

CUCKOLD | INTERRACIAL | FEMALE DOMINATION | HUMILIATION

WEDDING CRUISE

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REMY LEONE

WEDDING CRUISE CUCKOLD

Remy Leone

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TIME FOR A CRUISE

I shuffled through the disaster zone of my house in a daze. We would be leaving on our cruise in the morning, but I still wasn't packed. I had worked

non-stop so my angel, Vivian, could have the best suite. Now I was trying to gather everything together while avoiding a last-minute surprise bridal shower in our home.

A detailed checklist lay on the bed next to my open suitcase. In my frantic state, I could barely remember one or two items at a time as I made piles of clothing. If any previous trip was an indicator, I would remember the camera and forget socks, or something like that. I headed to the bathroom, random items floating through my mind. I grabbed the pomade that kept my hair from looking like a shaggy nest and dug through the cabinet for a small toiletries bag.

The sound of heels echoed through the hall and Sharon, Vivian's best friend, rushed past me, blonde curls bouncing. She pulled up her black dress, yanked down her panties and started using the toilet, ignoring me. I stared forward for a second then darted out. A few minutes later she peeked into the bedroom where I'd retreated.

"You're so silly, Shane," she laughed. "And Vivian said to put her straightening iron in your suitcase. She forgot."

Sharon left, and I nodded to myself as I returned to the bathroom to grab my things. Vivian had repeatedly explained to her friends that I was just one of the girls. Sharon took this the furthest, treating me like a fly on the wall—or like a sister, as she saw it. It annoyed me, but Vivian thought it was hilarious. I had hopes that after the wedding, things would settle. Everyone knew that marriage changed things.

While the sound of chatter and laughter slipped through our home, I managed to pack for our Bahamas cruise. I set the luggage aside and headed to the kitchen for a drink, ducking past the ongoing celebration. Parties weren't my thing, and this one consisted of only Vivian's friends and family—neither of which were my biggest fans.

Vivian's dad regularly accused me of being gay, and Vivian's mom went along with it, offering to help set me up with one of her nephews if I ever tired of having Vivian as my beard. I had no delusions of my relationship with them getting better after the wedding. Vivian had told

them we didn't plan on having children, and that further riled her dad up. In his mind, Vivian was only with me for money and was willing to sacrifice having children to stay in a comfortable life.

The entire misconception was Sharon's fault. She'd drunkenly revealed to Vivian's family that I was saving myself for marriage, and that's all it took. No one could possibly understand me being able to resist touching Vivian. She wasn't a virgin, but that didn't bother me. When we'd started dating she'd announced that she wouldn't pressure me and that she loved me enough to abstain with me. That was two years and a million cold showers ago.

In four days I'd touch her for the first time, and I couldn't wait.

NAP AND THE POOL

Vivian slept while I drove the eight hours to New Orleans. By the time we arrived at the port, I was ready to collapse, and Vivian was a bundle of energy. Her long blonde hair blew around her shoulders as she hurried to find the line to board. As usual, she looked heavenly and perfect and I felt like I'd fallen out of the closet half-ready. I followed her eager strides to the preferred boarding line, thrilled to see how happy this trip was making her. Within another hour we were seated on our private balcony overlooking the water, and I knew it was worth every penny. She hadn't stopped grinning yet.

"When we get back, maybe we could spend a day in the city? Maybe get a hotel in the French Quarter?" she asked.

I considered her bright blue eyes and smiled. "Of course."

She beamed. "Do you think everyone is settled?"

"Should be." Only a few of our friends were willing to shell out the cash to join us for our wedding cruise. Thankfully, Vivian's parents weren't

in the small number but my best-friend from college was. “Mark texted earlier, their carpool got here early.”

“I’m going to see if Sharon and Dustin want to join us for dinner.”

“I’ll bet Dustin is taking a nap like I’m about to. That drive was brutal.”

She stood and shrugged. “Naps are for babies and old people.”

“It was a long drive,” I said again. I rarely had to sleep during the day, but anytime I did it was for her. Staying up late after work to drive her back and forth from parties, for example. Vivian never seemed to tire and made me feel old and crotchety by comparison.

“The excitement should be enough to keep you awake. We’re on an adventure.”

I followed her into our room and sat on the bed. She pulled her hair into a messy bun atop her head and checked herself in the mirror over the dresser. Whenever she put it up, she looked years younger, like she was back in college. Combined with her small tank top and short shorts, I suspected I’d be witnessing plenty of ogling during our trip. Her curves and long legs always made her the center of attention. She was the perfect catch, a sinful body with an angelic face.

I glanced at the side table and picked up the small blue binder. “We have free room service, we could just eat in here.”

“That’s no fun. It’s our first cruise. Don’t be like that,” she pouted.

I sighed and collapsed onto a pillow. “I know. I’m boring. I’ll do my best, sweets.”

“Did you make sure the sofa pulls out properly?”

“Yup. We’re set,” I murmured, eyes already shut. I hadn’t checked, actually, but as much as this room cost I just assumed it was fine. Until the wedding, I’d be sleeping on my own. At home, Vivian kept us chaste with a giant body pillow down the center of the bed, but it wasn’t logical to drag it with us.

“Later!”

I heard the door open and close. The only noise in the room was the gentle hum of the mini fridge, and it was perfect to fall asleep to.

I rolled over on the bed and sat up panicked. The room was completely dark. Fumbling for my phone, I cursed myself for not setting an alarm. The bright screen blinded me and let me know it was past eight. I’d missed dinner. I used the light from my phone to navigate to a light switch. I couldn’t tell if Vivian had come back to the room or not. Maybe she’d tried to wake me but failed. I shot her a quick text to see where I could meet her.

I slapped at my cheeks and headed to the bathroom to freshen up. She hated having to wake me from naps. I dreaded heading out to find her. No doubt she and Sharon would tease me, or worse she’d be in a mood since I overslept for dinner.

This cruise needed to be perfect. With the wedding on the horizon, I’d promised to stop being such a disappointment. To stop being dull. I should have known better than to challenge myself with such vague concepts as promises. The harder I tried, the faster I seemed to let her down.

My phone buzzed, letting me know she was at the pool. I let her know I was on my way and pulled out a map of the ship. I found the pool within a few minutes but froze in my tracks at the crowded scene. It seemed that everyone was out tonight, drinking and splashing. I walked the perimeter, trying to find my wife in the sea of strangers.

“Hey sleepy head,” someone joked and tapped my shoulder.

I turned and found Dustin. “Hey. Where are the girls?”

He pointed across the way. “Relaxing while I retrieve margarita refills. Come on, help me carry.”

Glancing around, I couldn’t see Vivian or Sharon, but whatever. I followed Dustin, wading through the crowd. “How was the drive?”

“Fine. We took turns, made it easy.”

“Vivian likes when I drive.”

“Yeah. We all know how pussy-whipped you are, bud.” Dustin held up a hand at the bar.

While he ordered drinks, I glared at the back of his head. He wasn't my buddy by any stretch of the imagination.

“Here. Got you a rum and coke. It's a vacation right, you're allowed to drink?” He shoved a massive blue margarita and a short tumbler into my empty hands.

I tried to smile while I tried to come up with a reason not to drink. The usual cover was that I was the designated driver. The truth was that Vivian didn't let me drink around her friends. She was always worried that I'd say or do something stupid and embarrass her.

“Come on,” he said and walked away holding a drink in each hand.

I followed once again, but this time I could see my future wife from a distance. She and Sharon were on the side of the pool in matching yellow bikinis, talking to a man I didn't recognize. The man in question was splashing Vivian's legs. “Hey,” I called to Dustin ahead of me. “Who's that?”

“Dunno. Just a random admirer, I guess.”

Frowning, I picked up my pace. I had reasoned that a cruise would be a safe place. When we picked out our suite and made plans, I assumed that most of the other passengers would be retired. “I thought cruises were for shuffleboard and early bedtimes.”

“Wrong cruise-line,” Dustin joked. “Aren't you used to this by now? Vivian's a fox.”

I rolled my eyes. “Yeah, so you don't care when guys talk to Sharon?”

“Sharon's not a Vivian,” he replied. “She just tries to be.”

His response took me back, but we were close enough to the ladies that I didn't press him. I crouched down and gave Vivian the heavy blue drink. “Hey, sweetie.”

She kicked her feet in the water and the young man swam away. Turning to me, she opened her mouth to say something then narrowed her eyes on the drink still in my hand. “What’s that?”

“Nothing. I mean, rum and coke. Dustin got it for me but I’m not drinking it,” I whispered, trying not to catch Sharon’s attention. I pulled a lounge chair close and sat on it.

Vivian pursed her lips for a moment. “It’s better when you stay clearheaded. We need you to look after us.”

“Of course.” I set the drink beside her. “You can have it after you finish that?”

“I can’t have carbonation in this swimsuit,” she said as if my suggestion was blasphemy. “Sharon? Do you want a rum and coke?”

“Eh. Why not?” Sharon replied in a drunken high-pitched voice.

Dustin looked over at me, but I ignored him. I was still deciphering his earlier comment about Sharon not being a Vivian. The two ladies looked similar. Granted, I thought Vivian was much more attractive, but I was understandably biased. They were both blonde, tall, and curvy. Sharon dyed her hair, and she didn’t look as young or sweet as Vivian, but anyone seeing them would probably guess they were sisters.

Inspecting them now, I felt the urge to drape a towel over Vivian's shoulders. Her nipples were protruding obscenely through her flirty bikini top like a homing beacon to any horny men in the vicinity as if the bright fabric wasn't drawing enough unnecessary attention already. It was a futile request that Vivian would ever cover up, this I already knew. Trying to hide her was just a testament to my own insecurity, she’d said again and again.

“Why are you in jeans?” Sharon asked suddenly.

I glanced down at myself. “Why wouldn’t I be?”

Vivian sighed. “It’s a pool, Shane.”

“I wasn’t thinking about swimming. I just wanted to find you guys.”

"You already flaked on the day and dinner. The least you could have done was to come to the pool dressed for the pool," she said in a flat tone.

I reached out to rub her shoulder, but she shrugged my hand away. "I'm sorry I overslept."

"Don't be sorry, just do better." She sipped her margarita and stared across the pool. "You look ridiculous. Why don't you just go back to the room?"

I could feel Sharon and Dustin's eyes on me. A quick glance around revealed that I wasn't standing out in my jeans. There were plenty of men and women around with no intention of swimming. Still, I didn't like to argue with Vivian, especially in front of her friends. She had a point, after all. It was my own fault that the first day of our romantic getaway had fallen through. I smiled crookedly at everyone and stood.

"Yeah, you're probably right. I'm just not feeling it tonight. Tomorrow's going to be great though. You guys have a good night." I waved and left, feeling defeated. This trip was supposed to be my way of proving I could be the fun and carefree husband Vivian deserved. Three days to go.

UNEXPECTED GUEST

I woke bright and early—earlier than I wanted. The pullout sofa bed was a nightmare to sleep on, and somehow, I felt more exhausted than usual. My sleepy eyes looked longingly at the coffee station in the kitchen, but I wasn't about to wake Vivian. Tiptoeing through the room, I slipped out onto the balcony. We'd be in the water two days before we reached CocoCay for the wedding. I couldn't imagine what we could do on the ship for two days, but everyone else had seemed excited. The ship had a lounge and a theater, which seemed interesting but not worth the money we were paying per night.

I sat alone until I heard a gentle tapping on the door behind me. I went inside and watched Vivian walking around and stretching.

“Did you have fun last night?” I asked.

“I did. Sharon got absolutely smashed though. We’ll probably have to whisper at breakfast. Speaking of...” She glanced at her watch. “We all agreed to meet in a half hour. But I need coffee.”

“Of course.” I went to the breakfast bar and dug through the complimentary k-cups for a breakfast blend. “Is it everyone?”

She lounged on the couch and yawned. “Yeah. Did you know that Mark, Cara, and Ashley are sharing a double room?”

“Nope.” I poured the coffee into a mug and brought it to her. “Is that weird? I mean, Ash must feel like a third wheel.”

“Eh. It was apparently her idea, to save money. But it’s probably going to be weirder for Mark and Cara. Ashley is totally going to be bringing strangers that room.”

I shrugged, not wanting to get pulled into gossip about her friends. “I’m just glad they came.”

She sipped her coffee and stretched out on the sofa. “Can you do my nails later? I can’t believe I forgot to get a pedicure before hitting the pool.”

I sat next to her feet and patted her ankles. “There’s a spa. Why not treat yourself later today?”

“I might. Depends on what the girls say. By the way, Dustin was insisting he throw you some sort of lame bachelor party tomorrow night—”

“I’ll avoid that, don’t worry,” I said quickly. A party with Dustin was the last thing I wanted. “I don’t need a party.”

She nodded. “It’s unseemly.”

“Should we be getting ready? I have to guess the breakfast buffet is crowded.”

She looked me over. “I’m thinking blue polo and the khaki shorts I bought you. Go get dressed.”

Later, Mark and I sat at the bar, waiting on Dustin. The ladies had scheduled a spa retreat after lunch, and that left the guys to kill time until dinner.

“This isn’t the vacation I was told it would be,” I confessed to Mark. “All we’ve done is walk around and eat.”

He chuckled and sipped his beer. “But it’s not work. You’re missing the point.”

“I feel like we could’ve just flown and saved the time.”

“Yeah. Point missed completely. Look, you’ve got a week away from responsibility. We get to sit around and watch our hot ladies wear skimpy bikinis and shorts that look like underwear. Maybe you’d do better if you gave up your dry spell.” He pushed his beer towards me. “For old times’ sake?”

I pushed it back and shook my head. “I’m fine.”

“Fine?” He frowned and drank in silence for a moment. “Are you fine, or are you just controlled?”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

He spread his hands and sighed. “Look, I get it. Vivian is a catch. But she treats you like a gay best friend, not a husband. You need to step it up. Be a man. This marriage is going to eat you alive, trust me.”

I laughed and shrugged his words off. “That’s why I don’t drink. You’ve had one beer and you’re talking nonsense.”

Mark and Vivian had a strange history. They’d met when Mark was married to her former neighbor, which had led to me meeting Vivian. But

they never got along. I had often told Vivian I'd stop hanging out with him if it made her uncomfortable, but she said I needed at least one friend. Mark was that one friend, even if I was rarely allowed to go out with him. They'd clashed more times than I could count, but it was more like a cold war than a nuclear detonation.

His thumb tapped the side of his glass. "I'm not drunk. You know it takes more than a weak IPA to get me started."

"Just because your marriage went downhill, doesn't mean all marriages are doomed," I pointed out. "Shouldn't you be more optimistic? I mean, you and Cara?"

He downed the rest of his beer and signaled for another. "Your topic swaps aren't subtle at all, but fine. I just figured since you weren't allowed to have a bachelor party, I could still impart my advice as your best man." He pushed his empty glass away and pulled the full one close. "Cara's just temporary. We both know it. We've got nothing in common except the sex."

I raised a brow and watched him closely to see if he was joking. He didn't seem to be. "That's... depressing."

"Only you think that. But once you know what I'm talking about, you'll get it."

"I wouldn't stick in a relationship for just sex, sorry."

"Sex is the entire point of romance, bud," Dustin interjected.

"Where have you been?" I asked, ignoring his comment.

"My room, drinking from a Listerine bottle. This trip is going to run me dry if I rely only on the bar's supply," he said quietly, watching the bartender out of the corner of his eye.

Mark rubbed his chin. "The girls did that. Nearly went blind this morning, sprayed vodka on my contacts to clean them. It would have been nice if they'd have told me ahead of time."

I stared them each down. “Do you realize how much trouble you could get in for that?”

“Not all of us are rich,” Dustin murmured.

“None of us are rich,” I pointed out.

“Says the sugar daddy,” he retorted.

“We should hit the casino,” Mark said. “A little time with the slots never hurt anybody.”

I started to protest but decided against it. “Why not?”

“Really? Sure you don’t need to ask permission first?” Dustin asked.

I finished my soda and shook my head. “Let’s see if lady luck is real.”

“In two days, it’s going to be *our* money. I would never lose a hundred dollars in such a careless way,” Vivian fumed as she stepped into the room from the hallway.

I’d gotten a humiliating dose of the silent treatment at dinner, so I saw this coming. I wondered if Dustin and Mark would get the same treatment. They’d lost more money, but that didn’t mean anything. While I’d eaten quietly and inoffensively, they’d chatted it up.

“It’ll never happen again, sweetie. I just got caught up in it,” I promised. I’d finally let myself have fun, and now I was paying for it. “It’s not like our future is ruined.”

She hmped and sat on the bed. "There aren't even words to explain how disappointed I am with you. You're supposed to be my dependable husband. The man I can count on. I need you to be reliable."

“I am.”

I sat next to her, but she scooted away and hugged her pillow.

“Would you like a massage?” I asked playfully. She grumbled into her pillow, but her legs straightened, and she wiggled her little feet. I pulled them into my hands as she rolled onto her back. I held her left foot up and kissed the red-tipped toes. “Did you enjoy your spa day?”

“It was okay. I wanted rose gold polish, but they didn’t have any,” she said heatedly.

I stroked the top of her foot from toes to ankle. “They still look nice.”

“Will you do them for me? I want my feet beach ready. Plus, my special shoes are open toe.”

“Of course. Are you comfortable?” I looked up and saw her nod.

Touching her feet was as intimate as we got. At first, I’d hated the thought of touching anyone’s feet, but I’d learned that taking care of Vivian this way kept us close. She needed to be pampered, and I enjoyed catering to her needs. Over time I’d started to paint her toenails, but only when she was between pedicure appointments.

My hands gently rotated her ankle before I slid my fingers between her small toes. I imagined sliding my hands up her long legs. This was our last day apart.

“I can’t wait to massage your entire body,” I said softly. “Your skin is so soft.”

She groaned. “I was just feeling so relaxed. Don’t talk like that.”

I pressed the heel of my hand into her arch. “I didn’t mean to... I’m just ready for it. Is it wrong to admit that?”

Her hands covered her face and she spoke as if tormented. “You’re just not very good with dirty talk.”

I tried to think of a better way to express my romantic anticipation but in the end, said nothing. I didn’t think there was anything dirty about what I’d said. I wasn’t trying to be lewd. I stroked the top of her foot and put it down before grasping the other one. The massage continued in complete

silence, and when it was done she sent me to find her nail polish. While I dug through her makeup case someone knocked on the door.

Vivian hopped up. “I bet it’s Sharon wanting to go to the pool again.”

The door opened and Mark stood in the hall. I waved but Vivian didn’t let him in.

“We need to talk,” he said gruffly. It sounded like he’d had too much to drink.

“Now’s not a good time,” I said.

“I’d like to talk to Vivian,” he corrected, staring her down.

I cleared my throat and moved to her side, not sure what was going on. “Whatever it is, maybe tomor—”

“It’s fine. Come in,” she interrupted.

I sighed and shook my head. “I’m going for a walk then.”

I’d overheard enough of their chats to know I had no interest in it. They would inevitably dredge through each other’s previous failed relationships before debating who knew what was best for me. My opinion didn’t matter, obviously. I strolled around the ship, wondering if this would be the last straw.

Vivian had to be tired of Mark’s meddling. I was beginning to be. It didn’t seem appropriate for him to feel so strongly about my life. I was a grown man. I could take care of myself.

The majority of the cruise passengers seemed to be taking in the theater. The lounge close to our room was invitingly quiet, but I wasn’t sure it was worth the risk. On one hand, Vivian would probably be ready for bed by the time I headed back. On the other hand, I’d already let her down once today. I stared at the bar until the bartender seemed uncomfortable, at which point guilt made me sit and order a mojito. As I sipped away, I watched the people around me. The cruise was heavy on couples.

After I finished my drink I checked my watch. If thirty minutes wasn't enough for Mark and Vivian to work through their latest issues, I'd just have to use my presence to break it up. I made my way back to our room feeling optimistic. This was a vacation. It was our wedding and honeymoon. There was no reason for me to let things get me down.

Mark had another thing coming I thought as I walked back to my room with a new found set of balls.

PLEASING MARK

Entering the room, I didn't see Vivian or Mark. Assuming Vivian was in the bathroom, I headed to the couch. Grabbing the light blanket from the armrest, I noticed movement on the balcony. Vivian was on her knees in front of Mark, sucking his cock while his hand held her beautiful hair in a messy bun. A burst of hollow pain wrenched through my chest as if my heart had collapsed into the pit of my stomach. Time stood still. I clutched the blanket while a myriad of emotions kept me frozen.

I wanted to stop them, but the consequences made me hesitate. I didn't want to lose Vivian. She was the love of my life. Everything I ever wanted, and more than I could ever deserve. And as much as his big brother behavior annoyed me at times, I didn't want to lose Mark either. I dropped the blanket and backed away from the scene, telling myself this was a fluke. He'd been drinking. She was upset. These things happened.

Vivian opened wide and Mark came on her waiting tongue. I could see her smile and it tore at me. I headed back into the hallway, trying to scrub my brain clear. I wondered if they'd seen me and if that would make a difference. Was this a mistake that they would come clean about? If I walked back in right now would they confess their sins and beg my

forgiveness? Something told me definitely not. Neither of them was the begging type. I was the begging type.

Leaning my head against the door, I strained my hearing, listening for any movement in the room. The glass balcony door slid and shut, and I took that as my cue to enter. They both looked at me when I walked in, but I couldn't detect an ounce of guilt. My heart fell. The possibility that they often ended fights this way crossed my mind. I waved awkwardly to them.

“Hey.”

Vivian arched a brow and said nothing.

“I was just leaving. See you at breakfast,” Mark said evenly as he left.

I stood staring at the door after he'd gone. When my mind seemed to function again, I turned and found Vivian standing right behind me.

“Have you been drinking?” she asked quietly.

I nodded solemnly. “It was just one drink. I thought... since I was just going to bed...”

“I forgive you,” she said with a soft smile. “It's okay.”

Those were the last words I'd expected to hear, and I felt the confusion showing on my face. She leaned close and brushed her lips against mine, and my confusion exploded. Vivian didn't like to kiss. The last time she'd been this close was the night I proposed—over half a year ago. My heart raced, and I held my breath. Her hand cupped my cheek as she kissed me, parting my hesitant lips and wrapping her tongue around mine. I melted against her, even though I wanted to cringe at the bitter taste Mark had left in her mouth.

After a few seconds, she stepped away. “Sleep well?”

I nodded dumbly. She'd betrayed me, then she'd forgiven me. She'd touched another man but then shown me the affection I needed. Maybe it was her way of earning forgiveness, I told myself. She was a complex woman. I yanked the sofa out into a bed and sat down. Every

couple had mistakes. I made mine. She made hers. As much as seeing her and Mark hurt, I wouldn't let it tear everything apart. I buried my pain, deciding to be a better man so that she wouldn't be pushed to others. Actions spoke louder than words, and on the wedding night, I would show her how much she meant to me.

THE DAY BEFORE

With one day left before the wedding, Vivian was suddenly a bundle of nerves. It was like she'd gone to bed calm and woken to a room on fire. While she buried me under a list of tasks, I tried to calm her down. She wanted everything to be perfect, and as far as I could tell there was little chance of it not being so. The cruise handled all the details. We just had to show up. Reminding her of that did not ease the situation.

“We need to be prepared in case they mess up,” she insisted. “And just showing up isn’t as easy as it sounds. Have you steamed your suit?”

“Of course.”

“I should have scheduled a trial run with the salon. My hair is so soft and delicate, what if they burn it with the curlers?” she rambled, gathering her hair atop her head.

The action made my imagination flash to the night before, and my jaw clenched. It was so crude of Mark to crush her hair like that. I scratched the back of my neck and looked away. A knock sounded on the door, saving me from losing myself to the foul memory.

Vivian rushed to let Sharon and Ashley in. The women began pouring shots of mouthwash, making me grateful for their intrusion for once. I slipped away to the bathroom. Just as I locked the door, Sharon banged on it and yelled, “You better be sitting! No splashing on the seat.”

The raucous sound of laughter rang out and I hung my head, gratitude gone. If it ever became a possibility, I'd veto Sharon from Vivian's friend circle. In fact, I was already seeking promotions that would require relocation. If I could get Vivian to a coast, she'd forget all about her best friend.

After I'd emptied my bladder—standing, just to spite the usual rules—I snuck out of the room. Not two steps from the door I ran into Cara.

“Am I late? Sharon said it was an emergency,” Cara said with a tone of disbelief.

“Last minute jitters. Nothing blue vodka won't solve.”

She grinned and opened the door. "It's the last day of being single. Drinking and debauchery are sort of required."

I shrugged and tried to place my mind elsewhere, but it was too late. As I walked to the mini-mall in search of a book, my brain insisted on pondering this latest bit of logic. Vivian and Mark could have been the last hurrah, so to speak. It made as much sense as anything else, even if it didn't make me feel any better. I had an idea of how most men reacted to infidelity.

That sort of rage wasn't an emotion I was capable of. The last thing I wanted to do was risk hurting Vivian's feelings by confronting her. Talking to Mark was also out of the question. If he knew that I'd seen, then Vivian would find out, once again leading to a confrontation with her. It was best for all of us to just move on. My higher ground carried almost enough satisfaction to keep their betrayal from weighing me down.

Browsing the latest releases of paperbacks, I saw Mark walk by. By his sweeping glance, I guessed he was looking for someone, possibly me, but I remained mostly hidden in the tiny shop. A few minutes later, Dustin found me while I was checking out.

“Are you seriously going to waste time reading?” he asked.

I grabbed my new book and exited the store. “It's something to do. It's what people do on vacation, in fact. Sit by the pool and read.”

“I thought you were trying to be fun.” He shoved his hands into his pockets and walked beside me.

“My last attempt at that ended poorly,” I murmured.

He laughed. “Yeah. Damn, I didn’t think she’d treat you like a kid who’d misbehaved. I’d never let Sharon order my meal and then ignore me like that.”

“I made a mistake. We talked about it,” I said defensively.

“Sure, sure,” he joked. “Have you ever tried manning up? Just put her in her place?”

We stopped at a couple of loungers and I gave him an annoyed look. “I don’t need to ‘man up’ or any such nonsense. I respect Viv and love that she’s a strong woman.”

He shaded his eyes with his hand and squinted around. “Strong women like strong men, not dough, Shane. Sometimes you just gotta grab em and use em. They love it.”

I bit my tongue and sat on the lounger. It disgusted me to hear him talk, which was something I knew Vivian and I agreed on. She hated Dustin. If she had overheard him just now she probably would have shoved soap in his mouth. Ignoring him, I flipped my book open.

“Fiine. Be that way. But it’s your last day of freedom. Any advice after this is too late.”

“What advice could you possibly give him?” Mark asked, sitting on the chair next to mine. “I need to hear these pearls of wisdom.”

“I was saying—”

“Nothing worth repeating,” I interrupted, not looking up from my book. “I don’t need marriage advice from anyone who isn’t currently married.”

Mark yanked off his shirt and relaxed under the sun. "Fair enough."

“It’s too hot for this shit. If you need me, I’ll be winning my money back,” Dustin announced.

I dove into my book even though I could feel Mark’s eyes on me. Though it didn’t make sense even to me, I blamed him for what had happened much more than I blamed Vivian. I couldn’t yet look at him without picturing my angel on her knees. I told myself I was the better man to not need revenge or even an apology. Eventually, he left, leaving me alone with my predictable murder mystery.

SPECIAL DAY

I tugged at my tie, feeling strangled. Mark handed me a lint roller and patted me on the back.

“You ready for this?”

“Of course. Why wouldn’t I be?” I said nervously. I ran the roller across my shoulders and arms before tossing it aside. My suit was medium gray. If there was any lint on it, no one was going to see it. “Should I just keep the rings in my pocket?”

“I guess? But take them out of the boxes.”

“Yeah,” I agreed.

He handed me the two velvet boxes and I carefully removed the wedding band from each. Mine was simple platinum, but Vivian’s was inlaid with two small rows of diamonds. She’d originally picked one less ornate, but I’d found this one at a diamond show when she wasn’t around. I knew the extra sparkle would make her day even more magical. Looking at it now made my heart flop around. The deep feeling of love made me smile and calmed me for the moment. I slipped them into my pocket and met

Mark's eyes. The joy I felt overwhelmed me, and I could no longer be upset about the past.

"Here," he said placing a white boutonniere on my jacket. "If you poke yourself and get blood on your suit, we'll all be killed."

I stood still while he fixed the flower in place.

"After my divorce, I told myself I'd never go to another wedding," he said stepping back. He checked himself in the mirror next to me. "Too depressing."

"But here you are," I said.

"Yeah, well. I look damn good in a suit."

We both chuckled while I checked my watch. Dustin poked his head into the room.

"Just making sure the groom hasn't made a break for it," he said.

"Are you kidding? I'm more likely to run down the altar than away from it," I said honestly.

"No cold feet here," Mark agreed.

Dustin narrowed his eyes in faux suspicion before calling, "Alright," and vanishing.

"It really isn't too late to jump ship, so to speak," Mark said with a crooked grin.

"There's nothing that would make me walk away from this. Vivian is everything I ever wanted." I straightened my tie and patted my hair.

"I have to tell you..."

I shook my head and held up a hand. "Anything you've got to say, it may as well be lost in the wind. I know what I'm doing."

He nodded glanced at the clock. "In that case, time to go stand and wait for your blushing bride."

* * *

I held Vivian gently in my arms as if she were a cloud that would dissipate on the breeze. We'd danced most of the day. Everything had gone perfectly—she'd said so repeatedly. Whatever disaster she'd expected had never made it to the party. Our small wedding had attracted a group of crashers from the ship, but even that was fine.

“I love my ring,” she whispered.

“I saw it and knew it belonged on your finger,” I said.

Her eyes twinkled, and I knew she was looking at her hand on my shoulder, admiring her new jewelry. “You spoil me.”

“Forever. I live to give you everything you need,” I said seriously. “Anything and everything.”

I stroked my fingertips up and down Vivian's bare spine, delighted by the deep open back of her otherwise modest lace dress. She shivered with my every touch, and I imagined that she was just as excited for the rest of tonight as I was. I kissed her soft, blushing cheek. For tonight she had no complaints about such actions, I planned on savoring every moment. The slow romantic song came to an end and we pulled apart to scattered applause.

“I need water,” she said touching her throat.

“Of course.” I released her waist reluctantly and went to look. I searched around the cooler for a fresh bottle, knowing she didn't trust anything opened. When I returned she was dancing with Sharon to some upbeat song that sounded like something from high school. She took the water and downed it.

“Time to move it. You head off with Mark and Dustin. I'm going to change into my other dress and we'll meet at the beach.”

I nodded and caught her wildly flaying hand so I could kiss it. “Can't wait to see this mysterious second dress,” I said.

She laughed, and she and Sharon danced away. Mark dragged me from the dance floor while I replayed seeing Vivian walk down the aisle. I didn't think it was even possible for her to be more beautiful today than she usually was, but I had witnessed it.

"I think we can take off the jackets now," he said. "How're you feeling?"

"On top of the world," I said with a grin.

"Hold on to that feeling," he laughed.

Though the wedding was next to a bar, it wasn't the one Vivian wanted to party at. She'd researched and picked her favorite for the post-wedding drinks. It was only a short hike, but my suit felt like a wool blanket by the time we arrived. I ordered a glass of white wine and watched it while we waited on the ladies. I recognized Vivian's feminine strut from a distance.

Dress number two was strapless, short and sexy enough to make me wish the party was already over. She looked like a wide swath of white ribbon had been wrapped around her, complete with a large bow at the small of her back. I held out the wine.

"You look scrumptious," I said.

She rolled her eyes playfully. "It's a special day. You have that glass."

I nodded and looked her up and down. Her dress seemed to beg to be removed. "Don't tire yourself dancing," I hinted.

She arched a brow. "Don't worry about me."

Cara showed up at her shoulder and yanked her away. A crowd had appeared, and soon all I could see of my wife was a bobbing veil. I sat on the nearest stool. Slow dancing with my wife was one thing. Getting wild to the chaotic dance music pouring from the speakers here was another.

I nursed my wine while keeping careful track of the time. We had to be back on the ship before sunset. Vivian occasionally drifted from the

floor to grab drinks or swipe a bite from the tower of nachos I'd ordered for our friends. She looked radiant. The miserable two days on the water made up for seeing her like this. If I got the new job I was hoping for, I'd end up taking her on more cruises, but that prospect didn't seem so terrible.

The crowd parted while I ordered a water, revealing Vivian pressed between two tall dark men. I nearly slid off the stool in my surprise. The crowd pressed forward again and blocked my sight. I left the bar and walked around, searching for Vivian. Someone tapped my shoulder and I spun in surprise.

"Back to the ship?" Vivian asked.

"Yeah," I said slowly, looking around for the two men I'd seen moments before. "Probably should make our way in that direction."

"Go pry them apart. I'll find everyone else." She pointed over my shoulder where Mark and Cara were grinding as if they were alone in the world.

I ushered the couple from the bar and we all hiked through the sand back towards the ship.

* * *

"It went by too quick," Cara complained. "I didn't even get to sunbathe or snorkel."

"That's what tomorrow is for," Mark said. "We've got two beach days left. You'll be tired of the sun by the time we're done."

I listened to them banter behind Vivian and I while we walked to our rooms.

"Did you have fun," I asked Vivian.

"So much! I hope the next port is as amazing."

I placed my hand on the small of her back and pulled her close while we walked. "Maybe we can make this a regular thing. Would you like that?"

“More cruises?” she asked and waited for my nod. “You have no idea how much I’d love that.”

We split at the stairwell and said goodbye to Mark and Cara, who were both giving us obvious winks. Vivian turned to me close to our door and pulled me to a stop.

“Could you run to the gift shop? I need makeup wipes,” she pouted.

I glanced at the door and down at her tight dress. All of the self-control I’d managed over the last two years was draining away. I wanted to toss her on the bed. I wanted to soothe the absolute I ache I had to touch every inch of her skin. But I nodded. “I don’t know what sort of selection they’ll have.”

“Anything will work.”

I sighed and tugged one of her blonde curls. “Alright. I’ll be right back.”

I hurried to the shopping area and scoured the shop for any facial wipes. I grabbed every option and checked out, tapping my fingers on the counter impatiently. It felt like forever before I was back at the room. I swung open the door and rushed in, tossing the bag on the entry table as I looked around.

For a moment, I thought I’d entered the wrong room.

Two large black men stood at the foot of the bed, and in front of them knelt a woman who couldn’t have been my beautiful wife.

TWO BLACK MEN

Vivian wouldn’t be on her knees in front of two naked strangers. Her after-wedding dress wouldn’t be shoved down around her waist.

My legs were icicles, stuck to the ground as my body longed to turn and leave. I needed to find my room.

But that wasn't going to happen since this *was* my room. The men I'd seen for a split second earlier on the beach were here, in my room, with my wife.

My legs finally moved, but only to crumble beneath me as I fell back against the door and slammed it shut with the weight of weary body. My hand flew to my mouth and I held back a scream that seemed to die in my throat and burn through my blood.

They saw me, I know they did. The suite had an open layout and the bed was two steps and a turn from the entryway. My breath came in frantic gasps and I stumbled forward, back to the bedroom.

“Sweetie?” I croaked.

One of the men looked over at me and seemed uncomfortable, but it didn't stop him guiding his cock in and out of Vivian's perfect lips. The scene unfolded slowly as if my brain couldn't comprehend what I saw. Vivian held each of them in a hand and took turns sucking them into her mouth as if this was exactly what was supposed to happen on our honeymoon.

“Hey,” I said louder. “What the hell is this?”

The movement stopped this time, and all eyes turned to me. The men looked down at Vivian and at each other but didn't say a word, as if they were mute or commanded not to speak.

“You said I could have anything I wanted,” Vivian said finally. She sat back on her heels and toyed with her breasts, distracting me from the scene. Breasts I'd never seen before except for slips or quick glimpses. She plucked at the rosy, hard tips, making me salivate. “Isn't this what we both want? Me to be happy?”

My voice came out shaky, as unstable as my emotions. “I'm supposed to make you happy. You aren't supposed to...”

“You seemed okay with Mark,” she said slowly. “You didn’t say a word.”

My face scrunched as I tried to grapple with her reasoning and my own cowardliness in that situation. “I thought it was a one-time thing, I mean, so much was—”

“Shhh.” She reached out and grabbed the huge cocks of the men standing before her. The creamy ivory of her skin contrasted against their ebony flesh. “You can’t give me this. And you know I need it. So why does it upset you?”

"I can give you that. That's the entire point of tonight," I said exasperatedly.

She shook her head. “No. I need a real man. Someone who can take what he wants from me. You’ll never be that man. Besides, yours isn’t this big, is it?”

“Take...I mean...” I looked around for an escape route. Not just a door but a black hole to swallow me entirely.

“If you watch you’ll learn to please me,” she hinted. “Be nice to our guests.” She looked up at the man on the right. “Jordon,” she introduced him. “And Anthony.”

After a moment, I found myself nodding. My mind was reeling, my heart felt shredded, but I still loved her, and my body desired her even now. If I could make her happy, that’s what I wanted.

She returned to servicing them, her hands squeezing and stroking them in sync, her tongue bathing them in turn. Jordon grabbed her hair and yanked her closer. She yelped before he shoved his cock into her open mouth. Her hands flew to his thighs and clawed as she gagged on his thick length. He released her and she coughed and giggled.

“See,” he said in a low voice. “She needs to be treated like the slut she is.”

I wanted to argue but the look on her face stopped me. She watched his cock like she worshipped it.

"It's too big for you," he told her teasingly and tapped the head on her bottom lip. "But you like to choke on it, don't you?"

"Yes," she purred.

"Get on the bed," he instructed.

She rose and unzipped her dress. It fell around her ankles and she kicked it to me. "Hang that, then come back."

In a zombie-like state, I carefully lifted the silky white fabric and brought it to the closet. I hung it next to her wedding dress, which taunted me through the plastic garment bag protecting it. Heart pounding, I returned to find them all on the bed. Jordan was reclining against the pillows while Vivian sucked his cock. Her face was buried in his lap, but her ass was in the air. Her white thong was pulled to the side and Anthony was behind her, fingering her pussy.

I moved closer, repulsed but needing to see her for the first time. Her pink folds glistened with arousal as his long dark fingers slid into her. My pants grew tight, seeing her like this. I almost wanted to hate her, but it turned inward instead.

After a cocky smile back at me, Anthony placed his tip at her entrance, causing her to wiggle in anticipation. I stared as he pushed forward until the head of his cock was swallowed. His fingers rubbed and spread her folds while his hips rocked slowly.

Vivian groaned. "It's so big..."

He grabbed her waist and pulled her back as he pistoned forward. "You're too tight. I don't want to hurt you."

His words didn't match his tone. It was obvious that he loved every moment of forcing his way into her, even if it hurt. I watched in agony as he worked his cock in, further defiling my angel. Once he was buried completely his gentle motions disappeared. He pounded into her like wild

animal while Jordan fucked her mouth, controlling her head with a fist in her messy curls. She moaned around him, desperate sounds that could barely escape. Groaning, he held her down now, ignoring the tears that escaped her eyes. After what felt like an eternity he released her.

“You’re a good little cock sucker,” he told her. “But I don’t want to cum there.”

She nodded lazily as exhausted. He looked across her body at his friend.

“Swap,” he said simply.

Anthony shoved deep into Vivian before nodding. “I think she’s stretched enough to take you. Got her little slutty pussy nice and ready.”

Jordan slid down to the center of the bed and stroked his long cock while watching Vivian massage her breasts. "Climb on," he ordered playfully.

She bit her lip and crawled to him, straddling him and hovering over him. He rubbed the tip of himself against her clit and folds before holding himself straight and steady. She lowered herself slowly, breathing heavily and making soft sounds as she covered him inch by inch. “Oooh,” she cooed. “You’re going to break me...”

He chuckled and placed his hands on her waist. He pistoned up and impaled her completely, making her scream. “Slutty pussies are meant to be abused.”

She whimpered as he lifted his hips and plunged deep into her again and again.

“Say you like it,” he urged.

“I love it,” she gasped.

“You want more?”

“Yes,” she begged. “Fuck me harder!”

His hand found the nape of her neck and yanked the hair there, pulling her body down and flush against his, smashing her breasts against his chest. He bent his knees and arched into her, pounding hard and fast until the sound of flesh against flesh filled the room. I watched in a trance, equal parts horrified and aroused. Anthony sat on the edge of the bed watching, jerking himself, enjoying the show.

“More, more,” Vivian whimpered.

Anthony crawled close to them and Jordan slowed down. Vivian curled up, pressing her hands to his chest and arching her back. Her breasts heaved, and she looked over at me. Flushed cheeks and dilated pupils took me back.

“I’m about to cum,” she whispered to me as her body began a slow grind against Jordan.

He heard her and dug his fingertips into her thighs. “Good girl. Let me feel it.”

She rode him while he pressed his thumb against her clit and made small circular motions. Throaty moans replaced her every breath, the sound a sexual torment. I knew my erection was obvious, but I didn't care. They weren't watching me. All eyes were on her as she bounced and wriggled toward her orgasm. She pinched her breasts until the pearled tips were bright red and swollen.

"Yes," she hissed. She sucked in a deep breath and released a cry of shattered ecstasy. Her entire body shook, and her lips fell apart, mouthing wordlessly.

Jordan steadied her while Anthony positioned himself at her back, taking her arms and holding them against her spine. His hands disappeared between their bodies and she squealed. It took me a moment before I realized he was preparing to enter her from behind.

“Sit,” Vivian said softly. My gaze drifted from Anthony to her. She patted the bed, somewhat beside herself. “Sit.”

I glanced at each man, wondering how they felt about her request. They simply watched as I nervously approached. I turned slightly and adjusted myself before sitting on the very edge of the bed. Once I was settled, Anthony pushed his way into her puckered entrance. An expression of agony crossed her face and I cringed.

“S-so good,” she whined.

Jordan’s hands groped her breasts as he rocked beneath her. Anthony kissed her neck while moving in and out, keeping her arms pinned between their bodies.

“You’re an anal slut, aren’t you? You took this cock like a pro,” he murmured against her ear.

“Mmm. I like it best when Shane’s friend Mark fucks me in the ass,” she replied easily.

The proclamation killed something inside of me, but I remained quiet. This is what I’d earned, so blinded that I’d missed the betrayal that was occurring right in front of me. I was foolish to believe that what I’d witnessed on the balcony was a single mistake. Only the sight before my eyes now kept me from dwelling and imagining my best friend banging my now wife.

Anthony bit Vivian’s shoulder and shoved deeper in. “Fuck,” he growled. “I’m gonna blow my load.”

I stomach turned at his crude words, but Vivian purred.

“I want it all,” she pouted, writhing between the two men. “Make me messy.”

They both gained focused expressions as she rocked and rode them. Within minutes, Anthony groaned and held her still. I watched his cum drip free as he slowly pulled his length free from her clenching body. With Anthony now gone, Jordan pumped up and down before he expelled a low curse. Vivian’s hips rocked while he came, until he took hold of her and made her still. The three of them breathed heavily and after a few moments Vivian tumbled away and lay on her back.

Her two lovers stretched and left the bed. Now that they'd used my wife to their pleasure they gathered their things. I ignored them, taking this time to examine Vivian's perfect naked body. She blinked slow lust-laden lids at me while my eyes traced her long pale neck and down to her round, perky breasts.

"Your turn," she said softly.

MY TURN FINALLY

My gaze snapped to her lips, certain I'd misheard. "Sweetie?"

Vivian lifted a languid arm and brushed the air in front of my face as if she was trying to reach me. "Come on. I want to get off again."

I stripped of my clothing quickly, scared she'd change her mind. Climbing over her, I hesitated. Her smudged eyeliner and pink cheeks reminded me that she'd just been roughly banged by men she'd just met. Men who'd left their presence behind and claimed her before me. I held my breath and lowered my hips until I found her entrance. I slid in almost instantly, engulfed by her wet heat. I didn't have to work my way in like Anthony. Still, I tried to enjoy myself. I stared down at her and moved in and out.

"Hmmm. That's it," she whispered. "Shove his cum further in."

I froze and she laughed.

"That's enough of that," she teased. "I'll never get off with your cock."

"S-sorry," I stammered, falling back to my heels.

"You can make me happy other ways," said lifting her foot and resting it on my shoulder.

I turned my head and kissed her ankle. She arched a brow and nodded slowly. I took her delicate foot in my hand and kissed the top of it until I reached her painted toes.

“Keep going,” she urged.

My lips pressed against her big toe, and she nodded again. I licked it gingerly then sucked it into my mouth. She made a soft sound of delight, spurring me on. I licked and sucked each toe while I massaged her arch. She giggled and bit her lip, pulling her foot from my grasp.

“Do you want to cum?” she asked.

I nodded dumbly. “Of course.”

“Why?”

“Uh,” I floundered. “Because I can’t look at you without wanting to,” I admitted.

She grinned. “You can jerk off, but…” She spread her legs. “I want you to use Anthony’s cum as lube.”

The room spun while I hesitated. Her fingers spread her pussy open and dipped into her messy entrance. Hand shaking, I reached down and scooped some of the white mess. I rubbed it on my shaft without looking, jerking furiously.

“Lick me while you get off,” she ordered. Her wet fingers beckoned me forward.

This time I didn’t think, I simply obeyed. With one hand steadying myself on the bed and the other tugging my aching cock, I buried my head in her pussy. The scent of sex filled my nose as I licked her clit and the now familiar bitter and salty taste of another man’s cum coated my tongue. I licked and sucked her folds, cleaning her until she tasted sweet. She writhed above me, and at her first moan—the one I’d given her—I came, shooting my load on the bedspread beneath me.

Vivian’s thighs closed around my cheeks as she rode my mouth, not giving me a chance to recover from my blissful explosion. I was pressed

against the bed, stomach rubbing over the wet spot I'd left. The smell of her wet pussy overwhelmed me. I latched onto her clit and flicked my tongue over it. I sucked it eagerly and tongued up every bit of moisture that flooded from her.

“Good boy,” she cooed, then moaned. Her legs shook around my head and she released a shuddering moan.

EPILOGUE

I woke early the next day and took a quick shower before drawing a hot bath for Vivian. After checking the time, I made coffee. The steady beep of the brew completing roused her from sleep. She'd told me to be her alarm clock, so she wouldn't miss any time on the beach. I handed her a mug and guided her to the waiting bubble bath.

She relaxed in the tub with her coffee while I shampooed her hair.

"Last night was a special treat," she said softly.

"Of course," I said nodding. I remembered the discussion we'd had. "But I can earn more treats?"

"We'll see. Tonight I'll be busy." She smiled and set her coffee on the rim of the tub. "Or..." She pursed her lips and made a soft 'hmm' under her breath. "I'm going to invite Mark over tonight. You can help."

I used my cupped hands to carefully rinse the suds from her hair. "Help? I don't know if I want to—"

"It would make me happy," she said seriously.

I sighed, and my shoulders fell. "I'll help."

"Good. I like how you sucked my toes. You can do that while he fucks me. I'd be incredibly happy."

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