

*Lexi  
Archer*

**Vacation  
Fling**

# VACATION FLING

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**LEXI ARCHER**

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Vacation Fling

Lexi Archer

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First digital edition electronically published by Lexi Archer, July 2025

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## DEPARTURE

“Great,” Cara said. “We wake up at the ass crack of dawn to get to the airport in time to get through TSA and all that bullshit, and now our flight is delayed.”

I turned and looked Cara up and down. Sure it was early in the morning, and sure we’d just rushed from the house so we could make our flight on time, but she was still incredible.

Then again, she was the kind of woman who’d look amazing in anything. The kind of lady who had that effortless beauty that made men stare and other women jealous.

Hell. Maybe some women stared, too. I’d caught a few looking at her, and I couldn’t decide if it was jealousy or something else.

I’d been busy staring, too, and my cock twitched every time I caught someone trying to sneak a peek at my wife without looking like they were trying to sneak a peek at my wife.

“It could be worse,” I said with a shrug, figuring now wasn’t the time to hit on my wife. Not when she was so obviously annoyed.

Cara turned and hit me with “the look.” I’m sure any married man knows the look. I’m sure every married man ever has gotten that look from his wife at least once.

I don’t care if you’re the happiest married couple in the world. I don’t care if you’re on your honeymoon. You’ve gotten the look.

And I was getting that right now.

“How could it possibly be worse?” she asked.

“At least we’re still on an Airbus and not a Boeing, right?” I said, shaking my head and chuckling.

And suddenly “the look” got positively dangerous. Like the kind of thing that tickled warning centers in the back of my brain that hadn’t been tickled since the days of ancient man when we had to worry about saber-toothed cats coming out of the tall grass and trying to eat us.

Those danger centers were pinging now. Though Cara was way hotter than any saber-toothed cat.

“That’s not funny, and you know it,” she said. “You know I’m nervous about flying as is.”

“I know, and I’m sorry,” I said, holding up my hands. “That wasn’t a very nice thing to say.”

“You’re damn right it wasn’t,” she said with a sigh.

She looked out through the big windows where a plane was finally pulling up to the gate. Sure enough, it was an Airbus. I’d made sure to look them up so I’d be able to tell at a glance. Not to mention I’d double checked that’s what we were flying on.

I sure as shit knew my wife, a nervous flyer if ever there was one, was going to know the difference.

“Thank God,” Cara said with a sigh. “I never thought I’d be eager to get on a jet.”

“Stranger things have happened,” I said, staring at the thing.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” a voice came across the loudspeaker. “We thank you for your patience, and ask that you wait just a little longer. We’ll unload the plane and then start boarding in about thirty minutes.”

That elicited a collective groan from everyone in the terminal. I heard a slight giggle from Jessica down below. I looked down at her and smiled.

She was old enough to move around, but also old enough that a tablet was enough to occupy her. Which had me feeling guilty every time I relied on it as a babysitter, but it was better than having a young screaming child melting down on a plane.

Though I knew this was going to be the first time we’d head down to visit the in-laws in Florida without worrying about their half-assed baby proofing.

Like they were enthusiastic about being grandparents, sure, but it was clear it’d been a couple of decades since they had to deal with having a

baby or a small child in the house. There were some growing pains for all of us as we made it clear that things like leaving medicine out on the counter wasn't acceptable when there were little hands who could grab those things and eat them because they looked like candy.

Then again, I'm sure everybody had those growing pains when they were dealing with freshly minted grandparents. We were all learning new things. Or relearning old things, in their case.

We sat down at a seat that wasn't too close to the gate. We'd be in the first group called anyway since we had Jessica.

Though I hoped that didn't cause an argument. We'd gotten some dirty looks from people watching us getting on before anyone else because we had a young kid.

"What are you thinking about?" Cara asked, reaching out and putting a hand on my thigh. Jessica was happily zoned out on her tablet.

"Whether or not we're going to get in a fight on the plane," I said.

Cara snorted. "Yeah, you're gonna be the one to handle that one, buddy. Just make sure you don't piss somebody off to the point an Air Marshal kicks us off. I'm going to be pissed off if we miss our flight after we got up so goddamn early."

"Or you could just flash your tits at them. That'd probably get any dude to get out of the way."

"What, because they're so horrible? Or are you pimping out your wife to get perks on the flight or get out of a fight?"

"Definitely the latter one," I said.

There was a pause. Cara looked all around us. Like maybe she was trying to figure out if there was anyone listening in. Thankfully the coast was mostly clear. The flight was surprisingly empty. Then she turned to me and rolled her eyes.

"So you're on this again?" she asked.

"I don't know what you're talking about," I said, my eyebrows rising in what I hoped was a look of practiced innocence.

"Trying to get me to... y'know."

I turned and looked at her. Honestly? I was surprised she was the one bringing it up. Usually I was the one who brought up this fantasy, and usually she rolled her eyes and went along with it, but it was clear it wasn't her favorite thing.

Sometimes when we were fucking she'd talk about guys she got with before me, but that was about as far as it went. Maybe sometimes we'd fantasize about somebody I'd caught staring at her, though she always said she thought my eyes were broken because there was no way guys were staring at her as much as I seemed to think they were.

Whatever.

"We are going on vacation," I said, hitting her with a wink.

"And what's that suppose to mean?" she asked.

Her eyes darted down to Jessica who was happily playing with her tablet. I was thankful she was the kind of kid who would occupy herself.

We'd been talking about maybe having a second child. That'd always been in the plans, but we were going to have to get on that sooner rather than later if we wanted them to be close enough that they actually played with each other from time to time rather than being utterly disinterested in each other on opposite sides of the house.

"Come on," I said. "She has no idea what we're talking about."

"I don't know," she said. "Kids can be sponges. And besides. We're about to go on a family vacation. Emphasis on family. How the hell are we going to do something like that on a family vacation?"

"That's easy," I said. "I figure a vacation is the best time to try something."

"Oh yeah?" she asked. "And who's going to watch the kid?"

I hit her with a look. She blushed and looked away.

"Come on, Cara," I said. "We're going to have your parents down there. They'd be perfect for watching the kiddo while we go out and enjoy the nightlife."

"Maybe," she said.

My cock twitched. I thought of how many times I'd tried to get her interested in going out to have a little bit of fun. Maybe taking some of the talk we'd always done and turn it into reality.

I never thought she'd actually go through with it. This was the farthest I'd ever gotten.

I wondered if it was because we were so tired from getting up early, or if it had anything to do with the happy pills her doctor prescribed her to make sure she was okay on the three hour flight down to beautiful sunny Florida.

Whatever it was, I felt like I needed to exploit this.

“Besides. It’s not like we have to do... that,” I said.

“Oh really?” she asked, hitting me with a look.

“Yeah, really,” I said. “I mean that would be fun, but maybe it would be nice to go out and remember what it’s like to be young again. Y’know? Going out like old times. Without any cares in the world? Isn’t that the whole point of having grandparents around to watch your kid?”

“Maybe...”

“And if somebody hits on you while I’m watching from the bar...”

I lowered my voice so it wouldn’t be overheard. I also glanced around to make sure there was nobody who could overhear me.

“Well. That might be fun, too.”

“We’ll begin boarding in about fifteen minutes,” a voice came over the loudspeaker, causing me to jump and pulling me away from the intense moment I was having with my wife. I wanted to go over and yell at the flight attendant who kept ruining the moment, but that seemed like the kind of thing that would get me kicked off the plane before I got on.

I really didn’t want to miss this vacation now. Not when Cara was acting like she might actually be interested in playing one of the games that had, up until now, been strictly in the realm of fantasy.

I suppose it was still strictly in the realm of fantasy, but it seemed a whole hell of a lot closer to reality than ever before.

“I don’t know,” Cara said, pulling out her small prescription bottle and popping one of the happy pills her doctor gave her.

My eyes went wide. She turned to look at me as she pulled out a bottle of water.

“What?” she asked.

“You didn’t take one of those yet?” I asked.

“No, why?” she asked, suddenly all business.

I guess the conversation was over, for now, but I sure as shit intended to bring it up again.

“No reason,” I said, thinking it was really interesting she was having that conversation and she wasn’t under the influence of pills that would make her a little loopy.

This week away from home just got a hell of a lot more interesting.

## BEACH HOUSE

“Home sweet home,” I said.

“Yeah, home sweet home,” Cara said.

The taxi pulled up in front of the house and came to a stop. We’d been down to the beach house plenty. A place in Florida where we could stay for free?

Yes, please.

It’d been in Cara’s family for a long time. Long enough they could probably sell it and make a pretty penny considering where it was. Or maybe not, considering there were hurricanes coming through and destroying entire chunks of the coastline on a regular basis.

Not that I worried about any of that right now. The forecast was clear, and there wasn’t anything out in the Gulf that was going to swing in and leave a path of destruction.

No. All we had to look forward to was a week of fun on the beach.

“Cara! Alec!” Cara’s mom said, coming out on the porch and waving at both of us.

I gave her a wave. She had a smile, and that smile only got more intense as she saw Jessica being pulled out of her car seat.

“There’s my baby!” she said, practically squealing as she said it.

She took the steps two at a time. Cara’s dad appeared behind her, a huge grin on his face.

“Hey there, Alec,” he said, coming up and punching me on the shoulder. “How was the flight? I hope my daughter didn’t give you too much trouble.”

“No, not too much trouble,” I said.

The man was aware of what a reluctant flyer his daughter was. They’d had trouble since she was little, but that was fine.

She might be high maintenance in some areas, but I enjoyed maintaining her, to quote a line from the great Chandler Bing.

“It didn’t take all that much to calm her down on the flight this time around,” I said with a shrug. “And we’re down here now. That’s all that really matters, right?”

“Yeah, that’s all that matters,” he said with a grin.

“You’re coming with me right now, you little lump!” the elder Jessica said.

She’d loved it when we told her we were naming the new kid after her. If we had a second one that naming would go to one of my parents.

I shook my head. I still couldn’t believe we were thinking about a second one. It still felt like the first time around was only just happening instead of clinging to the elder Jessica right now.

Trying to get pregnant and joking about how that was the opposite of what we were supposed to do after so long trying to be careful about that sort of thing. Seeing the pregnancy test that told us we were going to be parents. Going through everything.

I turned and hit Cara with a look. Gave her another up and down.

She was in a tank top and shorts. She’d dressed for the weather down here, not back home, though it wasn’t all that chilly back home.

And she looked amazing. She leaned over to get something out of the trunk, and her tank top fell open. Which gave me a wonderful view. I could see everything. I could see it all.

She looked up at me, and her eyes twinkled. She’d caught me looking, but if I had a penny every time my wife caught me trying to catch a glimpse down her shirt...

Well, we wouldn’t have to stay at her parent’s beach house. No. I’d be able to afford one all on my own.

“Caught you looking,” she said.

“I’ll never understand how you catch me looking every time, but you don’t catch every other guy who’s doing it,” I muttered.

“Probably because you’re imagining most of that because...”

She trailed off. She looked over to her parents, but her dad was occupied with carrying our luggage inside and her mom was occupied with Jessica.

“Well... you know.”

“So have you given any more thought to that?” I asked, pulling the last of my bags out and pulling up the app to give the driver a tip. He smiled and gave us a wave, then pulled away.

No offer to help with the luggage. Oh well. It hadn’t been a big tip. Maybe that’s why he didn’t give us an assist.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Cara said with a sniff.

“Of course you don’t,” I said, looking out to the beach.

The houses here were decently close together, but I could still see the beach from here. It looked packed.

One of the downsides of having a beach house in a public place like this was there were lots of people constantly walking around in your backyard. Of course the flipside of that was the Gulf was your backyard.

“Let’s just get in there and get settled,” Cara said. “We can go out on the beach with Jessica and let her splash around a little. Then maybe we can talk about going out together later.”

“Maybe not tonight,” I said, thinking about the long flight and getting up early. “I’m still a little tuckered out from everything.”

“I bet you are,” she said. “It’s just a pity the little one is still too small to be in a room of her own.”

“Yeah, a pity,” I said, looking up to the house and then to the beach beyond.

I saw more than a few people with beach bodies walking around out there. That was one of the differences between Florida and the Midwest.

Sure there were people who kept in shape, but there was something about living in a place where everybody was consistently wearing practically nothing that had a lot of people taking better care of themselves.

Or maybe the kind of person who wanted a beach body also wanted to go to a place where they could show it off, and that’s why we saw all the hardbodies out there doing their thing.

The point was, there were a lot of people out there walking around wearing practically nothing, and I couldn’t wait to see my wife wearing that same practically nothing.

I really couldn't wait to see how other dudes reacted to seeing my wife walking around out there in practically nothing.

It didn't take us long to get in there and get everything situated. Jessica was busy having fun with her namesake, and Harold put all our stuff in the guest bedroom. One of several guest bedrooms.

It really made me wonder if her family had some money once upon a time. They weren't all that wealthy these days, for all that Harold seemed to do pretty well for himself. Or if it was just a strange glimpse into a vanished era where people of modest means could afford a whole hell of a lot more with a whole hell of a lot less.

Even if they didn't have things like the Internet or flatscreen televisions. Though as I turned and looked out the window to the beach, I had to admit there was something to be said for just going out and living life.

Cara closed the door behind her as she walked over to the luggage to unpack things.

"Are we doing the full unpack now?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said with a shrug. "I figured at the very least I'd get some of the beachwear out."

I licked my lips. This was another ritual we had whenever we vacationed somewhere warm and sunny. It was a ritual I was looking forward to now. The reveal of whatever bikini she'd bought for the trip.

She'd gone to one piece suits right after she had Jessica, complaining about nobody wanting to see her mom bod even though I could've told her that wasn't the case, but that hadn't lasted for long. No, she'd bounced back pretty fast.

Though I thought she was beautiful no matter what. I know she'd been self-conscious about it, and she'd spent a lot of time exercising once she felt up to it.

"Well then go ahead," I said, grinning.

"Are you grinning like that because you're looking forward to seeing me in my bikini? Or are you grinning like that because you're thinking about other guys checking me out in my bikini?" she asked, glancing over to the door to make sure it was locked.

It was another part of the ritual that happened every time we came down here. Back when we were dating, when we were engaged, and especially now that we had a kid.

It turns out having one kid was a pretty good way to prevent kid number two. There was no cockblock greater than having a young child in the house demanding attention.

“A little bit of all of the above?” I asked with a shrug, figuring honesty was the best policy.

“Pervert,” she said.

“At least I’m being perverted about my own wife, right?” I asked. “I figure I have to get points for that?”

“I don’t know if you get points for that,” she said, tapping her lips like she was thinking it over. “After all. I saw the way you were looking over the pretty young things on the beach. No doubt thinking about trading me in for a new model.”

I rolled my eyes. “Please, babe. We’re barely approaching our thirties. It’s not like you’re some old crone.”

“You never know,” she said. “You might look at some pretty twenty something and decide you’d rather get with the new hotness.”

“There’s not a chance of that happening,” I said, stepping forward to wrap my arms around her. But she did a practiced little twirl and pushed my hands away, and I knew that was that. For now.

I’d reassured her that she was still the most beautiful thing to me, and now she was going to do her part of the ritual.

She even did a little twirling motion with her fingers. Telling me I needed to turn around so she could do her thing.

So I obliged her and turned around, facing away from her and licking my lips in anticipation.

“You know you’re hotter than most of the hot young college bodies out there, right?” I said.

“You’re just saying that to try and get into my new bikini bottoms,” she said.

“I mean... I do enjoy the idea of getting inside your bikini bottoms,” I said. “But...”

“You enjoy the idea of someone else getting into my bikini bottoms more?” she asked.

I paused. Normally I’d say it was my imagination. Maybe the fantasy taking over. But she kept mentioning that.

“Y’know, I almost think...”

“Turn around,” she said before I could finish that thought and mention that it seemed like she was pretty into the idea of finally indulging in this fantasy.

Or maybe she was just trying to get me worked up. She knew how much I loved this routine. And when I turned around and got a look at her...

“Damn.”

It was bright purple. There were two strips that barely covered her nipples, and when she did a little twirl it showed off her ass. And the thong that was up between her butt cheeks.

“Your dad isn’t going to be pleased about that,” I said even as my cock started to twitch.

“I’m a grown woman,” she said. “It’s like you said. We’re barely pushing thirty, and I figure I should enjoy wearing stuff like this while I can still get away with it.”

“You can always get away with that,” I said, moving in on her.

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## STOLEN MOMENTS

C ara was in the middle of another twirl, her ponytail whipping around, when I came up behind her and grabbed her. I pulled her against me, and she let out a quiet gasp that said she really enjoyed that.

My hands ran up and down her body. I felt how soft and hard she was.

Like I said. She spent plenty of time getting back in shape after popping Jessica out. If anything, she was in even better shape now than she'd ever been, and she'd always been a tight package.

"We really shouldn't," she hissed, though the way she was grinding her ass against my cock told me what she thought of that.

"We shouldn't?" I asked, arching an eyebrow even though she couldn't see what I was doing.

"No, we shouldn't," she said, glancing to the door.

The meaning there was clear enough. She was worried her parents or Jessica were going to bother us. Even tough we might as well be chopped liver as far as our daughter was concerned when grandma and grandpa were around.

"Oh come on," I said, rolling my eyes. "This is the opposite of when we stayed here the first time."

"How is it the opposite from when we stayed here the first time?" she sacked.

"Don't you remember how they fought us about me staying in the room with you? Even though we were practically living together at that point?"

“I do remember my dad clenching his fists like he was about to fight you to preserve his daughter’s honor,” she said with a giggle that trailed off to a moan as my hands moved down.

There wasn’t much in the way, so it was easy enough to slip my fingers into the folds of her pussy.

I moved my finger just around the edge. Teasing at her clit. Which had her moaning and gasping as she pressed her ass against me.

One of her arms moved up and around my back. She gripped at my neck and held me close.

“Fuck,” she hissed. “If you keep that up...”

“Besides,” I continued. “Your parents want another grandkid. They’re the ones who’re always going on about how we need to make a playmate for Jessica, right? I imagine they’ll give us all the time we want on our own to make that happen.”

“Stop fucking talking about my parents when you’re doing this to me,” she hissed.

“Suit yourself,” I said with a shrug, but I kept right at it. Grinding my cock against her ass from behind, and pressing a finger inside her and rolling it around her clit from the front.

Her whole body started to shake. I moved my other hand up and cupped one of her breasts.

And I couldn’t help but think about other guys doing the same thing. Coming up behind her and seeing her in her bikini. Maybe dancing close. Thinking he had a chance, but of course she was a married woman. He never had a chance.

Unless, of course, we were out there playing a fun game. The thought made my cock throb.

She reached behind me and grabbed that cock. Started running her hand up and down its length. Really jerking me off.

The room filled with our heavy breathing. Both of us were losing it and getting caught in the moment.

But I didn’t care. It felt too damn good having her pressed up against me. I put a finger inside her and she gasped again. She started churning her hips against me in a move I knew all too well.

She was trying to get as much of my finger inside her as possible, and I wanted as much of my finger inside her as I could. Her body started to twitch, then she let out a quiet gasp. Her hips were moving back and forth.

In my mind I imagined she was out on some dance floor at some bar on the beach. We'd gone to plenty of them.

There'd even been one time a couple of years ago, before Jessica, when she'd been dancing and a guy had come up behind her. She hadn't realized what was happening until it was too late, and I'd been dumbfounded as I watched him dancing up against her.

Her eyes closed as she pressed against him. She'd never done that before, for all that I'd admitted I got hot at the idea of guys getting hot thinking of her. I'd admitted it, but we hadn't gone any farther than that.

Then there'd been the moment when she turned around and blinked. When she realized it wasn't me she was dancing with.

We'd gone back to the house that night, to this very room, and fucked like rabbits. It'd been one of the hottest nights either of us ever spent together.

I wondered if that's what she was thinking about now.

"Oh fuck," she hissed.

She started repeating it over and over. A mantra as she moaned quietly. That quiet moan was a symphony to my ears. I loved hearing my wife coming. I loved knowing I was the reason she was coming like that.

Finally she tensed. She held herself against me. I held absolutely still. I knew Cara well enough to know when it was a good idea to not do a damn thing.

Then it was over. She collapsed back against me. Her hand was still wrapped around my cock, and it felt great.

She turned and looked at me. Her eyes were lidded as she stared up at me.

"Damn," she hissed. "Things like this make me bummed we didn't go for the mile high club after all."

My eyebrows shot up at that. "I didn't even realize that was a possibility."

"Probably not," she said with a sigh. "Not with Jessica with us. But that was fun. Where'd that come from?"

"You know exactly where that came from, babe," I said, licking my lips as I took her in.

"I knew you'd like this," she said, biting her lip and giggling.

"I more than like it," I said.

“Are you thinking about all the guys who are going to be checking out your wife in this thing?” she asked.

“I am,” I said.

I’d always figured honesty was the best policy. Especially talking about this fantasy. I’d always been pretty straightforward with her about it.

“The real question is, what are you thinking about when you wear that?”

“I don’t know,” she said with a sigh. “But maybe there is something to what you said.”

“There is?” I asked.

It’s not like we had one of those marriages where the husband was never right, but I was also surprised to hear her say that. Especially on this subject.

It was something we’d gone back and forth about plenty of times over the years. Something I’d told her about, then eventually gave up on. I figured if she was willing to do some dirty talk...

Well, that was a whole hell of a lot more than some guys ever got from their wives when it came to this fantasy.

“We’ll just have to wait and see, won’t we?” she said. “Maybe we can go out and have some fun, but it remains to be seen what kind of fun we’re going to have.”

I groaned. She was killing me with all this teasing. I wanted an answer out of her, but at the same time...

Well. She seemed to be in a fun and flirty place. A place where she was willing to go up to the red line that’d been pretty firmly in place in our relationship all this time, but maybe she wasn’t willing to cross that line just yet.

And I figured if I played my cards right? If I kept things breezy and flirty? Maybe there was a chance she’d cross that line. Maybe there’s a chance she’d tiptoe up to it and not realize what she was doing until it was too damn late.

I wasn’t sure what I thought about trying to trick my wife into fulfilling this fantasy, but I also knew I liked the idea of trying this with her.

“I still need to take care of you,” she said, looking to the bed and back to me. The she looked down to the bikini bottoms that were basically floss. They were wet now, too.

Oops.

“So what do you think, babe?” she asked. “Want to get it on? Do you want your come running down your wife’s leg as we walk down the beach?”

“I’m not sure that’s even an option considering the kind of bottoms you’re wearing,” I said, though it was a compelling mental image she was painting for me.

“Oh, it’s always an option,” she said with a shrug. “The question is whether or not that’s something you want.”

“Who are you, and what did you do with my wife?” I asked.

“What do you mean?” she asked.

I looked to the door, then back to her. This seemed like the kind of conversation that would put the fun flirty thing in danger, but I had to ask.

“I mean... aren’t you the one who’s always going on about how you’re a parent now? About how we can’t risk doing things like this anymore?”

It’s not like she’d unilaterally declared an end to any sort of fun. We still had a sex life, sure. When the two of us weren’t exhausted from dealing with a kid.

Which was something that had me terrified about what was going to happen when we added a second kid into the mix.

She bit her lip as she looked up at me, then sighed. I worried that I’d said the wrong thing and ruined the moment.

“I don’t know,” she said. “I mean we’re down here, and it feels like old times. It feels like when we were first together. Or when it was just the two of us and there was no worry about Jessica or any of that stuff, y’know?”

“Yeah, I know,” I said.

“And you said it yourself. We’re going to have my parents to watch Jessica. So we’re going to have a little less responsibility than we’d usually have, right?”

“So what. You’re thinking that because we have your parents to do babysitting duty, we can go out and pretend we’re in college all over again or something?”

I wasn’t so sure about that. I mean the idea was intriguing, don’t get me wrong, but...

Well. I was painfully aware we were older. Sure we were in our late twenties now, but we couldn’t stay out as late as we did once upon a time. Not to mention it didn’t seem like a good idea to come stumbling back to her parents’ house in the middle of the night drunk off our asses.

But still. The idea of going out and having some fun while we didn't have to worry about paying a babysitter ridiculous amounts of money for the kid...

Well, it was intriguing. It had me thinking about the old days. About that time we went to the bar and Cara let some other guy dance up against her and then we came back here and fucked like rabbits.

"Anyway. Right now I need to take care of you, Mister," Cara said, taking a step forward and reaching for my cock.

My cock throbbled as she wrapped her hand around it. God I needed to get off. I needed...

The door rattled. I looked over in a panic, and Cara pulled her hand away from my dick like it was a hot branding iron. We looked at each other, our eyes wide and then we both devolved into giggles.

"Good thing you locked the door," she said, breathing a relieved sigh.

"Do you think this is fucking amateur hour or something?"

So much for getting off right now, but already this vacation was off to a promising start.

## ALONE TIME

"So the two of us have been thinking," Harold said, putting his fork down on his plate with a light clang.

"Oh, yeah?" I asked, smiling at him. "I hope that didn't hurt too much."

Harold grinned and shook his head. "This guy has jokes."

"Sometimes," I said. "But true genius is never appreciated in its time."

I glanced next to me where Cara sat. She merely rolled her eyes to let me know what she thought of my comedic genius.

"Welcome to married life," Harold said, laughing and shaking his head. "I tried to warn you, didn't I?"

"Harold," the elder Jessica said, "Don't be an asshole."

"Guilty as charged," he said, laughing and shaking his head again.

"Wait, what did he try to warn you about?" Cara asked, looking at me and frowning.

"That the women in this family are certifiable," I said with a shrug. "You know, the usual father-in-law to son-in-law type of stuff. He gave me a chance to get out while the getting is good."

"Dad, you didn't," Cara said.

"Of course not, baby," he said.

He managed to hold his serious look for the space of a breath. Only a breath, and then he cracked. Jessica cracked next to him, and then Cara.

It was nice that everybody could have a good sense of humor. That was one of the things I really enjoyed about her family.

"Anyway," I said, "I'm sure a fake warning you gave me before I married your daughter isn't what's on your mind considering we've been married for years and have a kid now," I said.

"Oh, that should always be on your mind," he said, shaking his head.

Meanwhile, I felt a touch at my side. I looked down and saw Cara's hand pressing against my thigh. She started trailing a finger back and forth.

I glanced across the table, but it was a big stone slab sort of thing that was on the lanai at their house.

Even the idea of having a lanai was something that seemed foreign to me. Though I'd been coming down to their house in Florida for a decade now. That seemed like the kind of thing that should exist on that old *Golden Girls* show my grandma watched when I was a kid, and yet here I was.

"But seriously," Harold said, shaking his head again. "We were thinking about how it's been a while since the two of you had any time off."

"I well remember what it's like to have young children," Jessica said, looking at Cara pointedly. Then she muttered. "Maybe that warning your father gave your husband wasn't all that bad after all, especially considering some of the heart attacks you gave me over the years."

"Mom," Cara said, rolling her eyes.

"Anyway," she continued on, "We were just thinking that the two of us would be more than happy to spend some time with little Jessica if the two of you wanted to go out and have a little bit of fun."

There was a pause. I turned and glanced at Cara. Meanwhile, my cock was getting hard under the table.

I was glad it was happening under the table. I really didn't want my in-laws, or my daughter for that matter, to know what was going on. For all that Jessica would have no idea what was going on here, but still. It was the principle of the thing.

What they were saying was so close to what we'd been talking about earlier. Before we were so rudely interrupted by Jessica. Which was one of those occupational hazards when you had a child her age.

At times like that it reminded me why we'd decided to wait a little bit before trying for a second kid. Plus Cara had some issues with her siblings. She'd been the youngest of three. Her mom wasn't joking around when she

rolled her eyes and talked about having a difficult time with the children growing up.

"That might be fun," Cara finally said.

"We thought the two of you might agree," Harold said. "Besides, we want to spend plenty of time with our granddaughter. You never know when one of us is going to..."

He suddenly jumped. Jessica's face didn't change at all. She brought a fork up to her mouth without saying a word. She was the very definition of prim and proper.

But I also knew what was probably going on under the table over on their side, and it definitely wasn't anything as interesting as what Cara was doing with me.

Her fingers continued to move, and then they were touching my shaft. Running up and down the length of my cock, which had me shivering and shuddering all over again.

Really not the kind of thing we were supposed to be doing with the in-laws right there. It was the kind of thing she might've done back when we were still in college together and getting to know each other. Back when everything had been new and exciting.

It was funny how everything was starting to feel new and exciting all over again.

"Now I know you might be worried about leaving Jessica alone with us," the elder Jessica said, no doubt thinking of some of the baby proofing growing pains we'd had. "But I promise that..."

"No, that sounds fine," Cara said. She turned to our daughter. "What do you think, honey? Do you want to spend some time with grandma and grandpa?"

Jessica's eyes went wide, and her face split into a grin. Okay, I guess that was one problem solved.

"Time with grandma and grandpa?" she shouted at the top of her lungs. "You know that's my favorite thing ever."

I exchanged a glance with Cara. The kid had been going through a phase where it seemed like she was afraid of everything. Which I could totally understand. I'd gone through a similar phase as a kid when I was convinced there was a werewolf lurking in the basement at my house, and if I even so much as opened a door to the place then it would reach out and rip my lungs out.

I hadn't even been all that big on watching horror movies when I was a kid. I got that from some stupid song my parents listened to on the classic rock station from time to time.

So I could totally understand the kiddo having some anxiety about being away from her parents. I'd worried that anxiety would keep her from wanting to leave us, but I guess that wasn't going to be a problem.

"I guess that solves that," Cara said with a laugh and a shrug. "We can go out and have a little bit of fun."

"Yeah, a little bit of fun," I said.

"We thought the two of you might enjoy some alone time, especially after little Jessica went looking for you earlier."

Cara looked at me. I looked back at her. We locked eyes with each other. A blush came to my face.

It was a look that said, "Did she really just say that?"

I guess we'd been caught. Then again, we'd been fucking under their roof for years now. They shouldn't have been surprised we snuck off to have a little bit of fun. I wondered if they'd be scandalized if they saw the kind of bikini their daughter was going to be walking around in this week.

Though it wasn't the kind of bikini she was going to walk around in while they were around. She'd showed me the family-friendly mom suit she brought, which still looked damn amazing. Mostly because it was wrapped around her body. Still, I couldn't wait to see her in all the outfits she'd brought.

"Anyway, our home is your home. We just wanted the two of you to know that," Harold said. "And if you ever want to go out for an evening, then we're more than happy to watch the kid."

"It will have to be on a day when we're not going to see the mouse," Cara said.

"That should be easy enough though," I said.

It was a bit of a drive to get over to the mouse after all, and we'd just done the one day. I purchased an annual pass to the place after I got a bonus from work that was very generous, thank you very much.

It allowed us to come down here, stay at her parents place, and then go and enjoy the most magical place on Earth. Not the happiest place on Earth, that was all the way out in California. Which was a distinction a lot of people didn't make, but whatever.

"Well, obviously," Jessica said. "But the two of you are going to be here for the next nine days, right? So I figure that means there's plenty of time for you to go out and have fun. Go to the beach. Go to a nice restaurant. Go to some of the bars and get a little tipsy. You can take a car back here."

I turned to Cara and arched an eyebrow. She did the same to me.

It's not that I was surprised we were getting that offer. They were always going on about how we needed to spend more time with each other, and they needed to spend more time with little Jessica.

But the kiddo had also been too young every other time we'd been here. Maybe she was finally getting to the age where they felt like they weren't going to get too overwhelmed taking care of her.

Of course, if they thought she was going to be easier now that she was older? Well, they were right in some ways. But they were about to find out just how wrong they were in some very interesting ways too.

Not that I was going to disabuse them of any notions of how difficult it would be to watch the kiddo for a little while. No sir. Not if it meant getting to go out and have fun with Cara. Especially the kind of fun we'd been talking about earlier.

My cock twitched as I thought about having that kind of fun. The kind of thing that never really happened before other than letting someone dance a little close to her.

I shivered when I looked over to Cara. She hit me with a smile.

No doubt she thought I was shivering because of her hand on my cock, not because I was thinking about her dancing up close with some random guy.

Or maybe she did know what I was thinking about. She was my wife, after all. She knew me well. I smiled and turned to look at Harold and Jessica.

"Yeah, I think that would be great. Get out and live a little."

"It's important to get out and live a little," Jessica said. "Keep the spark alive. Sometimes it's a good thing to go out and remember why the two of you got together and had a kid in the first place, you know?"

Again, we exchanged a glance. It was so close to what we'd been talking about earlier in the bedroom that it was almost eerie.

"Yeah, I know," I said, grinning at my wife.

I'd already been looking forward to fun in the sun down in Florida, but now this was looking to have the makings of a truly amazing vacation.

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## TO THE BAR

“I told you it was a good idea to bring some regular clothes,” Cara said. I looked down at my outfit. Then I thought about some of the other stuff in my suitcase.

“What are you talking about? All my clothes are beach clothes. We’re on vacation.”

That earned me an eye roll from my wife. Which was something I seemed to get a lot.

“You know what I’m talking about,” she said. “Most of your stuff could be charitably described as dad clothes.”

“Are you complaining?” I asked. “I’ll have you know you’re the one who fucked me to make me a dad. So by definition, it’s your fault that everything I wear falls under the definition of dad clothes. Not to mention you’re the one who does a lot of the shopping.”

“Don’t remind me,” she said.

This time around she didn’t roll her eyes. No, she smiled. A secretive and knowing smile. The kind of smile that said she was thinking about all the fun we had over the years that led to us becoming parents.

It was one of this things I always joked about with her. She could complain all she wanted about me turning into a dorky dad who told dad jokes all the time, but she was the one who fucked me.

I turned my attention away from my current clothes. A button up beach shirt and some khaki shorts that felt like dad shorts even before my wife

started giving me shit about my clothing choices. I looked to the bar we were approaching.

It was your typical beach place. It looked sort of like those old Cheeseburger in Paradise restaurants. Back before they shut down. I really missed some of the sugary drinks they used to serve in that place.

Most of the seating was outdoors, and there were a bunch of people gathered there. It was a pretty eclectic crowd. There were some who looked like they could be in college, some who looked like locals, and a flood of people who looked like us. Tourists who were looking to have some fun away from the obligations of life, even if only for a night.

The one constant? Everyone was laughing and drinking and enjoying themselves.

I turned and looked in the other direction. This part of the beach had really been built up over the past decade or so. There were condos and large buildings all along the beach. The kind of stuff I figured would be in trouble if all that climate change stuff ended up being as bad for Florida as everybody said it was going to be, but I guess the people buying real estate had their heads in the pristine powdery white sand.

And it's not like it was my problem if the whole thing got blown away by a hurricane. It's not like I had property down here, but it still felt kind of weird to go to a bar and know it might be flooded off the map sooner rather than later, geologically speaking.

"What are you thinking about?" Cara asked. "And I swear if you say the Roman Empire..."

"No, not the Roman Empire this time," I said.

"So what is it?" she asked.

I turned and gave her an up and down. She was in the bikini she'd been wearing earlier. Sure she was wearing a button-up shirt she'd thrown over it, but it was unbuttoned down to her belly button. Which gave a generous view of the rest of her body.

And she had on those impossibly tight and almost not there bikini bottoms down below. She was also wearing a wrap she'd thrown on to cover up. Mostly.

If you looked close enough, hell, even if you didn't look close enough, you got a pretty good look at what was going on under that wrap.

My cock twitched thinking about all the people who'd be getting a good look at my wife in that outfit. I wondered what the gentlemen in that bar

would think.

Then I shook my head. Time to get in the game.

“Honestly? I was thinking about insurance rates for people who have a place on the beach.”

“Insurance rates?” she said, her voice flat.

I could tell I’d stepped in it. That wasn’t the reaction I was hoping for. She probably expected me to gush about how hot she looked, but I tried to be honest with my wife.

“Well, yeah?” I said. “I mean, the people living here are going to be in trouble if...”

“Y’know what? Never mind,” she said, heaving a dramatic sigh. “Let’s just go into the bar and see what there is to see.”

“I mean, I’m enjoying what I’m seeing outside the bar,” I said.

“Oh really?” she asked, arching an eyebrow as she looked at me. “And do you think all the other guys in there are going to like what they see?”

I licked my lips. My eyes ran up and down my wife’s body. There was no doubt in my mind that anybody who got a good look at her was really going to like what they saw.

“Yeah, I think they’re going to enjoy the view,” I said.

“Good,” she said, and then she was walking across the street to the bar.

I stood there staring at her like a goofball. The corner of my mouth quirked up. I loved that view. Then what she said hit home.

Good? What did she mean by that? Was she excited at the idea of guys getting a look at her ass?

She’d always been ambivalent about that sort of thing at best. At least when we talked about it. Sure she’d talk about how she didn’t like it when I talked about her being naughty when we were out. Not that we’d had a chance to be out in a while. But when we actually went out and she had somebody dancing up against her?

It was pretty easy to see she enjoyed it. That she loved the idea of a guy getting hot and bothered dancing close to her.

It was something I’d always had trouble understanding. The way she both seemed to love guys paying attention to her while also getting annoyed that I got hot and bothered talking about it in the after-action report.

I focused on her ass in particular. Cara had an ass that was worth looking at any day of the week. She was the full package. Even after having a kid.

She'd spent plenty of time in the gym to get back in shape. She was a MILF in every sense of the word. Like I thought she could easily match any of the college hotties out partying at this bar.

And she had plenty of competition. We were here during spring break, which meant plenty of college hotties hanging around.

Which naturally led to me thinking about some college guy getting a look at my wife. Maybe thinking he had a chance and shooting his shot.

I shivered. Then my wife stopped. She turned to look at me. She smiled and shook her head, then she blew me a kiss.

I frowned. I wasn't sure what that meant, but I was intrigued.

Then she made her way into the bar. Some guys walking out turned to watch her walking in. One guy in particular focused on her ass. No doubt trying to get a look through the material that was almost translucent, but not quite.

Just close enough that he probably thought he'd get a look at her ass, but instead he just looked like a pervert trying to catch a look.

Then the moment was over. I wondered if she had any ideas those guys had been checking her out. But she was already in the bar, so it's not like I could ask her.

No. I'd allowed myself to get lost in the moment. I was so busy staring at her that I wasn't close enough to point out that guy had been checking her out.

Oh well.

I made my way up to the bar and walked in. I even walked past those dudes who'd just been checking out my wife.

They didn't so much as give me a second glance. Why would they? They had no way of knowing I was with her, after all.

There was an intriguing idea. It was a game we'd talked about playing sometimes. Something we'd tried at least once when we were younger.

We'd go into a bar, and I'd pretend to pick her up. There'd even been a couple of times when guys had walked up and started hitting on her, but she quickly made it clear she wasn't interested in what they were putting out there.

I wondered how that would work now, though. There seemed to be a strange energy going on here. Something told me we might be taking things a little farther than we ever had before.

Or maybe that was so much wishful thinking on my part. I didn't know for sure, but I wanted to find out.

I looked around. I could still see most of the bar even in here. It was open from all angles, pretty much the same as every other beachside bar.

I could even see the Gulf on the other side, and hear the waves crashing against the beach. It was getting later in the day, and the water was more of a purple color than the pristine blue we'd see in the middle of the day.

Then again, if we came here in the middle of the day? It'd be a completely different crowd. This looked like a place that catered to families during the day and then turned into a party destination once the lights turned on and the sun went down.

I looked around for Cara. I'd expected her to be right here waiting for me at the entrance, but she was nowhere to be found.

Interesting. I wondered if she'd gone to the bathroom to freshen up. Which would be odd since we just got here, but not all that out of the ordinary.

So I went over to the bar and ordered a beer. Then I made my way over to a table in the corner where I had a good view of everything.

I figured when my wife eventually showed up, which she had to at some point, then I'd be able to wave her over and the two of us could chat and enjoy the view. Pretend we were still young, dumb, and full of...

Well, I hoped she'd be the one who was full of come by the time the night was through, but who knew where the night might lead?

## DANCING

I glanced down to my watch. A good ten minutes had gone by since we showed up at this place, and still no sign of Cara. She was like a ghost.

That was odd. Lots of bad things that could happen to people when they were on vacation ran through my head. The kind of stuff that had people showing up on a true crime podcast.

I didn't think that was going to happen here, but I was well aware it could happen to people. Even though I didn't want to think like that.

I turned and looked at the bar again. More people were pouring in as the night wore on. Every once in a while somebody would look over to me at my small table in the corner and frown. Like they were annoyed one person was taking up a table, even though it was a two top at best.

I picked up that lingo from a friend of mine who worked as a waiter back in college.

I took another sip of my beer. I was nursing the thing because they were fucking expensive down here. It seemed like everything was fucking expensive at the beach.

Which was at odds with the kind of dives we used to go to in college.

"You're not in the same tax bracket anymore, bucko," I said, chuckling and shaking my head as I thought about how our tastes had gotten more expensive as time went on.

I didn't think a college dive that catered to students who wanted the cheapest booze possible was the kind of place that would appeal to us now.

There were privileges that came with getting a little older and having a little more money.

Even though I also cast jealous glances on some of the younger people who were probably here for spring break. The ones who had the kind of money that let them party here.

Probably partying on mom and dad's dime. Which wasn't something I'd ever had.

I turned in the other direction and looked out towards the gulf again. I could see boats bobbing out there. I thought about the old line about how the best days of any boat owner's life was the day they bought the boat and the day they sold it so it was somebody else's problem.

I chuckled. I wondered if that was true, or if that was something people said because they were jealous of people who had boats.

It was another one of those things that would've been fun, for all that I'd also heard the best way to go boating was to have a friend who owned a boat.

And as I stared out over the water, I realized there were some lights coming up from down below. I frowned and saw there were string lights coming up from somewhere. The kind of thing somebody would put up on an outdoor patio or something, but I couldn't quite see where they came from because of the angle where I'd been sitting in a dark corner near the bar.

I frowned. That looked like there was more to the bar. What was up with that?

I looked down at the table, and then over to the entrance. I figured if I left then somebody else would come along and claim it before I could get back, but it's also not like Cara had made an appearance.

She hadn't bothered to bring her phone out. Nowhere to store it. I was the one paying for everything tonight since I could bring my wallet.

She had her watch, but talking on that was always a pain in the ass. Besides, a glance at my phone told me we didn't have any reception.

No chance of texting her. Too many people in one location, and not enough cell towers to provide coverage. I was shit out of luck if I couldn't find my wife the old fashioned way.

So I left my table and went over to get a look at where those string lights were going. Only I still couldn't get a good look. Still, it seemed like there was definitely more to the bar that I hadn't seen.

I didn't see any stairs going down, so I moved through the bar. It was set up in a square with the bar in the middle and seating all around. When I got to the other side I realized the whole place opened up in the back. There was a big deck out there that had a view of the ocean. And there were also stairs leading down.

Apparently the deck and the front of the bar was the second floor when you moved to the back. Like everything sloped down.

I glanced around the back patio, wondering if Cara had somehow made her way out here. But again, she was nowhere to be found.

There was a large group of what looked like sorority girls gathered together. I could tell because a couple of them had Greek letters on their bikinis that barely covered their tits.

It was an interesting look. I found myself staring for a moment and thinking back to my own college days. I wondered how the time had gone by so quickly that I was thinking about college as the old days that'd ended almost a decade ago.

I shook my head and kept moving. I didn't want to look like an old pervert checking out the college girls, for all that a couple of them looked in my direction and hit me with lingering looks.

Maybe they weren't interested, they were out with their friends after all, but those looks were definitely lingering.

I shook my head and made my way over to a ramp. Not stairs. It was a wood ramp that doubled back leading down to a wooden dance floor that opened out onto the beach. There was a DJ down there, and lights flashed as people moved with the music.

There was also a raised platform that faced out towards the beach. And here was where I finally found where my wife had disappeared to.

My cock twitched as I got a good look at what was going on down here. She wasn't out on the dance floor quite yet, but she was close. There was a guy leaning over a table. Another one that was small enough for two people to put their drinks on and not much else. They seemed to be deep in conversation.

As I watched she blushed and laughed. She moved a hand out and touched his muscled arm. She ran her hand up and down that arm for a moment. Like she was really getting a feel for it. Trying to cop a feel, even.

The guy looked down at where she was touching him, and then he looked back at her and grinned.

The dude wasn't what I expected, either. Like I half expected her to be with some college guy, but to my surprise he looked like he had a good decade on us. He had close cropped dark hair and a beard with streaks of white running through it, but he looked like he took care of himself.

There was enough white in that beard that he looked older, sure, but he still looked okay. Like he wasn't an old wrinkly man or anything like that.

I stood and watched. Cara couldn't see me over here, and I figured that was right where I wanted to be.

I quietly moved over to another table. It seemed there weren't as many people down here under the deck on the ground level. Maybe because everybody was out on the dance floor.

The guy leaned in and said something. Cara laughed.

It was an easy going laugh. The kind of laugh she might've hit me with back when we were still dating. Back before she got so used to all my moves and my sense of humor that she mostly rolled her eyes these days.

That was interesting. It made my cock twitch again as I sipped my beer.

I also looked around and took in the rest of the dance floor. I didn't want to look like I was focusing on them alone. I didn't want to come across as a creeper.

Though it's not like anyone was looking at me to see me staring at my wife and her new... friend.

I needed to know what was going on here. Was she just passing time because she met a guy who seemed nice and looked good? Or was this more of what she was talking about before? Her deciding to get naughty because we were on vacation and free for a night?

I didn't know, but I wanted to find out!

The guy leaned in and said something else. That had Cara looking up and around. Like she was looking for somebody.

I was pretty sure I was that somebody. I hesitated. I wondered if I should let her know I was here, or if I should stay back here in the shadows.

I was under the deck. There were some lights here, but it was more mood lighting than anything. The kind of place where somebody could sit and watch without having other people seeing what they were doing.

But I decided no. That wasn't how I wanted to play it. She knew I was here somewhere, and I wanted her to know that whatever she was doing? I was okay with it.

Even as there was a queasy churning in my stomach that told me I wasn't sure if I was okay with it at all. But I was going to follow through on this, damn it.

Her eyes darted to the deck above, and then to the ramp. Of course she wouldn't be able to see anything on the deck above unless someone was leaning over the railing, and I knew I wasn't up there leaning on the railing.

Then her eyes moved out to the dance floor, and finally over to where I was hiding. I didn't pull back from that look.

Her eyes fell on me. She stared with an intensity that surprised me. With an intensity that had my cock twitching and throbbing as I stared back at her.

I wondered what would happen. Would this result in an explosion? Was she going to come over to me? Was she going to ignore me?

She merely arched an eyebrow. It was a simple gesture, but it was clear what she was doing. Asking permission without actually asking for permission. A silent question to her husband as she stood there chatting with another man.

I knew I could stop all of this in that moment if I wanted to, but I didn't want to stop any of it. That was the problem, wasn't it?

I gave her a subtle nod. She smiled and turned back to the guy who either hadn't noticed she was looking around, or he didn't give a fuck that she was looking around. He certainly didn't follow her gaze to look in my direction.

Then she was offering her hand to him, and they walked out onto the dance floor.

## FORBIDDEN DANCE

I could only stare as they moved out onto the dance floor. Then beyond that to the beach where people were out walking. Even at this time of night. But there was a clear line between the dance floor the bar obviously owned and the beach where the sand began.

Though there were people walking up to a little shack the bar set up and getting drinks. Interesting.

I wondered how the laws down here worked around drinking at the beach. On the one hand it was something that probably encouraged people to have fun. On the other hand there'd be a lot of annoying drunk people running around the beach which would take away from the fun.

But clearly it was allowed here if they were selling booze to people.

Cara and her knew friend kept close to the edge of the dance floor. They started off innocent enough. Cara started moving and swaying to the music, but it was pretty tame compared to the stuff she use to do back in the day.

I wondered if that was because she was out of practice, or if it was because she was with a stranger and she wasn't sure what to do with this guy. Or what she was allowed to do with this guy.

That definitely wasn't the kind of thing that the temptress, the seductress I knew when we first got together, would be doing. It was actually kind of funny watching her. I thought about taking a video so I could razz her about it later.

I didn't do that, though. I was a smart man. I knew I didn't want to do a damn thing that would discourage my wife from going out and doing exactly the kind of thing I wanted her to do while we were on vacation.

The guy seemed to have some moves. He was swaying to the beat. Like maybe he was used to coming down here to the beach and dancing. I suppose that was a good gig if you could pull it off. Heading down to the beach and hitting on people who were here for vacation.

He could have a string of one night stands. He looked like the kind of guy who could pull in women for that sort of thing. He'd never have to worry about any of that because those one night stands would be gone almost as soon as they'd appeared.

I shook my head. Another one of those things where it seemed like a pretty good gig in the abstract. Like owning a boat. But it probably wasn't all that fulfilling.

No. I was far more happy with the life I had with Cara. Even if some of those life choices meant we didn't get to go out and do this kind of thing as often as I might like.

The guy leaned in closer. He said something in her ear with a smile, and she suddenly got a defensive look. Like maybe he'd just called her out on her dancing, and she didn't appreciate the call out.

Rookie mistake. If he was trying to get into her pants, and I didn't doubt that's exactly what this asshole was trying to do, then he needed to keep her happy.

Or maybe he was negging her. Wasn't that something assholes did? The idea of this asshole getting into my wife's pants by pulling some pickup artist bullshit was intriguing.

Especially because she'd been out of the dating scene for long enough that she probably didn't know some of the new tricks. Or maybe they were old tricks wrapped up in new window dressing and she would know how to react to them.

He took her by the hand when she tried to get away from him. I tensed, wondering if I was going to have to leap to my wife's defense.

She turned and stared at him. Like she wasn't sure what to do. She looked over to me, and I nodded again.

I had no fucking idea if she could even see me from where she was standing, but I wanted her to know it was totally okay for her to dance with this guy. I hoped she could see me well enough that she got the message.

She hesitated for another moment, staring at me from across the way. Like she was trying to read my mind. Then she turned back to him, and she was all smiles.

My cock twitched again. She was really piling on the charm for this guy. It was an interesting feeling watching her doing that. She hadn't had to work for it in a long time.

Not that I thought she really had to work for it with this guy, either. No, he looked like he was putty in her hands. But she also didn't seem to know or understand the effect she had on guys sometimes. She had an effortless beauty, but it was also an unassuming beauty where she didn't realize so many people had the hots for her.

He hesitated for a moment. Like maybe he'd sensed he'd just done something wrong. Then he was moving, pulling her hands along with him.

They exchanged a few more words. They leaned in closer to each other so they could be heard over the music.

It was fascinating to watch. Like she had her guard up. Wasn't that what she was supposed to do? She was a married woman, after all.

She wasn't supposed to let smooth operators like this guy in. She wasn't supposed to move in close to him. She wasn't supposed to dance with another. That went against everything she no doubt thought about how she was supposed to act since I put that ring on her finger.

He reached a hand down to her side and placed it on her hip. She seemed to flinch away from that touch, but he was right there with a smile and what I assumed was an easy word.

Because she melted into him a moment later. Like she still wasn't sure, but she was going to go along for now.

He started moving his body, and he carried her with him.

"It's all in the hips," I muttered, thinking about a line from a movie we'd discovered back in college. An old classic from the '90s.

Except Chubs, God rest his soul, had never put his hands on Adam Sandler's hips and pressed against him like that. Sandler had never looked that good, for that matter.

They started swaying to the beat, and the hesitation melted away. Cara started looking more like the woman she'd been when we were younger. The sexual being I knew was still lurking in there, but the problem was she only did that for me.

And apparently this guy now. Though she still seemed a little unsure of herself as they swayed to the beat.

The guy seemed to realize she was getting more into it. He seemed to be enjoying what she was doing as she got more into it.

That had him getting a little more bold. One of his hands moved around and pressed against her stomach. That sent a primal shiver running through me. I knew I was supposed to have the opposite reaction to a man putting his hand on my wife's stomach like that. To another man being so familiar with her.

That'd never been my response, though. I'd always known I was different when it came to this. All the way back in the day when I'd jerk off thinking about guys trying to dance with my girlfriends at dances.

I was just wired different. I knew it, and I figured I should go with it. Boy were we going with it here.

Cara's eyes opened wide in obvious surprise. Like she wasn't expecting that, but she also smiled as she turned to look at the dude.

He took that to mean she was up for something else. He leaned in like he was going to hit her with a kiss, but she moved her head to the side at the last moment. Which had the guy frowning. He didn't like her moving to the side, but he kept swaying against her. Kept moving his hand in circles along her stomach.

Circles that took him closer and closer to the forbidden treasures on my wife's body. Closer and closer to parts of her that only I'd touched since we got together.

I was very aware that I was the only one who'd touched those parts of my wife's body since we got together. I asked her time and again if maybe she'd had a little too much to drink at a party back when we first got together and made out with a guy or something.

That'd caused no small amount of conflict in our relationship back when it was first getting off the ground. There were times when I thought it was a miracle we ever got to the point that I could even explain my fantasy to her.

She thought I was being jealous. She'd never realized I was looking for jerk off material.

His hands moved around and around. She moved one of her own arms behind his head and wrapped it around his neck.

But she didn't turn to kiss him. Oh no. She had other things in mind. She turned to stare at me, and it was with one of the most intense set of "fuck me" eyes I'd ever gotten from a woman.

And my wife had hit me with some pretty intense "fuck me" eyes over the years. I loved watching her like this. She stared at me, and it was like she was staring directly into my soul. Like she was challenging me to do something.

But of course she knew I wasn't going to do a damn thing to stop any of this. A secretive little smile played across her face that was bathed in lights from the dance floor. A secretive smile that said she knew I was totally into this, and that I wasn't going to do a damn thing to try and stop her.

I shivered. My wife knew me entirely too well. I loved that she knew me that well. I loved that we were finally doing this, even if it was only watching her do a naughty little dance out on some strange dance floor far from home.

Their bodies swayed, moving this way and that. Then the guy leaned in and whispered something into her ear. She turned around and looked at him for a moment, biting her lip, and she looked so goddamn sexy doing it.

I wondered what he'd asked her to do. That was the kind of look she got when I asked her to do something in the bedroom and she wasn't sure about it, but she was at least considering it.

It was a look she got whenever I threw out the idea of doing something exactly like this. Going out to a bar and letting her hit the dance floor and see what happened. See what kind of people she was able to pull in.

Only now here we were, and she was getting that look as she looked at another man. Then she turned and looked at me for a long moment.

At least it was a long moment as far as all this shit was being measured. Then she nodded to the guy and he wrapped an arm around her waist. Such a familiar thing to be doing with a woman he just met.

A very familiar thing to be doing with a woman who was married to another man, but of course he didn't know any of that.

To him? My wife was just his one night stand.

## HIDDEN AWAY

I watched as they made their way back across the dance floor. I was sitting at a table near the back at the edge of the light, but they moved over to a bench in a dark corner.

It was situated under the deck that went over our heads, so they had plenty of opportunity to get up to some fun in the darkness without anybody being able to see what they were getting up to. The perfect place for a man to take my wife if he wanted to have a little bit of fun without anyone else seeing.

I looked at all the other people gathered in that darkness. There were a few people making out. One guy was feeling up a girl and he had his hand under her bikini top. I couldn't actually see anything, though she looked like the kind of lady who would be worth looking at if that dude helped her have a wardrobe malfunction out there where nobody could see.

"Can I get you anything?" a voice asked off to the side.

I let out a surprised cry and jumped. I turned to see a pretty blonde staring at me. She looked like she might be college-aged, maybe a little older, though she probably wasn't going to college if she was waiting tables at a place like this.

I imagined the money she got from being young and pretty, picking up tips from people down here getting a little too drunk, was probably better than anything she could hope to get with a degree.

I looked down at the beer in my hands, then my eyes moved over to the dark corner under the deck where my wife was sitting on that cushioned bench with that older dude. If ever there was a situation that called for a drink, this was it.

"Yeah, I think I could use something a little stiffer than a beer," I said. "Could you just bring me a whiskey?"

"Do you have a preference?" she asked.

"Something that goes down smooth, and I'd like it neat," I said.

I felt like all kinds of an idiot ordering alcohol like that. It'd been so long since me and Cara had gone out to a place like this that I felt out of practice. I felt like I was an imposter. This was the kind of place where people who partied on the regular went. Not the kind of place where a couple of suburbanites who were down on the Gulf of Whatever They Were Calling It This Week would enjoy a little bit of soft swinging.

I glanced over to the darkness again.

"Coming right up," she said, grinning at me.

"Thanks," I said, though I was distracted. How could I focus on something as simple as getting a drink when my wife was over there and the dude was leaning in close?

She giggled as he got close enough for his beard to brush against her cheek. I always kept myself clean-shaven. Cara always talked about how she preferred a dude who was clean-shaven, but she didn't seem to have any trouble with this guy getting up close and personal with her.

Other than the part where she was giggling because of his beard brushing her cheek, that is.

He leaned in and whispered something in her ear, or he was shouting in her ear. The music was pretty loud down here.

I put myself in his place. Imagined how it must feel having a hottie like my wife rubbing up against him. She was pressed up against him, of that there was no doubt. Her body was mashed against his, one of her breasts was pressing up against his side. She looked absolutely gorgeous. The whole thing was seedy, the kind of thing I shouldn't want my wife to be doing, but I wanted to take a video or a picture of everything.

I also wondered what was running through her mind. There'd been so many times when I'd asked her to do just this, so many times when I told her I'd love it if she went out and got a little frisky with another man, so

many times when she acted like I was being ridiculous. That there wasn't a snowball's chance in hell that she was ever going to do anything like this.

And now there she was.

"Here you are," that same voice said.

I jumped again, and then I turned to look at the pretty blonde. She hit me with a smile and her eyes darted across the way to where my wife was sitting.

"I went ahead and brought you a bottle," she said, setting it down on the table. "It costs a little extra, but I figured you might need a little bit of liquid courage tonight with what you're dealing with."

I licked my lips as I looked at her. Her eyes kept darting over to Cara and that dude, and then back to me.

"What am I dealing with tonight?" I asked.

She leaned in, almost conspiratorial.

"You're hardly the first couple from out of town who decided to take a walk on the wild side when you come down to the beach," she said. "Just make sure you don't do anything the two of you are going to regret for the rest of your lives. Sometimes that happens. Especially with people who run into Simon over there."

I licked my lips again as I looked at her. She seemed to have us pegged. She seemed to know exactly what was going on here. More importantly, she seemed to know something about that dude over there who was moving in on my wife.

"Why would we need to be worried about Simon over there?" I asked.

"Because Simon is a handsome man," she said, closing her eyes and letting out a little shiver that I wondered if I was supposed to see. "And he's very good at what he does."

"And what exactly is it that he does?" I asked.

"If you're lucky, then your lady love is going to find out tonight," she said. "And if you're really lucky, Simon might even let you watch. I heard he gets off on that."

This time it was my turn to shiver. She bit her lip for a moment, glancing at me and then over at Simon. Then her eyes narrowed like she was pissed off that it was my wife over there getting up close and personal with him and not her.

Then she was all smiles again. She was trying to get a tip tonight after all.

"Anyway, have fun watching if that's what you're doing. And if I totally missed what's going on here, then forget everything I said and have a good night."

"Yeah, a good night," I said, looking down at the bottle of whiskey she brought me.

It was one of those smaller bottles. Like the kind you could get at a liquor store. I didn't even know they sold that kind of stuff at bars.

I was sure it would have one hell of a markup. This was a bar right on the water. Everything here had a hell of a markup because it catered to people coming in from out of town who were willing to be parted from their money.

But I didn't really care. Not as long as I got to watch what Cara was doing over there.

I poured a little bit into a glass and took a sip. The stuff was smooth. Hardly even a burn at all. Maybe a little more oaky than I preferred in my whiskey. But it packed a punch. That's all I really cared about.

So I tipped it back and finished the rest of the glass. This time there was a little more burn as it went down, but I didn't care. I needed some liquid courage if I was going to get through this night.

That was one of those things that I never considered when I was thinking about having this fantasy fulfilled. I always thought I'd be okay with it. I'd spent plenty of time thinking about it. After all, the fantasy had been living with me for decades. I'd made peace with the idea of getting off at the idea of my woman with another man.

Only now this was happening, and it was so much more than I could've imagined watching it happening live and in person rather than just fantasizing about it. There was an immediacy to it. It made every sense in my body feel like it was going into overdrive, and the whiskey was only helping to dull that sense a little bit.

"I hope you know what you're doing, Cara," I muttered, turning my attention back to them.

Thankfully the bench they sat on was close to the edge of the dark area, so it would look like I was trying to get a look at the dance floor and the beach beyond while I was actually trying to get a look at my wife and this Simon guy.

I wondered what his story was. He seemed to be pretty well put together, for all that I had no idea what made a dude hot. He seemed like the

kind of guy women would be into though. Cara sure as shit seemed to be into him right now!

I wondered if this was his routine. Coming down to a beach bar and hitting on women who were obviously in from out of town. Or hitting on the girls who worked here. That waitress had seemed into him.

Was that because she wanted to get with him? Or was it because she hadn't been with him and she was jealous of the out of towners who did get with him?

That was a pretty good gig for him. I wondered if I could ever pull something like that. Maybe in some alternate reality where I'd moved down to Florida to enjoy the beach life rather than deciding to stick with one woman and starting a family.

Not that I would trade my life for anything, but still. It was one of those "what if" scenarios that was fun to think about.

I kept my eyes on them as he moved his hand down to my wife's stomach again. He started moving it around and around, only this time he was doing a little more exploring than he had out on the dance floor.

And why not? He didn't have anyone to see what he was doing except for maybe somebody who might glance over there, but it looked like that dark area under the deck was the kind of place people ignored on purpose. A no-go zone where people could have a little bit of fun without worrying about anybody creeping on them.

He whispered into my wife's ear the entire time his hands made those motions. He was confident. He didn't stop at any point, and Cara had her eyes squeezed shut. She leaned her head back and her mouth fell open.

I knew that look from my wife. She was enjoying every moment of this, only it was a surprise to see that look coming from another man.

Her mouth fell open and she licked her lips. Her tongue ran along her lower lip for just a moment.

Meanwhile, his hands moved up, up.

I knew what his target was before I even saw him finish the motion. He kept that whispering up in her ear, and then I realized that it wasn't just whispering he was doing.

No, he was licking and nibbling at her ear, and then pausing to whisper some more. She kept her mouth hanging open as he finally moved up and cupped one of her breasts.

That sent a jolt running through me. His hand was on her breast. Sure, she had a bikini top on, but we'd already covered earlier that it was one of those bikini tops that was barely there. Hardly the kind of thing that would be able to protect her modesty.

Not that my wife had much in the way of modesty to protect in that moment as she let another guy feel her up.

She kept her eyes squeezed shut, which wasn't what I expected. I figured her eyes would fly open and she would slap the guy. That the old Cara, the one who told me nothing like this was ever going to happen, would reassert herself and that would be that.

We had a little walk on the wild side. I got the image of another man feeling her up seared into my brain for all of eternity, and that would be the only thing I got out of this. Something to jerk off to.

Only she didn't stop him as he kept his hand there and started to massage her breast.

No, it just kept going and she started to breathe more heavily, her mouth open and obviously gasping at what he was doing to her.

Holy shit.

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## GETTING HOT

I licked my lips and stared as he moved his hand all around my wife's tit. I couldn't believe Cara was letting him do that. This went so far beyond anything I'd hoped would happen when we decided to come out here for some fun.

It's not that I didn't welcome something like that happening. It's just that I didn't think Cara would actually go along with it.

She'd always been adamant that she wasn't going to do something like this. That she didn't think it was the kind of thing a married woman should be doing.

Yet there she was, letting another man feel her up.

My cock throbbed. I felt the blood pulsing down there. I desperately wanted to reach down and touch myself, but I knew that would get me kicked out of here pretty damn quick.

It might even get the cops called on me. There were stories of the exploits of Florida Man, sure, but I didn't think people were so used to craziness down here that they'd put up with a guy jerking himself off under the table.

Even though there were people doing stuff that was pretty close to that over in the darkness.

I held my breath. I wondered if the inevitable moment would come when she finally pushed him away. When she told him she wasn't that kind of girl. Maybe she'd even admit she was married.

But it was a moment that never came. No, she let him keep feeling her up. His finger moved around her nipple, playing with it.

At least I assumed that's what was going on. His finger was exploring a point on the tip of her tit at least, and that was the only thing I could think of.

Cara fell back into the bench that was really more of a cushioned couch now that I got a good look at it. Her mouth was open and her breathing was ragged.

And through it all, the guy was whispering in her ear.

I would have given a pretty penny to hear what he was whispering to my wife as he sat there working on her tit. His cock was rock hard and tenting out in his pants, and it looked like it was a pretty good size.

I'd never been the kind of guy to figure my cock was too small or anything like that. I liked to joke that I gave a woman an average night. But it was clear that he was over at the other end of the bell curve.

That or he stuffed his pants with a sock before he went out of an evening. Though I didn't think that was what was going on here. Not if what the waitress said about him was anything to go on.

His hand moved up and then down inside her bikini top, and then he was touching her bare flesh.

I shivered. I took in a sharp breath. I wondered if this would be the moment when she told him to stop. But again, that moment never came.

No. Her whole body seemed to shudder and shake as he started feeling her up with nothing in between.

Not that the thin material of her bikini had ever been a lot in between them in the first place, but there was definitely nothing in between them now.

He started kissing down along her neck. I glanced over to some of the other people in the dark. They were hardly the only ones who were feeling each other up or making out.

There was one couple where the woman was straddling the guy and practically dry humping him. Which didn't seem appropriate given we were out in public, but a turn to look at the dance floor showed plenty of people doing the same thing out there.

Only they were doing their bumping and grinding vertically rather than while they were sitting down.

Okay. I guess this was that kind of establishment. I'd had no idea when we came here. I figured we'd go to a nice sedate place where people enjoyed drinks and maybe a meal on the beach. But clearly this was so much more than any of that.

I turned my attention back to Cara and Simon.

His other hand was moving down. He'd wrapped it around her, and he had broad arms, strong arms, and big hands with big fingers.

I wondered what those big fingers were about to do to my wife. To the love of my life. To the woman who walked down the aisle and said, "I do" on that fateful day in her beautiful wedding dress, looking up at me and beaming.

We had all that history. All those memories together. Years of experiences.

And she was just a one-night stand to him. A way for him to get his rocks off.

There was something deeply transgressive about that thought.

His other hand kept moving down, and then he frowned. Then he pulled it around so he was attacking her from the other side.

Which meant he didn't have his arm wrapped around her any longer, but he was able to get his hand down inside her bottoms.

She was just wearing that wraparound and her bikini bottom. The bikini bottom that was basically a thong. So it's not like there was much protecting her modesty anyway.

Not that there was much modesty to protect.

I stared at her gorgeous body moving and shaking under this man's attention. Her chest rose and fell rapidly as she took in deep breaths and let them out in gasps. Her hips started to churn as his hands moved down between her legs.

I couldn't see the exact moment his finger moved inside my wife, but I was pretty sure it was happening. It was the only way to explain why she suddenly started humping against his fingers as he kept whispering into her ear.

He tried to move forward and kiss her, but she moved a hand up and pressed it against his face. Pushed him away.

He frowned, but he didn't frown for long. No, she moved her hand down and started rubbing at his cock, and he grinned.

But he didn't try to kiss her again.

I wondered what was going on with that. Was she trying to keep a little something for me? Like she didn't want to kiss him because that was for her husband?

If so, it seemed a touch ridiculous that she was holding off on kissing him. Especially because his fingers were pumping in and out of her pussy.

She was really churning her hips now. Her eyes were closed and she was making no secret of the fact that she was moaning again and again. She kept moving on his fingers.

Her hands moved up and down the length of his cock too, but she never actually put her hands inside his trunks. No, she seemed totally focused on her pleasure. On the way he was feeling her up, on the way he was fingering her.

He pulled up on her bikini top, and then her tits were on display.

I glanced around, wondering if that would be taking things too far. It was technically public exposure after all. But there were other people who were doing similar stuff.

This guy had just exposed my wife's tits to this whole dance floor, and there were a couple of guys who were looking over and staring.

I saw one dude lick his lips as he got a good look at what was going on. Like he was thinking he wouldn't mind being the one over there getting a good look or feel of my wife's tits.

The sexual energy was almost overwhelming. I'd fantasized about this, but it turns out fantasizing about something and actually seeing it happen were two very different things.

I turned my attention back to my wife, and it looked like things were reaching a crescendo with Cara and Simon.

She pressed her hips up, and then she seemed to hold her body in place. She shuddered and shook. She seemed to be screaming, but the music was so loud that it's not like I could hear what was going on. Hell, I didn't think Simon, sitting right next to her on that bench, couch, whatever it was, could hear what was going on either. That's how loud the music was.

It drummed and pulsed. It filled my body. And the impossible burning lust of watching my wife coming on another man's fingers also filled my body with an intense heat.

And then finally, it was over. She moved down to the bench. Simon pulled his fingers out of her pants, and then he moved them up to his lips.

She turned to look at him, her eyes opening. They were still lidded, but she was staring at him. Then they went wide in surprise as he put his fingers into his mouth. As he tasted her.

Holy shit. This man was tasting my wife. Sure he wasn't getting down between her legs and going down on her, but he was still getting a taste of her regardless.

Holy shit. Holy fucking shit.

Then he pulled his fingers away. Cara stared at him for another moment in shock, and then she blinked. She shook her head and looked down. Realized her tits were on display for the whole bar to see.

And that seemed to finally get through the lust haze. She shook her head and scrambled to pull her bikini top back over her breasts.

It didn't take long for her to get situated. Then she looked around in a panic. Like she'd just realized they'd done that in public. That she'd been on display for everybody to see.

Though she seemed a little less panicked as she realized there were plenty of other people doing the same damn thing.

Her eyes darted over to me. I could only stare at her in wonder. She was ignoring me other than that quick glance. Like I hadn't just watched everything.

She leaned in and whispered something to Simon, or maybe she shouted something to Simon so she could be heard over the music. He shouted back at her. They had a quick conversation. He seemed to be trying to convince her of something.

I wondered what that could be. Was he trying to convince her to go back to his place? Did he have a place near the beach?

That seemed like the kind of thing that would be part of his routine. Have a nice condo on the beach where he could take pretty women from out of town and fuck the shit out of them.

I wondered how many wives or girlfriends or fiancés he'd fucked over the years. Damn.

But it looked like it wasn't to be tonight.

Cara stood and moved away from him, though she didn't come over to me. That would be too obvious.

No, she walked back over to the dance floor and stared for a moment, and then looked back over her shoulder to Simon. He grinned at her, but otherwise didn't make a move to try and get her to come back to him.

Finally she moved to the stairs, but not before turning and looking at me. A very pointed look. A very directed look. The kind of look that said I needed to follow her as soon as I could without looking too suspicious.

And then she was gone.

I leaned against my table. I took a deep breath, and then I refilled my glass with whiskey and took another drink.

I didn't know whether to be disappointed or relieved that she decided not to go back to his place. Assuming that's what was going on.

When I put my cup down, I was surprised to see Simon was standing right there grinning.

Shit.

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## A FRIENDLY CONVERSATION

I tried to scramble to my feet to get away from the guy, but unfortunately the whiskey I'd been drinking without really thinking about how I'd been drinking it the entire time I was watching my wife getting up close and personal with this dude was doing more of a job on my system than I'd realized.

The practical upshot was I almost went stumbling back. Almost, but not quite. I managed to stay on my feet.

It helped that he reached out and put a steadying hand on my shoulder. Just enough that it helped me to regain my balance.

There was a quiet strength there. Enough that I knew the guy could totally kick the crap out of me if he wanted to. But with the way he was smiling at me, I don't think that was in the cards.

Yet.

That was odd that he was smiling. It was odd that he was over here looking at me at all. What was his game?

"Can I help you?" I asked, figuring it would be a good idea to play dumb and see where things took us.

"I think the question is, can I help you, my friend?" he asked, that grin getting wider.

He gestured to my small round table. "May I?"

He arched an eyebrow and cocked his head to the side as he asked, and he sounded every inch the genteel stranger asking if he could join me at my

table.

My mouth worked. I didn't know what to say. What was this guy's game? Had he seen me staring at him and Cara? Did he think I was some weird pervert who was interested in him or something?

If he was a Lothario who spent all his time down at the beach trying to get with tourists then it wasn't a stretch of the imagination to think he might also be the kind of guy who was interested in getting with the dudes as well as the ladies.

Not something I was interested in, but if he saw me looking at him? Maybe that's what he was here for.

It was a bit of an odd situation that I was actually hoping he might be over here trying to hit on me now that he'd had his fun with my wife. Because the alternative was he saw me looking at him and Cara, and he was pissed off about it. But he was also trying to be all friendly about it.

I didn't think there was anything friendly about a guy getting caught watching another dude as he was fingering a woman. Especially if he didn't know that woman was my lady love.

"Do I have a choice?" I asked.

Again, he chuckled and shook his head. There was a vague accent as he spoke. It reminded me sort of Ricardo Montalban, but not quite. I had trouble placing it. Maybe it was European. Maybe it was just an amalgamation of a bunch of different accents from around the United States.

Maybe I'd had a little too much to drink.

I looked over to the stairs where Cara had disappeared. She'd be waiting for me. She was probably up on the top level wondering what the hell was taking me so long.

I figured I needed to get this out of the way sooner rather than later.

"Fine, join me," I said. "But I don't have long."

"Of course you don't," he said, that smile never leaving his face. "You have to get back to your lady wife after all."

"I don't know what you're talking about," I lied.

I could tell he could tell I was lying from the moment the words left my mouth. Again, he hit me with one of those ingratiating smiles.

It was the kind of smile that would have almost put me at ease, that would have had me thinking this guy was trying to be my friend.

Were it not for the fact that I knew his fingers had just been inside my wife. If I gave them a smell right now, would I recognize her scent on them? Probably.

That sent a shiver running through me. It was weird to think about smelling my wife on another man's fingers, but that was the world I was living in now.

"Come now," he said, gesturing to the bottle of whiskey still on the table.

I glanced down to it. There wasn't much left. I blinked. I was surprised there wasn't that much left to it. I guess I hadn't realized I'd been drinking that much.

Maybe that's why my thoughts were so jumbled right now. Or it could just be that my thoughts were a jumble because I'd just watched another man fingering my wife and nearly making out with her.

"She wouldn't let you kiss her," I said, my voice quiet. Distant.

"May I?" he asked, gesturing to the bottle.

"She wouldn't kiss you," I said again, my brain running on autopilot.

He shook his head and chuckled. "Thank you for giving that away."

I looked up at him sharply and then down to the bottle. Shit, I hadn't meant to give that away so easily.

"Yeah, go ahead and have a drink," I said.

He picked up the bottle and took a swig directly from it. Then another one.

"I find it helps to have a little bit of courage when I'm having one of these conversations. Go ahead," he said, gesturing to my own glass.

I looked down to it, to the whiskey that was waiting for me, and I took a drink of my own. It looked like we were going to kill off this bottle.

Another something I hadn't done in a long time. Drinking was one of many things I did in moderation these days. But didn't we want to return to the old days? Well, I was getting that and then some.

"I find it's usually a tell when a married woman is out having a little bit of fun with her husband," he said.

I looked up at him. I thought about what the serving girl told me earlier.

"This kind of thing happens to you a lot?" I asked.

"More than you might think," he said, leaning against the table. "I live on the beach. It's a good life, you understand. I get to come down and have

fun. Dancing and drinking and enjoying myself. Exercising. Feeling the sun on my skin, going out into the water."

His nose scrunched up at that. He turned and looked out over the water. I wondered what was running through his mind.

"At least I get to go out running through the water when we don't have to worry about red tide. I wish they would do something about that. But that's not what we're here for."

"What are we here for?" I asked.

"We're here for you and your lady love and this fantasy you have," he said. "I think we both want the same thing."

"We do?" I asked.

Again, my head was swimming. Though I was pretty sure it was swimming because of the fantasy. Not because I couldn't bring myself to confront everything, and not because I'd had a little too much to drink.

"Your wife," he said.

"Well, yeah. I guess we both want the same thing there," I said.

"Not quite," he replied. "We both want the same thing, but we want the same thing for different reasons."

"Go on," I said.

I had the feeling we were walking into a trap. That he'd done this kind of thing before, and he was taking advantage of me and Cara.

"It's simple," he said. "Your wife didn't want to kiss me. Clearly this is the first time the two of you have done something like this, otherwise she wouldn't be quite so reluctant."

"You seem awfully sure of yourself," I said.

"Of course I am," he said. "I've been with plenty of married women over the years."

"I thought you said it didn't happen that often."

"I said it didn't happen that often, but that doesn't mean it hasn't happened enough that I don't have a pretty good feel for couples who are in the same position as you."

"Okay, so go on," I said. "What is it that we both want?"

"That's simple," he said, again hitting me with one of those easygoing and disarming grins. "You both want me to make love to your wife."

I licked my lips, then I took another drink of my whiskey. I wished I had a bigger bottle. I hadn't expected to have to share my liquid courage. I was

surprised he thought he needed liquid courage. It seemed like he was the one who was in control here.

I reminded myself that wasn't really true. He was trying to get with my wife. He needed me to get with my wife. He couldn't have everything he wanted if he didn't have me acting as a co-conspirator.

"So what am I supposed to do about that?" I finally asked, "Assuming we both want the same thing. Do you have any idea how many years it took before I convinced her to even go out and do something like this?"

"And what exactly do you mean by 'doing something like this'?" he asked.

"Going out and dancing with someone else," I said.

"I'm sure it's happened before, no?" he said. "Your wife is a beautiful woman. I can only imagine that she would be interested in going out dancing. I can't imagine there's never been a time when somebody hasn't danced up close to her."

There were times when a scenario exactly like that had happened. I thought about how I'd been hopeful something like that would happen tonight. Back before I realized Cara was willing to go way farther than she ever had before.

"Something like that might have happened in the past, yes," I said.

"Well, there you have it," he said, spreading his hands wide.

"There we have it," I said, but I made sure it was in a tone that communicated exactly how much I didn't get what he was getting at.

"Your wife was willing to do this much tonight," he said. "I felt the way she moved against my body. I felt the way she wanted me. You saw the way she wanted me. That was a woman who was willing to go farther than she did, but she had the thought of you sitting across the room. Waiting. Watching everything she was doing. There was a tiny voice in the back of her mind whispering that this was wrong. That she was a married woman and she shouldn't do that sort of thing."

"So, what? You're saying I should abandon her so I'm not across the room watching?"

"No, that's not what I'm saying at all," he said, hitting me with a grin. "What I'm saying is I want to do so much more to your wife, and I want to do it while you're sitting across the room getting to watch the whole show."

"That seems reasonable."

"Correct. You get to share your wife, and I get to share my moment with your wife. Both things that we desperately want from each other."

"And what exactly would be involved in making this happen?" I asked.

I felt vaguely like I was betraying Cara by even having this conversation, but I also knew the fantasy was calling the shots. The same as it had so many times over the years.

He smiled like a man with a plan, and then he started talking.

I listened.

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## STUMBLING AROUND

I stumbled up the stairs. The music was still blasting behind me, but it wasn't nearly as loud now as just a moment ago. The patio up top did a good job of hiding some of it.

I wondered if that was a noise ordinance thing. It probably got really annoying to people trying to enjoy themselves on the beach if bars were constantly blasting music.

I had to hold onto the rail for support. It didn't help that the world was spinning all around me.

I was a little woozy on my feet. I'd definitely had more to drink than I'd imagined. Damn.

I looked up as a couple of hotties passed by. One wore a bright pink bikini, the other, bright green. They were wearing little more than what my wife had been wearing.

My wife. I thought about her in that bright purple sparkling bikini. The one that was basically floss going inside her ass crack.

Simon never got a chance to feel that floss inside her ass crack. No, he got in the front. He got to feel her pussy while he was feeling up her tits.

He'd basically manhandled her right in front of me.

I shivered, and then I tried to shake my head. Tried to clear away the mental image.

Even as I knew that mental image was going to be seared into my memory for all of eternity. There was no getting around it.

I continued my way up the stairs. There was nothing for it but to keep moving. I had to find Cara. Had to figure out where she was. What she was doing.

Who she was doing.

No, I couldn't think like that. She'd done something with one guy, but that didn't necessarily mean she was going to be doing anything with other guys. Plus, the top part of the bar seemed more family-friendly restaurant.

I reached the top of the stairs. Again, I had to pause for a moment. I felt like I needed to lean over the edge and puke.

I looked over the edge and really gave it serious consideration. But there were people down there. People standing at tables similar to the one I'd been at.

I wondered how many times people had a little too much to drink. How many times they'd leaned over this bar railing and ended up losing their stomach contents all over the nice paying customers one level below who were just trying to enjoy a night out on the town.

I shook my head and cleared it, though the world kept spinning around me.

Damn, I really hit that liquor a little too hard.

"What are you doing?" a voice hissed from beside me.

I turned and blinked. There was a beautiful woman with brown hair that fell down past her shoulders standing next to me. She stared at me with a pair of beautiful brown eyes. She was frowning. Like she wasn't happy about something.

She had a banging body. She was in a sparkling purple bikini that reminded me of...

"Oh, shit, Cara," I said, staring at her.

"Yes, it's me," she said. "What the fuck are you doing?"

"I'm so sorry," I said.

I almost shook my head again, but I stopped myself at the last moment. The last thing I needed was to shake my head and have the room spinning around to the point I leaned over and puked on all the people down below.

Yeah, that would be bad.

"What are you sorry about?" she asked, her eyes darting back and forth. "And how much did you have to drink?"

"Not a whole lot," I said, again keeping from shaking my head at the last moment. "I guess you could say I had a little bit to drink. Just a bottle

of whiskey,"

"How big a bottle are we talking about?" she asked.

"Like those little bottles you see at the liquor store," I said. "The really overpriced shit. I don't want to think about what they put on the tab."

"I wondered why that tab was so expensive," she said. "I've already cleared us out."

I blinked. I hadn't even realized she'd done that. Or how the serving girl knew I had a tab open. Maybe they kept an eye on that sort of thing.

Presumably they were pretty good about that kind of stuff down here. Everything was all about hospitality and getting tourists drunk off their asses so they'd spend more money.

"Let's go," Cara said.

"I can't believe you did that," I said.

That had my wife pausing. She turned to look at me, and there was worry in her eyes. Like she felt guilty about what'd just happened.

She took in a deep breath and let it out in a sigh.

"We can talk about that when we get back to my parents' place," she said, speaking slowly. Her eyes darted back and forth as she searched my own. "Assuming you want to go back to my parents' place with me."

"Why wouldn't I want to go back to your parents' place with you?" I asked, frowning as I stared at her. "Are you losing your mind or something?"

"I just wanted to make sure," she said.

She breathed a sigh that sounded almost relieved. I felt good that she was relieved. It was ridiculous that she'd think I would be pissed off about something like that.

I was the one who'd been bothering her to go through with that fantasy for years, after all. It would hardly be fair if I got pissed off at my wife for fulfilling the fantasy I'd wanted to see her doing since forever.

But she hadn't exactly fulfilled the fantasy, had she? At least not everything I wanted her to do.

No, there was still so much more. I thought about my conversation with Simon. I thought about everything we'd talked about down there. About his plan.

I shook my head again, and I immediately regretted it. Right, we weren't shaking heads. That was dangerous. That made me want to puke on the nice people one floor down on the beach.

"Come on," she said, grabbing me and pulling me along. "I already called a car. It shouldn't be too long to get back to my parents' house."

The ride back was mostly uneventful and entirely silent. There was a brief moment when we got a lecture from the driver about how there'd be an extra charge for cleanup if we puked inside his car.

Thankfully, I managed to keep it together. Once I was away from the blasting music and once I had a window down so I could breathe the salt air, I didn't have to worry nearly as much about losing the contents of my stomach.

Which was one hell of a relief.

Finally, we pulled up to her parents' house.

"This place looks different in the dark," I said.

"Not really," she said.

I squinted as I stared up at the place. Yeah, I suppose it didn't seem all that different. It's just that my whole world had changed since the last time I was here, and that's what felt different.

We'd done something that I never would've imagined happening. I'd always hoped she might be willing to go through with the fantasy, but I'd also always figured there was a pretty good chance she wasn't ever going to actually go through with it.

Until she had.

We stepped out of the car, and I stood up. Cara tapped on her phone for a moment to give the driver a tip. He didn't even so much as wave as he pulled away. I frowned, but the dude was probably just relieved I hadn't lost my dinner in his car.

Not that I had anything for dinner. We were going to have a meal when we went out to the bar, but that never happened.

Which was probably part of the reason why my stomach was so iffy to begin with. I thought about ordering some food, but then I stood tall, took another deep breath of the air blowing in off the Gulf of whatever the fuck it was this week, and turned to look at my wife.

I don't think she'd ever looked more beautiful than she did in that moment. She was highlighted by lights coming off the front porch. There weren't a lot of lights, just enough to be able to see the gators by when they took the dog out to go to the bathroom.

Something we didn't have to worry about back home. There were people who posted on the camera apps worried about coyotes in our

neighborhood, but little yapping dogs were nothing compared to a full-grown gator deciding to take a bite out of Fluffy.

All those thoughts ran through my mind in an instant, because I cared more about Cara. I cared more about how gorgeous she looked in that moment.

She turned to look at me, and she jumped in surprise.

I wondered what I looked like to her in that moment, staring at her and thinking about how beautiful she was. Looking her up and down and thinking about how amazing it was that she decided to wear this bikini that she knew would drive other men wild.

She could go on all she wanted about how she didn't want to indulge in this fantasy right up to the moment she decided she was suddenly all about this fantasy, but I knew her wearing skimpy bikinis like this was one way for her to get me revved up.

She knew other men would be staring at her in that thing. She knew they'd be thinking about how much they wanted to fuck her. She knew I'd be staring at other men staring at her, thinking about how much they wanted to fuck her.

And it'd gone farther tonight than it ever had before. She'd let another man feel her up. Manhandle her tits. She'd let him move his fingers down between her legs and explore her pussy.

She'd come on another man's hand.

I'd thought a lot about what I'd feel like in that moment. Finally getting to see my wife with another man. Finally getting every fantasy I'd been thinking about for a couple of decades fulfilled.

And it was nothing compared to the sheer raw emotion that threatened to overwhelm me as I looked at her afterwards.

I'd heard people talking about the energy of wanting to reclaim your spouse after they'd gone out and been with someone else. I'd imagined that I got a little taste of that energy when I watched her dancing with someone else when we went out and I got to watch a bunch of guys eye-fucking her.

But it was nothing compared to the raw physical emotion that washed over me as I stared at my wife and thought about how I needed nothing more than to have her in that moment.

## RECLAIMING

I reached out and took her hand, and pulled her towards her parents' house. She blinked as she looked at me.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Come with me," I said.

One of the nice things about this place was they had an in-law suite. I think there was some Florida name for it, the same as you called a screened-in porch a lanai down here. Which was something that always reminded me of old reruns of *The Golden Girls*.

The nice thing was we could go to that room, which was attached to the house without actually being attached to the house, and have a little bit of privacy.

The practical upshot was that I could take my wife back to that separated room and we could make some noise without worrying about other people hearing us through the walls.

Not to mention this house was old. It was made of pretty solid construction. So it's not like we had to worry about people being able to hear us through the walls anyway.

I pulled her through the door, my hands fumbling only a little as I hit the keypad and opened it up, then slammed it shut behind me.

"What are you..."

Cara trailed off as I pressed her up against the door and slammed my mouth against hers.

Her mouth opened to me immediately. Her arms went around my neck. I pressed my cock up against her pussy, the pussy another man had been fingering not an hour ago.

I started grinding against her, and she jumped up and wrapped her legs around me.

God, I loved that. I'd been with her for years, and yet I still never got tired of feeling her legs wrapping around mine as the two of us started to get hot and heavy.

I moved my hands down and cupped her ass. I gave it a squeeze as I wheeled around and walked the short distance over to the bed.

They were taller than the beds back home, but that was just fine for right now. Cara hit the bed and then she was falling back, her arms splayed to the side and her hair fanned out all around her.

I took a moment to enjoy the sight of her in the darkness. The only light coming from the aforementioned anti-gator lights outside streaming in through one of the windows.

"God, you're beautiful," I said.

She bit her lip as she stared up at me.

"You really think that?" she asked.

"You know I think that," I said. "Why would you ever think I thought anything other than you're the most gorgeous woman in the world?"

"I don't know," she said, moving her head to the side.

She bit her lip. Maybe it was my imagination in the darkness, but it looked like she was almost blushing, or maybe she was ashamed.

I didn't care. She was beautiful. I quickly pulled my pants down and fell on top of her, nothing but my boxers, that wrap, and her bikini bottoms separating me from the treasure Simon had been enjoying at the bar earlier.

I started grinding against her. She let out a gasp, but she still refused to meet my eyes.

I didn't care. I was so turned on. I was so ready to go. I wanted this so bad.

I kept pressing against her, over and over.

"Come on, babe," I said, leaning down and kissing her cheek.

I thought about Simon nibbling at her ear. About how she'd been reluctant to let him kiss her. I wondered if she was doing the same thing with me now because she was ashamed of what she'd done with him.

What if she hadn't been saving something for me, her husband? What if it was something weird, like she bit her lip and so she didn't want to kiss?

Finally she turned and looked at me, and I realized there were tears welling up in her eyes.

I blinked. Okay, that definitely wasn't something I was expecting.

"What's wrong?" I asked, staring down at her.

"I'm sorry," she said, reaching a hand up to wipe tears away from her eyes. Her mascara was starting to run. "It's so stupid."

"No, baby," I said, leaning down to kiss her cheek again. There was a slightly salty taste from her tears.

"I can't believe I did that tonight," she finally said, turning to stare up at me.

"You can't believe you did what?" I asked.

"Oh, come on," she said, rolling her eyes and snorting. It sounded like there was a little bit of snot there. Like she was on the verge of crying.

"Come on, Cara," I said, staring down at her. "You're acting silly."

"How am I acting silly?" she asked.

"The only reason you were out there doing all that is because I've been begging you to go out and do something like that forever."

"I mean, yeah, you've been begging me to do something like that," she said. "But that doesn't mean I have to go out and do it. I feel so bad about doing that to you. I shouldn't have let myself get carried away like that."

"But I wanted you to do it," I said.

I leaned down and kissed her cheeks on the other side. Again, I was met with the salty taste of her tears. I kept pressing my cock up against her pussy. I moved down and pulled it out of my boxers and then moved up under her wrap and pulled the bikini bottoms aside.

Not that there was a lot for me to pull to the side to begin with. It was basically a thin strip of fabric that barely covered her modesty.

But that was the point, wasn't it? So men could see the outline of her ass through the wrap she wore around her body.

"You were perfection out there tonight," I said. "I think that's the single hottest fucking thing I've ever seen you do."

She turned and looked up at me, and she looked more insulted than anything.

"Seriously?" she said.

I paused with my cock poised at her entrance. She was wet. So very wet.

Which begged the question, was she so wet because she was turned on by what we were doing here, or was she wet because she was still turned on from everything she did with Simon back at the bar?

I didn't know, and I think the not knowing was about to kill me.

"Did I say something wrong?" I asked.

"That's the hottest you think I've ever looked," she said. "With another man feeling me up and fingering me."

"Babe, I've told you all about this fantasy for years," I said, leaning down and kissing both of her cheeks, and then moving to her lips.

She hesitated for a moment. Our lips stayed pressed together, but it was a chaste sort of kiss. Not the kind of kiss I'd ever gotten from my wife. Like she was still ashamed of everything she'd done, and she didn't feel like she deserved a kiss.

Or maybe I was projecting my thoughts onto her.

But then finally she let out a quiet gasp as I started to sink inside her. A little gasp that I knew meant she was enjoying this.

I sank inside her. I felt the warm walls of her pussy wrapping around my cock. I felt a slight resistance as I pressed inside her. She was always so tight. So goddamn tight.

I imagined another man getting to enjoy that tightness. I thought about Simon getting to sink into my wife for the first time, and the thought was fucking incredible.

I buried myself until I was pressing my pelvis against hers. I stared down at my wife, my eyes darting back and forth to her eyes.

"Everything you did tonight was perfect," I said. "I've dreamed of you doing something like that for so long, and I can't believe you finally did it. So believe me when I say, that was the hottest thing I've ever seen from you."

"Hotter even than that striptease I did for you when we were down here on spring break five years ago?" she asked.

I paused and thought about that.

"Okay, so maybe there's a little something to that," I said. "That was pretty hot, but it still wasn't as hot as tonight. You were hitting all the right notes with this fantasy I've been dreaming about forever. Something I never thought you'd do."

"Oh, shut up and kiss me," she said.

So I did just that. I leaned down and kissed her, and this time there was nothing chaste about the kiss.

Now her mouth opened to mine as I started sliding in and out of her slowly, luxuriating in the velvet walls of her pussy wrapping around my cock. Enjoying the familiar feeling, even as I also had the exciting new thought of imagining another man's fingers pressing up inside her earlier.

I wasn't the first man to get inside my wife tonight. It was a crazy thought.

Over and over, I moved in and out of her, and she started to gasp, but then she pulled me back. Her eyes darted back and forth as she stared up at me.

"Fuck me," she said.

"I thought that's what I was doing," I said.

"No, I need you to fuck me hard," she said.

I started moving faster. She grunted every time I bottomed out inside her. I moved in quick strokes, pounding into her again and again.

Not for the first time, I was thankful I kept up on my cardio. I wondered how people who were out of shape were able to keep up with this. Or maybe someone who wasn't good at cardio was a two-pump champ.

But I wasn't going to do that for my wife.

"Tell me about it," I said.

"About what?" she moaned, letting out a squeal that made it clear she was trying to keep it under control.

We might be in a room that was separate while still attached to the house, but that didn't mean she wanted to advertise what was going on in here or be too loud.

Which was maybe the only drawback about coming on these vacations, but whatever. As far as annoyances went, it was pretty far down the list.

"Tell me what it felt like," I said.

Her eyes opened. She stared up at me. She bit her lip and chewed on it just a little.

"His hands were all over me, and it felt so wrong," she said. "But it also felt really damn good. Like it's been so long since another man touched me like that."

"Keep going," I said.

"And then when his finger moved down and pressed inside me," she said, "I came on his hands right then. He was so hot, and it was so wrong."

"You came right away," I said.

"I did," she gasped, and I could tell she was building up towards something intense.

"Tell me about it," I said.

"Do you have any idea how long it's been since I came like that from someone fingering me?" she asked.

"How long?" I asked, not even caring that she was potentially talking about a guy upstaging something I'd done.

Her eyes opened and locked with mine.

"I honestly can't remember," she said. "I came again and again, and he was so damn good."

I groaned as I pounded into her, and then she squeezed her eyes shut and bit her lip. Quiet gasps came out of her as her whole body shuddered and shook.

It was happening again. She was coming on my cock the same as she came on his fingers.

"Are you getting that feeling now?" I asked.

She shook her head from side to side, her eyes closed. I slowed, and she let out a whimper. She opened her eyes and stared up at me.

"I came harder on his fingers than I'm coming on your cock right now, baby," she said.

That was it. That was too much for me. I groaned as I buried myself inside her and emptied my cock into her waiting pussy. Again and again I exploded, thinking about how naughty she was. How hot it was that she was more turned on by a guy fingering her than she was by me fucking her.

We held ourselves like that for a long time. Me staring down at my wife as she gasped, and her body writhing as she rode her own orgasm as I kept pumping inside her.

And I knew nothing in our marriage was ever going to be the same, whether or not I went ahead with Simon's little plan.

## THE NEXT DAY

"No, Grandma, you need to put the moat for the castle over there."  
I looked over to the younger Jessica giving the older Jessica the business.

"Ahem."

My mother-in-law turned to me and hit me with a grin, but it was clear she loved every moment of it.

I thought back to a time when I was a kid and my own grandma had come over to watch me when I was home sick. For some reason, she'd tried to put on a show I didn't like. I'd talked to her in a tone similar to what my daughter was using with the elder Jessica.

I'd felt bad about that for years. It took growing up and becoming a parent in my own right, and then seeing my daughter's interactions with my parents and Cara's parents to realize they loved every minute of it. Even when the little shit was being a sassy pants.

"You could be a little nicer to your grandma," I said.

She looked up at me and frowned. Okay definitely a sassy pants sort of mood this morning, but that was hardly surprising. She seemed to do that a lot. Then she turned back to her grandma.

"I'm sorry, Grandma," she said, though her tone said she wasn't feeling it.

"It's okay, darling," Jessica said, wrapping my daughter in a hug and looking at me. "Daddy just wants to make sure you're being nice."

"I'm always going to be nice to you, Grandma."

"I'm sure you are," she said, looking at me again.

"You don't need to hang around here if you don't want to," she said. "Go over and spend some time with my daughter. I know the two of you don't get a lot of time together as it is."

"Why do I get the sneaking suspicion you're being nice like this because you just want another grandchild?"

"Can't I have an ulterior motive and also give the two of you a little bit of time alone?" she said with a sniff.

"I suppose," I said.

I stood from where I'd been hunching over looking at the sand castle the two Jessicas were building together. We got her some plastic pails that had cost way too much at a shop next to the beach. The guy who had that place had a really nice gig going, charging people an arm and a leg for stuff they could get cheaper at a big box store, because the nearest big box store was at least a 40-minute drive away when you added in traffic getting on and off the island.

"I still feel like an idiot for not thinking about bringing some stuff for her to build sand castles," I said as I reached Cara.

She lowered her sunglasses and smiled up at me.

"You feeling like an idiot should hardly be a new thing, right?"

"Very funny," I said, kicking just a little bit of sand at her.

Which had her letting out a yelp and trying to get away from it.

"That's not funny," she said. "I have suntan lotion on and sand is..."

"Coarse and irritating and it gets everywhere?" I asked.

"I don't need you quoting your *Star Trek* at me," she said with a sniff.

"That was *Star Wars*, thank you very much," I said.

"What's the difference?" she asked. "There's laser swords in one and laser guns in the other or something."

"Actually, there are laser guns and laser swords in *Star Wars*, but there aren't laser swords in *Star Trek*."

"So what you're telling me is they're basically the same damn thing," she said.

"Whatever," I said, lying down on the towel next to her.

I thought about putting on some more sunblock, but decided against it. I always had to walk a fine line between trying to get a tan and getting a sunburn, and I was always putting on the highest SPF stuff I could get.

I didn't want to get skin cancer, though I worried there might be a surprise waiting for me because we'd been a little more cavalier about putting on sunblock when we were younger.

"Seriously though, I don't want to get a bunch of sand on me. The last thing I need is a freckle pattern in my tan," Cara said.

I turned and looked my wife up and down. She was looking gorgeous as always, and she was in the same bright purple bikini she'd been wearing the night before.

Which looked amazing on her as always, and it had me thinking about Simon pressing his fingers inside her.

"I don't think that's possible," I said, trying to push that thought away.

But it was an ever-present thought that wouldn't leave my brain. I couldn't stop thinking about another guy finger-banging my wife. How long had it been since she let a dude finger her like that? A dude who wasn't me, that is.

She pulled down her sunglasses again and stared at me.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" she asked.

"I was just thinking about how beautiful you look," I said.

I was thinking about the conversation I had with Simon last night. About how my wife really wanted to get with him. All I had to do was give her a little push. Let her give in to her desire. Give her permission to give in to her desire.

"That's not what you're thinking about and I know it," she said, looking down to her body and to her bikini and then back to me.

"You wouldn't be thinking about me, would you?" she asked.

"What kind of stupid question is that?" I asked. "You're my wife. I'm always thinking about you."

"Yeah, but were you thinking about me doing anything in particular?" she asked.

"I wouldn't know what you're talking about," I said, figuring playing dumb was better for the moment.

She sat up on one elbow. She looked over to where the two Jessicas were building their sandcastle. We'd set up our spot far enough away from them that we couldn't be overheard. I hadn't thought that was on purpose, but now I was wondering if my wife had done that deliberately.

"Were you thinking about last night?" she asked, speaking in a low whisper.

I took in a deep breath of the salt air and let it out in a low and slow sigh.

"What if I was?" I asked.

"Would that really be such a bad thing if you were?" she asked.

I turned and grinned at her, "Weren't you the one who was feeling awkward about everything that happened last night?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," she said.

She looked out over the water.

"Come on," I said. "What changed?"

"What changed is you took me back to the room and you fucked me like an animal," she said. "I figure any man who fucks his wife like that after everything I did doesn't give a shit about what I did."

"Oh, I give a shit about what you did last night," I said, shaking my head and chuckling.

"Okay, maybe I was wrong just a little," she said. "You give a big shit about what I did last night, that's the thing."

I frowned. "Should we really be thinking about our love life in terms of taking big shits?"

"I mean, we could have potentially been taking a big shit on our marriage last night, couldn't we?" she said.

"Maybe," I said.

"That was dangerous. What if you decided you didn't like what we were doing? What if it turned out that fantasy was the kind of thing that was better left as a fantasy?"

"But it wasn't the kind of thing that was better left as a fantasy," I said. "That's what I keep trying to tell you."

"I know," she said with a sigh. "I guess I just had trouble believing you were really into that until I saw how you reacted. Like I figured there was a good chance you'd come up to me and tell me you wanted a divorce."

"I would never divorce you, baby," I said, leaning in and hitting her with a kiss.

"Why, dear husband," she said, looking mildly scandalized, even behind her big sunglasses that she'd flipped back down. "Was that a public display of affection?"

"What if it was?" I asked.

"I'm just surprised you'd do that. We're an old married couple, after all."

I rolled my eyes. "You're anything but old, baby, and I'm anything but old, and we still have a lot of adventures ahead of us."

She laid back down on the towel. I did the same. I even made sure to bring some extra towels so I had one I could use as a pillow.

"So what kind of adventures were you thinking about?" she asked after a moment.

I blinked and turned to look at her.

"That depends. What kind of adventures were you thinking of?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know. I think we had a lot of fun last night, didn't we?"

She rolled over on her stomach, which gave me a very nice view of her ass and that purple butt-floss that was pressing between her ass cheeks.

I also noted a group of college guys who'd been walking past. One of them missed a step and nearly tripped as he got a good look at my wife's ass. Then he gestured to one of the guys next to him, and a moment later all of them were turning and staring at her. They weren't even bothering to hide the way they were ogling her.

I turned back to my wife. She hadn't noticed any of them staring at her. Because of course she hadn't noticed any of them staring at her. She never did.

She might've indulged in that fantasy last night, but she was still the same woman who seemed to have trouble realizing when guys were looking at her. The same woman who always thought I was making shit up when I said guys were staring at her because it turned me on.

But there was no way to make up what I'd just seen.

I also realized she was staring off in the distance. I turned to look where she was looking and I saw that she was staring at the row of bars that ran along the beach. I could see the combo restaurant and bar we'd been at the night before, though it was a little way down the beach.

And behind that were a bunch of high-rise condos. I wondered if he was in one of those. He seemed like the beach bum type. Not exactly the kind of person who could afford one of the houses on the island.

Plus, if I was going to live out here then I'd want to live in a larger condo that was less likely to get blown over by a hurricane rather than one of the houses on the water that was inevitably going to get ass-fucked by climate change at some point.

"What are you thinking?" I asked, my voice quiet, as I watched her stare off into the middle distance in quiet contemplation.

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## TALK IT OUT

C ara jumped. She turned to look at me, and she smiled a sheepish smile.

"That was a big jump," I said.

"Sorry," she said. "I was just thinking, is all."

"I'd give a pretty penny to know what you were thinking about," I said.

"About last night," she said, heaving a long sigh.

Though it was weird she was letting out that long sigh. It seemed to be almost a sigh of longing. Like she was thinking about all the fun she had last night and hoping she could have a little bit more.

"That was a big sigh," I said, for lack of anything better to say.

"I'm sorry," she said, turning and looking at me. "I just keep thinking about everything we did last night, and it was so totally out of character."

"Maybe it was out of character," I said with a shrug. "But it was fun."

"But he was just some random guy," she said. "Do you have any idea how long it's been since I let some random guy hit on me like that?"

"Actually, I like to think I have a pretty good idea of just how long it's been since you let some random guy hit on you," I said.

She reached over and elbowed me in the side. "Of course you would."

"Guilty as charged," I said.

I was very aware of every time a guy hit on her. At least the times when a guy hit on her and she was aware of it. I'd had her tell me those stories time and again, because I was deeply interested in them. It got me rock hard

when I was fucking her. The kind of semi-innocent thing we could do when we were having a little bit of husband-and-wife time that didn't involve her actually doing anything.

"Anyway," she said, continuing on and ignoring me. "It's been forever since I let a guy hit on me like that. It's been even longer since... Well, actually, I can't think of a time when I let a dude finger me like that in the open."

"Yeah, that's not even something we did," I said.

The closest we ever came was when we were dating. We'd gone to see a movie that ended up being about as exciting as watching paint dry. We'd been in the back in one of those stadium seating deals where they had the reclining cushions and everything right underneath the projection booth, so it's not like anybody could see what we were up to. Assuming they even needed somebody up there since they were just hitting play on a digital file these days and not splicing film together like in the ancient times.

Things had gotten pretty hot and heavy there, for all that we'd mostly kept our clothes on. I'd pulled her shirt up a little, and I'd had a thrill knowing somebody could walk in at any time and get a look at my girlfriend's tits.

But that was about as far as things had gone, and it didn't really count as part of my fantasy in the ledger precisely because I was the one who'd been doing it to her.

"I just don't act like that," she said. "I don't know what came over me."

I stared over at that bar as well. It wasn't nearly as loud today. There was music coming from some of the establishments, sure, but the music wasn't as loud as the night before.

The beach was for people and soaking up the sun during the day, and then it became part of the nightlife once the sun set.

I thought about some of the things Simon said last night when he was trying to get me to be his accomplice in getting my wife to fuck him. Which was a sentence I never thought I'd utter. But it also made sense, considering I got turned on at the idea of my wife banging other men.

She wanted this. I was her husband. She felt bad, but she wanted this. I needed to give her an excuse. I needed to give her permission.

I wondered at that. Did I want to give her that permission? I was so close, and there was something terrifying about being so close after spending so many years thinking this couldn't possibly happen.

Who the fuck was I kidding? I'd wanted to give her that permission for years now. I'd already given her that permission, which is what led us here in the first place. And now here we were.

"You know I wouldn't be against the idea if you decided to have some more fun," I finally said, licking my lips as I said it.

I'd fantasized about this moment, but there was definitely something different about fantasizing about something versus actually facing it down. Actually encouraging my wife to do this.

I felt like I was throwing her to the wolves, but I think she wanted to be thrown to the wolves. Otherwise, she wouldn't have been so into everything last night.

"I don't know..."

"Honestly, I think what we did last night was a lot of fun," I said. "Don't you?"

"Are you talking about the part where we went out to the bar to have some fun? Or are you talking about the part where we went home and you fucked my brains out?"

I instinctively looked around to make sure nobody was listening in on our conversation, but most everybody seemed to be off in their own little world. Everybody seemed to be busy with their own vacation. It's not like they were listening in on us.

Then I looked over to the two Jessicas. I didn't want my mother-in-law to hear this conversation, and I definitely didn't want my daughter to hear this conversation.

The older one would understand what we were doing. The younger one wouldn't have any idea, but you never knew what kind of memories would stick with a kid. Only to have a moment of horrified realization when they were talking to their therapist years later.

"Oh, stop looking so worried about this," Cara said, looking at me and rolling her eyes. She even made sure to pull down her sunglasses so I got a good look at her rolling her eyes at me.

"Excuse me for wanting to make sure the wrong people don't overhear our conversation," I said, jerking my head over towards, grandma and our daughter.

"They can't hear anything we're saying," Cara said. "And besides, she'd be happy we were still having an exciting sex life."

"She'd be excited that we were talking about you going out and fucking another man?" I asked.

This time, she took the sunglasses off entirely as she turned to look at me. Like this was the kind of conversation where she wanted to make sure she could look me in the eyes.

"Is that what we're talking about here?" she asked.

I licked my lips as I looked at her. I kept my eyes on hers.

"I don't know," I said. "Is that what we're talking about?"

Her sunglasses went back on. She let out a disgusted noise in the back of her throat as she flopped back down. I looked at her ass while she was flopped down and thought about how much I'd love to see that ass pulled up just a bit while another man was plowing into her from behind. Maybe she could be up on her elbows, her tits swinging every time he bottomed out inside her as he fucked her from behind.

"You really need to just tell me what you want, honey," she said. "Because all this stuff going back and forth isn't doing it for me."

"Yeah, but again, you were the one who was freaking out last night," I said.

"Because I didn't know how much you were really into this," she said. "I was convinced you were going to tell me our marriage was over when I got back to you. Like, that's not the kind of thing a normal dude is into."

"Yeah, but I'm not a normal dude," I said, sighing.

A silence stretched out between us after that. Not exactly an awkward silence, at least not for me. I was just thinking about things.

I glanced over to my wife again, and I realized she was still staring off to that bar in the distance.

I could make out everything from here. The dance floor on the lower level that went up against the beach. The deck we hid under last night while she was letting another man finger her. There was even a spot for a DJ booth, though it looked like they didn't have anybody out there right now.

Right now there were tables out on the dance floor, which was a surprise.

But I guess that made sense. They wanted to cater to the lunch crowd during the day and then to the partying and dancing crowd at night.

I looked back to my wife. Really took in her body. Thought about the possibility of watching another man enjoying that body.

This was the first time I'd ever had an opportunity like this, and I wasn't sure I'd ever have an opportunity like this again. And that, more than anything, is what ultimately decided me.

"I think we should go back to that bar tonight and see what happens," I said.

She looked at me and arched an eyebrow. "Are you sure about that? Are you sure you'd be able to handle what's going to happen?"

"That's funny," I said with a chuckle. "You're talking like I don't have any idea what's going to happen."

"Oh yeah, and what do you think is going to happen if we go back there?"

"What I think is going to happen is you're going to let me finally enjoy the fantasy I've been dreaming about forever. I saw the way you acted with that guy last night, and I know what you want."

"And if I run into him again?" she asked.

"Then you have my permission to do whatever you want," I said.

And there it was. The die was cast. I'd put it out there. She had permission to do whatever she wanted.

It felt wrong, and yet my rock hard cock told me it was, oh so very right.

"Do you really understand what you're saying?" she asked.

"I do," I said. "I've had a long time to think about this. Years to think about it, fantasize about it, and we're on vacation. What better time to have a little fling than when you're far from home?"

She didn't say anything else. No, she just flopped back down, this time on her back. Giving me a wonderful view of her body from this end.

I leaned back down on my own towel and closed my eyes. I'd said what I'd said, and there wasn't anything else to say. It was out there. Now all that was left was to see what she did with that.

## DELAYS

**W**e ended up going out with Cara's parents that night to have dinner. They were nice enough to pay for a good chunk of stuff when we came down here, which was always nice.

I knew the flip side of that was we were going to have to pay that forward with our own children someday. Though with the way the world was going these days, I sometimes wondered about being able to afford the lifestyle her parents were able to afford,

Then again, she would probably inherit this house at some point as well. Assuming everything wasn't under water by the time we got ready for retirement.

The point was we didn't get to go out that night, which was a disappointment. My cock was hard thinking about my wife feeling naughty like she did that first night. But I also didn't mind that we had a night to cool off.

It seemed like things got real hot and heavy really fast there. I figured it was a good thing the two of us had a little bit of time to think everything through. To consider what we were doing and the dangerous implications.

But the next night...

"Are you sure about this?" Cara asked, turning and looking at me.

"Baby, I've been sure about this for years, and you know it."

"It just seems like it's a lot," she said. "Like I already felt like I was a horrible cheating slut for letting that guy do what he did to me."

She might be saying she thought she was a horrible cheating slut for letting him do what he did to her, but that didn't stop her from squeezing her eyes shut. She let out a shudder that I was pretty sure was involuntary.

"Do you even realize what you were doing just then?" I asked.

She opened her eyes. She looked at me like I'd just forced her into doing something she didn't want to do.

"What are you talking about?" she asked.

"The way you just squeezed your eyes shut. The way you let out that little shiver. You totally didn't realize what you were doing, did you?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," she said with a sniff.

"Sure you don't," I said.

I looked at her outfit for the evening. It wasn't the bikini and wrap she'd worn the night before. No, tonight she'd gone for something that was straight out of the kind of stuff she would've worn back when she was in college.

A miniskirt down below, the kind that was tight on her body, but I knew it was also made out of material that would be silky smooth as I ran my hands along her ass. Or maybe as another man ran his hands along her ass.

It would be easy enough for someone to pull that up. To get a good look at the thong she was wearing underneath. I knew she was wearing a thong because I'd seen it on her earlier when she was pulling her clothes on.

Up above she had on a bright pink halter top. It showed off plenty of her stomach, and there was plenty of her cleavage on display as well. She looked like pure sex as she stood there looking at herself in the mirror putting her makeup on.

"You were thinking about him," I said, pulling away from the distraction that was my beautiful wife doing her thing and focusing on what was truly important.

"Thinking of who?" she asked, turning and hitting me with a sweet and innocent look.

"That guy. Simon," I said.

I panicked for a moment. I wondered briefly if she'd actually told me his name. But she didn't seem to notice the potential slip-up. No, she just smiled at me.

"Who's to say I was thinking about him?" she asked, her eyebrows going up. "Maybe I was thinking of some hot college guy I want to fuck.

That's totally a possibility tonight, right? You told me you were okay with that, aren't you?"

I knew she was trying to goad me. She'd been doing that a lot over the past couple of days. To the point I thought she was maybe a little uncomfortable with the idea of what I'd given her permission to do. Even though she kept closing her eyes and letting out those little sexy shudders as well.

I shook my head and turned my attention back to her.

"You look beautiful tonight."

"You're supposed to say that. You're my husband," she said.

"No. I'm saying that because you look beautiful tonight. The fact that I'm married to you is just another bonus. I'm the luckiest bastard in the world."

"Again, you're my husband, so you're supposed to say that," she said, rolling her eyes.

"That guy you were dancing with a couple of nights back seemed to think you were pretty damn hot."

"Yeah, and I got the distinct impression he was doing that kind of thing with all the ladies he ran into. It's a pretty good scam he has going."

"Maybe," I said.

I knew that to be the truth. He'd admitted as much, which had me worried. If he was the kind of man-whore who went out and got with a bunch of women then I worried about Cara maybe catching something if she got with him.

That hadn't stopped me from sending him a text that we might be going out tonight. He'd sent me a thumbs-up, so I figured that was a good sign.

"So what are you really going to do if I go out tonight and we end up running into that guy again?" she asked. "And keep in mind, that's far from a guaranteed thing."

"Yeah, far from a guaranteed thing," I said, though I wasn't going to breathe a word to her that I was in contact with the dude. That was the last thing I wanted.

"Are you going to let me get with someone else, or is it just that guy?"

I shrugged. "I don't really know what to think. This is the first time we're doing this, right?"

"Yeah, I suppose," she said. "So am I allowed to get with anyone, or is it a one-time thing with that dude because he already had his fingers inside

me?"

Now it was my turn to close my eyes and let out that shivering shudder.

"Oh, you like that, don't you?" she said.

I opened my eyes and she was right there. So close I could lean in and kiss her, but I didn't dare.

"So you like that idea," she said. "Some guy getting his fingers inside your wife."

"I do like the idea," I said, licking my lips.

"You aren't happy if you're the only one getting your fingers inside me. Is that what you're saying?" she said.

"I mean, I would be happy with that," I said. "But I'm also hot and bothered by the idea of you getting with another man. I'm not going to lie."

"You're lying to me right now," she said.

I blinked. "How the hell am I lying to you right now?"

"Because you wouldn't be happy," she said. "It would forever ruin things, you not getting to enjoy this fantasy you've been bothering me about for years. I think I'm finally starting to realize it."

I knew I needed to pick my next words carefully. This could cause some serious trouble. What if she was only going along with this because she thought she had to get it out of the way? Like she was convinced the only way I was ever going to be happy was if she did it.

"Look, Cara," I finally said, "I don't want you to do anything you don't want to do. I don't want you to feel like you have to do anything you don't want to do."

"Do you really?" she asked. "Or are you so obsessed with the idea of this happening that you're willing to do anything to make it happen?"

I felt guilty as she said that. I thought about how I'd basically given him an update on what was going on, where we were going to be tonight.

Wasn't I basically doing whatever it took to make sure this happened? Wasn't I being exactly the kind of asshole she was talking about?

Yeah, when I thought about it like that? I felt like a first-rate piece of shit, but that wasn't going to stop me from trying to make this happen.

"We don't have to go out to any place you don't want to go if you don't want to," I finally said with a sigh. A reluctant sigh, but I meant it.

"Are you sure about that?" she asked.

"I'm totally sure," I said. "Tell me you don't want to go, and you don't have to go."

She stared at me for a long moment. Her eyes darted back and forth a couple of times as she stared at me. Then finally, her mouth broke into a smile.

"I'm glad to hear you say that," she said.

I blinked. "You are?"

"I am," she said. "I just had to make sure."

I got the feeling she'd been screwing with me, and I didn't like that she'd been screwing with me. I also wasn't going to risk saying anything that would potentially have her getting pissed off at me. Not when I was so close to everything I'd ever wanted.

"How about we make a little deal?" Cara said.

"A deal?" I asked, arching an eyebrow.

"Yeah, a deal," she said.

"I'm all ears."

"How about if we go out and we happen to run into that guy, then I decide that's fate trying to tell us something? Maybe we should go ahead and go through with this. Go all the way."

I shivered. My cock was rock hard. Then again, I'd been in a permanent state of priapism since this whole thing started.

I don't think I could not be hard given everything that was happening. Even with the way we'd been fucking like crazy.

It was funny. Talking about this fantasy was something she'd always been reluctant about before, but now that she was actually going through with it? Well, it was doing stuff for our sex life. That was for damn sure.

"And if we don't run into that guy again?" I asked.

"Then maybe I let somebody dance with me. Maybe I give you a little show out on the dance floor, but that's as far as it's going to go. I feel like the universe is telling us it isn't the right time."

Again, I licked my lips. I thought about what she'd said earlier about how I was willing to do whatever it took to make this fantasy happen. I thought about how I was in touch with Simon.

And I smiled and nodded. She was right.

"It's a bet."

## NIGHT OUT

"Wait, so we're not going to the same place?" I asked.

"That wouldn't be playing fair," she said.

"I don't know what you're talking about," I said.

"If we go to the same place then there's a chance Simon is going to be there," she said with a shrug.

"So maybe we want to give the universe a hand," I said. "There's nothing saying we can't push things in our favor."

"My dear husband," Cara said, shaking her head. "It's almost like you want your wife to spread her legs for another man tonight. To see his cock plunging in and out of my tight little pussy."

I shivered at the way she was talking. I'd never heard my wife talking like that before in my life. It was crazy hearing that kind of filthy language coming out of her mouth.

"God, I love it when you talk like that," I said as we walked along the street adjacent to the beach.

"Do you?" she asked.

"You can feel how much I love it," I said, looking at her and winking.

She reached down and pressed her hand against my cock. Her eyes went wide, but I got the feeling she was fucking with me. Like she knew how much this was turning me on, and she was loving it.

The twinkle in her eye told that story.

"You do certainly seem like you're excited about this," she said.

"Very excited," I said.

"Well, let's go into..."

She paused for a moment as she made an obvious show of looking at all the bars up and down the beach. Finally, she pointed to one that had a bunch of neon palm trees out front. There was music coming out of the place. It seemed like it just the kind of place where people went to try and find somebody to fuck.

Not at all like the kind of place we'd been last time, where there was a meat market, sure, but it was in back of the place on the beach. Not on the part facing the front.

"That looks like a fun place," she said. "I'm sure there are going to be lots of people dancing in there."

My mouth went dry as I looked at the place. There was a pink neon sign up above that advertised it as the Pineapple Grove. I wondered what was going on with that.

Pineapples were the symbol of swinging, after all. The name felt like an auspicious thing given that context.

"Are you sure about that?" I asked.

"Why wouldn't I be sure?" she asked, turning and hitting me with her sweet and innocent look again.

"You don't think that's going to be a little too much for you?" I asked with a shrug. "We are getting older, after all."

Her nostrils flared. Clearly she took that as a challenge. Which was exactly what I meant to do.

"We're going in there, mister," she said, grabbing my arm and practically dragging me along.

I allowed myself to be dragged. She was moving just a little in front of me as she kept her hand on my arm, and so it gave me an incredible view of her ass as it moved this way and that in her tight miniskirt.

I still figured I was the luckiest guy in the world that I got to see that view on the regular.

Walking behind Cara also meant I had an opportunity to pull my phone out and text where we were going to Simon. I hit send and put my phone back in my pocket as quick as possible. I didn't think she'd realize who I was texting, but I also didn't want to take the chance.

She turned around and looked at me, and then down to my pocket.

"What's up?" she asked.

"I thought I felt my phone buzz," I said with a shrug. "I wanted to make sure it wasn't your parents saying there was something wrong with little Jessica."

That was one of the problems with being parents. We might be going out for a night on the town with her parents doing the babysitting because they wanted another grandkid, but that didn't change the fact that we were still parents. If something happened and we wound up having to take her to an Urgent Care or to the emergency room for whatever reason, then that would be the end of any of our fun for the night.

We stepped into the place, and it was definitely louder and busier than the restaurant we'd been to the night before. There was a DJ booth up against one end of the wall and a large dance floor. There was a bar against the other end of the wall and there were people dancing, their bodies swaying to the music as they moved together.

There were a lot of people getting really up close and personal. The kind of dancing that I hadn't seen since...

Well, since we were both in college going out to places like this.

A pretty blonde walked past us in a bikini that was barely there. Like I know I said my wife's bikini was barely there a couple of days ago, but this really was barely there. We're talking it was just a couple of patches that covered her nipples, and a patch that barely covered everything down below.

I blinked as I realized she was carrying some drinks. She was a waitress here. I wondered where she put her tips.

"Easy there, tiger," Cara said, reaching up and putting a finger on my chin, closing my mouth after I'd been staring.

"Sorry," I said, shaking my head to clear the thoughts running through my head. "I wasn't ready for that."

"It's Florida," she said. "There are people walking around wearing practically nothing all year long."

"Yeah, tell me about it," I said, looking at some of the other people all around.

"Now come on," she said, grinning. "Let's dance!"

Some people were dressed up like me and Cara. Like they were going out for a night on the town. Others were dressed in their beach wear. Like they'd come straight off the sand to dance the night away.

It was a vibe I could get used to. Especially with the pulsing and pounding music that seemed to call to something in my soul. Something that had been gone for far too long. Something I absolutely loved.

I shook my head and looked around. And then I nodded to Cara and nodded over to the bar.

"Drinks first."

"Let's skip the drinks," she shouted.

I blinked. Okay, I figured we'd need a little alcohol as lubrication to keep the night going where I hoped it was going, but I guess that wasn't in the cards. Instead she pulled me out on the dance floor.

"Dance with me," she said, putting her hands on my shoulders and pulling me in close.

I allowed myself to be pulled in close. I wrapped my arms around her and ran my hand up and down her back. Then I moved those hands down to her ass and gave it a squeeze. Meanwhile, she let out a delighted little squeal as I gave her ass that squeeze.

She bit her lip as she looked up at me.

"This is fun," she said. "Like, I feel kind of bad about saying it, but I forgot what it was like to go out and live a little."

"Yeah, I know what you're talking about," I said. "Especially when we're living like this."

"You mean me giving you a chance to enjoy your perverted little fantasy?" she asked.

"I'd say it's a perverted big fantasy," I said.

"Yeah, I'm starting to get that feeling," she said.

She whirled around and pressed her ass up against my cock. Then she looked over her shoulder at me.

"Well, somebody certainly seems to be happy about this fantasy."

"It's something I've been thinking about for years," I said with a sheepish grin. "Of course I'm going to be excited about it."

"Maybe we should've done this a long time ago if this is how you react," she said.

She had to shout to be heard over the loud music, but that was fine. That was another throwback to the old days. Another reminder of the kind of fun we used to have when it was just the two of us.

After that, we just danced for a little while. Which was perfectly okay with me. I loved dancing with my wife. I loved running my hands up and

down her perfect body. I loved feeling her ass grinding against me.

At one point she turned around and moved a leg up so she was practically humping me. I moved my hand down under her leg to hold her in place.

But I also noticed something that had my attention. It wasn't quite enough to distract me entirely from what my wife was doing, but it was enough to catch my attention as I kept glancing over towards the bar.

Because he was right there. Simon. The silver fox. The guy who'd been fingering my wife a couple of nights ago. He saw me looking over at him, and he raised a drink in salute.

Cara whirled around again. She looked up at me, and she frowned. She seemed to realize that I was looking over at somebody.

She twirled around again, and I felt her body tense. I know she'd been talking about the universe sending us a sign. I knew she took that stuff semi-seriously. It was a joke most of the time, but it was a joke where if the universe told her to do something then she was willing to go along with it if it was something she wanted to do.

And that's why I didn't feel so bad about telling him where we'd be tonight. She wouldn't be talking like that unless she wanted the universe to give her a sign.

And there that sign was. With a little help from me. She stayed tensed against me for a moment, and then she twirled around again, suddenly all smiles.

"He's here," she said loud enough to be heard over the music. "What do you want me to do?"

"I already told you what to do, baby," I said, grinning down at her.

Again her eyes did that thing where they were darting back and forth. Like she was trying to figure out if I was being serious or not, and then she shrugged and pulled away from me.

She walked across the dance floor to the arms of another man as I stood there watching dumbfounded, hardly daring to believe this was actually happening.

## CHANGING EXPECTATIONS

I expected Cara to go up to Simon and maybe they'd do a little bit of dancing. Maybe they would make a little love before the night was through, but it would start with dancing.

She didn't even so much as look over her shoulder at me while she was making that walk across the dance floor. No, she sashayed and put some swing into her step though. Like she really wanted to make sure I got a good look at what she was offering to another man tonight.

I could only stare slack-jawed at her doing her thing. My wife was gorgeous, and I absolutely fucking loved watching her moving anywhere.

But there was something about the raw sexual energy of what she was doing tonight that was really doing it for me. Something about the way she was deliberately putting some sway into her step.

She knew exactly what the fuck she was doing, and I knew she was putting that show on entirely for me.

I licked my lips as she finally reached Simon.

He immediately moved in, though it surprised me he didn't even so much as look over at me. I figured he would've checked out the husband. I was the reason he was here at the same time as us after all.

He had to have a condo somewhere nearby. There were condos all up and down the beach after all.

I wondered what it was like living life like that. To have a condo so close to paradise. I bet it really sucked if the place was unlucky enough to

get hit by a hurricane, but it was probably a whole hell of a lot of fun the rest of the time.

Especially when he was getting with hotties coming in from all around the country like he was about to get with my wife.

"Go on, baby," I said.

My cock throbbed in my pants as I moved over to a standing table. I leaned against the thing and settled in to watch the show. My cock was pressing and straining up against my pants, which was a surprise because they were already pretty damn loose.

I licked my lips as he reached a hand around her and pulled her against him.

He was sitting at the bar already, so she had to sort of move one leg up so she was almost straddling him as he leaned back against the bar. Then he lifted her up against him so she had no choice but to hop up, and then she was sitting on his cock right in the middle of the bar.

I glanced over to the bartender. It was a dude who looked like he was maybe in his thirties. About the same age as us. I wondered if he was going to say anything. To tell them that they couldn't do that.

But he didn't say anything. No, the guy seemed too busy with everything else that was going on around him.

Cara seemed surprised, but then I realized that I could see a subtle motion. It was dark enough in the bar that I wouldn't have seen that motion if I wasn't specifically looking out for it, but I was looking out for it, and there it was.

She was grinding herself against him. Slowly, but her ass was definitely doing a circling motion as she pressed against his cock.

I shivered. My cock throbbed. I fucking loved this.

And still they didn't go out on the dance floor. I frowned. I thought I was going to get a show tonight. Isn't that what she talked about? No matter what happened, she was going to be dancing with somebody tonight.

But then I also thought about how she'd talked about that like it was going to be the consolation prize, and I wondered if maybe that wasn't what was going to happen with her and Simon.

He moved a hand down to her ass. Probably so he could both maintain a steady hold on her so she didn't fall down, and also because he wanted to grab her ass.

What kind of man wouldn't want to grab my wife's ass, after all? I stared as he squeezed it, as he manhandled her right there in front of everybody.

My breath was coming in quick gasps now. I could scarcely believe this was happening. Another man was feeling my wife.

And I had a strange mixture of emotions as I watched. I was turned on, sure, but there was another part of me that was starting to get mad.

I blinked in surprise. I was starting to get pissed off. Like really pissed off. Who the fuck did this guy think he was to feel up my wife like that?

Who the fuck did I think I was for that matter? Here was this strange man grinding his cock against my wife, and I'd practically led her to it like a lamb to the slaughter.

What the fuck kind of husband was I to do that to my wife of all people. The woman I loved. I was supposed to have and to hold, and that didn't involve telling other guys they could hold onto her, damn it.

And yet here she was, here we were, and it was all out of my control. That terrified me and infuriated me in equal measure.

I thought about going over and saying something. Trying to put an end to this. It was pure torture watching my wife grinding against him like that. Especially because I knew everybody in the place was watching what was going on.

I saw a few guys who kept glancing over to her watching the show, and why not? I could see the top of her thong appearing there like a whale tail. It looked amazing. It was incredible that my own wife was being slutty like that, and a bunch of other guys were staring at her.

We were in our early thirties, and we had a kid. College guys and younger dudes weren't supposed to look at her like that, but she still had the kind of pull where they could look over and it was immediately obvious they liked what they saw. That they wanted to get their dick inside her.

Or at the very least, they would shake their heads, and it was obvious they were jealous of Simon who was obviously going to get his dick inside her before the night was through.

I shivered. I wondered if that was actually what was going to happen, and I decided then and there that no. We'd flown too close to the sun. I'd been so obsessed with this for so long I lost sight of what was important.

I thought I was okay with it. Even watching her getting fingered hadn't been enough to push me over the edge.

But now she was grinding against him, his cock was pressing against her pussy, and there was something very different about that. Something that was very transgressive. Something that was very wrong, and it took watching it happening to finally get through to me.

Even as my cock had still never been harder than it was in that moment as I stared at the two of them doing their thing.

He leaned in to say something to her. He probably had to yell to be heard over the music. That was one reason why I'd never been a big fan of going to the bars.

She looked at him and bit her lip, and then she shook her head no.

It was a subtle thing. Slight. She turned to look at me. Again, she was biting her lip. Staring at me like she wanted to make sure this was okay.

I stared right back at her, and I very clearly shook my head from side to side. I needed her to know that I didn't want this anymore, damn it.

She kept chewing on her lip as she turned back to Simon. He leaned in again and said something to her, and then she pulled her phone out and started tapping into it.

I wondered what she was doing. Was she sending her parents a message? I hoped she was sending me a message, but it looked like she was already sending me a message pretty loud and clear with the way she was still grinding against him even though I tried to put the brakes on.

She stopped tapping. She put her phone back into the small purse she'd brought along with her. I kept staring. I wondered where this was going. Was she going to tell me this was enough?

Then the message came through. I felt the buzz in my pocket. I pulled it out and looked at it.

"You made this happen," she said.

It was like a dagger to my heart. I made this happen. It hurt all the more because I knew she was absolutely correct. I had made this happen. I'd manipulated the situation and put us in a position where she could grind up against this guy. I led him right to her. I was so obsessed with watching her with another man that I never stopped to think about whether it was a good idea or not.

How could I know? I'd obsessed about this a lot over the years, after all, but you couldn't know how you were going to react in a hypothetical situation until you were right in the middle of it.

How was I to know I wouldn't like the idea of another man grinding his cock against my wife's pussy until I actually saw it happening?

He leaned in and whispered something to her again. She leaned forward until her head was resting against him. One of his hands was on her back. The other hand was on her ass.

They were far from the only ones acting like that. Her body started to shiver and shake. It was easy to see what she was doing even from a distance. Mostly because I'd felt her doing the same thing with me plenty of times before. Pressing her body against me as she was overwhelmed by the pleasure of whatever we were doing.

And now there she was on the other side of a bar getting overwhelmed by the pleasure another man was giving her by grinding his cock against her. She was coming against him, and all it took was a little dry humping.

That really said something. Usually it took me pounding away at her before she came like that, or I had to go down on her for a while. But here she was enjoying this forbidden experience with another man. Enjoying it to the point she was coming against his cock.

She held herself there, her body twitching against him, and then finally she pulled away and hit him with a kiss full on the mouth.

There was no hesitation like with the night before. No acting like it wasn't something she should be doing. No, they were full on kissing one another. Their tongues were swirling around as they made out.

I almost came in my pants watching them.

They kissed for a short moment. Her thanking him for what he'd just done for her. For the pleasure she just got from his cock. And then they stood and he took her by the hand.

I wondered if this was finally going to be the moment when they went out onto the dance floor and put on a show. Maybe she wasn't quite as committed to this as I'd thought.

But then they turned and disappeared into the crowd, walking towards the back of the place.

Shit.

## CHASE

I was on my feet in an instant. Though even that instant wasn't enough for me to catch up to them.

No. My table was in a spot where I could see what they were doing over at the bar, but it wasn't so close that I could get to them easily. There were lots of people in the way.

Thankfully, nobody appeared in front of me trying to dance with me. I wasn't sure if I should be insulted or relieved that nobody appeared in front of me trying to dance with me.

I did have to push past a couple of people. One guy who looked like he was already three sheets to the wind this early in the evening frowned and looked like he might be on the verge of starting a fight. But I ducked around him before he had a chance to so much as slosh his beer on me, let alone try to throw a punch.

Then I was over at the bar where they'd been before they disappeared. My eyes darted around, frantically looking for any sign of where they'd disappeared to.

Only there was no sign of anything. Damn it.

"Where did you go, Cara?" I muttered, looking around the place.

And then I thought I caught sight of them. At least I caught sight of my wife's dark hair and Simon with his sprinkling of gray on the back of his head, moving towards the back of the establishment.

It looked like there was a hallway back there that led somewhere. Maybe it went back to the restrooms.

I shivered at that thought. The idea of my wife getting bent over in a bathroom stall while she had a tawdry affair with some random guy in a restroom down in Florida was intriguing, to say the least.

Panic welled up inside me as I followed them. The sort of panic that only came from knowing this was probably going to happen. I'd pushed Cara into doing this, and now that I was looking at it through the cold light of it actually happening? I was terrified.

I wondered what the fuck was wrong with me that I was finally getting everything I'd ever wanted when it came to this fantasy, and now the only thing I could think of was how much I wanted to take it all back. That, and there was more than a little rage at the thought of Simon casually leading my wife away like that. It infuriated me.

I kept moving, ducking around people and through the crowd. Then I moved over to the edge of the dance floor where it wasn't quite as busy. Where I could get around people a little more easily.

I kept moving until I reached that hallway. The only illumination back here came from neon signs. One was shaped like a palm tree. Another one was advertising everybody's favorite tropical themed beer. At least back before a pandemic that shared the name with the beer led to an unfortunate drop in sales.

I always thought the stuff tasted like piss water personally, but whatever.

I moved down the dim hallway. There were restrooms here, but it didn't look like they were particularly busy. There was also a sign that said the hallway led to a beach area out back.

I burst through the back as the door swung shut behind somebody going out there. I wondered if that was Cara and Simon. What were they going to do on the beach?

Images of them having a tawdry affair in the bathroom in some bar down on the beach in Florida were replaced with images of them having a tawdry affair right on the beach.

Though I didn't think that was actually going to happen. The problem with getting it on down on the beach was there was sand everywhere, and it wasn't just an internet meme that it was coarse and irritating and got everywhere.

No, that was the kind of shit that was seriously uncomfortable when you were trying to get it on. The last thing I needed was sandpaper running along my dick, especially before I stuck it in my wife.

But what if she was so hot and bothered with the possibility of getting with Simon that she didn't give a fuck about that?

I looked around, searching for any sign of my wife and Simon, but they weren't anywhere to be found back here.

This place was a study in contrasts with the place we'd been the night before. The dancing was going on inside this bar. The area out back was more of a casual patio where there was music playing, but it was mostly the sound of the gulf off in the distance providing the ambiance.

I looked out over the gulf. It was surprisingly dark out there. I could see a couple of twinkling lights from boats, but it was the kind of darkness I just wasn't used to seeing. No, I was always used to being able to see some sign of civilization out in the distance, but there was nothing for hundreds of miles out there.

It sent a shiver running through me.

Then I turned my attention back to looking around the back patio. There were a couple of couches set up here and there, tables that were low to the ground.

I shook my head as I moved around quickly, glancing at people to make sure it wasn't my wife and Simon.

But I had a sinking feeling the entire time. A feeling that it wasn't going to be that easy. No, he wouldn't make it that easy.

He'd run off with my wife after all. Why would he want to make it easy for me to find them?

The bastard. That anger only got brighter inside me as I walked around. A couple of people hit me with curious glances, but curious glances were as far as it went.

I'd worked out a plan with him. I'd told him where we were going to be tonight. The idea was that he would get with my wife and have a good time, and I would get to be a part of it.

But now it was clear he was just using me. Trying to get my wife alone so he could go off to have fun with her somewhere else.

Which wasn't something I was necessarily opposed to. The idea of her going out on a date night with somebody else and getting fucked while I

was back home thinking about everything she was doing was kind of hot. Don't get me wrong.

But it was another one of those things where thinking about it while I was jerking off was a very different proposition from actually living it.

I moved out to the beach. I felt the sand underfoot, and then I looked over and realized there was a little alley that ran in between this bar and the place next to it. Not very wide, but enough that two people could go in there and have a little bit of fun.

"So that's what you're up to, you bastard," I muttered.

Which earned me a curious look from a couple who was leaning back on a couch that faced out over the water. It was probably a breathtaking view during the day, but it wasn't much of anything at night. Again, just that vast void out there. An emptiness that threatened to consume everything.

It was a fascinating counterpoint to the emptiness that threatened to overwhelm everything in my brain. Again, I couldn't believe that I'd done this. That I'd set up my wife like this. That I was getting everything I'd ever wanted, and now all I wanted to do was empty the contents of my stomach.

I moved into the alley, my eyes darting this way and that.

It was dark in here. Almost as dark as that void out in the middle of the gulf. Only there were lights coming from the street on the other side.

It was walking only on that street. No cars allowed. And I could hear the sound of partying going on over there. People enjoying themselves. People trying to get laid. Basically, the kind of stuff you expected from a beachside town.

And here I was searching for my wife and wondering what the hell I'd gotten myself into.

I moved through the alley, visions of my wife being pressed up against the bar wall as he railed her from behind filling my brain. Visions of her tits bouncing as his hands ran up and down her body also filling my mind.

Did she really want it that bad? Would she really go that far?

I suppose there was a part of me that took comfort in the sure knowledge that my wife would never actually go through with something like this. It would be another thing where we went out and she did a little bit of flirting with Simon, but a little bit of flirting and teasing was as far as it was ever going to go.

It was funny that I was relying on her doing the same thing she'd always done when it came to this fantasy. The thing that'd frustrated me for so

long. Especially now that she was doing the exact opposite.

Only there was nobody in the alley as I moved through, my cock throbbing as I stared and wondered what they were up to. Where she was going. What she was doing.

I moved out into the street. My eyes darted this way and that. There were a lot of people walking around having a good time. People who were utterly oblivious to the way my whole world was crashing down around me.

But that's how the world worked, wasn't it? Nobody gave a shit about you. The only thing you could do was move through life with the people who were important to you.

I was hit with another stab of pain in my gut. Like an actual stab of nervous pain rather than just feeling a little queasy. The kind of pain I got from knowing I'd taken one of the special people in my life and I'd thrown her at another man. I'd badgered her to the point she was finally going along with this.

Damn it.

I kept my head on a swivel. Finally I thought I saw them. They were over by a light pole in the distance. They were standing there kissing each other. When they stopped they turned to look at the alley. Like they were waiting for me to come out. Like they knew I was going to be down there and they were waiting to give me an idea of where they were going.

Simon locked eyes with me. His mouth quirked up in a smile I could see even from across the street.

Cara was a different look entirely. She looked...

Well, she looked unlike anything I'd seen from her for a good long while. She was beautiful, but her eyes were lidded. Her mouth was open. She had a look of pure lust on her face. The kind of look I hadn't seen since we started getting together for the very first time back when we first started dating.

It was like she was getting a dose of some of that old-fashioned new relationship energy. Which is something I'd read about from people going through with this fantasy, but it was a surprise to see it on my wife's face.

It was another thing that sent a stab of pain running through my gut to know she could look at another man and get that feeling from him.

Also? It sent a stab of jealousy that mixed with pure arousal as I watched her doing that. Knowing she was getting that feeling from another man.

They turned and started walking down the street. Down towards some condos in the distance that were behind the main road that ran along the beach.

I dove into the crowd trying to follow them. Which was difficult because I was trying to keep an eye on where I was going while also keeping an eye on them.

I nearly ran into a few people. I nearly got into a fight when I bumped into one guy and sent his beer splashing. It almost went all over his lady, but he managed to pour it on the ground instead.

He yelled at me, but I ducked around him and then I was going through the crowd trying to find them.

Shit, what if I didn't find them? What if she ran off and had this adventure without me?

I was surprised to realize I wasn't sure if I was more pissed off at the idea of her having the adventure at all, or the idea of her having this adventure and I didn't get to see it.

## THE LOBBY

I followed them down the street, unsure of exactly where we were going. Unsure of exactly what I was doing. Unsure if I even wanted to follow them and see what was inevitably going to happen when we got to wherever we were going.

That was the thing. When we got to where we were inevitably going then it might end with another man putting his dick inside my wife. This felt like a situation I couldn't un-fuck.

That queasy sensation almost had me doubling over in pain. I did for a moment.

"Hey, are you okay, man?" a woman's voice said.

I looked up to see an older lady, like maybe she was in her mid-forties to early-fifties, or maybe the hot Florida sun beating down on her for most of her life had aged her prematurely and she was about the same age as me and Cara.

She looked at me with obvious concern. An almost motherly concern. Which was a touch ridiculous because she was wearing a halter top that was showing off the biggest pair of fake tits I think I'd ever seen. Her husband was standing beside her. He had white hair and a big bushy mustache, as well as a big gut to go along with it.

"Yeah, I'm fine," I said, shaking my head and pushing past them.

I'd lost sight of Cara again as I was doubled over in pain. I continued moving down the street, wondering if I was going to find her. Wondering

what was going to happen when I eventually reached her.

"Hey, I'm the bachelorette," someone else shouted.

And suddenly I was surrounded by a group of women. Meanwhile, in the distance, I thought I saw a flash of dark hair along with a guy who had broad shoulders and some salt and pepper in his hair.

Cara and Simon. They were over there. I had to get to them. Damn it.

A pretty lady who looked to be in her mid-twenties suddenly appeared in front of me. She wore a sash declaring that she was the bride-to-be.

"Excuse me," I said, looking between her and over to where Cara and Simon had disappeared around a corner.

I looked up, there was a condo that loomed in the darkness. I could see lights twinkling from it.

I memorized that place. Sure, it was possible they were going somewhere else, but I got the feeling Simon was trying to lead me to his place.

"I'm the bride," she said, and then suddenly she was thrusting her tits up in my face. Like we're talking I could see the top of her nipples through the bright white tank top she wore.

"Sign my tits."

"I don't have time," I said, and then I pushed past her.

Her friends, presumably people in the bridal party since they wore sashes declaring they were bridesmaids or friends of the bride or various relatives of the bride, started jeering and catcalling at me as I moved past them.

What the fuck ever. I needed to get to my wife. I didn't give a shit about that woman.

Okay, so the idea that the bride-to-be was going around and trying to get other people to sign her tits was kind of hot.

It wasn't going to stop me from trying to find my wife before she did something I thought was hot, though. At least I thought it was hot right up to the moment I actually found myself confronted with this fantasy.

I moved down the street and then turned along a side street, and it was like I'd stepped into a totally different world.

The whole place was quiet. Eerily quiet.

I looked around, worried that maybe I'd been led astray in a completely different scenario from the bad porno where my wife was going to get everything I'd ever wanted and I hated it.

This looked more like the kind of thing that happened in a horror story. Or maybe a police procedural where some guy shows up looking over my body and says a quip before he puts his sunglasses on and looks out over the gulf.

Though I was pretty sure that show took place over on the Atlantic side of things. Whatever.

Then I heard giggling from off in the distance. Off towards that massive condo.

I moved to follow. That was Cara, I knew it. I mean, sure, a part of me said it was possible that was a completely different woman and I was grasping at anything, but I needed to get to my wife.

So I followed that giggling and I finally reached the front of the condo just in time to see two people walking through the front doors.

The place was surprisingly quiet here too. Like everybody was out partying on the walkable street that ran in front of the beach, or maybe they were out partying at the beach or going to one of the numerous clubs out there.

The only people who would be back here were people who didn't want to do any of the partying tonight, or people who'd found what they were looking for while they were out partying and now they were coming back to this place so they could get what they'd been going for.

Isn't that the whole reason everybody came down to a place like this? All of it, going out to the beach, dancing at clubs, getting drunk, having a good time with friends, trying to meet people, was ultimately in service of the one thing that seemed to motivate most of humanity for most of history.

People were looking to get their dicks wet or to get a dick inside them.

I walked up to the doors, and my heart leapt even as that sick feeling in my stomach hit me all over again.

Because I was staring at none other than Cara. She was standing there in the lobby with Simon. He had a hand on her lower back.

I tried to open the door. The whole thing rattled in my hand. Cara and Simon both looked over to me.

Cara still had that slightly lidded look on her face. A look that said she was hot and bothered and ready to go. Simon hit me with the look I expected to get from him earlier. It was a broad grin. The kind of smile that said he knew I was going to get here, and he knew I was going to get here too late.

Simon looked around the lobby. It was a big place, there was another set of doors at the other end. I guessed those went into the first floor's condos or something.

There was also a bank of elevators all around them, but the place was just as empty as the streets around here. Why would anybody be hanging out in the lobby?

Simon grabbed Cara. He pulled her close to him. Her mouth fell open in an obvious gasp, though I couldn't hear that obvious gasp through the window.

I tried pulling on the door again. The thing rattled in my hand, but refused to open.

No, I couldn't do anything to get in there. It was well and truly out of my control. I pushed my wife into this, and now I couldn't stop it.

Cara was the only one who could put an end to it. I hoped she would get that idea as she stared at me, but she had an odd smile on her face.

I pounded on the door.

"Cara!" I shouted, "You can't do this. I'm sorry I ever pushed you into it."

I wasn't sure if she could even hear me. How thick was this glass? Was it double-paned? Didn't they have to have special glass to keep the heat out since we were in fucking Florida?

She held a finger up and wagged it back and forth like I was being a naughty boy, and I needed to stop.

I stopped. I leaned against the glass. I felt tears coming to my eyes. I couldn't believe it had come to this. I couldn't believe it took me throwing my wife at another man before I finally realized this wasn't what I wanted.

But even that felt like a lie, because my cock was still throbbing down in my pants. My cock was telling me my brain might not like what was going on, but on an instinctual level, another part of me loved it.

Simon pulled Cara until she was pressed against him from behind. Then he moved a hand around and started running it up and down her body. Along her stomach and then up to her tits.

That tank top wasn't enough to stop him. No, he pulled one of the straps to the side as his other hand pulled her head to the side, and he started making out with her right there.

Then he used the hand he'd used to tilt her head and moved it down and pressed it against her stomach.

I had no doubt she felt his rock-hard cock pressing against her ass on the other side. That he was humping her for all he was worth. That he was doing everything he could to get as much contact as possible between that cock and my wife.

Though even that wasn't close to the amount of contact he was going to get before the night was through.

He pulled one of her straps down, and then one of her tits was free. Then he moved and pulled the other one down, and her other tit sprang free.

I licked my lips. My mouth was suddenly so very dry. My wife's body was on display for the whole world to see in there.

Sure, it wasn't the whole world to see. It looked like there was maybe a camera over in one corner of the room. So maybe there was a security guard who was getting one hell of a show. Which had my cock twitching as I thought about how there was a good possibility there was a recording of my wife's defilement going on out there somewhere.

My cock screamed at me that we needed to figure out a way to get a copy of that video, even as the more rational part of my brain was still screaming about how wrong this was.

"What are you doing, Cara?" I whimpered as I pressed my head against the glass.

Because that instinctive part of me was still calling some of the shots. Maybe my mind screamed at me that this was a terrible idea, but my cock was screaming at me that this was the hottest fucking thing I'd ever seen.

He pawed at my wife's tits. He squeezed them and twisted her nipples. There were red marks where he was manhandling her. Treating her in a way I never would.

Because she was my wife. The love of my life. The mother of my child. Maybe the mother of my children if our marriage managed to survive what was going on here tonight.

That was a pretty big if at this point.

He kept pulling her against him. She had a lazy smile plastered on her face as she watched me watching her. Like she was getting off on the idea of me being forced to watch.

Hell, I was getting off on being forced to watch what was happening. There were two warring parts of me, and the part of me that was getting queasy at the thought of another man feeling up my wife like that? It was losing the fight.

He kept kissing her, and then his lips moved down to her neck. He pulled her head to the side, looking for all the world like he was a vampire in a movie, and he started sucking on her neck. Only he looked at me and held my eye contact the entire time.

I knew exactly what he was doing. It sent a chill through me. It had my cock throbbing.

He was marking my wife. Letting the world know she was his. I wondered how she was going to explain that to her parents when we went back to their place.

I wondered if she'd be going back to their place after tonight, or if it would just be me making the walk of shame while my wife spent the night in the arms of another man in some strange condo in Florida.

I shivered as I watched, but then he pulled away.

I thought maybe we were done, but he spun Cara around so she was facing him and turned her to the side. Then he grabbed her hair and pulled it into a ponytail.

I frowned, wondering what he was up to. Cara was staring at him with her mouth open and her breath coming in heaving gasps, her red and raw tits bouncing with every breath she took.

And then he used that grip on her hair to start pushing her down, and I knew exactly what was going to happen next.

## DEEP THROAT

**M**y forehead was pressing against the window, but my cock was also pressing against it. I started to hump against the window to get a little bit of friction, and then I realized what I was doing and stopped.

“What the fuck is wrong with me?”

Though as I looked over to the scene playing out inside the lobby, I also wondered what the hell was going on with my wife in there.

She only hesitated for a moment. Like she was annoyed that he was trying to push her down like that. Which was something that had always annoyed her when I tried doing the head pushing thing.

It was an asshole move. Nobody should be a head pusher.

But she only hesitated for a moment, then she looked over to me and her eyes narrowed. Like she was pissed off at me. Maybe more pissed off at me than she was at Simon for being a head pusher.

Which had me blinking and wondering what the fuck her problem was. Why was she glaring at me like this was somehow my fault? She was the one who was in there getting down on her knees in the lobby of some condo building getting ready to suck some guy's dick while her husband was locked on the other side of the window unable to do a goddamn thing about it.

I thought about pounding against the glass again. Doing my best impression of Dustin Hoffman in *The Graduate*. I decided I wasn't going to

bother.

She was in there and she was doing what she was going to do. Clearly nothing I could do was going to stop her. All I could do was watch and wonder.

"Damn it," I said, my fists clenching and unclenching at my side as she got her down on her knees. Simon's shorts were obviously tenting out. He was obviously turned on by having my wife on her knees in front of him with her breasts hanging out of her top.

How naive I'd been earlier looking at my wife in that top. Thinking about how hot it was to see her in the thing. Thinking about how naughty it was. Thinking about another guy getting a look at her in it. Wondering what it would look like to see Simon peeling her out of her sexy clothes she bought and wore specifically for this occasion.

Talk about being careful what you wished for.

She stared for a moment, uncomprehending. Like she wasn't sure what she was supposed to do with his bulge, which was ridiculous. I had plenty of experience with her going down on me. I knew she knew exactly what to do with a dick in front of her.

I wondered if this was finally going to be the moment when the spell was broken. When she'd decide she wasn't going to do this after all. When she remembered she was a married woman, damn it, and she wasn't supposed to be down on her knees in front of a strange man licking her lips and leaning forward. Moving her hands into the front band of his shorts and pulling down until his cock sprang free and bounced in front of her.

Okay. I guess this was happening. I wasn't going to get that moment of clarity where she stopped and realized what she was doing was so very wrong. Damn it.

She stared at his cock for a minute. Hell, I stared at his cock.

It's not like I was into dicks. Other than my own, that is. But he was massive. I'd never been the kind of guy to worry about cock size but I suddenly felt all kinds of insecure as I watched that thing bouncing in front of my wife. She didn't quite go cross-eyed but the way she looked at it made it clear she was interested.

She reached up and wrapped her hand around it. The hand that always made my cock look a decent size. Only it was dwarfed by what was going on in front of me. It would've taken two of her hands to get around the thing.

And she did just that, moving another hand up so she was holding it in both hands.

It wasn't quite so big that she could wrap both hands around it and there was still some room, but the fact that she could get both of her hands around it without trouble even with the head still poking out in front of her was saying something.

I shivered as I stared.

Then she leaned forward and licked the tip. Her mouth scrunched up as she licked it. Like she was tasting something she didn't care for.

Which was something she did with me from time to time, acting like she was licking something sour when she licked my dick for the first time.

I'd actually started eating pineapple and drinking pineapple juice back in the day to try and improve the taste for her, and then she sheepishly admitted that her doing that was just part of a little routine that she did. A joke she was trying to play on me.

But she also admitted everything tasted a little better, about as good as come could taste when you were going down on somebody. So I kept up with the pineapple routine.

Simon frowned down at her. Clearly he didn't appreciate her little joke. He still had his hand wrapped around her ponytail and he started to pull her forward.

She looked up at him and then braced herself against his thighs, trying to push back. But he clearly wasn't going to take no for an answer.

He started to move her forward and forward and then she was opening her mouth because I think at the end of the day she wanted to go down on him as much as he wanted her to go down on him.

Even if she was a little annoyed at the way he was pulling her forward like that. Then she was closing her eyes and sighing as he pushed her onto his cock.

It was incredible to watch. That thing was big. She complained sometimes about her mouth getting sore even when she was going down on me.

But she moved down, down, moving her mouth down along the length of his cock. I watched every inch of it sinking down inside her mouth. I could only stare in wonder as she was able to take that thing. It didn't seem like it should be possible for a woman to be able to fit that into her mouth.

She'd tried deep throating me a couple of times, and it always resulted in her gagging. Though I'd always suspected it was more because her heart wasn't in it than because she wasn't capable of doing it.

She kept moving, and then she started tapping against his thighs. Like maybe it was getting to be too much for her. Finally he relented and she pulled off of him, her chest rising and falling as she took in a few deep breaths.

I could only stare. It was hot, but I was also pissed off that he was doing this to my wife.

Simon looked down at her. She stared up at him. It looked like they were having a conversation, but of course they were behind the glass so I had no way of hearing what they were saying.

She bit her lip and shook her head. Then he looked at her again, said something. She shook her head again, but then she turned to look at me.

He was saying something, and he pulled out his phone and showed something to her. I felt a chill run down to the very core of my being as he showed her his phone. I wondered what he was showing her.

Was he showing her that I'd thrown her to the wolves? Was he showing her that conversation where I told him where we'd be?

Damn it. I hated this. I hated everything about it.

And my cock was so hard. I wanted to be in there watching them. I wanted to be in there feeling up my wife as her mouth bounced up and down on another man's cock.

But it was a pleasure denied me, and I think the idea of a pleasure denied pissed me off more than anything else. More even than what I'd done to her.

Finally, she leaned forward again. She didn't seem quite as hesitant this time around. No, she wrapped her mouth around his cock, and then she started moving down.

I worried that it was going to be too much for her again, but she kept going. Finally she managed to pull his cock all the way into her mouth.

I could only stare in astonishment as she sat there on her knees with her lips pressed against his pelvis.

"What the fuck?" I whispered.

Another flash of jealousy ran through me at that. She'd never done something like that with me before. God, it was sexy watching her with another man's cock buried down in her throat.

Simon threw his head back and seemed to be groaning. Then he grabbed her hair and pulled back. Pressed forward. He was fucking her mouth.

It didn't take long before he was pounding into my wife's mouth over and over. Really fucking her face.

Again, not something she'd done with me. Like I'd tried it once, but it was clear she didn't enjoy the experience.

But it seemed everything was different with him. She'd somehow transformed into a total slut with this man, and I didn't know what it was that had transformed her.

Over and over he pounded into the back of her throat. I could see tears running down the side of her face. She looked like she wanted to pull off at one point, but he pointed over to me. Her eyes narrowed, even with the tears running down the side of her face, and then she was letting him fuck her face all over again.

My cock was so damn hard, I kept pressing against the window without really thinking about what I was doing.

And then it happened, something that was going to be seared into my mind for all of eternity.

He pulled out and looked down at my wife. Looked down at her tits on display for him. Down at her pretty face as she looked up at him.

He said something, and she suddenly leaned forward and opened her mouth, but not before glancing over at me one final time. Like she wanted to make sure I was watching. She didn't want me to miss a single bit of what he was about to do to her.

The first rope of come shot out and landed in her hair. Another one across her face. The third one splashed across her tits. I pressed my cock against the glass, and I let out a quiet whimper as I realized I was coming too.

I didn't even need to touch myself. All I needed was the sight of another man blowing a load all over my wife.

Some of it dribbled down along her breasts. Down between her tits. I'd fucked her tits before, but she'd always made me get off when I was about to come because she didn't want any of it on her face.

I couldn't believe who this woman was, I couldn't believe she was down there acting like a porn star as he came on her body again and again.

I wondered at all of the come he had built up inside him, though I suppose it was better that it was coming on her chest and not inside her.

The last thing I wanted was for Jessica's little sibling to be a half-sibling because mom went a little wild on vacation. Even as that thought only added to the intensity of the orgasmic pleasure washing over me as I stared helpless at another man coming all over my wife.

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## A WALK

I very nearly collapsed against the window. I could only stare at everything that was going on in there. I could only marvel and wonder at what had just happened.

I expected to feel even more shame now that I'd blown a load inside my shorts.

But for a surprise, the shame was gone. It was like it was wrapped up in that moment of watching her getting with someone else, but now that the moment had come, quite literally, I was left breathing heavily and thinking about how hot that had been.

Maybe part of it was the relief of knowing it was all over. It's not like they were going to do anything else. He got his from my wife. He got to fuck her mouth, he got to blow a load on her pretty face and all over her tits, and now he was going to leave and have a memory of the time he face fucked someone else's wife.

Probably not the only memory of a time he got to do something with someone else's wife. The bastard.

He looked down at Cara. She looked up at him. She blinked a couple of times. I could see the lust that would've been clouding her eyes starting to clear away just a little. Any moment now my Cara was going to come back. She'd be all mine again. We'd go back to our place and we could talk about everything that had happened here tonight.

Maybe we'd even do this again. We still had a few more nights of vacation after all, though I wasn't sure I wanted to do anything with this Simon asshole. Not after everything he'd pulled tonight.

Again they seemed to be having a conversation, going back and forth with each other. He glanced down at his phone one more time and she smiled.

She turned and gave me a sweet look.

I wasn't quite in the same angry place I'd been even ten minutes ago. It was weird how all that anxiety went away with me having that orgasm.

She'd done it. It had happened. We'd proved she was willing to go farther than she'd ever gone before. Farther than just talking about getting with another guy.

Then she gave me a little wave as she stood and they turned and walked over to the bank of elevators.

The anger wasn't back, but the fear was definitely there. Fear that she was going to do this. She hit a button on the elevator and turned and started chatting with Simon like it was nothing. Like they were old friends. Like I wasn't standing right here on the other side of the window staring at them.

"What the fuck?" I said, and I started banging on the window again.

I didn't care that I might be making a scene. I didn't care that this was the kind of thing that was likely to get security called on me. All I cared about was getting in there and stopping my wife from doing something that would be one hell of a mistake.

Only I also knew it was already too late for all of that.

She turned and waved at me one final time. She smiled and blew me a kiss, like she wanted to rub salt in the wound.

And all I could do was keep pounding on the window. Keep trying to prevent her from making one hell of a mistake.

And then she was gone. They disappeared into the elevator. I was left with nothing. I slumped against the window again. It felt like before, only now I had a wet spot spreading in my pants. Sticky and cold like my shame.

Damn it.

I pulled away from the window. I glanced down to see if there was any of my come staining the thing, and then I decided I didn't give a flying fuck if any of my come was staining the thing. It's not like they were going to do a DNA test to see what that stain was.

I looked to the lobby again. I thought maybe she'd come back out and it would turn out this whole thing was just a big joke they were playing on me or something. They were going to have a little fun with me now that he got what he wanted from my wife.

But that moment never came. She never stepped out of the elevator. The lobby was empty and silent. I was left standing there, utterly dejected.

My phone buzzed. I jumped and pulled it out of my pocket, and I almost dropped the thing I was in such a hurry to see what was going on.

I looked down and realized I'd gotten a text message. It was from Simon, and it was simple.

"You might want to take a walk to your right. You might see something interesting out there."

I blinked and stared at the thing, then I turned right and immediately stopped. My right wasn't the same as what it'd been just a moment ago when I was facing the window. So I turned in the other direction and went for a walk.

There was a fence that ran along the condo that would allow people on the first floor to come out and enjoy their space without being bothered by somebody who might wander over from the beach. I wondered how much of a problem that was, or if people even used the small space they had out there for anything when they had the beach right there that they could make use of whenever they wanted.

There were also balconies on the higher levels, and the space on the balcony wasn't much bigger than the space somebody would get on the first level.

It went up to about ten stories. It looked like the kind of place that would be able to stand if a hurricane came through, or the kind of place that you might see in the background during the intro for *Golden Girls*. Though we were far from Miami.

I kept walking, wondering what I was supposed to see. Wondering what he could possibly be talking about.

And then I paused, because I thought I heard voices. I looked down at my watch and tried to calculate how long it'd been since he sent that text message. How long since they went into the elevator.

Could they have gotten back to his room in that time?

I looked up and, again, my heart froze as I got a good look at what was going on up there.

It was difficult to see in the darkness, but it looked like there was a dude with broad shoulders up there, and right next to him was the outline of a beautiful, sexy woman.

I was pretty sure that woman was my wife.

They were chatting. It looked like both of them had a drink, though it was dark enough that I couldn't really tell for sure.

Then there was a click and a light came on. It was a faint light, but it was enough for me to see by, and I could see that definitely was Simon up there with my wife.

My cock immediately stirred to life. Which was a surprise. There wasn't the anger I felt earlier when I was watching the two of them, but I was a little miffed.

"Cara," I said, trying to do that thing where I was whispering, but I was also talking loud enough that hopefully she'd be able to hear me.

They went right on talking. I worried that I'd misunderstood what was going on here. That it wasn't actually my wife up there with Simon.

But no, that had to be her up there. What the hell were they doing? I heard the clinking of glass coming together.

Okay, it sounded like they were having a drink together at the very least, and that pissed me the fuck off. Why was she up there having a drink?

That pissed me off, but I was surprised to realize exactly why I was pissed off. I was more annoyed that she was up there having a drink with another man and she wasn't letting me in on it. I'd always imagined if we were going to do something about this fantasy then I'd get to watch as it was happening.

But that's not what was going on here.

"Cara, I know you can hear me up there," I said, trying to sound a little more annoyed. It looked like they were up on the third floor, so close enough that she could hear me.

Again, there was no response. Again, she didn't say jack shit to me. Again, I worried that maybe I had the wrong window and I was shouting at some random couple up there who were trying to enjoy an evening together while they looked out at the gulf off in the distance.

Or maybe it was my wife up there enjoying time with another man. Which I'd begged her to do so many times, and now that she was doing it? I was infuriated.

"Cara," I shouted, and this time it wasn't a whisper yell. No, this time it was a straight-up yell. I let all my anger and frustration boil over.

"Would you relax already?" she called down.

Her voice sounded odd. Not odd in the sense that I thought she sounded stressed out or anything like that. No, more like it sounded odd that she was so casual. Like there wasn't a problem with what she was doing up there.

Was there a problem with what she was doing up there? I encouraged her at every step of the way, after all. I told Simon where we'd be. Wasn't this all my fault?

The guilt ate at me. The anger ate at me. The uncertainty ate at me.

But overall, the arousal threatened to overwhelm me. My cock went hard again even though I came against that glass just a couple of minutes ago.

"What are you doing up there?" I said, calling out in a more normal tone now that I had her attention.

There was a pause. I wondered if she was going to say anything. I was thankful they were only up on the third floor. It meant I could get a good view of what they were doing even though they were only lit by that faint light.

If they were any higher than that, I wouldn't have been able to talk to them. I wouldn't have been able to see anything. As it was, I could barely make them out in the shadows even with that light he'd turned on.

"Aren't you getting everything you wanted?" she asked, calling down to me. Maybe it was my imagination, but she almost sounded amused.

Then my phone rang again. I pulled it up and looked at it. It was a video call. Damn.

I hit accept and suddenly my wife was right there staring at me, smiling at me like there wasn't a problem with any of this. My mind reeled as I looked at her. As I thought about how everything had changed so damn quickly.

Funny how life could come at you like that.

"Cara, what are you doing?" I said after licking my lips and forcing myself to meet her eyes.

Just a couple of days ago we'd been flying down for a nice family vacation. Me, her, and Jessica. We were supposed to have a good time. Sure, it had always been in the back of my mind that she might do something like this, but it had always just been a fantasy.

And now there she was, smiling at me with a man in the background.

"What are you doing, Cara?" I asked.

Her head cocked to the side just a little. Like she was confused about my question. But I knew she was mocking me with that look.

"What am I doing?" she asked, looking over her shoulder at Simon, then back to me. "Aren't I doing everything you wanted me to do? Isn't that why you were texting Simon to let him know where I was going to be?"

So she did know about that shit.

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## THE VIEW

I hesitated as I looked up at Cara and Simon up on that balcony.

"You knew about that?" I asked.

"Of course I knew about that," she said, glaring daggers down at me. Or at least I thought she was glaring daggers down at me. It was honestly a little difficult to tell what kind of expression she wore considering it was so dark and she was a couple of floors above me.

"Damn," I said.

"You were in contact with him the whole time," she said. "I knew it from the beginning. I can't believe you."

"I..."

"I knew you wanted to make this fantasy a reality, but I didn't know you wanted it that bad. I guess I never really appreciated it."

"But I've been talking about this for years now," I said. "You know how hot it got me when you danced with other guys."

"Yeah. I know how hot it got you when I danced with other guys."

I noticed something going on in the background of the video call. Something I could also see happening up on the balcony when I looked up.

Simon was moving in behind her. Unfortunately, the video call was just showing her face and part of her upper body. She was leaning over and I couldn't see what was going on up on the other side of the balcony.

No, I could just get an idea of what was happening up there, and it looked like Simon was starting to run his hand up and down her body again.

She'd managed to put her halter top back up in between the lobby and getting up to his place. Maybe they were worried somebody would see her and think the wrong thing.

Then again, I could see the distinct darkness of some stains all over her top where it had bled through from being on her tits when she put it back on.

And there were parts in her hair that looked like something straight out of *There's Something About Mary*.

"I mean, I know you've been talking about it all this time," she said. "But I guess I never appreciated that you actually wanted to go through with it. I thought it was one of those things that was always just going to be a fantasy. That you didn't want to actually make it happen until last night."

"I always wanted to make it happen, baby," I said. "Like, I don't know how else I can make that clear to you. I've been dreaming about this forever. I've been jerking off thinking about it forever."

She bit her lip as Simon did something, and then she started to move ever so slightly.

I realized one of his hands was down behind her. I glanced up at the balcony and I could see his hand working something. She squeezed her eyes shut.

"It feels so good, baby. He's inside me right now."

I licked my lips. That was like a bolt of lightning coming down from on high to slam into me.

"Is he fucking you right now?" I asked.

That would be taking things way farther than we had so far. I guess I could have fooled myself into thinking this wasn't going to go all the way as long as she was up there talking to me.

Sure she'd blown him. Sure she'd been fingered. She'd had his cock inside her mouth, but it still wasn't the same as getting fucked.

Though I also had a sneaking suspicion that was ultimately where everything was going by the end of the night.

"It feels so good," she said, and her eyes opened as she stared right at me, or as she stared right at her phone. "But it's just his fingers for now. Why? Do you want it to be more than his fingers?"

I stared at her on the phone, and then I looked up where she was leaning over his balcony. Which would present him with one hell of an opportunity to take her from behind.

Would she let that happen? Did she want that to happen?

"Is that something you want, baby?" I asked.

"Oh no," she said. "I'm asking you. You're right here in the moment. Is this something you want? Because it's something you say you've wanted for so long, but I need to hear it from you at least one more time."

"Yes," I said without hesitation, my cock throbbing in my pants as I gave her the go-ahead. "That's something I want."

Simon moved his hand up and worked on the knot that was holding her halter top in place. Meanwhile, his other hand was still down between her legs. That miniskirt she wore was probably giving him easy access.

I fucking loved it when she wore miniskirts like that back when we were dating. It always meant we were going to be fucking by the end of the night, and I was usually so excited about getting with Cara that I didn't even bother to take the miniskirt off of her before I shoved my cock inside her.

It was a fantasy that had always gone straight to my dick. I wondered if that was why she was doing this now. I wondered if she realized he was doing the same thing that I loved to do.

"I think he likes my miniskirt," she said, grinning at me.

Okay. She knew exactly what he was doing, damn.

"You're damn right I like this miniskirt," Simon said from behind her.

He pulled her halter top down and her breasts sprang free. I couldn't see the come on her breasts. I wasn't sure if that was because the camera couldn't pick up on that level of detail or if it was because the stuff had already been wiped off on the inside of her halter top where I could see the stains.

She squeezed her eyes shut and let out a little shudder.

"I'm going to fuck your wife, man," he said, grinning at me from over her shoulder. "I've been with a few couples like this before. Always fun when I get to pop some wife's cherry."

"You're not popping her cherry," I said.

"This is the first time she's fucked another man since the two of you said the whole man and wife thing in a pretty little church, or at some expensive wedding venue that charged you way too fucking much for the privilege of having a one-day party there, right?"

I winced. That was pretty damn close to the truth.

"Yeah," I finally said. "It is the first time she's been with someone else since we got married."

"There you go, man," he said. "I'm popping her married cherry. It's always fun to fuck somebody's wife for the first time since they got together. It'll let her feel what it's like to have a new dick inside for the first time in forever."

I winced. There was something about the juxtaposition of what he was saying and how it reminded me of one of our kiddo's favorite movies she watched on repeat.

"And the best thing is I don't even have to take her out of her clothes entirely," he said. "No, it looks like you gift-wrapped her nice and pretty for me tonight."

"That was all Cara," I said.

"Was it?" he asked, grinning at me through the screen. "Well then. Cara did a nice job of gift-wrapping herself all nice and pretty for me tonight."

Yeah, she did a pretty good job.

He pulled his shirt off and then he started working at his pants. I didn't see them falling because Cara was in the way, but I could hear a loud thump as they hit his balcony floor.

Cara looked over her shoulder and then back to me. She bit her lip.

"It's so big."

"Tell me how big it is, baby."

"It's so big that I was worried I wasn't going to be able to get the whole thing in my mouth earlier."

"Oh, you were able to get that in your mouth," he said. "There's always something nice about a pretty woman like you realizing she can do so much more than you'll ever do with your husband."

"Hey," I said, annoyed but also not wanting to say anything that would put a stop to the fun.

"Oh, don't get pissed off," Simon said, grinning and winking at me. "This is happening, and you and your old lady here are going to have a lot of fun with each other because you were willing to do this."

"Yeah, I suppose you're right," I said.

"I can feel his cock on my pussy, baby."

"Do you want to see this?" Simon asked.

I licked my lips again. Did I want to see this? It seemed like the most incredible thing I could ever imagine. Of course I wanted to fucking see it.

But did I really want to see it? I thought about my reaction earlier. How I'd been so pissed off. How I hadn't been able to handle the idea of her

running off with another man.

I got better once I came against that glass and released some of the tension pulsing through me, but I couldn't guarantee I wasn't going to have a bad reaction again.

“Yeah, I need to see it,” I said.

Oh, who the fuck was I kidding? I was being given an opportunity to see my wife getting fucked. To watch a cock sliding into her for the first time since we got married.

I'd always hoped that was something that would happen in person, but if I could only see it through a screen then I supposed I was going to have to deal with that.

“Hand me your phone, baby,” he said.

Cara frowned as she looked at me through the video connection. Like she didn't like him giving her orders.

He smacked her ass. It was loud enough that I could hear it through the phone. A moment later I heard the echo coming down from the balcony up above. Damn.

“I said hand me your phone, pretty girl,” he said.

She bit her lip and he smacked her ass again. She let out a little squeal. Like she was enjoying that.

“Oh, I see how it is,” Simon said, grinning and winking.

He smacked her ass one more time. This time the noise she made was more like a moan. And again, I had that odd sensation of being able to hear it through the phone connection and then a moment later I could hear it from up above. There was a slight delay in the noise getting to me because of the speed of sound.

“Give me your phone, baby. I need your husband to watch as I fuck you.”

I could only stare, but then I thought about something she'd said earlier.

“Wait, what do you mean you knew I was telling him about this all along?”

She grinned at me and then looked over her shoulder to Simon. He also grinned like the cat that ate the proverbial canary. Like he'd been in on this all along.

“Because last night when I was talking to Simon he told me he was pretty sure my husband would do anything to make this happen. It was a

little bet he made with me. There are all kinds of bets going around tonight!”

I thought about everything he'd said to me. How a woman could be a little reluctant, but that he had a surefire way of seducing married women and making sure they hopped into bed with him.

I guess I hadn't considered that it would involve exposing me betraying my wife.

“Shit,” I hissed, not sure whether I should be impressed or pissed off.

“Yeah, sorry about that,” he said with a shrug. “But there's no better way to convince a married woman to go along with something like this than to show her how much her husband wants it and throw in a little bit of betrayal.”

“So that's why you looked so pissed off earlier,” I said.

“Yeah, just a little,” she said, and some of that anger came back to her tone and look as she stared at me.

“I'm sorry, baby,” I said, though I don't know how sorry I truly was. Not when she was about to fulfill this fantasy I'd been dreaming about forever.

“Not as sorry as you're about to be,” she said, and she passed the phone back to Simon so I could finally get a good look up close and personal at everything that was happening up there.

## GETTING HOT

Simon took the phone, and for an awkward moment it was looking at his face. But then he tapped something on the screen, and it quickly turned so I had a view of my wife's ass in that miniskirt.

I could see he'd been busy. Her miniskirt was pulled up just a little so he could get a good view of her ass. I could also see a red spot in the shape of a handprint on her right cheek where he'd been smacking her every time she didn't do something to his liking.

More than that, though, I couldn't see the outline of her thong. Like he'd already taken it and done something with it.

"Where's the thong?" I asked.

I could hear Simon chuckle even if I couldn't see his face.

"That's a little trophy for me," he said. "Hope you don't mind, but it's not like you have any control over it either. I like to keep a little memento of the fun I have on these adventures."

I licked my lips. The idea of this random guy having my wife's thong underwear as a memento was kind of hot. It also pissed me off, but it was more hot than it was pissing me off.

Then he was lining up his cock to my wife's pussy.

It was odd. I'd seen this view of my wife so many times. Usually it was my cock going inside her though.

And I could definitely tell that it was a different cock that was about to slide inside her. There was no mistaking that monster for mine. He wasn't

that much bigger than me, but he was just enough bigger that I could tell the difference.

I heard Cara whining as his cock parted her pussy lips. Then it turned into a low moan which had me blinking in surprise.

I glanced up to the balcony up above. I could see her leaning over the balcony, and I could hear that low moan echoing out over the condo. I could hear it echoing out over towards the beach. I wondered if somebody else would hear that and know what was going on.

I'm sure there were plenty of people who fucked near the beach over the years. I'm sure there were plenty of people who'd fucked on the balconies in this condo.

And then I looked back down to the screen, because I could see it happening even as my cock twitched and throbbed thinking about the noises my wife was making. Noises that were unlike the noises she made when I was with her.

His cock was sliding into her inch by inch. I could hear her gasping over the phone. I could hear those same gasps a moment later coming down from the balcony up above.

"Wait," she said. "Wait a minute. I need to adjust and, oh fuck."

That last line came out as a long and whining moan. She started panting again as he slid into her. He was inexorable. There was no stopping him.

He wanted to get inside my wife's cute little pussy, and he was going to do that. He didn't seem to give a flying fuck about the monster he was fucking her with or that she needed time to adjust. I wondered if she'd be able to handle it.

But of course she'd be able to handle it. If she could get that thing into her mouth then she should be able to get it into her pussy as well.

He continued moving, and finally he bottomed out inside her. He was buried to the hilt. He'd managed to get every bit of his cock in my wife.

I still wasn't sure exactly how he managed to get that in her tight body, but he'd managed it. He grunted once it was done.

"Fuck, she's tight," he said. "But I'm going to work on that for you."

I frowned at that. I thought about telling him it wasn't to stretch out a pussy like that. It's not how it worked despite people in the fantasy talking about it all the time like it was a real thing.

It seemed to be a popular trope in porn about guys sharing their wives, and it was definitely something that people talked about on sites like Reddit

where they posted their wives' adventures.

But it just wasn't a real thing. I wasn't going to get into that. I didn't want to be the buzzkill nerd who was giving an anatomy lesson when my fantasy was being fulfilled up there.

"Are you ready, Cara?" Simon asked, grunting as he held himself in her.

"Yes, I'm ready," she said.

And then another realization hit me as I stared at his cock buried inside her. He was buried inside her, but there was nothing separating them. He hadn't put on a condom.

"Fuck, where's the condom?" I asked.

"No need for condoms," he grunted. "I got the snip a long time ago. If I'm going to be having adventures like this on the beach then I want to make sure I don't have any little surprises that come after me twenty years from now because they did one of those stupid internet ancestry sites or something."

"But what about..."

"I also get tested on the regular," he said, chuckling just a little.

It was funny. It was like this guy could sense all of my questions. He anticipated them, and then he put my mind to ease. It wasn't quite the same as having him showing up with some paperwork that showed he was clean since the last time he'd fucked somebody, but it made me feel a little better.

"You've thought of everything," I said as he started to slide out of my wife. His cock glistened, and I could only stare in rapt fascination. That was his cock glistening because of my wife's juices. Because he was pulling out of her pussy.

She truly was a shared wife. I might have had mixed feelings about going through with this, but now here it was actually happening and I couldn't deny how compelling it was.

"Yeah, when you're doing this kind of thing you have to think of a lot of shit," he said. "Not to mention I have an incentive not to get any of that shit too."

"I suppose so," I said.

"We can talk about it sometime if you want, but something tells me you're not going to be living the gigolo life down on the Gulf Coast anytime soon, husband boy," he said.

He slammed inside my wife as he said it. She grunted. It was a grunt that came through the phone. It was a grunt that echoed down from the

balcony up above. It was a grunt that filled my ears and my mind and my soul.

He pulled out and slammed into her again, and then he started picking up the pace. Really slamming home inside her over and over again.

"Fuck," I whispered, licking my lips and staring down at what was going on.

"Fuck, she's tight," he said.

I moved my phone up so I could get a view of his cock slamming into her from behind while also getting a look at everything happening on the balcony up above.

Her tits were swaying in the mood lighting they'd turned on earlier. I could see them bouncing back and forth.

It was enough to make me want to go over to the camera on my phone and take a recording of it. But that would mean missing out on the close-up view of everything.

Then I decided fuck it. Point-of-view videos of women getting fucked from behind hadn't ever been my favorite angle in porn anyway. And if my wife was getting fucked then I wanted to get a view of it.

Plus I could always just do picture-in-picture. There was a reason why I got a big phone. I pointed my phone up and hit the record button as I zoomed in.

The phone camera wasn't going to record everything in the darkness, but it was still getting a pretty good view of my wife's tits bouncing up there on the balcony.

I could also hear her moans and grunts. They were getting louder. I worried that it might tip off somebody about what was going on up there, but then I decided fuck it. I didn't care if it was going to tip off somebody about what was going on up there. I only cared about watching my wife getting fucked.

I looked at the picture-in-picture as I looked at the recording I was taking. Two angles of the same thing.

"Fuck, your wife is a hot one," Simon said, grunting every time he bottomed out inside her.

He was really pounding her now. Really giving it to her hard, and she was moaning and grunting and making noises I'd never heard her making before.

My head swam. I was dizzy with lust. I wanted to be up there so I could enjoy the show myself, but I didn't think that was going to happen.

Probably a good idea on Simon's part. He no doubt didn't want me to fly into a murderous rage. And still he plunged into her over and over.

She screamed again and again as orgasms no doubt hit her body. She'd never been the kind to fake that sort of thing. Something she made clear to me very early on when we started dating.

He kept fucking her, and she kept screaming, and I wondered that he had this kind of stamina.

Then again, he had just blown a load in her mouth not twenty minutes ago. I suppose that helped.

I thought about pulling my own cock out, and then decided it wasn't worth the risk. There was a chance somebody might come along and see me after all.

They were up on a balcony doing their thing. Sure that was probably technically indecent exposure, but I got the feeling that kind of thing happened quite a lot. It was Florida after all. Home of Florida Man.

But a guy down on the ground with his cock out jerking it where a bunch of people could potentially see from their windows and call it in...

As it was, I was already risking somebody calling me in and reporting it to the local cops. I didn't want to risk even more by pulling my dick out where anyone could see it by looking down from their window.

Finally Cara went limp. I could see her body falling forward both on the live view and on the screen. But Simon was having none of it. He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her against his body, and then he started fucking her again. He was just using her for his pleasure at this point.

I couldn't really fault him for that. After all, he'd given her plenty of pleasure before he started taking his own.

Though eventually he started grunting.

"I'm about to come inside you," he grunted. "I'm about to come inside your wife, buddy."

"Do it," I said.

Cara merely stood there whimpering and still letting out quiet moans. Like the orgasms were still hitting her, but it was too much for her. Like her body had been overwhelmed by the feelings running through her.

"Do it," I said.

"Oh, I'm going to," he said. "I'm going to come right inside that pretty little pussy. No blowing a load on your back, baby."

"Oh, fuck, Simon," Cara hissed.

He pressed inside her a few more times, grunting as he started emptying his balls inside her.

Fuck. It was happening. Another man was coming in my wife. I fucking loved it. I hated it. I was so turned on that I didn't care that I hated it.

He held himself like that for a good long while. Like he still had a nice reservoir of come he was blowing inside her. I took a little bit of comfort in knowing he was snipped.

I just hoped he wasn't lying about that. I hoped we didn't have any surprises from this vacation that didn't come from me.

Finally he stopped grunting and pulled out. And I got another surprise as his come started to spill out of her. And holy shit, there was a lot.

Then he turned the phone around and grinned at me, giving me a thumbs-up.

"That's your show for tonight, buddy," he said. "She'll be back to you in the morning."

Wait, what?

## THE BALCONY

I stared at the phone in front of me. I could scarcely believe what my wife was saying.

“You can’t do that.”

“Like hell she can’t do that,” Simon said from behind her. “Look at everything else she’s done tonight. If she wants to stay the night at my place then that’s her business. You need to get the fuck out of it.”

I took a deep breath. I tried to do a calming exercise. Because I felt like I was angry enough to go climbing up the side of that condo so I could punch that guy right in the jaw.

He looked like the kind of asshole who talked a big game but probably folded the instant anyone actually challenged him.

Then again, he lived down here. And it seemed that one of his favorite things to do was fucking other guys’ wives, which was the kind of thing that could get him in serious trouble. Maybe have him get in a fight or two.

Yeah, maybe I didn’t want to fight him. Especially after I’d climbed up the side of his condo. That seemed like the kind of thing that would leave me exhausted. Too exhausted to fight when I got up to the top.

Instead, I decided I was going to appeal to my wife’s sense of logic. Not that I thought logic was doing much of anything with her right now. Not with that odd look on her face.

Her eyes were half-lidded. Her mouth was open just a little. Like she just had one hell of a good time.

And hadn't she just had a good time? He'd just fucked her to the point she was practically insensible. He'd fucked her until she'd gone limp, leaning over the balcony up there. He'd fucked her and then used her to the point she gave in and let him use her as a fuck toy.

That had me shivering.

"You can't just stay the night here," I finally said, trying to talk clear and calm. Trying to let her know exactly why this was such a bad idea.

"And why not?" he asked.

"I'm talking to you, Cara," I said. "You can't stay the night here. For one, we're married. It isn't exactly a good idea for you to stay the night here when we're married. You need to come back to your husband."

"She's going to come back to you," Simon said from behind her. "She's just going to have a little more fun with me tonight. I need to get some more use out of that tight married pussy."

"Cara, if you do something like this then your parents are going to wonder what's going on. They'll think there's something wrong because you came home without me."

That finally seemed to get through to her. Maybe. She looked up, and suddenly that half-lidded look, that distracted look, the look that said she was thinking more about the orgasms she'd just had rocking her body rather than the consequences of what she was doing here, was gone. Instead she was looking at me, and I knew she was seeing me, truly seeing me, for the first time since she decided to go into that lobby with him.

Then she frowned and looked over her shoulder at Simon. She finally stood, and I was greeted with the sight of his cock pulling out of her as the phone shuffled around.

"He's right," she said, and I could see the conversation happening between the two of them up above. I could see his body language, and I tensed.

This was a worry I'd always had about doing this. One of the dangers of doing something like this was that a woman was taking on all the dangers she would if she was dating, and dudes out there could be dangerous.

It could be even more dangerous in a situation like this, where she was going back to another man at the end of the night. What if the dude she got with got a little jealous, or more than a little jealous?

It was dangerous, and his body language said it was dangerous. But then he smiled. He shook his head and chuckled.

“I’m sorry,” he finally said. “I guess I got a little too into the role there.”

“I’d say so,” I said.

I didn’t believe him for a moment. I didn’t think he was playing a role. I thought he was still trying to play an angle so he’d be able to get into my wife’s pants one more time.

He’d as much as said his goal was trying to get into her pants at least one more time.

“Okay, so I get it,” he said. “You’re staying at grandma and grandpa’s house, and you have to get back to the little kiddos tonight. It would look really bad if one of you ended up staying the night at someone else’s place.”

“That’s the understatement of the century,” I muttered.

“Okay, so how much longer do you have?” he asked.

Cara turned and looked at me through the video call. Then she looked down off the balcony toward me.

“I don’t know,” she said with a shrug.

I glanced at the clock on my phone, then to her on the screen.

“I’d say we have a couple more hours before we have to get back, which means we probably have, like, an hour before we need to try and get a car back to their place.”

“Hell, I can give you a ride back if that’s what you need,” Simon said with a shrug.

Cara turned to look at him. I was a touch suspicious. I didn’t believe for a moment that he was being genuine. No, my only thought was maybe he was trying to figure out where we lived so he could come by and harass Cara some more.

“Seriously,” he said, holding his hands up. “I promise you all I want is to help you out. Maybe I took things a little too far tonight with what I thought you wanted.”

“What you thought I wanted?” I said, and it came out as a growl.

“Yeah. Guys like you are looking for a thrill. Looking for somebody to take your wife, and I figured I was giving you what you wanted. Sorry if it went a little too far.”

I muttered a couple of uncharitable things about the chastity of his mother. He merely shook his head and chuckled.

“Okay, so look. You got your thrill watching your wife getting with another man, but I bet you were disappointed you didn’t get to actually be there when it happened, right?”

I licked my lips. There were times when I hated how much this guy seemed to know exactly what I wanted. But I figured he also had a hell of a lot of experience with this sort of thing.

This was the first time we were trying out this fantasy. This was... well, I didn't know how many times he'd done this, but I figured he'd done this a few times.

And more than anything, my cock was still rock hard. I'd gotten off by dry humping a window earlier, and that wasn't the kind of relief I needed considering everything that was going on tonight.

"Okay, so what exactly did you have in mind?" I asked, staring at him.

I meant for it to be a challenging stare, but the way he smiled said it wasn't working.

Damn.

"Why don't you come up here to my condo?" he said. "I've got a really nice bedroom up here. I've tried to make it a place where somebody can be comfortable."

"You mean you tried to make it into a place where somebody else's wife or girlfriend would be comfortable while you were fucking them."

"Hey, man," he said, holding a hand up. Only the one hand because the other one was still holding the phone. "I'm not going to make any apologies for who I am or what I do, and it's not like you have a pot to piss in, buddy. You're the one who was so desperate to see another guy fucking your wife that you called me and let me know exactly where you were. You lied to her, man."

That hit me like a slap to the face. I was still annoyed with this asshole, don't get me wrong. He still seemed like a double dealer and a first-rate prick, but he also had a point.

I fucking hated that he had a point.

"Whatever," I finally said, shaking my head. "So, you're saying that I come up there, I get to watch you getting with Cara, and then we call it a night?"

"I'm saying you come up here, and you get a proper threesome while you get to watch your wife getting banged."

"I'm not into anything with other dudes," I said, wanting to make that clear.

"I didn't think you were," he said. "How does that old song go? With a honey in the middle?"

I smiled just a little. It was weird having a comedy song give me a hard-on when everybody else was talking about how funny it was, but the idea of being the bread in a sandwich where my wife was the meat in between us was intriguing.

“And how do I know you’re not some serial killer who’s going to murder us the moment we get up there?”

“I already have your wife up here,” he said with a shrug. “If I was going to do something like that, don’t you think I would’ve already done it?”

“Yeah, I guess so,” I said.

Not to mention I haven’t heard any rumors about something like that happening down here. That seemed like the sort of thing that would turn into sensationalized headlines with reporters breathlessly talking about the Beach Slayer or some other made-up bullshit like that.

“Fine,” I said. “I guess I can come up there. Can you send someone down to get me?”

“Don’t worry,” he said. “I’ll buzz you in.”

“Fine,” I said.

I looked up at Cara one last time. I worried about leaving her alone up there with him, but she’d also been alone with him for most of the night. It’s not like there was much I could do but hope he actually meant it when he said he was going to let me in.

It struck me just how dangerous this truly was. It wasn’t something I’d ever truly appreciated. Not until this moment when Cara was up there alone with another man and I realized we could be in deep trouble if it turned out he had bad intentions.

It looked like we’d lucked out, and it seemed like everything was going to be okay this time around, but it was dangerous.

I walked around to the front of the condo. I stared at the place where I’d been leaning against the door and watching my wife getting manhandled while she gave another man a blowjob. Where I’d watched him come all over her face and her tits.

That was something she’d never let me do. I wondered if it was something she’d let me do now, or if she was going to go right on keeping that forbidden while she let other men do it to her.

Which was good for sending another shiver running through me. The idea that there were things she’d let other men do while she refused to let me do it was fucking hot.

The thing buzzed as I got to the door and Simon gave me his condo number. I let myself in. I took a couple of deep breaths as I got onto the elevator. I was in the condo. I figured that was a good sign. He wasn't going to keep me locked out while he took Cara back to his bedroom and fucked her senseless.

Was that even the kind of thing my wife would go along with? Before tonight, I would've said there wasn't a snowball's chance in hell she'd go along with something like that, but that was before tonight. That was before she'd gone off with some strange guy neither one of us knew. That was before she blew him in the lobby and then fucked him on his balcony.

I wasn't sure what had happened to my wife that she'd suddenly decided all of this was okay, but...

And I was surprised to realize as I walked down the hallway that I wasn't pissed off anymore. I wasn't angry. I'd reached a state of odd acceptance where I fucking loved it again. Where I was back to the person who was constantly fantasizing about something like this happening, and now I'd gotten it.

I knocked on the door to his apartment, and it opened almost immediately with Cara standing there wearing practically nothing.

"I love you, babe," I said, moving in and pulling her to me for a kiss, not caring that her face and body was covered in another man's come.

## THE CONDO

C ara seemed surprised as I moved into the room and pressed against her. I wrapped an arm around her. I could feel her tits pressing against my body, and God were they incredible.

But I only cared about that kiss.

It also occurred to me that I was kissing her after she'd blown another man. I wondered if there was a slight difference to how she tasted. I couldn't tell. Was that a little bit of extra salty taste in there? I just didn't know.

But the whole thing was intoxicating. It had my cock throbbing against her. It didn't matter that I'd just blown that load against that violated pane of glass down below.

No, the only thing that mattered in that moment was that I was with my wife. Was how fucking good it felt having her pressing against me.

I pulled her back and held my hands on her arms. I looked her up and down, taking in every part of her.

The way she was smiling at me was interesting. Her head was cocked to the side with a knowing smile. The kind of loving smile I'd gotten from her so many times over the years.

A loving smile that seemed even more loving now, because I knew one of the only reasons she was even doing something like this in the first place was because I'd asked her to do it so many times. I'd downright badgered

her, and tonight I'd lied to her and thrown her to this guy in the interest of getting my rocks off.

But she didn't care. She'd gone through with it. She went ahead and did it because she loved me.

It probably helped that she had the hots for this Simon guy. She wouldn't have done everything she'd done if she didn't, but still.

"I love you so much," I said, shaking my head as I gave her another quick up and down.

"And I love you too," she said, biting her lip. "But is there something that brought this on?"

"You just did everything I've ever wanted you to do," I said. "You're the best wife ever."

She chuckled as she closed the door behind me, which was probably a good idea. It wouldn't do for somebody to figure out what was going on in here.

Then again, it was Florida and we were close to the beach. I imagined there was shit like this going down all the time. Simon talked like he did shit like this all the time. I doubted his neighbors would be surprised at what was going on here.

"You know, there are some men who would say I'm a terrible wife for doing everything I just did."

"Yeah, well, they don't have this fantasy," I said. "And I love you so much for doing it."

We stared at each other for a long moment. Me standing there in the clothes I wore to the bar, her standing there wearing practically nothing and looking absolutely gorgeous.

Then she finally shook her head and turned to look at Simon, who was hanging back. Probably waiting to see if we were going to have reconciliation, or if he was going to have to call the cops to get me out of his condo.

I wondered how often that happened to him, or if it had ever happened at all. Presumably you had to be pretty good at reading the room if you were going to do the kind of shit he was pulling.

I moved into the room and held a hand out to shake his. He grabbed my hand and gave it a squeeze, and then he surprised me by pulling me in for a hug and clapping me on the back a couple of times.

He pulled away quicker than I did when I was with Cara. He looked me up and down like he was waiting for me to blow up at him or something, but I wasn't going to do that.

"I really am sorry," he said.

"Why?"

"Because I think I misread what it was you were going for."

I laughed and shook my head.

Honestly? I don't think I even knew exactly what I was going for. I just knew I wanted Cara to do this, and I was so desperate to make it happen that I was willing to do some pretty stupid shit.

And speaking of getting Cara to do things...

"So where are we going from here?" I asked.

"Well, I was thinking we could head to the bedroom if you're okay with that," he said, nodding off in the direction of a set of double doors that presumably led back to his bedroom.

A set of shivers ran over me. Shivers that were difficult to control.

I fucking loved the thought of going into his bedroom. I was terrified at the idea of going into his bedroom. I knew there wasn't anything that was going to stop me from going into his bedroom.

I was already close to getting this fantasy fulfilled. There wasn't a chance in hell I was going to do anything to stop it now that we were here.

"Yeah, let's go ahead and do that," I said, still trying to control the case of the shakes I got.

He gestured for Cara to go into the bedroom. He put his hands on the small of her back. It was an intimate and familiar gesture. The kind of gesture that had my cock throbbing. This man was touching my wife like she was his, and I was here for it.

Even if he was only going to be touching her like that for the space of one evening. For the space of part of one evening. He'd tried to get more than that, and we'd shut that down.

That was important to remember. Me and Cara were the ones holding all the cards.

They stepped into a bedroom that was a decent size. Especially for a place near the beach. I wondered what this guy did that he was able to afford a place like this, but I decided it ultimately didn't matter.

I looked over to him. I wondered if we were giving him more than he deserved. He had tried to get Cara all to himself, after all.

But I didn't care. My desire to see this fantasy through was taking over. It was all I could think of, and I was still willing to do some pretty stupid shit in the name of getting to see this happen.

"Why don't you and your lady have a little bit of fun for a moment?" he said.

I looked to Cara, and then I looked over to his bed. It was a big, round thing. It looked fluffy, and there were pillows all around the thing.

We're talking it looked big enough that it was designed for several people to roll around in. I figured he'd done that on purpose for exactly this sort of situation.

Cara bit her lip, and I looked at her and then over to the bed. I lifted my eyebrows in invitation.

"You haven't had any fun tonight," she said, biting her lip as she looked up at me. "And I was pissed off at you earlier because you kept texting Simon and telling him where we were going to be. You made the bet I had with you unfair. You made the bet I had with him unfair!"

"I didn't even realize you had a bet going with him."

"A little bit of a bet," she said, giggling. It was a nervous giggle. The kind of giggle that said she couldn't believe we were doing this. "I guess I did it because I knew I would totally go through with it if I lost the bet. Maybe I was kind of hoping I'd lose the bet. But I was still pissed off when I found out you'd been throwing it in Simon's favor."

I glanced over to him, then back to my wife.

"Honestly, I think he played both of us a little."

"He totally did," she said. "Isn't it a lucky thing we ran into him? And isn't he hot?"

"I have no idea if he's hot or not," I said. "But maybe it is a lucky thing we ran into him for our first time."

She pulled my shirt up, and I held my arms up. Then I was standing topless in the room with another man who was only in his boxers and my wife who still looked like a mess.

I paused to really look her up and down, and she got down on her knees in front of me.

She pressed one of her cheeks against my hard bulge, and then the other one. Then she opened her mouth and wrapped her lips around my cock head, but through my shorts. Still, I could feel her tongue moving this way and that, and holy fuck did it feel amazing.

Then she undid my button and my zipper and pulled my cock out. A moment later she was wrapping her lips around my cockhead and doing the same thing with her tongue all over again.

I watched her the entire time, taking in the hot mess that she was.

Her halter top had been pulled down so it was bunched together around her waist. Her skirt had been pulled up. I could see dried come in her hair, and now that I wasn't looking through a shitty phone camera I could also see come on her body and her tits.

Which was good for yet another shiver. I couldn't believe that had happened.

I also couldn't believe what my wife was doing. I pulled her off of my cock for a moment. Which was hard to do, but I was going weak in the legs.

"What's wrong?" she asked, looking up at me.

"That is so damn good," I said. "Where did you learn how to do that?"

"You can thank me for that," Simon grunted.

I looked over at him. He was out of his boxers and he was standing there with his cock jutting out.

Which reminded me of what he'd said about having a threesome experience. I really hoped he hadn't been bullshitting when he said the threesome experience was strictly going to be with Cara in the middle.

I didn't think he'd pull that kind of bullshit on us after everything else that had happened, but I also didn't think he'd pull the bullshit of playing me and Cara against each other. I didn't think he'd pull the bullshit of trying to get her all alone for the night.

I shivered again. I wondered what I would've done if Cara had gone along with that.

Probably gone back to her parents' house and spent the night alternating between jerking off and crying, unsure what to do. Thankfully it hadn't ended like that.

I moved over and sat down on his bed, ignoring him for the moment, and Cara scooted over on her knees and took my cock in her mouth again.

There was no hesitation. Usually there'd been a little bit of hesitation. I don't think it was that she minded giving head. More that it wasn't her favorite thing to do.

Only now she was bobbing up and down on my cock and looking up at me. Locking eyes like she was trying to show off what she'd learned.

Or maybe she just wanted to suck her husband's cock. I knew I'd love being able to go down on her, so it's not like I could fault her for it.

She bobbed up and down again and again, and then she pulled off and looked up at me, jerking my cock as she grinned.

"Are you ready to see the new trick I learned with Simon?" she asked.

I frowned, wondering what she was talking about. Was I ready to see her fucking another man? That was the only new trick I could think of.

But then she leaned forward and opened her mouth again, and my cock was disappearing into her mouth. Like my entire cock was disappearing into her mouth and down her throat.

My eyes rolled into the back of my head as I realized exactly what she was talking about. I wasn't the first person my wife had deep-throated. That honor went to Simon, the bastard.

But I was getting deep-throated by my wife, and it was an amazing experience.

## WATCHING

C ara was really going to town on my cock. Like we're talking it was disappearing down her mouth and then down her throat every time.

Well, shit. It would seem my wife had learned a little something she was going to bring home from vacation. I could only hope all of our vacations would end like this.

Which was good for sending a chill running through me. I wondered if all our vacations were going to include something like this in the future now that we'd tried it and she'd learned that not only was she okay with it, but she enjoyed fucking another man.

But it was a dangerous game we were playing. She'd done some dangerous shit tonight. And we'd pushed at some lines that might get us in trouble in the future.

But for now, my cock was disappearing down her throat, and she was just holding it there.

Though finally she came back up for air. She took a couple of deep gulps of air as she looked up at me and smiled. Then she licked her lips, and she was about to go down on me again.

Only Simon stopped her. He suddenly came back into my field of vision. I looked up at him, and I blinked.

Because he'd found the time to strip completely naked. And he was standing behind my wife, staring at her like he wanted nothing more than to fuck her again.

I shivered. I was more than okay with the idea of him fucking her again. Especially if it meant I got to watch him fucking her up close this time.

“I know you’re having a little bit of fun with your husband there,” he said, turning and winking at me. “But could I maybe borrow you for a moment, love?”

That sent a bolt at me. Love. Why did he call her that? But I knew he was probably just putting me on. Trying to get a rise out of me. When I looked at him, he hit me with a smirk.

I stared right back at him. I didn’t care how many times he’d done something like this. I didn’t care how many times he’d been with other guys’ wives. He wasn’t going to play his fucking games with us. Damn it.

And so I maintained that eye contact for a long moment. Finally, he looked away, suddenly looking uncomfortable.

And Cara did something that really surprised me. She looked up at me and said, “Is that okay, honey?”

“Yeah, that’s more than okay,” I said, my voice suddenly hoarse.

“Good,” she said, biting her lip and standing.

Simon held his hands out like he wanted to hug her, and she moved forward and embraced him, wrapping her arms around him.

It was a sight to behold. My wife standing there with her top bunched up around her stomach and her skirt pulled up so I could see the curve of her ass as she hugged him. And she was in the arms of another man. There was something about her not being fully clothed while he was standing there with his cock jutting out and sandwiching up in between them that sent another divine shiver running through me.

She turned and looked at me as he leaned in and started kissing on her neck. He started sucking, and I slammed my hand down on the bed.

I was in the same room as them this time around, damn it, and so I was going to assert my fucking prerogative with my fucking wife.

“Is something wrong?” he asked, turning and looking at me.

“No marks on my wife,” I said.

“You sure about that? You don’t want a little souvenir to remember tonight by?”

“I’m certain,” I said. “No marks on my wife. We have to go back to her family, and I don’t want to have to explain that shit.”

He shrugged and pulled away from her. He looked her in the eyes. She stared right back at him.

“Are you sure about that?” he asked her.

She looked at me and bit her lip. I could tell she was getting hot and bothered at the thought of him leaving a mark. But finally, she shook her head.

“That would be hot, but no. Not a good idea. The kid will ask me where it came from, and my parents will get the wrong idea.”

“They might just think your husband did it,” he said, nuzzling at her neck again like he was going for it. “But you’ll know. It’ll be a little souvenir. Better than a shark tooth necklace or a gator head or some seashells or any of the other bullshit tourists buy down here, right?”

She sighed as he started to kiss her neck again. Then she looked over and saw the look on my face. Her eyes went from glazed over to reality in an instant.

“No, I don’t think that’s a good idea,” she said, pushing his mouth away.

“That’s fine,” he said, shrugging like it was nothing. But I could see how tense his body language was. Like he wasn’t happy we kept pushing back on everything he wanted. But that was tough shit.

Instead, he reached down and started pulling up on her halter top. She lifted her arms up, and it moved up over her breasts. They gave a little bounce as he pulled it up over her head. And then she was standing there topless.

Then he got down on his knees in front of her, pulled down on her miniskirt. Inch after inch of her ass was revealed. She turned over and looked at me, biting her lip and looking oh so fucking sexy the entire time as she stared directly into my soul while another man undressed her.

Finally she stood there completely naked. Simon stood again and pulled her against him. I stared at the spot where his cock was pressing up against her stomach. I thought about how that massive thing had been deep inside her stomach not that long ago.

Then he leaned in and kissed her again, their lips open to one another. Their tongues dueled. He seemed to be really getting into it, his hands roaming all over my wife’s body. Like he knew this was going to be his last chance to try anything with her, and he wanted to get as much as he could out of her.

He pulled her away and then moved her over to the bed. He grinned at me.

“How are we going to do this?” I asked.

“That’s easy,” he said with a shrug. “You go ahead and lie down at the head of the bed up there.”

I looked at where he was pointing. Presumably he did this kind of thing on the regular. I wondered how I’d feel if I had strangers hopping into my bed like that. Sticking their ass up where I put my head.

But clearly he didn’t care. Though I didn’t know that we would be able to do this in our bedroom back home. I wondered if this was only going to be a vacation thing. The idea of bringing a guest star back to our room to fuck my wife seemed a little dangerous. Especially with Jessica around.

“There you go,” he said. “Just sit down up there.”

I did that, and I turned and watched what he was doing. I wondered if he was going to have Cara give me a blowjob while he fucked her from behind or something, which would be pretty goddamn hot.

Then he nodded to Cara and pointed to the bed.

“Lie down there.”

“Wait. Do you want me to get on my knees or something?” she asked, clearly thinking along the same lines I was.

“No, I need you to lie back in your husband’s lap. I want you to feel his hard dick while I’m fucking you, but I don’t want you to do anything to get him off.”

My eyes narrowed again. This guy kept pushing the limits, but I also decided I wasn’t going to make a big deal out of it. My cock was so hard, and I desperately wanted to see my wife getting fucked again. I desperately wanted to be able to see her getting fucked while I was up close and getting to watch everything, so I wasn’t going to say a damn thing.

She scooted up until she was laying her head on my lap. My cock was pressed up against her bare back. I loved that skin-to-skin contact, even though I’d much rather have skin-to-mouth contact or skin-to-pussy contact, but I guess it wasn’t to be right now.

“There you go,” he said, and then he climbed up on the bed, his cock waving this way and that.

It was almost comical the way it looked. The thing was huge. I tried not to look at it. It’s not like I was interested in the gentlemen like that, but thinking of that monster buried inside my wife was definitely doing something for me.

He moved up along the bed on all fours. He looked like a predator moving in on his prey, and my wife was the prey.

I shivered. My cock throbbed against her back. She seemed to realize something was going on, because she turned to look up at me. She hit me with a smile.

“Is this everything you wanted, babe?”

“This is more than I ever thought would happen,” I said, letting out an involuntary shiver as I looked at my wife finally going through with this dirty little fantasy.

“Everything you wanted and then some, right?”

She suddenly looked worried. Like maybe she was thinking I didn't like this as much as I said I did. There was concern as her eyes darted back and forth as she stared up at me. As she held my gaze and suddenly she was looking at me for reassurance.

Which felt a tad ridiculous. After all, she was the one who was getting ready to get fucked by another dude, but wasn't I the one who brought us to this in the first place?

We never would've been here if it weren't for me trying to get her to step out on me. I was the one who brought us to this place, and now I was the one who had to reassure her everything was okay. That I wasn't going to up and leave her because she was doing everything I ever wanted her to do.

“Everything is fine, babe,” I said, smiling at her.

“You're sure about that?” she asked.

“I'm positive,” I said, trying to smile. Trying to reassure her with a look that everything was going to be fine.

Then she let out a quiet gasp. I'd been so focused on looking at my wife that I hadn't looked at what was happening down between her legs, but when I glanced down I could see Simon lining up his cock.

He looked up at me and grinned, and for a moment he was every bit the cocky bastard he'd been earlier. Every bit the cocky bastard who seemed to think he was going to be able to get my wife to stay the whole night with him just by acting like it was going to happen.

I smiled right back at him, because I knew that at the end of the night she was going home with me. Not him. He was going to go back to his empty life of trying to fuck married women.

It was a pretty good gig if you could get it, I suppose. Especially if he got with women like Cara on the regular. But I'd be with my wife. She was my treasure, even if I was going to share her with other people from time to time.

Then he started to sink inside her. He went slowly at first, but he quickly started picking up the pace. Sliding inch after inch inside my wife's pussy. Grinning down at her as he slowly buried himself inside her.

Then he leaned in and kissed her cheek. Cara turned to him, obviously surprised that he was kissing her like that, and then he kissed her full on the lips. A moment later they started making out. A passionate kiss that reminded me of what it'd been like when we first got together so long ago.

A twinge of jealousy ran through me as I watched that kiss, but I also knew we were getting ready for something really damn special here.

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## COMING TOGETHER

I moved my hands around and started feeling at Cara's tits. I pinched her nipples as he pulled back and slammed into my wife.

He was forceful this time around. I pulled my hands away from where I'd been feeling her up because I wanted to look at her tits bouncing under the force of this man fucking her and slamming into her again and again.

She grunted as he moved inside her, and it was music to my ears. I thought about all the times I'd heard my wife grunting just like that when I was pounding her and watching her tits bounce.

It made my head swim, watching another man filling her. He really started to pound into her, and that grunting was slowly turning into something else. It was turning into her letting out a quiet gasp. Then the quiet gasp turned into a moan.

"Oh yeah," she moaned.

She was really getting into it, and I felt every moment of her getting into it. My cock pressed against her back, though I tried not to get too much friction going down there. I worried that if I felt a little too much friction then it would be too much. That it'd push me over the edge. That I'd come all over her back.

I didn't want to come all over her back. I wanted so much more than that.

He plowed into her again and again, and her moans were starting to get louder. Louder than out on the balcony because she didn't have to worry about other people overhearing what was going on in here.

The neighbors might still wonder what the fuck was going on, but it was quiet enough here that I figured almost everybody who lived in this building was off at the beach having a good time. Or if they were here then they were having a good time like the good time we were having.

I looked down at his cock disappearing into her pussy. How many times had I imagined getting to witness something just like this? How many times had I fantasized about watching another man's dick disappear inside my wife? And now there it was. Pounding inside her. Filling her with every thrust.

He was grunting too. He looked up at me and smiled, sweat appearing on his forehead. Like he was really getting into this as he filled her pussy.

He'd already come inside her once. I wondered what that felt like. I wondered if his come was providing some extra lubrication. I'd read people saying stuff like that happened when a guy was fucking a woman for the second time.

I'd never noticed it when I was fucking my wife on round two, but who knew? Maybe it was something you felt when it was another guy, or maybe that was just so much bullshit that people who were fantasizing about this shit made up because they thought it sounded hot.

He kept burying himself inside her. Those moans were getting even louder now. Loud enough that they filled the room. Loud enough that if there were neighbors on the other side of the wall, I was sure they could hear what was going on here.

She was screaming now. Calling out his name over and over. Gasping and taking in deep breaths. Her tits were bouncing up and down and doing that propeller thing when a guy really starts to fuck her hard.

And through it all, he kept grunting. Through it all, he didn't miss a stroke.

Of course he'd already blown a load in my wife once, so it made sense that he had more stamina. I knew I could go much longer after I'd already blown a load.

He looked up at me, then he looked down at my wife, and then he leaned in and started kissing her again. A passionate kiss. It seemed like a challenge. Like he was telling me she was his. For now.

But she wasn't going to be his forever. That was the magic of what we were doing here. She was my wife. She was going to go home with me in the end.

Finally he pulled back. He stared down at her.

"I'm going to come inside you again," he said.

"Oh, fuck me," she said. "Fuck me hard. I want to feel your come in me."

"Tell me about it," he said. "Tell me how much more you want my come than you do your husband's."

"Oh, I don't care. Whatever the fuck you need to hear. Just come inside me, please."

My cock was twitching again as I pressed against my wife's backside. I worried that pressing against her was going to provide enough motion that it would set me off. That I'd end up blowing a load right there against her skin.

It would hardly be the first time I'd given her a back shot, but it would definitely be one of the weirdest back shots I'd ever given her.

"Oh, fuck," he said, and he groaned as he buried himself inside my wife one final time. As his dick and balls emptied inside her pussy for the second time that night.

My head swam as I watched. I'd gone from merely fantasizing about this kind of thing happening with my wife to watching another man unloading inside her twice in one evening.

Holy fuck was that amazing.

He held himself there for a long time. Longer than he probably needed to. I wished I could see his balls twitching as he drained inside my wife, which was probably the closest I was going to get to actually being interested in seeing another guy's junk up close and personal.

Finally he seemed to finish and pulled out.

I looked down between Cara's legs. I watched as come came out of her. I wondered if that was just from now or if it was a mix of earlier and now.

She sat there panting, her chest heaving. She looked to Simon, and then to me.

I leaned down to kiss her. I wondered if she'd even be in the mood for a kiss after everything that had happened. Would she even be interested in me after he'd managed to fuck her so thoroughly?

But then she kissed me, and I knew everything was going to be just fine. Sure she'd just fucked another man, but it didn't matter. She was kissing me like I was her husband, and that was everything I needed, damn it.

Our tongues tangled. I thought about how she had that tongue running along another man's cock just a little while ago. How she'd blown him and let him come all over her.

No wonder he had some stamina. He'd been blown by my wife, then he'd fucked her on the balcony, and then he'd given me that show.

I needed her in the worst way. I pulled her to the side. She let out a surprised yelp as we pulled away from that kiss, and she was staring at me from the side.

I glanced over to Simon, but he'd pulled away from us and was over on the other end of the bed watching us. There was an odd look in his eyes.

Was that jealousy? Did he feel jealous that he didn't have what I had? I mean, he'd had what I had for a moment, but only for a moment.

And she was back with me now. Was he jealous about that? Did he want something like this and he knew he couldn't have it?

Whatever. I wasn't going to psychoanalyze the guy who'd just fucked my wife. He'd played his part and now it was time to get to what was important. I was going to fuck my wife.

She stared at me, and I looked down between her legs. I could see another man's come leaking out of her.

I didn't have the urge to clean her out. That was another one of those things that some dudes seemed to be into, but it had never been my cup of tea.

Even if I didn't have the desire to clean her out, though, I did have the desire to fuck her.

I positioned my cock at her entrance and sank inside her. And maybe there wasn't exactly extra lubrication, but it did send a shiver running through me. Because as I sank inside her there wasn't any resistance. Her pussy was still tight and waiting for me, but it was so easy to slide in.

Like there truly was a little bit of extra lubrication.

I sighed as I sank inside her. As I felt her pussy walls wrapping around my cock. That was so much better than feeling a piece of glass rubbing up against me through my shorts.

I held myself there, enjoying the sensations of my wife being wrapped around me. Enjoying the sudden new feeling of that extra lubrication.

Knowing it was because another man had fucked her.

We were never going to be able to take that back. I was always going to know that my wife had fucked another man. She was my wife, and she'd fucked another man. And I hadn't ever loved her more than I did in that moment with my cock buried inside her.

I pulled out and sank inside her again. And again.

I moved slow at first, but the more I did it, the more I was taken over by something I couldn't explain.

It was like the anger I'd felt earlier was coming back. Anger at the way he'd acted. Anger at her for walking off on her own without bringing me along. Anger at the whole situation.

It wasn't quite anger. No, it was me getting hot and bothered thinking about everything my wife had done. Still, it was a powerful urge that rolled over me. It made me feel just as hot as I'd been earlier when I was pissed off.

And I suddenly had the overwhelming urge to fuck all of his come out of her. I knew it was a ridiculous idea. I knew her pussy was full of his come. It was swimming its way up inside her. Moving toward her uterus right now. Trying to find its target.

It wasn't going to. She was on birth control, and so there wasn't any worry of that kind of souvenir. But I still had the overwhelming and inexplicable urge to fuck her until I'd chased away all of his come. Until I'd flooded her with my own so thoroughly that anything in there was going to be mine and not his.

I started really slamming into her. Cara's eyes went wide as she stared up at me. Her tits were bouncing lewdly every time I bottomed out inside her. I was a man possessed, growling and slamming into her over and over as I filled her with my cock.

I wondered if I'd ever be able to fill her the same way I had before. I knew it was silly to think of a woman being stretched to the point a man with a smaller dick couldn't have fun fucking her, but the thought was definitely filling me with a jealousy that was indescribably delicious.

Finally I buried myself in her. I flooded her pussy with my own come competing with his. I sent spurt after spurt deep inside her. I groaned as my wife stared up at me in shock.

I could feel her pussy squeezing me, trying to get more and more of me inside her. The whole thing was fucking overwhelming. Literally.

And then finally I pulled out of her, and I fell off to the side. I stared up at the ceiling. Looked at a strange man's apartment all around me. Then I reached over and took Cara's hand. She interlaced her fingers with mine, both of us lying there thinking about everything we'd just done.

Holy shit, that was intense.

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## COMING DOWN

I paused and looked up at the condo we'd just walked out of. Cara was a little wobbly on her feet, and I had my hand wrapped around her to keep her from losing it entirely.

"Are you okay?" I asked, looking at my wife with concern.

"I don't know," she finally said, shaking her head. "I mean, I feel like I should feel bad for everything we just did, but I don't."

She held my gaze as she said that she should feel bad for everything. Why would she feel bad? She'd done everything I'd asked her to do, after all. She'd been the perfect little slut.

I leaned down and kissed her. She pressed herself against me, and we started making out in front of the condo where she'd just become my hotwife for the first time.

I really fucking hoped it wasn't going to be the only time she did something like that, though.

She pulled away and stared up at me. Her mouth was open ever so slightly. Again, I thought about watching that mouth wrapped around another man's cock. I wondered if I'd ever be able to get with my wife, if I'd ever be able to kiss her again, without thinking about watching her leaning forward and wrapping her lips around another man's dick. Taking it deep in her throat. Letting it fill her mouth with his come.

I shivered thinking about it.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked.

“About you sucking another man’s dick,” I said, grinning at her.

She reached out and smacked me. “You’re horrible.”

“Am I horrible?” I asked. “I’ve been begging you to do that for so very long, and you finally did it for me.”

I kept her against me, and she could feel it when my cock started to stir. When it started to get rock hard as I stared down at her.

Her eyes went wide. She gasped in surprise. She stared up at me, and her eyes darted back and forth, searching my own eyes like she was looking for something there.

“Okay, this is weird,” she said.

“What’s weird?” I asked.

“Like, I know you’ve been pestering me about this fantasy for, like, forever. I know it’s something you’ve wanted for so long, but I guess I just had trouble really believing it was something you really wanted.”

“How could you even say that?” I said, chuckling and laughing. “Especially after everything that happened tonight?”

“I know it’s silly,” she said, smacking me on the chest. “But seriously, what kind of guy gets off on the idea of his wife getting with another man?”

“A lot of guys get off on it,” I said with a shrug.

I turned and started walking away from the condo. I took a deep breath. It felt momentous that we were walking away from that condo, even though we were just walking off towards the beach where I’d be able to call a car and we could go back to her parents’ place.

I glanced at my watch. On second thought, I didn’t think we needed to go back to her parents’ place just yet. There was plenty of time to have a little bit of fun before we went back and crashed for the night.

It was probably going to be our last opportunity to go out and have a little bit of fun on this trip. I took a deep breath. We’d gone out for two nights on a vacation that was supposed to last a little over a week, and no matter what her parents said about being willing to watch the younger Jessica while we went out and had a good time, I knew there were limits to what they were willing to do on our behalf.

“What are you thinking about?” she asked.

“Honestly?” I asked, looking down at her.

“Yeah, honestly,” she said.

“I’m thinking about how this is probably going to be the last time the two of us go out without the kiddo of an evening, and wondering if we can

find someone else for you to fuck before the night is through.”

She stared at me for a long moment. I could feel her eyes on me. I took a deep breath as we walked along, and then she snorted and shook her head.

“You’re crazy.”

“I’m not crazy,” I said. “I just see my opportunity and I figure I’m going to take it while I can.”

“Yeah, and you’re totally crazy,” she said. “Isn’t it enough for you that we just did that? Haven’t you had enough?”

I looked at her. I looked her up and down. I looked at the way her top was tied in a way that made it obvious she’d quickly tried to get it back on when we were done at his place. I looked at the way her miniskirt that had been so perfect as it clung to her ass earlier in the night was just a little out of sorts now. Like it had been on while somebody fucked her.

I looked up at her hair. Yeah, she had that freshly fucked look to her hair. The kind of look she’d had back in the day when she was trying to get her hair back in place after we’d fucked and she had to go back to her place, but she didn’t want her roommate to know what we’d done.

I looked her up and down. I took in that glow all around her. That look that said she’d just been fucked. A look that would be obvious to anyone who got a good look at her.

“I still can’t believe you’re not trying to divorce me,” she muttered.

“Why would I want to divorce you?” I said, almost missing a step.

“Because that’s not the kind of thing a good wife does.”

“That’s not true,” I said. “You’re the best wife.”

“How do you figure? I just fucked another guy,” she said.

I took her hand and held it as we walked towards the beach. I could hear the waves crashing against the sand. I could hear the sounds of people partying at the various clubs and restaurants, for that matter.

“The way I figure it, I just asked you to do something that was a little crazy, okay? Something that was more than a little crazy. I just asked you to fuck another guy, and rather than tell me that was impossible or act like I was an asshole, you went out and did it.”

“I don’t know if I’d phrase it like that,” she said.

“Then how would you phrase it?” I asked.

“I mean, it’s not like I immediately went out and fucked the guy. It took a lot of convincing on your part and...”

She trailed off. I turned to look at her, wondering what she was going on about. I got the feeling there was something going on there. Something she was suddenly reluctant to talk about.

“And?” I prompted when she didn’t say anything.

She sighed. “And I guess a part of me wanted to know if I still had it. A part of me wanted to go back to those old days when it was just you and me. I guess I was worried that maybe that wasn’t going to happen anymore because I was older and I’m a mother.”

“I’ve already told you plenty of times that none of that is true,” I said. “You’re a beautiful woman.”

“Yeah, and you’re obligated to say that because you’re my husband.”

“Yeah, but Simon wasn’t obligated to say that. He was nothing to you. You were just another one-night stand to him.”

“Is it weird that I feel strangely proud that he picked me? Like I know he sleeps with other women all the time, but he picked me even though he has his choice of women down at the beach.”

“You shouldn’t feel weird about being proud of that,” I said. “It’s proof you’ve still got it. You should own that shit.”

She hit me with a beaming smile. A smile that filled my heart with warmth. It felt odd to think of my heart being filled with warmth because my wife was proud that another man wanted to fuck her, but here we were.

We finally reached the main drag. I looked around and thought about all the craziness that had happened before. Chasing Cara through the crowds and being terrified I was going to miss something. That she’d go off and fuck a guy, and I wouldn’t get to watch.

I realized now that some of the anger I’d felt in that moment was precisely because I was worried about her going off and fucking another guy, and I wasn’t going to get to watch. It wasn’t necessarily that I was upset she was fucking another guy.

Which was a weird thing to think. A totally crazy thing to think. But we were dealing with all kinds of crazy shit tonight. What was one more?

I thought about everything that had been running through my head earlier when I was following her down this street. When I was trying to catch any sight of her and Simon.

I looked at her, and I leaned in to kiss her. I pulled away. She arched an eyebrow as she stared up at me.

“So what do you want to do?” I asked.

“What do you mean?” she asked. “Like, are you asking if we’re going to go ahead with your plan for me to fuck another guy?”

My cock twitched. I was surprised that it could twitch after everything that had happened tonight, but I guess I could still get turned on when she talked like that.

I wondered if I’d ever get tired of her talking about fucking another guy. If I’d eventually reach the point where it wasn’t enough to turn me on. Only now that I knew that she was willing to actually go through with the fantasy, that she was willing to go all the way with another dude...

“I don’t know if that’s a good idea,” I said. “It’s a fun idea, but I don’t know if it’s a good idea.”

“Good,” she said, shaking her head. “Because I don’t know if I’d be able to fuck someone. Not tonight, at least. I’m already a little wobbly in the knees from the dicking Simon gave me, and then the one you gave me.”

“Yeah,” I said with a sigh, totally ready to head home. We’d had our fun, and now it was time to get some sleep. Recover so we’d be ready to go in the morning when Jessica woke up and inevitably demanded we go to the beach.

Or maybe she’d demand we go to Disney again, though that was a bit of a drive from where we were now. Plus it was too fucking expensive.

“But we do have a little bit of time before we have to be home,” Cara said, looking up at me and biting her lip, looking like the cat who ate the proverbial canary.

“We do,” I said, talking slowly. I wasn’t sure where she was going with this.

“So maybe we could go out and do a little dancing, just you and me.”

“Yeah, that sounds like fun,” I said, smiling and taking her hand as she led me off in the direction of one of the many places where presumably there was plenty of dancing. Where we could pretend it was the old days when it was just the two of us.

“And who knows?” she said, looking over her shoulder at me and grinning. “Maybe I could dance with somebody else while we’re out on the dance floor. Give you a little something to remember. Maybe get a little more practice at this for when we do it again.”

“For when we do it again,” I repeated in a daze.

I pulled her against me, and pressed my hand against her back as I pulled her in for a kiss. It was a long kiss. People streamed around us as

music blasted out of clubs all around us, but in that moment I was only focused on my wife. On kissing her. On enjoying the moment with her.

I pulled away and grinned at her.

“I love you.”

“Love you too, babe,” she said. “Now come on, let’s go see where the night might lead.”

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