**Kaycee: Evolution of a Fantasy**

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

Kaycee and I were lying in bed, reading the latest copy of the Northwest Swingers magazine. The decision to try a 'soft-swap', where each couple can watch the other couple have sex, but don't actually swap partners, was our attempt to compromise on Kaycee's desire to be an exhibitionist and my desire to watch Kaycee have sex with another man.  
  
Months ago I bought a copy of the Northwest Swingers but didn't share it with Kaycee before I threw it out; tonight was her first exposure to the publication. Needless to say, she was as shocked as I was my first time reading the magazine. We were looking for another couple to share a soft-swap, but we spent some time looking through all the personal ads. I held the magazine in my lap, Kaycee leaning in - looking through and turning the pages.  
  
"Do you think all these ads are for real? I mean look at all these people, reading through their ads makes me realize maybe we're not as perverted as I first thought."  
  
I laughed because it was exactly the same thing I wondered when I read the last quarter's issue. "I'm sure some of these are fake, but it's hard to know what's real and what's not."  
  
Kaycee continued to turn the pages until she came to the section titled, 'Men Seeking Couples' and saw the photo of some guy's cock proudly displayed next to a can of Edge shaving gel, the guy's hard-on was a good inch longer than the can and just as big in girth. "What the fuck?" is all she said before jumping out of bed and running to the master bathroom. Kaycee came back with a can of my shave gel. She jumped back in bed with the can in her hand and started laughing. "That's got to hurt!"  
  
"Get Peter out of your nightstand." ('Peter' is the dildo I bought a few months ago. It's supposedly a replica of Peter North's cock. We've played around with it a couple times in the last few months, we'll put it in Kaycee's pussy while she gives me a blow-job.) I took the piece of silicone out of the nightstand and Kaycee held it up next to the can. The can was bigger.  
  
Kaycee looked at the two objects in her hands. "I can't imagine anything that big in me. That really has to hurt."  
  
"You've had 'Peter' inside you."  
  
Kaycee gave me the 'you silly man' look. "Yea, it's been in me, but never pounding me in and out. And it's still not as long as this guy in the photo. If 'Peter' was a real cock and really giving me a good fuck, I would either be in the hospital or sore for a week. I'm going to say this one more time, Tony - your cock is the perfect size for me. My perversion isn't to get fucked by some giant cock - I'm an exhibitionist, not a size queen."  
  
Kaycee and I finished reading the ads and were disappointed we didn't find another couple intriguing enough to contact. There were a few couples looking for the same thing we were, but their ads were either a turn-off or their photos weren't enticing.  
  
Kaycee turned the last page and asked, "What do we do now?"  
  
"Well, there are probably more couples like us, they're interested but haven't placed an ad, for whatever reason."  
  
"So, what do we do?"  
  
"We place an ad and see what happens."  
  
Kaycee looked shocked. "With a photo?"  
  
"Yea, why not - just a body shot, no faces."  
  
"I've got to get back in the gym before I have my naked photo taken and displayed." A fairly typical female reaction.  
  
"Babe, you look great. I'm the one who needs gym time." (OK - women aren't the only ones with vanity.)  
  
"What about names? There aren't many 'Kaycee and Tony' couples out there and I can't have any parents or other teachers suspecting me of being a swinger. Great way to get fired."  
  
"We'll use pseudonyms. Any ideas?"  
  
I could see the light go on in Kaycee's eyes. The recent news gushed over the Royal couple getting married soon across the pond. "What about William and Kate?"  
  
"You mean like Prince William and Kate Middleton?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
We bought an anonymous cell phone from Walmart and opened an email account for 'William&Kate4vu@yahoo.net'.  
  
And that's how we ended up in the next quarter's issue of Northwest Swinger in the 'Couples Seeking Couples' section as William and Kate seeking "another 20s-30s couple to soft-swap, no hard-swapping, just to enjoy watching each other".  
  
Despite the very clear, "no hard-swapping" prohibition, probably over half the responses tried to convince us we'd never be truly satisfied until we switched partners. It took a few weeks, but we finally received an email that looked promising.  
  
Bob and Carol were a couple from Vancouver, Canada who included a photo (without faces) in their second email. We made plans to meet in Seattle and reserved a table at the Met and a room with two queen beds at a downtown hotel.  
  
I'm certain that a majority of these 'hook-ups' are probably, if not a disaster, at least much less than one hopes. That wasn't our experience. From the moment 'Bob and Carol Jones' (not their real names, of course) walked toward our table, with smiles on their faces, we knew this would be a special evening.  
  
'Carol' is a knockout - five-four in her high heels, a nice girlish figure, auburn hair and green eyes, she was beautiful. 'Bob' was maybe five-nine; but built like a fireplug. Both were dressed to impress; Carol with a beautiful string of pearls around her neck, a neckline that plunged just enough to show the tops of her breasts, and a hemline four inches above her knees. I must not have stared because I didn't get a jab to my ribs as Kaycee and I stood to greet our guests.  
  
I won't bore you with the table conversation, only that between the usual 'getting to know you' dialog, there was plenty of 'how did we get to this point exchanges'; I'm certain those overhearing these little morsels (such as Kaycee's admission of jacking off a stranger in an oasis and her two amateur stripping adventures) were either delightfully amused or scandalized.  
  
Kaycee wasn't the only one to share; Carol told some stories that had me alternating between laughing hysterically and being aroused.  
  
We finished dinner and there wasn't any point in denying the inevitable, we invited the Jones to join us in our suite for drinks, conversation and more.  
  
The ladies had it all worked out; they must have discussed it beforehand because as I was pouring drinks, Kaycee had some music playing on the small player she had in her suitcase. With the music playing, both Kaycee and Carol started dancing and stripping in front of Bob and me as we sat on the sofa. When both were naked, Kaycee disappeared into the bathroom and came out with two towels.  
  
"Strip, you two, and sit on these."  
  
Neither of us hesitated, both Bob and I were naked within a minute, sitting waiting for the next act.  
  
The music played on, Kaycee danced in front of me, Carol in front of Bob. Then the girls switched and I had a closer look at the most charming Carol. The two girls tried to outdo each other, gyrating in front of us, bending over to show-off two beautiful asses, never getting close enough to break the agreement that this was a 'look, but don't touch' exhibition.  
  
The girls switched again and now Carol was on Bob's lap, Kaycee kneeling in front of me with her arms on my lap. "Watch them" Kaycee told me. I did as I was told; watching Carol move her hips in a sensuous arc until she was fully seated on Bob and his hard cock entered her.  
  
I've never seen a couple make love before this evening and must admit it was highly erotic. My cock stood straight up and Kaycee started to lightly stroke it with her fingernails. Bob did something just then that made me realize how strong this 'fireplug' is - he lifted Carol up, stood, turned and gently placed her sitting spread legged on the sofa. I watched as Bob brought Carol to an orgasm with his tongue. When her breathing returned to normal, she told Bob, "Take me to bed." He lifted her off the sofa and carried her to one of the queen beds.  
  
I made a mental note to hit the gym and do some strength training as I watched Bob effortlessly lift Carol and use his strength to add another dimension to their love making.  
  
Kaycee and I moved to the second bed to continue watching our new friends. For the second time we saw Bob's cock slip inside Carol's pussy, this time with them in a missionary position. Carol's legs were over Bob's arms wrapped around his upper back. Her hands were on his ass, pulling him in deeper. It was amazing to watch these two; they made me want to up my game when Kaycee and I made love later. Not that either of us ever complained, but maybe after almost seven years of exclusivity, we'd become complacent.  
  
Bob and Carol continued to fuck in this position until they reached a mutual orgasm. It wasn't one of those porn movie cum shots where the guy pulls out and sprays the gal with his spunk. Bob stayed deep inside Carol but there was no doubt he came; and just to make certain we knew, as soon as Bob withdrew from her pussy, Carrol swiveled her legs toward our bed, spread them wide, and squeezed a load of Bob's cum out of her pussy. What a naughty, sexy, beautiful sight. My eyes left her pussy long enough to see Carol staring at me with a huge smile on her face.  
  
Kaycee interrupted my thoughts, "Now it's our turn." She leaned over and swallowed my cock while moving her hair out of the way so Bob and Carol had a good view of her deep throat technique. I noticed she also positioned herself to give them a nice view of her ass. I grabbed her ass cheeks with both hands and spread her open, knowing our friends could see how wet she was. Kaycee lifted her mouth off my cock, looked up into my eyes and said, "thank you" before swallowing me whole again. I rewarded her with a mouthful of my cum. Kaycee looked at Carol, opened her mouth to give her some payback, silently saying, "See, my man can cum buckets, too", then swallowed it.  
  
With all this going on, I didn't lose my erection. Kaycee got on her hands and knees facing the other bed. "Fuck me, Tony." (yea, she just used my real name, but I guess we were past the point of any real anonymity). I fucked her, deciding to surprise her with something special. I pulled my cock out long enough to wet my thumb with her juices, popped back in and pushed my thumb into her ass. Kaycee came as hard as I've ever known her, it had to be the combination of the double penetration plus performing in front of another couple.  
  
When we finished, Bob and Carol took another turn. This time they sat on the edge of the bed, facing us with Carol lowering herself onto Bob's cock so we had a perfect view of his hard-on moving in and out of her shaved lips. Bob was tweaking Carol's nipples and I swear her nipples had to be over an inch and a half long. This time, just before Bob came, Carol rose up off his cock. What a sight, his cock shot stream after stream of cream over Carol's belly and breasts. Man - this guy could cum! Carol made a show of spreading it over her entire front; twice taking small gobs and tasting the spunk.  
  
Of course, this got me going again. Kaycee mounted me cowgirl while facing them and rode me hard.  
  
It was a hell of an evening and our first experience with soft-swapping couldn't have been any better. Around midnight it was time to call it a night. Bob and Carol got dressed - we exchanged real names (yea, they were using aliases as well), real contact information, and promises to do it again in a few months - then left for their own room at a nearby hotel.  
  
Once the door closed, Kaycee said, "Well, that was fun. I liked them. Easy to be around, nice and naughty, and attractive."  
  
I had to agree. "Yea, no bad vibes. It was nice how they respected the limits. I have to confess that was one thing I worried about, that there would be a bait and switch; agreeing to a soft-swap and trying for more."  
  
"I'm sure they felt the same way."  
  
"When did you two ladies come up with the opening dance routine?"  
  
"When we went to 'powder our nose' during dinner. It was her idea. You seemed to like it."  
  
"Duh - two beautiful women dancing naked in front of me - ya think?"  
  
"So, we'll do it again?"  
  
"Sure, but just like plastic Peter, it should be a special event, not too often."  
  
I did sign up for a gym membership. Kaycee decided to join, too. That's where we met Sean, one of the trainers. Sean's a great guy; did his best to help me get in shape and build some real strength. More than once, Kaycee made a point of thanking Sean for those results. We finally made arrangements to go to dinner with Sean and his fiancée, Lisa.  
  
As much as we liked Sean, I can't say we felt the same about his fiancée. It was the first time we met Lisa, you would think she'd want to make a decent impression on Sean's friends, instead she ragged the poor guy about his "lack of ambition, still wasting yourself being a trainer". I hate to say it, but what a bitch!  
  
That's one of the many reasons I love Kaycee, my wife has my back. For example, a few months before this I received a call from a headhunter. He offered me a job with another accounting firm, my salary would increase by twenty percent, but I'd be on the road twice as much as I was then. When I told Kaycee about the offer, she didn't hesitate.  
  
"Take the job if you want it, but don't do it for me. As good as the money sounds, it wouldn't compensate for the time we'd be apart."  
  
Then she did what I've learned to expect from her - encouragement.  
  
"What would it take to advance where you're at? To make partner at your firm?"  
  
"It would help if I had my Masters. Which means I have to go to night school. Which means more time away from you."  
  
"What if we went to night school together? You take your accounting classes, I take some math and ed classes. It might be fun going back to school together. I could study in your arms like that corny movie we saw on TV - Love Story."  
  
"Only you have to promise not to come down with some awful disease and die like Ali McGraw did in the movie."  
  
"OK. Let's get serious. We'll sign up for the next term."  
  
Which is what we did. With luck, I'd make partner in a few years, which means less travel and more pay.  
  
We had a few more nights out with Sean and Lisa. I think Kaycee ended up telling Lisa she should back off a bit. Lisa didn't appreciate the input and we stopped going out with them, although we still worked out with Sean at the club. The subject of Lisa was avoided.  
  
About three weeks after our first get-together with Bob and Carol (actually Larry and Elisa Fredricks, their real names), we received an email from another couple, Jack and Jill. They'd seen our ad and wanted to meet to enjoy a soft-swap. They included photos - nude, with no faces; at the time it didn't strike me as strange that the photos weren't of the two of them together. 'Jack' looked like a big guy in the photo, which proved to be correct when we did meet a week later across the river in Vancouver, WA.  
  
Just like last time we reserved a hotel room close to the restaurant. Our first clue that something wasn't kosher was while being escorted by the Maître d' to the table only to find a man, but no woman. 'Jack' made a point of standing to introduce himself, shook my hand briefly, then held Kaycee a little too close, kissing her cheek (only because she turned her head). "What'll ya have to drink?" The waiter was standing nearby - I later considered he must have tipped the waiter to be there before we had a chance to ask about the empty chair.  
  
Kaycee ordered a white wine; I had my usual bourbon neat.  
  
"So Jack, where's Jill?" My question seemed to shake him from mentally undressing and fucking my wife.  
  
"I'm so sorry, Jill's mother called an hour ago saying she was having one of her diabetic episodes and needed Jill to stay with her. We discussed it and agreed I should come meet you considering it was too late to cancel. We can get to know each other and find out if there's a chance for a future meeting."  
  
It almost sounded feasible, but my guard was up. Our drinks arrived, I noticed mine was a double although I hadn't ordered a double and Kaycee's wine glass was almost filled to the brim. Jack raised his glass for a toast. "To new good friends." He barely glanced at me during the toast and during the subsequent conversation; mostly filling us in on his athletic prowess, having played tight end for the USC (he was big enough to have made that tidbit true).  
  
We should have left immediately, but we stayed to finish our drinks. During the twenty minutes or so before we left, 'Jack' proved to be a narcissistic ass. Jack didn't wait long before coming right out with it.  
  
"Since we're all here and have a free night, what do you say we go up to my room and order room service?"  
  
"Well Jack, we're not all here, are we? Your wife didn't seem to make it."  
  
Jack ignored my comment, directing his next question to Kaycee. "What do you say, sweetheart. Want to have a great night? I can make that happen."  
  
Having it well established that there wasn't a 'Jill', I started to get up to leave. Jack put his left hand on Kaycee's forearm to prevent her from getting up.  
  
"Maybe your wife wants to stay. Maybe she'd enjoy getting a real man to fuck her."  
  
He had his phone in his other hand and he pulled up a photo. He showed her the photo, it was his cock next to a tape measure and it showed an almost eight-inch hard-on.  
  
Here's another thing I absolutely adore about my wife; she's quick witted. She looked at the photo and said, "Look Honey, he's almost as big as you."  
  
In the meantime I was tempted to take a swing at the guy to make him take his hand off my wife; but knowing it would end up with a public mess that would probably cost us both our jobs, I did the next best thing - I grabbed his phone out of his hand and threw it across the restaurant.  
  
'Jack' was swearing a mile a minute as he went to retrieve his phone. I helped Kaycee up and we scrammed out of there. We jumped in our car, crossed the river and got home. We skipped the room reserved in Vancouver, didn't want to hang around any more than we had to.  
  
When we got in the door, I practically ripped Kaycee's clothes off her. Right in the living room, I bent her over the couch and fucked her from behind. There was no love making that night, it was pure, physical fucking for the next two hours.  
  
The next morning Kaycee brought it up. "What got you all caveman last night? Not that I'm complaining."  
  
Moment of truth time. "If he hadn't been such a jackass and a lying sack of shit, I'd have loved watching him fuck you. Physically, he was a perfect match to who I fantasize watching you fuck. I would have loved watching that large cock making you cream all over it." There - I said it out loud!  
  
"What about what you said - that there's not a real person behind the fantasy?"  
  
"I guess that changed last night. I mean, there's still not a real person since if you fucked that asshole, we'd have some serious issues. But I can't help but wish the guy could have been the one."  
  
Kaycee sat drinking her coffee, thinking. Finally, she broke the silence. "Damn, this puts a whole new spin on it, doesn't it?"  
  
Which explains why what happened next shouldn't have been a complete surprise.

We did shut down the email account, tossed the burner phone and didn't renew the ad in Northwest Swingers. Although we suspected we may be heading in a new direction, we weren't in a hurry. In fact, we got back together with Larry and Elisa (Bob and Carol) Fredricks for a wonderful long weekend down in Palm Springs at the Desert Shadows Resort (Raffles having been sold and converted into a gay resort in the interim). We rented a two-bedroom condo in the resort; over the three days we kept to ourselves, sunbathed au naturel and continued to soft-swap. (I'll admit to being especially pleased when both Larry and Elisa complimented me on the progress I was making with the strength training.) We had so much fun - and were so comfortable around each other - that we made plans to spend ten days the following year in St. Martin at the nude resort.  
  
One day, while working out at the club, Sean looked troubled. Being a typical guy, I didn't inquire; being a typical gal, Kaycee asked Sean what was wrong.  
  
"Lisa broke our engagement yesterday."  
  
I wanted to congratulate him on dodging that bullet but knew better. Kaycee said all the proper things. She invited Sean over to our place for dinner Saturday evening.  
  
Saturday started as one of those gray, overcast, wet, chilly Portland mornings. Neither of us were in the mood to run in the rain, so we headed to the gym to workout. Sean wasn't working, but that was OK since we'd been working with him twice that week on some new routines. We left the gym two hours later, both of us feeling muscles we didn't know we had before that day.  
  
Normally, Kaycee would soak in our tub for a while after such a workout, but today, with a guest expected, she spent the afternoon cleaning the house while I got the BBQ ready and made a salad.  
  
Sean arrived promptly at five-thirty with two bottles of Oregon Pinot Gris and a bouquet of flowers. Kaycee gave him a welcome hug; she was wearing a nice boyfriend sweater with a hint of cleavage and a knee length skirt.  
  
I shook Sean's hand. "We missed you at the club today."  
  
A cloud passed over Sean's face. "Had to move all my stuff out of the apartment I shared with Lisa. She kept the place, I moved into an efficiency down on 14th."  
  
Kaycee gave Sean another hug. I wanted to tell him how lucky he was to be rid of her, but my mother once warned me, "never bad mouth a friend's or family member's ex, if they get back together, you'll be the bad guy" so I just said, "Sorry, buddy."  
  
We three sat down with our cocktails and Sean gave us a short rendition of the breakup. It seems Lisa's father is some big shot attorney and never cared for Sean. Daddy's little girl pulled further and further away from Sean. They hadn't been 'intimate' (Sean's word) in a month or more. Sean suspected something, followed Lisa one night to another man's apartment. He knocked on the door, after the guy answers the door, Lisa comes to the door and hands Sean his ring back. Turns out the guy is some junior partner at Daddy's law firm.  
  
I excused myself to start grilling the salmon filet. Kaycee got up, gave Sean another hug and this time a kiss on the cheek, before getting the salad out of the fridge so it could get tossed with olive oil and vinegar. Watching the small exchange between Kaycee and Sean, even though it was an innocent kiss, started my cock swelling. Outside, a fantasy popped into my brain which made it swell some more. When I came back inside, Kaycee noticed it.  
  
She leaned against me in the kitchen. "What's this about, mister?" as she ran her hand against my pants.  
  
I didn't answer, but Kaycee ended up answering her own question. She lowered her voice. "You're kidding? Me and Sean? That's what's getting you hard?"  
  
Just then, Sean came into the kitchen, oblivious to what he interrupted. "I'll open the wine."  
  
I walked back outside to flip the filets.  
  
The dinner conversation switched from Sean's recent breakup to more pleasant topics - movies and sports. All through dinner, Kaycee had her foot in my lap, her toes rubbing my crotch. Dinner was finished, so were both bottles of wine; Kaycee was telling Sean about today's workout and teasing that it was his fault she was so sore. "I'd give anything for a good massage."  
  
Sean didn't take the bait; but I did. "Sean, didn't you tell me you took lessons and would have been a massage therapist if you hadn't gotten into training?"  
  
"Yea, but that was years ago."  
  
Kaycee didn't let him off so easy. "Please, Sean. I won't be able to get any sleep tonight with the way I'm feeling." (Yea - I caught the double meaning.) "I'm sure you remember enough to help a poor girl out."  
  
Kaycee ran upstairs to put on something different for her massage; I went into the kitchen to pour three aperitifs, even though we were all feeling the effects of the wine. Kaycee came down wearing one of her more conservative two-piece bathing suits and a beach towel.  
  
Sean was obviously still hesitant. "I don't have any massaging oil."  
  
"Will body lotion do? Tony, could you go into our bathroom and get my Aveeno?" She gave me a wonderful kiss as I handed her the drink and headed upstairs.  
  
When I came back down, Kaycee was lying on the towel in front of the fireplace, Sean hovering above. I handed Sean the lotion before putting another log on the fire, lowering the lights and sitting in a nearby chair.  
  
Sean started on her calves and worked his way up her legs. He hesitated when he reached her bikini bottom. "The glutes please, Sean. Those squats and lunges you have me doing are making my glutes scream; I hope the results are worth the pain." Sean didn't reply but reached under Kaycee's bikini bottom to work her glutes.  
  
When he finished there, he started on her shoulders. Kaycee nonchalantly reached behind her and unsnapped the top, slipping it off without exposing her breasts. "There, that's better. Aren't you warm? You have to be dying with all those clothes on."  
  
"I'm dying, but it's not from the fire. What's going on? I think I know, but I'm having a hard time believing it."  
  
Kaycee sat up, her perfect breasts on full display. "Tell him Tony. Tell Sean what you want."  
  
I hesitated, looking directly from Kaycee to Sean. "I want you to fuck Kaycee. I want to watch."  
  
"This is unbelievable. Do you guys have an open marriage?"  
  
Kaycee answered for us. "We've done some non-traditional things. But no other man has been inside me since we've been a couple."  
  
"Why me?"  
  
I answered. "The time is right, we think you're the right guy - we like you. If you can do this and keep it our secret, I'd like you to be the guy who makes my fantasy a reality."  
  
Sean looked at Kaycee, her skin glowing in the firelight, her nipples were hard. "I can keep it a secret. Are you just going to watch?"  
  
"I'll probably get naked. At some point I'll have to have my turn with my wife. Don't worry, I'm not going to touch you, I'm not gay."  
  
"That's good, because that's not my thing either."  
  
Kaycee interrupted the bro talk. "Time to see what's been hiding under that gym-wear all these months." She unbuttoned his shirt and played with his chest. Sean took the opportunity to kiss Kaycee.  
  
It was the first time seeing another man kiss my wife and was as if a torch passed through my body and a fist grabbed my heart. I've never been so jealous in my life. I started to get up from the chair but stopped when I realized I'd also never been so hard in my life.  
  
Looking at Kaycee and Sean, I saw her unbuttoning his jeans and pulling his pants and boxers down his thighs to release his cock. I removed my pants and sat back down - conflicted as what to do - could I really watch this?  
  
They were kneeling in front of the fire. Sean's hands left Kaycee's breasts and went to each side of her bikini bottom, peeling them down. Kaycee shuffled from knee to knee so the last garment was off and she was naked in the arms of our guest. Sean stood so he could get his pants off; Kaycee took advantage of the position to kiss his cock. She looked over at me, smiled, and swallowed his cock right down to his pubic bone.  
  
Was I disappointed or relieved his cock wasn't larger than mine? - I still don't know.  
  
Kaycee kept Sean in her mouth, alternating between kissing or swirling her tongue around the head and engulfing him whole. Sean had his hands on each side of her head, whether consciously or unconsciously, keeping her hair from blocking my view.  
  
"Kaycee, I've never had anyone deep-throat me and it's driving me crazy, I'm going to cum." Kaycee reacted by doing the special thing she does to me when I'm about to cum in her mouth, it never fails to send me spewing; Sean must have felt it, too. "Oh fuck Kaycee, oh fuck, fuck, fuck!"  
  
Kaycee kept his cock in her mouth until he finished, let it fall out and turned to me, opening her mouth to show me Sean's spunk before swallowing.  
  
"Did you like that, Tony? Your cock tells me you did. If you liked that, you're going to love what's next."  
  
Sean was still semi-hard. Kaycee played with it and teased Sean, "Are you going to fuck me now, Sean? Are you going to fulfill Tony's deepest fantasy?" Kaycee leaned back on the towel and spread her legs, Sean was back to his full six or seven inches. "C'mon Sean, time to fuck me."  
  
Sean looked at me and asked. "Are you sure Tony?"  
  
"No"  
  
I think I shocked all three of us when the word 'no' left my lips. Kaycee looked at me wide-eyed, Sean stopped before lowering himself onto her body, his hard cock mere inches from Kaycee's pussy.  
  
"Yes - yes - fuck her" The conflict in my mind was resolved, yes, I wanted this.  
  
Kaycee was still looking at me. "I love you Tony, only you. Thank you."  
  
Sean's cock was now touching her wet lips. Kaycee reached down to grab it, spread some of her juices on the head and said, "Now".  
  
There it was - the last barrier to the fantasy that had been building in my head was gone. Another man was fucking my wife. I couldn't touch my cock - as much as I wanted to - I would have cum the moment I touched it. I needed to save all my cum to reclaim my wife.  
  
I can imagine there are thousands of men like me who have fantasized about their wives with other men, otherwise half the porn wouldn't be made. And I guess that a good number of men are disappointed when the fantasy comes true, that watching another man fucking his wife doesn't live up to the fantasy, for whatever reason. That wasn't the case here.  
  
Kaycee was more beautiful than I could remember. Her body reacted to the fucking in a way that out-shown any porn movie I'd ever seen. Everything about her oozed sex from every pore. It helped she was getting fucked by a guy who spent his life perfecting his body and had the surfer good looks of Brad Pitt. Watching the two of them was magical, even when they were kissing as they fucked each other, the jealousy faded and my love for Kaycee grew.  
  
They fucked like that until they came together, Kaycee's orgasm pushing Sean over the top. It was so obvious, there was no faking Kaycee's orgasm and certainly not Sean's as his entire body flexed and shuddered. Kaycee kissed Sean one more time as he slipped out of her. "Sean, I'd like you to stay and watch my husband reclaim me. Then I'd like to be alone with him."  
  
Sean and I switched places. I entered Kaycee and it was like nothing I ever felt before - indescribable. I came instantly, no surprise there, but stayed hard and continued to move in and out. It was a mess, but oh so wonderful. Kaycee kept kissing me and telling me, "I love you" as we made love. She also whispered in my ear, "Thanks for fulfilling one of my fantasies. You watched me get fucked by another man and now he's watching you make love to me. Thank you."  
  
Soon after that, Kaycee had another orgasm and we stopped. Sean was sitting, watching. Without saying a word, he started to get dressed. "I should tell you, I've wanted to do that ever since I first laid eyes on Kaycee. She's so beautiful. I would never go behind a man's back to fuck his wife, but you've made me very happy tonight. Thank you."  
  
Kaycee, still naked, gave Sean a hug. "Are you sober enough to drive home?"  
  
"I'll call a cab. OK if I pick up my car tomorrow?"  
  
I wondered if there would be any nervousness on any of our parts the next day when Sean stopped by to pick up his car, but the subject didn't come up, either that day or the next Tuesday at the gym. We all seemed to remain easy around each other.  
  
We had two more evenings with Sean over the next couple of months. The third time was something extra special. It was the first time we gave Kaycee a double penetration, Kaycee on her hands and knees with Sean taking her from behind, me kneeling in front receiving one of her wonderful blow-jobs. After Kaycee came the first time, Sean and I switched positions.  
  
That was also the first time Sean spent the night with us. In the middle of the night, I was woken when Kaycee elbowed me in the side. I opened my eyes to see her smiling at me while Sean took her missionary. When Sean finished Kaycee sat on top of me, my cock was hard, and rode herself to a quiet orgasm. "Do you need to cum, sweetheart?"  
  
"Not now, wait until the morning. Sometimes it feels delicious being on the edge like this, but only because I know I'll get relief soon. Goodnight, babe." We kissed and fell asleep with her in my arms.  
  
It turns out that was the last time we got together with Sean because the most unexpected thing happened the following week - Lisa came back and begged forgiveness, asking Sean to give her back his ring. Sean didn't agree right away, but they did start dating again. I wouldn't have taken her back, but who am I to judge anyone? I'm the guy who gets off watching another man fuck my wife - so, to each their own.  
  
It was probably a good thing that the threesomes with Sean broke off. It was never our intention for Kaycee to have a regular fuck-buddy because it could lead to feelings - not so much on Kaycee's part because I know she loves me. But I could see how the guy could start to have feelings for Kaycee, she is a very special woman.  
  
After Sean, we cooled it on the threesomes for quite a while. We did get together a few times with the Fredricks, once for ten days on St. Martin's Orient Beach. Ten days of naked fun at the nude resort. Ten days we'll never forget. We kept the rules - no switching partners, but I did get to dance a few times with a naked Elisa and Kaycee did the same with Larry. No kisses (except a few French cheek kisses), no groping, but lots of exhibitions and a whole lot to satisfy the voyeur in me (and Larry) - all in all great fun.