

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is posing in front of sheer, light-colored curtains. She is wearing a black lace bra and matching black lace underwear. She is looking back over her shoulder at the camera. Her right hand is raised, touching her hair. The lighting is soft and warm, coming from the left side.

Heat in Lisbon

***A
Hotwife
Story***

ALEX LEE

HEAT IN LISBON

A Hotwife Story

Alex Lee

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1. SEEDS OF ADVENTURE

IN-FLIGHT ENCOUNTER

Amy and I were on the plane, heading off for a short city break to Lisbon for the weekend. With the luxury of having an entire row to ourselves, I had moved from the window to the middle seat after take-off, wanting to be closer to Amy, who was sitting in the aisle seat. It allowed me to lean in and whisper playful, suggestive remarks into her ear, to which she responded with giggles and light slaps on my hand. After two in-flight drinks and with the anticipation of a weekend just for the two of us—without the kids—we were both feeling a bit frisky. But another reason for our mischievous mood was the atmosphere surrounding us. The cabin buzzed with noise, banter, and a hint of sexual energy as young people from two hen and one stag parties continued their celebrations from the airport bars onto the plane. The energy was infectious, with drinks flowing freely and many passengers already drunk.

It seemed that the stag party was split into two groups by the seating arrangement, with a particularly rowdy bunch of young men a couple of rows in front of us constantly calling out cheers and cracking jokes with another group a few rows behind us.

As Amy and I watched the young men with a mix of curiosity and envy, one of the guys from the group in front of us rose and sauntered down the aisle, wobbling slightly with a can of beer in hand. He stopped right beside our row, raising his beer in a salute to the group behind us.

“Oi, lads, cheers for the groom!” he called out, his voice carrying over the cabin noise.

His friends echoed his cheers with laughter.

I noticed Amy’s gaze lingering on the guy a little too long. Casually dressed in a T-shirt, shorts, and sandals, about six foot tall, muscular and well-built with a confident, handsome face, he undeniably captivated her.

I nudged Amy playfully in the ribs, leaning in to whisper, “Don’t gawk! He’s too young for you!”

She giggled, about to defend herself, when the guy caught her gaze.

“Caught you looking!” he teased.

Amy’s cheeks flushed red. She stammered, “I—I was just... well, you know,” her voice trailing off as she looked away, clearly embarrassed.

The guy crouched in front of her in the aisle, resting his hand on her thigh just below the hem of her polka-dotted pleated miniskirt. “We’re too rowdy, aren’t we?” he asked, smiling.

Relieved that she was not in trouble, Amy smiled back. “It’s OK. You’re part of the stag party. I understand.”

“I’m not part of that stag party, actually.” He raised his can of beer in another salute to the group, who responded with more laughter and playful jeers.

Amy looked surprised, her eyebrows raised.

“My friend and I are meeting friends in Lisbon for the weekend,” he continued. “We met these nice chaps at the airport bar.”

“That sounds like a fun coincidence,” Amy chirped, her eyes lighting up.

He gave her a soft smile, his hand remaining on her leg. “I’ll tell them we should tone it down a bit.”

Another guy, blocked in the aisle by the squatting man, called out, “Come on, Jack! Stop flirting with the pretty lady. Her husband’s watching you!”

Jack looked over his shoulder at the intrusive person and scolded, “Shut up, Mark!” He looked back at Amy. “By the way, I’m Jack, and this is Mark right behind me.”

Mark waved hello.

“Amy,” Amy introduced herself, then nodded towards me. “This is Tom, my husband.”

Jack and I exchanged polite nods.

Jack turned his attention back to Amy. “So, with your husband here, I take it you’re not off to a hen party, then?”

Amy laughed, placing her hand on her chest. “Jack, I think my hen party days are behind me.”

“No way!” Jack exclaimed with a grin. “When I first saw you, I was sure you were part of a hen party.” As he spoke, his hand slid up, pushing Amy’s skirt higher and exposing her upper thigh. I was certain he could catch a glimpse

of her thong from his vantage point.

Amy giggled. “Thanks for the compliment, Jack, but I’m a mother of two.” She placed her hand on his and gently pushed it down to signal that he was venturing too far.

Mark interjected from behind Jack, laughing, “Jack’s got a thing for yummy mummies!”

Amy glanced at Mark, her cheeks taking on a shade of pink.

“He’s impossible, isn’t he?” Jack chuckled, finally withdrawing his hand from my wife’s leg. He stood, glanced back at the growing queue behind Mark, and added, “Looks like we’ve caused a bit of a queue here.” He waved at Amy and me. “It was nice meeting you both, Amy, Tom.” Then he resumed walking down the aisle, followed by Mark and the rest of the passengers who had been waiting for him to let them pass.

As soon as the aisle was clear, I whispered into Amy’s ear, “He liked your legs!”

“Shh,” Amy shushed me, a mischievous smile curving her lips.

“Not only your legs, by the way.” I chuckled, gently poking her in the ribs.

“Shh!” she shushed me again, wriggling under my tickle. She glanced briefly over her shoulder at Jack, who had just reached his friends in the group behind us and begun chatting loudly. She looked back at me, the smile still playing on her lips, and gently slapping my leg, whispered, “He was drunk. Stop it!”

The fasten seatbelts sign lit up, and the flight attendant announced that we were preparing for landing. Jack and the others quickly returned to their seats, the rowdiness subsiding as everyone settled in for the descent. With that, the subject of Amy’s encounter with the strange but charming man was closed.

The landing and disembarking were uneventful. Since we each had a small backpack, we breezed through passport control and customs.

FIRST GLIMPSE OF LISBON

We got a taxi, and as we were leaving the airport, my mind kept drifting back to Jack and Amy's subtle flirtation on the plane. That brief interaction had unwittingly stirred a secret fantasy of mine—one I had never dared to confess to Amy: the thought of watching her with another man. I'd always held back, fearing her reaction, especially after we once watched a documentary episode on the swinging and hotwife lifestyles, during which she made a dismissive comment that I took as her firm boundary.

But the way she responded to Jack's advances—the playful smiles, the spark in her eyes, the way she seemed to enjoy the attention—made me question my assumptions. Had I been too quick to dismiss the idea? Maybe her initial reaction was more about what she felt she should say rather than what she truly felt. Could it be that beneath her conservative upbringing and respect for family values, there was a curiosity, a desire that she hadn't fully acknowledged—or that I hadn't been brave enough to explore?

These thoughts swirled in my mind as the taxi threaded through Lisbon's winding streets, offering us our first glimpses of the city. As the picturesque landscape of Lisbon began to unfold before us, Amy and I found ourselves pointing out various sights through the taxi windows, our shared wonder growing with each new discovery. We reached the city centre, and Praça do Comércio—the famous large, harbour-facing plaza in Lisbon—truly captivated us with its ornate architecture and bustling atmosphere, heightening our excitement for the planned day and a half of sightseeing in Lisbon and Sintra.

Just as Amy remarked on how smoothly everything was going, we suddenly hit a traffic jam. In broken English, the taxi driver explained that we might get to our hotel quicker if we walked to Pink Street—a small pedestrian street known for its nightclubs, bars, and pubs. He said the street was just a stone's throw from where we were stuck, and our hotel was right next to it.

Since we had only light luggage, I paid for the taxi, and we disembarked. Just by looking through the taxi windows, we had sensed it was very hot outside the air-conditioned car, but when we stepped out, we truly felt the heat. We

found the weather in Lisbon much hotter than we had expected. Someone at the airport had mentioned that Portugal was experiencing a heatwave over the weekend, brought on by a hot air mass from Africa. Perhaps that explained why the temperature felt higher than the typical 28-30 degrees Celsius expected in Lisbon for July.

With no choice but to brave the sweltering heat, Amy and I set out to find our hotel, relying on Amy's Apple Maps for navigation since we hadn't fully understood the taxi driver's directions. After getting lost twice, we finally located the hotel, which was right across from the noisy and crowded Pink Street with its bars, pubs, and on-street cafés.

HOT AND BOTHERED

Sweating profusely, we checked in and went straight to our room to take showers and change before going out sightseeing.

The room we were given was large, with a king-sized bed, but the air conditioning wasn't working, and it was hot. We opened the window and, since it didn't help much, we went back to reception to complain. We were told there was a problem with the air conditioning in the building but were assured that leaving the windows open at night would make it much cooler and more comfortable for sleeping. There was not much we could do but return to our room, remove our sweaty clothes, and take quick showers.

After drying off, we left the bathroom, still butt-naked to avoid sweating again, and rummaged through our backpacks for the spare clothes we had brought.

In my backpack, I had a vest, briefs, a T-shirt, Bermuda shorts, and a pair of socks.

Ellie spread out the only spare clothes she had brought on the bed: a white satin tie-front crop top, a white G-string thong, and full-length jeans.

We exchanged a glance, silently acknowledging that we could've prepared better for the trip to sunny Lisbon.

To stay cooler in the hot weather and save fresh clothes for the flight back to London, I decided to go commando, skipping the vest and briefs in favour of just the T-shirt and Bermuda shorts. I opted not to wear socks either and stepped straight into my espadrilles.

Amy slipped into the crop top without a bra, choosing to go braless not only because of the heat but also because the bra she'd worn on the plane was still wet with sweat, and she hadn't packed another. Then, she put on the thong, but when she picked up her jeans, she quickly realised they were too warm for the hot weather. Sighing, she shoved them back into her backpack, murmuring, "Too warm." She reluctantly grabbed the high-waisted polka-dotted pleated miniskirt she had worn on the plane, knowing that pairing it with a G-string thong—whose tiny front patch barely covered her shaved

pussy and landing strip—was a risky combination. But with only the crop top, the thong, and the jeans as her spare clothes, she had no other option and put the miniskirt on.

“Next time, I’ll bring a cabin suitcase and pack more clothes,” she said, slipping into her sandals and instinctively holding down her miniskirt, aware of how revealing it was when bending over.

I nodded towards her hand, still gripping the fabric, and smiled. “It’s hot, but at least it’s not windy in Lisbon today.”

“Let’s hope it stays like this. I don’t want to be flashing my knickers all over town.”

“And not just your knickers, honey!” I teased.

Amy squinted at me.

I raised my hands in mock surrender. “Sorry!”

“You’d better be!” She nodded. “It was your idea to travel light with just backpacks.”

“Right. It was.”

She sighed, then changed the subject. “What shall we see first? Praça do Comércio?”

“Yes. We’ll have lunch there and...” I glanced at my watch. “It’s half past two already. Will we have time to see the Belém Tower and Jerónimos Monastery?”

“Let me check.” Amy took her phone from the front pocket of her skirt, browsed the Internet, and then said, “They both close at 6:30 pm. We’ll need to get skip-the-line tickets for the Monastery.”

“Do we have to?” I asked, knowing how pricey fast-track tickets can be.

“Yes, there’s a warning about long queues.”

“How much do they cost?”

“Double the regular price.”

“Hmm.” I bit my lip, hesitant, then suggested, “What about leaving the Belém Tower and the Monastery for tomorrow?”

“No.” She shook her head firmly. “We’re in Sintra all day tomorrow.”

I sighed. “Alright then, get the skip-the-line tickets.”

Amy bought the tickets for both attractions, and we left the hotel, heading on foot to Praça do Comércio, which Amy’s Apple Maps navigation showed was slightly longer than a 10-minute walk away.

CULINARILY CURIOUS GLANCES

We arrived at Praça do Comércio without any trouble this time and spent around thirty minutes snapping photos as we admired the architecture around us. Then, we chose a table in the outdoor seating area of one of the plaza's restaurants for lunch. We ordered a grilled octopus for two, a glass of white wine for Amy, and a pint of beer for me.

The drinks arrived almost immediately, and I raised my glass. "To a great time in Lisbon!"

"Cheers!" Amy nodded with a smile, and we clinked glasses.

My beer and Amy's chilled wine disappeared quickly in the midday heat, prompting me to order another round when the octopus arrived. As we savoured one of the best seafood dishes we'd ever had, perfectly complemented by our beverages, and talked about our impressions of Lisbon so far, I noticed two men at the table to my right stealing glances at Amy.

I felt a surge of pride: *My 32-year-old wife is turning heads in Lisbon just as she always does wherever we go. It can't be helped, can it? She's just too beautiful.* I glanced at Amy, who was chirping something about Praça do Comércio. *Look at her face! Perfectly symmetrical. Full lips. Large, sensual hazel eyes. And her soft smile! Shoulder-length wavy light-brown hair flowing down her shoulders. A long neck. And such smooth, fair skin. She's simply irresistible!*

I glanced at the two guys, who at that very moment were gawking at Amy's crossed legs, her miniskirt slightly hiked up, revealing her upper thighs. The guys noticed I was watching them and immediately averted gazes. I smiled to myself: *You jerks want her, don't you? Well, I don't blame you!* I looked back at Amy's legs, my gaze slowly moving up her body. *Look at her! She could be a model. Five feet six inches tall. An hourglass-shaped body, a low hip-to-waist ratio. Slender legs and thighs, a firm, well-shaped bum and a flat stomach. B-cup round, firm breasts.*

What can I say? Real men would be idiots not to notice her sex appeal. Of course, they'll ogle her body. They'll always want to fuck her. I felt a little stir in my balls. *Oh, yeah! Just the mere thought! My wife being desired by*

other men! It's always thrilled me, hasn't it? But so what? It will be just a thrill and nothing more.

Men have always eyed her. Some have even tried to flirt with her. Like that Jack guy. But they've never got anything from her. And never will. Even if she likes a man, Amy's just too decent and restrained to truly reciprocate. She loves me; that's why. She's always been a faithful wife and will remain such.

As I ate and talked to Amy, I kept glancing at the two blokes gawking at her, and their continuous interest in her aroused me so much that I found myself squeezing my legs together to conceal the erection in my shorts. Fortunately for me, by the time we finished the octopus and our drinks, the two men had paid their bill and left, which helped calm my erection.

With only one main course shared between us, Amy and I still had room for dessert, so we decided to order nata tarts. Being in Portugal, we couldn't pass up this famous treat. These pastries seemed to be available at every dining spot in Lisbon, and our restaurant was no exception. Our nata tarts were served almost immediately, and the taste didn't disappoint—crispy, buttery pastry with a smooth, creamy custard filling that had just the right balance of sweetness. We devoured them in seconds.

I asked for the bill, and while we waited, Amy shifted in her seat, moving closer to me. She pulled out her phone and began browsing through tourist attractions in Sintra, enthusiastically sharing her plans to explore them all. As she leaned in to show me photos, propping herself on one elbow on the table, she casually stretched out her leg, her foot sliding across the floor. Her subtle change in posture caught the attention of a man, this time at the table to our left. His gaze moved straight to the gap between her slightly parted thighs, where her miniskirt rode up high enough to expose the thin fabric of her thong. I had no doubt he was gawking at her barely-covered pussy, and the thought sent a surge of arousal through me, giving me another hard-on.

I couldn't help but ask myself: *Is it me or everyone's gawking at my wife? Gosh! I better brace myself for a constant boner with her dressed in her skimpy outfit and these testosterone-pumped-up men in this hot country.*

"We can do it, right?" Amy asked me about my final assessment of her sightseeing plan.

"Yes, we can." I nodded, having listened as best as I could despite my

distraction. “Perhaps we won’t have time for all the palaces, but the ones you said were a must-see, we should definitely visit.”

“That’s my Tom!” She leaned in and gave me a peck on the cheek. Then she tucked her phone into her pocket and rose. “I’m going to the toilet. Are you coming with me?”

“Emm... you go ahead. I’ll wait for the bill.”

She gently brushed my shoulder and headed inside the restaurant to find the toilets.

I’d told her I’d stay behind to wait for the bill, but the real reason was that I didn’t want people to notice the tent in my shorts while walking to the loo.

I’d hoped that with the guy no longer able to ogle my wife, my erection would subside, but I’d been wrong. My thoughts kept wandering back to Jack and his hand on Amy’s leg on the plane, further fuelling my excitement. The waiter came, I paid the bill, and when Amy returned, I still had a hard-on. Unable to hold my pee any longer after two pints of beer, I gave up waiting for my erection to subside. I got up and quickly walked inside the restaurant, self-conscious about the tent in my shorts. Even though the stares were probably more in my head, I felt every gaze. I located the toilets and slipped into the gents, sighing with relief.

Peeing helped, and I emerged from the toilet, finally free of my erection, with a spring in my step as I headed back to collect Amy. But just as I stepped outside, I froze. The guy who had been gawking at Amy earlier was now sitting at our table, chatting with her. She smiled politely at him, responding to whatever questions he was asking. The way he leaned in, smiling and chuckling, left no doubt in my mind—he was hitting on her. I couldn’t just stand there gawking, so I forced myself to keep walking. As I approached, the guy spotted me, quickly stood up, and returned to his table.

Amy rose, straightening her skirt. “Ready?”

“Yes,” I confirmed, and we headed towards the exit. As soon as we stepped out of the restaurant’s seating area, I asked, “What was he talking to you about?”

“Who? That guy?” Amy nodded discreetly in the direction of the guy who had tried chatting her up and who we could still see gawking at her.

“Yes, that guy.”

We strolled a few steps down the plaza towards the riverfront before she said, “He asked if it was my first time in Lisbon.”

“And?” I pressed.

“I told him it was.”

“Was he flirting with you?”

“He tried.”

“Like?”

Amy glanced at me, a smile flickering on her lips. “He offered to show me Lisbon by night.”

“Really?” I was amused yet excited, feeling my cock harden again.

“Yes.”

“And what did you tell him?”

“Tom, you know me. I told him I was with my husband and nodded towards you. You were just coming back.”

“How did he start chatting with you?” I asked, curious for more details.

She shrugged. “He just came to the table and asked me if I’d recommend the nata tart. He’d seen me eating it.”

“Clever.”

“No, it was lame.”

“Lame?”

“Yes.”

“Why was it lame?”

“He’s local.” She smiled, one of those smiles only women can when they feel superior in subtle matters like flirting. “I’m sure he’s tried the tarts here before.”

I chuckled. “He certainly has. But still, if it helps him pick up a woman, why not ask?”

“Oh, come on, Tom!” Amusement laced her voice. “Does he really think that’s how to pick up a woman? Plus, he saw that I’d been sitting with my husband.”

Amy halted as we reached Avenida Ribeira das Naus, the avenue separating Praça do Comércio from the Tagus riverside walkway. “Anyway, should we get a taxi?”

“Yes, let’s find one nearby.”

We caught a taxi to Belém Tower, where we snapped a few photos outside before heading in for a quick tour. It only took about half an hour, but the Tower was still impressive. Afterwards, we strolled past the Monument of the Discoveries, taking more photos, and then made our way to the Jerónimos Monastery. Vindicating Amy’s foresight, our skip-the-line tickets spared us from the massive queue. The Monastery was awe-inspiring, and we stayed there until it closed at 6:30 pm.

2. EXPLORING TEMPTATIONS

PRAÇA PUB ENCOUNTER

Having finished our sightseeing in the Belém district, we caught a taxi back to Praça do Comércio, where we spent about ten minutes snapping a few more pictures of the square before wandering up Rua Augusta—Lisbon’s bustling, cobblestone-paved pedestrian street that connects the city’s two main squares, Praça do Comércio and Rossio. We strolled up to Rossio Square, took some additional photos, and then retraced our steps along Rua Augusta. Just before reaching the triumphal arch leading back to Praça do Comércio, we decided to stop for a light dinner at one of the alfresco restaurants lining the street. We shared a plate of petiscos—the Portuguese take on tapas—with a glass of white wine each.

After indulging in nata tarts for dessert, I paid the bill, and we walked through the arch back into Praça do Comércio. The square was livelier than earlier, full of energy as people enjoyed the early evening. After a bit of aimless wandering and taking in the views, we found ourselves at the entrance of a typical Praça do Comércio restaurant and pub, contemplating having a final drink before heading back to our hotel. The outdoor seating under sun umbrellas featured rectangular tables with two benches on the longer sides, each bench seating up to three people, creating a casual, pub-like atmosphere that was too inviting to pass up.

We searched for an empty table, but the place was completely full. Disappointed, we decided to look for another pub.

We were just about to walk away when we heard someone shouting, “Amy, Tom!” We turned towards the voice.

Jack was waving us over from a table in the corner we hadn’t noticed, where he sat with Mark and two other guys.

We raised our hands in greeting as we walked over to the table.

“Hello, Amy and Tom,” Mark said, his smile mischievous. “Quite the coincidence meeting you here again, isn’t it?”

“It is,” I agreed.

Amy nodded, offering a polite smile.

Jack introduced the two men we hadn't met before: "This is Raul, and this is Adao."

Had Raul's and Adao's appearances not hinted at their Portuguese heritage, their accents dispelled any doubt.

"Hello, nice to meet you," Raul greeted us.

"Nice to meet you," Adao said, smiling.

Jack explained, standing up, "Raul and Adao are the friends I told you about on the plane." He gently guided Amy to sit on his bench, placing his hand on the small of her back.

Adao scooted over to the end of the bench to make room for Amy. She took a seat, and then Jack sat next to her, sandwiching her between himself and Adao.

Mark stood and offered me a seat between him and Raul. Once we were all settled, Jack signalled to a nearby waiter, who came right over.

Jack asked Amy first, "What would you like to drink?"

"A glass of Chardonnay, please," she chirped.

Then he prompted me, "Tom?"

"A pint of draft beer," I replied.

He finally asked Mark, Raul and Adao, "Another round for us?"

"Yes, please," Mark replied, and Raul and Adao nodded in agreement.

Jack ordered, "One glass of Chardonnay and five pints of beer, please," and the waiter disappeared towards the bar with our order.

Jack turned back to Amy. "How are you finding Lisbon so far?"

She smiled. "Fantastic. Other than the hotel, everything else has been great."

"What's wrong with the hotel?"

She sighed. "The aircon's broken."

"That's strange," Raul remarked. "Lisbon's hotels are usually of good quality."

"Well, that might be," I joined the conversation, "but not our hotel. They told us at reception that the aircon problem affects the entire building. It's got something to do with a failed compressor."

“It’s the heatwave,” Adao interjected. “We have a heatwave from Africa. Compressors can fail when it’s too hot.”

“Such bad luck,” Amy lamented. “We won’t sleep well in this heat.”

“Maybe we won’t sleep at all,” I said with a chuckle.

“Why don’t you come sleep in our flat?” Jack suggested. “Our aircon works.”

Amy and I looked at him, momentarily caught off guard by his unusual offer.

He smiled. “We’ve got a free bedroom. We’ve rented a flat for five of us, but one dropped out at the last minute.”

“Umm, no, we don’t want to impose,” I mumbled, unsure how to turn down his offer.

“No, you won’t at all,” he assured. “It’s a three-bedroom flat. The four of us will share two bedrooms; the third’s for you.” He glanced at Raul and then Adao. “Right, Raul, Adao?”

“Right,” Raul said, raising his glass and sipping.

Adao nodded in agreement.

“No, we can’t, but thank you anyway,” I declined. Then, keen to change the topic, I asked, “Are Raul and Adao not from Lisbon?”

“No,” Jack replied. “They’re from Coimbra and came to Lisbon for the filming.”

“Did you say filming?”

“Yes. Just a scene.”

“Like... are you actors?”

“Umm...” Jack paused, smiling slightly. “You could say so.” He waved dismissively. “Anyway, it doesn’t matter now. The filming for this weekend got cancelled. I didn’t ask earlier, but you’re here for sightseeing, right?”

“Yes,” I confirmed. “We’re here for a weekend city break, sightseeing.”

“Have you done any sightseeing already?”

Amy jumped in enthusiastically, “We visited the Belém Tower and the Monastery. We’ll be going to Sintra tomorrow.”

“Oh, will you?” Jack asked, wrapping his arm around her waist.

She trembled, slightly taken aback by his bold move, yet she didn’t push his

arm away. Instead, she smiled at him politely. “Yes. Why?”

He smiled back. “Mark and I are also visiting Sintra tomorrow.”

“Oh, are we?” Mark exclaimed, looking surprised.

“Yes.” Jack nodded, turning to Mark. “Remember? When we were wondering what to do after the filming got cancelled.”

“Ah, yeah, I remember now,” Mark affirmed, recalling their earlier conversation.

Jack turned back to Amy. “Would you mind if we came along with you?”

“Oh, umm...” She hesitated, glancing at me. When I smiled, she returned to him. “Why not? Come join us.”

“Excellent,” he exclaimed. “What time are you leaving?”

“10 am from Rossio Railway Station,” she replied. “There’s a train to Sintra at 10:01.”

“We could meet at the train station.” He glanced at Raul. “Where is it?”

“It’s a 15-minute walk from here,” Raul explained, “at Rossio Square. I’ll show it to you.”

Jack turned back to Amy. “We’ll head there early and grab tickets for everyone.”

“OK,” she agreed. “See you at 9:55 at the station.”

Just then, the waiter arrived with our drinks on a tray.

A LITTLE FUN

After the waiter set down our drinks and left, Jack raised his glass in a silent toast. We followed his lead and took a sip. The cool beer was refreshing after the warmth of the day, and Amy looked like she was enjoying her chilled wine just as much.

Jack set his glass down and turned to Amy. “So, between the two—the Belém Tower or the Monastery—which did you like better?”

She smiled. “I liked both but definitely liked the Monastery more. Have you been to either?”

“No. Mark and I slept through the afternoon.”

“They’re both worth a visit.”

“Unfortunately, we won’t have time. We’re at Sintra all day tomorrow, right?”

“Yes.”

“Yeah... we’re flying back home Monday morning. But when we’re back, definitely. What else from your list would you recommend seeing then?”

Amy’s eyes brightened. “Miradouro das Portas do Sol,” she said, excitement in her voice. She explained the place’s panoramic views and then continued to share other notable spots in Lisbon.

Just as she paused to take a sip of wine, Raul, picking up on her enthusiasm for exploring, broadened the conversation beyond Lisbon. “You should also visit Cascais on your next trip,” he suggested. “It’s a gem on the Portuguese Riviera.”

With that, our conversation meandered through various must-see spots across Portugal.

As we finished our drinks, Jack signalled the waiter for another round and then turned the conversation to more personal topics. He asked us about our jobs, and I explained mine while Amy shared a few details about hers. Jack next inquired about our children’s ages, and Amy mentioned they were both in primary school, staying with her mother while we enjoyed the weekend in

Lisbon. She then asked if any of our new friends were married or had children.

As the waiter brought over the second round of drinks and we took our first sips, we learned that all four friends were single. Adao was the youngest at 22, and Mark was the eldest at 29. Jack and Mark had met Raul and Adao while filming a short advertisement for men's underwear, which hadn't paid well.

They were all between jobs and tight on money but had secured a better-paying gig to film a scene in a short film and had come to Lisbon over the weekend to start filming. Unfortunately, filming was postponed until next month because the lead actress had withdrawn at the last moment, leaving them unpaid and unexpectedly free. The actress's withdrawal was the reason they had a free bedroom in the rented flat—she was supposed to have her own bedroom.

From there, the conversation shifted to Jack and Mark's experiences with rented flats and hotels. The more we talked, the more relaxed we became around each other. With the effects of the alcohol, the chat drifted towards funny stories from Jack and Mark's past travels; as it turned out, they both travelled a lot and enjoyed it. We finished the second round of drinks, and Jack ordered a third round.

Having filled my bladder with beer, I excused myself and went to the loo. When I returned, the third round of drinks had arrived. Adao was telling a funny story or a joke, and Amy and our new friends were laughing.

As I sat, Adao continued, "And then—"

"Hold on!" Jack stopped him. "Let me first fill Tom in." He turned to me.

"While filming the underwear ad, we accidentally got locked out of the changing room. We were completely naked. Unable to stand in the corridor, we had no choice but to sneak through the back door on set, desperately covering our private parts with our hands." He turned to Adao. "Go ahead!"

"So," Adao resumed, placing his hand on Amy's thigh, "we opened the door and were blinded by a beam of light. Instinctively, we raised our hands to shield our eyes, and immediately, screams and panic filled the air."

"Oh, my God!" Amy covered her mouth with her hands, her body shaking in laughter.

The rest of us joined in, laughing at the situation's absurdity.

Adao's hand slipped up Amy's thigh, pushing her skirt up, as he continued, "We uncovered our eyes, totally confused. About twenty women, illuminated by projectors, were staring right at us. Can you imagine? We must have looked like rabbits caught in headlights. Then, Jack spotted a banner that read 'Ladies Lingerie'. Realising we had accidentally entered the set next door where they were filming an advert for women's lingerie, we immediately covered ourselves and ran back out."

Adao's hand now slipped to the inner side of Amy's thigh.

Laughing, she gently moved his hand away from her leg. "Wow! You were something!"

"It was embarrassing," Adao admitted.

"But there was a silver lining in it," Jack interjected. "Our exhibitionism secured our next job: the gig we were supposed to start filming today."

"How's that?" Amy asked, her curiosity piqued.

Jack gave a sly smile. "The director of the ladies' lingerie ad was so impressed with our physique that she recommended us for the gig." He winked suggestively.

"Oh, right!" Amy waved her hand dismissively, giggling and blushing. "It was precisely your genitals that impressed her."

"I meant our abs, Amy!" Jack chuckled.

"Yeah, as if!" She shook her head, laughing.

He wrapped his arm around her waist, pulled her towards him, and, smiling teasingly, said, "She was fascinated with our six-packs. Especially Adao's!" He nodded towards Adao. "He's got abs to kill for."

"I see," Amy said, drawing out her words. Scepticism tinged her voice, but the twinkle in her eyes showed she was enjoying the flirtatious banter. She continued, her tone both playful and intrigued, "Adao's abs landed you your next job? Very interesting."

"It's true!" Jack insisted, not about to give up.

Smiling, Amy closed one eye and held her gaze on him.

"You don't believe me, do you?" he asked, chuckling.

“Shall I show you, Amy?” Adao interjected with a playful tilt of his head and placed his hand on Amy’s thigh.

She glanced at him and giggled. “I’m not a film director, you know?”

“Do you want to see my abs?” he insisted.

Amy laughed. “I’ve seen abs, Adao.”

Adao’s hand slipped up her thigh as their eyes locked.

“Adao’s six-pack is impressive,” Jack teased, pulling Amy closer.

She leaned into his arm, her laughter continuing as Adao’s hand rested on her upper thigh. Her legs parted slightly as she subtly shifted. Holding Adao’s gaze, she said, “I’m sure they are!”

Adao’s fingers trailed along the inner side of her thigh as he asked, “Shall I show you?”

Seemingly not minding his hand, she smiled. “Alright, if you’re so eager, let’s see them!”

Adao let go of her leg and pulled his T-shirt up, revealing a well-sculptured six-pack.

“Wow!” she exclaimed. “You do have an impressive six-pack!”

He said proudly, “As Jack mentioned, my abs landed us the new job!” He then let his T-shirt fall back into place, smiling with satisfaction at having impressed my wife.

“What film were you supposed to film today?” I asked, intrigued by the type of film requiring so much of the actors’ physique.

“It’s a short film. About thirty minutes long,” Jack responded.

“But what is it about? Underwear again?” I pressed.

“No, it’s something else. We had to sign confidentiality agreements, so I can’t say much about it until it’s filmed.”

“Ooh! Confidentiality agreements... It must be something special to be worth the secrecy.”

“You could say so.”

“Or superbly well-paid!”

“Yeah, the pay’s decent, but unfortunately, as I said, we’ve been delayed—

we've got to wait until next month for a new actress to join."

"Next month!" Raul interjected, frustration evident in his voice. "What shall we do until then?"

"Pubbing," Adao chimed in.

"And fucking whores," Mark added.

Adao chuckled. "In the absence of actresses whores will do."

Amy's reprimanding remark quickly followed: "Guys, please! There's a lady at your table."

"I'm sorry," Mark quickly apologised.

"Yes, sorry," Adao joined Mark.

"Look, guys, it's not that bad; we still have the contract," Jack said, eager to offer consolation to his friends. "I know it sucks, but delays and cancellations are part of the filming process. These things happen."

Mark countered, "These things happen, Jack, but Alistair should've told us before we bought the fucking aeroplane tickets, shouldn't he?"

"Alistair learnt only this morning," Jack clarified. "At least that's what he told me."

Mark shook his head in disappointment, taking his glass. "I don't believe that. He must've known something was wrong with Andreia when she started with her demands. He's an experienced film director, isn't he?"

Jack shrugged. "I don't know, mate. Alistair said that Andreia had a last-minute change of heart. Maybe she saw Adao's photos"—he nodded towards Adao while chuckling—"and got scared!"

"Oh, yeah, as if she's not seen some!" Mark remarked, still sceptical. "I'm telling you, it's about the pay."

"You might be right," Jack conceded, "but we'll never find out. Anyway, as I said, we're still contracted; that's the main thing. We'll get paid, eventually." He let go of Amy's waist, took his glass, and raised it. "Cheers!"

We all raised our glasses and drank. As we set the glasses back on the table, the conversation quieted, and a subtle tension lingered. It was clear that discussing the postponed filming and pay had soured our friends' moods.

Wrapping his arm around Amy's waist again and pulling her closer, Jack said

softly, “Sorry for burdening you and your husband with our woes.”

“That’s fine, Jack,” Amy replied. “It’s just a temporary setback, and you’ll get paid once filming starts, right?”

“That’s right.” He nodded. “Plus, we’re not exactly broke. We’ve got enough money for some intense pubbing.” He glanced at his friends. “Right, guys?”

“Right,” his three friends chorused, their voices echoing in unison.

“In that case,” I added with a smile, deciding to help raise the four men’s spirits further, “cancelling the filming has its upside. You’ve got the whole weekend to enjoy and have fun.”

“You know what?” Mark seized on my comment, his voice rising with enthusiasm. “Tom’s right. Let’s have fun this weekend!” He then turned to Amy, his voice now tinged with a hint of mischief as he gave her a suggestive look. “Should we have some real fun, Amy?”

“Of course you should!” Amy agreed, her smile innocent, seemingly oblivious to the undertones of Mark’s playful invitation.

“To Amy helping us have real fun!” He grabbed his glass and raised it.

The others exchanged uncertain glances.

Mark shrugged. “What? I think it’s a brilliant idea. We’re in the right company, in the right city, why not?”

“Alright!” Raul said, glancing at Amy with a mischievous smile, and took his glass.

We all lifted our glasses and took a drink. We had barely set the glasses back on the table when Mark, waving over the waiter, announced, “We’ll have a shot of Ginja!”

“What’s Ginja?” Amy asked.

“It’s a famous Portuguese liqueur,” Mark replied.

“No, please. I’m already tipsy,” she protested.

“You’ll be fine,” Jack reassured her, adjusting his arm around her so that his hand rested on her midriff, left uncovered by her crop top.

She placed her hand on his, poised to pull away from his embrace, when her gaze met mine. I read the silent question in her eyes: *What should I do?*

These guys are hitting on me.

I smiled and raised my glass again. “Lisbon’s such a great place to have a little fun, isn’t it?” Holding her gaze, I finished the rest of my beer, thinking: *Wow! I’ve just signalled it’s OK to loosen up a bit. I hope I haven’t upset her!*

Amy let go of Jack’s hand, leaving it on her stomach, his arm remaining wrapped around her waist. She then took her glass and finished her wine. Setting the empty glass on the table, she looked up at me and said, “Alright then! It is a good place to have a little fun.”

The waiter approached our table and asked Mark, “What would you like, sir?”

“Can we have six shots of Ginja, please?” Mark ordered.

“It’s not drunk in shots,” Raul interjected. “You sip it.”

“We’ll do shots, Raul,” Mark insisted. Then he returned to the waiter, repeating his order: “Six shots of Ginja—no cherries, please.”

“Sure,” the waiter confirmed and headed to the bar.

“I’m already drunk, Tom,” Amy said, smiling at me. “If I take this liqueur shot, I’ll be so drunk you might have to carry me back to the hotel!”

“I’ll carry you!” Adao promptly offered before I could respond.

Amy turned to him, giggling. “Oh, will you now?”

Her skirt had hiked up due to her slumped pose on the bench, completely exposing her thighs.

Adao placed his hand on her upper thigh. “Of course I will!” He gave her a lustful grin and slipped his hand up between her legs.

“Adao!” she squeaked, grabbing his hand and pushing it away. She snapped her legs shut, adding firmly, “No!”

It was clear by her reaction that Adao had touched or even cupped her pussy under her skirt. Unfazed, he reached towards her legs again, but Jack slapped his hand away this time.

“What the fuck, Jack?!” Adao shouted, irritated, and rubbed his hand where it had been slapped away. He stared daggers at his friend.

“This isn’t your film set, man,” Jack replied sternly.

“Protective, aren’t you?” Adao reached for Amy’s legs yet again.

“Hands off Amy!” Jack slapped his hand away again, then hugged Amy tighter.

Adao said drunkenly, “Is she your girlfriend or what?”

Noticing Amy’s blush at Adao’s words, Jack whispered into her ear, “Don’t mind him; he’s drunk!” He looked back at Adao and said, “Yes, she’s my girlfriend, OK?”

“OK, then!” Adao raised his hands in surrender, then turned to me. “It looks like your wife got herself a new boyfriend.”

I shrugged, smiling. “What can I say? My wife’s a lucky woman getting herself a younger boyfriend!”

Adao stared at me, trying to discern whether I was genuinely not offended by his brazen actions or the overt flirting from him and his friends.

Though a part of me knew I should disapprove of at least his inappropriate behaviour towards my wife, if not also of the others’, my deeper impulses, fuelled by alcohol and my throbbing cock, took over. My smile widened as I said, “I love my wife just the way she is.” It was unmistakable; my reaction conveyed more than acceptance—my thrill in watching my wife being felt up was obvious to everyone at the table.

Now that Adao had his suspicions confirmed about my cuckold inclinations, he looked back at Amy and said, “You’re a lucky woman, Amy!”

Having overcome her initial shock from his bold move and feeling Jack’s protection, Amy decided to tease. Leaning into Jack’s embrace, she playfully stuck her tongue out at Adao in jest and declared, “I’m indeed lucky, Adao! A husband who loves me and a boyfriend to watch over me!”

“Oh, your boyfriend will watch over you, alright? And more than just that,” Adao quipped, winking suggestively.

“Are you jealous?” Amy shot back, sticking her tongue out at him again before bursting into laughter.

We all joined in, laughing and giving a humorous twist to the incident sparked by Adao’s provocative behaviour.

3. PUSHING BOUNDARIES

GINJA SHOTS

The waiter appeared with a tray of six glasses, each around 50 millilitres, filled with Ginja liqueur. He placed the tray in the middle of the table and, after saying, “Enjoy,” walked away.

Mark took the lead by picking up one of the glasses. He raised it to his mouth but didn’t sip, waiting for us to follow suit.

We had little choice but to take a glass each and down the liqueur in one go upon his prompt: “Bottoms up!”

Amy grimaced after gulping her liqueur. “Urgh. It’s strong.” She set down her empty glass and leaned back into Jack’s embrace. Immediately, he wrapped his arm around her waist.

“It’s not that strong,” I remarked, placing my glass on the table. “I actually found it tasty.”

“Did you? When taking it as a shot?” Raul asked.

I nodded. “Yes, I did.” I wasn’t lying. Despite downing the liqueur in one go, I had tasted it and liked its taste, which was similar to vermouth.

Amy fanned herself with her hand. “It’s tasty but still burns your gullet.”

“It does, but at the same time, it kinda gives you a fleeting cool sensation,” Jack said, and his hand, which had been resting on her hip, slid onto her side, exposed by her crop top. “It feels cooling, don’t you agree, Amy?”

Everyone’s gaze followed Jack’s hand as it slid under Amy’s crop top, cupping her breast.

Amy trembled but didn’t push his hand away. Leaving it to rest on her breast, she agreed, “It feels cooling.”

“The cooling sensation you feel is because the shot was chilled,” Raul said, providing his scientific take on the matter, his eyes glued to Amy’s chest.

“But overall, it will warm you up. The alcohol causes blood vessels to dilate, increasing blood flow to the skin, making you feel warmer after the initial illusion of coolness.”

“You’re probably right,” Jack said as he gently squeezed Amy’s breast under

her crop top. He asked me something, but I didn't catch it. I only heard my name at the end of his question, too distracted by my throbbing cock.

I mumbled, "Say it again."

"Do you find the liqueur cooling?" he repeated his question. Amy's chest was moving fast, her breathing heavy as his hand kneaded her breast.

"No, actually, now I feel it warming me up," I managed to say, then swallowed in nervous excitement, shifting my gaze from Amy's chest to her face. Our eyes met.

Biting her lip, she raised her eyebrows as if to ask me: *Are you seeing what he's doing to me?*

I smiled. This was my silent answer: *Yes, I'm seeing what he's doing to you, and I like it.*

She held her gaze on me for a moment before smiling back. Despite my unspoken assurance, she took Jack's hand and slowly pulled it from under her crop top, saying, "It's warming me up now, too. No more shots for me."

An awkward silence fell at the table. What were Amy and I going to do from this point on? Weren't we supposed to draw a line long before? We couldn't just sit and pretend nothing had happened. But would it be too obvious if we stood up and left now? Then, if we stayed, how much further was this going to escalate?

Fortunately, we were distracted from the growing tension when a dozen men approached the pub, their laughter and loud voices cutting through the silence.

Raul nodded towards the group. "Look at that crowd."

Two waiters scrambled to intercept the crowd at the entrance and led them to two recently freed tables to our right.

"You OK, Amy?" Jack asked, noticing Amy's apprehensive gaze at the group of men. He placed his hand on her leg, pushing her skirt up and gently rubbing her naked thigh.

"Yeah," she murmured. "But it's a bit noisy." She glanced at me. "Tom, shall we get going?"

"Yes," I replied, standing up.

"Are you going straight to your hotel?" Jack asked, looking up at me. At the

same time, his hand slid onto Amy's inner thigh.

"Umm..." I hesitated, wobbling, unsteady from the alcohol. My gaze wandered to the tiny front patch of Amy's thong between her slightly spread legs, which I was able to clearly see now, standing upright across from her. I chuckled. "I felt this last shot, honestly."

Jack smiled. "We all felt it."

Mark laughed. "Don't tell me I got you drunk."

Amy giggled, glancing at Mark. "Yes, you did. I feel it in my legs."

"Mark always does it!" Jack chimed in. "He holds his liquor and watches others get drunk! It's not the first time he's done it to me." He slid his hand up, his fingers grazing Amy's pussy.

She trembled, feeling the touch of his fingertips on her labia over the tiny fabric of her thong. Despite this, she didn't push his hand away but laughed, her gaze fixed on Mark. "Next time, I'm not drinking with you, Mark!"

"OK, fair enough," Mark responded. "But you'll still drink with Jack, right? He's your boyfriend, after all." He winked at her suggestively.

"Well," she started, but Jack now cupped her pussy over her thong, and she grabbed his hand and pushed it away. "If he behaves!" she said briskly and stood up, looking at Jack. Then, she repeated with a smile, "If he behaves!"

"He will, Amy, he will," Jack responded with a flirtatious smile.

Amy wobbled, and he caught her by the waist, steadying her. Then he stood up and, stepping aside to make room for her to pass between the bench and the table, gently guided her away with a hand on the small of her back.

Mark stood up, too. He swayed and grabbed the table's edge, chuckling. "I think we all need to clear our heads. Shall we take a walk on the promenade?"

"Yes, why not," I agreed. "But first, I've got to take care of my bladder."

"We all need to do that!" Mark said, stepping aside and making room for me to pass. As I was about to step away from the table, he laughed and added, "Too much beer gives an erection."

I looked up at him. He gave me a knowing wink and nodded towards the tent in my shorts. I covered my private area with my hands, feeling a bit embarrassed, but then glanced at his crotch. Like me, he was sporting an

erection. I looked over at Jack; he had one, too. Adao and Raul stood up just then; they were also visibly hard. I uncovered myself and stepped away from the table, not bothering to hide the tent in my shorts anymore. I didn't say anything, just smiled to myself: *it's not the beer, is it?*

Amy stepped towards me and, hooking her hand under my arm, whispered, "I need the loo, too."

"You guys go ahead," Jack said, waving over the waiter. "I'll pay the bill and catch up with you."

"Jack, let me help you," I said, reaching for my wallet in my pocket.

He stopped me, raising his hand. "No. You'll buy us drinks tomorrow!"

"Deal," I acknowledged with a smile, and Amy and I headed to the toilets arm-in-arm, followed by Mark, Raul, and Adao.

When we got there, Amy leaned in and whispered, "Meet me here," then gave me a peck on the lips and, pulling away, disappeared into the ladies.

URINAL TALK

I walked into the gents, stood in front of one of the three urinals, lowered my shorts, and relief! I was emptying my bladder with pleasure, my eyes half-closed. Just as I finished peeing, I accidentally glanced to my right and caught a glimpse of a massive cock.

I couldn't help but open my eyes and take a better look at the monster. It was a nine-inch uncut thick cock with a bulbous cockhead, expelling a large stream of urine.

I looked up at the cock's owner and was greeted by Adao's wide smile as he said, "It feels good, doesn't it?"

"Yeah." I nodded and looked back at my own cock. Before I could start any depressing size comparisons, I gave it a shake and tucked it back into my shorts.

I was about to turn and walk away from the urinal when Adao said, "Do you know what I think about peeing after drinking so much beer?"

"What?" I asked.

Having finished peeing, he gave his cock a shake but didn't tuck it away. Instead, holding it in his hand, he glanced to his other side, making sure only the two of us were at the urinals, then leaned towards me and said, "Peeing feels almost as good as fucking."

I laughed in amusement. "You could say so."

"Shall we test the theory tonight?" someone said behind me, and I turned to look at the intruder.

It was Mark, who had just popped out of one of the toilet stalls.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

He chuckled. "I mean, compare fucking with peeing."

I raised my eyebrows.

Bending down, Mark glanced under one of the three stalls where there was someone and asked, "Raul, you there?"

“Yeah, shitting!” came Raul’s answer.

Mark smiled, stood up and stepped closer to me. “You see, Tom. We all have just experienced how good peeing feels after a few pints of beer, haven’t we?”

I mumbled, “Right,” starting to feel embarrassed by the type of conversation I found myself engaged in.

Mark continued, “Now’s a good time to fuck and compare notes.”

I remained silent, staring at him.

He lowered his mouth to my ear and whispered, “I suggest we take turns on your wife.”

I stepped back, taken aback by his audacity.

He pressed, “It will be fun. She’ll like our little experiment.” He glanced around again to make sure still only the four of us were in the toilet, then added, nodding towards Adao, “You saw his cock, didn’t you?”

I glanced at Adao, who grinned at me and, at the same time, stroked his now semi-erect cock. I looked back at Mark, stunned.

Mark’s grin widened as he shrugged. “What?! Haven’t you watched your wife fucked by a big cock?”

I shook my head slowly from side to side, holding his gaze.

“Well... ” His grin widened further.

“Amy would never agree to it,” I said quietly, barely audibly.

“You sure about that? I think she would. Jack’s working her up to it.”

I swallowed. My heart was pounding, my blood was rushing to my head. I felt enraged and humiliated. At the same time, my cock had gone hard again and was twitching in my shorts. I was extremely aroused.

Mark winked at me suggestively. “It will be great fun for all.” He then nodded at the tent in my shorts. “Just thinking about it gives you a hard-on, doesn’t it?”

I said nothing, keeping my eyes locked on him.

He tapped me on the shoulder. “I know, right?”

I turned and walked over to the basin to wash my hands. I finished quickly,

exited the gents, and stood beside the ladies to wait for Amy.

Adao and Mark got out moments later and joined me. We didn't talk. And what was there to talk about? They'd told me what they wanted to tell me. And I had given them my answer, implicit, unspoken, yet a clear answer.

Having paid the bill, Jack appeared and entered the gents, giving us a friendly smile.

A few minutes later, Amy got out of the ladies, just as Raul and Jack joined us, and the six of us left the pub.

ALONG THE TAGUS RIVER

Raul took the lead, and we followed him. We crossed the square and Avenida Ribeira das Naus and stopped on the promenade along the Tagus River. He pointed at the Tagus River Bridge, turning to Amy and me. "Shall we walk towards the bridge? Your hotel's in that direction, am I right?"

"Yes," I confirmed.

Amy hooked her hand under my arm, and we resumed walking down the promenade towards the bridge.

We had walked for about two or three minutes before Jack moved to Amy's other side, opposite me.

He wrapped his arm around her waist and said, "Amy, let me show you a sculpture I saw earlier today. From a certain angle, it looks just like Adao."

Adao shook his head, smiling in amusement. "It doesn't."

"Oh, it does," Jack insisted, chuckling. "Come, Amy. There's something in the sculpture that makes it unmistakably Adao's replica. I'll show you."

Amy giggled. "OK, show me." She released my arm and let Jack take her to one of the rock sculptures set on the parapet of the promenade.

Earlier, when Amy and I were getting the taxi after lunch, we noticed spots on the promenade where artists built rock sculptures by arranging stones from the riverbed and painting them. Now, we were standing in front of one of these improvised stone exhibitions. The artists had gone home for the day, and there were no people around, so the six of us could freely gather around the sculptures.

Jack pointed at one of the larger formations. "It looks like Adao, doesn't it?"

"How's that looking like me?" Adao threw his hands in the air, irritation in his voice.

I stood beside him and, placing my hand on his shoulder, said jokingly, "It does look like you. It has a square head like yours."

"Ha-ha!" Adao laughed with a fake laugh. "Very funny!"

"You see?" Jack picked up on my joke. "Tom sees the resemblance in the

heads. But also, look at the midsection of the body. It looks like Adao standing with his hands in his pockets and an erection in his shorts.”

Adao shook his head. “Bollocks.”

Amy giggled.

“Doesn’t it, Amy?” Jack continued, pulling Amy closer to him and pointing at a bulge on the middle rock of the sculpture. “It looks exactly like Adao’s erect cock would look if he pushed his pelvis forward and to the right.”

“Not sure this is the similarity that draws attention, Jack,” Amy said, smiling. “But I guess the overall silhouette does look like him.”

“Not only the silhouette, Amy,” Jack insisted. “Look at the shape and proportional size of the bulge on the rock. It corresponds to the bulge in Adao’s shorts. Look at his bulge.”

Amy glanced at Adao’s crotch, laughing. “OK, perhaps.”

Jack turned to Adao. “Show her your cock!”

Adao raised his eyebrows. Amy’s eyes widened, also taken aback by Jack’s unexpected request.

Unfazed, Jack reached for Adao’s shorts, about to grab the waistband, but Adao slapped Jack’s hand away, exclaiming, “Are you crazy? They’ll arrest me for exposure!”

“Jack, please,” Amy whispered with concern, realising Jack wasn’t joking.

“His cock’s big,” Jack remarked. “And it’s got the exact shape as the one on the sculpture.” He turned to Adao again. “Pull your shorts out a little for Amy to glimpse.”

Amy giggled, trying to turn the whole thing into banter. “Jack, I believe you, OK? Now leave poor Adao alone.”

Jack, however, was not to give up and teased his friend, “Come on, Adao! Are you shy?”

Adao hesitated for a moment, biting his lip, then glanced briefly around and, after making sure no one was around, tugged at the waistband of his shorts, pulling them outwards. I glanced down into his shorts. He had gone commando like me, and I was able to see his massive cock, which I had already seen at the urinals, but I was impressed again.

“Feel it for yourself,” Jack said, and before Amy could realise what he was about to do, he grabbed her hand and pushed it into Adao’s shorts.

“Jack!” Amy squeaked, pulling her hand back. “You two are crazy!” She pulled away from Jack and stepped to me, hooking her hand under my arm.

“Did you feel it?” I asked.

She nodded.

“Big?”

She laughed. “Bigger than that thing!” She nodded at the sculpture, then looked around and added, “Let’s go before we get arrested for indecent behaviour.”

She tugged on my arm, and we resumed our walk. Jack moved to her other side and tried to put his arm around her, but she let go of me and ran ahead, giggling. Circling to my other side, she linked her arm with mine again as we continued walking alongside each other. Jack was not ready to give up. He skirted behind us and attempted to wrap his arm around her from the other side. Once more, giggling, she let go of me and dashed in front. Then she turned around, stuck her tongue out at him, and came to my other side, opposite him, and hugged my arm again. The two of them continued their playful chase as we walked, with Jack pretending to catch her and her escaping. This lasted for a couple of minutes until we reached a busy section of the promenade where people had gathered to buy candy floss, ice cream, and drinks, and Jack finally stopped his attempts to hug her, letting her hold my arm and walk alongside me.

After we crossed the busy area, we reached a much quieter and darker part of the walkway.

“Look how beautiful it is,” Amy said, letting go of my arm as she pointed at the imposing statue of Christ the King in the distance, overlooking the south bank of the River Tagus.

“Cristo Rei,” Raul said, naming the statue in Portuguese. “It’s a replica of the famous Cristo Redentor in Rio de Janeiro.”

Amy halted, and we all followed suit, the quiet settling over us as we took in the view.

Jack stepped behind Amy and wrapped his arms around her waist. Resting his chin on her shoulder, he whispered into her ear, “It’s magnificent, isn’t it?”

“Yes, it is,” she whispered back, letting him hug her tighter.

He planted his lips on the side of her neck.

She giggled. “Jack! What do you think you’re doing?”

“Umm, I guess I’m just having a little fun in Lisbon.” He glanced at me and winked. This was his way of telling me he had overheard and understood what I had told Amy in the pub.

A coy smile played on Amy’s lips.

He pressed his crotch against her bum, tightening his grip around her waist.

“I can feel it, you know,” she said, laughing as she pulled away and turned to look at him, a flirtatious glow in her eyes.

“Feel what?” he asked with a face of feigned innocence.

“That!” She giggled, pointing at the erection poking through his shorts. She then reached for my hand. “Tom, let’s go before someone turns our little fun into too much fun!”

I took her hand.

She nodded towards our hotel on the other side of Avenida Ribeira das Naus. “Our hotel’s over there.” She turned and gently pulled me along to the nearby zebra crossing. Our new friends followed us, and we crossed to the other side.

We walked together until we stopped in front of the hotel, and Amy let go of my hand, turning to Jack and his friends. “It was nice meeting you, Raul and Adao. And, Jack and Mark, I’ll see you tomorrow at ten at Rossio.”

She turned, about to walk up the steps towards the hotel entrance when Jack grabbed her by the waist from behind and swirled her around to face him.

She squeaked, laughing, “Jack! What’s with you?”

Their eyes met. He pulled her closer to him, and she placed her hands on his chest.

“What?!” she asked, cocking her head, a playful spark in her eyes.

Instead of answering, he leaned in for a kiss, but she moved her head to one side, dodging the kiss. Rising to her toes, she hugged him around the waist, pressing her chest against his. With her cheek brushing his, she whispered, “No, Jack. This is where our little fun in Lisbon ends.”

“Ends? I thought it had just begun.” He pulled his head back, looking into her eyes while still holding her around the waist.

She shook her head, smiling, and moved her hands to his chest, gently pushing him back. “No, Jack. I’m a married woman who loves her husband. We’re drawing the line here.” She pulled away, turned around, and ran inside the hotel. I followed her, catching up with her at the lifts. She pressed the button to call it, but the lift was already there, and we got in.

As soon as I pressed the button for our floor, I grabbed her by the waist and pulled her to me. She crossed her arms around my neck and, smiling, tilted her head to one side. “How did you like our little fun in Lisbon?”

Instead of answering, I pressed my lips to hers, and we melted into a passionate kiss. We broke it only when the lift stopped on our floor and the doors opened.

I took her hand, and we nearly ran to our room. After fumbling for the key card, I swiped it against the reader and pushed the door open. Ushering her inside, I shut the door behind us and wrapped my arms around her waist, pulling her close as we kissed again. I pressed my erection against her stomach, and she responded instantly, intensifying the kiss, her passion rising. I knew my wife well—she was horny and wanted to be fucked.

4. PASSIONS IGNITED

HOTEL ROOM CONFESSIONS

As Amy and I kissed, keeping one arm around her waist, I placed my other hand on her stomach and ran my fingers up until I found the tie strings of her crop top, pulled one of the strings, and untied the knot. Amy responded by pulling away from me and letting the spaghetti straps slip off her shoulders, baring her breasts as the top fell to the floor. Wrapping both my arms around her waist again, I planted my lips on her left breast and sucked on her erect nipple. She rewarded me with a moan and pulled my T-shirt up. I let go of her and raised my arms, and she peeled the T-shirt off me, dropping it on the floor.

I grabbed the drawstrings of her skirt and untied the knot. At the same time, she pulled down my shorts to my knees, letting my erect cock pop out. I hooked my fingers in the waistband of her skirt and pulled it down over her hips. She stepped back, kicked off her sandals, and dropped the skirt on the floor. I slipped off my espadrilles by hooking my toes under the heels and flicking them away. Then I took off my shorts completely, leaving them on the floor. I hooked my fingers in the waistband of her thong and tugged on it. She smiled, grabbed the thong, and pushed it down her legs, letting it fall to her ankles. Then, stepping out of it, she tilted her head to one side, a teasing smile on her lips.

Reaching out, I found the switch on the wall and turned off the lights, leaving only the night light on. Then I wrapped my arms around her waist, pulled her in, and we kissed again. With our lips locked in a deep kiss, I gently guided her to walk backwards to the bed until the back of her legs touched its edge.

With one arm curved around her, I placed my other hand on her chest and gently pushed her to lie on her back on the bed.

Lying down, she bent her knees and spread her legs apart with her feet flat on the mattress. Without further ado, I climbed up between her thighs. With my eyes fixed on hers, I lay on top of her, propping myself up with one hand beside her. Grasping my cock with my other hand, I guided it towards her pussy and found the entrance to her vagina straight away. It was so wet and inviting that I felt my cockhead lubed just by spreading her inner pussy lips

with it. Without losing a second, I let go of my cock and, propping myself up on two hands on either side of her, I made a powerful thrust into her pussy. She let out a loud moan as my entire member slid into her.

I began fucking her with deep, powerful thrusts.

She wrapped her arms around me, closed her eyes, and started to moan, “Oh-Oh-Oh,” with each of my thrusts.

I felt my cum bubbling up. I was so aroused that I was quickly approaching the point of no return. I grunted loudly in a final attempt to ease the pressure in my balls and delay the imminent ejaculation, but I couldn’t. My cock began shooting spurts of cum into her vagina. Fortunately for my ego, my quick surrender to the inevitable didn’t impact Amy’s pleasure because she was very aroused too and shuddered in orgasm, crying out loudly, “Oh, yes, Tom!”

I finished cumming within twenty seconds or so but continued to thrust until she stopped shaking and opened her eyes. “I love you, Tom,” she whispered with a soft, loving glow in her eyes.

“I love you, too, honey,” I whispered back. Then I lowered myself to her, and we locked lips in a kiss.

After we broke the kiss, I pulled my now semi-flaccid cock out of her pussy and rolled onto my back next to her.

“This was something, hon,” I said, looking up at the ceiling, trying to catch my breath.

“It was, wasn’t it?” she replied, her gaze also fixed upwards as she breathed heavily.

“You were so aroused.”

“Mm-hmm.”

I turned onto my side to face her and placed my hand on her breast.

She turned her head to look at me.

“Does your arousal have anything to do with Jack?” I asked.

She held her gaze on me for a moment, then said, “Some of it, yes.”

I raised my eyebrows. “Not all of it?”

She smiled. “No, Tom, not all of it. Most of it’s because of you. You know I

love you.”

“I love you, too, honey,” I replied, my gaze lingering on her.

“What?”

“It—” I hesitated for a moment, then said, “It excited me, too. Watching you with him... it really got to me.”

“I—” She paused, her eyes scanning my face. “I figured that out.”

I rolled back onto my back.

Silence fell as we stared at the ceiling again, each of us reflecting on what we had just revealed to each other.

It was suffocatingly hot in the room. I didn’t want to open the window because I feared the loud noise from the pubs outside would worsen. However, after bathing in my sweat for a few minutes, I chose the lesser of two evils. I got up and opened the window. The noise whipped into the room like a gust of wind, but the slightly fresher air was a relief.

I returned to the bed and lay back next to Amy. It seemed that choosing a hotel in the area of Pink Street, with its bustling nightlife, was not the best idea. Apparently, there were no enforced closing times for the pubs, and there were at least three pubs right next to our hotel and a nightclub, making the whole area ridiculously noisy in the middle of the night, with crowds of drunken people shouting and chanting.

I sighed. I knew it would be hard to fall asleep, but I had to try. I shut my eyes.

Lying there, the sounds of the pubs ringing in my ears, I couldn’t help but ponder Amy’s admission that she was aroused by Jack. The more I thought, the more the excitement from the images of her flirting with him and his friends—perhaps in the post-nut clarity—faded away until it was finally replaced by feelings of unease and worry: *why would Amy enjoy the attention of other men? Am I not in danger of being replaced? What did I think would happen? Well, I could lose Amy; that could happen!*

No, what I did was stupid. It’s not worth the risk. I’ll stop it. No more Jack tomorrow. No more Mark! I’ll tell Amy we’re going solo to Sintra. That’s it! Decided.

Having made a decision, and with the exhaustion from the long day

combined with the soothing effects of the alcohol in my bloodstream, I began to filter out the annoying noise coming from outside and started drifting off to sleep. But then, the guys chanting in one of the pubs on the other side of the street switched to shouting, perhaps in a fight, abruptly changing the rhythm of the noise. The sudden escalation caught my attention, jolting me awake and pulling me back from the edge of sleep.

I opened my eyes. *Damn it! I won't be able to fall asleep.*

I felt Amy's hand on mine as she whispered, "Honey, I think you've got to close the window."

"Yeah..." I got up and went to the window but then hesitated. I turned and looked at Amy. "It will be so hot if I shut it."

She shrugged. "I know, but it's too noisy."

"You're right." I turned and closed the window.

I rejoined her on the bed. We didn't cover ourselves; we just lay naked on our backs in silence, hoping to fall asleep. The noise was less, but still too much, and it became hot again.

It is what it is, I said to myself. *There's a sleepless night ahead.*

My thoughts drifted back to Amy's flirting with Jack and his friends. At this stage, any remnants of excitement from what I had observed were completely gone. I was only jealous. *Why did she respond to Jack's and Adao's advances? She'd never flirted with other men before. Yet, today, she met four random guys and let them flirt with her. And she did it in front of me. She let them feel her up and enjoyed it. She almost let Jack kiss her. Why? She says she loves me, but does she?*

I bit my lip, feeling unsettled, even scared, but then reason prevailed: *Amy loves me, of course. She's always been honest and blunt. She wouldn't have said it if she didn't love me. But then why? Why did she flirt with Jack and his friends?*

I tried to analyse why Amy had become receptive to other men's advances while she still loved me, and an uncomfortable thought crossed my mind: *I'm not man enough!*

I sighed to myself. *I don't last long enough. My cock's too small.*

I swallowed nervously. *But she still orgasmed. I might not be the best in bed,*

but I'm good enough. She's never complained. Then, why? Why did she reciprocate to Jack's advances? She definitely likes him, but that can't be the sole reason.

And then, without realising, it slipped from my mouth: "Why flirt with a stranger?"

"Because of the newness, Tom," Amy whispered, touching my hand.

I turned my head to look at her. Her eyes were closed, but she wasn't sleeping. Like me, she had been reflecting on what had happened. She whispered again, "Let's sleep, shall we? We're too drunk to figure out why we did what we did."

"You're right," I agreed and looked up at the ceiling.

I was sweating profusely, but I couldn't open the window. I knew that—as bad as it was—if I opened it, it would be impossible to sleep. I listened to the noise outside and started distinguishing the English football fans' chants from the Portuguese. I tried to recall what football matches were scheduled for the summer that could've triggered such a massive influx of fans, but I concluded there were none to justify such a large crowd.

These are tourists and partygoers, I continued to muse. There are so many hen and stag parties in town. Lisbon in the summer is a perfect location for partying. Chanting football songs is the most natural thing to do when drunk. British tourists are known for getting drunk while on holiday. Like Amy and me, in a way, but much worse. Yes, much worse. These people binge drink. Cheaper alcohol here drives this behaviour. But that's OK. At the end of the day, these folks are young; they seek excitement and adventure. Why not?

I finally fell asleep.

THE MORNING AFTER

“Wake up, Tom!” Amy woke me up, shaking my shoulder. “It’s twenty past nine!”

“Oh, shit!” I swore, sitting up and rubbing the sleep from my eyes. “Did we miss the alarm?”

“Did we set it?”

“We didn’t!”

“Quick! We’ll miss breakfast!” Amy got out of bed in a hurry, pointing at the window. “Open that window; it’s boiling hot in here!”

I jumped off the bed. “I’ve got to shower.”

“So do I,” she said, darting into the bathroom to claim the shower first.

I went to the window and opened it. It was already hot outside, but at least I could let some fresh air into the stuffy room. I took a deep breath and rubbed my temples; my head was hurting. It wasn’t just the stuffy air and heat we had endured through the night—it was also the hangover. We had drunk too much, which neither Amy nor I were used to. I stood still for a couple of minutes, taking in the fresh air and trying to wake myself up. Then I glanced at the bedsheets. They were wet from our sweat. The alcohol and exhaustion had ensured that we had slept deeply once we had fallen asleep, but we had sweated profusely.

I went to my bedside table, picked up the phone, and called reception.

I was greeted by a polite lady’s voice. “Good morning, reception speaking. How can I help?”

“Good morning,” I replied, my frustration creeping into my voice. “We had a terrible night trying to sleep in your hotel. The aircon isn’t working; the room has no ventilation, and we had to keep the windows closed because it’s so noisy outside.”

“I’m sorry to hear that.”

“Thanks, but that doesn’t really help, does it? We were roasting all night, and now the sheets are absolutely drenched. Can you change our bed linen,

please?”

“Yes, of course. We change the bed linen daily anyway, sir,” the lady on the other end said politely.

“That’s great. Thank you!”

I hung up, feeling a little guilty for my rude tone. But I didn’t have much time to dwell on my manners, so I went and knocked on the bathroom door, politely asking, “May I come in, honey?”

“Just a sec!” Amy flushed the toilet, then shouted, “Come in!”

I opened the door and entered just as she sneaked into the shower.

I peed, shaved and brushed my teeth while she showered in a rush.

As she exited the shower, she gave me a tired smile. “My head’s killing me.”

“Yeah, mine too. We drank too much, didn’t we?” I said, stepping into the shower.

She sighed. “We did, and I desperately need a cup of coffee. I’ll wait for you in the restaurant.” Grabbing a towel, she left the bathroom.

I hurriedly showered, dried myself, and put on the same clothes from the previous day. Then I took the key card and ran down the stairs to the hotel restaurant on the ground floor.

Amy was already eating a croissant and sipping coffee at a table for two in a corner of the dining area. Despite wearing the same clothes from the previous day and no makeup, she looked effortlessly beautiful. I couldn’t help but smile at the sight of her, struck by how sexy she looked even in her simplicity. She smiled back, then nodded towards the buffet, urging me to get my breakfast. I grabbed a croissant, filled a cup with black coffee, and joined her at the table.

I started on my croissant as she continued sipping coffee, her gaze fixed on a big fat bloke at the buffet who was stuffing his plate with food.

“It was great last night,” I said, resting my hand on her leg under the table.

“You should’ve put on a condom,” she said, still looking at the fat man.

“Right.” I withdrew my hand from her leg, taken aback by her nonchalant response. After a moment, I regained my composure. “Sorry, hon. I was so excited that I didn’t even think about it.”

She turned to look at me. “Well, are you thinking about a baby now?”

“I’m sorry. You’re right,” I apologised again, then sighed. “I don’t even remember where I’ve put the condoms. I’ll check tonight.” I paused, and then my tone turned upbeat. “You know what? I’ll buy some today.”

Amy looked away and set her cup down, still unimpressed by my attempt to gloss over my error in judgement.

Silence fell at the table.

I took a bite of croissant, sipped the coffee, and then said cautiously, “The chances are small, aren’t they?”

“They’re pretty high, Tom!” She turned sharply, looking back at me. “I’m ovulating this week.”

“Shit!” slipped from my lips.

Silence descended again. A couple with two kids and a toddler entered the restaurant. My stomach fluttered: *the last thing we need right now is a third kid—not with this huge mortgage*. I murmured, “I’m sorry, honey. It’s entirely my fault.”

“It’s mine, too.” Amy’s gaze shifted to the couple with the three kids. “I should’ve stopped you, but I was too drunk to think straight.”

“Yeah, we were both too drunk. That’s how we let Jack and—”

“We were very drunk!” Amy raised her voice, eager to avoid the subject of Jack’s flirting with her, then stood up. “We’re running late, Tom.”

I glanced at my watch. “Fuck! It’s a quarter to!” I stuffed the rest of the croissant into my mouth, took a final sip of coffee, and got up.

We rushed out of the restaurant’s back door straight onto the street.

Fortunately, the cabs were lined up twenty yards from us, so we got in the first one, and ten minutes later, we arrived at the train station.

I quickly paid the taxi driver, not waiting for the change, and we ran into the station. Jack and Mark were waiting for us at the escalators.

“Good morning!” Jack waved.

“Morning!” Mark said with a nod.

“Morning, morning,” Amy responded in a rushed voice. “Sorry, we’re late.”

“Yeah, sorry,” I added.

“If we miss the 10:01,” Mark said with a grimace, “we’re stuck here for another forty minutes!”

I glanced at my watch. It showed 9:58.

“Oh, shit!” I swore. “We’ve got to run!”

“You overslept?” Jack held out two tickets to Amy and me.

“Mm-hmm.” Amy hummed, grabbing one of the tickets.

I grabbed the other, and we ran up the stairs, avoiding the crowd on the escalators.

“We’re on platform 3,” Jack shouted as we reached the top.

We scanned the tickets at the turnstiles and ran to platform 3, where the train was about to depart. We managed to jump into the last carriage just before the doors closed.

5. TEMPTATIONS EMBRACE

SINTRA-BOUND TEMPTATIONS

There were no free seats, so we had to stand. As the train swayed gently, we held onto a vertical pole, steadying ourselves among the bustling crowd.

“Have Raul and Adao left for home?” Amy asked.

“No, they’re still in Lisbon. Sleeping off their hangovers,” Jack replied, resting his hand on the small of her back to provide her with additional support.

“They have the whole flat to themselves,” I interjected.

He smiled. “Well, about that. We got kicked out this morning.”

“Kicked out? Why? What happened?” Amy asked.

Jack’s smile took on a mischievous edge. “Let’s say we tried turning the flat into a pub and got too noisy. The neighbours complained.”

“You lot are heavy drinkers.”

“Yes, we are.”

“Rough night, was it?” I teased.

Mark chuckled. “Oh, yeah. We would’ve been sleeping it off if it wasn’t for your beautiful wife here.” He glanced at Amy, grinning suggestively.

Blushing at his words, Amy pretended innocence. “Did I make you come with us? I thought you’d planned on visiting Sintra anyway.”

Mark winked. “We only planned it after Jack met you.”

Jack removed his hand from Amy’s back and jokingly poked Mark in the ribs. “You shut up!”

“Sorry!” Mark laughed. “I don’t think I’ve revealed any secrets.”

Amy’s blush deepened.

Jack placed his hand on the small of her back once more. “It’s no secret that being with Amy is more fun than taking shifts sleeping in Raul’s car.”

I raised my eyebrows. “In Raul’s car?”

“Yeah. In Raul’s car.” Jack nodded. “Raul and Adao drove from Coimbra.”

“I see. Since you got kicked out, Raul’s car is your base now.”

“Yes. That’s where we left our luggage. In the boot.”

With Raul and Adao’s whereabouts clarified, the conversation quieted as the train reached its first stop, taking in more passengers. Usually, when people run to board a train at the last minute, they enter the last carriage. Our train was no exception. Being in the last carriage, it became overcrowded by the third station as last-minute passengers kept boarding, squashing us together like sardines. With even more people getting on than off at the fourth station, we were packed even tighter, and it became difficult for Amy to hold onto the vertical pole. She reached for the overhead horizontal bar, but it was out of her reach. As the train jolted forward, departing the station, the crowd shifted, and she lost her balance, nearly falling if not for the tightly packed carriage. To provide her with better support, Jack squeezed in front of her, facing her. Wrapping one arm around her waist, he pulled her to him while gripping the overhead horizontal bar with his other hand. Amy curved her arms around him, hugging him and pressing her chest against his.

“How’s it, hon?” I whispered from behind her.

She glanced at me over her shoulder and smiled. “Sweating all over.” She turned to face Jack, adding, “I’m sorry for pressing against you like this.”

He chuckled. “That’s fine. I like it.”

She gave him a charming smile.

He rested his chin on her shoulder and pressed his cheek against hers as he whispered, “I like feeling you, Amy.”

She giggled. “Do you? Sweaty?”

“Sweaty’s even better.” He planted his lips on the side of her neck.

She giggled again. “Stop it, Jack!”

Mark, who was standing behind her next to me, interjected in a whisper, “He can’t! Not while your nipples are brushing against his chest.”

“Shh!” Jack shushed his friend, then whispered into Amy’s ear, “Don’t listen to him, Amy!”

Amy glanced over her shoulder at Mark and stuck her tongue out at him. Mark just smiled. She turned to face Jack and pressed her chest even tighter against him in an obvious tease to Mark.

The train stopped, and so many people got on that we all had to move down the carriage to make room for the newcomers. With people pushing against us from all directions, Mark and I got separated from Amy and Jack. I became concerned about Amy, who was sandwiched between Jack and another bloke. Fortunately, a seat became available right behind Jack at the next station. He quickly seized the opportunity, sat down in the seat, and gently pulled Amy to sit on his lap. She sat sideways, her legs perpendicular to his. Once she was seated, he wrapped one arm around her waist, placing his hand on her stomach, left uncovered by her crop top, while his other hand rested on her thigh, also generously exposed by her hiked-up miniskirt.

As we neared Sintra, where the train would terminate, the carriage started to empty. Six stops before our final destination, the two seats across from Jack and Amy became available, and Mark and I took them. After another two stops, there were no more standing passengers. At the third stop before Sintra, the elderly man sitting next to Jack and Amy got off the train, leaving the seat next to Jack free. Amy moved over to sit beside Jack, now directly in front of Mark.

Mark leaned forward and placed his hand on her thigh, gently stroking her to draw her attention. “Amy, what’s the plan for today?” he asked as she turned to look at him.

Amy’s voice took on a tone of quiet authority as she explained, “First, we’ll go visit Quinta da Regaleira, which is in the town itself. I’ve got to see the Initiation Well; it’s a must-see. If there are no queues at the Well, we’ll have time for the palace, too; otherwise, we’ll skip it. Then we’ll have lunch. After that, we’ll get on the hop-on hop-off bus, number 434, I think, to take us to the palaces on the top of the Sintra mountains. We’ll first visit the Moorish Castle and then Pena Palace. These two are the top attractions in Sintra. I don’t want to miss them at any cost. Time permitting, we might see some of the other palaces, but I doubt it. Then we’ll return to Sintra town.”

“Where shall we have dinner?” I asked.

Amy shrugged. “In Sintra town or in Lisbon. I don’t mind.”

“And after dinner, what shall we do?” Mark asked, his hand creeping up Amy’s thigh, pushing her skirt up.

Jack placed his hand on her other thigh as if not to be left behind. “Go to a pub?” he suggested, slipping his hand between her legs.

“No.” Amy shook her head, looking at Jack. “I still have a hangover from yesterday.”

“Just one drink?” he coaxed, gently pulling her leg away from the other.

She chuckled. “You’ll make me an alcoholic.”

“Not at all,” he countered, and as if coordinating their actions, he and Mark nudged her legs further apart, giving Mark and me a clear view of her thong under her hiked-up skirt. “I’m just making sure you have a good time, that’s all,” Jack added as his hand moved up, his fingertips making contact with her pussy over her thong.

Amy snapped her legs closed, trapping his hand between her thighs. “What do you think you’re doing, Jack?” she demanded, but the smile on her face betrayed her playful mood.

He grinned. “Checking if your thong’s wet.”

She laughed. “It’s wet but with sweat, Jack, not with what you’re thinking about.”

“May I keep it there?” he asked.

Amy looked at me.

My hard cock was twitching. Watching Jack and Mark flirt with my wife and feel her up had completely swept away my jealousy, and I felt only excitement at that moment. Not bothering to hide it, I adjusted the erection in my shorts and shrugged, smiling. “A little fun won’t harm, as we’ve found out.”

Amy looked back at Jack. “Fine. As long as it stays still.”

“Deal,” Jack said, his smile growing wider.

Mark gently squeezed Amy’s thigh. “What about my hand, Amy?”

“The same rules apply to your hand.” She giggled and leaned back in her seat, allowing Mark’s hand to rest on her thigh and Jack’s hand to remain between her legs.

We travelled in silence for the next two stops, Amy and I holding each other’s gaze, conspiratorial smiles flickering on our lips, until we arrived at Sintra.

INSIDE THE WELL

Once we got off the train, Amy glanced at her watch. “It’s 10:45. Hurry up, guys!”

“What’s the rush, Amy?” Mark asked.

“I want to finish at Quinta da Regaleira before lunchtime and have the afternoon for the other palaces. Let’s go!”

We rushed through the turnstiles, following her lead.

Upon exiting the station, Amy took her phone out, opened Apple Maps, and typed ‘Quinta da Regaleira’. After checking the directions, she said confidently, “Follow me!”

Walking briskly ahead, she led us through the town until we reached the main street leading to the estate of Regaleira. She paused to check her bearings on the map, and Jack moved closer, wrapping his arm around her waist.

“Not now, Jack.” She pushed him away and hurried along the street.

Jack glanced at me, and I shrugged, smiling as I thought: *That’s my wife! When she’s sightseeing, everything else is on hold. Even you, my friend!*

It was much cooler in the mountains, so we could walk quickly without sweating too much. Within twenty-five minutes, we arrived at the ticket office to enter Quinta da Regaleira.

As we prepared to join the ticket queue, Jack stood beside Amy, wrapped his arm around her and pulled her towards him. “Why don’t you and I go sit over there”—he nodded at an empty bench nearby—”and let Tom and Mark wait in the queue?”

“No, Jack, stop it!” Amy scolded, then, nodding discreetly towards a family with two small kids already in the queue, whispered, “There are kids.”

“I guess we’ll all wait, then.” Disappointed, Jack removed his arm from her waist, and the four of us lined up.

It turned out the queue was moving fast, and ten minutes later, we entered the estate of Quinta da Regaleira, which featured a park with lakes, grottoes, benches, wells, fountains, and the palace.

We followed the signs to Amy's first and most important goal—the Initiation Well—and soon arrived at the end of a long queue curving along the pathway under the trees. I asked if this was the queue for the Initiation Well, and the three guys at the back politely confirmed it was. We had no choice but to line up behind them, our spirits dampened by the prospect of the long and boring wait.

Jack stood in front of Amy, wrapping his arms around her waist. “Should we skip the Well and go straight to the palace?” he asked.

Amy shook her head. “Uh-uh. The Initiation Well is a must-see attraction.”

Jack gave her a cheeky smile. “We could see photos on the Internet.”

She giggled, amused. “No, Jack. It has to be seen in person.”

“Seeing it in person is the best.” I weighed in. “Although I wonder if there are 3D tours of the Well on the Internet.”

“You see? Your hubby agrees with me.” Jack chuckled, nodding towards me. “Let's go Internet!”

Amy looked at me, raising her eyebrows.

“Umm...” I smiled sheepishly. “Perhaps the Internet option isn't such a bad idea, hon.”

She pulled away from Jack, turned to face me, and rested her hands on my shoulders, smiling seductively. “Honey, you sure about that? Rumour has it that walking down the spiral steps of the Well inspires couples to try special positions in bed. I was hoping we'd try one this evening.”

“Oh, what would that position be?”

“I don't know. I have to pass through the Initiation Well to find out.”

“You know, come to think about it, the Internet option is a dumb idea, honey.”

Jack reached out, wrapped his arm around Amy, and pulled her away from me as he chuckled. “Amy, you charming little thing! You know how to manipulate your hubby, don't you?” He lowered his mouth and kissed the side of her neck, making her giggle. She peeled away from him, turned back to me, and hugged me, encircling her arms around me.

I had just put my arms around her shoulders when Mark stood behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist. He whispered into her ear, “I read

somewhere that the Well is called an Initiation Well because one of the palace owners took his mistresses into it and initiated them into the art of oral sex.” What Mark said was complete nonsense, just like Amy’s invented rumour about the Well, but the four of us found it funny and burst into laughter.

Of course, our strange behaviour attracted the attention of the people around us. At first, they cast us confused glances. But as they listened to our conversation and realised that Amy was my wife, flirting with Jack and Mark in front of me—with my approval—their confusion turned to disapproval.

The four of us, having found a deviant way of entertaining ourselves, continued to irritate the others with our frivolous behaviour. Mark, Jack, and I took turns hugging Amy, telling her some nonsensical story about the Well, which she either rebuffed or topped with an even more nonsensical suggestion. Hugging, joking, and giggling, we rattled the people around us and didn’t notice how the forty minutes or so of waiting passed.

Finding ourselves at the entrance of the Well, we stopped messing about. Jack stepped in front, Amy and I lined up behind him, and Mark followed at the end as we began descending the spiral staircase. Taking our phones out, we snapped photos and selfies with the unique structure’s symbols and features as we walked. Halfway down the stairs, Mark offered to take a photo of Amy and me together if we walked further down. Amy passed him her phone, and he stayed behind while she, Jack, and I climbed down another spiral of steps. Amy and I posed under one of the arches in the staircase, facing Mark. He took pictures of the two of us as we smiled and hugged. He was about to come down to join us when Jack stopped him, shouting, “Mark, stay there!” Jack then moved between Amy and me, wrapping an arm around each of us, and shouted to Mark again, “Take one of the three of us!”

Amy pulled away from Jack. “No, Jack! I’ll be showing these photos to my children.”

He chuckled, raising his eyebrows. “What? Am I too ugly to be in the photos?”

She laughed. “No, you aren’t. But what will I tell them when they ask, ‘Mummy, who’s this man with you and Daddy?’”

Jack gave her a teasing smile. “Tell them: ‘This is Uncle Jack, and he helped Mummy and Daddy have some fun in Lisbon.’”

Amy playfully slapped him on the bum. “Very clever, Jack.”

“OK, at least can I have a selfie with you on my phone?” He pulled out his phone, hugged her, and, pressing his cheek against hers, took a selfie of them smiling at the camera.

“If you turn around and lean back a little,” I offered, “I could take a photo of the two of you with the compass at the bottom in the background.” I extended my hand towards Jack’s phone, nodding at the bottom of the Well where a huge stone compass was inscribed.

To my surprise, Jack declined politely, “No, thanks.” Then, letting go of Amy and tucking his phone into his pocket, he added, “You’ll take a photo of Amy and me tonight as we lie naked next to each other.”

Instantly, Amy raised her finger at him. “Jack, you’re pushing it too much now!”

“Am I? I thought we’d be trying one of those special positions that the Well inspires.”

We had blocked the stairs, and the people behind us were waiting for us to move so they could continue walking down. One of the guys, who had been casting particularly disapproving looks at us when we were fooling around in the queue outside the Well, had finally had enough. He shouted, gesturing angrily, “Can you screw around somewhere else?”

Jack turned and gave the guy a threatening stare, stepping towards him with a hiss. “Or what?”

Jack had a formidable physique, tall and imposing, even while standing a step lower than the impatient guy. The guy stepped back and raised his hands defensively, backing down. The two blokes accompanying him also stepped back, unwilling to pick a fight with the much stronger and more aggressive Jack.

Amy tapped Jack on the bum, whispering, “Come on, Jack, let’s go.”

He turned, and we resumed climbing down the stairs.

As we walked, I noticed a light smile flickering at the corners of Amy’s lips, and it brought a smile to my face in turn. *Don’t I know you, Amy? You relish being the object of attention. And if it results in a fight over you? You feel doubly precious and desired. You know too well that what we’re doing is beyond childish—devious—but you still like it, don’t you?*

We reached the bottom of the stairs, took photos of the stone compass with the Templar cross, and followed the tunnel until we emerged from the impressive structure of the Initiation Well and stood at the entrance to wait for Mark.

When Mark came out, Amy hooked her arm through Jack's and tugged on him to follow her, saying, "Off to the Regaleira Palace!"

Twenty yards from the Initiation Well, we reached a junction with signposts pointing to various attractions in the estate. Letting go of Jack's arm, Amy paused to read the directions, and he tried to put his arm around her, but she nudged him away. "Quick, Jack! No time for this!" She hurried up the path to the Regaleira Palace.

I glanced over my shoulder and saw the reason for Amy's hurry. The three guys Jack had an altercation with inside the Well had come out and were talking to the security staff near the exit. I followed Amy quickly, with Jack and Mark not far behind.

CHASING TEMPTATION

The palace was only a couple hundred yards away from the Well, and fortunately, there was no queue, so we entered the building immediately.

Once inside, Jack draped his arm over Amy again, but she pulled away, whispering, “Jack, no! There are cameras.”

He smiled. “So? We’re just messing about.”

“No!” she shot back. “It’s too much now. We almost got into a fight messing about, didn’t we?” She continued into the first room.

His smile faded slightly. “OK, fun’s on pause.”

We toured the palace, taking photos, but this time, Amy, Jack, and Mark didn’t flirt.

Exiting the palace, Amy glanced at her watch. “It’s one o’clock. Where shall we eat?”

“I didn’t see any good places here,” I said. “Let’s go back to the town centre; I saw a couple of nice-looking restaurants there.”

“Shall we get a taxi?”

“It’s only a 20-minute walk, hon.”

“I’m a bit tired, but let’s walk,” she agreed with a sigh, glancing at the nearby signpost.

We followed the signs to the exit and soon left the estate. Amy and I took the main street to the centre of Sintra town, with Mark and Jack following us. Jack hadn’t bothered Amy after her request in the palace, but now, a few hundred yards down the street, he caught up with us and wrapped his arms around her from behind, forcing her to halt.

Mark and I halted, too.

“There are no cameras here,” Jack said, pulling Amy towards him and pressing his pelvis against her bum.

To my surprise, instead of scolding him, she just pulled away, giggling. “I’m sure there are street cameras, Jack.”

“Those are police cameras.”

“Yes, but they’re still cameras.”

She was about to resume walking, but he grabbed her by the waist and swirled her around to face him.

“Jack! The cameras!” she squeaked, gripping his shoulders, her eyes locking onto his with a playful sparkle in her smile.

He slid his hands down to her bum, cupping her buttocks, and pulled her in.

“They’ve got nothing to do with the security cameras inside the attractions.”

She took his hands. “Even so, Jack, you’ve got to keep your hands to yourself!” Smiling playfully, she removed his hands from her bum and pressed them against his crotch, right where a conspicuous bulge could be seen pushing out against the fabric of his shorts.

He pulled his hands out of her grip. “What if I can’t?”

He reached out to encircle her with his arms again, but she jumped back away from him, giggling. “You’ve got to learn to!”

He stepped towards her. “But I can’t!”

“You’ve got to, Jack!” With a teasing smile on her lips, she began walking backwards, her feet lightly bouncing off the pavement.

He tried to walk faster, chasing her, but she turned and began running slowly. As she ran, she occasionally glanced over her shoulder at him, giggling or sticking her tongue out while he pretended to try to catch her.

Mark and I followed them, lightly jogging as we watched them flirt like teenagers.

Despite a few near misses with other pedestrians, the upside of our playful chase was that we arrived at the centre of Sintra in less than twenty minutes.

6. FANNING THE FLAMES

“What about this one?” I asked, pointing at a restaurant with a menu board out front.

We stopped, and after a quick glance at the prices, Amy nodded. “This one will do!”

A waiter greeted us as we entered the restaurant and guided us to a table for four on the ground floor, next to the stairs leading to the first floor.

Amy took a seat, and as Jack moved to sit next to her, she pointed at the chair across the table. “You’ll sit there, Jack!”

He raised his eyebrows. “Why?”

She leaned back with a playful smirk. “Because you’ve misbehaved, and that’s your spot!”

“OK, princess!” he said, sitting as instructed. “In the naughty corner I go.”

Mark patted Jack on the shoulder. “Your princess likes to tease, doesn’t she?”

Jack looked up at his friend. “Well, that’s what princesses do.” He turned to Amy, giving her a playful smile.

She giggled. “I’ve never been called a princess before, but I like it.”

Laughing, Mark and I took the chairs on either side of her.

“What drinks would you like to start with?” the waiter asked politely, looking at Amy.

She returned his smile. “We’re on a tight schedule, unfortunately, and would like to order the mains too.”

“Sure.”

She picked up the menu but then set it down, glancing back at the waiter. “Is there a traditional dish that you could serve straight away?”

“Yes. Have you tried Bifana before?”

We all shook our heads.

The waiter explained, “Bifana is a popular Portuguese sandwich made with

marinated pork cutlets, quickly grilled and served in a crusty roll. It's garnished with mustard or spicy piri-piri sauce and comes with fries or a salad. I would recommend pairing it with a Vinho Verde. It's a light, fresh white wine with a slight spritz. I think you'll love it."

Amy said, "I'll have the Bifana with fries, mustard, and a glass of Vinho Verde."

The waiter turned to me. "And for you, sir?"

"I'll have the same," I replied.

Jack added his order: "I'll have the same. Can we actually have a bottle of Vinho Verde?" He glanced at Mark. "You'll have wine, too, right?"

Mark nodded. "Yes. Let's go with a bottle." He turned to the waiter. "Bifana with fries and piri-piri sauce for me."

The waiter repeated our order and asked, "Is that all?"

"Yes, that's all," Jack confirmed.

The waiter smiled. "Excellent choices. Your food should be ready in about five to ten minutes. I'll bring you the wine right away." He collected the menus from the table and left us.

"And I was supposed not to drink today," Amy said, glancing at me with a guilty smile.

I smiled back. "It's Lisbon, honey. If we don't treat ourselves to a few drinks and have some fun, where else?"

Jack chimed in, "Your husband's right, Amy. When in Lisbon, do as the 'Lisboners' do."

Amy laughed, glancing at Jack, a playful spark in her eyes. "It's Lisboans, not 'Lisboners'. Also, the saying's about Rome and the Romans, Jack."

"Fine. But the gist of it's the same: enjoy it while you can."

"Whatever, Jack! I won't argue with you."

Our attention was drawn to the waiter returning with a bottle of Vinho Verde. He rearranged the wine glasses from the centre of the table, placing one before each of us, deftly opened the bottle, and poured a generous amount of wine into each glass before placing the bottle on the table and leaving us again.

“Cheers!” I said, raising my glass. The others followed suit, and we clinked glasses before taking sips.

“The guy was right,” Amy said as we set our glasses down. “This is fresh; I like it.”

Jack nodded. “Good choice for a sunny day like this. So, what did everyone think of the Initiation Well?”

“It surprised me,” Mark said. “I never thought a descent down a spiral staircase could feel so surreal.”

“Yeah, can you imagine?” I chimed in. “All those symbols and architecture packed in a well.”

Mark turned to Amy. “What about you, Amy?”

“I loved it,” she replied, her eyes lighting up. “There’s something so mystical about it. Just watching people gazing up from the bottom. You could see the awe in their eyes.”

Mark’s lips curled into a mischievous smile. “I’m not sure they were all gazing at the architecture, you know.”

Amy blinked, tilting her head. “What do you mean?”

He leaned in slightly, placing his hand on her leg. “Let’s just say, when they looked up, some of them probably appreciated a different view entirely.”

They held each other’s gaze.

He slid his hand up her thigh, hiking her skirt up, and whispered, his smile playful, “They appreciated the view up your skirt.”

She gave him a knowing smile. “Are you saying they were gawking at my knickers, Mark?”

“Oh, yeah, you gave them quite the view.” He slipped his hand to the inside of her thigh.

“In your imagination!” Amy giggled, grabbing his hand and pushing it away from her leg.

Mark stared at her, grinning.

“What?!” she asked, a playful smile now tugging at her lips.

He shrugged, his smile persistent.

“Come on!” Amy’s laugh was light. She looked at me. “They didn’t, did they?”

I shrugged, smiling. “Your skirt’s quite short, honey.”

She blushed, then waved her hand dismissively. “OK, big deal. It’s only knickers!”

“I’d say it was more than your knickers they saw,” Mark countered with a chuckle.

Amy looked back at him.

They held each other’s gaze for a moment, and then he winked at her. “G-strings tend to slip to one side.”

She remained silent, her eyes fixed on his face as she tried to figure out if he was joking.

He chuckled. “You’ve shaved it nicely down there.”

Amy’s eyes widened as she realised that Mark might not have been joking about her flashing more than her knickers. She quickly placed her foot on the edge of the chair, hugged her knee to her chest, and spread her legs apart, looking down at her pussy to check if her thong covered it.

Mark and I could see the outline of her labia through the tiny patch of her thong.

Seeing that her pussy was covered, albeit barely, she looked at Mark, giggling. “It’s only my knickers, Mark.”

“Now, yes,” he said. “But when you walked down the stairs, this happened.” Before she realised what he was about to do, he reached between her legs, hooked his fingers under her thong, and pulled it to one side, exposing her shaved pussy with its pencil-thin landing strip above.

“Mark!” she squeaked, grabbing his hand and pushing it away, her legs snapping closed. She quickly placed her foot on the floor, straightened her skirt, and, after a quick glance around to check if anyone noticed, turned back to Mark with a reprimanding whisper. “People are watching, Mark!”

He laughed quietly. “They aren’t now, but I don’t blame them when they did. The view was not to be missed!”

Amy stared at him, a mixture of disbelief and mischief in her eyes. She was surprised by his daring move but also liked it. She liked that he was

provocative. She liked that he wasn't hiding his desire for her. But she couldn't let his action go without reprimand, so she had to pretend she was upset with him.

"You crossed a line, Mark!" she said, then pointed at Jack across the table. "Swap places with him." Looking at Jack, she couldn't help but smile. "As if you'd behave, but what can I do?"

"I'll behave! I promise," Jack assured her with a light laugh.

"OK. Swap places! Now!"

Jack and Mark took their glasses and, exchanging conspiratorial smiles, swapped places, with Jack now sitting next to Amy and Mark sitting across from her.

Amy turned to Jack. "I want you to behave, and I mean it!"

"I promised, didn't I?" he said with a soft smile, then turned to Mark. "What are you most excited to see at the Pena Palace, Mark?"

"The colourful facades," Mark said. "From the photos on the Internet, it looks like they're quite the view."

"Absolutely," Amy agreed. "I've read the interior is just as impressive. The mix of architectural styles is said to be unique."

"I'm actually more keen on walking around the palace grounds," I said, rubbing my erect cock under the table, still excited by Amy's recent exposure. "I prefer gardens over rooms and furniture."

Jack took another sip of his wine. "This is turning out to be a fantastic trip. First time in Sintra, and it's already exceeding my expectations."

"Mine too," Mark interjected. "And I don't mean only the sightseeing."

Amy looked at Mark sternly, raising her finger. "Be careful, Mark!"

"What?!" He chuckled. "I meant the food. What else did you think?"

Amy smiled. "Yeah, the food. As if." She turned to Jack. "The Pena Palace is one of the Seven Wonders of Portugal."

Jack raised his eyebrows. "Is it?"

She nodded, and we continued chatting about the Pena Palace and our overall impressions of Sintra. The conversation flowed easily, enhanced by the light, refreshing wine, and soon Jack refilled our glasses. Chatting, we didn't notice

how we finished off the wine just as the waiter arrived with the Bifanas. Setting the plates and cutlery before us, he picked up the empty bottle and asked, “Another one?”

I looked at Amy.

She giggled, shaking her head. “And I said to myself this morning not to take even a single sip of alcohol! I’ve already gulped down two glasses.”

“A glass and a half, Amy,” Jack corrected her. “A bottle serves six, so it’s a glass and a half each.”

She sighed. “Still, I shouldn’t have.”

I chuckled. “We’re on holiday, honey!”

Jack turned to the waiter. “Yes, please. We’ll have another one.”

Taking the empty bottle with him, the waiter walked away. We had just tasted the Bifanas and praised their taste when he returned with a new bottle of wine. He opened it, refilled our glasses, and set the bottle on the table. Wishing us bon appétit, he then retreated to attend to other customers.

I was about to take another bite of my Bifana when my gaze fell on three new customers who were greeted at the restaurant’s entrance by one of the waiters. They were the three guys from the Initiation Well whom we had pissed off and with whom Jack had almost started a fight.

I nodded at the newcomers. “Look who’s here, Jack.”

Jack turned to look at them, and a shadow crossed his face.

Amy placed her hand on his and whispered, “Jack, please, leave them alone.”

The guys saw Jack and averted their gazes. However, as they followed the waiter up the stairs, one of them discreetly raised his hand behind his back and gave us the middle finger.

Jack pulled his hand away from Amy’s and stood up abruptly, attracting a few gazes from the nearby tables.

Amy called out, “Jack!”

He looked at her.

“Please, sit down,” she demanded, her voice gentle and pleading.

“Did you see what he just did?” he asked, pointing in the direction of the guys who had just disappeared upstairs.

She nodded. "I saw him. But it's not worth it."

"Oh, but it is. No one gives me the middle finger and gets away with it!"

Jack turned, about to run up the stairs after the guys, when Amy called out again, "Jack, please!"

He stopped, turned, and looked at her.

"If you don't sit down, you won't see me again," she said firmly.

Jack swallowed, his gaze lingering on her.

She tapped on his chair. "Come, sit down. Let's finish our lunch. We'll then go visit the palaces; we'll have dinner; and..." She paused, catching herself before she promised too much.

"And?" Mark prodded. "What will happen after dinner?"

Without looking at Mark, her gaze on Jack, she said quietly, "We'll see."

"We'll see what, hon?" I asked.

She glanced at me, blushing, then, swallowing nervously, turned back to Jack. "We'll see if we want to go to a pub. Yes... we might go to a pub." She tapped on Jack's chair yet again.

Like a tamed tiger, Jack slowly sat down. "I'd love to give them bloody noses," he murmured as he picked up his Bifana and took a bite. With a full mouth, he added, "Those guys were lucky you stepped in for them, Amy."

"It was three of them, Jack," I said, taking a bite of my sandwich.

"Three guys?" Mark laughed. "I've seen Jack handle much more than three. Those three wouldn't know what hit them. Jack's a former Royal Marine."

"Really, Jack?" Amy's gaze turned to Jack, excitement in her eyes. "You were a Marine?"

Nodding, he continued eating his sandwich.

"Wow, Jack!" she exclaimed, her admiration growing. "That's incredible."

"Yeah, Jack, tell us a bit more," I urged. "What was it like?"

Jack shrugged, his eyes on his sandwich. "Training, combat, peacekeeping." He swallowed and took another bite.

"You enjoyed it?" I asked, keen to learn more.

"Very much."

“Then, why did you leave?”

He swallowed his bite, then looked at me. “I got dishonourably discharged, OK?”

“Oh, why? What happened?”

“I got kicked out because I did something.”

“Did something what?”

He remained silent, glanced briefly at Amy, and then looked back at me.

It dawned on me what had happened to him, and I asked quietly, “Like what you were about to do just now over my wife?”

Amy looked at me. I smiled softly. She blushed but didn’t say anything, then looked back at Jack.

“Yes. I got into a fight,” Jack said, then looked at Amy and added, “Thank you for stopping me. When I fall for a pretty—”

“I understand, Jack.” She placed her hand on his, keen to stop him before he said too much. “Tell us about the missions you’ve been on.”

He kept his eyes on her for a moment, then shifted, deciding to seize the opportunity to change the subject. “Here’s a funny one,” he started with renewed energy, the smile returning to his face. “It was in my fourth year...”

Jack told us a story that had us all laughing, sweeping away any lingering tension from his earlier confession. He kept the momentum going with more funny episodes from his time in the forces. The food was delicious, and the wine flowed as easily as Jack’s stories, one after another. In no time, the Bifanas, sides, and wine had disappeared.

“Shall we have a shot of Ginja for dessert?” Mark suggested.

“No, not for me, thanks.” Amy giggled, now in excellent spirits, having been truly entertained by Jack’s storytelling and quite tipsy from the wine.

“Why not?” Mark asked, the effects of the wine evident in his grin.

“I’m not drinking that liqueur again. It hit me hard yesterday.”

Mark turned to me. “Tom?”

“No, thanks,” I said.

He looked at Jack.

Jack smiled. "OK, a quick one."

Mark turned back to Amy. "Some other liqueur? Beirão?"

"No, thanks," she declined again. Clearly influenced by the wine, she laughed, turning to Jack and placing her hand on his leg. "Your friend, Jack, he wants to get me drunk, doesn't he?"

Jack rubbed her hand gently. "He does."

"Why?"

"To get into your knickers, honey," I cut in rather unwisely, risking embarrassing Amy, but the alcohol had lowered my inhibitions, too.

To my surprise, she didn't reprimand me or get embarrassed. Instead, still looking at Jack, she said, "We won't let him get into my knickers, will we, Jack?"

"No, we won't!" Jack replied.

"If he tries, you'll put him in his place." She looked at Mark, stuck her tongue out at him, and then looked back at Jack. "Will you fight him over me?"

"Oh, yeah." Jack chuckled. "Mark's no problem for me." He winked at Mark, then leaned in to kiss her, but she pulled away, giggling.

"No, Jack. Don't become naughty like Mark." She looked at me.

I smiled sheepishly. "Having fun, honey?"

She held her gaze on me for a moment, and then the smile faded from her face. "Yes, too much, ain't I?" She now turned to Mark. "May I have a double espresso, please? I think I need it."

"Double espresso for me, too, Mark," I added.

Mark waved over the waiter and asked for two shots of Ginja, two double espressos, and the bill.

The waiter had just left the table with our order when Amy's phone rang. Pulling it out of her pocket, she glanced at the screen and frowned.

Whispering, "Mum," she answered the call. "Hello, Mum. How are things?"

Amy assured her mum that everything was alright and we were enjoying Lisbon and Sintra very much. After briefly talking to our children, she hung up and, glancing at me, said with a guilty smile, "I hope Mum didn't notice I

was drunk.”

“You’re not drunk, honey,” I said, reaching out and rubbing her leg in a comforting gesture. “Just a little tipsy.”

“And horny,” Mark interjected.

Amy stuck her tongue out at him and turned back to me. “Yeah, but tipsy for Mum means drunk. You know how she is. She’d be surprised if she knew I’ve had more than one glass of wine.”

“Because you usually don’t drink,” I said. I looked at Mark, then at Jack.

“We don’t drink really. What you see here is an exception. We booked this holiday to liven up our lives a little with some sightseeing, nice food, and a few drinks. But we’re not big on drinking.” I looked back at Amy and smiled.

“Am I right?”

She smiled back. “You’re right, we aren’t.”

Jack chuckled. “Oh, yeah! As if!”

Amy shot him a look of disagreement. “What?! It’s true.”

“Is it?” A cheeky smile spread across his face.

“It is!”

“If you say so.”

She tickled him in the ribs. “Jack, we don’t drink regularly. What you see here’s a one-off.”

He wriggled away, laughing. “OK, a one-off it is! Regularly—no good; one-offs—OK. That’s your take on drinking?”

“Yes!”

“Interesting. And what’s your take on one-night stands?” he asked, placing his hand on her thigh, a mischievous spark lighting up his eyes.

She burst into laughter, pushing his hand off her leg. “Why? Are you asking me out on a one-night stand, Jack?”

“If I did, would you accept?”

Giggling, she shook her head. “No, Jack. I’m a married woman.”

“But he’s a Royal Marine,” Mark teased.

“Mmm...” Amy closed one eye in a playful squint, looking at Jack. “Very

tempting..." She paused for effect and then laughed. "No. I've already been invited on a date with an accountant." She turned to me, leaned in, and we locked lips in a kiss.

Jack chuckled. "Accountant vs. Royal Marine. I thought a Royal Marine would always win, but hey, what do I know?"

Breaking the kiss, I looked at Jack and said, "A current accountant's always better than an ex-Royal Marine." I flashed him a provocative grin.

To my surprise, he didn't take offence at my jibe but raised his hand for a high five. "Well done, Tom. You got me good."

I gave him a high-five just as we saw the waiter heading towards our table, carrying a tray with drinks and a card reader.

The waiter set the two glasses of liqueur, each with a sour cherry floating on top, before Mark and Jack and the two cups of espresso in front of Amy and me. He also placed the bill in front of Mark, but I took it, pulled out my wallet, and said, "I said yesterday the drinks today would be on me, folks."

"You sure?" Mark asked.

Jack gestured at the plates. "This was more than just drinks, Tom."

"That's fine." I waved, pulled out my credit card, and paid. The waiter thanked us and left.

Mark raised his glass. "All right, cheers!"

Jack raised his glass, too, and clinked it against Mark's while Amy and I picked up our cups of coffee and sipped. Jack and Mark took sips of their Ginja.

"Mmm," Mark murmured, placing his glass on the table and swallowing. "I like the cherry."

Amy set her cup down, looking at him. "You like it?"

"I know it sounds strange, but the morello cherry's slightly bitter taste actually softens the sweetness in the mouth. You should try one."

"No, I said I'm not drinking this liqueur."

"Try just the cherry," Jack interjected. Leaning towards Amy, he opened his mouth, slightly sticking his tongue out with a morello cherry on it.

She hesitated.

He raised his eyebrows and widened his eyes, encouraging her.

She glanced at me.

I shrugged, smiling. "Try it, hon." My cock hardened in an instant. *Will she do it?*

She looked back at Jack. Their eyes met. After another moment of hesitation, she giggled and leaned towards him but then paused with her mouth an inch away from his and glanced at me again.

"Go for it," I encouraged, my cock now twitching like mad.

She looked back at Jack, giggled lightly and, parting her lips, pressed them against his, taking his tongue with the cherry into her mouth.

Still giggling, she pulled away and swallowed the cherry, sitting back in her chair, her eyes locked on his.

He smiled. "How was it?"

She smiled back. "Bitter but nicely so."

"He asked about the kiss," Mark teased.

Amy looked at Mark, her cheeks taking on a shade of pink.

He grinned. "Was it a nice kiss?"

"Yes, Mark!" She stuck her tongue out at him, then took her cup and began sipping coffee, looking down and avoiding eye contact with anyone else at the table as she continued to blush profusely.

I reached out and rubbed her shoulder.

She looked at me.

"I liked it," I whispered.

She said nothing, just smiled briefly and resumed sipping her coffee. Silence fell over our table as we indulged in our drinks, reflecting on what had just happened between her and Jack. A couple of minutes later, Jack and Mark finished their liqueurs, and Amy also set her empty cup on the table.

I drank the rest of my coffee and stood up. "Shall we go back to sightseeing?"

"Yes, we shall," Amy said, rising and linking her arm with mine.

Jack and Mark also got up, and we left the restaurant, nodding goodbyes to

our waiter.

A common feature Mark, Jack, and I shared was the noticeable bulges in our shorts.

7. CROSSING BOUNDARIES

CAFÉ CONFESSIONS

We reached the small square of the historic centre of Sintra from where we could see the Castle of the Moors in the distance up in the mountains, or the Moorish Castle as Amy preferred to call it. The bus stop for the 434 shuttle was across the square, and a crowd was pushing its way, trying to get on the already full bus.

“Let’s wait for the next one,” Amy said. “They’re supposed to come every fifteen minutes.”

“Or should we walk to the next stop at the train station?” I suggested.

“No, it won’t make much difference. It’s a hop-on, hop-off service. Let’s wait here.” Noticing a nearby Ale-Hop café—a popular establishment in Portugal—she pointed at the large menu board outside the café’s entrance that advertised nata tarts. “May I have a nata tart?” she chirped.

“Sure.” I nodded.

“Make that two. I love nata tarts.”

“OK, two nata tarts.”

I smiled, amused by Amy’s addiction to nata tarts since our arrival in Portugal, and headed towards the café’s entrance.

“Hold on!” Jack stopped me. “This one will be on me. Two nata tarts for Amy. What would you like, Tom?”

“Umm...” I thought for a moment, then said, “A vanilla ice cream for me. I like nata tarts, but in this hot weather, I feel like having ice cream.”

“Vanilla ice cream for me, too,” Mark added before Jack could ask him what he wanted.

Jack entered the café while Amy, Mark, and I started taking photos of the square and the Moorish Castle overlooking it. At the end of the photo session, Amy gave her phone to Mark to take a few photos of her and me with the castle in the background, and then we took a table under a sun umbrella in front of the café.

Jack returned with two nata tarts on a plate and three ice cream cones. He sat

at the table, and Amy started on her nata tarts while Jack, Mark, and I indulged in the refreshing ice creams.

“So, Amy,” Mark said, “going back to our conversation about one-night stands.”

Amy looked at him, a mix of curiosity and playfulness in her eyes.

“So,” he continued, “I talked to an actress I was filming a group sex scene with—”

“Really, Mark?!” Jack interrupted. “An actress you were filming a group sex scene with!?” He rolled his eyes.

Mark paused for a moment, his gaze flickering briefly before he laughed.

“Oh, you got me there! I wish I was filming a group sex scene with her. She was pretty and sexy. No, I—I... was visiting a friend in LA, and we got talking, and I mentioned how I was a big fan of this porn actress. I watched loads of porn back then. I was young and immature.”

“Not that you are old or mature now,” Jack interjected with a chuckle.

“Well, yes,” Mark acknowledged Jack’s comment and continued his story, turning back to Amy and me. “So, my friend said he knew this actress, and to cut a long story short, we ended up in San Fernando Valley the next day, where I got introduced to her. We went for coffee, and I asked her if she really enjoyed having sex with so many men in her group sex scenes. She said she actually loved group sex, especially when the guys took turns on her. She imagined she was having a one-night stand with each of the men, but it condensed into a single night. She said that this way, each orgasm built upon the previous one until they fused into one long, continuous big O. The more men fucked her in a row, the more surreal the rollercoaster of multiple orgasms felt. She said the orgasms hit her in tidal waves, each one stronger than the previous until she found herself in an out-of-body experience-like state. She never faked rolling her eyes in blissful pleasure for the camera; she actually experienced it. Can you imagine, Amy?”

Amy held Mark’s gaze, remaining silent, holding her second tart in her hand but not eating it as if in a trance from his tale. Mark reached out and placed his hand on her thigh. Startled by his touch, her leg bounced, her knee almost hitting the edge of the table, his hand sliding off her leg.

She swallowed nervously, then said, stammering slightly, “I—I suppose...”

she's... I guess she wasn't lying. I mean, if she's into this type of sex... with no strings attached, I guess... If she's multi-orgasmic..."

"Amy, are you multi-orgasmic?" Jack asked.

Amy looked at him.

His eyes pierced into hers.

"Every woman is," Mark interjected. "With the right man or men, every woman is." He placed his hand on Amy's thigh again.

She turned her gaze to him.

Smiling, he asked her quietly, his eyes locked on hers, "Would you do it with a group of men?"

Amy remained silent, holding his gaze.

Mark's mouth stretched into a lustful grin. "Like with me, Jack and—"

"No!" she squeaked, jumping off her chair, his hand slipping off her leg.

"Why not?" he pressed, undeterred, his grin growing even wider. "I think you'll love it."

Amy scolded, "Mark! That's going too far!"

"Yes, mate." Jack intervened, placing his hand on Mark's. "Tone it down, will you?"

Amy glanced at the bus station as the 434 shuttle departed, then said, "Let's get in the queue, or we'll never get on that bus."

Jack, Mark, and I got up, quickly finishing our already-melted ice creams while Amy ate her tart.

IN THE SHADOW OF DESIRE

We crossed the square and got in the queue for the next bus. Amy hugged close to my side, appearing still a little unsettled by the recent conversation.

Jack moved to her other side, opposite me, and said, "Amy, I'm sorry about Mark's behaviour. He wasn't really suggesting it, you know."

She turned her head to look at him and said quietly, "He was suggesting it, Jack. You, too! You both want to fuck me."

Jack raised his eyebrows, taken aback by her bluntness. Mark, who was standing just next to him, overheard Amy and now shrugged, smiling.

"It's true. We want to."

Amy ignored Mark's comment. She and Jack held each other's gaze for a few moments before Jack wrapped his arm around her waist, leaned in, and whispered into her ear, his lips brushing her earlobe, "And do you want us to?" He pulled his head back slightly to look at her.

She was silent, her gaze shifting to the front of the queue. I wrapped my arm around her shoulders, and she hugged closer to me. Jack's arm remained around her waist. We stood in silence for nearly a minute before she murmured, quietly, barely audible, "I'm not a porn actress, Jack."

"So?" Jack prompted, his voice low. "Fun is fun. Porn actress or not."

She looked at him. "There are consequences for a married woman."

"Yes," he said. "In the form of happy memories and a happier husband who'll be more eager in bed afterwards."

Amy turned her head to meet my eyes.

I raised my eyebrows noncommittally, shrugging. "It all depends on our perspective and how much fun we'd like to have."

She bit her bottom lip, her gaze lingering on me.

Jack whispered from her other side, "You see? Your hubby's not against having more fun."

Amy's expression softened, a light smile playing on her lips, growing

stronger until she pulled away from both Jack and me, turned around, and giggled, her mood suddenly excited. “Tom’s just naïve; that’s why. But I’m not. So, no, Jack.” She glanced at Mark and shook her head. “No.” She then stepped closer to Jack, rose onto her toes, bringing her mouth to his ear, and whispered, “You and Mark, if you’re so keen on one-night stands, go find his porn actress. As for me? Enjoy what you’ve got so far, but don’t expect more.” She slapped him playfully on the bum, then turned back around and, standing between him and me, rested her hands on our shoulders.

Jack chuckled. “We shouldn’t expect, but can we hope?”

She giggled. “I don’t know. Can you?”

“You do like to tease, don’t you?”

“I do.”

“You tease but won’t let us take it further, will you?”

“No, I won’t. Sorry.”

“OK. I’m still happy.”

“And you should be.” Amy glanced at Jack, a teasing smile on her lips. “How often have you got this far with a wife?”

He smiled. “Not any wife, Amy. A pretty wife like you.”

“OK, thanks for the compliment. So, how often?”

“Not very often.”

“You see? You should be happy!”

“I’m happy,” Jack confirmed.

“As am I,” I added.

“Good. Then all is settled,” Amy concluded the conversation, and her gaze drifted back to the front of the queue as the playfully mischievous smile lingered on her lips.

Observing her smile and the spark in her eyes, I thought to myself: *She enjoys the attention and desire from three men, and at the same time, she’s happy she’s set her boundaries. Or so she thinks.*

I wrapped my arm around Amy’s waist, and Jack followed suit. With both of us holding her, we drew the attention of a few people, but we didn’t care.

We didn't have to wait long before the next 434 bus arrived, and we managed to get on it. I bought day tickets for the four of us from the driver, and we headed to the back of the bus, where the last three seats were still available. Amy sat between Jack and me while Mark stood before her. She hugged me and rested her head on my shoulder. I wrapped my arm around her waist while Jack placed his hand on her thigh, pushing her skirt up. Having set her boundaries for how far the fun could go, she didn't mind the shared arrangement Jack and I had established. Standing in front of us, Mark shielded us from view, holding onto the vertical pole as Jack's hand gently rubbed her thigh while we ascended the mountain.

The bus was full but air-conditioned, keeping us comfortable enough until we reached the Moorish Castle stop twenty minutes later. We got off and, walking briskly, were the first to reach the ticket office just a few yards from the stop. There was no queue to visit the castle's exterior at this hour, so I quickly bought tickets for the four of us, and we headed towards the castle's walls, famous for snaking across the hills and cliffs.

After about a ten-minute walk under the canopies of tall trees, we reached a café, bought bottles of water to combat the heat we were feeling even under the shade, and continued our journey for another five minutes until we arrived at the first tower of the castle. We climbed up its stairs to reach the ramparts and felt the intense heat on the exposed rocks and boulders, but we pressed on, moving along the wall from one viewpoint to another, pausing only to take photos and drink water.

Eventually, we reached the tower at the other end of the castle, where the view was most impressive. We took photos, and this time, unlike at the Initiation Well, Amy allowed Mark to take a photo of her with Jack and me on her phone. After spending nearly thirty minutes in the sweltering heat and having finished our water, we began our descent, following a path that fortunately had some shaded areas, including a few nooks and crannies to shelter from the scorching afternoon sun. We stopped for a rest in one of these nooks, protected by an overhanging cliff from above and hidden by a boulder from other tourists descending from the castle.

Jack had refrained from flirting or getting too close to Amy on the wall due to the hazards of walking on narrow, often steep paths, overlooking deep abysses and dangerous cliffs. He had been giving her a supporting hand here and there but nothing more. However, now, in the safety of the nook and out

of sight of strangers, his flirtatious grin returned as he stepped in front of her and wrapped his arm around her waist.

“I felt like I was in a furnace up on those rocks,” he said.

“Tell me about it!” she replied, smiling, not minding his arm around her.

“I’m sweating all over.”

“Me too,” Mark chimed in, tugging at his T-shirt. “It’s soaking wet. Sweat’s flowing down my chest.”

Amy glanced at Mark. “Same here. I feel it trickling down between my breasts.” She fanned herself.

“Between your breasts?” Jack asked.

“Mmm.” She nodded, looking back at Jack.

“Let me see!” he said, and before she could react, he pulled one of the tie strings of her crop top, swiftly untying the knot and exposing her breasts.

“Jack, what are you doing?” Amy whispered in panic but didn’t cover her breasts.

“Checking,” he murmured, his eyes darkening with desire as he cupped her breast with his free hand, holding her tight around the waist with his other arm.

She glanced around nervously. “Jack, people will see us.”

“No, they won’t. They can’t see us here.”

She giggled, looking back at his hand as he ran it between her breasts.

“Yes, you’ve sweated,” he murmured. “Mmm... I love brushing it away.”

She tilted her head back and rolled her eyes, giggling. “You’re weird, Jack!”

“Marines have their quirks, Amy.”

“Do they?”

“Mm-hmm.”

Amy turned her gaze to Jack’s hand as it wandered up her breast.

He gently brushed her nipple, and she trembled. Her breathing quickened as she watched his hand cross to her other breast, his fingers grazing her nipple there, too.

He cupped her breast and squeezed it gently while lowering his mouth to her

other breast and pressing his lips against her nipple.

She gasped. "Ahh! Jack, stop it!" Despite her plea, she still didn't push him away when he sucked her nipple into his mouth.

Mark and I pressed the tents in our shorts as we watched Jack having a field day with my wife's breasts.

"Mmm," Jack moaned through a mouthful of nipple.

Amy's breath came in fast, shallow bursts as she looked at me.

I smiled. "You like it?"

My voice snapped her back to reality. She grabbed Jack's hair and pushed his head away from her chest, forcing him to release her nipple from his mouth.

"Let go now, Jack," she murmured, placing her hand on his, gently pushing it away from her other breast.

He released her waist and stepped back, then said with a grin, "Your sweat's intoxicating!"

Amy blushed, looked down and began tying her crop top, shaking her head in amusement. "Yeah, intoxicating to horny men like you!"

He chuckled. "I'm horny, all right. For you."

"I know, right?" Amy looked back at him, having tied her crop top.

"But do you know how much?"

"A lot."

"Yes, a lot. Feel it," he said, and before Amy could guess his intent, he grabbed her hand and pushed it into his shorts.

"Jack!" she squeaked, trying to pull her hand out, but he tucked it further down, under the waistband of his briefs.

"You're crazy," she murmured as he pushed her hand fully into his briefs. A moment later, her eyes widened. "Gosh, it's big."

It was clear by the outline in the bulge of Jack's shorts that Amy had wrapped her hand around his cock.

He released her hand, letting it grip his shaft inside his underwear.

"You like it?" he asked.

She didn't say anything, just stared at him, her hand in his briefs.

He grinned. "It's big, hard, and lasts long."

She pulled her hand out, blushing profusely, and then gently pushed him in the chest to make him step away from her before she walked over to me. She linked her arm with mine and, turning to look at Jack, said sternly, "Jack! Let me be clear. This is as far as we go! No further!"

Jack raised his hands. "OK, no further."

"Promise?"

"Yes."

Amy held her gaze on Jack. She tried to look stern, but when he smiled, she couldn't suppress her own smile. Despite that, she managed to frown and said, "I mean it, Jack. You've got to respect my boundaries if you want us to remain friends."

"Of course, Amy." He nodded, his expression turning serious. "I promise. Seriously. Mark and I will respect your boundaries."

"OK, then," she said, then turned to me and tugged on my arm. "Let's go, Tom!"

We got out of the nook and resumed our descent. Amy and I led the way while Jack and Mark followed us, not bothering Amy as promised.

Ten minutes later, we had just joined the queue for the bus to Pena Palace when it arrived.

ENFORCING THE LINE

We got on the bus, and Amy and I took the only two empty seats, leaving Jack and Mark to stand. After about a five-minute drive, we arrived at Pena Palace, the final must-see attraction of our Sintra sightseeing day.

When we got off the bus and saw the lengthy ticket queue, Amy checked her watch and said, “It’s a quarter to five.” She looked at me. “The last admission’s at 5:30.”

“We don’t have time to queue,” I said.

“Yes. They close the palace at six.”

“Skip-the-line tickets?”

“Let me check.”

Amy checked for available slots on her phone and looked back at me. “The next fast-track admission’s at five o’clock. Shall I go for it?”

“Go for it!” I nodded. “We’ll have just enough time to get to the palace if we walk fast.”

Amy quickly bought four skip-the-line tickets, and we entered the Pena Palace estate. Walking fast, within less than ten minutes, we reached the entrance to the staterooms, where a staff member was already waiting for us and led us straight inside, bypassing the queue.

After quickly covering the palace interior, we returned outside to explore the main highlight of Pena Palace—its colourful terraces and decorative exterior. The picturesque towers, intricate tile work, and charming cobblestone pathways captivated us. The breathtaking panoramic views of the surrounding lush forests and rolling hills added to the grandeur. The magnificence of the site and the crowds kept Jack and Mark focused on their surroundings, while the boundaries Amy had set earlier ensured their flirtations were toned down. They were both polite and attentive, occasionally placing a hand on the small of her back or asking for a photo with her, but nothing more. Amy appreciated that they let her enjoy the Palace and encouraged their adjusted behaviour, offering them warm smiles or a gentle nod of approval.

Having thoroughly explored the site, we felt the need to rehydrate and bought four bottles of water. Savouring the cool refreshment, we strolled back towards the bus stop, and by the time we arrived, we had finished the water, feeling energised and in good spirits after a successful sightseeing day.

At half past six, we boarded the bus, heading back to Sintra Railway Station. Amy sat next to me while Jack and Mark sat directly across from us, facing our seats.

“So, did you see all you wanted to see in Sintra today, Amy?” Jack asked as the bus departed.

“Yes,” she chirped. “I did. And I’m delighted. Sintra’s done!”

“I’m pleased, too,” I chimed in. “Especially since we also ticked everything off our list in Lisbon yesterday.”

“Yeah,” she agreed with me but then paused for a moment before shaking her head. “Actually, not quite. We didn’t get to see the Castle of São Jorge.”

“St George’s Castle?” Mark asked.

“Yes,” Amy confirmed. “Castelo de São Jorge, I think they call it. It sits on top of the city’s highest hill. According to TripAdvisor, it offers incredible views of Lisbon and the Tagus River. It’s worth walking down from the castle to Miradouro das Portas do Sol. It’s a vibrant place with cafes, bars, restaurants, and terraces overlooking Lisbon below.”

“Pink Street,” Jack interjected, “where your hotel is, is vibrant with bars, pubs, and restaurants. We had a few drinks there after you called it a night yesterday. I can tell you: those pubs are full all night.”

Amy smiled, glancing at Jack. “Tell me about it! We barely slept because of the noise. It’s lively, but it doesn’t have the views of Castelo de São Jorge or Miradouro das Portas do Sol, I guess.” She turned to me. “We should visit the castle today. It closes at nine.”

“Gosh, Amy!” I smiled in admiration of my wife’s sightseeing enthusiasm.

“Aren’t you tired?”

“I never tire of sightseeing. We’ll go visit. Promise!” She placed her hand on my leg and rubbed it, her seductive gesture whenever she wanted me to agree to something.

“OK. We’ll visit the castle and then have dinner at that place, Mirado do

Sol.”

“Miradouro das Portas do Sol,” she corrected me, showing off her remarkable skill for remembering the names of foreign places like squares, streets, and towns.

“We’ll join you at the castle and then for dinner,” Jack added, then glanced at Mark. “Right, Mark?”

Before Mark could respond, Amy said, “No, Jack. Tom and I will go on our own.”

Jack looked at her, raising his eyebrows in surprise. “Why? I mean, I don’t want to impose, but I thought we’d enjoy an evening together and—”

“No. We’ll part ways at Rossio.”

“Why?”

“Jack, it’s time we drew a line.”

“Drew a line?”

“Yes. Before this goes further.”

“But why?” Jack leaned forward and placed his hand on her thigh. “What’s wrong with going further?” He slid his hand up, pushing her skirt higher.

“Jack, no.” Amy grabbed his hand and pushed it away from her leg. “Tom and I will finish sightseeing on our own and have dinner, just the two of us.”

“I see.” Jack didn’t hide his disappointment as he looked at Mark.

Mark shrugged. “What can you do, mate? We made good progress, but in the end, she said no.”

Jack remained silent for a moment, then turned to Amy with newfound energy. “What about meeting somewhere at Praça do Comércio after dinner for drinks? Raul and Adao will come. Raul recommended we try Licor Beirão.”

Amy laughed. “No, Jack.”

“You sure?” He raised his eyebrows teasingly. “Drinks on me!”

“Thanks, but no, Jack. We want to go to bed earlier tonight. We’ve got an early flight tomorrow morning. At 6:40!”

“So do we. We’re on the same flight. You don’t sleep before an early

morning flight, do you?”

“The answer’s still no, Jack.”

With Amy’s firm pushback, the conversation died, and we stayed quiet until we got off the bus at the Sintra Railway Station a few minutes later.

8. DESIRE'S HOLD

SWEET MISCHIEF IN SINTRA

We walked straight into the train station, only to find we had just missed the 6:40 pm train to Lisbon Rossio.

“Oh, no, we missed it by two minutes!” Amy exclaimed in frustration, standing next to the turnstile and looking at the departure board above us.

“The next one’s at 7:10,” I added, then nodded at the toilets on platform one. “Shall we visit the loo? I’ve got to pee.”

“Me, too,” she said, scanning her ticket at the turnstile and entering the platforms.

We all followed her to the toilets, only to discover they required 50 euro cents to use.

Amy stretched her hand towards me. “Do you have coins?”

I took out my wallet and, after looking into it, shook my head. “I’m sorry, hon. I should’ve been collecting my change.”

She glanced at Jack and Mark, pressing her legs together with a shy smile on her face. “I’m kinda getting desperate here.”

Jack shrugged apologetically. “Sorry, Amy. I’ve got no cash on me.”

“Yeah, we only use cards,” Mark said. “Shall we pop out and use a toilet in one of the cafés?”

“Good idea!” Amy said briskly, turned and headed to the station’s exit.

We followed her.

Upon exiting the station, Mark pointed at a small ice cream and bakery shop across the street. “Over there!”

We crossed the street, entered the establishment, and sighed in relief when we saw a sign saying “Toilets for customers only” with an arrow pointing towards the stairs leading to the seating area downstairs.

“What would you like?” Mark asked, pulling his wallet out. “Coffees?”

“No, it’s too late for coffee for me,” Amy replied. Her gaze fell on the ice cream display case, and she pointed at it. “May I have two scoops of

strawberry ice cream in a cup with a spoon?”

“Two scoops of chocolate ice cream in a cup with a spoon for me,” I said.

“I’ll have the same as Tom,” Jack added.

“OK.” Mark nodded, then turned to the guy at the ice cream counter and repeated our orders, adding his own order of coffee-flavoured ice cream.

The ice cream attendant took the payment from Mark’s card and nodded at the stairs. “You can take seats downstairs; I’ll bring you the ice creams in a minute.”

“Can we use the toilets?” Mark asked.

“Of course,” the attendant replied with a polite smile.

We hurriedly walked down the stairs, entering a small seating area with four tables, each with four chairs. With no other customers around, the place felt comfortably private, especially when we spotted two doors on one of the walls with signs ‘GENTS’ and ‘LADIES’. Amy headed into the ladies’ room while Jack, Mark, and I went into the gents. This time, after my embarrassing experience at the urinals with Adao the night before, I made a point of keeping my gaze fixed ahead as Jack and Mark lined up to pee beside me.

Mark, of course, couldn’t resist the chance to tease me about Amy.

“You know, Tom,” he started, “I’m thinking about your wife wanting us to part ways, but I wonder if you’d—”

“Mark, please!” Jack cut him off. “Leave Tom out of this, yeah?”

“What do you mean, mate? He wants us to—”

“Mark, zip it! Some things are better left unspoken, alright? I’ll handle it with Amy.”

“Alright, zip it I will,” Mark muttered.

With that, we finished our business without further discussion and left the gents together. We sat at one of the tables just as the ice cream attendant came downstairs carrying our orders. He smoothly set out the four cups of ice cream, each with a spoon beside it, before heading back upstairs.

Moments later, Amy popped out of the ladies’ room, straightened her skirt, and smiled. “It feels so much better now!”

“It does, doesn’t it?” I laughed and tapped on the chair I had reserved for her,

positioned between me and Mark and directly across from Jack.

She sat down, and we dug into the ice creams.

“So, we’ll go back to Lisbon and part ways. Is that it, Amy?” Jack asked, taking a spoonful of ice cream.

“Mm-hmm.” Amy hummed, looking down at her cup as she scooped up some ice cream and put it into her mouth.

Jack continued, “You know how it feels, Amy. It feels like we had all this fun preparing for a party, but we won’t have a party in the end.”

“No, we won’t.” Amy’s eyes remained fixed on her spoon as she took another spoonful.

“I enjoyed having fun with you the past two days.”

“I know.”

“I really hoped for more tonight.”

“I know.” Amy looked up at Jack as she pulled her spoon out of her mouth, and their eyes met.

He placed his spoon on the table. “It’s a shame, you know. To get this far and nothing.”

Amy rolled her eyes, smiling in amusement at his persistence. “It’s not nothing, Jack. You know very well how much you got from me when you should’ve expected nothing.”

“Well, not as much as Mark got.” He nodded towards Mark.

Amy raised her eyebrows.

“You let him see something down there I didn’t get to see.” Jack gestured towards between her legs in a clear reference to her pussy.

Mark chuckled. “Oh, yes, she did!”

Amy glanced at Mark, and he grinned at her. She stuck her tongue out at him, then looked back at Jack.

“Mark’s a jerk.”

“And you rewarded him for that,” Jack said. Amy and Jack silently held each other’s gaze before a playful smile curved Jack’s lips. “It’s true,” he added.

“Mark’s a jerk, and you rewarded him for being a jerk. As for me? I’m not a

jerk, so no reward for me. How's that fair?"

They stared at each other until a mischievous smile slowly spread across Amy's face, and a playful spark lit in her eyes. She glanced around, making sure we were still the only people in the small seating area, then looked back at Jack. With a deliberate motion, she let her spoon slip from her fingers, dropping it onto the floor at her feet.

"Oops! I dropped my spoon." She tapped her finger on the table, her smile turning into a giggle. "Jack, would you be a lamb and pick it up for me?"

Staring at Jack, her eyes full of mischief, she spread her legs wide apart and pushed her bum forward onto the edge of her chair, causing her skirt to hike up.

Jack didn't need further hints. He dropped onto all fours, kicking his chair back with his backside and crawled under the table, right between her spread legs. Mark and I bent over in our chairs, looking under the table with our heads hanging upside down. Supporting himself with one hand, Jack reached his other hand to her thong and hooked his fingers under it. She giggled, keeping her legs spread wide apart. He pulled her thong to one side, exposing her labia, and she giggled once more just before he lunged his head forward, pressing his lips against her pussy.

"Gosh! Jack!" Amy squeaked. "I've just peed, you silly!"

Her warnings did not deter Jack. His tongue parted her pussy lips and ran along her slit.

"Ahh!" Amy gasped. "I haven't washed, you fool!" She grabbed his hair with both hands and pulled his head away from her pussy, then snapped her legs closed, forcing him to let go of her thong.

Laughing quietly, he crawled back.

Mark and I sat up; the show was over.

Jack sat back in his chair and looked at Amy. "Mmm," he murmured, brushing his lips with the back of his hand as he held out Amy's spoon to her with his other hand. "I love how you taste unwashed."

Blushing profusely, Amy whispered, half-reprimanding, "How could you?"

"How couldn't I? I loved it. It's so full of pheromones down there. So ready for sex!"

“Now, that’s enough! We’re parting ways at Rossio!”

“Why? Because of what I did? I loved it down there.”

“You’re... ” Amy started but then paused, shaking her head.

Jack chuckled. “It was like—”

“Just shut up!” She waved him off, giggling in a mixture of embarrassment and amusement.

Silence fell as Amy stared at Jack, who was smirking, still holding out her spoon.

She pushed his hand away. “Get me a clean spoon!”

Jack got up and ran upstairs. Moments later, he returned with a clean spoon. Amy grabbed it from his hand, and we finished our already-melting ice creams in silence, savouring the last spoonfuls.

For a moment, we sat back, content and relaxed after the playful banter.

Amy glanced at her watch and suddenly jumped up, exclaiming, “Oh, shit! It’s eight past seven! Run!”

We all stood up and were about to run up the stairs when Jack shouted, “Guys, guys!”

We paused and turned to look at him.

He shook his head. “There’s no point. We won’t make it.”

Amy looked at her watch again, then sighed. “Yep! We missed it.” She turned to Jack, who had stepped closer to her, and playfully slapped him on the arm. “It’s your fault!”

“What?!” He chuckled. “How’s that my fault?”

“Yes, it’s your fault. You and your shenanigans.”

“What do you mean?”

“You know what I mean.”

“Oh, that?” Jack reached his hand towards between Amy’s legs, but she slapped it away, giggling. She then turned and began walking up the stairs at a leisurely pace.

We followed her.

LIQUEUR AND LURE

We left the ice cream shop and were about to cross the street to the railway station when Jack called out, “Folks, wait up!”

We all halted, looking at him.

“When’s the next train?” he asked.

“At 7:40,” I replied.

“Then why wait at the station?”

“Emm...” I hesitated, looking around.

Mark and Amy also looked around.

Jack nodded at the outdoor bar next to the ice cream shop. “Shall we have a quick drink over there?”

“There’s no queue,” I said, noticing the bar was empty, with only a few people drinking at the tables set outside on the pavement.

“Drinks on me,” Mark offered, his voice gaining excitement. He glanced at Amy, his smile inviting. “Who’s in for a shot of Licor Beirão?”

“Thanks, Mark, but I’ll pass,” Amy declined, offering Mark an apologetic smile. “I had enough Ginja yesterday.”

“That’s not Ginja, Amy.” Mark chuckled. “Beirão’s sweet with a minty freshness. It’s a unique Portuguese drink you’ve got to try. Come on, you’ll like it.” He headed towards the bar with quick and determined steps.

Jack and I followed him.

Amy stayed behind for a moment but then caught up with us. Gently slapping me on the bum, she said, “Watch the time, Tom. I don’t want us to miss the next train. We’ve got to visit St George’s Castle before they close it, OK?”

“Sure, hon,” I replied.

As we settled onto the stools at the bar—Jack, Mark, Amy, and I lined up in a row—Amy said, “I’ll have the liqueur over ice, Mark.”

Mark nodded in acknowledgement of her request and turned to the barman.

“Can we get four Licor Beirões on the rocks, please?”

“Sure.” The barman nodded, and a couple of minutes later, we each had a glass of Beirão over ice in front of us.

Mark tapped his credit card against the card reader offered by the barman, then raised his glass. “Cheers!”

We responded, “Cheers!” and took our first sips of the liqueur.

“How’s it, Amy?” Mark asked.

“I like it, actually,” she chirped. “As you said, it’s sweet yet refreshing.” She drank from her glass again.

“I agree with Amy,” I added, sipping my liqueur.

“It’s good,” Jack chimed in, nodding in approval.

Mark took another sip of his liqueur and set his glass down. “It tastes a bit like Drambuie but with a Portuguese twist. It’s got a similar herbal complexity, but it’s smoother and more approachable.”

“I’ve never tasted Drambuie, but I like this drink,” I said, then drank my liqueur in one go.

Amy raised her eyebrows in astonishment. “Tom, did you finish it?”

“Yeah, it’s tasty.”

“It is,” Jack agreed with me and finished his Beirão, too.

“It’s tastier than Ginja. Amy, go for it!” Mark urged and gulped down his liqueur.

Amy took a large sip of her drink, almost finishing it.

Mark signalled the barman. “Can we have another round, please?”

The barman acknowledged Mark’s order with a nod.

“Gosh!” Amy chuckled. “You’ll get me drunk again.”

“You’ll be OK, Amy,” Mark assured her. “You’ll burn it off by the time you climb up to St George’s.” He placed his hand on her thigh.

Amy gently pushed his hand away, finished her liqueur, and set the empty glass on the table.

Mark ran his finger over the rim of his empty glass, with some ice still in it.

“It reminds me of Chartreuse, which has a rich herbal flavour, but this one’s sweeter.”

The barman set four new glasses with ice and filled them with liqueur.

Mark tapped his credit card on the card reader presented to him, then we took our glasses and sipped from the liqueur.

Mark set his glass on the bar. "Jägermeister! Yes, it's closest to Jägermeister in terms of herbal complexity, but this one's smoother and less intense."

"You know a lot about liqueurs, Mark," Amy remarked with a smile, sipping her drink.

Mark's hand returned to her thigh. "Indeed, I know a lot."

"How come?" she asked, taking a sip, seemingly ignoring his hand on her leg.

"You know, Amy," he started, sliding his hand up and pushing her skirt higher. "I once attended a liqueur tasting competition in Edinburgh. It was quite an event."

Amy looked intrigued. "Really? What was it like?" She took his hand and gently pushed it away.

He chuckled. "I'll tell you if you let my hand be where it wants to be." Gazing at her with a flirtatious sparkle in his eyes, he placed his hand on her thigh again.

Amy laughed, the effect of the alcohol already noticeable. "Fine, but it has to stay under my skirt. I don't want to be arrested for exposure!"

Mark moved his hand up her thigh, this time without pushing her skirt up, just sliding his hand under the fabric.

"And your hand not moving further up!" Amy added, giggling.

"Sure!" Mark's smile turned lustful as he slid his hand on the inside of her thigh.

"Mark!" She giggled again.

"What?!" His smile widened.

"Your hand."

"What about it?"

"It moved."

"Only a bit, to a cosier place."

Amy burst into laughter. “Cosier?”

“Mm-hmm.” Mark hummed. “Inside’s cosier.”

Amy continued shaking in light laughter. “Fine. But it shouldn’t go further up!” She snapped her legs closed, trapping Mark’s hand between them.

He chuckled. “Deal.”

Amy returned to the subject of Mark’s liqueur-tasting experience. “So, what was it like at that tasting event in Edinburgh?”

“Oh, it was fascinating. They had all sorts of liqueurs from around the world. There were herbal, fruit, and cream liqueurs—you name it. Each one had its own unique flavour and story behind it.”

“What did you have to do?” I asked, taking a sip of my drink.

“Well, I was one of the judges,” Mark explained. “So I had to taste each liqueur and score it based on various criteria—aroma, flavour, finish, and overall impression. It’s incredible how much detail goes into these things. Some liqueurs had complex layers of flavours that unfolded with each sip.”

Amy smiled, clearly enjoying the story. “Did you have a favourite?”

Mark nodded. “There was this one liqueur from Italy, a nocino made from green walnuts. It had a rich, nutty flavour with hints of spice and caramel. Absolutely unforgettable. But I must say, Beirão holds its own with its smooth, herbal taste and just the right amount of sweetness.”

Jack chuckled, raising his glass. “Here’s to memorable drinks and good stories.”

We clinked glasses and continued to enjoy our drinks, savouring the moment and the rich flavours of Beirão. Mark kept his hand between my wife’s legs as he told us about another liqueur-tasting event he had attended in Glasgow.

Ten minutes later, we finished our drinks, and Mark signalled the barman with one hand while the other stubbornly remained between Amy’s thighs.

Amy covered her glass with her hand. “No, Mark. I’m already drunk.”

“Oh, come on, one last shot before we go!” Mark encouraged. “And then, we’ll hop on the train!”

Amy laughed. “I need to make it to the train to hop on it, Mark! No, no more for me.”

Mark ignored her protests and turned to the barman. “Four more, but shots this time, please!”

“No, no shots!” Amy squeaked.

“Just this one last time, Amy, I promise!” Mark chuckled, giving her a teasing grin.

She shook her head, smiling in amusement. “I’ll get drunk again.”

The barman smiled, too, also amused by the exchange. He then set four shot glasses on the bar and deftly filled them with Beirão before presenting the card reader to Mark.

Mark paid for the shots, tucked his card into his pocket, and raised his glass. “Bottoms up!”

We gulped the liqueur in one gulp.

Mark set down his shot glass. “Not bad, eh?”

“Brr!” Amy shivered as she placed her now empty glass on the bar. “It burns!”

“But it feels good, doesn’t it?” Mark pushed his hand up, making Amy let out a light gasp.

She looked at him. “I feel it, you know?”

“The alcohol?”

She smiled, then, after looking around to ensure no one else could hear her, said quietly, “Your hand on my pussy, Mark.” She took his hand and pulled it out from between her legs.

Mark chuckled. “It was so warm and wet in there.”

Amy shook her head, smiling. “You’ll always be a jerk, Mark.”

He laughed. “I can’t change overnight, can I?”

“No, you can’t.” Amy slipped off her stool but wobbled as she stood up.

Mark grabbed her by the waist to steady her. “You OK, Amy?”

She giggled. “I told you you’d get me drunk.” She turned to me. “What’s the time, Tom?”

Glancing at my watch, I shouted, “Oh, shit! Seven thirty-five! Quick! We’ll miss the train!”

We jumped off our stools, ran across the street—barely avoiding getting hit by a car—and entered the train station, looking up at the departure board. The next train to Rossio was departing from platform 3. We rushed through the turnstiles, sprinted to platform 3, and jumped into the last carriage seconds before the doors closed.

“God!” I laughed, gasping for air. “We really need to stop making a habit of catching this train at the last second!”

Amy, Jack, and Mark joined me in laughing, also trying to catch their breaths.

RETURNING REFLECTION

The train wasn't as crowded as in the morning, but there were no available seats, so we had to stand. Jack leaned his back against a vertical pole, facing Amy, and wrapped his arms around her waist. He pulled her close and pressed his pelvis forward so his erection bulging through his shorts met her belly.

Amy rested her hands on his shoulders, looking at him with a playful smile. "You know I feel it, don't you?"

"What?" He smirked, feigning ignorance.

She giggled. "You know what."

"Oh, that?" He gently rotated his hips, ensuring she felt his hard cock grinding against her stomach.

She giggled again. "Yes, that!"

He chuckled. "It's meant to be felt, you know."

Stepping to Amy's side, I grabbed the vertical pole above Jack's head with one hand and wrapped my other arm around her shoulders. Then, leaning forward so that she and Jack could hear me, I whispered, "It's meant to be felt, but not just through her stomach, Jack."

Jack smirked. "I know, right? I could put it in a place where she could feel it so much better."

Amy laughed lightly. "You two are impossible!"

Mark stood behind Amy and, entwining his arms around her sides, slipped his hands between her and Jack—just above where Jack's hips pressed against her stomach—and pushed his crotch against her bum.

"And now you!" She giggled without looking at Mark, her gaze fixed on Jack.

"Is he hard, too?" I whispered.

She glanced at me. "Guess!"

"So am I, honey!"

“I know about you, Tom. You’re always horny!”

“Only around you. Around you, I’ve got a constant hard-on.”

Amy laughed quietly.

Jack whispered, “Amy, isn’t it amazing that you give the three of us hard-ons?”

She looked up at him, the flirtatious sparkle in her eyes intensifying. “Do I?” She cocked her head to one side.

“Yes. You give the three of us hard-ons.”

“Do you know what that means, Amy?” Mark whispered from behind her, leaning close to her ear.

She giggled. “What?”

“You could easily give us something even better.”

“And what’s that?”

Mark’s hand slipped under Amy’s crop top, cupping her breast. He pressed his chest against her back and his crotch tight against her bum and whispered into her ear, his cheek brushing hers, “Something you’ve got between your legs.”

“Is that so?” Amy chuckled, not seeming to mind his hand on her breast.

“Mm-hmm.”

“I’m afraid I can’t give you that.”

“What about a kiss?” Jack leaned towards her.

She turned her head to me, dodging his mouth, causing him to plant his lips on the side of her neck, evoking another giggle from her.

Jack had just pulled his head back when I leaned towards her for a kiss. She let me press my lips against hers, and I gently slid my tongue into her mouth, the two of us engaging in a deep kiss.

The train trundled along, and passengers moved around us, but Amy and I kept kissing, unwilling to pull away. And the more we kissed, the more excited we became; the more our tongues played with each other, the faster our breathing grew and the hotter our breaths felt.

The train stopped, and more people got on, but we didn’t care if they watched

us or needed space. We continued to kiss, pulling away only after the train closed its doors and departed from the station.

Amy had barely managed to catch her breath when Mark kissed the side of her neck from behind.

“What do you think you’re doing, Mark?” she asked with a light giggle.

He withdrew his lips from her skin, chuckling. “Joining Jack and Tom in shielding you from the crowd.”

“Shielding me?”

“Mm-hmm. Shielding you.”

Amy’s laugh was light. “It’s more like ganging up on me.”

“It’s only because we like you,” Jack cut in, grinning.

Amy looked up at him just as he leaned in for a kiss. She didn’t move her head this time, and his mouth found hers. She parted her lips, and their tongues met.

My cock began twitching as I witnessed my wife properly kiss another man for the first time in our married life.

Jack and Amy kissed for at least fifteen seconds before pulling away. Amy’s chest moved up and down quickly while Mark’s hand firmly gripped her breast under her crop top.

“We’ll get arrested,” Amy murmured.

“We won’t. We’re just kissing,” Jack whispered.

“Kids might see us,” she insisted.

He glanced around. “There aren’t any kids around.” He leaned in for another kiss, and they locked lips again.

Breaking the kiss a few seconds later, Amy looked at me.

I smiled and planted my lips on hers. Her tongue danced with mine even more passionately than our previous kiss. It was clear she was getting more aroused by the minute.

We broke the kiss to catch our breath when Mark whispered from behind her, “Am I the only one left behind?”

With her face flushed in arousal, Amy tilted her head back to one side, and

Mark pressed his lips onto hers. They broke the kiss only when the train stopped and its doors opened. Many people got on at the station, so we had to move inside the carriage, forcing Mark to finally pull his hand from under her crop top and Jack and I to let go of her as we all headed down.

As I moved along, I noticed other passengers glancing at the bulge in my shorts. Knowing that my two male companions had even bigger erections than mine, I smiled to myself: *People saw us feeling up and kissing my wife, so they shouldn't be surprised we have erections.*

We settled in the middle of the aisle between the seats just as the train departed. We travelled quietly, holding onto the nearby seats' grab handles, with only Amy receiving additional support from Jack's arm around her waist.

With the carriage now packed, the flirting was on hold, and subsequently, my erection went down. Glancing at Jack's and Mark's shorts, I noticed theirs had also subsided.

The calm gave Amy time to reflect on what had just unfolded, and gradually, her playful smile faded into a more sombre expression, her mood sobering. So, when two seats became available in front of Jack and her, and Jack nudged her to sit down with him, she gently placed her hand on his chest and said, "I'll sit with my husband if that's OK with you."

"Sure," he replied, stepping back to let her and me sit next to each other.

Once seated, she hugged my arm and rested her head on my shoulder. We travelled in silence for the remainder of the journey until we reached Rossio and got off the train.

9. INTIMATE REVELATIONS

NO TIME FOR A KISS

Glancing at her watch, Amy gasped. “8:21!” She grabbed my hand. “Quick, Tom! They’re closing St George’s Castle in forty minutes!”

We ran towards the end of the platform, weaving around slower-moving passengers, with Jack and Mark close behind. Passing through the turnstiles, we hurried down the stairs to the exit.

Once on the ground floor, Amy waved at Mark and Jack. “Goodbye, Mark, Jack. Tom and I’ve got to run!”

She turned to head to the exit, but Jack grabbed her by the waist and turned her to face him. “Not before this!” he said, leaning in for a kiss.

“Jack, no!” she snapped, peeling away from him.

Jack tried to grab her by the waist again, but she jumped back.

He grinned. “Come on, Amy! You can’t just run away like this. Didn’t we have fun on the train?”

“That’s that. No more!”

“Why are you ending it, Amy? I know you liked it as much as I did.”

“Precisely because of that, Jack. It’s got to end!”

“Amy, look. I think—”

“Jack, stop it! Please!” Amy raised her hands defensively. “I’ve got to run now!” She turned and ran through the exit, out onto the street.

“Bye, guys!” I waved and ran after her, catching up just as she signalled a taxi.

“To St George’s Castle, please,” she said, opening the passenger door of the cab as it pulled over. “Can you get us there as quickly as possible?”

“Sure.” The taxi driver nodded.

Amy sat in the passenger seat, her short skirt and revealing crop top catching the driver’s eye. She noticed his stare but smiled politely, adjusting her skirt to cover more. I took a seat in the back, and we departed. The driver tried to get us to the castle quickly, but with traffic and tourists, we arrived at 8:35

pm.

With less than half an hour for sightseeing, I hurriedly paid the taxi fare, again not bothering to take my change. Amy and I rushed to the ticket office, only to discover that the last admission was at 8:30 pm.

My heart sank, knowing how much Amy had looked forward to seeing the castle. However, she was not about to give up that easily. She approached the man at the gate and, using a charming smile, a soft voice, and a subtle brush of her breasts under her crop top, charmed him into letting us in for a short photo session without even buying tickets. In a rush, we got to the main terrace with the best view of the river and Lisbon, took photos, and then had a quick walk along the wall. We got a photo with the peacocks wandering around the alleys and left the castle sharp at nine, as we'd promised the gate attendant.

With a much-improved mood now that she had managed to visit the last attraction on her list, Amy chirped, "Honey, will you take me on a dinner date at Miradouro das Portas do Sol?"

"Of course," I agreed with a smile.

"But, like, I'd like to feel as if we were on our first dinner of our honeymoon."

"Sure, hon. And, if I may suggest, shall we follow the dinner with a first honeymoon night in bed?"

Amy laughed, slapping me playfully on the bum. "Honey, you don't have to ask! I'm as horny as you!" She hooked her hand under my arm, and we headed towards Miradouro das Portas do Sol.

AN EVENING OF US

As we walked along the cobblestone street leading away from the castle, I couldn't help but bring up our adventures from the past two day. "Honey, I'm thinking about Jack and—"

"Tom, it's over!" Amy cut me off. "Let's not talk about them, OK?"

"Right, it's just that—"

"I know you want to talk about it, but now's not a good time. I need to process it myself before we can discuss it. Suffice it to say, it's over, and we're moving on, OK?"

"We're moving on, of course."

She tugged on my arm, halting me mid-step so I'd look at her. Tilting her head, she smiled softly. "Honey, we have a honeymoon dinner, remember? It's supposed to be about us, not them."

"Yes, absolutely," I agreed, smiling back, and we resumed walking. I had no choice but to force myself not to think about the recent events and ensure Amy and I enjoyed a lovely evening together.

We hadn't walked for more than five minutes when we reached Miradouro das Portas do Sol, easily recognisable by the crowds of people attracted by its stunning panoramic views over Lisbon and its charming atmosphere with cafés and restaurants.

For the next twenty minutes or so, we strolled from one spot to another at this popular viewpoint, enjoying the early evening and the breathtaking views over the Alfama district, the Tagus River, and the historic parts of Lisbon until we stopped before an upscale-looking restaurant.

"What about having dinner here?" I asked, pointing at the restaurant.

"Why not?" Amy responded, and we entered the establishment.

We were greeted by a polite waiter, and I asked for a table for two.

The restaurant was full but not overcrowded, offering a relaxed ambience with nice background music. We couldn't have wished for a better setting for our romantic dinner. From our table, we had an excellent panoramic view of

nighttime Lisbon. The menu suggested gourmet-quality food at reasonable prices and high-quality wine at even better prices, so Amy and I decided to treat ourselves to three-course meals and a bottle of white wine to share.

The restaurant not only offered beautiful views, excellent ambience, and high-quality food and drinks, but the service was immaculate. The drinks and starters arrived almost immediately, and the mains followed right on time, with the waiter checking in a couple of times to ensure everything was perfect.

Seated across from each other, Amy and I happily chatted about how much we had enjoyed Sintra, carefully avoiding any mention of Jack and Mark. As we talked and I watched her, I couldn't help but recall how she had flirted with our newfound friends, kissed them, and how they had touched her. Surprisingly, I didn't feel jealous at all. The thoughts and images only aroused me, making my erection harder than ever. Along with my arousal, those thoughts and images evoked strong feelings of attachment and love for my beautiful wife. The more I looked at her and talked with her, recalling her adventurous behaviour over the past two days, the more I appreciated how much I loved her.

Having promised her not to talk about Jack and his friends, I steered our conversation away from Lisbon by bringing up our forthcoming holiday in Brazil, Argentina, and the Iguazu Falls later in the year. The topic then shifted to our dreams of buying a villa in Spain or Southern France and working remotely from there, turning our life into an extended holiday under the sun. We chatted and dreamed about what we would do in our imagined villa, and the words "I love you" frequently featured in our interaction. Occasionally, we reached across the table to hold hands, laughing lightly or smiling softly at each other.

Immersed in our dreams and excited chatter, we savoured sips of wine and enjoyed the food, turning our spontaneously organised romantic dinner into one of the best dates we'd ever had.

The smooth flavour of the wine perfectly complemented the gourmet dishes, and the bottle was empty by the time we reached dessert. Feeling pleasantly buzzed, I decided we could indulge a bit more and asked Amy, "How about a glass of Licor Beirão to finish the night?"

"Why not?" she agreed with a playful smile, her eyes twinkling from the

effects of the wine. “It’s a special evening, after all.”

I signalled the waiter and ordered two glasses of Licor Beirão on the rocks. A few minutes later, Amy and I enjoyed our dessert with a glass of the familiar sweet, aromatic liqueur, its warmth spreading through our bodies and further relaxing our minds.

“Shall I ask for the bill?” I said as Amy, like me, finished her dessert and liqueur.

“Yes, you shall,” she chirped, the twinkle in her eyes fuelled further by the sweet alcohol.

I gestured to the waiter for the bill, then glanced at my watch. “It’s a quarter past eleven. Shall we walk to the hotel?”

“Why not indeed? One final walk through nighttime Lisbon.”

“And then?” I raised my eyebrows suggestively. “A first honeymoon night in bed?”

She giggled, her eyes full of playful sparkle. “You’re so horny, aren’t you?”

I laughed. “So are you.”

She tilted her head to one side. “How can you tell?”

Amy had slipped her foot off her sandal and crossed one leg over the other. Now, she reached her bare foot under the table and, finding my crotch, gently rubbed my erect cock through my shorts.

“That’s how,” I said, chuckling.

“Mmm.” She ran her tongue seductively over her bottom lip. “You know me well then.”

“Yes, I know you well. And I know very well when you want something.”

“And what do you think I want?” She slowly rotated her ankle, making her toes gently rub my scrotum. My hard cock twitched in excitement. She stared at me, her smile teasing.

I leaned closer to her over the table and whispered, “I think you want a good fuck.”

She withdrew her foot from my crotch, placed it back into her sandal on the floor, and leaned towards me, whispering, “I do.”

Supporting myself on my elbows on the table, I took her chin in one hand

and, leaning forward, pressed my lips against hers. We engaged in a deep, passionate kiss, our tongues dancing together, heightening our desire. After about ten seconds, we broke the kiss and stared at each other, a string of saliva linking our lips.

“What?!” she asked, her eyes gleaming with mischief.

“You want a cock, don’t you?” I whispered, still holding her chin in my hand.

“You like dirty talk, don’t you?”

“I do. And so do you.”

She giggled. “Yes, I do.”

“Jack has a big fat cock,” I said with a grin.

Amy’s smile faded, and she pulled back, forcing me to let go of her chin.

“You regret you didn’t agree to it, don’t you?” I asked.

“Agree to what?” she shot back.

“To let Jack...” I paused for a moment, then whispered, “fuck you.”

Silence fell at the table.

I raised my eyebrows. “No?”

A mischievous smile flickered at the corners of Amy’s lips, drawing a matching one from me.

“Honey?” I leaned closer, my smile widening.

Amy’s smile broadened, too.

“Be honest,” I said, lowering my voice. “You regret not doing it with him, don’t you?”

“Umm...” She giggled, then shrugged. “OK, maybe a little.”

“A little?” I raised an eyebrow.

“You too, Tom! You regret that I didn’t do it, don’t you?”

“I do,” I admitted, grinning.

“It’s for the better we didn’t do it, honey,” she said, then grabbed my chin and pulled me to her. We locked lips in a kiss.

We saw out of the corner of our eyes the waiter heading towards us with the bill and card reader. We broke the kiss and sat back.

I paid the bill, we thanked the waiter and left the restaurant with slightly unsteady steps.

Amy took my hand, and we headed towards our hotel, not using phone apps, just following our sense of direction.

DESIRE ON PINK STREET

We meandered through the streets of nighttime Lisbon, walking close together, sometimes with my arm wrapped around Amy or her hand hooked under my arm. With our inhibitions lowered by the alcohol, we engaged in unusually frisky behaviour for an established couple. I kept whispering in Amy's ear how much I loved her and what I was going to do to her once we got to our hotel, making her giggle or playfully slap my chest. I often moved my hand to her bum, and on a couple of occasions, I went even further, slipping my hand between her legs and cupping her pussy from behind. Laughing, Amy pushed my hand away or just ran off, making me chase her before she let me grab her by the waist, spinning her around to face me, the two of us engaging in a passionate kiss.

Flirting and misbehaving, we didn't notice how we found ourselves on Pink Street, a few yards away from our hotel.

Since the bars and pubs in Lisbon typically close around 2 am, while nightclubs stay open until early morning, streets like Pink Street, known for its bars and pubs, were full of people, most of whom were at various levels of intoxication. Surrounded by crowds who were loud and rowdy or, like us, getting cosy, I felt like extending our evening a little longer by popping into one of the bars.

"How about one last drink before we go to bed and say goodbye to Lisbon?" I asked Amy, pointing at a nearby bar. "It would be a shame not to try one on Pink Street, especially since our hotel's right next to it."

"OK," Amy agreed after a moment of hesitation. "If this street kept me awake last night, I might as well try one of its bars."

We entered the bar, and after waiting a few minutes, it was our turn to order. I was about to ask for Ginja, but Amy stopped me, placing her hand on mine. "May I have a glass of Port Wine?"

"You know what? I'll have Port Wine, too," I said, turning to the bartender. "Two glasses of Port Wine, please."

After a short wait, we received our drinks and found a free table for two in

one of the corners. We sat down, and I raised my glass. "To Lisbon!"

"To Lisbon!" Amy replied.

We clinked glasses and sipped.

"Now that our trip comes to an end, how did you find it, Amy?" I asked.

"Actually," she said, taking another sip, "I liked it the most out of all the city breaks we've done recently."

"It was a great trip. An eventful trip," I continued.

"Mm-hmm." Amy hummed, setting her glass down.

"Like nothing we've done before."

"Yes."

"Unusual but exciting."

Amy looked up at me.

I smiled. "You were aroused when they felt you up, weren't you?"

She remained silent, just holding her gaze on me.

I pressed, "Were you?"

She smiled. "What do you think?"

"You were aroused."

"I was."

"Like, when they felt your boobs?"

"Mm-hmm."

"And when he licked your pussy?" I felt my hard cock throb at the image of Jack's tongue parting my wife's pussy lips.

Amy smiled, slightly cocking her head. "I'm a woman, Tom, with senses, OK?"

"I know, I know. It's just that... Look! I'm not blaming you, but I want to know something."

"What is it?"

"Why did you let Jack and Mark play with you in the first place?"

"Because..." Amy paused mid-sentence, her gaze drifting to a guy who took

his drink and those of his friends from the bar and headed outside, wobbling as he walked.

I took a sip from my Port Wine. Amy did the same, and we continued to drink silently for a while before I decided to ask her again. “What made you play with Jack and his friends, honey?”

Amy seemed unwilling to answer my question and continued to sip from her drink, looking absentmindedly into the distance. Perhaps a minute passed before she set her glass down and, looking up at me, finally said, “To be honest, Tom, I was curious.”

“Curious?” I was surprised by her answer.

She nodded with a smile. “Yes, curious about how I’d feel.”

Even more surprised, I asked, “You were curious about how it would feel to be felt up?”

She burst into laughter. “Tom, you silly! No. I knew how it feels to be felt up! I was curious about how I’d feel being desired and fought over; how it would feel doing something I wasn’t supposed to do, OK?”

“And? How did you find it?”

She shrugged, giggling. “Slutty.”

I raised my eyebrows. “Which is?”

“Spoiled. Decadent. Promiscuous. And horny.”

“And, did you like it?”

“Not more than you liked watching me do it.” Amy stared at me, her eyes twinkling with mischief, her smile playful.

I shook my head, laughing. “OK, I liked it, I confess!” I sipped from my Port Wine.

Amy took her glass, sipped, then set it on the table and looked up at me. “Can I ask you a question?”

“Sure! Go ahead!”

“Why did you like watching me with them?”

I set my glass down, taking a moment to think, then said, “I found it arousing. I still do.”

She smiled, amused, then chirped, “Why do you find it arousing?”

“I’ve always fantasised about it.”

“Always?”

“Yes.”

Amy raised her eyebrows. “Aren’t you jealous?”

I nodded. “Oh, yeah, I’m jealous. Big time. But that’s the thing. Jealousy helps my libido. I imagine how Jack fucks you and how you orgasm on his cock. It unsettles me, but at the same time, it arouses me. And then, I want to fuck you better and more than he can. To prove to myself and you that I’m better than him.”

Amy reached across the table and rubbed my hand. “Honey, I’m sure you’re better than him. And I love you. I don’t love him.”

“I know, I know.” I placed my other hand on top of hers. “I love you too, honey. And that’s why I want to fight for you. I imagine how much you enjoy him in bed. It turns me on so much that I want to fuck you without a break for hours until I tear your pussy up.”

“Gosh, Tom! That would hurt!” Amy burst into laughter, pulling her hand out of my grip. “Why do you want to hurt me?”

“No, I didn’t mean it like that. I’d never hurt you. But I’d fuck you nonstop if I could. Unfortunately, I know I can’t. The best I’ve managed is what? Four times a night when we were on our honeymoon. Remember?” I sighed. “I wish I could fuck you nonstop all night long, giving you one orgasm after another.”

“No man can do that, Tom,” Amy assured me, her voice soft and understanding. “You’re really good in bed. Stop beating yourself up.”

“It’s not about beating myself up. What I’m trying to say is that imagining other men fuck you arouses me, and it sends my libido skyrocketing. It’s called sperm competition.” I cleared my throat. “Hmm. Do you remember when I talked to you about the phenomenon of sperm competition?”

“Yeah, I remember. After that documentary. What was it? They were showing the female cat coupling with more than one male or something like that...”

“Yeah, that’s right. The reason I talked to you about sperm competition was

to segue into telling you I wanted to watch you with another man, but I chickened out. I tried bringing it up again a few times but always backed off. I was afraid you'd say no."

"I was going to say no."

"What about now? If I asked you now, would you say yes?"

Amy smiled softly. "I'd still say no."

I raised an eyebrow. "You sure? After letting Jack and—"

"Tom, darling, flirting and all that is one thing, but being fucked is very different. Letting a man penetrate me is very special."

"You've also said kissing's very special, yet today, you let Jack and Mark kiss you."

"It was a mistake. That's why..." Her voice trailed off as she stared into the distance, then she took her glass and sipped from it.

"You cut them off because they kissed you?" I asked.

She looked back at me, nodding. "Yes. I realised I was getting carried away, and it had to stop."

"Why did it have to stop?"

"Honey, if I'd let Jack, or Mark—or both of them—fuck me as they wanted, I'd have hurt you. You knowing it was happening. Watching me do it..." She shook her head. "No, I'd have hurt you badly."

"You wouldn't have hurt me. I watched you kiss them, and I'm fine."

"You know fucking's different."

The conversation paused as our attention was drawn to a group of drunken men who began chanting.

I waited for them to quiet down, then turned back to Amy. "So, if it weren't for me, you'd have let them fuck you?"

She held her gaze on me, biting her lip, then said, "Yes."

"Both of them?"

"Perhaps."

"That's... interesting. You fell for Jack; I can tell that. But Mark? Not so much. Why let them both?"

“Mmm, let’s say I liked them as a package.”

I burst into laughter. “As a package?”

She joined me, laughing. “Yes, as a package.”

We raised our glasses and finished the Port Wine.

“Another one?” I asked.

Amy shook her head. “No. I’ve had too much, Tom. A hangover’s certain.”

“We’ll sleep it off on the plane tomorrow.”

“If we make it to the plane.” Amy glanced at her watch. “It’s already a quarter past twelve. We’ve got to be at the airport by five at the latest. Checking out of the hotel, getting a taxi...” She paused, calculating the times, then concluded, “We’ve got to wake up at four-thirty.”

“But it’s our last night in Lisbon!” I leaned forward, my eyes pleading.

She held her gaze on me.

A tempting smile curved my lips. “I noticed they’ve got Caipirinha. It’s like they know our holiday schedule. A Brazilian cocktail popular in Portugal is the perfect bridge to our next adventure in Brazil.”

Amy relented, smiling. “OK, this one, and that’s it.”

I went to the bar and returned five minutes later with the drinks, only to find two blokes at our table, chatting Amy up.

Seeing me, the men moved away, and I took my seat, passing Amy one of the cocktail glasses as I asked, “Were they trying to flirt with you?”

“Yes,” she replied.

“You’re attracting men like moths to a flame.”

“Dressed in a short skirt and skimpy crop top, what do you expect?”

“It’s not only how you’re dressed, honey. You’re pretty and sexy. That’s the main reason!” I raised my glass. “Cheers to my beautiful wife!”

“Thank you!” she chirped, raising her glass.

We clinked glasses and sipped our cocktails.

I set my glass down. “Nice, isn’t it?”

“I like it.” Amy lowered her glass, her gaze moving to the lime wedge on the

rim of the glass as she began fiddling with it, suddenly going silent.

“What are you thinking about?”

She looked up at me. “When Mark talked about that porn actress, do you think he was making it up?”

“You mean whether he knew a porn actress?” I asked.

“Everything. Whether he actually knew one and whether she told him all those things.”

“Perhaps he knew an actress. There are many porn actresses these days who film in cheap porn.”

“Cheap porn?”

I sipped from my cocktail and nodded. “Yes, porn is cheap nowadays. The actresses aren’t paid well.”

Amy sipped, too, then asked, “If they aren’t paid well, why would they do it?”

“You mean the porn?”

“Yes.”

“Many of them don’t have a choice for financial reasons, but many enjoy having sex. Like Mark’s actress. She does it because she enjoys being gangbanged. You heard what he said about her not faking it.”

Amy sipped again. “So you don’t think he made that up about her enjoying it?”

“I don’t think he did,” I said. “It’s not only plausible; she likely enjoys being taken turns on. Constant orgasms, big cocks fucking her one after another. If I were a woman, I’d love to try it.”

Amy laughed, slapping me playfully on the arm. “Be careful there, honey!”

I joined her in laughing. “Don’t worry! I’m not gay.”

There was a brief silence before Amy said, “I wonder if she gets chafed after so many men.”

“I guess you missed your chance to find out.”

Amy smiled. “You mean Jack and Mark?”

“Mm-hmm.” I hummed. “Jack and Mark. Adao and Raul, too. I think they

were keen on you, too.”

Amy waved her hand. “Oh, I know they were keen on me.”

“Then, didn’t you consider having a gangbang with all of them? Four young, eager men?”

“It crossed my mind.”

“It did?”

“Honey, as I said, I was curious.”

“What a gangbang would feel like?”

“Mmm.”

I felt pre-cum oozing from the tip of my penis. *Gosh! Is she finally admitting she was open to a gangbang?*

“But there are consequences,” she added. “So, no, I wouldn’t have done it.”

A shadow of disappointment crossed my face, but I decided to probe further.

“I know, but I mean, if there weren’t consequences? You’d have tried it, wouldn’t you?” I paused for effect, then continued, “Imagine what it would feel like. You’re desired by a group of men; you’re at the centre of their attention, all of them taking pleasure from you, and you giving them pleasure. They’re stretching you down there, their cocks entering you one after the other. A group of men, feeling you up, kissing you; one of them fucking you; the second sliding his cock into your mouth; the third squeezing your breasts; you’re holding the fourth man’s cock and wanking it; the fifth guy is stroking his cock, ready to penetrate you as soon as he gets a chance. A group of gentle, considerate, but keen men. All of them capable and well-endowed.”

Amy giggled. “Very descriptive, Tom!”

“I know, right? Imagine, Amy, how you’re shaking in wave after wave of pleasure. Trying to catch your breath, but you can’t because your pussy’s on fire, your thighs are convulsing, your nipples are bursting, your abs are contracting. Imagine that!”

Amy giggled again, reaching across the table and poking me playfully in the stomach. “Stop tempting me, Tom!”

I leaned back, chuckling. “Are you tempted?”

“Of course I am. I’m a woman made of flesh and blood.”

“Ah!” I waved my hand dismissively. “You say that, but you won’t do it. You’re too afraid of the consequences.”

“I might change my mind!”

“Will you?”

“Maybe, if you keep talking me into it. Beware what you wish for!” She gulped the rest of her Caipirinha and set her empty glass on the table. “Let’s go!”

I finished my cocktail, too, and we got up. Amy linked her arm with mine, and with unsteady steps, we left the bar, heading to our hotel across the street.

10. FAIT ACCOMPLI

As we walked, I enjoyed the feeling of my erect cock rubbing against my shorts, thinking about Amy's last words in the bar. *Did she really mean it? If I continue talking her into it, will she do it? A gangbang... It's so exciting... She and a group of guys... endowed men, taking turns on her... making her gasp as their thick cocks push into her... big, large—*

Suddenly, jealousy stabbed me in my chest. *Why does she want to be gangbanged? For the multiple orgasms? Or for the big cocks? Jack has a big cock. Adao, too. A massive one! And she felt them both. It must be that. Their big cocks! And where's mine? Average. At best.*

We reached our hotel, and I stopped at the foot of the stairs to the entrance, gently tugging on Amy's arm. She stopped, too, and looked up at me.

"Am I good in bed, Amy?" I asked.

"Of course you are," she replied. "When have you heard me complain?"

"Well, yeah, but, you know, perhaps you don't want to hurt my feelings."

"Tom, you know me very well, don't you?"

"Yes, I know you."

"When haven't I spoken what's on my mind?" She raised her eyebrows, a soft smile on her lips.

"Mmm." I rubbed my chin, thinking, then said, "To be fair, never. One of the many things I like about you, honey, is your honesty—even if it's blunt sometimes."

"You see? You can trust me when I say you're good in bed. So why do you doubt yourself?"

"Because... still. My cock's not as big as Jack's or Adao's, for example."

"It's big enough for me. And what matters is what you do with your cock, not how big it is."

"I know, but... hmm." I cleared my throat. "I can't give you multiple orgasms."

“No, you can’t,” she said in her usual blunt way. “But who can?”

I shrugged. “I don’t know. Perhaps Jack, Mark, Adao, Raul. In a gangbang?”

Amy burst into laughter. “They’re gone, honey! We won’t see them again.”

“We’ll see Jack and Mark tomorrow on the plane.”

“Perhaps, but on the plane. Being on a plane is a big obstacle to a gangbang, don’t you think?” She laughed again, amused by her own wit.

“Not necessarily,” I countered. “Have you heard about the ‘Mile High Club’? The people who do it on board an aircraft during a flight? Usually in the toilet.”

Amy’s laughter rang out, light and genuine. “It’s too tight in those toilets. No, not my thing.”

“But if you were in one of those three-room Airbus A380 suites? The Etihad Airways offer them.”

“Mmm...” Amy tilted her head as if she was considering what I’d said. “A three-room suite, you say? Mmm... then, yes.”

I raised my eyebrows. “You’d do it with Jack and Mark? On a plane?”

She giggled. “Yes.”

“But nowhere else?”

The spark in her eyes was playful. “Nowhere else.”

“Why would you let them gangbang you on a plane but nowhere else?”

“Because what you do on a plane doesn’t count.”

I was perplexed. “What do you mean? That there are no consequences?”

“Yep. There are no consequences if you do it on a plane.”

Astonished by what I’d just heard, I remained silent as Amy stared at me, her eyes sparkling with a mix of amusement and playfulness.

She’s so sexy and tempting! Sharing her in a gangbang...

I felt cum bubbling up in my balls. I’m going to explode!

I grabbed the tip of my penis and squeezed it through my shorts.

Amy now burst into laughter. “I got you, didn’t I?” She slapped me playfully on the bum. “Let’s go!”

I joined her in laughing, and we were just about to walk up the stairs to the hotel entrance when we heard a familiar voice call out, “Amy, Tom!”

We turned to see Jack walking towards us, his broad smile unmistakable. A few steps behind him were Mark, Raul, and Adao, all waving as they came closer. They reached us and stopped, grinning.

“What are you doing here?” Amy whispered as if she was afraid someone other than Jack and his friends might overhear her.

Jack smiled. “We’ve just had a quick drink at Pink Street before heading to the airport.”

“Isn’t it a bit early to go to the airport?” I asked, glancing at my watch.

“Raul and Adao are leaving for Coimbra now, so if Mark and I want a lift, we’ve got to go with them.”

Mark chuckled. “We’ve maxed out our credit cards. We can’t afford a hotel tonight.”

“Yeah, sleeping at the airport is free,” Jack chimed in.

“So, like”—Amy also glanced at her watch—“you’ll spend the next six hours at the airport?”

Jack shrugged. “We’ll rough it out, I guess.”

“Umm... perhaps you could...” Amy began, then stopped. After a moment, she said briskly, “Right! We’ve got to go. We’ll try to get some sleep until 4:30.”

Jack moved in front of her. “Did you manage to visit St George’s Castle?”

“Yes. Briefly.”

“Did you like it?”

“It was worth visiting.”

“Good. I’m glad you made it.” He stepped closer to her and wrapped his arms around her waist. “I’ll let you get some sleep then, I guess.”

“Yes,” she murmured.

Their eyes met.

I glanced at Jack’s crotch, where a tent was rapidly forming in his shorts. He gently pulled Amy closer and pushed his pelvis forward so that it made

contact with her abdomen.

She rested her hands on his shoulders, her gaze travelling down to his chest, where she and I couldn't help but notice the rip in his T-shirt.

"Mark and I'll see you at the airport, I guess," Jack said in a soft, quiet voice.

"Did you get yourself into a fight, Jack?" Amy asked, her hand gliding over the part of his chest exposed by the rip, feeling the flex of his well-defined, taut muscles beneath.

He smiled. "Remember? I'm an ex-Royal Marine, discharged for being a hothead."

Mark cut in, "Just before we left the bar, Jack took down four guys who were asking for it. The rest of us didn't have to get up. We just watched the show." Mark laughed lightly.

"Jack, are they fine?" Amy asked, looking up at Jack with concern. "The people you fought with?"

"Yes, of course," he replied. "I don't want to hurt anyone too badly in a street fight. You know, people get drunk and do stupid things, but most of them are nice guys when sober. A little spank's enough to teach them a lesson." Jack gently pushed his erection against Amy's stomach.

Feeling his cock pressed against her abdomen made her breathing quicken.

A quiet tension settled between them. Amy bit her lip, holding Jack's gaze. Jack opened his mouth as if he wanted to say something but then closed it. The rest of us remained silent, too.

"I guess we've got to go," Jack murmured, finally breaking the silence.

Amy's gaze drifted back to his chest. "So, you'll just be killing time at the airport." She traced his pectoral muscles with her fingers, making his muscles tense, further outlining their fitness and strength.

He sighed. "Yeah, we're bankrupt; that's the way it is. We'll find a bench at the airport and shut our eyes."

Amy looked up at him, her gaze meeting his. Silence hung once more.

Mark stepped forward. "Come on, Jack! Time to go. I'm knackered."

Amy placed both hands on Jack's chest, about to push herself away from him, when I said, "Honey, I wonder if we could sneak Jack and Mark into our

room.”

She turned her head to look at me, her eyes wide.

I shrugged. “How would the hotel staff know if Jack and Mark are quiet? One of them could sleep on the sofa. We’ll improvise another bed on the floor with the blankets. We don’t use them anyway.”

“Umm...” Amy hesitated.

“That’s so very kind of you!” Mark jumped in.

“Thank you so much, guys,” Jack chimed in, grinning.

Amy and I exchanged a quick look: Had we just been presented with a fait accompli?

“No problem,” I said quietly, my heart skipping a beat. *God! What did we just do? Is it really happening now?*

“You’re welcome,” Amy murmured, glancing back at Jack.

He let go of her and stepped towards the hotel entrance, then paused, turning to Raul and Adao. “Would you bring our suitcases to the room after we sneak in?”

“Good idea!” Mark added. “It will be less noticeable.” He clarified for Amy and me. “Raul’s car is parked just around the corner.”

“Which one’s your room, Tom?” Raul asked, turning to me.

“403. On the fourth floor,” I said, my voice quiet.

“Perfect. We’ll meet you there in a couple of minutes.”

Amy linked her arm with mine, and we headed up the stairs to the entrance, Jack and Mark following close behind as we entered the hotel together. The guy at the reception was too busy looking at his computer screen to notice the four of us passing through the small lobby.

“We’ll take the stairs,” Jack whispered, seeing that two other guests were already waiting for the lift.

“Good idea, Jack,” Mark chimed in, and he and Jack took the stairs.

The lift arrived, and Amy and I joined our fellow hotel guests.

By the time we reached the fourth floor, Jack and Mark were already waiting for us as we exited the lift.

We quietly made our way to our room. I swiped the key card against the reader, and we entered. The room was stuffy and hot; they still hadn't fixed the aircon. I carefully closed the door, making sure not to make too much noise—not that anyone cared, but I acted subconsciously, feeling guilty for sneaking in extra people. I switched off the main lights, leaving only the corridor and night lights on, again out of an unjustified fear that somehow someone from the staff might notice we had let in unregistered guests.

“Gosh, Tom!” Amy fanned herself with her hand as we walked further into the room. “Open the window. I’m sweating.” She sat on the edge of the bed, and Jack and Mark sat beside her, one on either side of her.

I walked over and opened the window, then went to the minibar and offered, “Something from the minibar?”

“What do you have there?” Jack asked, wrapping his arm around Amy’s waist.

I opened the fridge. “Beer, Coke, juice, water, miniature spirits, wine, nuts. It’s quite well supplied.”

“A beer for me.” Mark raised his hand.

“Same for me,” Jack added.

Amy sighed. “Still water for me, please.”

I took out two cans of beer and two bottles of still water—one for Amy and one for me—and joined Jack, Mark, and Amy at the bed, passing them their beverages. We had barely opened our drinks when there was a gentle knock on the door.

“Raul and Adao,” Jack whispered, like me, subconsciously trying to be quiet.

I went to the door and opened it. Raul and Adao entered, dragging small carry-on suitcases. They set the suitcases upright in the corridor, and then, instead of saying goodbye and leaving as I expected, Adao walked up to the minibar and asked, “Is it OK if I grab a Coke?”

Raul followed him in. “Mind if I have one too?”

“Help yourselves,” I said, gently shutting the door before joining Amy, Mark, and Jack on the bed.

Adao opened the fridge, and he and Raul each grabbed a Coke before sitting on the small sofa across from us.

“How are we going to sleep?” Mark asked, taking a gulp of his beer.

“I’ll sleep on the floor,” Jack said.

“I’ll try to fit on the sofa.” Mark nodded at the sofa where Adao and Raul were sitting.

“Actually, I was going to ask,” Raul said. “Can Adao and I stay until the morning?”

Amy raised her eyebrows with concern. I also glanced around the room. There wasn’t much space for six people as it was, not to mention finding room for everyone to lie down.

“I’d like to be completely sober when I hit the road,” Raul went on, smiling apologetically.

“It will be tight in here,” Jack interjected, looking around as he appeared to share Amy’s and my concerns.

“Indeed,” Mark jumped in, “but it will be good for Raul to close his eyes before driving.”

Adao chuckled. “It’s cosy.” He tapped on the arm of the sofa. “I like this sofa.”

Mark laughed loudly. “The sofa’s for me, Adao. The corridor’s yours.”

Adao joined him in laughing. “Really? Like I’m a dog, sending me—”

“Shh!” Amy shushed them both. “The hotel staff will overhear you!”

“Or the neighbours,” I added, nodding towards the window. I was worried that guests in the adjacent rooms, who might also have their windows open, could overhear us and figure out we had extra people in our room.

“I’ll be in the corridor,” Raul said in a lower voice, then winked at Adao.

“The bathroom’s yours, mate.”

“It’s wet and cosy in there!” Mark laughed loudly again. “Perfect for—”

“Shut up, Mark!” Amy cut him off. She shook her head and gestured towards the window. “Honey, please close it.”

“But, hon, if I close it, we’ll roast,” I said.

“We’re already roasting.”

Amy was right. Despite the open window, with the six of us in the small

room, it was stuffy. With the effects of the alcohol we'd consumed, we were overheating and sweating.

I gulped down my bottle of water and tossed it into the trash bin next to the sofa. Then, I closed the window and sat down in the chair at the desk.

Amy finished her water and threw the bottle towards the bin, mimicking me. She missed. Raul stood up, picked up the bottle, and dropped it into the bin along with his empty Coke can.

"You should ask for a discount for the broken aircon," he said.

"Perhaps we should," I replied. "I'll request a refund when we check out tomorrow."

Mark chuckled. "Wait until we've cleared out."

"Good point, Mark!" Amy said. "If we draw too much attention, we might end up paying a penalty for the extra guests."

"Or serving a jail term," Raul added.

"Really?" Amy looked up at him, spooked. "Can they jail us for breaking the occupancy rules?"

"I'm joking!" He laughed. "But you might end up paying the full rate for an extra room."

"It's two. She'll have to pay for two extra rooms," Mark clarified, "since there are four of us, two per room."

"Gosh!" Amy exclaimed, then raised her finger. "That's why you all have to be quiet!"

Smiling, Raul and Adao nodded in confirmation while Jack, who'd kept his arm around Amy's waist, pulled her closer and kissed her on the neck, whispering, "We'll be very quiet and won't tell anyone what we've done here."

Giggling, Amy pushed him away and stood up, turning to look at him. "Jack, you're only invited to sleep here, OK?"

He chuckled. "Yes, I know, but I thought some extras would be included."

Still smiling, Amy said, "There are no extras, and if you misbehave, I'll kick you out!" She grabbed the edge of her crop top and fanned herself with it, creating a bit of airflow. "Gosh, it's hot!"

“It is.” Mark wiped the sweat from his forehead before gulping his beer and standing up.

Jack also finished his beer. Mark took Jack’s empty can and tossed both cans towards the trash bin. He missed, so Adao got up from the sofa and dropped the cans into the bin along with his empty Coke can.

“Thanks, mate,” Mark said, moving to stand next to Adao.

“You know,” Jack said, wiping the sweat from his face and standing up, “the six of us are like six small heaters. I think we should open the window.”

“No.” Amy shook her head. “It’s noisy outside; we won’t be able to sleep. And you’re all talking loudly.” She paused, then sighed. “But it’s hot.”

She rubbed her upper chest, wiping away sweat, and looked at the window. Her gaze lingered as she weighed the options—open the window and let the noise in, as well as risk someone from the adjacent rooms hearing us, or keep the window shut and swelter in our own sweat.

Making up her mind, she said, “We’ll open the window after everyone’s gone to bed, and it’s quiet here.”

She looked down at her crop top, grabbed its bottom edges, and slightly pulled it up, examining it critically. She didn’t realise she’d lifted it too high, unintentionally flashing her boobs—or perhaps thought we wouldn’t see much in the dim light. However, all five of us could see quite well and ogled her exposed breasts.

She let go of her crop top and exhaled. “I’ve got to travel in this tomorrow. It stinks and is drenched in sweat.”

“I like the smell of your sweat.” Jack chuckled.

She shot him a reprimanding look.

He grinned. “It’s true. I like you unwashed and sweaty. Remember?”

She stuck her tongue out at him, then turned to me. “Honey, I’ve got to take a shower.”

“What’s the point?” Jack interjected.

Amy looked at him.

He shrugged. “You’ll sweat through the night again. Wouldn’t it be better to shower in the morning?”

Amy stood still, contemplating Jack's point, then said, "Right. Let's get some sleep then." She bent over and removed her sandals. Straightening up, she grabbed the tie strings of her crop top and, glancing at Jack, Mark, Adao, and Raul one by one, said, "All of you, go over there"—she nodded at the corridor—"and turn your backs, will you?"

Our four guests went into the corridor and turned their backs as instructed. Amy swiftly removed her crop top, baring her breasts. She quickly peeled off her skirt and, in just her thong, folded her crop top and skirt, placing them on the bedside table. Then, topless, she got on the bed and, lying on her back, covered herself with the top sheet.

"You can come in now," she said, and our guests returned to the room.

"The blankets are in the wardrobe," I said, standing up and pointing at the built-in wardrobe. "There are some extra pillows too. Help yourselves, lads."

I removed my espadrilles, peeled off my T-shirt, and took off my shorts.

"Gosh, Tom!" Amy exclaimed, glancing at my erect cock, shocked that I'd stripped completely in front of the others, especially while sporting an erection.

Mark smirked. "Someone's ready for action, Amy."

"We won't watch!" Jack chuckled, pretending to look away.

"Go ahead, Tom. Do what you've got to do!" Mark teased.

"Stop it!" Amy scolded. She might have tried to sound stern, but her smile indicated she was more amused than upset.

I dropped my clothes on the chair, jumped onto the bed, and slipped under the cover next to her. I turned onto my side, facing her, and placed my hand on her breast.

"Tom, honey, not now," she whispered.

"But you promised," I said.

"Yes, but—" She couldn't finish her sentence because I pressed my lips onto hers, and we melted into a deep kiss.

I gently squeezed her breast, and she gasped into my mouth, breaking the kiss.

"Honey, we can't do it with them watching," she murmured, glancing

towards the foot of the bed, where Jack, Mark, and Adao now stood, watching us in silence. Raul was just behind them, leaning against the desk and also watching us.

“They won’t see anything. We’ll do it under the covers,” I said, kneading her breast, feeling her nipple harden against my palm.

Mark teased with a grin, “But, Amy, wouldn’t it be more exciting knowing someone’s watching you?”

“Mark, turn!” Amy squeaked, her voice trembling.

“What if I don’t?”

“Turn around, you freak!”

“OK, OK!” Mark raised his hands in mock surrender and turned his back to us.

Amy stared at Jack and Adao, and they, too, now turned around. Raul remained facing us but looked away.

Amy looked back at me and whispered, “This is crazy, Tom!”

I rolled her nipple between my fingers, whispering back, “But we’re both so horny! We’ve talked about it all day!” I leaned in for a kiss, and this time, she wrapped her arms around my neck, pulling me in. The bedsheet slipped down, exposing her shoulders and upper chest. I squeezed her breast gently, and our lips met in another kiss. She closed her eyes, savouring the moment.

As we kissed, I saw out of the corner of my eye that Jack, Mark, and Adao turned to watch us again. Adao not only turned to look at us but lowered his shorts and briefs and pulled his cock out, starting to stroke it. I broke the kiss, my head turning instinctively to stare at the owner of the thickest penis I’d ever known. Adao, meeting my gaze, smiled somewhat guiltily and tucked his cock back in.

Oblivious to our guests’ actions, Amy pulled me in for another kiss, and we locked lips again. I pushed my tongue against hers. Her breath was hot and intoxicating. I let go of her breast and reached down to her thong, sliding my hand over her stomach. Her abs tensed at my touch. I found the waistband of her thong and hooked my fingers in it.

Amy gasped, feeling my knuckles brush against her landing strip, and broke the kiss, opening her eyes to look at me.

Smiling, she said softly, “I love you!”

Smiling back, I whispered, “I love you too,” and began to pull her thong down.

Letting go of my neck, she lifted her bum off the bed, and I slid the thong over her hips to her knees. Lowering herself back onto the bed, she drew her knees up to her chest, helping me push the thong down to her ankles before kicking it off. In the process, the bedsheet slipped to her waist, allowing me to savour the sight of her exposed breasts glistening with a sheen of sweat, with trickles running down her abs. My cock throbbed in excitement.

Amy glanced at the foot of the bed and, seeing Jack, Mark, and Adao watching us, grabbed the bedsheet to cover herself. However, I leaned over her, supporting myself on my elbow and pressing my chest against her tits, squashing them. I caressed her cheek with my other hand, then leaned in further and planted my lips on hers, pushing my tongue against hers, evoking a muffled moan from her. Assuming that my body was shielding her breasts from view or simply deciding not to care, she let go of the bedsheet and wrapped her arms around my neck again. We kissed deeply, our passion intensifying.

As we kissed, I glanced at the foot of the bed where Raul had joined Jack, Mark, and Adao, and the four of them were busy taking off their clothes.

*Do they really intend to—*My thought was cut short as Amy broke the kiss to catch her breath, and I turned my attention back to her.

Meeting my gaze, she whispered with a smile, “I love kissing you.”

“Me too,” I replied and pressed my lips against hers.

Moments later, without breaking the kiss, I glanced again at Jack and his friends. They had completely removed their clothes and were stroking their erect cocks.

I made the obvious observation: *These guys are ready to fuck my wife. My cock began throbbing at the thought, but then I felt my heart racing. This is for real! Once done, it cannot be undone! Do I really want this to happen?*

The feeling of Amy’s sweaty mounds of flesh rubbing against my chest and her hot breath in my mouth was pushing me quickly to the point of no return. *I’ve got to mount her now and fuck her before I come all over the bedsheets. But with these guys watching? They’re not just watching. They’re preparing*

to fuck her. If I start, they'll join in. Do I want them to? What shall I do? Tell Amy we have to stop now? Tell them to back off? Will they? They expect to fuck her. My cock was throbbing like mad. We all knew where this was going. We all knew the moment I invited Jack and Mark to our room. Amy knew. I felt Amy's heart thump through her chest. Or did she? Did she know? Hmm. Maybe. I don't know. Shall I ask her? I can't. Shall I tell everyone to back off? I—I don't know. My brain's refusing to work. Oh, fuck! I don't care! Let whatever's meant to happen happen.

I pressed my mouth tight against Amy's, making her gasp for air. She raised her chin slightly, breaking the kiss for a second to catch her breath. I pulled my head back, and our eyes met. I smiled. She smiled back and pulled me in, gently biting my bottom lip before pressing her tongue against mine again.

I reached down between her legs, and she opened them for me. I cupped her pussy. Her outer pussy lips were wet with pussy juices and sweat. I parted her labia and ran my fingers up along her slit, spreading the familiar sticky substance of her lubrication. I found her clit and pressed my thumb against it.

Amy broke the kiss, letting out a moan of "Ohh!" She released my neck and gently pushed me in the chest, nudging me to lean back onto my side. I did so, my hand slipping off her pussy, and she rolled onto her side, facing me. Wrapping her arm around my shoulder, she lifted her upper leg and, bending her knee, rested her thigh on my hip and pushed her pelvis towards me. I placed my hand on her hip and gently pulled her in. She smiled. I moved my hand further down to her bum, squeezing her bum cheek and pulling her closer. I felt her pussy lips brush against the tip of my penis. She leaned in, and we kissed again, our eyes closing in bliss. Moments into the kiss, I felt the bedsheet slipping off us and opened my eyes. I glanced down without breaking the kiss and saw Jack bunching up the bedsheet and tossing it onto the floor. I looked back at Amy, who, with her eyes closed, was oblivious to what was happening with the bedcover and moaned into my mouth, drawing her knee higher. My cockhead spread her wet and warm pussy lips, ready to slide into her vagina.

11. SUCCUMBING TO DESIRE

Just as I prepared to thrust in, I noticed out of the corner of my eye a silhouette, right behind Amy, and instinctively pulled my cock back, breaking the kiss.

Amy opened her eyes, a question in them. I looked over her shoulder and saw that Jack had climbed onto the bed behind her.

“Honey?” Amy whispered.

Grinning, Jack put his finger to his lips to signal silence.

I looked back at Amy and whispered, smiling softly, “I love you.”

“Love you, too,” she replied and pulled me in, closing her eyes as our lips met in another kiss.

Our tongues were dancing; Amy’s breathing was growing faster, and my heart was thumping, about to burst out of my chest. *Is he going to? Now? Is that why he’s on the bed?*

As we kissed, I saw out of the corner of my eye how Jack, careful not to shake the bed, lay on his side, facing Amy’s back.

My heart skipped a beat. *Fuck! That’s what he’s here for! Will I let him? Will Amy let him? What shall I do?*

Fuck it! I want him to fuck her.

I let go of Amy’s bum cheek and wrapped my arm around her waist.

Jack seized on the opportunity presented by the removal of my hand and, propping himself up on one elbow, placed his hand on Amy’s hip and pulled himself forward, pressing his chest against her back and his crotch against her bum.

Breaking the kiss, her eyes shooting wide open, Amy looked sharply over her shoulder. Seeing Jack’s face, she whispered, her voice filled with panic, “Jack! What the fuck you’re doing?”

He grinned. “What we both want.”

Her breathing, already fast, quickened. “Jack, we can’t!”

“Oh, but we can!” His hand slid back from her hip, disappearing from my view behind her bum.

“We shouldn’t,” she murmured feebly just as I felt his fingers brush against my scrotum.

I swiftly pulled my pelvis back—not keen for another man to be touching my cock—and looked down at the space between Amy and me. Jack had slid his hand between her thighs and now moved it up, his fingertips grazing her pussy.

Amy trembled. “Jack, please.”

Ignoring her plea, Jack turned his hand upwards and, sliding it beneath her thigh, lifted her leg up.

“Oh, God!” slipped through Amy’s lips. “He’s gonna fuck me!” She turned her head forward and, slightly pulling back from me, looked down at her pussy. Her arm slipped from my shoulder, but her hand stayed, clutching onto it.

My eyes began bouncing between her face and Jack’s erect cock, now less than an inch away from her pussy.

Jack pushed his pelvis forward, his cockhead making contact with Amy’s labia. She trembled, her abs tensing, her thighs shaking. I gripped her waist firmly.

“Relax, Amy,” Jack whispered, gently moving his pelvis up.

Amy bit her lip, her eyes on his cock as it parted her pussy lips, finding the entrance to her vagina. He pushed more, and she gasped, his cockhead spreading her inner pussy lips and sliding into her.

She turned her gaze to me, grasping my shoulder tightly as our eyes met.

“Tom, he’s—” she started but cut off, letting out a loud moan, “Ohh!” as Jack thrust into her pussy, causing her body to shake.

He pulled his cock back, then thrust it into her again.

“Oh, God,” she whimpered. “He’s big!”

He thrust again.

“Ugh!” She groaned. “Tom, he’s—he’s fucking me, Tom!” She dug her fingernails into my shoulder.

“Let him fuck you, honey. Relax. Let him fuck you,” I whispered and leaned in, planting my lips on hers. We melted into a passionate kiss, but Jack thrust again, and her body jolted so much that our teeth clashed. We broke the kiss to avoid chipping a tooth or biting our tongues.

Looking at me, Amy whimpered, “He’s fucking me.”

“I know,” I whispered gently, glancing at Jack, who was holding her leg up, keeping her pussy open as he began fucking her from behind with slow, deep strokes.

“He’s fucking me! He’s—Oh, my God! He’s...” Amy cut off and began moaning with each of Jack’s thrusts. “Ohh! Ohh! Ohh!”

“Oh, yeah!” Jack grunted. “You’ve opened up so well, Amy!”

I heard Mark chuckling. “How’s it, Jack? Tight?”

“Ugh!” Jack groaned. “She’s tight, all right!”

“I told you, didn’t I?” Mark chuckled again. “I only need a glance at a pussy to tell if it’s tight or loose.”

“Ugh!” Jack moaned, increasing the speed of his strokes. “It’s tight, but good tight, Mark. Gripping so nicely! Her pussy’s tight and slick. Velvety grip.” He doubled the pace of his thrusts. “She’s... got... a fantastic... pussy! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!”

“Ohh! Ohh! Ohh!” Amy kept moaning.

“I love your pussy, Amy! I love it!” Jack shouted. He was now fucking her with fast, powerful strokes.

“Oh, my God!” she cried.

“You like it?”

“Yes!”

“Want it harder?”

“Yesss! Harder!”

Jack started thrusting even faster.

Amy buried her face into my chest, letting out muffled moans. “Ohh! Ohh! Ohh!” Her fingernails dug deeper into my shoulder. It would’ve hurt if it weren’t for the fire building in my balls, suppressing any pain.

Holding her tight around the waist, I kissed the top of her head and whispered, “I love you, hon, I love you!”

Amy pulled her head back, arching her neck. She was only able to utter, “I love you, too,” before closing her eyes and resuming her moans of “Ohh! Ohh! Ohh!” as her body relentlessly shook in sync with Jack’s thrusts.

“Urgh! Urgh! Urgh!” Jack groaned, fucking her at an ever-increasing pace.

Jack’s groans and Amy’s moans blended with the sound of his thighs and crotch slapping against her bum and thighs.

I lingered on Jack’s face. It was full of contentment; with his eyes half-closed and his mouth slightly open, he was savouring the sensations my wife’s pussy was giving his cock—something he’d been pursuing eagerly since the moment he’d met her.

Good for him! He persisted and got what he wanted! I said to myself, then shifted my gaze to Amy.

She was sweating profusely. A sheen of sweat covered her face, neck, breasts, and stomach. Strands of her hair, wet with sweat, stuck to her skin.

I was sweating, too. Beads of sweat rolled down from my forehead into my eyes, some dripping from the tip of my nose onto Amy’s neck.

Hot and sweaty bodies, moans and grunts of pleasure, the slapping sounds of flesh on flesh, stuffy air, and dim lighting—all this created a surreal feeling of decadence and eroticism, sharpening the senses.

I felt my cock throb as pre-cum rushed up my urethra. *I have to resist cumming! It would be such a shame if I blew it now!*

I let go of Amy’s waist and grabbed my cockhead, pinching it hard to suppress the urge to ejaculate. Then, I moved closer to her until our chests touched and, pressing my mouth against her sweaty neck, gently bit her soft flesh.

Smooching her neck and squeezing my cock, I listened to her moans and Jack’s grunts, feeling her breasts rub against my chest for the next three or four minutes.

Then, at once, Amy opened her eyes, shouting, “Oh, my God!” and shuddered in a massive orgasm.

Jack kept thrusting until her orgasm subsided, then stopped and released her

leg, letting it rest on my hip. He now squeezed his hand between her and me, his knuckles grazing my chest as he reached around her, cupping her bottom breast from behind. Slightly leaning backwards, he pulled her with him until she rolled halfway onto her back, lying on top of him with her head resting on his chest. She moved her top leg back, draping it over his, pressing her butt against his crotch. He lowered his face to hers, and they locked lips in a kiss, his cock still inside her pussy. Gently squeezing her breast, he resumed thrusting with frequent shallow strokes. They kissed like that for about a minute until Amy broke the kiss and shuddered in a second orgasm, crying out, "Oh, my God! Oh, my God!"

Jack, too, reached the point of no return and, grunting loudly, shoved his cock deep into her pussy, then held still, squeezing her breast, as he shot his cum into her vagina.

When their orgasms finally subsided, he released her breast and moved further backwards, letting her roll completely onto her back on the bed, his cock slipping out of her.

She turned her head to look at me and, panting heavily, murmured, "Tom, what have we done?"

I moved closer to her, still lying on my side, facing her, and gently pushed away a wet strand of hair stuck to her cheek. "It's OK, hon."

"He's fucked me now, Tom."

"I know." I smiled softly, caressing her hair. "I enjoyed watching you with him."

"We're too drunk, Tom; we're not thinking clearly."

"It's OK, hon. It's OK."

I hovered over her and leaned in for a kiss. She wrapped her arms around my neck and pulled me closer, her breasts pressing against my chest. We locked lips, and our tongues began playing in a sensual dance of passion, her hot breath and soft lips intoxicating.

I was kissing my wife, the same wife I had kissed so many times, but this time it was different. I was kissing her after she had been with another guy. Yes, my wife had just been fucked by another man! She had just orgasmed twice on his cock. His cum was still in her pussy. I had every reason to be jealous. And I was jealous, even frightened. Yet, my jealousy came second to

my arousal. Knowing Amy had just been fucked by someone else was the most potent aphrodisiac.

We kissed deeper and deeper, unable to stop.

My cock started to throb uncontrollably, and I felt cum bubbling in my balls. I couldn't resist the urge anymore. I didn't want to. I enjoyed too much kissing my wife, freshly fucked by another man, to break the kiss and attend to my throbbing cock. I was going to let the inevitable happen.

And then, just as I had accepted I'd be cumming on the bedsheets, Amy broke the kiss and, pushing me back, looked down at her legs and shouted, "Mark, what the fuck?"

I traced her gaze. Mark had climbed onto the bed, kneeling at her feet, gripping her ankles.

He smiled and spread her legs apart. "Helping you experience a gangbang."

"Mark, I just got fucked," she murmured.

"I know. I watched." He chuckled. "Time for round two." He pushed her legs up, and she bent her knees, placing her feet flat on the bed.

She looked at me. "Tom, this is insane."

I could see her heart thumping in her chest. Mine was racing, too.

I've just watched my wife fucked by another man. Will I now witness her being gangbanged?

"Enjoy your first gangbang, Amy," Jack said, placing his hand on her breast and gently squeezing it before letting go and getting off the bed.

With her eyes still fixed on me, Amy murmured, "Tom, what are we doing?"

"Enjoying ourselves," I replied, lowering my mouth to hers, and we locked lips in a kiss once again.

I watched out of the corner of my eye as Mark let go of her legs and shifted further up between her thighs. He reached for her pussy and ran his hand over it.

Feeling his touch, Amy gasped into my mouth.

He ran his hand again.

She placed her hand on my chest and pushed me away, ending the kiss and looking down at Mark.

He smiled, grabbed his erect cock and, supporting himself with his hand on the bed beside her, on the side opposite me, lay on top of her and guided his cock towards her pussy.

Amy trembled when she felt his cockhead part her pussy lips. He looked up at her, and their eyes met.

He raised his eyebrows. "May I?"

She nodded.

He smiled and pushed his cock into her vagina.

"Ugh!" she let a moan out.

He let go of his member and placed his hand on her knee closest to me. Propped up on one hand on the bed and the other on her knee, he began fucking her with slow, deep strokes.

I moved back slightly for a better view just as Amy wrapped her arms around Mark's neck and pulled him to her.

Slowing down his thrusts, he planted his lips on hers, and they engaged in a passionate kiss.

When they pulled away, he let go of her knee and propped himself up on both hands on the bed on either side of her. In his adjusted position, he arched his back and pushed his pelvis forward.

Amy let out a moan, "Ohh," then curved her legs around his waist and rested her hands on his shoulders.

He resumed fucking her with fast, powerful thrusts.

She closed her eyes and began moaning with each of his strokes. "Ohh! Ohh! Ohh!"

Mark was not a vocal lover and was letting out only low grunts, "Huh, huh, huh," as he thrust into Amy's pussy with his gaze fixed on her tits, watching them jerk with each of his strokes.

Sweating profusely in the stuffy room, his sweat dripping from the tip of his nose onto Amy's sweat-covered breasts, he fucked her like this until, after about five minutes, the pleasure in Amy's vagina grew so much that her moans turned into high-pitched squeaks.

After another three minutes of Mark's cock working in her pussy, Amy

yelped, “Oh, my God.” She arched her head back, opened her eyes, and, grabbing Mark’s sweaty hair, shuddered in orgasm.

Amy’s cry pushed Mark over the edge. Murmuring, “Here I cum!” he began thrusting fast and wild, his face contorting in pleasure as he came deep and hard. He pounded Amy frantically until he’d emptied his entire load into her vagina, then slowed his thrusts but continued to fuck her.

Once her orgasm also passed, Amy unwrapped her legs from around Mark’s waist, dropping her feet flat on the bed, her knees bent. Placing her hands on his chest, she gently pushed him up, signalling she was done too, and he could stop fucking her.

Mark stopped thrusting and pulled his still-erect cock out of her pussy. “Thank you, Amy,” he said, rising to his knees. “Yours is the best married pussy I’ve ever fucked!”

Mark’s somewhat distasteful compliment suddenly hung in the air, and Amy looked at me, a flicker of self-consciousness in her eyes.

I shrugged, smiling. “A compliment’s a compliment, hon.”

“A well-deserved compliment,” Mark added and got off the bed.

She covered her eyes, murmuring, “God, what a slut I’ve become.”

She had barely finished her sentence when Raul jumped onto the bed.

Amy uncovered her eyes and, guessing what Raul was after, tried to close her legs, but he’d already knelt between them, his erect cock in his hand.

“No, Raul, I can’t,” she whispered, shaking her head.

“Please, Amy. It’s unfair not to let me,” he pleaded, then slid his hand under her hips and lifted her bum off the bed. Holding her backside up with one hand, he guided his cock with his other towards her pussy.

Amy quivered, feeling his cockhead touch her labia. “Raul, I’ve just been fucked by two other men.”

“Amy, just one more time. Please don’t give me blue balls!” He gently pushed his cock, parting her pussy lips right at the entrance to her vagina.

She glanced at me.

I shrugged. “I guess one more won’t hurt?”

She looked back at Raul and nodded. “Yes.”

He murmured, “Thank you,” and pushed his cock into her pussy.

She gasped, clutching the bedsheet on either side of her. “Gosh! Your cock’s so fat!”

“Yeah, it’s on the bigger side, but your pussy has opened up so well now. We should be fine.”

He let go of his cock, whose cockhead had already sunk into Amy’s vagina and slid that hand under her bum to join the other. Holding her backside up with both hands—one on each bum cheek—he thrust in.

“Ugh!” Amy moaned as his entire cock sank into her.

“How’s it, hon?” I asked.

She exhaled sharply. “He’s filled me up to the brim!”

“Is he bigger than Jack and Mark?”

Jack chuckled. “His cock’s thicker, Tom.”

Amy panted. “He’s stretching me out. A lot.”

“Raul’s cock is something to reckon with!” Mark chimed in.

Raul smiled, hearing the compliments from his friends, and still holding Amy’s bum up in the air and standing on his knees, began driving his cock in and out of her pussy with slow but deep thrusts.

Amy reached her hand to me, and I took it.

“Kiss me,” she whispered, and I leaned towards her, locking my lips with hers.

We kissed for about thirty seconds before she broke the kiss, letting out her first moan.

The sound of her voice was all it took for Raul to pick up speed.

Amy squeezed my hand, letting out another moan, and soon after another, and then another, until her moans became continuous.

“Ohh! Ohh! Ohh!” she moaned with each of Raul’s thrusts.

He was now grunting in rhythm with her. “Ugh-a! Ugh-a! Ugh-a!”

After about three minutes of thrusting in and out of her pussy, Raul changed the way he fucked her: he made three or four quick thrusts, then pushed his cock all the way into her vagina and rotated his hips a few times, drilling the

depths of her pussy with his cockhead; then, he repeated the cycle of quick thrusts followed by a deep thrust and hip rotation.

Amy's moans grew louder with each cycle until, after about two minutes, she cried, "Oh, my God!" and, squeezing my hand tight, shuddered in orgasm.

Raul continued thrusting and rotating until her orgasm passed, then stopped and gently lowered her bum onto the bed, making sure his cock remained inside her pussy. After that, he lowered himself, lying on top of her with his hands placed on the bed on either side of her, and resumed thrusting, now fucking her in the missionary position.

Amy let go of my hand, curved her arms around Raul's waist, and resumed moaning. "Ohh! Ohh! Ohh!"

Freed from her grip, I sat up to gain a better view of her breasts as they shook in unison with Raul's thrusts.

"Ugh-a! Ugh-a! Ugh-a!" he groaned, fucking her with powerful, deep strokes.

"Ohh! Ohh! Ohh!" she moaned louder and louder until she shook in another orgasm.

Feeling her vagina convulse around his shaft for the second time finally pushed Raul over the edge. Shouting something in Portuguese, he shoved his cock balls-deep into Amy's pussy and began unloading his cum inside her.

Once he finished ejaculating, he resumed thrusting and fucked her until her orgasm passed, too. As soon as she let go of his waist, he withdrew his cock from her, rose to his knees, and, after smiling and gently tapping her thigh, got off the bed.

Panting heavily, wet with sweat, Amy glanced at me and murmured, "I'm being gangbanged, Tom!"

"Yes, you sure are." I nodded, smiling.

"No gangbang is complete without Adao!" Mark announced just as Adao got on the bed, positioning himself on Amy's other side, opposite me.

As Amy glanced at Adao, he slid his hands under her back and knees and flipped her over onto her stomach.

"Gosh! What're you doing?!" she squeaked, her body bouncing as she landed face down on the bed.

“From behind’s the best.” Adao laughed lightly. He moved to her feet, got on his knees, and grabbed her ankles, spreading her legs apart.

“Oh, God,” she murmured, propping herself on her elbows.

“Yes, Amy!” Mark chuckled. “You feel his big cock best when he’s fucking you from behind.”

Amy hugged the pillow in front of her with both hands.

“How do you know?” I shot at Mark, irritation lacing my voice as his overconfidence bugged me.

“He’s fucked me from behind,” Mark said matter-of-factly.

My jaw dropped. “Adao’s fucked you in the arse?”

“God, no!” Amy shrieked, looking at Adao over her shoulder, panic and fear in her eyes. “You’re too big! No!”

“He won’t fuck you in the arse, Amy!” Mark laughed. “You’ve got a pussy!”

“Amy, relax! I’ll fuck you in the pussy,” Adao assured her, smiling and gently rubbing her bum. “Just spread your legs a little further.”

Amy looked ahead, spreading her legs further apart as requested.

“That’s it!” Adao praised her effort and then turned to me. “Pass me a pillow!” He nodded at the two pillows I had stacked for myself to sleep on.

I handed him one of the pillows.

Sliding one hand under Amy’s hips, he lifted her pelvis and positioned the pillow beneath her. He glanced at her pussy from behind and murmured, nodding with satisfaction, “Yes, it’s opened up nicely.” Then he hovered over her, propping himself up with one hand on the bed just above her hip, and guided his cock with the other hand towards her pussy.

“Oh, God!” Amy whimpered, feeling his cockhead part her pussy lips.

“You’re fucking big!”

“Relax, Amy, just let it slide in!” Adao said softly. “They’ve already opened you up for me.”

She glanced at him over her shoulder. “Be gentle, OK?”

“Of course.” He gave her an assuring smile.

She looked back ahead.

He now pushed his cock into her pussy, slowly and gently.

Despite his care, Amy whimpered, biting her lip as his glans stretched out her vaginal opening, but he continued to push gently until his cockhead disappeared into her pussy.

She let out a gasp, and he paused, giving her vagina a chance to adjust to his size.

After a couple of seconds, he resumed sliding his cock slowly into her until it was halfway in.

At this point, he let go of his cock and lay on top of her, propping himself up on his elbows on either side of her, pressing his chest against her back.

He kissed the side of her neck, whispering into her ear, "I'll make a deeper thrust now. OK?"

She puffed. "OK."

"Here we go," he said, raising himself up on his hands.

Amy squeezed her pillow, her breathing quickening in anticipation. She didn't have to wait long.

Adao spread his legs further apart for better support and, arching his back, made a powerful thrust, his entire cock disappearing into her pussy.

"Oh, my God!" Amy shrieked, raising her head. "Fuck!"

"You hurt, Amy?" I asked with concern, gently rubbing her hip on my side.

"No," she whimpered. "Stretched! Stretched to the limit."

"Stretched, but it feels good, doesn't it?" Adao chuckled.

"Yeah, but be gentle, OK? I don't want to be chafed after this."

Mark laughed. "Oh, you'll be, Amy, all right? After a gangbang, you'll be chafed. Trust me!"

"Don't listen to him," Jack interjected, then turned to Mark and pushed him on the shoulder. "Shut up, will you?"

"You'll be fine, Amy," Adao assured her.

"Urgh!" she grunted, pushing herself up on her hands and arching her back, tilting her head back to catch Adao's gaze.

He smiled and tapped her buttock with one hand, the other firmly on the bed

for support. “I’m in now, OK? Let’s fuck!” He placed his hand back on the bed and, with his weight on both hands, began fucking her with deep, slow strokes.

She instantly started to moan. “Ohh! Ohh! Ohh!”

What a sight the two of them were. Hovering over Amy in the plank position, standing on his toes and hands, with his back arched, Adao was sliding his big cock in and out of her pussy. Keeping her back arched and her head tilted back, Amy stared at the ceiling, moaning, her jaw dropped, a strand of saliva hanging from her bottom lip. Her breasts bounced with each of Adao’s thrusts, and her fit abs, highlighted by the tension and the coat of sweat covering her abdomen, contracted in unison. Adao had hooked his chin over her shoulder, thrusting rhythmically and kissing the side of her neck or whispering sweetly into her ear, “You’re so sexy, so sweet,” brushing her earlobe with his lips.

I got off the bed, pushed Mark and Jack to make space for me, and squatted at the bed’s foot, facing Amy and Adao. Grabbing the edge of the bed and hooking my chin over it, I had the perfect view of Amy’s pussy stretched to the max around the fat base of Adao’s cock.

Seeing how much Amy’s entrance was stretched around Adao’s girth, I couldn’t help but look up at Mark and ask, “And you said that monster of a cock over there fucked you in the arse?”

Mark shrugged, smiling. “What can you do? The job requires sacrifices.”

I raised my eyebrows. “The job?”

Jack punched Mark lightly in the ribs. “Let Tom watch his wife get the fuck of her life; don’t distract him with your stupid jokes.”

“Yeah, watch!” Mark encouraged me, nodding towards Amy and Adao. “You don’t get to see your wife fucked by a nine-incher every day!”

I turned to look forward.

Amy was now moaning uncontrollably. “Ahh! Ahh! Ahh!”

“They all ‘ahh’ when Adao fucks them. Have you noticed, Jack?” I heard Mark comment on the apparent change from “Ohh-s” to “Ahh-s” in how Amy moaned.

“It’s because he hits their cervixes. They get cervical orgasms with him,”

Jack clarified.

“You sure?”

“Yes, I’ve talked to some of his partners. Now watch and learn!”

Quietly, letting out only light huffs, Adao kept pumping into Amy’s pussy with long, deep strokes.

She moaned non-stop, “Ahh! Ahh! Ahh!”

About three minutes passed, and she cried out, “Oh, my God!” pushing her head back against Adao’s shoulder, shuddering in orgasm as her eyes fluttered closed.

I stood up, needing to encompass the full sight of her body as it got overtaken by pleasure. What I saw was mesmerising.

With her eyes closed, her neck arched back, strands of wet hair stuck to her cheeks, her skin coated in sweat, and her thighs and glutes convulsing in pleasure—she was experiencing the strongest climax of her life. Shaking and whimpering, her senses were overridden by sexual ecstasy.

I shifted my gaze to the action between her legs, where Adao continued to drive his cock in and out of her pussy, his balls swinging back and forth, ensuring she enjoyed the bliss for as long as possible.

Watching Amy and Adao was so exciting that my cock started to throb, feeling pre-cum oozing out of the tip. I grabbed and squeezed the tip, suppressing the urge to ejaculate.

It took close to a minute for Amy’s orgasm to pass, and opening her eyes, she finally looked down, panting. “God. That really got me!” She slumped onto the bed, burying her face in the pillow beneath her head and resumed moaning muffled “Ahh! Ahh! Ahh!” as Adao relentlessly fucked her with his signature long, deep thrusts.

Gradually, Amy’s moans became louder again, and after about three minutes, she rose to her hands, clutching the bedsheets on either side of her, and arched her back, whimpering, “Oh, Jeez!” looking down at the pillow beneath her.

Adao increased the speed of his thrusts.

“Oh, Jeez! Oh, my God,” she cried and shook in orgasm.

She probably had the longest orgasm of her life, moaning and shaking for

nearly two minutes. Just as her moans started to quiet down, Adao stopped thrusting and commanded, "Spread your legs further apart, Amy. I'll give you a good time now."

She spread her legs further apart as instructed.

"That's good. Perfect!" he praised her. "Stay still now!"

He repositioned himself, slightly drawing his hands back and propping himself up higher, arching his back further, and resumed fucking her with fast, powerful thrusts, jerking her body.

"Oh, my God!" Amy cried and arched her head back, again clutching the bedsheets. "Argh! God, Adao!" she screamed once more and shuddered in another massive orgasm.

For the first time, Adao started to moan, "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!"

His thighs and crotch slapped forcefully against Amy's reddened buttocks as she was now not moaning but yelping, "Ahh-a! Ahh-a! Ahh-a!"

"Oh, yeah! You want it harder?" he shouted, thrusting into her with reckless intensity.

"Oh, my God! Oh, Jeez!" Amy shrieked as her orgasm reached a new level, her legs and buttocks shaking, her eyes rolling back in ecstasy. "Oh, Jeez!" she cried once again, and a whitish liquid began spraying from her pussy. My wife was squirting for the first time in her life!

Grunting loudly, "Urgh!" Adao shoved his cock all the way up into her and began ejaculating.

Once he'd drained his balls, he resumed thrusting, but now at a slower pace.

Amy's orgasm finally passed, and she collapsed on her stomach, burying her face in the pillow.

Adao pulled his still-erect cock out of her pussy, rose to his knees, and gently slapped her bum. "What a fantastic fuck! Thanks, Amy!" He looked at me, gave me a thumbs-up, and climbed off the bed.

White cum began leaking from Amy's wide-open vagina onto the bedsheet, which was already wet with sweat and her squirt.

"Go on, Tom!" Jack tapped me on the shoulder. "Now's the best time to take the sloppy seconds. Go feel how stretched her pussy is!"

Without further ado, I climbed onto the bed and crawled straight between Amy's spread legs. With her pelvis still propped up on the pillow under her hips, her pussy presented a wonderful sight.

Her clit, engorged though still mostly hiding in its hood, was covered with a mixture of her juices, cum, and sweat. Her shaved outer lips were red from the intense pounding they had received from the cocks of the four men who had just fucked her.

Her inner lips were puffed up, spread out like flower petals and cum-covered; her vagina was gaping open so much that I could see at least two inches inside where globs of cum were stuck to its pink walls, which were still pulsating with pleasure and exhaustion.

I lay on top of Amy, propping myself up on my hands on either side of her, and drove my hips forward. My cock found the entrance to her pussy straight away, and I penetrated her with a single thrust.

Her vagina felt looser than usual, but its grip around my cock was unbelievably cushy. The extra lubrication and warmth of fresh cum made her pussy walls feel velvety soft.

Wow! This is the sloppy seconds!

Knowing I wouldn't last long, I began thrusting immediately.

"Is that you, Tom?" Amy whispered, raising her head and looking at me over her shoulder.

Her face was red with exhaustion and arousal. Strands of wet hair were stuck to her cheeks, forehead, and neck.

"Yes, honey, it's me," I replied, thrusting with slow, powerful strokes.

I leaned in for a kiss, and we locked lips.

It was the sensual kiss and the oversensitivity of her body after being fucked so much rather than the impact of my cock on her pussy that triggered her instant orgasm.

She broke the kiss and, uttering, "Oh, my God! Again!" turned to look ahead and surrendered to orgasmic pleasure, shaking and moaning.

The contractions of her pussy pushed me over the edge, and I began spurting shots of cum into her womb.

I finished ejaculating in about fifteen seconds—nothing remarkable, but the

intensity was unparalleled for me, depositing probably the largest volume of sperm I had ever ejaculated in my life.

I continued to thrust until Amy's orgasm subsided and she stopped moaning, then gently pulled my cock out of her and rolled onto my side to face her.

Panting heavily, she removed the pillow from under her pelvis, tossed it aside, and turned onto her side, facing me.

We remained silent, looking into each other's eyes.

12. UNCHARTERED TERRITORY

Jack climbed onto the bed behind Amy and lay on his side, facing her back. “How was it, Amy?” he asked, placing his hand on her shoulder.

Amy didn’t answer his question and, instead, ignoring his hand, with her eyes still fixed on me, whispered, “What have we done, Tom?”

I gave her a gentle smile. “We’ve had fun, explored...”

Her gaze lingered on me, searching.

“We’ve shared an adventure,” I added softly.

“An adventure?”

“Yes. Our first gangbang.”

“Our...”

“Yes. Together.”

Amy continued to search my face, her features gradually relaxing into a tender look until a spark lit in her eyes. “I love you, Tom.”

“Love you, too,” I whispered.

She leaned in, wrapping her arm around me, and we kissed.

We’d just pulled away when Jack nudged her to roll over onto her back, gently tugging her. “Roll onto your back, Amy.”

She looked at him over her shoulder.

He smiled. “A gangbang’s about taking turns on you. It’s my turn again.”

Amy stared at Jack, remaining silent and appearing reluctant to oblige his request. However, he tugged at her again, and she let go of me, rolling onto her back, murmuring, “Gosh! I’m a slut!” She covered her face with her hands, feeling ashamed of herself. But, at the same time—the desire for more taking over—she spread her legs and drew her knees up with her feet flat on the bed, offering her pussy to Jack.

I sat up and turned to face the two of them so that I could watch the gangbang continue to unfold.

Jack rolled over on top of Amy, settling between her legs. Propping himself up on his elbow on the bed beside her, opposite from me, he used his free hand to guide his cock towards her pussy. Finding the entrance to her vagina, he positioned his cockhead at it and paused.

Amy uncovered her face, and their eyes met.

Letting go of his cock, Jack cupped her breast, a playful spark in his eyes. "Shall we?"

She nodded, her smile shy and timid. "We shall."

He penetrated her with a single thrust, letting out a groan of pleasure. "Ugh!" "Ohh!" she moaned in response.

"It feels so good, doesn't it?" he murmured, smiling and leaning in for a kiss. She wrapped her arms around his neck, and he pressed his mouth against hers. Parting her lips, she welcomed his tongue. Kissing her and kneading her breast, he began slowly moving his cock in and out of her pussy.

Amy and Jack kissed and fucked like that for about a minute before Jack broke the kiss, made a powerful thrust into Amy and stopped thrusting. With his cock deep inside her pussy, he let go of her breast, propped himself up on both hands for better leverage, and then resumed thrusting, fucking her with slow deep strokes.

Soon, Amy was moaning, "Ohh! Ohh! Ohh!" with each of Jack's thrusts.

"Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" he grunted in unison with her moans.

He fucked her like that for about five minutes before she arched her head back and shook in orgasm, crying, "Oh, my God! Jack!"

Jack switched to ramming into her with rapid, forceful strokes, and moments later, with Amy still orgasming on his cock, he grunted loudly and began filling her pussy with his cum.

Amy's orgasm passed just as Jack slowed his thrusts, having drained his balls. They locked eyes and smiled at each other. She unwrapped her arms from around his neck and placed her hands on his chest, gently pushing him to get off her. He stopped thrusting completely, pulled his cock out of her pussy and rose to his knees.

"That was something, wasn't it?" he said, smiling again.

Returning his smile, Amy nodded. "That was, indeed."

Jack got off the bed just as Mark climbed onto it with a 500ml bottle of water he'd taken from the minibar fridge.

Mark opened the bottle and, moving on his knees between Amy's spread legs, handed it to her. "Drink it, Amy. You're losing fluids. Your pussy has to stay hydrated."

Amy took the bottle and, propping herself up on one elbow, drank until it was empty, then passed it back to Mark. Mark tossed the bottle to Raul, who deftly caught it and shoved it into the trash bin under the desk behind him.

Smiling softly, Mark placed his hand on Amy's chest and gently pushed her to lie down. "Would you lie back?"

At this point, Amy knew what was expected of her: to keep her pussy open so that the five men in the room could take turns on her. She nodded and lay back.

Mark grabbed the pillow that Adao had used to support her bum and, sliding his other hand under her, lifted her lower body. He positioned the pillow under her hips and gently lowered her onto it. "Shall we do it with your legs on my shoulders?"

Amy nodded again and raised her legs up. Mark positioned himself on his knees between her thighs, and she rested her calves on his shoulders. He wrapped his arms around her legs and, glancing at her pussy, pushed his pelvis forward, aiming his cockhead at her entrance.

"Ohh!" Amy gasped as his cock entered her pussy balls-deep.

Looking up at her, Mark announced with a cheeky smile, "Fuck time!" and began thrusting.

Within a minute, Amy was moaning, "Ohh! Ohh! Ohh!"

Mark was moaning, too. "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!"

Now Adao climbed onto the bed on Amy's side opposite me. Lying on his side, facing her, he planted his lips on her neck and began smooching her soft skin.

"May I?" I heard behind me and looked over my shoulder.

Raul had stood at the edge of the bed, just behind me.

He smiled. "I'd like to play with your wife's boobs if that's OK with you."

I got off the bed, and Raul climbed on, taking my place. Lying on his side, facing Amy, he hovered over her chest, supporting himself on his elbow as he pressed his mouth against her breast, closest to him, gently biting her erect nipple.

As Mark increased the speed of his strokes, Amy's moans turned louder and more frequent. Adao continued to smooch her neck while Raul diligently sucked her nipple, and it wasn't long before Amy's senses became overwhelmed.

Closing her eyes and arching her head back, she shook in orgasm, moaning, "Oh, my God!"

Mark began thrusting like mad, quickly reaching the point of no return, and seconds later, he shoved his cock balls-deep into her pussy, remaining still as he unloaded his cum.

Once her orgasm passed, Amy opened her eyes.

"Do you like the gangbang?" Mark asked, having finished ejaculating.

She nodded, her chest rising and falling as she panted, beads of sweat glistening on her forehead.

Mark smiled, then pulled his cock out of her pussy and sat back on his heels, helping Amy rest her legs on the bed on either side of him. He gently rubbed her thigh, looking up at her, giving her another soft smile, and then crawled back and got off the bed.

Sensing it was now his turn to fuck, Adao lifted his mouth from Amy's neck and rose to his knees. He glanced at the big red mark he'd left on her skin, his lips spreading into a satisfied smile—he'd done an excellent job there. Amy was going to have a large hickey. Still smiling, he moved between her legs, spread her pussy lips with the fingers of one hand and, taking his erect cock in the other, positioned his cockhead at the entrance to her vagina.

Looking up at her, he raised his eyebrows, asking if she was ready to receive him.

She nodded, and he pushed his cock in.

"Urgh!" She flinched. "You're fucking big, Adao!"

"I know," he said, smiling, and pushed in further.

She puffed. “You’re stretching me out.”

“Yes. Overstretched now, but once I’m in, remember how good it feels?”

Instead of answering his question, Amy curved her legs around his waist.

He let go of his cock and her pussy, grabbed her hips with both hands and thrust again, eliciting a light cry of “Ahh!” from her as his cock sank into her. He then began fucking her with long, powerful strokes, and she closed her eyes, immersing herself in the pleasurable sensations his large cock was giving her pussy and, indeed, her entire body.

Amy had just started to moan when Raul lifted his mouth from her breast, revealing her swollen nipple and the red marks around her areola—proof of his suction power. He pressed his lips to the side of her neck and gently bit the soft flesh, intent on leaving a love bite to match the one Adao had left on the opposite side.

Just as Raul shifted his hickey-making efforts to Amy’s neck, as if in a well-coordinated routine, Jack got on the bed where Adao had been lying before, lay on his side next to Amy, facing her, and pressed his mouth to her breast, closest to him, sucking her nipple to make sure she’d have love bites on both of her breasts.

Adao was now fucking Amy with ever-increasing speed, making her moan “Ahh! Ahh! Ahh!” louder and louder until, three or four minutes after being penetrated by his massive cock, she cried out, “Oh, Jeez!” and shuddered in orgasm, arching her head back and pushing her chest up, squashing her breast against Jack’s face. Raul’s mouth slipped off her neck to reveal his accomplishment—another love bite, exactly on the opposite side of the one left by Adao.

At that moment, Adao grunted loudly, and his face twitched in pleasure as he began ejaculating. He thrust into Amy with desperate urgency until he emptied his balls, then slowed his thrusts.

Soon after, Amy’s orgasm passed, too, and she opened her eyes. Panting heavily, with a sheen of sweat covering her body, she unwrapped her legs from around Adao and dropped her feet on the bed.

“Lovely pussy, Amy! Well done!” Adao praised her with a smile, gently slapping her thigh. Then he pulled his cock out of her pussy and crawled back.

He had just got off the bed when Jack released Amy's nipple, rose to his knees, and moved between her legs, sporting an erection again.

Raul also decided it was time to get pleasure for himself. He lifted his mouth from Amy's neck, leaving her three or four hickeys, and rose to his knees, facing her.

"Will you suck me?" he asked, moving closer to her head and pushing his pelvis forward, his erect cock sticking out.

Turning her head to look at him, Amy nodded.

He moved further forward until his cock hovered above her face. Grabbing onto the headboard with one hand, he leaned over her and lowered his pelvis until his cockhead brushed her lips. She took his cock at the base and, parting her lips, slowly pushed it into her mouth.

"Mmm, yes, that's good, Amy! That's good!" he moaned. Holding the headboard with one hand, he placed his other hand on his hip and closed his eyes, preparing to enjoy the pleasurable sensations Amy's mouth was going to give him.

Jack, still kneeling, now slid his hands under Amy's bum and, lifting it up, pushed his pelvis forward, his cock finding the entrance to her vagina. Despite gasping when Jack thrust in and his cock entered her pussy, Amy managed to keep Raul's cock in her mouth.

Jack firmed his grip on her bum, holding her hips up in the air, and started to fuck her with fast, deep strokes, grunting, "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!"

Amy's moans were coming muffled by Raul's cock in her mouth. "Ohh! Ohh! Ohh!"

Raul also moaned, "Mmm! Mmm! Mmm!"

He was trying to thrust his cock deeper into Amy's mouth but was unable to because she held his cock at the base, pushing him back. After about two or three minutes of futile attempts, he had enough. He grabbed her hand and pushed it away, forcing her to let go of his member. She tried to seize his cock again, but he intercepted her hand and, holding it away, shouted, "Jack, I'm ready!"

Jack stopped thrusting.

Now Raul let go of the headboard and leaned his shoulder against it for

support. With his freed hand, he pinched Amy's nose, his other hand already holding one of hers.

Amy gasped for air, opening her mouth as wide as she could with his cock still inside, and he used the moment to thrust deep. She gagged, but he pushed his cock further. She tried to grab his cock with her other hand; however, letting go of her nose, he caught her hand and, grasping both her wrists, thrust his cock deeper, entering her throat. She began choking, trying to free her hands from his grip, but her efforts were in vain. He held her hands firm.

Raul thrust again and, shouting, "Oh, yeah!" tensed his glutes, his face contorting with pleasure as he began squirting cum into Amy's throat.

Choking and gagging, Amy gulped down his spunk, her throat muscles working quickly and urgently.

Raul finished coming in about fifteen seconds and, finally releasing her hands, pulled his cock out of her mouth.

Coughing out cum and saliva, her eyes watery, Amy slapped his cock, shouting, "Next time, I'll bite your cock off, you idiot! You almost choked me to death!"

He smiled apologetically. "Sorry, Amy! I got carried away." He caressed her cheek and murmured another "Sorry" before getting off the bed.

Amy coughed, wiping her lips with the back of her hand, then looked at Jack. "I think we've got to end this gangbang thing before you guys hurt me."

Jack nodded. "OK, let me finish, and we'll be done."

He was about to resume thrusting when Mark jumped onto the bed, shouting, "Hold on, Jack! Not before we've done DP!"

"No!" Amy squeaked, looking at Mark, terrified.

He smiled. "I won't fuck you. I'll just penetrate you so you can feel two cocks inside you at the same time."

"It will hurt! No!"

"Have you tried two cocks?"

Amy shook her head. "No, Mark! Anal's not my—"

"You'll love it, Amy," Jack interrupted her.

“Not sure about that, Jack,” she murmured, looking at him.

“Trust me, Amy. You’ll enjoy it,” he said. Leaning forward and sliding his hands from her hips under her back, he pulled her up and rolled onto his back, flipping her over with him, the pillow that had been under her now remaining beneath his bum.

Amy landed on top of him, face down, her breasts squashing against his chest, her hands on either side of him, her thighs spread around his hips.

His cock slipped out of her pussy, but he spread his legs, pushing her thighs further apart with his hips, grabbed his cock, and quickly inserted it back into her vagina, then wrapped one arm around her waist, another around her shoulders, and pulled her into him.

“God, this will hurt!” Amy whimpered.

“It won’t. Mark knows what he’s doing,” Jack assured her with a smile. “Kiss me and relax!”

Amy lowered her head, and they locked lips.

Mark moved onto his knees behind Amy, between Jack’s spread legs, and turned to Adao. “Adao, bring me my anal lube, will you?” Nodding towards the corridor, he added, “It’s in the front pocket of my suitcase!”

Adao ran into the corridor and returned with a tube of anal lube. He got onto the bed, passing the lube to Mark.

Amy broke the kiss with Jack, about to glance over her shoulder at Mark, fear evident in her eyes, but Jack pressed his lips against hers again.

Mark squirted lube into his palm and spread it over his erect cock. Then, after adding more onto his fingers, he dropped the tube of lube on the bed, then grabbed Amy’s bum cheek with his freed hand, pulled it to one side to expose her bum hole, and circled his lubed fingers around her anus.

Feeling his touch, Amy broke her kiss with Jack and flicked her head over her shoulder, her panicked gaze locking on Mark.

Quickly, Jack reached out, clasped her cheeks and turned her head to face him. “Don’t look!” he said with a soft smile. “Kiss me!” He pulled her in for a kiss, and they locked lips again, both his arms wrapping around her sides for a firmer grip.

Mark pushed his middle finger into Amy’s anus, and she gasped into Jack’s

mouth. Jack tightened his grip around her, pressing his mouth firmer against hers. Mark continued getting her ready, moving his finger in a circular motion a few times before introducing his index finger into her bum hole.

At this point, Amy broke the kiss despite Jack pulling her in and, raising her head, her eyes meeting his, whimpered, “God! This will hurt!”

“It won’t, Amy, trust me!” Mark assured her before Jack could and pulled his fingers out of her bum hole. He shuffled on his knees closer to her, grabbed her bum cheeks and spread them apart. Her bum hole puckered out, her pussy beneath stretched around Jack’s cock.

Holding her bum cheeks apart, Mark pushed his pelvis forward until his cockhead touched her anus, then said, “Amy, push out as if you’re about to open your bowels.”

“OK,” she murmured.

He pressed his cock against her bum hole, and she whimpered, but he continued to push, her anus spreading around his cockhead. She whimpered briefly again, her face flinching. He paused for a second, then pushed some more, and his cockhead slid into her bum.

“Urgh!” Amy groaned.

“How’s it?” Mark asked.

“It’s OK,” she replied, biting her lip.

He made a deeper thrust, and half of his cock slid into her.

“Stop!” Amy shouted, raising her hand. “Don’t go deeper!”

“Sure!” Mark acknowledged her request.

Amy was about to lean in for another kiss with Jack when Adao called out, “Amy, wait!”

She turned her head to look at him.

Rising to his knees, he moved to her and offered her his semi-erect cock.

“Suck me!”

She nodded at his sizeable member. “You’re not pushing this into my throat!”

He chuckled. “Of course not! It’s just for the photo!”

She raised her eyebrows. “What photo?!”

“Our group photo!” Raul called out excitedly, waving his phone he’d pulled out of the pocket of his shorts left on the chair at the desk.

Glancing at him, Amy’s eyes went wide as she squeaked, “No!”

Ignoring her, Raul passed me the phone. “Take a couple of photos and then film us, will you?”

“No!” Amy now shouted. “You’ll put them on the Internet!”

“We won’t, Amy. Trust us!” Jack assured her.

She looked at him, then flinched, grunting. “Urgh! Two cocks are too much!”

“And they are in two separate holes.” Mark laughed. “Imagine if they’d both gone into your pussy!”

“Or, your bum?” Raul chuckled, climbing onto the bed on Amy’s side opposite Adao. The frame creaked under the collective weight of five people.

“God!” slipped through Amy’s lips.

“We’ve done that, too,” Raul added, still chuckling.

“Whatever!” Amy flinched again—the discomfort in her bottom palpable.

“It’s uncomfortable, I know,” Jack said, moving his hips slightly, then turned to me, nodding towards the phone in my hand. “Tom, go ahead!”

“I said no!” Amy shot at Jack, giving him a stern look.

“Why not? You don’t trust us?”

“No, I don’t. It’s my reputation at stake.”

“You don’t trust us with your reputation but trust us with your pussy?”

“And with your bum!” Mark interjected, chuckling.

Jack grinned. “How come?”

“OK,” Amy murmured, relenting, then winced as Mark slightly shifted, causing his cock to move inside her bum. She took a deep breath and continued, “I’m warning you, though! If I see a photo of myself on the Internet, I’ll find you and cut your balls off!” She turned her head to Adao’s cock and parted her lips. He took his heavy member and gently slid it into her mouth.

Raul moved closer, tapping her on the shoulder as he rose to his knees. “Hold my cock, Amy, for the photo.”

Without looking at Raul, her head movements restricted by Adao's cock in her mouth, she reached out and grasped Raul's member.

With Jack's cock in her pussy, Mark's in her bum, Adao's in her mouth, and Raul's in her hand, she was ready for the camera.

I took a few photos of her with the four men, and Jack, who'd been watching me, said, "That's enough photos, Tom. I've got to start fucking your wife, or I'll explode." He smiled cheekily. "I'm a man, after all."

"Shall I start filming?" I asked.

"Yes, please!"

I switched the camera to video and started recording.

"Time to fuck," Mark called out in his usual playful way, then grabbed Amy's hips and began gently sliding his cock back and forth in her bum.

Jack started thrusting into her pussy, moving his hips up and down as much as he could.

Amy flinched and frowned in the beginning, but once she got used to Mark's cock in her backside, she relaxed and began letting out sporadic moans of pleasure. About a minute after Jack and Mark had started fucking her, she let go of Raul's cock and, at the same time, turned her head forward, allowing Adao's member to slip out of her mouth. Then she wrapped her arms around Jack's shoulders, lowered her mouth to his, and they kissed, her breasts squashed against his chest. Mark increased the speed of his thrusts, and Jack also began thrusting faster. Raul and Adao got off the bed as it had started to creak dangerously.

Amy broke the kiss with Jack, tilted her head back, and closed her eyes.

Her moans became more frequent and louder. "Ohh! Ohh! Ohh!"

Mark joined her in moaning. "Ugh, yeah! Ugh, yeah!"

Jack, thrusting into her pussy with fast but shallow strokes, also started to grunt. "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!"

A couple of minutes later, Amy cried, "Oh, God!" and shuddered in orgasm.

Mark grunted loudly and pushed his cock deep into her bum. Staying still, he began filling her guts with his cum.

Jack also shoved his cock deep into her pussy and started to ejaculate.

The three of them finished coming almost at the same time.

I stopped filming and passed the phone to Raul, who'd come to stand beside me, watching the action.

Mark slowly withdrew his cock from Amy's bottom and got off the bed.

Amy placed her hands on Jack's chest, pushed herself up, his cock slipping out of her pussy, and rolled off him, lying on her back beside him. Then she turned onto her side, with her back to him and facing me, and reached her arm towards me.

I got on the bed and lay beside her, facing her. She wrapped her arm around my shoulder while I encircled her waist with mine.

"What have we done, Tom?" she whispered, cuddling up to me and burying her face in my chest.

"A full-service gangbang, Amy!" Jack whispered from behind her. "One of the best I've ever had." He turned onto his side, facing her back, and, wrapping his arm around her chest, cupped her breast.

Amy and I lay silent and exhausted, reflecting on what we'd just done. Jack, Mark, Adao, and Raul had also gone quiet.

It wasn't long before I fell asleep.

13. COMING TO TERMS

MORNING PANIC

I felt a vibration on my wrist. I tried to ignore it, but it was persistent and woke me up. I glanced at my Apple Watch through half-closed eyes.

Stupid notifications! I've got to turn them off!

I pressed the Digital Crown, then yawned and opened my eyes fully.

The night lights were on, so I could see a desk against a wall, with a TV mounted above the desk.

And then it came to me. We were in our hotel room in Lisbon.

I squinted and saw Amy's face.

Her eyes were closed, and she was breathing rhythmically, deeply asleep. We were on our sides, facing each other. She was topless, and we lay uncovered.

Something was on her chest. I pulled back slightly, looked down, squinting again, and made out a hand cupping her breast.

Jack! His hand! He fucked my wife.

I felt the blood drain from my brain.

They gangbanged my wife!

Jealousy stabbed me in the chest.

I raised my head and looked around.

Mark was sleeping on the sofa. The sofa was too short for him, and his feet stuck out. He was snoring lightly, almost inaudibly.

I looked around again.

Adao and Raul were nowhere to be seen.

They're gone! They took their pleasure with my wife and left! God! What an idiot I am! Why did I let this happen?! My wife's been fucked! By four other men. Several times!

I took a deep breath.

Someone had opened the window, making it easier to breathe. I wasn't sweating.

God! My wife got fucked!

Jealousy gripped my heart as images flooded my mind.

They took turns on her. She was moaning, squirming, and cumming on their fat cocks!

My hard cock twitched, and my cockhead rubbed against Amy's naked thigh. I glanced down at her body.

Naked! So naked and vulnerable! She's so sexy! And so fucked now! They fucked her like a ragdoll!

Pain stabbed my chest again; my cock throbbed.

I sighed. *This is my life now: torn apart by jealousy and excitement!*

My Apple Watch vibrated again. I looked at the screen, and my body jerked when I saw the message.

It was a notification that the check-in for our flight was open.

"Oh, shit!" slipped through my lips. I hastily pressed the Digital Crown to dismiss the notification and check the time.

"Five o'clock!" I shouted.

Amy raised her head, opened her eyes, and stared at me in confusion.

"Honey, it's five o'clock!" I said calmly.

"The flight!" she shouted, sitting up in panic and pushing Jack's hand off her breast.

Only now did her gaze fall on him.

"Oh, shit!" She covered her mouth with her hand as it came back to her what had happened before going to sleep.

Jack opened his eyes and, looking up at her, greeted her with a smile, "Good morning, gorgeous!"

She stared at him for a moment, then bent her knees and spread her legs, looking down at her crotch.

"They fucked me!" she murmured, running her hand over her pussy as if to check if it felt fucked. She looked at me, her eyes wide. "Tom, they fucked me!"

I nodded. "Yes, they did."

“Shit!” slipped through her lips.

Jack sat up and, rubbing the sleep from his eyes, yawned. “What’s the time?”

“The flight!” Amy shouted, remembering the reason for her initial panic. “It’s five o’clock! We’ll miss the flight!”

She jumped off the bed, turned around, and swept Mark’s T-shirt onto the floor. “Where’s my thong?” Her voice was laced with panic. She grabbed the pillow her lovers had used to prop her bum up while fucking her. “Where’s my thong?” She tossed the pillow away.

“Here.” Jack held out her thong.

She snatched the thong and whispered urgently, “You’ve got to leave, Jack! They can’t see you here! Now!”

She turned and looked around, remembering Jack was not our only guest. Her gaze fell on Mark, who had just sat up on the sofa. “You’ve got to leave, Mark!” she said, her voice trembling. She glanced at the open window. “Now!”

“OK, OK!” Mark yawned and stretched.

Amy turned to him, her voice sharp. “Where are Raul and Adao?”

“They left,” Mark said matter-of-factly as he stood up. He reached down and rubbed his cock, then looked at Amy and smiled. “What a night we had, Amy, eh?”

She pointed at the door and shouted, not caring about the open window, “Get out! Now!”

“Sure!” He picked up his T-shirt from the floor and put it on.

“God! What a mess!” Amy muttered as she darted into the bathroom with her thong in hand.

Jack and I got off the bed in silence. Mark also seemed unwilling to talk. Perhaps both of my wife’s lovers feared my reaction and preferred to remain silent. I was not keen to talk either.

And what was I supposed to say anyway? Thanks for fucking my wife? Or: Did you enjoy my wife? Or start shouting: Why did you fuck my wife?

Perhaps shouting matched my mood—show them I was angry, get it all out at them. But then, I couldn’t, could I? They had fucked Amy with my

knowledge and consent, with me watching and taking an active part. So I kept quiet.

Jack and Mark went to the corner of the room where they had thrown their clothes and started dressing.

I took my spare briefs from my backpack and slipped into them. Then I picked up my shorts and T-shirt from the chair and put them on.

Once dressed, I looked at Jack. He had just finished putting on his sandals and raised his gaze, meeting my eyes.

He winked at me, a knowing smile on his lips. "We fucked her well, didn't we, Tom?"

"Shut up!" I raised my finger at him. "I don't want to talk about it now!"

He raised his eyebrows. "Jealous?"

I stared daggers at him. "What do you think?"

He chuckled. "Relax, Tom. Your jealousy will pass. Just remind yourself of how much fun it was watching your wife getting fucked, and it will pass."

"And the sloppy seconds!" Mark interjected, grinning at me. "You liked them, didn't you, Tom?"

"Fuck off, both of you!" I hissed, slipping on my espadrilles.

Mark and Jack, now fully dressed, went into the corridor, took their suitcases, and were about to leave when we heard Amy shout from the bathroom.

"How could you! Oh, my God!"

A moment later, she swung the door open and, standing in the doorway in just her thong, stared at Jack and Mark in anger and pointed at the hickeys on her neck. "You idiots! How am I supposed to go to the airport with these?!"

"Hold on!" Mark raised his hand. "I've got a solution for you." He opened his suitcase, and from where I stood, I could see him push aside a pair of tight black leggings before pulling out a silk ladies' scarf. He held the scarf out to Amy. "Here! Put it around your neck."

She stepped to him and grabbed the scarf.

Jack laughed. "It's big enough to cover the hickeys on your chest, too."

Amy snapped at him, "I'll put my top on, Jack! Thanks, though."

She walked to the bedside table and dropped the scarf on the bed. Then she picked up her crop top and began examining it to check its condition. It had seen better days and needed a wash, but she had no choice. Sighing, she put it on and tied the front.

She turned to Jack and Mark. Mark had zipped his suitcase but was still standing next to Jack. Both of them watched her, making no move to leave.

She gestured towards the door, her tone cutting. "Get out, you two! I'm not paying extra for having you here!"

Mark chuckled. "Of course you shouldn't. Considering..." He smirked.

Amy tilted her head, her gaze sharp. "Really, Mark? You want to go there?"

He shrugged, his grin widening. "I'm just saying. If anything, Jack and I should pay you for the great night."

She stared at him for a moment, narrowing her eyes, but then stuck her tongue out and turned her back to him.

She picked up her skirt, put it on, then stepped into her sandals. Finally, she wrapped the scarf around her neck and looked at Jack and Mark.

"Are you still here?" She raised her eyebrows, urging.

"OK, OK." Mark raised his hand in surrender. "We'll call a taxi and wait for you downstairs." He turned and walked to the door.

"See you in a bit," Jack added, giving Amy a soft smile, and joined Mark.

Mark opened the door quietly and peeked into the hotel corridor. Once he was sure it was clear, he motioned for Jack. They both tiptoed out of our room, with Jack gently closing the door behind them.

I went to the bathroom, took a piss, gathered our toiletries, and returned to the room. I put the toiletries into my backpack and stood up, looking at Amy.

"Ready?"

"Yeah." She sighed, reaching under her skirt and adjusting her thong. "I couldn't shower!"

I shrugged. "It's OK."

She shook her head. "It's not OK. I stink!"

"I stink, too. We sweated a lot."

"I don't stink of sweat, Tom! I stink of cum, you silly! There's cum all over

my pussy, in my arse, on my legs. On my knickers now.” She reached between her legs again, pulling on her thong and shaking her head. Her bottom lip trembled, and her eyes turned moist. Her voice crackled as she added quietly, “Everywhere.”

I walked up to her, wrapped my arms around her, and spoke softly. “I’m sorry, honey.”

She hugged me, turning her head to one side and resting her cheek on my chest. “It’s not your fault,” she whispered.

“It is. I should’ve set the alarm.”

Amy pulled away and stared at me.

I shrugged. “It’s true. I forgot to set the alarm for two days in a row.”

She held her gaze on me for a while, and then a smile curved her lips. “Tom, you do know how to cheer me up!”

I smiled. “How? By forgetting to set the alarm?”

She laughed softly, a mix of relief and amusement. “By worrying about the alarm when your wife was fucked like a ragdoll!” She paused and looked away, her expression contemplative, then sighed. “We’ll talk about it in London.” She looked back at me and gave me a gentle pat on the bum. “Now, let’s go, or we might not bother going to the airport!”

She grabbed her backpack and headed to the door.

We left the room and took the stairs to the reception. I didn’t bring up the issue of the broken aircon, and they didn’t ask if we had used the minibar. We checked out and, at 5:25 am, stepped out onto the street. Jack and Mark were already in the back seat of a taxi waiting for us right in front of the hotel entrance. Amy sat in the passenger seat while I squeezed into the back with Jack and Mark.

WHAT HAPPENS IN LISBON...

The streets were desolate this early in the morning, so it took us only twenty minutes to arrive at the airport. I paid for the taxi, Jack and Mark retrieved their carry-on suitcases from the boot, and we ran to departures. With no luggage to check in, we passed through security quickly and entered the departure lounge, where we checked the departure board. It showed that our flight was delayed to 7:20 am and the gate would be displayed at 6:20 am.

We hadn't spoken in the taxi at all. Amy had been deep in thought during the whole journey, occasionally checking the time on her phone or discreetly running her hand over her breasts under her crop top, likely feeling discomfort, perhaps even slight pain from the hickeys, especially those on her nipples. Jack, Mark, and I had also remained silent, conscious not to say anything that could worsen her already sensitive mood.

However, seeing on the departure board that we wouldn't miss the flight visibly lightened Amy's mood, and her expression brightened for the first time since leaving the hotel room. "It's six o'clock," she said as she turned to me with a tentative smile. "I really need a coffee, honey."

I smiled back, encouraged by the sight of her smile. "Let's get one then!"

Jack placed his hand on the small of her back. "Hangover?"

"Yes," she replied, gently pushing his hand away. She glanced around and pointed at the café to our right. "Let's sit here."

We walked over to the café, and I asked her, "What would you like, honey?"

"A latte, please," she replied. "In a takeaway cup, Tom."

"OK." I nodded and turned to Jack and Mark. "What about you, Jack? Mark?"

"A cappuccino, please," Mark responded first.

"I'll take this one," Jack offered, touching my arm. "The least I can do is buy you and Amy a coffee for the great night." He shot Amy a mischievous smile.

She blushed, glancing away before meeting his gaze again. "OK, Jack. In that

case, I'd also like a butter croissant." She turned and, spotting a free table, walked over to it and sat down.

"Can I also have a butter croissant?" Mark asked.

"No!" Jack chuckled.

"Why can she have one, but I can't?" Mark exclaimed, pointing at Amy.

Jack lowered his head towards Mark and whispered, "Because she gave me a pussy. What did you give me?"

Mark shook his head in good-natured disbelief. "Well, what could I do? I don't have a pussy and wouldn't give you my arse." He placed his hands on his buttocks, making a mock-pain face.

Jack's lips curled into a grin. "You gave your arse to Adao."

"Oh, shut up!" Mark waved his hand dismissively. "If they'd asked you, you would've done it, too."

Jack shrugged, smiling. "True! Money's important." He turned to me. "And you, Tom? What would you like?"

"A chocolate croissant and a latte for me," I replied, then added in a lower voice, "I didn't give you my arse either but gave you my wife with her pussy."

"Indeed, you did!" Jack's laugh was light. He tapped me on the shoulder and walked to the end of the queue.

Mark and I joined Amy at the table.

Sitting beside Amy, Mark placed his hand on her thigh and leaned towards her with a playful grin. She reacted quickly—pushed his hand away and crossed her legs, creating a barrier between herself and him.

He leaned back in his chair and asked, "Why are you in a bad mood today, Amy?"

She uncrossed her legs, leaned towards him and whispered in a frustrated voice, "Because, Mark, I didn't sleep; I was fucked all night long by a gang of strangers; now my pussy's chafed; I have bruises on my neck and boobs; my nipples are sore; I couldn't take a shower this morning and smell of cum. That's why!"

Mark shrugged nonchalantly. "You'll take a shower in London. It's only a

two-and-a-half-hour flight.”

Amy stared at him with a piercing gaze, then whispered, her voice sharp again, “Have you worn crusted knickers, Mark? Full of cum?”

I took her hand and rubbed it to comfort her. However, without looking at me, she pulled her hand away and shifted in her chair, turning her back to the table and facing away from Mark and me.

I gave Mark a disapproving look; he had managed to sour Amy’s mood right after she had lightened up with our timely arrival for the flight.

Seeing my gaze, he mouthed, “Sorry.”

We sat silently for a while before Amy murmured, still looking away from us, “I’m sorry, guys. I need some space right now.”

We remained silent.

Deep in thought, avoiding both Mark’s and my gaze, Amy observed the steady flow of people passing by the café, occasionally running her hand over her chest or gently scratching her thigh with her fingers. Mark toyed with a sugar packet on the table, his eyes flicking towards her before returning to his restless hands, while I spent the silence pondering ways to handle Amy’s mood swings if they became a regular part of our lives after everything we’d done. Just as I had concluded that there was no point in forcing things with her and should go with the flow, Jack arrived with the coffee and the croissants, carefully balancing them on a tray.

“Here’s the coffee!” he announced.

Amy turned in her chair to face the table but remained silent. Mark and I continued to observe her quietly. Sensing the tension, Jack chose not to press for conversation. He simply set down the tray and took a seat across from Amy. Without a word, she picked up her cup of coffee and took a sip, and Jack, Mark, and I followed suit, sipping our hot beverages in the quiet.

After a couple of minutes, Amy set her cup back on the table, took her croissant, and began eating it while staring off into the distance, deliberately avoiding eye contact and still not in the mood to talk.

Jack glanced at Mark, raising his eyebrows in question and nodding discreetly towards Amy. Mark shrugged. Jack set his cup down and leaned back in his chair, watching her without saying anything.

Amy finished her croissant, and as she took her cup of coffee, her eyes met Jack's.

After a moment, he broke the silence. "Still hungover?"

She nodded, then took a sip.

"I've got a hangover, too," he continued.

"I've got a headache," I added.

"Same here," Mark chimed in.

Silence fell over the table once more.

I finished my croissant in a few quick bites and went back to my latte. Jack gulped the remainder of his drink and set his empty cup on the table. He watched as Amy sipped her coffee, her gaze fixed on the cup, then asked her, "Why are you upset, Amy?"

Amy looked at him, set her cup down, and said quietly, "You fucked me, Jack!"

He shrugged. "So?"

"All of you, all night long. You took turns on me."

"And? What's the big deal?"

"What's the big deal?!" Amy exclaimed.

She looked around, then looked back at Jack and, grabbing the edge of the table with both hands, leaned towards him and whispered, "You fucked me like a whore, Jack! You and your friends. Me! A married woman!"

Jack smiled softly. "We all enjoyed it, didn't we?"

"You used me!"

"Amy, come on! You know it was all in good fun!" Jack reached to take her hand, but she swiftly withdrew it. He raised his eyebrows. "Amy?"

She leaned back in her chair. Looking away and shaking her head, she bit her lip, overwhelmed with emotion.

Silence fell again for a few moments before Jack spoke. "Amy, let me explain. Look at it like this, OK? You met four guys in Lisbon. There was chemistry between you and them. You and your husband had some fun. That's all it was."

“Yeah, that’s all it was!” she murmured. “The four of you, whom I barely know, gangbanged me. How great!” She glanced at me. “And you let that happen, Tom! You let your wife get gangbanged by four strangers.”

“We’re not strangers, Amy,” Jack interjected before I could respond. “You know an awful lot about us.”

I glanced at him with gratitude—I had feared the most that Amy would start blaming me, and he had just diverted her attack away from me, at least for the moment.

Amy turned her gaze on Jack. “Jack, you are strangers. I met the four of you two days ago. I don’t know who you are.”

“OK. What do you want to know about us?” he prompted. “Ask! Ask any question, and I’ll answer it.”

She hesitated for a moment, then started, “OK, how about... how about...” Her voice trailed off. She bit her lip, pausing, then continued, “You know... you guys... you knew very well what you were doing with me last night.”

Jack nodded. “Mm-hmm, we knew.”

“You were in sync.”

“We were.”

“You all”—Amy swallowed—“lasted long.”

“We did,” Jack confirmed.

“And... hmm. How do I say this? You were... I mean... you all have big—” She stopped mid-sentence, blushing.

Jack whispered, “Cocks?” He raised his eyebrows, a knowing smile on his face.

“Mmm.” Amy nodded. She glanced at me, then looked back at Jack. “What exactly were the four of you supposed to film in Lisbon?”

Jack and Amy held their gazes for a moment before his lips curved into a smile. “You guessed it, didn’t you?”

She nodded. “I think I did.”

Silence fell over the table.

Mark and Jack exchanged glances. Jack looked at me, then at Amy, and finally said, “We were contracted for a porn movie.”

Amy clasped her hands together. "I knew it!"

"We were supposed to film a sex scene in the flat," Jack continued, "but Andreia—the actress—pulled out at the last moment."

Amy shook her head. "Gosh! You are porn actors!"

Jack smiled. "Yes, we are. Which means we're very good in bed. Don't you agree?"

"And we're clean of STDs," Mark added. "We got checked just before we flew in. Look, we're clean!" He pulled his phone out of his pocket and swiped through the screen a couple of times, then offered Amy the phone to see for herself.

She pushed his hand away. "I believe you."

He tucked the phone back into his pocket. "We're good in bed. We're clean of STDs. You enjoyed it. Your hubby enjoyed it."

"No strings attached," Jack chimed in. "No hurt feelings. Just sex. As I said, we met, had a good time, and that's it. Why complicate things? Why overthink?"

"Why overthink..." Amy repeated in a lamenting voice, looking at two men and a woman passing by. They appeared to be flirting with each other. One of the guys had curved his arm around the woman's waist; the other was trying to tickle her in the stomach; she was giggling and wriggling.

Tracing Amy's gaze, Jack said, "Lisbon's a place for fun, Amy."

She looked back at him.

He smiled. "People come here to experiment. You and Tom did exactly what you were supposed to do. You two had great fun!" Jack looked at Mark. "We had fun, too, right, Mark?"

Mark nodded. "Absolutely."

Looking back at Amy, Jack placed his hand on hers. "What happens in Lisbon stays in Lisbon. You and Tom have now ticked off the Lisbon adventure and are ready to move on to the next one, whatever and wherever it will be. OK?"

Amy didn't pull her hand out of Jack's grip; she just held her gaze on him, remaining silent.

“Can you move on?” he pressed on, smiling softly.

I placed my hand on her thigh, and she looked at me.

I smiled. “What he says makes sense, Amy.”

“It... does, but,” she began, pausing as though unsure of her words, “it might be hard, Tom.”

“It’s down to you and me, honey, whether it will be hard or not,” I said, gently squeezing her thigh. “It may not be hard if we keep it in perspective.”

Amy remained silent for a moment, then nodded. “We’ll keep it in perspective.”

She looked at Jack and, smiling lightly, pulled her hand out of his. “OK, Jack. What happens in Lisbon stays in Lisbon.”

Now she glanced at the departure board and stood up. “Gate 24. Let’s go!”

Jack, Mark, and I rose, and we all headed towards gate 24.

14. MILE HIGH CLUB

With Amy's mood considerably improved after our conversation at the café, the four of us walked together, chatting about the flight, the weather in London, and our plans for the rest of the week. We often exchanged smiles and even joked about the amount of alcohol we'd consumed in less than two days. We also laughed about how much walking we'd done while sightseeing in Lisbon and Sintra. However, there was no mention of the events of the previous night. We carefully avoided the subject, having agreed that what had happened in Lisbon would stay in Lisbon.

As we walked, Jack and Mark felt free to place their hands on Amy's back or hip, but only to help her onto the escalators or through the moving walkways. There was no overt flirting. Amy appreciated their courtesy with smiles, chirps of "Thanks," or a gentle touch on their shoulders.

It felt strange to walk alongside and talk to the two guys who had fucked my wife all night long, treating them as if we were good old friends. However, it was also arousing to watch Amy around them. I just couldn't stop myself from thinking that inches away from Jack and Mark, under her skirt, was her pussy—chafed and still loosened from the pounding it had received from their cocks. I kept imagining how she felt down there: raw, sore, tender, slightly swollen. I even noticed the change in her step—her labia hypersensitive, the light touch of her thong noticeable, making walking uncomfortable.

I walked and talked, thinking about her overfucked pussy, and that meant one thing: I was walking with an unrestrained erection. But I didn't try to hide it. In fact, I didn't want to. In a way, I felt proud—proud of myself, and proud of my wife for arousing me in such a way. For the first time in my life, I felt like a proud stag, or cuckold. I didn't care how people defined me or, indeed, what they thought about me.

Arriving at the gate, Amy and I separated from Jack and Mark. They had priority boarding while we remained with the other passengers.

The gate agents were well organised, so we didn't have to wait too long, and soon after the priority passengers had boarded, we also boarded the plane.

Proceeding towards our seats in row 17, we passed Mark and Jack, who were already seated in row 7.

Jack lightly touched Amy's elbow.

She paused, glancing at him with a small smile. "Yes?"

He leaned closer, his voice low. "Mind if I stop by for a chat after take-off?"

Her smile widened. "Sure."

We resumed walking down the aisle.

Reaching our row, Amy agreed to swap places and let me sit in 17A, next to the window, while she took the middle seat next to me, 17B. When boarding was complete and no one had taken the aisle seat next to her, 17C, she moved into it.

We fastened our seatbelts, watched the safety demonstration, and then drifted off in the quiet time that followed while taxiing. We woke up when we were already cruising, and the cabin crew were passing by with the trolley.

"Fancy a little hair of the dog?" I suggested, placing my hand on Amy's thigh.

"Mmm..." She paused, then smiled. "OK. One last one for the road."

I ordered Johnnie Walker while Amy went for Smirnoff with Sprite. The flight attendant served our drinks promptly, and we sat back, appreciating the smooth burn of the first few sips.

Soon, warmth and relaxation spread through us, the drinks working their magic, and ten minutes later, we'd emptied our cups.

As I saw the trolley coming our way again, I glanced at Amy. "Another one?"

She giggled, the alcohol already affecting her. "We've been drinking like fish."

"Well, just this once. No more at home."

"OK, one more and that's it."

I waved to the flight attendant, and we got another round of drinks.

A light turbulence prompted the captain to turn on the fasten seatbelts sign, but it didn't stop us from indulging. By the time the sign was switched off, we had finished our drinks and placed the empty cups in the seat pockets in

front of us.

We unfastened our seatbelts, and Amy raised the armrests before moving into the middle seat. Hugging my arm, she sat sideways with her feet up on the now-empty aisle seat.

She looked me in the eyes, a soft smile lighting up her face. “Do you still love me, Tom?”

“Of course I do.” I smiled back.

“After our adventure in Lisbon?”

“Even more.”

“Oh, you’re such a sweetheart!” She leaned towards me for a kiss.

I wrapped my arm around her, pulled her in, and our lips met.

We had just pulled away when Jack turned up.

“How are you, guys?” he asked, his smile mischievous.

Looking at him, Amy chirped, “We’re good,” the alcohol adding a cheerful tone to her voice.

“May I?” He nodded at the empty seat in 17C. “Mark’s sound asleep and snoring!”

Amy and I couldn’t help but laugh.

Jack shrugged, his smile turning innocently apologetic.

Still smiling, Amy dropped her feet to the floor and sat up, releasing the aisle seat.

Jack slid next to her, sitting with one foot on the floor and the other leg tucked beneath him, angling his body slightly towards her to face her better. Resting one arm casually along the backrest of her seat, he placed his other hand on her thigh. I also shifted in my seat, turning slightly towards them so I could observe the interaction more comfortably.

I’d already sensed from the way Amy had been talking and kissing that the alcohol had softened her mood, letting her desires bubble to the surface again. Now, proving me right, she let Jack’s hand rest on her thigh and giggled softly. “Jack, what are you doing?”

“What?” he asked, a mischievous smile tugging at his lips.

“Your hand.”

“What about it?”

“Jack, the Lisbon adventure has been ticked off.”

He chuckled, his hand remaining on her thigh. “Technically, we’re still in Lisbon while on this plane.”

She giggled again. “Is that so?”

He nodded. “Exactly. And do you know what that means?”

“What?”

“It means the Lisbon adventure continues until we land in London.”

Amy raised her eyebrows.

Jack glanced around, ensuring no one else was paying attention to us, then leaned closer to her, his hand sliding up her thigh as he whispered, “Have you heard about the Mile High Club?”

Amy’s eyes widened briefly, then she smiled. “Jack, I know what you’re thinking, but no, we agreed it’s over.”

“It’s not over while we’re still on the plane.”

Amy looked at me, laughing lightly. “He’s so manipulative, isn’t he?”

I made a sheepish face. “He is, but I also see his point. While on this plane, it still counts as the Lisbon adventure.”

She pulled her head back slightly, raising her eyebrows, the smile fading from her face.

We stared at each other. I watched out of the corner of my eye as Jack gently rubbed her thigh, his hand slowly sliding higher under her skirt. Her breathing grew heavier and the flush of arousal spread across her face as her body responded to his touch.

I shrugged, feeling my cock stir. “I find the idea exciting.” Glancing around, I whispered, “The Mile High Club is worth ticking off our list.”

“You can’t be serious,” Amy murmured, still hesitant.

“I am, actually.”

She locked eyes with me, searching my face to see if I was joking.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Jack’s hand slide up the inside of her

thigh.

Her breathing quickened; I felt my cock twitch, now fully hard.

I leaned closer. “Remember? There are no consequences on a plane.”

She remained silent, her gaze fixed on me.

I smiled. “When else will we have the chance?”

She spoke in a hushed voice. “We’ll get arrested.”

“Only if they find out,” Jack murmured, his hand pushing up.

She trembled.

I leaned forward, glancing down between her legs. Jack’s hand had reached her upper thigh, his fingertips touching her pussy over her thong.

He continued, “But how will they find out if they don’t notice you’re still in the toilet when I enter? And if Tom’s in the queue behind me, providing cover when we get out?”

He moved his hand up and cupped her pussy over her thong. Her legs jerked, but she didn’t close them.

I sat back upright and looked at her.

Her chest was rising and falling rapidly. Her bottom lip slightly dropped—a clear sign she was aroused.

Jack pressed, “It would work even better if there was no queue...”

He turned his head, looking towards the toilets at the back. Amy and I followed suit.

At that moment, the signs on both toilets at the plane’s rear showed they were vacant. None of the cabin crew could be seen in the back galley either.

“Perhaps now’s the best moment,” Jack murmured.

Both Amy and I looked at him, his gaze meeting ours.

He smiled, nodding encouragingly. At the same time, Amy’s eyes went wide, a light gasp escaping her lips.

I leaned forward quickly, my gaze dropping straight between her thighs.

Jack had hooked his fingers under her thong and was stroking her pussy.

“And you’re so very ready,” he whispered, his hand sliding further under the

fabric, his fingers moving against her labia.

Amy's thighs trembled, a muffled moan slipping out of her mouth.

I sat upright and looked at her face.

Her cheeks were flushed, her pupils dilated.

She glanced again at the toilets, then looked at me, a question in her eyes.

I said quietly, "I'll stand in front of the door."

She bit her lip, glanced at the toilets once more, then whispered, "OK."

My hard cock twitched. *Oh, God! She'll do it!*

Jack pulled his hand from between her thighs. His middle and index fingers were wet, covered with her pussy juices—with my view obstructed by her thong, I hadn't seen he'd shoved his fingers into her vagina. He paused for a moment, glancing down at his hand, then stood, his erection straining against his shorts, and stepped back to allow Amy to stand up. She moved into the aisle, her gorgeous bum drawing attention, and headed to the toilets at the back of the plane, Jack following close behind her. Without further ado, I got up and, not caring about the tent in my shorts, hurriedly followed them.

We reached the toilets without anyone getting in front of us.

There was still no one from the cabin crew at the back of the plane. Three of the attendants were busy at the front: one of the pilots was using the front toilet, so one attendant was in the cockpit, another was guarding access to the cockpit per the airline's safety protocol, and the third was working on the storage compartments. The other two attendants were passing through the cabin with duty-free goods.

Amy entered one of the toilets, leaving the door slightly open. Glancing behind us to ensure no one was watching, Jack snuck into the same toilet after her. They struggled briefly to fit inside, the door bouncing slightly before he managed to shut and lock it behind them.

I went into the galley and began pacing, pretending I was stretching my legs. My cock was throbbing like mad. I found it extremely exciting that right next to me, in the confined space of the toilet, my wife was getting fucked.

I imagined her standing, facing the wall, with her arms high up, her hands pressed against the wall for support, clutching her thong in her fist. Her skirt was hiked up at her waist, its edges tucked into the waistband, and she had

spread her legs as much as she could, sticking her naked bum out, careful not to brush her knees against the toilet seat but making sure her naked pussy was fully exposed and accessible to Jack. Jack was standing behind her, having lowered his shorts and briefs to his knees and holding her by the waist for support; he was driving his cock in and out of her pussy. Amy had closed her eyes, enjoying the sensations in her core, pressing her lips together to stifle any moans.

As I paced, my cock rubbed against my briefs, and in my overexcited state, this additional stimulation led to the inevitable: the urge to ejaculate grew exponentially. Unless I wanted to blow my load in my shorts, I had to stop the friction, so I moved in front of the toilet door and leaned my back against it, pulling my mobile phone out of my pocket. I opened the Puzzles app and pretended to play, randomly sliding my finger over the puzzle pieces.

Just as my urge to ejaculate started to ease, I heard Amy's muffled moans through the door behind me.

He's fucking her! He's fucking her real good!

My cock began twitching. I felt pre-cum oozing out of its tip.

I can't squeeze it! People will see me! Fuck. I'll blow it in my shorts.

I squeezed my legs together.

"Urgh!" I heard Jack's stifled grunt, and then Amy's muffled cry: "Oh, my God!"

He's cumming in her pussy, and she's orgasming!

I felt cum bubbling up in my balls.

Fine! I'll let it happen! I'll pop into the toilet once they get out and clean myself up. It'll be crusty. Like a teenage boy. But what can I do? I'll clean as much as I can.

I was just about to close my eyes and enjoy the feeling of my cock squirting cum into my shorts when I saw someone getting up from the front seats, and instead of heading towards the front toilet, he turned in our direction.

What the fuck?! The back toilets, really?!

I squinted and... sighed in relief.

Mark!

Distracted by Mark, my urge subsided.

Rustling sounds began coming from the toilet behind me, diverting my attention back to what was going on in there.

They've finished! He's tucking his still-erect cock into his shorts, and she's putting on her knickers.

Mark stopped in front of me and gave me a sly grin. "How's it going?"

"Going what?" I muttered, irritated.

He glanced briefly over his shoulder, then looked back at me and whispered, "Have they finished?" He nodded towards the door behind me.

I swallowed nervously.

His grin turned teasing.

"How do you know?" I whispered.

He leaned close to my ear. "The Mile High Club was my idea." He pulled his head back slightly and stared at me, his smile widening.

The door lock behind me clicked.

I stepped away and turned to face the door just as it opened.

Jack's head peeped out, checking if the coast was clear. I caught a glimpse of Amy behind him, squeezed against the sink, hurriedly straightening her skirt.

"Is it clear?" Jack whispered.

I nodded and stepped into the galley.

He got out of the toilet and closed the door behind him. Mark stepped to one side to let Jack pass, and Jack made his way down the aisle towards his seat.

Amy now opened the door and was about to get out, but Mark put a foot in the doorway and placed his hand on her chest, gently pushing her to step back inside.

"Mark!" she whispered, her voice filled with alarm.

"Please, let me!" he whispered back, his tone low and demanding.

"No!"

"Just one last time, please!"

Amy looked at me, a question and concern in her eyes.

I murmured, "If you do it, do it quickly."

She rolled her eyes but stepped back, letting go of the door. Mark slipped inside, grabbing her waist with one hand and pulling the door shut with the other.

I stepped in front of the door and leaned my back against it, resuming my pretence of playing Puzzles while my ears tuned to the sounds coming from the toilet behind me.

Rustling...

Mark pulling down his shorts? He is.

And now?

Amy taking off her knickers.

What's he saying now?

"Grab hold of my shoulders!"

It's quiet now.

Oh, here he is.

"Raise your leg and wrap it around me! That's it, Amy! Good girl!"

They're doing the ballet dancer position!

And here she is, moaning.

"Ohh! Ohh! Ohh!"

She's trying to be quiet but can't quite hold it.

"Ohh! Ohh! Ohh!"

I kept moving my finger over the phone's screen, imagining how Mark and Amy were fucking standing up, facing each other, with her leg raised and wrapped around his waist as he gripped her buttock, pulling her closer.

As I listened and imagined, my cock started twitching again, and soon I was dangerously close to the point of ejaculation. Just as I was about to let go, I saw a bloke heading towards us, and my urge subsided, worry about our deed being discovered kicking in.

I pulled myself together quickly, and as he approached, I smiled politely and opened the door of the other toilet for him, making sure he didn't have time to hang around long enough and overhear what was going on in the toilet

behind me. He nodded a polite “thanks” and entered the toilet, locking the door behind him.

Just as I leaned back, Amy’s urgent whisper reached my ears: “Oh, fuck! Oh, my God!”

She’s climaxing again!

Next, I heard Mark moan, “Ugh! Love your pussy, Amy!” And then silence fell over.

He’s cumming!

A few seconds later, the rustling of clothes being rearranged broke the silence, then the door lock clicked.

I stepped to one side, and Mark got out of the toilet.

He patted me on the shoulder, grinning as he whispered, “Thanks!” and then made his way down the aisle towards his seat.

Just as he disappeared, Amy got out.

“How are you, hon?” I asked.

She glanced at the aisle where a flight attendant was walking fast in our direction, in a hurry to get something for a passenger. Amy smiled, straightening her skirt, leaned towards my ear and whispered, “I’m really chafed now!” She then turned and headed towards our seats, moving to one side to let the flight attendant pass.

I, too, let the attendant pass into the galley, clearing my way in the aisle, but I didn’t follow Amy. Instead, I tucked my phone into my pocket, entered the toilet from which she’d just got out, and locked the door behind me.

I lifted the toilet lid, pulled down my shorts and briefs, grabbed my throbbing cock and aimed it towards the toilet bowl. I stroked my oversensitive member only once, and it started shooting spurts of cum into the bowl. It took me twenty seconds to finish. I felt such relief that I couldn’t help but smile at myself in the mirror as I unrolled some toilet paper to clean my cockhead.

Gosh! What a relief!

I pushed my cock back into my shorts, flushed the toilet, washed my hands and got out.

Two ladies were waiting to use the toilets.

I hope they clean the toilet seat before sitting on it. I don't want to get any of them pregnant.

I knew it was practically impossible to get a woman pregnant through the toilet seat, but the thought made me smile.

I headed to my seat, still smiling at my wit and musing: *I can't impregnate them, can I? Of course not! I was careful to shoot into the bowl. And I flushed the toilet.*

Reaching our seats, I paused and looked at Amy. She had sat by the window, gazing out at the sky, a tiny smile playing on her lips.

She's enjoying it! She enjoys being naughty!

Just as I bent over, picking up the seatbelt to sit in the aisle seat, Amy looked up at me and, smiling, tapped the middle seat, indicating she wanted me to sit next to her. Smiling back at her, I took the middle seat, and she immediately cuddled up to me.

I placed my hand on her thigh and whispered, "May I check?"

She knew what I was asking for and opened her legs slightly, giggling quietly. "OK, but be gentle."

I snuck my hand between her legs, and my fingertips touched her thong. It was soaking wet. I hooked my fingers under it and pulled it to one side. My knuckles were slick with the cum that had leaked out of her vagina onto the inside of the thong.

I grazed her pussy. Her outer labia were puffed up and wide apart; her inner labia were soaking wet, swollen, and spread out.

I slid my fingers into her slick and loosened vagina; warm cum engulfed my digits.

Amy opened her lips slightly, letting out a gasp, her pussy walls contracting, giving my knuckles a velvety brush.

Gosh! She's still so aroused!

Having sampled enough, I pulled my hand out from under her skirt, glanced around to ensure no one was watching, and examined my cum-coated fingers.

She's taken in so much...

I spread my fingers, strings of cum connecting them.

So sticky...

I brought my fingers together and looked up at Amy.

She held my gaze, a mischievous smile tugging at her lips.

I smiled, too.

She whispered, "Your wife has become a whore."

I whispered back, "No. My wife's become a hotwife."

"And you? What have you become?"

"I guess, a cuckold."

Looking me in the eyes, she grasped my hand and gently guided my cum-soiled fingers towards my mouth.

"What are you doing?" I murmured, my breathing quickening, a hint of panic in my voice.

She just smiled and continued to push my hand towards my mouth.

My fingers came an inch away from my lips, and the smell of cum hit my nose. I felt my stomach churn and lurch, a wave of nausea rising.

I can't! No, I can't!

I abruptly pulled my hand away from Amy's and shook my head. "No, I'm not a cuckold. I'm a stag."

She giggled softly. "What does that mean?"

"It means I don't eat cum. Stags don't eat cum." I reached into the seat pocket in front of me with my clean hand, looking for a napkin or something to wipe the cum off my fingers.

Amy grasped my cum-covered hand again and pulled on it.

I looked up at her, resisting her pull.

"Let me help you," she whispered and began slowly pulling my hand towards her mouth, a mischievous smile curling her lips, her eyes fixed on me.

I raised my eyebrows. "You sure?"

She giggled quietly, parted her lips, and gently pushed my fingers into her mouth. She licked the cum off my fingers, one by one, swallowing each time, her gaze unwavering. Then, once finished, she pulled my fingers out of her mouth.

“I don’t mind cum,” she murmured, releasing my hand. She then leaned towards me and rested her head on my shoulder, preparing to nap for the rest of the flight.

My gaze wandered to the aisle where more people had started to move around the cabin, having eaten and drunk, now needing to empty their bladders and bowels.

We did it just in time, before the toilets got busy.

As I watched the crowd for the toilets grow, the sounds of Amy’s earlier pleasure replayed vividly in my mind.

Yeah, she enjoyed it. And she still does. She was right about becoming a whore. Shamelessly going for a good fuck in the plane’s toilet! And licking off their cum! If not a whore, she’s definitely become a slut!

What did actually happen on this plane?

My wife let two blokes fuck her in the toilet while I stood guard. I didn’t even watch her getting fucked. I was the guard dog. I didn’t get to fuck her afterwards, either. I just guarded, making sure the two men had uninterrupted pleasure with my wife’s pussy.

I grasped my chest as a sharp pain stabbed me through the heart. *Jealousy! God, it hurts! Urgh!*

I want it to pass. Where did it come from? Why am I not excited and only jealous?

I wanked myself, that’s why! Jealousy is trumping my excitement. If I hadn’t wanked, I’d still have a hard-on.

I’ll get hard again, give or take a couple of hours. I’ll get hard again. Jealousy will pass; excitement will come back.

I felt relief in my chest and let my hand fall into my lap. Amy’s rhythmic breathing told me she was asleep. I was feeling better. My eyes closed, and I drifted off to sleep.

15. GOODBYE & HELLO

The flight attendant woke us up, asking us to fasten our seatbelts for landing. We complied and continued to doze, the exhaustion from lack of sleep and the adrenaline-packed adventure finally catching up with us. It wasn't until we touched down that we truly woke up. We didn't notice Jack and Mark disembarking, our view obscured by passengers scrambling to retrieve their luggage from the overhead compartments.

After passing through passport control, we hurried to the exit, eager to catch the next train home and enjoy a much-needed shower. Just as we stepped through the sliding doors into the arrivals hall, we saw Jack and Mark waiting for us.

Jack approached with a broad smile. "Hi, you two. What an exciting flight we had, didn't we?"

Amy gave a tired but soft smile. "Yeah, never had one like this."

"Neither have I." He chuckled, then glanced towards the Costa Café, placing his hand on the small of her back and gently nudging her to face the café.

"Amy, may I introduce you to our film director?"

A tall, handsome man in his mid-to-late thirties approached us with confident strides as Jack stepped back respectfully.

"Alistair Sinclair," the man introduced himself, offering his hand to Amy.

"Amy, right?"

Amy nodded, taking his hand.

"You look even more beautiful in person," he remarked, casting her an admiring glance and holding her hand in his.

She raised her eyebrows.

"Raul sent me your video with the boys," Alistair explained, a faint smile tugging at the corners of his mouth.

Blushing, Amy quickly pulled her hand away, a flicker of disdain crossing her face as she processed Raul's betrayal. Her lips parted slightly, but no words came out, the weight of Alistair's presence silencing her.

“I loved it!” Alistair continued. “You’re quite an adventurous woman—the type I need for my project.”

Amy stared at him, uneasy at his demeanour—so dominant, yet disarmingly composed. There was an air about his calm confidence that had a paralysing effect on her, leaving her unsure whether to pull back or keep listening.

He smiled, his eyes glinting with something unreadable. “Amy, I have a proposal for you.”

“I’m not doing porn,” she murmured, her cheeks flushing deeper.

He waved his hand dismissively. “Oh, it’s not porn. My project pays much better. I want to offer you and your husband something that will set you for life.” He turned to me and extended his hand. “Tom, right?”

I hesitated, unsure what to make out of him, but shook his hand anyway.

He turned back to Amy. “I’ll drive you home. We’ll discuss my offer on the way.”

“Thank you, Alistair,” Amy declined politely. “But we’ll take public transport.”

“Public transport? Come on, Amy!” Alistair chuckled. “Come with me!” He placed his hand on the small of her back, urging her towards the exit.

She took a hesitant step, then stopped.

“Come on, Amy!” he urged again, his hand still on her back, then turned to me. “Tom, you coming?”

I hesitated. Amy glanced at Jack, still unsure.

Jack nodded, a soft smile on his lips. “Amy, it’s OK. I know Alistair well. You’ll be in safe hands.”

Alistair gestured to Jack. “Did her husband... you know... join in?”

Jack gave a small shrug.

“Mmm, I see,” Alistair said, his tone carrying a trace of resignation, then turned to Amy. “We’ll pop into the pharmacy for the morning-after pill. We don’t want to get you pregnant, do we?” A faint, enigmatic smile played on his lips as he added, “At least, not now.”

Amy nodded in agreement.

He now addressed Jack and Mark. “I’ll take over from here. Anthony will

send you the money tomorrow.”

“Goodbye, Amy! It was a pleasure!” Jack waved. “Bye, Tom!”

“Bye, Amy, Tom,” Mark added.

Amy and I waved goodbye as Jack and Mark headed towards the train station.

Alistair gently nudged Amy towards the exit, and I followed them. He led us to the express pick-up area, where he paused to pull out his phone and check his messages. “Won’t be a minute,” he said, tucking his phone back into his pocket before giving Amy a casual smile. “So, how was your flight?”

“Good,” she replied, discreetly reaching down between her legs and adjusting her thong beneath her skirt. “A bit of turbulence, but nothing too bad.”

“I’ve heard you’re now a member of the Mile High Club.”

Amy’s eyes went wide. “Gosh!”

“Mark texted me as soon as you landed. You know him—eager to boast.”

Blushing, Amy looked away, lifting her skirt slightly to adjust her thong again.

“Chafed, aren’t you?” Alistair asked.

She flicked her gaze back to him, pulling her hand away.

He gave her a knowing smile. “It’s not very comfy in those toilets, is it?”

She stared at him for a moment before slowly shaking her head. “No, they aren’t.”

He placed a hand on her hip. “We’ll get you some soothing cream from the pharmacy.”

“Thanks,” she murmured, then looked at me.

I shrugged, my gesture saying: He knows. What can we do?

A black Rolls-Royce Phantom pulled in right before us. Alistair motioned to it with a subtle tilt of his head. “Here we are.”

Amy and I exchanged glances, both wondering: How rich is this guy? And what does he want from us?

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Alex Lee



Reading erotic fiction can be a way to explore fantasies in the safe realm of imagination or to find inspiration for real-life desires, but above all, it should be about having fun.

I take my readers on a journey that is exciting and arousing, following the emotions, internal struggles, and pleasures my characters experience—from the build-up of desire and aspiration, through the moment of fulfilment and resolution, to the reckoning in the aftermath of their actions.

Whether a story explores hotwife fantasies, voyeur fetishes, cuckold kinks, or the complexities of relationships and infidelity, it should be believable and, most importantly, enjoyable to read. The storylines in this genre are as diverse and nuanced as any other, and while readers may not always agree with the characters' actions or views, I aim to make the storytelling an enjoyable experience.

Your feedback inspires me to keep writing! I'd greatly appreciate it if you

could leave a review on Amazon or Goodreads—it makes a world of difference.

Feel free to connect with me at [lee.alex1604 @ gmail.com](mailto:lee.alex1604@gmail.com). I'd love to hear from you! You can also find me online on Twitter [@AlexLee1604](https://twitter.com/AlexLee1604), on GoodReads at [goodreads.com/AlexLee](https://www.goodreads.com/AlexLee) and on my blog at <https://alexleestories.com>.

Thank you for joining me on this journey—your support means the world!

BOOKS BY THIS AUTHOR

Abby's Unusual First Time: A Hotwife Story

This story is about a couple presented with an offer that is hard to turn down but requires embracing the hotwife-cuckold lifestyle and some unorthodox views on family and surrogacy.

Abby and Chris are not happy with their status in life when they are introduced to Alistair, a wealthy man known to help couples better their lives. They know that Alistair's help will not be without strings attached and are prepared to give him some leeway, but they are not prepared for the shock when they finally hear his offer. The deal they are presented with goes beyond a temporary compromise with their marriage vows. It will set them for life, but at what price?

Will Abby and Chris accept Alistair's proposal and secure a brighter future for their current and future children? And if they do so, will they not discover more about their latent desires? Will reluctance not turn into eagerness?

Wife Tries Something New: A Hotwife Adventure

This story is about a couple on holiday tempted into the hotwife lifestyle.

Nick and Ella arrive in Cape Verde to celebrate their 10th honeymoon anniversary. Gerhard, an old German guy, befriends them at the swimming pool and shares his ideas about how they can best do that. His ideas are incompatible with Ella and Nick's views, but unexpectedly, just thinking about what the old man has told them makes them hornier than ever, raising questions about their secret desires. Meeting young Agnete only adds to their questions. However, when they are introduced to Mikkel and Johan, two

attractive Danish men, Gerhard's ideas not only raise questions but begin taking root.

Things between Ella and the two Danes heat up, and temptation grows stronger when she meets Paulo, a handsome black barman, and discovers more about her hidden desires.

Ella and Nick are going down a slippery slope to a place they are not sure they want to go. They must escape temptation! But will swapping the pool for the beach help them? Will an island tour with Joao, another charming black man, help them resist temptation, or will it make it harder?

Wife Goes For More: A Hotwife Adventure

This book is the sequel to Wife Tries Something New. In this second part of the story, Ella goes on a quest to find out if bigger is better and if many is more fun.

Ella and Nick come to a pact with Joao, an agreement that will help them enjoy their adventure. But things get complicated when an old rivalry between Joao and the Danes gets reignited. How will Ella and Nick manage it? And how far are they prepared to go in their quest for new experiences? Will Ella take up Joao, Mikkel and Johan's proposition to try something she'd never heard about but which sounds super-hot?

When Nick's cuckold experience is taken to a new level, his confidence falters. How will he manage his feelings? While dealing with his emotions, he sees something that takes him by surprise. Will Agnete shed light on it and beyond?

Ella and Nick discover that Gerhard's peculiar condition may not be a bad thing since he knows how to repay favours, especially when Paulo is at his disposal. Ella finally finds an answer to the question of whether bigger is better.

Lorri's Promotion: A Hotwife Story

This short story is about the emotional struggle of a wife and her husband when she is offered a promotion in exchange for becoming a hotwife.

Lorri is gutted when she is denied a promotion at work. She knows it is a long shot but goes to speak to James, the new Chief Executive Officer, demanding he reverses the unfair decision. To her surprise, James is willing to help, but he wants something in return—something that goes against Lorri's marriage vows.

The sleepless night Boris spends with his wife agonising over what she should do proves nothing compared to the rollercoaster of conflicting emotions he has to endure once Lorri has left the house in the morning. How far is his wife prepared to go? And how far does he want her to go? Will Lorri bring good news when she comes back home? And what is good news?

Wife Takes One For The Team: A Hotwife Story

This is a short story about a wife's unusual first-time hotwife experience.

Adam accepts a two-day contract job on a remote island. Jess joins her husband on his business trip, hoping to have a short break in the sun. Little does she know that she will be asked to play a central role in an experiment on which so much depends.

Should Jess take one for the team or not? And if she does, how will she and her hubby manage through their feelings? Will things get complicated by the clandestine actions of some of the people involved? Will Jess and Adam end up winning or losing?

Wife Takes Another One For The Team: A Hotwife Story

This book is the sequel to Wife Takes One For The Team.

Adam and Jess have returned home from the island. They have been dealing with some consequences of Jess's unusual first-time hotwife experience when an unexpected turn of events brings back temptation, stronger than ever. And the stakes are higher.

Will Adam and Jess resist temptation? And do they want to resist it? Will Jess take another one for the team? And if she does, will it be for the team or

herself?

Wife's Wilderness Game: A Hotwife Adventure

A couple's journey through the wilderness becomes a journey towards the hotwife lifestyle.

Enticed by a substantial prize, Teddy and Gabi find themselves in a wilderness survival game with odds stacked against them. Their fortunes change when Jordi and Bonck, two charismatic fellow adventurers, come to their aid. It quickly becomes apparent that Jordi's interest extends beyond mere camaraderie, and he makes advances towards Gabi. As Jordi flirts with the conflicted yet intrigued Gabi, Teddy's long-suppressed fantasy about sharing his wife stirs to life. Charming, skilful, and irresistible, Jordi gradually erodes Gabi's boundaries until she stands at a crossroads: yield to temptation or uphold her marital vows. Further complicating her dilemma with Jordi, Gabi is drawn into an intricate game of favours with Warren, a wealthy game organiser, who offers his help but with strings attached.

Faced with Jordi's advances, Warren's manipulations, and Teddy's fantasies, Gabi must navigate the complexities of desire, loyalty, and personal boundaries. What choices will she make when survival and deepest desires intertwine?

Discover the bounds of temptation and fidelity in this riveting tale of adventure, desire, and forbidden fantasies.

Wife Goes Wilder: A Hotwife Adventure

This book is the sequel to "Wife's Wilderness Game", taking Gabi and Teddy's journey into even wilder territories.

Gabi's deepening infatuation with Jordi pushes Teddy beyond comfort, prompting him to devise a plan involving the enigmatic Bonck. Can Bonck sway the course of Gabi's affections? And will Gabi be enticed by Bonck's exotic allure and the unique experiences he offers?

The arrival of old French acquaintances, Michelle and Jacques, at the log cabin unveils a tangled history involving Warren and Jordi, while offering Gabi and Teddy new avenues for exploration.

Gabi's strategic game with Warren approaches a critical juncture. Will she fulfil her part of the deal to secure the prize? How will Warren's revelations about Jordi and Bonck's true identities affect her?

With the game culminating in a lavish party, Gabi faces the temptation to embrace her wildest desires. Meanwhile, the alluring appearance of Amalia poses yet another intrigue: what possibilities does she herald for Teddy?

Will Teddy and Gabi's daring escapades redefine their lives forever? Explore the bounds of desire, adventure, and freedom in this enthralling sequel.

Laurie's Unusual Holiday: A Hotwife Adventure

A couple's weekend getaway takes an unexpected turn into the hotwife-cuckold lifestyle, challenging everything they thought they knew about their marriage.

When Laurie and Geoff accept Alex's generous offer for a weekend at a secluded beach, they anticipate nothing more than a carefree time of sun, sand, and sex. But when Alistair arrives unannounced, bringing with him a wild disregard for norms and boundaries, their understanding of decency and marital values is shattered. What begins as a simple getaway quickly becomes a journey of rediscovered fantasies and awakened desires.

Will Laurie and Geoff resist Alistair's outrageous propositions? Will they uphold their marriage vows, or will temptation lead them down a new path? Is this the moment Laurie becomes the hotwife Geoff has always secretly desired?

Bea Takes Charge: A Hotwife Story

This story is about a couple visiting a village in Southern France, where they

are lured into breaking some traditional marriage norms by a group of shameless but well-endowed men.

Bea has inherited a property she and her husband, Leo, want to sell quickly. However, it appears that Bea's inheritance is more trouble than it's worth because the property co-owner, a local farmer and neighbour called Arthur, refuses to let Bea sell unless she has sex with him. Bea and Leo meet Arthur's farm workers – Claude, Jules, and Marcel – equally brazen and equipped down there as their boss. Claude offers to help Bea remove Arthur from the property deed, but his offer has the same price tag as Arthur's.

Will Bea give Arthur what he wants? Or will she accept Claude's offer? And what about Claude's equally hung friends? How does Leo feel about the perspective of sharing his wife with other men? Will he embrace becoming a stag and his wife a vixen?

A Night With Tigers: A Hotwife Story

This short story is about becoming a hotwife in a rather unusual place.

David and Dana may have divergent views on open relationships, but their views converge when it comes to wildlife and nature. So when Paul invites them to spend a night with him in a lodge surrounded by tigers, they agree. Initially, it is an awkward proposition because they have met Paul on a hotwife dating site, but he assures them that he is interested in nothing else but watching tigers, and that seems all right. Intentions are clear, and boundaries are set.

However, exotic animals, a cosy cabin, fine wine, and the company of a handsome man like Paul can change perspective. And when Paul harnesses his extensive lifestyle experience to get what he wants, will boundaries be held?

Three In An RV: A Hotwife Story

A couple's RV trip turns into a first-time hotwife experience in some very unusual circumstances.

Mila and Peter are stuck in their RV during a thunderstorm when a stranger knocks on the door. Letting Jack in starts a 48-hour adventure that will not only change their holiday plans but will redefine their marriage.

Mila is unprepared for an encounter with a man like Jack, whose masculine appeal and charisma tempt her to cross lines she never dreamt of crossing. Jack is caught totally off guard when confronted by Mila, a wife so pretty, sexy and captivating that her spell makes him take risks he never thought he could. And Peter is surprised by how much witnessing the game of cat and mouse between Mila and Jack reignites his dormant hotwife fantasy.

Will Mila resist the urges and feelings the enigmatic stranger stirs in her? Will Jack be able to get what he wants from Mila without jeopardising his plans? Will Peter's hotwife fantasy make him surrender his wife to Jack without a fight? What about the consequences of their actions?

An Affair In The Desert

When Dan and Abby go dune riding, little do they know that it is only the beginning of their adventure. Dan has always been proud of his virtuous wife, but will that change when they meet Khalid, a local young man who is not only handsome and charming but also enigmatic and provocative? How far will a sisters' rivalry drive Abby to push her boundaries? Will a camel ride, followed by a romantic night under the stars, be enough to spark something between Abby and Khalid that will change Dan and Abby's relationship forever?

When Khalid and his equally exotic and enigmatic friend, Omar, invite Dan and Abby to celebrate their business deal, Dan senses that there is a lot more to it than meets the eye, but what is it?

Abby and Dan blame the hot desert sun and the emotions of escaping death twice for clouding their judgment, but is it not their secret fantasies that ultimately drive their actions?

A Webcam Hotwife

Jen is not happy when her husband, Andy, invites his senior business partner to stay in their house in London for a few days. Both Jen and Andy know that Larry is eccentric, even weird, but nothing can prepare them for the bombshell that Larry drops on them when he arrives.

Larry's unusual request throws Jen and Andy into a whirlpool of emotions. They are faced with a tough dilemma to choose between financial prosperity and keeping their marital vows. And when temptation and lingering fetish come into play, husband and wife find themselves in uncharted territory. Will Andy and Jen be able to outmanoeuvre the masterful manipulator that Larry proves to be and navigate their way through lust, temptation, jealousy, and greed? Will they be able to fix their finances without sacrificing their marriage?

A Hotwife In Lockdown

Working from home for months during the health crisis is boring and depressing for Elle. Her sons are stuck in university lockdowns, and her husband, Josh, is exhausted from long hours in the hospital. The stress has taken its toll on the couple's sex life despite their unfaltering love for each other.

When Adnan, a friend of their elder son, turns up at their doorstep, he becomes a welcome distraction, livening up the dull days with his witty jokes and thoughtful compliments. Their guest is unusual in many ways, though, not least because he is from a different culture, and he has a delicate issue that Josh and Elle want to help him resolve. But how far their help can go before a line is crossed?

Intelligent, handsome, exotic in a way, and certainly provocative, will Adnan be too much for Elle to handle? Will he be a temptation that she won't be able to resist? Will Josh be able to protect his wife from the younger man, and does the hubby want to?

Cheating On My Hotwife In The South Of France

When my wife's colleague invited us to visit her villa, the words "South of France" evoked in my mind nothing more than images of sunny beaches, swimming pools, wine, and Mediterranean cuisine.

That was until we met Pierre and his sister Julie. Their lifestyle took us by surprise, even shocked us, especially my prudent wife. And yet, instead of indignation, it engendered something very different in Emily and me.

Curiosity and sexual attraction fused into a powerful force that took us on a journey of exploration of our most intimate fantasies and hidden emotions. But how far was this force going to take us?

Would my wife's little crush on Pierre make her break certain taboos?

The inner struggle between jealousy and excitement of watching the wife you love in the arms of another man is a powerful drug. Would I be able to quit the addiction, if my faithful wife succumbed to the charms of the young man?

Would I understand the enigma that Julie was? And what if there was something more sinister behind her provocative behaviour?

I had less than 72 hours to find the answers.

I Cheated While Hugging My Husband

When Antony and I decided to celebrate the milestone of our 10th wedding anniversary with a tour in Peru, little did we know that it could turn into a hugely different landmark in our relationship.

Following our first meeting with Paul and his wife Jessica, my husband and I thought of them as another friendly couple to have chit-chats with. It turned out that they were to play a much more significant role than that. Paul's physical attractiveness, combined with his bravado, and sometimes unorthodox behaviour, made for an intriguing persona that provoked my curiosity like never before. The inner struggle between desire and prudence stirred hidden emotions and interests, which I did not know existed inside me neither I knew how far they could take me.

As a faithful wife to a loving husband, I believed that I could resist the excitement of newness, but could I? Would I be able to draw the line before things got out of control?

The Christmas Party: A Hotwife Story

Jane and Chris love each other and have great sex; however, when business opportunity meets sexual desire, will they go beyond the point of no return? When they get invited to the Christmas party, little do they know that Jane

will be taking up the role of Semyan's sexy Santa Claus assistant. She will be helping to give away gifts, and by the end of the party, she will have to decide whether she can give the most precious gift that she has that evening. Semyan may be an unorthodox CEO, but he knows how to take Jane's breath away, literally. Taking a prudent couple like Jane and Chris on a journey that they have never been before, requires skills and means which Semyan certainly possess.

A Note from the Author

Thank you for reading my book! I hope you enjoyed it. Your support means the world to me.

If you found this story entertaining, please consider leaving a quick 5-star rating or a review sharing a few words about what you liked. Both ratings and reviews help other readers discover my work and allow me to continue writing the stories you enjoy.

Don't forget to recommend it to your friends who might enjoy it, too!