**A Husband's Treat**

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Andrea woke up in an empty bed again. The clock on the nightstand glowed a red 7:45 am. Andrea silently thanked the hotel for the heavy blackout curtains that kept the room nearly pitch black. She could sleep with the lights of the parking lot, or the freeway, or whatever restaurant was across the parking lot but she preferred darkness. Silence wasn't nearly as important to her and she was used to the noise of traffic. Ah, life on the road!

Her phone dinged. Here was Don, looking for his treat.

Andrea and Don had worked out some basic arrangements in their marriage and this was a result from evolution of their conversations over the past several years. Andrea traveled for work. Don did not. She was gone almost a week every month, on the road and they had (at times) struggled to maintain the connection with each other. Don, luckily for her, felt sexuality, ostensibly wife-assisted orgasm, was an easy way to keep things interesting when Andrea wasn't around. And he had his particular 'likes' she could easily meet.

Porn, meet real life. Real life, porn. Once they made the introductions, Andrea had to think of different ways to do things for her husband. She had some thoughts for today and she would test them out.

She texted back.

"Five minutes"

Moving quickly, she opened the curtains wide, allowing sunlight to stream into the room. She always selected the ground floor rooms and asked for east-facing windows if possible. She wouldn't be backlit by a rising sun but there'd be plenty of light to do the job. And this particular stretch of asphalt functioned more as an alley. Two men stood barely 100 feet away across the blacktop, smoking and talking. A semi-truck idled next to them. They would be most helpful.

Andrea stripped off her sweatpants and t-shirt. She climbed under the covers, pretending she slept nude when she wasn't with Don. She opened the laptop and aimed the camera at the bed with the window in the background. She clicked on the camera and the light popped up. Moments later, a ding on her phone told her Don was at home, probably with his pants around his ankles, watching with great interest.

Andrea sat up in bed, facing away from the computer, toward the window. Her back, bare of clothes, faced Don. She knew he liked this angle, anticipating the view of her breasts, the tease of her showing skin but not exposing anything to him. She stretched, twisted, the sides of her breasts sneaking in and out of view. Andrea was in decent shape but it had been a few years since she was in her 20s and things started to fill out. Don loved it. She was still dealing with it emotionally. His positive reactions helped when he talked about her bigger tits or her fuller hips. She wasn't sure when he told her he liked fucking her thick ass. Andrea didn't want to be thick. She preferred the more athletic-minded adjectives when it came to her physicality and femininity.

Andrea threw the covers off her and walked three steps away from the bed. This put her center of the camera and almost directly in front of the window. She was fully nude. She would have liked slippers or socks but she turned the heat up earlier to compensate for the cold floor. She was well within the view of the two men by the semi but they hadn't glanced in her direction. Andrea would change that shortly.

Several years ago, Don forgot to X out his tabs of porn on the home computer. Andrea didn't react with anger. She knew he liked porn and she knew he watched it and as long as he wasn't actively meeting real people, it didn't bother her. She was satisfied in their sex life and didn't think porn took anything away.

It appeared there were things he enjoyed he hadn't expressed to her. She debated on whether or not they were reality or just better kept in fantasy.

Andrea had scrolled through the movies and pictures Don saved. There was a theme here. He liked women nude in public. He liked women nude at beaches. He liked women nude on streets, in doorways, posing for an audience either real or imagined, and women who strutted their stuff outdoors. He liked women nude in movie theaters and, what seemed unusual, cemeteries.

He liked women nude in windows.

Andrea eventually decided this was a good time for an evaluation of their relationship. She told him what she found and he didn't blush or express any regret or defensiveness. She then asked how she could participate, IF she could be a part of these fantasies and if he wanted that. He agreed more quickly than she expected. Why hadn't he asked before? He felt silly when it was him talking but her approach was emotionally detached and left him feeling comfortable. She wasn't offended and was proactive in experimenting up to a limit.

One thing led to the next and while Andrea didn't discover a new kink for her (or even arousal for that matter) from being nude, Don did and that's what mattered. It kept things fresh. At least his kink wasn't something she disliked. She tried not to approached it like a chore. Her exhibitionism did nothing for her sexually. She did respond when Don fucked the shit out of her because he was so turned on. The sex was great.

She now moved to the window. The truckers stood facing each other, unlit cigarettes dangling from their mouths. A glance behind her warned Don she was about to do something more.

Andrea knocked on the window \*rapraprap\* with a closed fist.

Both heads swung up and over as the men searched for the sound. The shorter one made eye-contact first and hit the other's chest to catch his attention. Andrea stood, hands clasped behind her back, covering nothing, completely exposed. A small part of her wished she loved the attention and the looks of the strangers. She was thrilled to know Don would be stroking himself furiously, focused on the screen.

The other man looked, visibly rocked on his heels. Grins spread over both their faces and they stared, talking to each other. Andrea guessed they were talking about approaching her. Neither made a move and as long as they stood still and didn't go for their phones, she'd let them enjoy her nudity. After a few moments, convinced they weren't trying anything, Andrea put her hands on her head. Her breasts were pulled up and she rolled her hips in a slow spin, giving them (and Don) a sexy 360.

The time passed. One minute, then two. Andrea finally turned, despite the good behavior of the men, and closed the shades, grinning at them. One thumbs-up'd a "thank you" to her and the other waved. She appreciated the gestures.

She walked back to the laptop to look. The chat box was full of comments from Don. The major takeaway was how beautiful she looked, how sexy she was, how hard he was and how he was ready to cum. She looked at the camera.

"Hold on, I have an idea," she said.

An exclamation point showed up. Ding!

"Would someone in the room be better?" she asked.

This was new. There was a pause before a string of words showed up.

"I don't know what do you think?" Don asked.

"Why not? No touching. I'll get room service and ask for a towel."

Pause.

Her shows had always been at distance. Don very much liked windows and enjoyed balconies more. Her suggestion just now upped the ante, someone being right there next to her. Andrea wanted her husband satisfied and she wasn't particularly bothered by someone standing next to her while she was nude.

Apparently, Don did.

"I don't know I mean I think I would love it," he typed "Would you do it?"

"Sure," she said and walked to the nightstand. She picked up the receiver of the hotel's phone and within moments was promised two fresh, fluffy towels.

"Do you think he'll be young or old?" she asked Don. She believed Don has a secret fetish of her showing off for (or even fucking) old guys and Andrea didn't know what that was about. He kept that one hidden away but she toyed with her hunch now. "Maybe he'll be the GM, in his 60s, and appreciate the view since his own wife never does anything like this. And he'll try to talk me into letting him touch me."

An exclamation point popped up on the screen. And a discreet knock came from the door. Andrea reset the computer, facing the part of the room by the door. She threw on a robe, tied the belt, and went to the door. She felt calm and in control. She was sure Don was dying on the other side of the laptop.

"Hello," the young woman said, "You requested towels?"

Her name tag said Hoshi and she was short, pale, Asian, and wore a beautiful smile. Andrea paused, not expecting this, but rolled with it.

"Yes, and maybe you can help me with something else too," Andrea said.

Hoshi's smile didn't falter but her eyes registered a bare flicker. Her guard was now up and she was defensive. Andrea was entirely certain Hoshi had been propositioned before.

"My husband is over there watching from his own computer," Andrea said, pointing at the laptop's glowing camera light, "And he wants to see me nude with another person. I will tip you $100, inform your boss of the high level of professionalism you have and tell him my repeat business will happen because you personally make me believe in the direction of the hotel, and send you on your way. I will not touch you and this is for just us; it will not be on the internet."

Andrea used her sales meeting voice, speaking slowly, clearly, and enunciating perfectly. She observed a number of emotions passing over Hoshi's face in rapid succession. Hoshi went under the spell of Andrea's speaking skills and didn't reject her outright. Hoshi thought about it for several beats and asked a question.

"Why?"

"I ask myself the same thing sometimes," Andrea said, smiling. Hoshi met the moment of honesty with her own genuine smile. "I travel and it's something for us to stay connected with each other. Everyone has their own thing and this is his. Please say no if you're not interested but I'm completely harmless and this helps our marriage. I've never done this before but you look nice and I thought I'd try it."

"This is not a set-up?" Hoshi asked, "Because I'm doing well here and I'm trying to keep my career going. I don't want to get fired. No one has every propositioned me like this but I've been warned on a number of occasions that if it happens and I accept, I'm gone in a heartbeat."

"No set-up, just marital success for us," Andrea assured her.

A full minute went by. Hoshi bit her lip and nodded, almost like she was steeling herself. She faced Andrea and agreed.

"Okay," she said with finality, "I'm game."

Andrea smiled, thanked her, and started undoing the belt on her robe. She glanced up at the computer, sure that Don was at the point of explosion. Hoshi, next to her, started undoing the buttons on her uniform blouse with a quick "You can do this" under her breath. Andrea put a hand on her wrist.

"What are you doing?" Andrea asked.

"Taking my shirt off," Hoshi answered.

Andrea laughed, not unkindly.

"No, no, Hoshi, love, I'm sorry. I didn't mean you, I meant just me getting naked. You don't have to take off anything." She didn't glance at the laptop, now entirely certain Don would be waving his arms, getting her to stop talking, telling her to shut up for the love of all that is holy.

"You said it would help and I have some of my own personal goals I'm trying to meet. It's okay and you sound like a fun couple. I decided why not."

"Okay, I'm glad to have you. My husband will owe me one or two," Andrea said. Hoshi's uncertain smile matched her trembling fingers.

"I'm nervous, though," she said.

Andrea gently smiled at her. "You don't have to do anything you don't want to," she said. Hoshi nodded, closed her eyes and mentally strengthened herself, and nodded again. Her hands were still shaking a bit as she undid the buttons.

Andrea was more used to being naked and now felt older-sisterly concern for Hoshi's emotional welfare. Seeing Hoshi so nervous, Andrea simply undid the belt of her robe and let the heavy cotton material fall from her shoulders. The robe slid down her body and she tossed it to the floor out of view from the camera.

She was nude within an arm's distance of a stranger. A girl stranger, sure, but a stranger none-the-less. And this wasn't locker room nudity, this was sexually-tinged nudity with her husband stroking his cock on the other side of the camera.

Hoshi started undoing the buttons on her blouse and Andrea nodded encouragement.

"You can do this, have fun," Andrea murmured. Hoshi's fingers slide button after button out of their eyelets and the shirt came apart, revealing a light-blue bra underneath. Hoshi peeled her shirt off her body and placed it gently on the back of the chair sitting next to her. Her hands wavered between bra clasp and the button on her pants. She ended up with her hands behind her back, pulling the hooks out. The bra came loose off her chest and she shrugged it off, letting the material slide down her arms. She briefly put her arms behind her back, exposing her breasts to the camera. Andrea couldn't help but glance.

"You have beautiful skin," she said, looking at Hoshi. Hoshi's skin was pale, almost white, and without marks or scars. Her breasts were small, tipped with small pink nipples. Andrea couldn't help notice them hardening. Hoshi reached down to the button and zipper on her pants and quickly pulled them down to her thighs. She exposed her pussy. The black hair covering it stood in sharp contrast to her skin and to Andrea's body, which was waxed.

"I don't know what to do now," Hoshi said after a moment.

"Let him enjoy himself. Wave!"

They both waved, breasts bouncing. Andrea thought about touching Hoshi for Don't sake but decided against it.

"You look incredible," Hoshi said.

"You do, too!" Andrea said, nodding appreciatively. Hoshi's smile then faltered and she lost her bravery.

"I'm sorry!" she said, grabbing her shirt and bra, almost running into the bathroom. She shut the door behind her. The room went silent and Andrea moved to pick up her robe. She put it on and wound the belt tightly around her. She didn't want an uncomfortable environment for when Hoshi came back out.

Hoshi came back out of the bathroom, fully-clothed and orderly. She was in control of herself now but apologetic.

"I'm so sorry I did that," she said. Andrea didn't try to protest right away and let her talk it out, "It's just I got concerned that maybe something bad's going to happen with my job and I'm busted and caught, or, I don't know, I just lost it."

Andrea made sure Hoshi was finished before she talked.

"You did a great job. I asked for help, this is a relationship-thing, and you were daring and looked confident. I'm impressed. Thank you. And I've never done that before with someone else nearby either. We got to be brave together."

Hoshi's eyes went down, cut left, and came back up. A smile crept across her face.

"I think I kinda liked it," she said to Andrea, "I liked it a bit."

Andrea laughed and handed her cash from the pocket of the robe.

"That's for you. Thank you again."

Hoshi gave her and the laptop a little wave and saw herself out of the room. The door snickered shut and locked behind her. Andrea turned back to the computer and checked the chat log.

"And?" she typed.

"I came so hard and I need a shower and then a nap" came the reply.

"You're welcome" she typed back.

"Love you" she read.

"Love you too. Delta Terminal Thursday?" she typed.

Don responded, "1:35, yes. I will be there."

Andrea gently closed the laptop and smiled to herself. She was glad this worked for them.