



Practice
Makes

PERFECT

A HOT WIFE STORY (Part One)

MATTHEW LEE

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Practice Makes Perfect

Part One

A Hot Wife Story

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By Matthew Lee

CHAPTER 1

Vivian emerged from the warm ocean water and headed for our two-person gazebo. Her modest one-piece suit lay plastered against her curves, rendered slightly see through from the water.

“Stop!” I barked, and she did. “Don’t move. You look sexy.”

I’d left my phone in the hotel room, so I grabbed hers. She rested a hand on her hip, impatient and embarrassed, but flattered, and I quickly snapped some pictures.

“Really, Edward?”

The thin material hid almost nothing.

Click, click, click.

“You look great, Viv.”

“That’s enough. People are starting to stare.”

“Let them. You are worthy of a stare.”

She started walking again, headed for her beach recliner. She bent to grab her towel and the neckline, heavy with water, fell away from her body, providing a generous view of deep cleavage.

Click. Click.

I hit the share button and began to type my name, allowing auto fill to finish the rest. I sent myself the pictures to view later and tossed the phone on her chair. Vivian scoffed but I know she actually loved my attention. She set her phone aside and dropped into her chair, adjusting the back to a slight angle so she could sit up a little. She closed her eyes. I scanned the crowd around us. Plenty of men had noticed the transparency of her swimsuit and now continued, like me, to enjoy the see through fabric. They were sly about it, but I noticed them anyway. Vivian plucked her wide-brimmed hat from her pile of stuff and placed it over her face.

“Nap time,” she mumbled.

The sun was high overhead, the breezes slight, and the heat of the day was building fast. I watched the waves crash and the warm water beckoned. People played, splashing, tossing a large colorful ball around.

The resort was exclusively eighteen or older, so no annoying children screamed or kicked sand.

“My turn in the water,” I said.

“Okaybabyenjoy,” was her mumbled response.

I grabbed my sunglasses. I'd taken two steps when I saw them. Young. Gorgeous. Incredible natural bodies barely hidden behind micro bikinis. They were oblivious to the chaos they caused, walking along the waterline, deep in earnest conversation. Male and female alike took notice. One wore red and one wore white and hot tight female body peeked out from everywhere: firm breasts barely contained, round firm asses split by thongs wobbled in the sunlight, flat stomachs leading to small patches of cloth hiding an undoubtedly hairless vulva. Long hair flipped in the breeze, one brunette, one blonde. Good God. They were every highschooler's wet dream except this wasn't high school. They were what I dreamed about when I was in high school. I slowed my stride, allowing them to pass in front of me, right to left. I drew closer and they grew sexier. Perhaps their greatest point of appeal was their absolute lack of awareness of how hot they were. They were simply a couple of friends strolling along the beach, wearing current bathing suit fashion for their age.

Apparently Blonde said something profound, because they stopped, almost directly in front of me. Brunette listened intently. I continued towards the water but my eyes behind my glasses crawled every succulent inch of those hard bodies. I wasn't alone, either. Every man around me was doing the same. I had to keep walking to avoid being obvious. I reached the water and swam until I cooled off and then returned to our gazebo. Viv woke a few minutes later, groggy.

“Nice nap?” I asked.

“Wonderful,” she said. “I dreamed I was on vacation with my handsome and devoted husband. We were relaxing under a hot sun on a tropical beach.”

“That's a delightful dream,” I said.

Her phone buzzed. She casually lifted it to check the message. Her eyes went wide with panic.

“What the fuck?” she muttered.

“What's wrong, Honey?”

She turned the phone to face me. A large erect penis filled her screen.

“Someone sent you a dick-pic? Who?”

“Edward,” she said, struggling to get her mind working. “This is from Edward Richwood, senior partner at my office and my direct report.”

She stared at the picture, trying to wrap her brain around why he would send her such a photograph.

“Listen,” she continued. “There’s text message too. Here’s what he wrote. *I’m Happy to learn you feel this way, Vivian. I have wanted you since your first day. Look at what you do to me.* What the fuck is he talking about?”

Her phone buzzed again. Another erection pic only this time the man’s hand circled his cock at the base. He was big. Impressively big. Another picture arrived, taken from below. Veins covered the underside of his shaft, and his balls were huge.

“*Send more pictures,*” she said, reading his text out loud. “*I’m about to cum.* What does he mean, send more pictures?”

My heart sank. I was beginning to understand.

“Wait,” she muttered. “Shit.” She quickly punched buttons. “Goddamn it, Eddie! You sent the pictures of me to him, not you. Look! You can see right through this swimsuit when it’s wet.”

“I plugged my name in the slot,” I protested.

“In my phone your name is HoneyBear,” she said. “I use Edward for my boss. You guys have the same name. Shit. Look at my body. You can see everything. He got these from my number and now believes I flirted with him. You can see my nipples. Goddamn it, I can see my pussy. Fucking Edward Richwood has seen my tits and pussy. My boss thinks I sent him pictures of my tits and pussy. Fucking hell.”

“I’m so sorry,” I said.

“I need to explain what happened. How embarrassing. How do I face him when we get back from vacation?” Her phone buzzed in her hand. She read the message twice, then read it again out loud. “I’m happy to see you have what it takes to climb our corporate ladder. I know you want the Charles account. Let me take you to dinner and I’ll assign it to you.”

My jaw dropped.

“Does the MeToo movement mean nothing to this man?” I asked, stunned.

“Apparently not. I’ve heard office rumors, but before now his attention never swung my way. I think it’s because I’m married. Those

pictures you sent him changed the landscape. Now he thinks if I'm willing to cheat on my husband and he's happy to be on the receiving end."

"You have a strong sexual harassment case," I said. "Sue that fucker."

"How, Eddie? What do I say when he presents evidence showing that I initiated the contact? What do I say when he shows my photos in court, blown up to three feet by four feet and exposes all the lovely details of my body to the jury? What would those people think about me sending him pictures of myself almost nude? Maybe I win my case anyway, but my career at that office is dead and probably my career in the industry too. I'll get blackballed and shunned. The woman who cock-teased her boss and then sued him. Terrific. Fuck."

I felt terrible. I had quickly and irretrievably fucked things up for her. Vivian has worked hard on her career, and I may have just destroyed everything. To her credit, she was not ranting and raging at me. I had made an honest mistake but a devastating one.

"How important is the Charles account?" I asked.

She shrugged.

"Everything," she said. "In my world? There's simply no greater prize."

I tried to swallow but my throat was dry. I felt awful. She dimmed her phone and fell backward onto her chair. She closed her eyes, centering herself.

"I should leave the company without answering him," she said. "I could put feelers out when we get back to the states. Ask around. I have a good reputation. My work is known. I could secure a new position at another firm and then tell him no, go fuck yourself. That would minimize his destructive reach. Suing him is still out though. No way will I ever win a trial like that. It sucks to start at the bottom again, but I don't see a better path. Am I missing something? What are your thoughts?"

"I feel sick with regret, Viv. I am so, so sorry."

"I know you are, Baby. It's just an unfortunate incident. I'll figure something out. Let's try to enjoy our vacation. It's only day one."

We tried to relax, but everything was different. Changed. Acid ate at the pit of my stomach. How could I have been so stupid? So careless?

"You're being far too hard on yourself," Vivian said, reading my mind.

“I did so much damage in just a few seconds.”

“The wonders of modern technology today. Imagine how much damage we’ll be able to do tomorrow.”

“Progress.”

“Progress.”

“Fuck.”

“Yup. I’m going to go for another swim. It’s hot and I’m sweating. Do not take pictures of me this time.”

How she could already have a sense of humor about this situation was beyond me. I felt sick. She leaned over to give me a kiss and I watched her walk to the shoreline.

Yes, despite what happened, I gawked at her ass. Vivian has a great ass. She waded out and I plucked her phone from her towel, easily finding the photos of his cock again. I lifted my finger to delete them and stopped. Why hadn’t she? Too upset, probably. Maybe. I replayed her reaction to pictures of his erection and realized she showed no revulsion, no ew, get it away. She’s a smart woman and was already formulating a plan, of that, I was certain. Would she need these pictures? Were these photos about to become evidence?

Regardless, it was her phone, and I had no right to delete images off of it. I opened the phone’s gallery and flipped through several pages. She had photos of her body, clothed and unclothed, checking how a skirt or a pair of pants fit, or how her haircut or butt looked from behind. Typical insecure stuff.

I jumped to the pictures of Edward’s erection again. I had to admit the man had an extraordinary cock. Lucky bastard. I’m embarrassed to say I studied the thing, but I think most husbands would in that situation. The dude had sent my wife dick pics. Unknowingly, yes, but of course I looked. I returned her phone and a little later Vivian returned from the water.

CHAPTER 2

We left the beach hungry. I suggested an early dinner and she jumped at the idea. We showered the sand and salt off our bodies and changed clothes. Vivian surprised me with a clingy light dress. The other restaurant patrons would get a treat. She modestly added a small light sweater which covered her shoulders and halfway down her arms but also had the benefit of partially resting over her breasts, obscuring her nipples, should they turn stiff in the cool restaurant air. Viv rarely dresses sexy. She was trying to make me feel better about what I'd done.

The waiter took our drink order and Viv surprised me again, ordering a bottle of red for our table. I had one glass. She had three. We ate a scrumptious meal and Viv followed the wine with a large brandy. She was fully buzzed by the time we left the place, and she suggested a walk along the moonlit shore. We wandered away from the resort, headed for a dark jetty. Lines of frothy white appeared in the gloom before vanishing. Waves crashed into the piled rocks. She'd added another bottle of red before we left and sipped now as we walked.

Her efforts to get drunk is how I knew she was upset.

"I'm so sorry about sending those photos," I said.

"What's done is done. I'm trying to put it behind me. Us."

"Is there any way we can undo the damage?"

She thought for a moment, and then giggled.

"Yes," she said. "I can sleep with him."

I froze in my tracks, but not because a huge upwelling of jealousy paralyzed me. Nope. I felt worse about her situation than that. My mind went in the other direction, seeing the truth in her words. I stopped because she was so obviously right. Alexander, meet your Gordian knot.

"I can't, obviously," she said. "I'm married."

"Being married is what stops you?"

"No. There's a lot more to it. Mostly what would stop me is having no idea about how to begin. I don't know how to approach men. You know

that. I'm terrible at it. I can barely talk to them. I would have no idea how to seduce a man like Edward or even how to let myself be seduced. I'd be so socially awkward the man would change his mind and send me home."

"I did need to pursue you relentlessly."

"I'd still be single if you hadn't."

She sighed.

"In two weeks, I will go back to my job," she said. "Everything will be different. Edward will be super friendly. He'll flirt with me in front of my colleagues. He'll believe we share a secret connection because I sent him intimate pictures. Even if I explain the truth, that you meant to send those to yourself, he won't believe me. He'll think I want him to chase me. I know that man. He has my scent. There will be no turning him aside, no distracting him. He'll come after me like a bloodhound."

We started walking again. The length and depth of my fuck up continued to unfold. Had I destroyed my wife's career? We passed the bottle back and forth, trading gulps of wine. Vivian stood staring out into the black sea, swaying, unsteady on her feet. I came up behind and wrapped my arms around my wife.

"Maybe I should do it," she whispered, lost in thought.

A thousand volts shot through me.

"It's the only action I can take that solves everything," she muttered. "Doing that would create new problems, yes, but the new problems are nothing compared to what I face now." She exhaled slowly. "Sorry. I'm just thinking out loud. I'm a little drunk and stupid. Ignore me."

I held her tight. Her idea terrified me but instantly relieved me of all that guilt. The weight just floated off and disappeared. Could I allow it? Part of me welcomed a way out of this terrible situation. I'd view it as a spanking, my punishment for making such a mess. I tried to picture myself on the other side. Vivian returning home after having fucked the man. I realized I'd still feel only relief. I wouldn't know what to feel until I saw how she behaved.

"You might be on to something," I said. "You might be right. Maybe you should."

She stiffened in my arms.

"You'd hate it," she said. "You'd hate me, after."

"I would never hate you," I said. "But I would hate that you fucked him. That's true. The thing is, though, I'd hate it less than what I'm feeling

now. Maybe I've had too much wine, but your idea feels like a way out. I'm not definitely saying you should, but I am saying let's sleep on it. I think you might have found a way out for us. Emotions are high after the day we've had. You've thrown us a lifesaver in stormy seas. I'm not going to refuse it because it stinks. I can't let you destroy all you've worked so hard to build. Even if you politely tell him no, he won't drop it. I know men like him. You sent him pictures and now you will become his obsession. Fuck him once and he'll get you out of his system and move on to the next hot office babe."

"I can't fuck him."

"Is he ugly?"

"No, not at all."

"I know he's not stupid. He must be bright to hold a position like that."

"He's incredibly intelligent."

"Then we should think about it. We would agree to suspend our marriage vows for one night. He gets what he wants, and you get what you want, I get out from under all this guilt."

"I don't want to fuck him. I'm not attracted to him."

"I know, Honey, and I'm sorry. But I'm not talking about attraction. I'm not talking about real desire. I'm talking pure strategy and tactics. I'm talking about politics. You will get the Charles account. I'm the one who put you in this spot. He's smart, not ugly, and he stands in the way of your advancement."

"I think you're drunk. I think you've lost your mind."

"Maybe, but I am thinking clearly. I'm being pure mercenary here. If you are busy using him, he can't be the one using you. You'll have a secret plan; one you share with your husband. It's not cheating. Just use him and then dump him."

"You'll regret it. You'll regret I ever allowed him to touch me. Imagine what it will do to our marriage."

I shook my head.

"I won't permit myself to get upset," I said. "Normally I'd agree with you, but this is a special circumstance. I royally botched things. I made this fucking mess. I have a way to make it right. I will never throw it in your face or hold it against you. I'm not suggesting it. I'm *telling* you to

fuck the man. Let's dynamite the log jam. Get things moving again. I will feel nothing but relief that I helped you dodge that bullet."

She scrutinized me. She saw I was serious.

"That's—" she began "That's, I mean, wow. I will never doubt your love for me. I'm not going to do it but the fact you would make the offer is so impressive. I think I just fell in love with you again. I'll consider your insane idea but, like I said, I don't even know how to flirt. Remember back when we dated? I'm hopeless. You're the only man I've ever been with and that's because you pursued me continuously. If not for you, I'd be at home in a studio apartment right now, nine cats and no boyfriend, reading and sipping tea. Even if you're right, even if I agree this is the best way out of our mess, what do I do? I'm not back at work for two weeks."

I shook my head, amazed.

"Vivian, you have no idea how good you look. If he thinks he gets to have you, he'll stoke that fire into an inferno over the next fourteen days. It won't go out. It will grow hotter."

She chewed on that.

"I'm not saying I'll do it," she said. "But what would our next step be? You'll need to tell me everything. Should I write him an email?"

I made a face.

"Did you respond to his texts?"

"No. Of course not."

"He's waiting for a reply. You need to give him an answer. A guy can't send a dick pick and not get a response. Especially when he believes you started things."

"What do I say?"

"String him along. Don't say yes but don't say no."

"Like what?" she asked. "I'm so bad at this, Eddie. I don't know how men think."

"Tell him he has a nice cock."

She looked shocked but recovered quickly.

"Well," she admitted. "He does have a nice cock."

"Good. Then you won't need to lie."

"This is crazy. You are crazy. My husband is telling me to flirt with another man."

"There are some serious extenuating circumstances, don't you think?"

“True. It still feels weird though.”

“Think of me as your gay boyfriend trying to get you laid. I’ll help you with all your responses. It will feel like we’re doing this together, not like you’re doing something behind my back.”

She looked at me funny.

“Listen,” I said. “I am not thrilled about the idea of you having sex with him. Not at all. I am approaching this as something purely transactional. Get it done and get it behind us. Period. We’ll laugh about this in a few years but for right now it’s a nightmare. Fine. I will rationalize all I need to make things right. You should too.”

She was sobering up fast.

“Are we really going to do this?”

“Do you have a better plan?”

“We could have him killed.”

I barked a laugh.

“Call Kit. She’s crazy enough to do it. He’d be dead by the time we got home.”

“Yes, but without him I’d be out of a job.”

“Good point.”

“I think I’ll call Kit anyway,” she said. “I haven’t spoken to her in a while. I’ll tell her what happened and get her advice. She’s got street smarts.”

She took a big drink from the bottle of wine and passed it to me. I did the same. She left to wander down the beach. I watched her ass until the darkness swallowed her. I sat and watched the waves crash. She kept the conversation brief, thank God, and soon returned. I took her hand and we continued our moonlit walk.

“What do I do?” she asked. “Kit offered nothing useful.”

“Send him a text.”

She got her phone out.

“What do I say?”

I lifted a finger like an orator about to make a speech.

“Hi Edward,” I said. “Sorry for the delayed response. I’m vacationing with my husband and couldn’t get away to send this message. I’m thrilled you liked my pictures. I loved yours.”

She started typing as soon as I started talking and finished just after me. We locked our eyes.

“Are you sure about this?” she asked.

“Hell no. But, again, if you have a better plan, let me hear it.”

“I feel like we’re moving really fast.”

“We are. If I stop and actually think about what we’re doing, I’ll probably chicken out. Best to power through and get it behind us. Anything could happen between now and whenever. You probably won’t even have sex with him. He just wants to know if he could. He just wants to know that, yet another woman wants him. He’s probably sent dozens of pictures like that.”

“You might be right.”

She hit send.

“Now what?” she asked.

I took the bottle from her.

“Let’s walk to the end of the jetty.”

“It’s dark and scary out there. I hear waves crashing.”

“Good. It will be an adventure.”

I took her hand, and we climbed the rock. The waves were loud. The top of the jetty was paved. I led her farther out. She slipped under my arm for warmth, but other feelings were at play too. Our gambit was a wild one. Honestly, I felt like I was buying time to come up with a better plan, a plan that did not require my lovely wife to have intercourse with another male.

Her phone chimed.

More photos of his fit body, washboard stomach, big hard cock.

I am so ready for you, he’d written. I can’t wait.

“What do I say now?” she asked.

“Tell him to keep it hard until you get back. Tell him to keep everything a secret.”

She rolled her eyes but typed the words and hit send. She put her phone in her pocket and hugged me.

“This is insane,” she muttered.

I couldn’t argue.

CHAPTER 3

The jetty marked the end of the resort's property. The beach on the other side was messy, littered with washed up kelp, rocks, and seashells. We decided to leave the jetty and the resort behind, walking, holding hands, feeling a sense of anxiety about what the future would be. What would Edward expect? The thoughts churned both our minds. We strolled the wet sand and let the calming warm waters swirl around our feet. All the streetlights were behind us. Our path forward grew steadily darker, and the metaphor was not lost on us.

I spotted the faint orange glow of a large tent far ahead.

"Turn back or keep going?" I asked after drawing Vivian's attention to it.

She shrugged slightly.

"Keep going. I'm enjoying the walk."

As we drew near, we saw three surfboards standing upright, driven into the sand. We heard laughter from inside the tent and I aimed us to circle far around. As we passed, the zipper lowered, and a blond, tall, skinny, long-haired surfer type emerged. He was shirtless and shoeless, dressed only in knee-length trunks. He was laughing and looking behind him. Emerging from the tent with him was a billowing cloud of dense smoke. He laughed again and coughed. Turning, he saw us.

"Friends!" he called out.

He hurried to hug me and then Viv. He stank of weed. Two more male faces emerged from the tent, each with dark, long stringy hair, each grinned broadly.

"Hi!" one man called out "Welcome."

Both men stepped out, dressed in trunks like their blond friend, and approached to hug Viv and me.

"Romance," the blond said, with deep understanding and seriousness. "Cool."

“I’m Roscoe,” said the brunette who had welcomed us. “That’s Bean,” he pointed at the blond. “This is Jellyfish, but we just call him Jelly. He gets stung all the time, all around the world. Who are you?”

“I’m Eddie and this is my wife, Vivian. Viv.”

“So good to meet you,” Jelly said. “Bean is on his way to take a leak, but he’ll be back. You want to join us for a smoke?”

“Thank you,” I said. “But we were just enjoying a stroll along the beach.”

“That’s cool, that’s cool. We wish you well.”

“You sure you don’t want a hit of some killer weed for your nighttime meander?” Roscoe asked.

My lips formed to say the word no, but Vivian answered first.

“Sounds great,” she said. “I could use some disconnect from my thoughts.”

“I feel you,” Roscoe agreed.

He reached inside the big tent and held the flap back. Vivian ducked in and I followed. Jelly joined us but Bean waved and wandered off. The flap dropped into place. Roscoe and Jelly sat on their sleeping bags and Roscoe began to fill the bowl on a waterpipe.

“Why do you call Bean that name?” I asked. “Jelly because he keeps getting stung and I presume Roscoe is simply your name. Why Bean?”

“Short for bean pole,” Jelly explained. “That dude cannot gain weight. You should see how he eats. Pure junk. Stays skinny.”

Roscoe chuckled and passed the pipe to Vivian. He flicked a lighter and she inhaled. She filled her lungs and held it.

“Easy, mama,” Roscoe chuckled. “This shit is strong.” He turned to me. “My parents named me Johnathan,” he continued. “Growing up my dog’s name was Roscoe. I loved that dog more than my parents, so I took his name when I left home.”

“I love that story,” Jelly said, taking the pipe from Vivian and filling his lungs too.

I did the same when he passed the bong to me. Vivian exhaled a massive cloud of smoke, and everyone laughed. I inhaled and held it, passing the pipe to Roscoe. We all made small talk as the bong went round. Bean reappeared and Jelly asked if he’d washed his hands and we all laughed hard.

“No,” he said, sticking his fingers in Jelly’s mouth.

We all laughed harder.

“Of course I did,” Bean corrected. “I’m not a savage. I just love surfing. I just love a life that’s free and easy.”

Conversation flowed and the pipe went round and round. I felt myself disconnecting from my body as well as my mind.

We learned the three guys traveled the world surfing various beaches. They made money however they could, washing cars, cleaning construction sites, any odd job they could get. Then they’d head for a beach and lose themselves in the waves.

“Nice life,” I said.

“Would not trade it for anything,” Bean admitted.

His friends nodded in agreement. Vivian spoke of her corporate life and how she felt a slave to it, and I chimed in with complaints of my own. They listened and asked questions and I got the sense these guys felt real empathy for us.

“That life sounds painful,” Roscoe said. “So much stress. Maybe we don’t take life seriously enough but maybe you two take life a little too seriously. Maybe nirvana lies somewhere between?”

Vivian plucked the bong from the center of our circle; Jelly lit the lighter.

“I’m going to find nirvana right now,” she joked.

Jelly held the flame and Vivian filled her lungs. I was already high as fuck. My wife must be flying. She had brandy and wine running through her system too. Jelly asked her a question I couldn’t hear, and she turned to answer him. Bean asked me where I was born and grew up, and I turned to answer him. Time slowed. Inside the tent the air was warm and thick. My speech felt slow. My hearing felt slowed. My skin tingled, each hair on my arm passing vibrations to my addled brain. Vivian had leaned closer to Jelly, really focused on his words. He’d leaned towards her too. Their conversation looked intense. I told Bean about my neighborhood and the kids I called friends and then I stopped speaking.

“You should kiss Jelly,” I whispered.

My wife slowly turned her face my way.

“Can she kiss you?” I asked the man. “She needs to practice flirting.”

There was a moment of silence, each of us lost in our thoughts, each of us, including me, trying to engage our brains to process what I’d just

said.

“Practice flirting?” Roscoe said. “Like, how does one practice flirting?”

“Like this,” I said, listening to my own voice. “Can she kiss you, Jelly?”

“Sure,” he said, graciously allowing me to use him. “I’d like that.”

“I can?” Vivian asked, swinging her attention to the skinny blond.

“But why practice?” Roscoe asked.

My wife stayed where she was and closed her eyes, waiting.

“Not like that, Honey,” I said. “Don’t wait for him. He’s not your grandpa. Lean in. Hold his face. You kiss him.”

Vivian was sitting cross-legged in her dress, extra fabric tucked in her lap. Now she rose to her knees and leaned close to Jelly.

“This is all right?” she asked him.

“This is awesome,” he said. “You’re really pretty. I’ve never kissed a girl as pretty as you. I can’t believe this is happening.”

My wife moved to hands and knees but couldn’t hold his face without falling forward, so she awkwardly leaned closer, pursing her lips.

“Baby,” I said. “Move closer. Kneel. Hold his face in your hands, like they do in the movies.”

She followed my instructions.

“Why practice?” Roscoe asked again.

“She has this boss at work,” I told him, keeping my voice low. “The man only responds to flirting. My wife has no idea how to handle him.”

“You are helping her?” Bean asked. “You are helping your wife succeed at work? That is so fucking cool. I mean, fuck that boss for being such a dick but I love how you support her. You guys are awesome. What a cool couple.”

“Is she going to kiss her boss?” Roscoe asked.

“Probably not,” I answered. “For now, I’m just trying to make her more comfortable being assertive. When he flirts with her, she wants to be able to flirt back.”

Vivian placed her delicate hands on Jelly’s cheeks and he locked his eyes on hers. He grinned sheepishly. The weed and wine provided a boldness my wife typically did not possess, and she leaned forward and tenderly pressed her lips to his. Jelly let her lead. Comfortable with her feelings so far, Vivian rose higher, kissing the man with growing passion.

Their lips parted but stayed connected and her tongue slipped between, entering his mouth. He returned the impassioned kiss, keeping his hands in his lap. Roscoe, Bean, and I watched. My heart thumped in my chest despite my intoxication. Vivian looked sexy, or maybe the weed simply had me horny.

“She should have Jelly touch her breast,” Bean rasped. “To get used to it.”

I admired how Bean tried to get more for his friend. I watched Jelly and Vivian make out for a minute.

“Honey,” I murmured. “I think you should place his hand on your breast.”

She hesitated and then lifted him by the wrist. He spread his fingers, and she placed his open hand on her tit. His fingers curled around the shape of her globe, caressing, and she slid his hand higher across her dress, covering her nipple with his palm. He squeezed. Who wouldn't? Their kissing continued and he grew bolder, lifting her breast to feel the weight in his hand, rolling his palm to tease her nipple.

“She's so pretty,” Roscoe whispered, entranced.

“Jelly's getting hard,” Bean noted.

It was true. Jelly's shorts had an obvious bulge. They kissed and I marveled at my wife's sexiness. I'd never seen her like this, not even kissing me. How strange to be a voyeur to my wife's lust.

“She should touch Jelly's dick,” Bean suggested. “While she kisses him.”

Now it was my turn to hesitate. How far would I allow this to go? She looked sexy, and she was clearly enjoying herself. But what happens when we're no longer high? What will that conversation be like? Will Vivian be angry with me for making her do this?

“Touch his dick, Viv,” I mumbled.

I meant for her to feel the bulge in his shorts, but Jelly misunderstood. He took my words literally and pulled up the leg of his trunks, freeing his cock into open air. Vivian still made out with the dude and had no idea a naked cock awaited. Her hand floated down to obey my instruction and landed on bare penis. I expected her to jerk her hand away and she did., gasping, breaking their kiss and pushing back from the man. She folded her legs under her and cast her eyes on the floor of the tent.

“I'm sorry,” she whimpered. “I went too far. I didn't know.”

I hurried to her side, slipping an arm around her shoulders. Jelly looked mortified.

“No,” he said. “It’s all my fault. I thought that’s what he meant. I thought that’s what he wanted me to do. I’m sorry.”

“Yeah,” Roscoe complained. “Put your dick away, dude.”

Jelly grabbed his penis and bent it down, tugging his shorts over the thing again. I kissed Vivian on the head.

“Wait,” she mumbled. “Wait. It’s not your fault. It’s okay. I’m to blame. I panicked when I felt bare skin, but I shouldn’t have.”

Jelly was unsure what to do. He leaned back on his hands and stretched his cramped legs before him. His hard dick poked out of his shorts. My wife looked at me.

“Should I?” she asked. “I feel terrible recoiling like that from him. I hope I didn’t hurt his feelings.”

“Can she try again?” I asked Jelly.

He nodded and cast nervous glances at his friends. Vivian moved from under my arm to kneel next to his leg.

“I’m too shy,” she told him. “I’m scared of almost everything. I didn’t mean to jump away from you like that. It’s not you, it’s me. You have a nice penis. Is it all right if I touch it again?”

“Yeah,” Jelly said.

Vivian shuffled closer and reached up to kiss him again. Roscoe fired the pipe and sent it around and Jelly shared his hit with my wife. She hit it again after. She passed the pipe to me, and I inhaled as I watched my wife kiss him again. Her hand drifted to his ankle and then began a slow trip up his leg. When she reached his inner thigh she eased a pinkie out, searching. She felt his shaft and her hand left his leg. Her dainty fingers encircled his stiff shaft. She gently tugged his member a few times and then sent her fingertips exploring, tracing the raised veins that adorned the shaft, learning the shape and firmness of his penis.

It suddenly struck me this was only the second dick she’d ever touched.

“She’s only been with me,” I mumbled, explaining to the guys, in case they wondered why she handled his penis like that.

Roscoe exhaled a cloud of smoke.

“She’s awesome,” he said, coughing.

“She is,” Bean agreed. “Is it all right if she touches mine too?”

“Yeah,” Roscoe said. “She’ll really like Bean’s dick.”

“I don’t see why not,” I began, but Bean didn’t wait for me to finish.

The man untied his trunks and pushed them down his legs, revealing a tube of meat topped by a large head. He didn’t wait for Vivian either, rising to his feet and taking a spot next to her. His cock dangled inches from her face. My wife felt his presence dimly through a fog of intoxication and her head slowly turned his way. Her gaze landed on his lengthy fat dick, and I held my breath. She’d recoiled from Jelly. Bean was far more brazen. What would she do?

She moved the hand from Jelly’s face to take Bean on her palm, gently stroking both dicks at the same time. Jelly was throbbing hard, but Bean hung low and heavy. Maybe the weed prevented an erection. Vivian slid one hand up and down Bean’s shaft while the other dropped to caress Jelly’s balls. She kissed the dude again. Everything moved in slow motion. I would have been stunned by what I witnessed if my mind had fully been my own. Instead, I saw Vivian only as sexy, a woman capable of pleasing two men at once.

Roscoe got to his feet and shed his shorts. He stepped close too, offering a third dick to Vivian. Bean got nudged out of the way, so he moved directly in front of my wife. Vivian did not miss a beat, transferring her caress to Roscoe’s hanging cock. She stroked the men while gazing at Bean’s hefty shank dangling before her eyes.

She leaned forward and slipped his large head in her mouth.

Her hands stroked Roscoe and Jelly as she struggled to nurse on Bean’s cock. I could scarcely believe my own eyes. I darted from one dick to the next to the next, staring, amazed, as Vivian pleased them all. My wife may be inexperienced and shy, but she loves sex. We make love often. Now I watched as she lost herself to three cocks. Bean swelled in her mouth, rising, and soon she was forced to rise to her knees. Her dress pulled on her shoulder and annoyance flashed across her face. She turned her gaze on me.

“Unzip my dress,” she said.

I did. She released all three guys as she stood and shoved the garment down around her feet, standing now in only bra and panties. She knelt again and palmed Roscoe and Jelly, once more easing Bean to her mouth. Her head began to bob in time with the stroking of her hands.

I watched and marveled.

CHAPTER 4

Never in my life did I ever expect such a sight. I never thought such a thing possible. I stared at my wife teasing these three men and felt my blood begin to rise. Vivian looked *amazing*. I watched her pleasure them until I realized no one did anything to please her. I left my spot on the floor and moved behind her, gently easing her panties down her thighs. She mumbled a brief protest, more like a warning really, but I silenced her when I laid on my back and brought my mouth to her pussy from below. I rested my head on the panties stretched between her knees and licked her wet slit from ass to clit. My wife groaned. I cupped her butt in my hands and buried my tongue in her body, teasing her inner lips and sucking her clitoris. Her hips soon rocked against my face. She pushed her underwear past her knees and opened her thighs wider, lowering her pussy to my face. I devoured my wife, feeling her body move and shift above me as she handled three men.

My racing heart was nearly bursting. Strangely, and maybe this was the weed affecting me, I thought little about the fact three men touched her. My mind was fully consumed by the act itself. The men were mere props to me. I was fully focused on *what* Vivian did, not *who* she did it with. I was blown away by my modest wife pouring her attention on multiple lovers. Even when I felt her body shifting again above me, I paid those men no mind.

I disregarded them completely, and I paid a price.

I was busy eating her pussy when I felt a thick hard cock graze my chin and sink into my wife. One of them, Bean, guessing by the size of the thing, had moved into a doggie position behind her. He straddled my body and stuffed her pussy. The weed kept me focused on her clit even as his shaft glided over my face. I was pinned beneath my wife and her surfer boy. I tried to determine what was happening above me and realized they had pushed Vivian to all fours. She now sucked two cocks as a third fucked her from behind and I ate her cunt. I kept my head tilted back. Even in my

inebriated state I knew if I lowered my chin, that cock would slide across my lips, and I had zero desire to suck a dick, being high or not.

The fact I did not freak out only proved how high I was.

I kept my head tilted back and ravaged her clitoris and we were all soon rewarded by the sweet and exciting sounds of Vivian experiencing a massive orgasm, an orgasm to shame all her other orgasms. I knew her muffled grunts and groans were around a throbbing cock in her mouth. I knew her pulsating cunt clenched itself around Bean's cock, no doubt driving that man's sensations into orbit. I knew all these things but remained unperturbed. The sex is what mattered, my intoxication told me.

When I heard Jelly moan and then cry out, I knew he was most likely sending a gush of hot sperm down her throat. Vivian is no prude. She's not anti-sex. She is, as I've mentioned, merely inexperienced. She loves sex and that spitting cock in her mouth thrilled her. Bean pumped his hips faster, balls smacking under my chin, and then he groaned too, driving his cock all the way in and holding it deep, spewing hot sperm far up inside her. I lashed her clit to prolong her climax and was still eating pussy when he held her hips and withdrew his long dick.

I scrambled to get out from under before any of his jizz dripped on me and I was greeted with the sight of Vivian working on the one remaining stiff dick, other than mine. Roscoe leaned back and watched her work. She stroked him with both hands as her mouth vacuumed the head and shaft. He did not last much longer, holding her head in place while he exploded down her throat, chasing Jelly's load down her gullet. My wife gulped and swallowed, and he fed her plenty.

She was high, high as fuck, but not so high as to forget her husband and the one penis remaining. She spun on her knees, still wearing her bra, panties stretched between her ankles, and attacked my zipper, freeing my dick and rolling onto her back. She plucked the panties from her ankle and threw them into a corner, spreading her legs wide for me. I hurried forward, falling on her and driving my cock into her soupy hot cunt. I knew I fucked her through Bean's semen, but who cared? No one. Certainly not me. I laid my body atop hers and fucked her like a madman, tasting her salty lips as we kissed passionately. God! Was this the same woman? Her legs curled under my ass, pulling me deeper on every thrust.

"They're watching us," she gasped.

“Good,” I said, kissing her tangy mouth, sliding my tongue over hers. “Let them.”

I was far too excited to last long. Sperm came boiling up from my balls and exploding into her. She clawed at my back, digging her heels into my ass to get me deep. I sprayed lava inside my wife, cumming hard, leaving myself dizzy. I dropped on top of her and passed out, the tent spun wildly.

CHAPTER 5

I have no idea how long I was out. Weed does that to me. My eyes opened to slits and confusion filled my mind. I felt like I weighed three thousand pounds. I tried to lift my arm and failed. I tried to lift my head and failed. I heard wet and slurpy sounds off to my right, so I willed my unresponsive body to roll that way. I barely made it. I opened my eyes to slits again and saw Vivian riding Bean, his thick cock forced her pussy wide. My wife struggled to keep her mouth shut, deep moans of wicked pleasure slipping through her lips. Roscoe and Jelly sat with their backs against the tent wall, watching my wife fuck, jerking their hard dicks, waiting their turn with her.

“You really plan on fucking your boss?” Bean asked. “That’s what you said?”

Vivian didn’t answer. Her eyes were squeezed shut as she savored the sensations of her stuffed pussy pumping up and down his cock.

“Were you lying to us?” Bean asked.

“Shush,” she murmured. “Don’t wake my husband.”

“He’s out,” Jelly said. “We’ve made all kinds of noise the last few hours and he slept through all of it. He smoked a lot of weed. He’ll be out until sunrise.”

“Don’t wake him,” she insisted.

I could tell by the way she spoke she was high as a kite. Wine, weed, and brandy had her sailing through the stratosphere. I wondered what Jelly meant by all the noise they’d made. What had I missed? What had I slept through?

“You came really loud, and he didn’t budge,” Roscoe said. “Why worry now?”

She ignored his question to drag her cunt up and down Bean.

“Are you going to fuck your boss?” Bean asked again.

“Why do you care?” Vivian asked.

“To feel less guilty about fucking a married woman,” Bean murmured.

I noticed for the first time that Vivian had shed the rest of her clothing. She rode Bean fully nude, large breasts wobbling as she worked her hips.

“Yes,” my wife admitted. “I’m going to fuck my boss. My husband is going to help me fuck my boss. Now stop asking.”

Jelly left his spot on the floor and stood in front of Vivian. He pushed his stiff cock down and aimed it at her mouth. My wife eager sucked him in, relishing the sensation of a hard dick penetrating her at each end. She braced her hands on the tent floor and let Jelly fuck her mouth. Bean moved his hands to her swaying tits, playing, teasing. She shifted her hips and must have found an angle that felt fantastic because she suddenly gasped around the cock in her mouth and went rigid all over. She started nodding and pumping her hips faster.

“She’s gonna pop again,” Roscoe said.

He was right. My wife locked herself down, grinding her hips faster and faster on the cock buried balls deep in her, and then growled like a dog, climaxing hard on two stiff dicks. She may not know how to flirt. She may have no idea how to seduce a man. But, once she’s got his cock in her, she sure as fuck knows what to do with it. Bean tweaked her nipples to spike her orgasm and she forced the cock in her mouth all the way to the back of her throat, doing all she could to remain silent. I watched her puckered asshole wink and clench as her pussy squeezed the life out of Bean.

“I’m going to cum in you again,” he muttered. “All right?”

“Ungh, ungh,” was all she managed, nodding her head vigorously.

Bean lifted his hips to meet hers and started breathing faster. The muscles stood out on his scrawny legs. His toes curled and his hands roughly squeezed her big tits and then he was spewing inside her again, tossing his head side to side and biting his lip to stay quiet. Vivian joined him, cumming only a little behind his, their bodies melted together. I was sure he’d cum inside her at least one other time while I slept. Hell, I was sure all three of them came in her pussy while I was out. Vivian’s orgasm lasted a long time and then she slid off him to the tent floor. Jelly looked hurt, so close to cumming when she moved away. He followed her to the floor and rolled her onto her back, jerking his dick at her face.

“Open up,” he rasped. “I have some more for you.”

Vivian obediently opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue. She was exhausted but simply would not refuse making a man orgasm. I'd always believed she felt that way only for me but now I knew better. She just loves making men cum. Jelly moved to one knee, forcing his stiff dick to point at her waiting tongue.

"Yeah," he gasped. "Don't move. You're so fucking hot, so fucking pretty. Here it is. Take it. Take my load, unnnngggghhhh!"

The man blasted a long rope at the back of her throat. She choked a little but kept her mouth wide open. He stroked his dick, milking more out of himself, and plastered her tongue and lips, splattering her cheeks, splashing her face. Roscoe laughed.

"Jesus, Jelly, I didn't know you came like that."

He finished and moved aside. Vivian licked her lips and wiped her face. She smeared his goo on the floor. She swallowed several times and then rolled onto her stomach, looking at Roscoe. She lifted an eyebrow. He chuckled.

"I'm spent, Baby," he said. "You drained this dick."

"But you're hard."

"That's just because you're so hot. There's no way I could cum again."

She made a little pouty face and then crawled across the floor to him, moving up between his legs. She smacked his hand away and replaced it with her mouth. He gazed at his lap in wonder. She bobbed on his cock for a minute, and everyone watched in silence.

"Give it to me," she mumbled. "Just relax. Give it to me. I want it."

She returned to the art of sucking cock, adding her hand to his shaft to stroke as her head bobbed. Her free hand found his balls and cupped them, rolling the orbs around inside their sack. Roscoe reached down her body and fingered her pussy and then moved to her asshole, pushing his finger two knuckles deep. Vivian moaned at the invasion. He pumped his digit as she sucked his cock and he soon mumbled that he would cum again.

"Good boy," she teased. "Shoot right down my throat into my belly."

Roscoe's toes curled and his expression twisted and then he bit his knuckle. An instant later he threw his head back, silently blasting sperm straight into my wife's gullet. Vivian concentrated on sucking every drop

out of him and he had to push her away when he grew too sensitive. She licked her lips and looked around, satisfied no hard dicks remained.

“Cool if I sleep next to my husband?” she asked.

All three eagerly invited her to get comfortable. She lay in front of me and backed into a spoon and the guys straightened the tent some and then laid down in front of her. Bean took the spot directly in front and the other two lined up behind him.

“What an amazing night,” he muttered.

“What an amazing night,” she agreed.

CHAPTER 6

I woke. The sun was up, the surfers gone. Vivian recoiled from me, shrinking into the downy sleeping bag.

“HoneyBear,” she whimpered. “I fucked up. I fucked up really bad.”

I scanned the tent.

“Where are the guys?”

“Out. Up with the tide. Surfing.”

I turned my attention to her face and then her body. I pulled the sleeping bag away so I could see. She shrank before my piercing gaze. Her nipples were pink, and her raw pussy was swollen.

“Did you fuck them again this morning?”

“No!” she said.

“Did you suck their dicks?”

“No, Honey. They thanked me for an amazing night and ran out of the tent. I tried to go back to sleep but couldn’t, so I stepped outside to call Kit. You still didn’t wake up, so I came back in. I’ve been waiting for you.”

She pulled the sleeping bag away from me to cover her body, waiting, watching, sure I was about to explode with jealous rage.

“Are you okay?” I asked.

She melted.

“You sweet man. You want to know if *I’m* okay? Seriously? After what I did to you last night? Don’t you want to divorce me? Don’t you want to scream at me? Don’t you want to hit me?”

“None of the above.”

She got teary eyed.

“Why? No way you love me that much. I was an utter slut.”

“You were high, and you were drunk.”

She looked away, guilty.

“Being high only lets you do what you wanted to do anyway,” she mumbled.

“You’re saying you wanted sex with three guys at the same time?”

“Yes.”

Her voice was so low I barely heard her.

“Why didn’t I know that?”

“Wives do not tell their husbands such things,” she said.

I gently pulled the sleeping bag away again. She wanted to crawl into a hole and die but she stood her ground, allowing me to scrutinize. She was a mess. Dried cum sparkled everywhere, especially around her mouth and pussy. Her skin was spotty with patches of pink where the men had rubbed, and hips had slapped. She looked exactly like a woman who had spent the night fucking four men. I know she wanted to bathe. Any woman would.

“I bet a dip in the warm ocean would feel fantastic,” I said.

She looked around for her dress and underwear.

“Skip it,” I said. “This side of the jetty the beach was deserted. Let’s skinny dip, wash the night away.”

She got her feet under her. I helped her stand. My eyes were irresistibly drawn to her well used body. Something tickled my mind, something sexy and erotic. I wasn’t jealous, and her comment about wanting to be ganged had my engine racing. I’ve said before she’s no prude but how sexual was she? I’d never bothered to find out. I’ve always allowed her to be as sexually shy as she wished.

“You have a gang bang fantasy?” I asked.

Her eyes were still on the ground.

“I have lots of fantasies,” she mumbled. “I just have no idea what to do about them. They make me feel dirty and worthless. I keep them to myself.”

“I’ve been a shitty husband.”

Her eyes came up to mine. She looked horrified.

“No way!” she said. “You’ve been amazing. You’ve been incredibly supportive. You’ve sacrificed things that any other man would have clung to, because that’s what I needed. You’re an amazing husband.”

“I never asked the right questions, listened to the difficult answers. There is so much I don’t know about you, things you’ve felt the need to keep hidden.”

“That’s on me,” she said. “Not you. I need to be braver.”

I took her hand.

“A swim in the warm ocean and then some food will do us good.”

“That sounds great,” she agreed.

I unzipped and held the flap open. We emerged naked into the sunlight. She was nervous and shy, scanning up and down the shore until she saw we were alone. Down the beach and out where the waves broke, we saw the three guys riding their surf boards. In the bright light I saw better how Vivian had been almost fucked to death. Her big full tits looked delicious, and I surprised her when I leaned down to suckle a nipple. I tasted something salty. I licked my lips.

“You know,” I said. “I’m not innocent. I participated last night. It would be wrong of me to condemn you after I fucked you. I ate your pussy while Bean fucked you from behind.”

She looked shocked.

“That was you? I lost track. I got overwhelmed. All you men attacked my senses and all I felt was blinding pleasure. I think you gave me the best orgasm I’ve ever had.”

I chuckled.

“Yeah, my tongue or Bean’s big cock.”

Her head snapped up. She searched my face for my true feelings.

“Does that bother you?” she asked.

“What? That you came so hard on his cock?”

“Yeah.”

“Are you asking because of his size?”

“Yes,” she said.

“Did you cum harder for him because of his size?”

She was reluctant to answer. She turned her gaze out to sea, watching our new friends ride the waves.

“Hard to say,” she murmured. “There was a lot going on, lots of contributing factors. I had four men all to myself.”

“Vivian,” I said, after a moment, my voice soft. “Tell me the truth.”

She hugged me.

“It was fucking intense,” she rasped, spilling her guts. “I felt my pussy spread wide. I felt his cock everywhere inside me. I love you and I love your penis. I love the way we make love. But, last night, I got fucked. I mean *fucked*. That was a whole new experience for me. Like, my body went through things I didn’t know it could. I’m sorry!”

“Don’t be.”

“Should I go on? Am I hurting your feelings?”

“Not at all. Go on.”

“I was frightened, at first, but the weed got me through that. Then I was suddenly surrounded by nice hard dicks, and it was great because I didn’t have to talk to them or try to be sexy or girly. They were just there, already wanting me. It was perfect. I got to turn myself loose. Then Bean started pushing his cock into me and I couldn’t believe it. Your tongue felt fantastic, but his dick was so thick and so hard I lost contact with the rest of the world. All I knew was a fat, hard cock was filling me. Once he was in and began moving back and forth, I returned to myself and then I got bludgeoned by all the sensations attacking me at the same time. I squeezed my pussy around his girth as hard as I could, but he was unyielding. I loved that he was unyielding. I was impaled by a huge cock, and I loved it. It felt so good, Baby.”

“So his size *did* make you cum harder.”

“Yes, Eddie. Definitely, yes. I hope that doesn’t upset you. Does it?”

“No. It turns me on.”

“What? Why? That makes no sense.”

“Nothing about last night makes sense. I’m beginning to believe I’ve gotten sex wrong my whole life. I suspect there’s so much more than I’ve allowed myself.”

“I feel that too. I get so scared.”

A shout brought our heads around. The guys were riding a wave all the way in. They grabbed their boards and carried them under an arm up the shore, gawking at naked Vivian. She tried to hide behind me, but I moved her in front. She covered her tits and pussy. I pulled her arms away, presenting my naked wife.

“You guys missed a great set,” Jelly said.

“How are you, Vivian?” Bean asked. “You okay, Eddie? That was some night we shared.”

“Yeah,” Roscoe added. “I was worried about you two. I hope you aren’t regretting what we all did last night. We all agreed it was something special.”

I could have kissed them. A night like that would leave any woman feeling vulnerable and judged, but these guys were all about Vivian. Their kindness and concern touched me.

“I’m good,” I said.

“Me too,” Vivian added, squirming.

“How are you guys doing?” I asked.

Three huge smiles.

“I think I speak for the group,” Bean said. “When I say we are fan-fucking-tastic. What an amazing night. Nothing like that has ever happened to any of us. You’re an angel, Vivian. A gorgeous, sent-by-God angel. We talked about it all morning. We are in love with you.”

Vivian looked stunned. Roscoe ran his eyes down her naked body, and she shivered, but not from cold.

“We’re going in the tent to dry off and eat,” Jelly said. “Would you like something to eat? We have plenty.”

“I want to swim for a minute,” Vivian said.

“We’ll be in the tent,” Roscoe said.

The guys dug in their boards and passed through the flap. Vivian and I entered the water and swam out to chin deep. Neither of us spoke. We floated and soaked and churned our own thoughts.

“You know what will happen,” Vivian said, at last. “If we enter that tent.”

“I have a strong suspicion, yes.”

“So. My question becomes, do we?”

“Is that what you want?”

She floated close to me. I spooned her.

“My body can’t handle all four men again,” she said. “I’m tender inside and out.

The unspoken distinction drifted in the air.

“You’re saying not all four,” I said. “But that you can handle one.”

“Yes.”

“Let me guess. Bean.”

“Yes. I’m sorry.”

We floated around for another minute, but the air was full of tension now.

“You’re eager.”

“I am,” she admitted.

I took her hand, and we left the water, walking up the wet sand nude. Her eyes were already fixed on the tent. I took a long look at her body. The dude was about to enter Heaven. I held the flap open, and we stepped inside. The guys were still wearing their long trunks, so I got right to it.

“She’s too tender for all of us again,” I said, and disappointment showed on every face. “But she can handle one.”

They all looked at each other. One by one all eyes landed on Bean.

“That’s right,” I said. “She wants Bean.”

His face lit up. The other guys surprised me by smiling. They were happy for their friend. I led her by the hand to stand in front of the guy.

“Wait,” Roscoe said.

He knelt before my wife, extending his tongue to softly lick her labia. Vivian gasped, eyes darting at me. Jelly took the hint and moved behind my wife, dropping to his knees too and licking her slit from behind. Vivian looked almost panicked. Then her eyelids fluttered, and she softly moaned.

“Lay her down,” Bean said, removing his trunks.

He looked forward to this. His thick cock was already swelling.

Roscoe ignored his friend for a moment, lying on his back. He pulled her pussy down to his mouth. She moved to her hands and knees and straddled his head, lowering her labia. Jelly resumed his spot behind her, eating her pussy from behind.

Vivian’s eyes went wide. Two tongues at the same time stunned her. I thought about taking a seat to watch but I saw an opening and went for it. I pushed Jelly a little lower and then came in over the top, spreading her butt cheeks as I worked my tongue into her sphincter. I ate her ass at the same time those two ate her pussy, front and back. My wife groaned loudly, grinding her hips at us. Bean took his thick cock in hand and stroked, gaining size quickly. He had hungry eyes for my wife. Vivian looked up and saw how the man looked at her and she melted.

“I’m going to cum,” she whimpered, surprising everyone in that tent.

Her body went stiff and all three of us attacked her most sensitive areas, driving her crazy. We wanted to give her pleasure, but we also wanted her soaked for Bean. I got a strange rush knowing I was preparing my wife to take a cock much bigger than mine. I felt another stronger rush when it occurred to me Vivian and I did this without any weed, any wine, or any brandy. This was simply us, doing it.

Vivian moaned loudly as her climax peaked and then drained away. We let her down slowly and then rolled her over. Roscoe took one leg, and I took the other. Bean had already positioned his scrawny body, so we were

opening my wife directly at him. His eyes dropped immediately to her swollen pussy. Hers rose to land on his growing erection. He noticed her staring and removed his hand, allowing himself to rise without being touched, rise until he was thick and covered with veins and throbbing with need. Vivian looked ready to pass out.

“That’s the sexiest thing I’ve ever seen,” she muttered, staring at it.

Bean sent blood surging, causing his cock to rear like a stallion. The head flared deep red. Vivian bit her bottom lip.

“I want you in me,” she told him.

He dropped to his knees and walked up between her legs, his cock hanging over her stomach like a cannon. He spread his knees bringing his meat down to her body. He pumped his hips, gliding the pulsating thing over her labia, mashing her inner lips and clit. Vivian gasped and tried to lift her hips, tried to capture his cock, but Roscoe and I still held her legs. She whimpered in frustration.

“You want me in you?” Bean asked.

“I do.”

“Then grab my cock and put it in you.”

Vivian used both hands, latching onto the man and directing the head lower. She found her opening and pulled him forward, gasping loudly at first penetration. She tugged again, forcing more inches inside her body. I stared at her pussy lips and the way they clung to him. He filled her. He stretched her pussy in every direction. She pulled her hands away as he leaned his body over hers and the last of his stiff cock vanished inside, forcing all the air from her lungs. Roscoe released her leg, so I did the same. We scooted back to watch. Vivian circled his neck with her arms and then they were kissing and kissing and kissing.

“How much of last night do you remember?” Jelly asked me.

“Not much. I got way too high. I ate her while Bean fucked her. After that I fucked her too and passed out.”

“You missed a lot.”

“I got the feeling I did. I woke up, kind of, when she was riding Bean and then I think she blew Roscoe. That’s all I know.”

“We all fucked her,” Jelly said. “We all wanted to finish in her, and she said she’d like that. You were out. I mean gone. We made noise and Vivian came loudly a few times. Nothing disturbed you. Sorry if that wasn’t a cool thing to do.”

“It’s all up to her,” I said.

“Dude, cumming inside that gorgeous woman is the highlight of my life.”

“Mine too.”

We returned our attention to Bean and Viv. He’d lifted her legs on his arms and now deep-stroked his cock, sliding every inch in until he pressed her cervix and then he held it, pushing even harder. My wife groaned at the deep intrusion; pleasure mixed with discomfort on her face. Way more pleasure though, mental to go with the physical. Bean was stroking and rubbing places I’d never touched. No one had. In many ways this guy was taking her virginity right in front of me.

I had expected a hot hard fuck but these two felt a lot of shared intimacy. There were real feelings at play. Bean could not believe his life had suddenly made such a turn and adored the woman beneath and wrapped around him. Vivian welcomed Bean inside her body, savoring the fantastic sensations his big cock gave her, so clearly different from mine. He was opening locked doors inside her mind, running wild through her heart and through her imagination. Any woman would have feelings for a man that gave her as much as he now did.

Me and Roscoe and Jelly watched in silent awe. The intensity of their human-to-human connection left us stunned. Jelly and Roscoe marveled at the raw sexiness of it, but I was drawn in many levels deeper. That big cock was repeatedly sinking into my *wife*. I had no weed or alcohol to dull my senses or alter my perspective. I heard every soft gasp and moan she made. I heard him drive into her wetness. I smelled her arousal. I smelled the salt in the air and on their skin. He leaned down to suckle at her breast and she lovingly cradled his head.

“It’s coming,” she murmured, and I realized this time the orgasm he gave her would also be emotional.

Heat exploded through my body. What a wild mix of sentiments I felt. Jealousy, yes, but because I love her, I was also happy for her, pleased he could give her such a thing. My dick rose as I listened to her getting closer. Her breathing quickened. Her cheeks turned rosy. She lifted her legs along his skinny body, offering herself to him, and he pumped slowly, savoring her tightness wrapped so snugly around him.

“Kiss me,” she gasped. “I want to cum with you kissing me.”

He planted his lips on hers and worked his hips. My wife's eyes grew wider and wider and then narrowed as she groaned and began to writhe under him. His cock was a thick spear plunging into her depths with a strong yet tender rhythm, and she orgasmed all over it with a gush of pussy juice. She whimpered and gasped as her climax ripped through her body and soul. He continued to work her cunt, launching her skyward, piling wave of pleasure on top of wave of pleasure until she moaned into his mouth and pulled her lips away from his.

"OHHHHGOD!" she wailed. "Oh, deeper, like that. Just like that. Yeah. Fuck! Don't stop. Fuck! AGAIN! Aaaarrgh!"

My heart was ready to burst. How could something so beautiful be so tormenting? I watched him fuck her, suckle her breasts and kiss her, and my own desire grew into a hurricane. The man fucked her until she seemed about to lose her mind. I think she might have orgasmed a third time right after the second. I felt like my wife had been a stranger until this moment and he was introducing us for the first time.

Finally, she could take no more. She pushed on his chest, trying to curl into a fetal position. Bean pulled out to give her spasming pussy a moment's respite and I gawked at his gleaming cock. He was soaked with her juices. He gave her only a minute before rolling her face down. He lifted her hips several inches off the tent floor and eyed her pussy from behind. He bent his cock down and leaned over her.

"Shhhhit," Vivian gasped, feeling his length sheath itself inside her body again.

I saw an opportunity, and I took it. Husband privileges. I crawled around until I sat on my heels in front of her. My dick upright. She was watching Bean over her shoulder but when she looked forward again, there I was. Her eyes darted up to mine, worried, but she relaxed when she saw my expression.

"I guess we owe Edward a big thank you," she purred.

"Why is that?"

"If he wasn't such a creep, we would never have discovered ourselves."

"What did we discover?"

She stretched her hand out and gripped my stiff dick, drawing me to her mouth. She stopped half an inch away. Bean began another strong and slow rhythm, fucking my wife right in front of me.

“This,” she said.

She slipped the head in her mouth. She sucked hard and then swirled her tongue around the sensitive crown. I gasped. I held her head and shoved my cock deeper. She groaned with satisfaction. Bean fucked her pussy, and I fucked her mouth, and we looked right at each other, he and I. I was ready to cum right away but determined to outlast him. I did. He pumped his cock and Vivian’s tight pussy grip conquered him. At last, he could hold out no longer.

“I’m going to cum in her again,” he told me.

“All right,” I said.

He leaned farther over her body and pinned her to the tent floor with a hand on the small of her back. I fucked her mouth in this new and awkward position until he grunted and then grunted again.

“Yeah. Here it comes. Yeah. Yeah!”

His hips gained speed just before the first spurt and then pumped faster and faster as he emptied his balls deep inside. Vivian writhed beneath us, striving desperately to please us both. I had intended to save my load for her pussy after him, but the sights and sounds were too much. I shot into her mouth as he flooded her womb. Vivian moaned as we filled her, begging us to give her all we had.

CHAPTER 7

Our bed at the resort was huge and we stumbled home in the early morning hours and fell into it. Vivian was exhausted. She skipped a shower to crawl naked under the covers. I shed my clothes and joined her, tired, but not like she was. I spooned behind her and wrapped my arms tight.

“Love me?” she mumbled.

“I do.”

We cuddled, wiggling our bodies closer.

I think we were both in shock.

She radiated heat. I felt an electric tingle every place where my naked skin touched hers under the covers. In the last twenty-four hours our world had first collapsed and then exploded, destroying every understanding we had of ourselves, our love life, our marriage. My head spun like a top in a hurricane. I was sure hers did too. We weren't even the same people we were yesterday.

I hugged my wife tightly. She pushed herself into my arms. Despite the enormously satisfying and freeing sex we'd had, I sensed a tension lingered. Maybe because we were finally alone, we were drawn towards intimacy again. I tested the mood with a soft kiss on the nape of her neck. She tilted her head away slightly, offering more skin. I kissed her again.

No words were exchanged. I kissed her shoulder and then her back. She leaned a little farther away. I followed the path I'd begun, shoving the covers away and trailing soft and tender kisses down her spine. When I reached the small of her back, I gently pulled her hips towards me, rolling her flat on her back. She was weary, wiped out, but she parted her legs a little anyway. I kissed over her hip to her belly button and then lower, lightly tracing a line of kisses towards her mons. Her mouth opened and she exhaled, drained of all passion but still craving more. I inhaled the scent of warm bread: her, and all of them, soaking her insides. I kissed just above her clitoris and my wife softly gasped, hoping. Her legs opened a little more.

Our life since yesterday had been an absolute rollercoaster. A simple mistake had launched us off the precipice and into the abyss, and we'd learned we liked it there.

I held my mouth open over her clit and exhaled hot air on her tender skin. I gazed at her pink and swollen pussy, treasured by all four of us, filled and flooded by all four of us. I pursed my lips and lowered for a kiss and Vivian moaned. She couldn't take more but she wanted more. I planted my lips softly over her clit. I felt her hand rest gently on the back of my head. I slipped my tongue through my lips and slithered between her slick folds, seeking, hunting, finding the little hood covering her sensitive nub and dragging my tongue across it.

"Fuuuuuck," she whimpered, trembling.

I pulled it back and sent it across again and Vivian lifted her hips to my mouth. I pressed my tongue firmly on her little button and wiggled it and my wife gasped. Her sensitivity was through the roof. I shifted my mouth to cover her mound and sent my tongue probing, splitting her lips, exploring her slippery folds, snaking ever deeper into her tight hole. I quickly heard her moaning. I gently sucked her pussy as I slithered into her steaming tunnel.

"Babyyyyy," she moaned. "You'll make me cum again."

She had no energy for it. An orgasm was not something she could chase. But she could lie there and let me worship her, licking and sucking her used cunt. I tossed the covers off and she lifted her head to watch me. She dropped back to the pillow after a moment, stroking my hair.

"So goooood," she muttered. "So sweeeet."

Her hips began a slight rocking on their own. She was grinding her cunt into my mouth without knowing it. I used my tongue like a cock and let her fuck herself on it until she ran out of energy. That burst was her last. She lay like a dead woman, allowing me to do anything I wished. My limp dick was tired, and I had no plans to fuck her. I simply craved the taste of her many intimacies. We'd traveled far over the line. Her breathing quickened. I was going to make her climax while she laid there motionless. I softly licked and sucked and probed until her mouth opened and her chin rose. Her pussy tightened around my tongue, squeezing me in her grip and forcing some of the men she carried to leak and trickle down her asshole. I wiggled deeper.

"Unnnnggggh," she groaned.

She orgasmed on my talented tongue.

I continued my teasing until I felt her body melt. She fell asleep with my tongue inside her. I climbed the bed and spooned her again, drawing the covers over us.

We slept for twelve hours.

CHAPTER 8

Vivian exited the boutique with a bag in hand. I sat on a bench under a shade tree. She'd purchased a new one-piece bathing suit, because old habits die hard, but this suit was nothing like any she'd ever owned. The neckline plunged to her navel and the straps over her shoulders were cut so deep that plenty of side and under-boob showed. Her hips were exposed, and a thong nestled between and separated her butt cheeks. The fabric was thin and without lining. She'd display a lot of skin before it got wet. Wet, she'd show everything. She stopped before me and looked down.

"I'm horny," she said.

"I'm sure you are. You've been trying on sexy bathing suits all morning."

"What should we do about it?"

The answer was so obvious I had to pause and think, what was she really asking?

"What would you like to do about it?" I asked.

She dropped on the bench next to me. Our time with the surfers was several days behind us. Vivian and I had been in dozens of social situations since, and each time I'd coached her on how to flirt. She was amazing in bed now. Insatiable. But she froze when she first met an attractive man and turned awkward, fumbling her way through an encounter until the man, bewildered, wandered off. Lately she'd grown reluctant to try, embarrassed by her ineptitude.

"Well," she laughed. "If I'm being completely honest, I'd like for you to find me a handsome stud, tell him to get himself hard, and have him waiting in a big bed for me. That's the fantasy, anyway."

I laughed too.

"That's efficient. Where do I find a guy like that on this island?"

She shrugged.

"Call Kit," I said. "I bet she knows how to track down such a man. She must know tricks, what to say, where to look."

“Kit is several thousand miles away. She’s resourceful and an amazing best friend, but I think a request like that would strain even her abilities. I’m afraid the task falls to you, my loving husband.”

I made a face. She’d joked at first but now her voice held a serious edge. I think she meant what she said.

“You do realize how preposterous that sentence is, right? Husbands are not tasked with finding their wives lovers.”

She laughed.

“If the challenge is too great,” she said, trailing away.

I hate that she knows me so well. My pride demands I solve every problem. I got annoyed.

“I have a sauna and a massage scheduled thirty minutes from now,” I said. “You keep shopping. I’m headed back to the resort. Let me know if you find your guy.”

We kissed and parted company. I looked back at my lovely wife. She’d worn another light dress, but she moved differently now. She seemed more comfortable in her own skin. Not self-assured. Not suddenly confident. But more like she no longer carried a burden. Like all her life she’d carried a heavy weight, and that was gone now.

End Part One.

Part Two Coming Soon!

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