**Kaycee: Beginnings**

by[BillandKate](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=784331&page=submissions)©

Let me begin by telling you everything that follows doesn't change how I feel about my wife of six years, Kaycee. She's a strong, independent woman who isn't afraid to compromise on important matters with her partner. She is a loving wife, a great friend and an unrelenting cheerleader who picks me up when I need a boost or a boot.  
  
I met her one evening at Portland's Bridgeport Brewpub. We just seemed to connect on multiple levels. We're both graduates of Oregon State and had similar likes and dislikes. I fell in lust with Kaycee that first evening as I walked her home and she gave me a nice kiss at the door before she said goodnight. I fell hopelessly in love two months later as I watched her coach a soccer team of junior high girls. She was the perfect balance of encouragement, mentoring and competitive intensity; you could tell the girls loved her. It confirmed for me this was the woman I wanted as the mother of my children and would spend my life loving.  
  
Why did she fall in love with me? I don't know - lucky, I guess. I'm not a bad looking guy and I keep in shape. Kaycee seems to appreciate my sense of humor; she laughs when I tell one of my many corny jokes. We made love for the first time three months after we started dating and I know I rocked her boat. We pledged to be exclusive, and Kaycee never gave me a reason to doubt her fidelity.  
  
In almost every way, we're the perfect example of the perfect couple - lovers, best friends and now, she's the yin to my yang (or maybe she's the yang to my yin - you get my point).  
  
If I had to trace back when our relationship changed, from monogamous/fidelity to what we are today, I'd have to say it was three years ago, the day my flight home from L.A. was cancelled and I had to rebook on a late-night flight to Portland. It had been a long week in L.A., it was now Friday night and instead of spending the evening with Kaycee, I was in an airport bar drinking my second bourbon, watching the Dodgers on the TV above the bar.  
  
The announcement for my flight came over the PA system; I finished my drink and headed to the Gate. It wasn't until I was standing in line to board, handing the slip of paper to the boarding agent, that I looked at the boarding pass. What the hell? The customer service agent had given me a first-class seat on this flight. It goes to show, sometimes being nice really does pay off.  
  
When my earlier flight was canceled, I waited in line to get reassigned. The asshole in front of me spent five minutes giving the poor agent a rash of shit about the cancellation, as if it were the poor woman's fault the storm came through and screwed everything up that day. When I came up to the counter, I apologized to the agent, offered her an Almond Roca from my briefcase stash and gave her the kindest smile I could muster given my own disappointment with the situation. I didn't notice the seat assignment when she handed me the boarding pass; I was just so thankful I'd be home and kissing my wife that night.  
  
So, seven long hours after my original flight was supposed to take off, I was in the wrong line to board the 10:00 pm flight to Portland.  
  
"Sir, you're in first-class, you didn't need to wait in line."  
  
I smiled, not knowing what to say, other than, "Thank you, that's all right." before walking down the jetway toward the plane.  
  
I'd never flown first-class before - always walked past those seats as I boarded. It always looked rather nice, everyone with a drink in their hand, plenty of legroom with more than enough shoulder space. Now it was my turn. I sat down and before you could say, "jack-rabbit", the flight attendant asked if he could get me a drink.  
  
"A bourbon, thanks."  
  
"Jack Daniels OK?"  
  
"Sure, OK. Thanks." Yea - I know JD isn't 'officially' a bourbon - but who the fuck really cares? (Besides the Kentucky distillers, of course.)  
  
The seat next to me was empty until one minute before the door closed. Almost as if it were scripted, he came rushing onto the plane, a raincoat over one arm and a small suitcase in the other hand. He plopped down in the seat beside me and spoke to me as if we were good friends. "Thank goodness, I didn't think I'd make it. I actually had to get out of the limo a quarter-mile from the terminal to sprint here. I felt like OJ in one of those old commercials."  
  
The flight attendant approached us, "Mr. Davis, please fasten your seatbelt. We're about to take off."  
  
"Sorry. Hey - is it too late to get a drink, please? Just a double JD, neat?"  
  
I looked at the young flight attendant who had stars in his eyes and I almost laughed. Samuel Davis, star of stage, screen, TV, etc., could have asked for a five-course meal and the star-struck flight attendant would have figured out a way to get it. Thirty seconds later, the young man handed Samuel Davis his drink before strapping himself into the jump seat in front of us.  
  
The plane took off and as it leveled off, Mr. Davis turned to me. "Sam Davis, pleased to meet you." He even held out his hand.  
  
I almost burst out laughing. "Yes, I know. Who doesn't? I'm Anthony Costa. It's an honor to meet you. My wife and I are big fans." I could have gushed and groveled; but did my best to act cool. I could have blurted out that Kaycee and I watched his latest movie last weekend and spent the evening fucking like crazy after it ended - it was the sexiest movie we ever watched together. Instead, I just took his hand and tried to be chill.  
  
"Costa - that Italian?"  
  
"Yea, my grandparents came from Sicily."  
  
"No shit, mine too. Davis is 'Anglo-cized', my father's name was DiSalvo."  
  
For the next hour, Sam (he insisted on me calling him, 'Sam', not Mr. Davis) and I shot the shit about a number of topics. Maybe it was the second JD, who knows? But for whatever reason, I had the courage to ask him this:  
  
"Sam, I have to ask. Kaycee and I watched, 'The Caller' last weekend and we couldn't get past the fact that the love scene between you and Lauren Towers looked so real. We know she's married, but we couldn't understand it. How do you actors do those love scenes? I mean, don't the wives and husbands get jealous? I mean, really - how could Towers' husband watch that and not be pissed or jealous?"  
  
Sam looked at me before lowering his voice to answer. "Maybe he likes it."  
  
"I'm sorry - what?"  
  
"He likes it. Look, it's been a long a day and maybe I've had too many of these." Sam held up his drink. "Or maybe I just think you're an OK guy - don't tell anyone, but - Lauren and I were fucking in that scene, really fucking. And do you want to know the craziest part of it? Her husband was on the set and got off on it."  
  
I was stunned. "No?"  
  
Sam smiled. "Some guys get off on it - watching their old ladies get fucked. It's a crazy ole world, Tony."  
  
Sam kept his voice down, almost a whisper as he continued. "Me? I can't imagine watching my wife, if I had one, getting pegged by another dude and enjoying it; but, I can't tell you how many people have approached me and offered their wives to me, on the condition the husband gets to watch. Fucked, huh?"  
  
I don't think I said a word in reply to Sam's statement. I am embarrassed to say though, the entire conversation was surreal and very exciting.  
  
"Tony, have you ever seen the Penthouse Letters magazines or books?"  
  
"I've seen them in the airport bookstore, but never read any."  
  
"Well, most of the letters are how some guy gets off watching his wife get it on. There are all kinds of variations to the central theme; but it all comes down to the voyeuristic and exhibitionist pleasures of the mind and flesh. Sure, the letters are all made up; but the entire industry is built around the fact that men and women are buying, reading, and getting off on the kink. Hell, you can't believe how fucking wet Lauren was when we were doing that scene. She's an exhibitionist - she was creaming just thinking about fucking in front of the camera crew and her husband."  
  
Our plane was landing. We said our 'good-byes'. Turns out his folks retired and moved to Hood River; Sam was in town to decompress from the Hollywood rat race and visit his mother and father. Hell of a guy.  
  
The airport bookstore was closed by the time we landed. I got home after midnight, but my beautiful wife woke up when I got into bed, gave me a scorching kiss, spent all of fifteen seconds getting me hard with her hand, then rolled on top of me and planted herself on my pole. Kaycee rode me while I played with her breasts, tweaking her nipples. One week's worth of backed-up jism flooded her vagina as I let go. I felt Kaycee's shudder, the sign of her own release, just before she collapsed on my chest.  
  
"Damn, I needed that." We said it in unison, then laughed. Kaycee rolled off me but stayed snuggled against me with her arm across my belly and just before we both fell asleep, she said, "Welcome home, husband - I missed you so much."  
  
The next morning, I told Kaycee about meeting Samuel Davis on the flight. I didn't tell her that Sam and Lauren Towers actually fucked in the movie, I understood that it was told in confidence and treated it that way. Kaycee was all a-gaga with the fact we sat together. I had to tell her something about our conversation, so I related how he told me some stars got off on being naked in front of the cameras and how some spouses got off on watching their wives do those scenes; I didn't mention the actual sex or name names. Still, Kaycee seemed to enjoy hearing the Hollywood insider gossip.  
  
There's an adult bookstore about two miles from our house and Saturday afternoon I was inside browsing through the magazine and book racks. I bought a Penthouse Letters magazine and one of their paperbacks. I even looked through a few DVD titles; surprised at the entire row of 'amateur' selections; but passed on renting any.  
  
Kaycee and I had a great weekend 'reconnecting'. I travel at least one week every other month for my job as a forensic accountant, usually to Southern California and sometimes Florida or Texas. Kaycee can usually accompany me during the summer when she's off (she teaches high school Math) and sometimes meets me for long weekends if I'm somewhere warm during the school year.  
  
Monday morning, Kaycee left for school and I stayed home to write my report for work. I had most of the week, the deadline to complete my report wasn't until Thursday and I just wasn't in the mood. I went to my nightstand and opened the 'Letters' magazine.  
  
Sam was right, this stuff was "fucked"; but I found myself getting turned on just the same. Some of the stories made me hard, some were a little too much for me. I finished the magazine and started the paperback. The wife-watching stories fell into a few different genres. There are the straight-forward 'wife gets picked up by some dude and gets nailed in front of hubby', there are the 'big cock nails my wife', usually the 'big-black-cock' nails my wife. There are the 'gang-banged wife' stories.  
  
I had to skip over the stories whenever the husband ended up eating a cream-pie left by the other dude or the whole panty-wearing/caged cock wimp shit. My cock wilted immediately at the mere thought of either of these situations, even if it's another guy being the cuckold. To each their own, I suppose.  
  
There were a few stories written from the wife's perspective and these got me thinking. One story had the wife entering an amateur strip night while the couple was out of town. The wife in the story didn't have sex with any of the men in the audience, but she was totally turned on by being naked in front of so many men that she screwed her husband to exhaustion when they got back to their hotel room.  
  
Another wife's story related the couple's love-making on their Las Vegas hotel room deck while being spied on by guests in the rooms across the courtyard.  
  
These stories had me thinking about Kaycee from an entirely different perspective. Let me explain.  
  
From the time Kaycee and I began dating, she seemed to go along with my suggestions; things she knew would make me happy: going to baseball games, watching movies I suggested, going to rock concerts. One day, after reading an article in the local free press, I asked Kaycee if she would consider going to the nude beach on Sauvie Island - Kaycee's reply: "OK".  
  
Collins Beach is an 'official/legal' nude beach ten miles outside Portland. At the beach, Kaycee didn't hesitate before slipping out of her bikini and I quickly followed by taking off my shirt and shorts. I found myself thoroughly enjoying the feeling of the sun on every inch of my body and especially swimming without a swimsuit. Yes, I enjoyed seeing so many naked women; but most of all, I enjoyed watching Kaycee's nude body basking in the sun and skinny-dipping in the river.  
  
I could tell I wasn't the only one enjoying the sight of a naked Kaycee. Every time Kaycee got up from the blanket to walk to the water at least ten pairs of eyes followed her movements. Was it from walking on the hot sand that made her hips move just a bit more than normal?  
  
The fact that so many men paid attention was a source of pride. Kaycee stands five-six in her bare feet, weighs less than one-twenty, slim but athletically built from coaching soccer, running and lifting, a great set of B-cup breasts topped off by a perfect set of nipples. And all that was before you saw the cute face with the friendly smile and long blonde hair. Yes, I'm one lucky son of a bitch.  
  
We started going to Collins Beach at least every other weekend that summer. I thought it was just another case of Kaycee doing whatever I suggested.  
  
It was the same the two times we made love in the woods while hiking. Neither time did we expect anyone to see us, but the possibility existed. Both times I pulled Kaycee off the trail, stripped her naked and fucked her. Both times she came all over my cock before I came myself.  
  
Now, reading the 'Letters' supposedly by women, relating how they felt when exposed or fucked in public - they did it to get their rocks off, not to please their husbands - I couldn't help but think of how Kaycee reacted to our own public nudity and sex.  
  
This 'revelation' opened my eyes. Why did I think of these situations from my own perspective? As if Kaycee was doing it only for my pleasure? Why hadn't I considered Kaycee was turned on by being completely exposed to whomever could see her on the beach? Or when we made love in the woods and there was a chance of being caught?  
  
I realized my ignorance wasn't entirely my fault. Kaycee never suggested we do it, she just always went along with whatever I asked. It now occurred to me that although many women at Collins Beach removed their clothes while sitting down on their beach towels, Kaycee always stood up while removing each piece of what little she wore, almost performing a slow strip tease for the audience. Was I married to an exhibitionist?  
  
The best part? Now that I understood how our trips to nude beaches might be as big a turn-on for Kaycee as they were for me, it made the experience even more erotic. Two weeks after 'The Revelation' as I began to think of it, I booked a weekend at a nude resort in Palm Springs.  
  
It was early November, much too cold to be hanging out on a beach in Portland, not unless you're wearing an Eddie Bauer rain parka. After some research, I booked a room at 'Raffles', a small resort near the old section of Palm Springs. It was our first time in a 'close quarters' atmosphere, eleven rooms surrounding a swimming pool, and everything I read about the resort was positive.  
  
It was a great weekend. We arrived on Friday night and enjoyed a soak in the hot tub. Saturday morning we woke to sunshine, a nice breakfast of yogurt and fruit served at our lounges by our hosts, Peter and Barry, then spent the morning swimming and sunning.  
  
The other guests were nice couples; no one gave off any creepy vibe. We thought two of the couples may have been swingers; but they kept to themselves and there was never any outward sign of sexual activity by any of the guests other than kissing and innocent touching. One thing we've found about our fellow nudists, they love to share information on other places they've been vacationing. While we shared a soak with two other couples, we learned there were great beaches in Miami (Haulover) and St. Martin (Orient). By the time we left Palm Springs, I was already planning our next trip; this time to Miami when Kaycee was scheduled to have a week off for Winter break.  
  
Kaycee and I took advantage of some decent restaurants in Palm Springs, jogged through the streets where Elvis, Frank, and Liberace had homes in the 50's and 60's. Sunday we drove to Joshua Tree National Park to hike in the desert. All in all, it was a great weekend.  
  
Haulover Beach in Miami was a revelation. During the weekends there are literally thousands of naked people on the beach. As we sat on our beach towels, we heard at least five different languages spoken by the people around us. The water was much warmer than the Columbia River; Kaycee and I spent hours floating in the surf.  
  
We spent a day on South Miami Beach. Here the men and women were required to wear bottoms, but the women could be topless. I was stunned by the number of 'Victoria Secret model-beautiful' topless women on that beach. More than once, Kaycee gave me a quick elbow to the ribs whenever I stared too long. "You better be happy with what you got, buddy. Here I am with my tits hanging out for you, I'm wearing a string bikini with my ass hanging out - and you're looking at some other woman! Guess I might as well go back to the room and put on my one piece."  
  
"Babe, you have no reason to be jealous. Number one - none of these women are any better looking than you (I know you're thinking I was ass-kissing, but I honestly think it's true). Number two - you rock in that one-piece, it fits you so tight, it looks like you're naked. Number three - I love you so much, I'd never fuck that up."  
  
"So why are you staring at those women?"  
  
"'Cuz they're nearly naked and you don't see naked models every day. Therefore, I'm taking advantage of the situation."  
  
Kaycee laughed, so I knew I wasn't in trouble. "OK Tony, just remember who you're going home with."  
  
Kaycee's easy response lightened the mood; but I did notice she was especially demonstrative the next day when we went back to the nude beach; doing little things to bring attention to herself. She even shaved her pussy bare. Until that day, she always left some hair above her clit; but now it was all gone.  
  
Kaycee continued to tease me during the day. She shocked me when she pointed out a man that was walking along the water's edge. "Well Tony; given what you said yesterday - that there wasn't anything wrong with you ogling those models on the beach, I guess it's all right if I check out the men today. Did you see the cock on that guy? I didn't know they came that large and it's still soft."  
  
"Shit Kaycee. I don't remember pointing out any big-breasted women yesterday."  
  
"You didn't have to say anything. I saw the way you stared and I'm only a B-cup."  
  
"Well, you're wrong there. I never had a thing for huge breasts. Yours are just perfect. Besides, he's probably a shower, not grower."

I waited for Kaycee to say my cock was just perfect, but she was obviously in a teasing mood. A few minutes later she stood up, the guy with the big dick was coming back our way, and Kaycee made her way toward the water at the same time he passed in front of us. They exchanged a few words, it was too far away for me to hear, before Kaycee jumped into the surf and the guy continued on his way. My reaction to this scenario threw me for a loop; my cock was starting to pop a woody; I had to turn onto my stomach so as not to embarrass myself.  
  
When Kaycee returned to our towels, I couldn't help myself.  
  
"What did you two talk about?"  
  
I was still on my front, Kaycee picked up the sunscreen and began rubbing it on my backside, working her way up my legs. When she reached my ass, she finally answered.  
  
"I asked him if that thing fit inside a normal woman."  
  
"The fuck you did!"  
  
"No, really. He asked if I'd like to try it."  
  
"I don't believe it." My cock, which had softened just before her return, was now getting hard again. Kaycee was finishing up my shoulders with the sunscreen.  
  
"I told him I couldn't; that I was here with my husband and you wouldn't want me to try anything that big. I was right - right?"  
  
I didn't know what to say. My mind was spinning. Could she still be teasing me?  
  
"Turn over, Tony. I'll get your front."  
  
"That's all right, I'm good."  
  
"No you're not. You don't want to burn. Turn over."  
  
"I can't."  
  
Kaycee gave me a wide smile. Yes, she knew exactly what she was doing. She leaned in close to my ear and whispered so none of the people around us could hear. "It turned you on, didn't it? I found your Penthouse. All those letters about men watching their wives get fucked. Did you read those letters and think of me? Is that why you're hard? Because you saw me talking to Mr. Big-dick and wondered what I'd look like on my back with him between my legs. With the head of that huge cock at the entrance of my pussy, just before it disappears inside me. Did you imagine me cumming all over his cock, then he turns me on my hands and knees to take me from behind until he cums buckets deep in my womb."  
  
I swear her words almost made me cum right there on the towel.  
  
"Stop right there Kaycee, please. I can't take it anymore."  
  
I looked over at Kaycee without getting up. Her nipples were extended as far as I've ever seen them. I looked at her pussy and it was wet.  
  
"As soon as I can roll over without making an ass of myself, I'm taking you back to the hotel."  
  
I was so wound up that we never made it out of the room for dinner that night. From the time we went back to our hotel at four until we finally fell asleep after midnight, I was in her mouth, pussy and even once in her back door. Rarely giving her a break - whenever I needed time to recover, I used my mouth and fingers to get her off.  
  
Around seven, I started to tire and slow down; but Kaycee got my motor running and my cock sprang back to life when she asked me once again if I wanted her to fuck the guy with the large cock. Would I want to watch or just hear about it when she came back to the room?  
  
Around nine or so she begged for mercy, I filled the tub with hot water and let her soak for a half hour; but as soon as she was out of the tub, she was back down on the bed with my tongue teasing her smooth lips and clit until she rewarded me with another taste of her cum. I moved up to my knees between her legs, kissed her, and fucked her again.  
  
I came four times that night, a record for me. Kaycee? I couldn't count how many orgasms she had that night. When we returned home from this sex-filled week, I went back to that adult bookstore where I originally bought the first Penthouse Letters. This time, as I was looking in the magazine rack, I noticed a magazine for Northwest Swingers. It was wrapped in plastic, so I couldn't tell what was inside. For six dollars, it was worth buying to satisfy my curiosity. Then, on the way to the counter, I passed a display of dildoes. Looking over them, I made a rash decision and purchased the Peter North model. Damn - it was big!  
  
I waited until Kaycee went to her hair salon the following weekend before reading the Swingers' magazine. What I read that afternoon set my mind reeling. The letters in Penthouse were most likely written by staff writers; whereas, most of the photos and ads in 'Northwest Swingers' were real (I'm assuming some, but not all, of what was published was phony). There were 'men seeking couples', 'couples seeking men', 'couples seeking women', 'couples seeking couples' - to name just a few variations. Most of the "men seeking..." included a photo of the guy's dick; some with the dick next to an object to confirm the dick's size - sometimes a tape measure, sometimes a shaving cream can (yea - really - WTF?).  
  
These people all lived within a couple hours of our home. I was overwhelmed and threw the magazine out; but kept the Peter North replica dildo.  
  
That night I surprised Kaycee when I pulled 'Peter' out after spending enough time licking her pussy so she'd be nice and wet for the 'big treat'.  
  
"What the hell is that?" I couldn't tell if she was excited or pissed.  
  
"It's Peter. Thought we might try something different tonight."  
  
"Oh yea? Where do you plan to put that thing? Don't tell me you want me to put that in your butt, Tony."  
  
"Fuck No!" that's when I realized Kaycee was teasing me. Damn, I loved this woman; she was doing her best not to bust out laughing. "I want you to sit on this while you blow me."  
  
"I can do that." She grabbed 'Peter' - damn if she didn't stuff it right up her pussy after wetting 'him' by stroking it across her pussy lips a few times. She kneeled on the bed as I sat on the bolster and she swallowed my cock right down to the pubes. Kaycee had one hand pushing and pulling 'Peter' in and out, the fingers of her other hand twiddling her clit, her mouth alternating between swallowing my cock and massaging its head with her lips and tongue. I was excited beyond my wildest fantasies, but Kaycee came before I did.  
  
After I came, I collapsed on the bed with Kaycee wrapped around me, 'Peter' still stuffed up her pussy. I pulled it out; it was coated with her cum.  
  
"I think you enjoyed my surprise tonight." I was fishing for compliments.  
  
"Oh yea. That was fun. Not as good as the real thing, but fun. Whatever possessed you to buy that thing?"  
  
I ignored her question. "What do you mean, 'not as good as the real thing'?"  
  
"Well, that piece of plastic can't orgasm. I love the feeling when your cock cums inside me; I can feel your cock pulsing and imagine it bathing my insides with your cum. Now your turn; why did you buy it?"  
  
"Saw it in the bookstore - thought it might be 'fun'."  
  
Kaycee smiled and her eyes shined. "And it just happened to be a 'great big dick'?"  
  
"I figured it would be better than a small one."  
  
"You've been reading your dirty letters again. Every guy thinks every woman craves a donkey dick."  
  
I didn't know what to say in reply to Kaycee's statement.  
  
"Tony, one thing you should know, your cock is perfect. Our lovemaking is as good as it gets. No man will ever satisfy me like you. You've spoiled me forever."  
  
I couldn't have been happier after hearing Kaycee's declaration of love. "Do you want me to throw out 'Peter'?"  
  
"No, keep him around. But don't bring him out all the time. Make it a 'once-a-month' special event."  
  
We made love again, this time in the missionary position. Me kissing Kaycee's sweet lips, our tongues playing, my hips meeting hers as she arched up in synch until we came together.  
  
Some people get the wrong idea when they hear Kaycee teasing me; they may think it's disrespectful, but nothing could be further from the truth. Growing up - all my friends, male and female - would give each other shit. It wasn't bullying, it was how we acted and there was never any doubt as to the strength of our friendships. When Kaycee and I first started dating, she was amazed by the teasing and bantering that went on between my friends and me. As she began to understand the nature of the teasing and as our friendship grew, Kaycee began taking on the same role as my best friends.  
  
I didn't count on how good she would be at teasing me, she's a smart lady and given she's now not only my best friend, but also my lover, the teasing can be especially effective at raising the stakes. Let me add this - I love it. She gets my heart pumping and when she's teasing me about our love life - my cock gets hard as nails.  
  
So, I have no one to blame but myself for how Kaycee could use 'Peter' to get my imagination running, my heart pounding and my cock leaking pre-cum.  
  
We returned to Palm Springs and Raffles in June, the first week after Kaycee's school year ended. It was hotter than hell, we spent most of our time in the pool or the shade. We decided to visit Joshua Tree again, leaving in the early morning so we could get our hike in before the afternoon heat became intolerable. This time we entered through the south entrance and hiked the trail to Lost Palms Oasis.  
  
It was a beautiful day for two people who recently survived the long rainy, cloudy Portland winter and spring. Not a cloud in the sky and - probably because of the heat, not a person in sight. We hiked to the oasis, opened our picnic lunch and two bottles of beer (we're not serious hikers) under the palm trees, taking our clothes off to lie back and enjoy the sun.  
  
After two more beers I could tell Kaycee was feeling the alcohol, probably due to dehydration. The hot, dry air can do that to you. I decided to take advantage of the situation; it was a public place, but there was no one on the horizon. I lowered her down on the blanket and started to kiss Kaycee's lips, neck, breasts, ran my tongue right down to her clit. I was hard and she was wet, so I climbed up and slipped my cock into her. We made love like this for a while before lifting her onto my lap. She squeezed my cock with her pussy as I played with her breasts, alternating between caressing her nipples with my fingers and kissing them with my tongue and teeth.  
  
A glimmer of reflective light caught my attention. Out of the corner of my eye I saw we weren't alone. Someone was back in the palms and it appeared the voyeur was taking pictures of us making love. Kaycee sensed my reaction and asked what was wrong. I thought about ignoring the photographer; I could have lied; but told Kaycee the truth.  
  
"I think someone is in the trees taking our picture."  
  
Now it was Kaycee's turn to react. My cock slipped out when she turned around to where I was staring. "Do we need to worry?" She obviously knew we were in the middle of nowhere with no way to defend ourselves if this was some kind of threat.  
  
Our cameraman must have overheard Kaycee's concern, he immediately came out from behind the trees, but instead of holding a weapon, he only had a camera in his hand - that plus he was nude and sporting an erection. "Don't stop on my account, you two were beautiful," he said. "My name's Zack, I've been taking pictures of you two for the past ten minutes and I'll sell you the memory card; but go ahead and finish. As you can see, I enjoy watching."  
  
Zack was an ordinary, non-threatening looking guy with an extraordinary tattoo. His stomach and chest were covered with a large Bald Eagle, its wings spread wide and an American flag in its beak. The eagle's feet reached down toward his pubic area as if Zack's cock would be held like a snake in the eagle's talons.  
  
Now here's the part that I still can't believe, maybe it was the beer, or the heat, but whatever it was, Kaycee responded by grabbing my head and shoving it between her legs. "Make me cum, Tony."  
  
I ate Kaycee's pussy like a madman while the guy with the hard-on and camera moved around taking pictures of us. After five minutes Kaycee moved around to suck my cock with her ass up in the air, she took her mouth off my cock long enough to turn to the cameraman, "Are you getting all this, Zack?"  
  
So here I am, laid out on my back, getting my cock sucked while the love of my life has her ass stuck in the air. I'm watching this stranger with a hard-on move around my wife taking pictures. I sat up on my elbows to get better view; Zack's cock wasn't huge, but it was thick and within an arms' length of Kaycee as she continued to suck me off.  
  
My cock exploded in Kaycee's mouth, but she kept sucking me dry. After I finished, Kaycee let my cock fall out of her mouth and turned toward Zack. Looking at me the entire time, Kaycee reached out and grabbed Zack's cock with her right hand. Never looking away from my eyes, she began to jerk him off. Zack quit taking pictures, his hands dropped to his sides.  
  
"What do you think, Tony? How should I reward Zack for documenting our lovemaking?" Kaycee asked me while continuing to stroke Zack's cock. "Is this like one of your Penthouse letters? Do you want me to suck Zack's cock and let him cum down my throat?"  
  
I didn't answer verbally, I could only shake my head 'no'.  
  
"Then maybe you want to watch Zack fuck me? I could lie down on our blanket and he could fuck me right here. Or maybe get on my hands and knees and let him take me doggy style. Is that what you want?"  
  
I looked at Kaycee and then up into Zack's eyes; I could read the silent pleading in those eyes, "yes, please Tony - let your wife fuck me". I had to decide and make it quick. I could tell Zack was ready to fulfill my fantasy, a fantasy I never shared with anyone - a fantasy of watching my beautiful wife take another man's cock deep inside her and watch her get fucked. I couldn't tell whether Kaycee was still teasing me or not; would she go through with it if I said 'yes'? Would she fuck this stranger while I watched?  
  
Against all my perverted wishes, I made up my mind. "No, keep on jacking him off. Make him cum with your hand."  
  
Kaycee smiled at me and kept jerking his cock back and forth. At one point she spit in her hand before returning to his cock.  
  
I grabbed the camera out of Zack's hand and took a few photos of Kaycee with her hand around Zack's cock. It wasn't more than two minutes later that Zack's cock began to gush milky semen across Kaycee's arm.  
  
When Zack's finished, I was hard as a rock. Kaycee saw it and smiled, "Not quite sloppy seconds, but I'm very wet - fuck me Tony." This was all I needed to hear, I rolled Kaycee onto her back, rubbed the tip of my cock around the outside the lips of her vagina, then pushed inside. My cock slipped in without any resistance. Kaycee gave me a look as I fucked her harder; she didn't have to say a word, her eyes said everything. If I hadn't just come in her mouth, I wouldn't have lasted more than 15 seconds. As it was, I was able to continue driving in and out of her cunt until I felt the contractions signaling her orgasm. We both came together.  
  
The next few moments were awkward, but our new "friend" broke the ice by opening his camera and handing me the memory card. "Here" he said, "I won't need this to remember the moment. I never thought this could happen in my lifetime. I offered to sell you the card, but all things considered, you can have it." He got dressed and left us behind at the oasis.  
  
During our hike out of the desert and the drive home I had moments of passion, jealousy, love and lust toward my wife. I needed to calm down before talking to Kaycee about what just happened. I needed to analyze my own motives - I'd been close to letting some stranger fuck my wife. Plus, I needed to understand Kaycee; was she prepared to let a stranger fuck her if I agreed?  
  
I couldn't be angry with Kaycee. Not after spending the last year secretly fantasizing about watching my wife fuck a stranger, even if I did back out at the last minute. There was, of course, concerns - how would today's events change our marriage?  
  
Kaycee held my hand in the car and when we got to the resort, she gave me a big kiss. We walked hand in hand to our room, stripped and jumped into the shower together. I covered her body with kisses as we washed each other off.  
  
Kaycee broke the silence. "Tony, I've never cheated on you, never. Ever since the day we committed to be exclusive, I've been faithful to you - physically and emotionally. But let's face facts - you're a voyeur and I'm an exhibitionist.  
  
"And although I've been faithful, you don't know who I was before we met. You never asked, so I never had to lie. Maybe it's time we were totally, and I mean totally, honest with each other. Secrets can only hurt us and I want to have your babies and grow old with you. Tonight, make love to me; when we get back to Portland, I want you to tell me your secrets and I'll tell you mine."  
  
And that's what we did.