwing on towels on the beach. Even same sex couples would be treating each other to oral sex or more.”

Jo hesitated, but she asked, “Did you and Dale... ?” She didn’t need to finish. Dale laughed. By then, we’d had several drinks and we were all getting looser.

“We did. I should tell you that we, um, aren’t exactly exclusive where sex is concerned. At home we get together with other couples and just let things happen as they will. So when we were at that club, Lori couldn’t get enough. She had sex with at least three other men and one woman – that I know of.”

Jo’s mouth dropped open at the news that Lori was bisexual. He glanced at Lori but she just nodded her approval of his sharing the fact. “Yeah, we’re both bi. I took the plunge after we got together and enjoyed it. The reason I’m not sure of her activities is that I was sometimes involved with others when she was.”

The sun had gone down by that time, so we soon thanked them for the drinks and conversation and left for our cabin. On the walk back, Jo tucked her arm in mine and let her breast rub against my biceps. “How are you feeling now, honey?” I asked her. She had simply tucked her bikini bottom into the bag with her top.

“I’m getting what you mean about feeling free. It makes me feel ... lighter somehow.”

“Yeah. That’s exactly how I felt the first time I tried it.”

“But what about Lori and Dale? Can you imagine them having sex with a same sex partner?” I tried to keep the conversation light.

“Well, yes I can. I’ve seen photos of bisexual activities on the internet. So, yeah, I can imagine Dale with a cock in his mouth or Lori going down on another woman.”

“You’ve seen pictures? When we get home will you show me?”

“Sure. I just didn’t think you liked porn, or I’d have shown you before now.”

“Well, I don’t particularly like it – what little I’ve actually seen. After meeting them, knowing they really do things like that ... well, it makes me curious.”

“What aspect of it makes you curious?”

“Well, all of it, I guess. I mean, like in school I read about the ancient Greeks and Romans. It seemed like they’d screw anybody, same gender or not. Even incest was okay.”

“So ... when did you read about all this? I mean, how old were you?”

“I guess when I was in high school.”

“How did it make you feel? Did it excite you or did it turn you off?”

Jo didn’t answer right away. We had reached our cabin and we went inside. She hung our towels and her bikini to dry and with drinks we sat at the table.

“Honey?” I asked, “Are you going to answer?”

“Oh, yeah, I was just remembering my girlfriend, Corinne and how she was really excited about it all. I think she had a thing for her dad. According to her, things would be better if it was the same way today.”

“Well, it kind of is the same. It’s just mostly kept ‘in the closet’ unless somebody finds out. At least the incest. Bisexuality is pretty open now. But what about you?”

“I guess I figured whatever other people did in private was okay for them. I didn’t want any part of it though.”

“So you never, like, kissed a girlfriend or anything?”

“Well, sure I’ve had friends I kissed – just not French kissing, just quick kisses, usually on the cheek.” She hesitated, then, “Did you ever do anything with other boys growing up?”

“No. I guess the physical contact in sports was enough. When I was growing up, guys who liked other guys were shunned and considered almost a different species.”

“Well, I’m happy with us. I don’t want to jump into bed with Dale or Lori, though she is attractive I guess. Dale isn’t a ‘fat old man’, either I guess,” she said with a grin.

“Yeah, though, I wouldn’t mind trying Lori out,” I teased. She slapped my arm lightly.

“Stop it! You’re lucky I trust you. You’d probably like to jump into bed with most of the naked women we saw today, you’re such a horn dog.”

“Oh, and you didn’t see any guys you’d fuck if you could?” She blushed, though she denied having any thoughts like that. “Come on, Jo. We’re both human. It’s hard wired into us to breed. Social stigma and shunning are the only reasons that make us ignore that and the physical pleasure touching other humans – even same gender others. Sailors, long at sea with no females aboard, are supposed to fuck and suck each other, you know -- and prisoners, so they say.”

“Why don’t you take me to bed instead of Lori ... or Dale. Did you look at his penis, by the way?”

“Of course I saw it.”

“No, did you look at it? Study it?”

“No, I didn’t ‘study it’.”

“The head looks like it belongs on a thicker one, is all. Kind of if you took a mushroom and hung it upside down,” Jo said with a giggle.

We went to bed shortly after that. Jo had been affected by the experience, one way or another. She was hot. Her orgasms seemed to be stronger than usual. I guess something about the day had affected me, too. I stayed hard through three climaxes, while the best I could do most of the time was to manage to come twice.

The next day was another new experience for both of us. While the cabins had running water with a sink and toilet, showers were communal – and coed. We headed there first thing after leaving the cabin.

At first, we were the only ones there, but soon a nice looking brunette came in, greeted us and began to soap herself up under a nearby shower head. I couldn’t help taking brief glances at her. Her tits were pretty big, with large nipples.

She either really enjoyed showering or something else excited her, because those nips got very erect. They stuck out at least an inch from their puckered areoles. She was facing away from us when she washed her ass. Then she just arched her back to reach under her ass to wash her pussy from behind. I caught Jo peeking, too, but I didn’t let on. Hell, it’s not every day you shower a few feet away from a sexy stranger.

After we showered we went to the cafeteria for breakfast. Dale waved from a few tables away, but their table was filled with others. I was just as glad. We found a space at a table where a family was seated at the opposite end.

As we ate, the family went through the same kind of meal you’d hear in any café where everybody was clothed. The two kids – a girl about eleven or twelve and a boy a few years younger – had the same spats any kids have. They finished and went their way. As they passed, the girl smiled shyly at Jo and Jo returned it.

“Amazing,” Jo said when they had gone.

“What’s amazing?”

“They acted completely normal.”

“Yup. And as that little girl grows up, she won’t go through the same kind of agony most young women do; doubting whether her body is ‘good enough’, or whether her breasts are big enough. That’s what all the books say anyway.”

“I guess after a lifetime of seeing all this, all the different shapes and sizes, both male and female, a person sure wouldn’t be curious. I think curiosity is what gets a lot of young people in trouble.”

“I think you’re right. I’m glad you’ve adjusted to all this, Jo. It gives my love for you a new dimension.” We kissed. I dropped the towel in my lap to cover my erection. After a quick scan of the room, Jo’s hand disappeared under the towel. We kissed some more.

About then, I heard a familiar voice saying, “Gee, you guys, maybe you should go to your cabin.” I broke the kiss and looked up to see Dale grinning at us. Lori wore a matching grin.

“Uh, maybe you’re right, Dale,” I replied. “How’s your day going?”

“Oh, we’re just gonna chill out, lay out a while and spend some time in the water. It’s almost time for us to go home.”

“Aw, that’s too bad,” Jo said. “I had hoped Lori could share some of her recipes before we parted company.”

“Oh, just give me your email address. I can send them to you.” Lori seemed flattered that Jo was interested. Again, this was something ‘normal’ that people do, even with clothes on.

Jo’s address was simple, so she rattled it off so Lori could commit it to memory. Dale and I shook hands and Lori hugged Jo goodbye. It was unlikely we’d see them again before they left.

We spent another two days basking in the sun and swimming. Jo had relaxed to the point that I doubt she even thought about being naked any more. It gave me a warm feeling inside.

Jo groused about having to get dressed to leave. I couldn’t stifle my laugh. “Listen to you! The ‘I’m not interested’ girl two or three weeks ago! What? You’re a confirmed nudist now?”

“Well ... yeah,” she said with authority. “I am. I don’t intend to dress any time I can get away with it, Alan. You may have created a monster.” I wrapped her nude curves in a hug and we kissed our lover’s kiss. My hands were full of her fleshy ass cheeks.

“I always loved monster movies,” I said. “I think I like this kind the best. ‘The Naked 5 Foot Woman!’” I laughed. She poked my ribs.

“5 feet 6 inches, jerko!” she said.

Back at home, we returned to our life. The major difference was the fact that Jo decided she didn’t need clothes in the house, even when the weather cooled. I happily jacked up the thermostat so we could be comfortable nude, just going about our daily lives.

I knew we’d have more nude adventures starting next summer.