**Kaycee Ch. 04: Final Fantasy**

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

A little less than a year after the last threesome with our trainer Sean, Kaycee and I spent a few days in Miami after I finished some business in Orlando. Miami was one of our favorite cities; we tried to get there every other year or so. We loved the food and nightlife on South Beach and we absolutely loved the nude beach at Haulover Park.

I drove in from Orlando, picked up Kaycee from Miami International (she flew in from Portland) and, after a scorching kiss and hug hello at the baggage claim kiosk, we drove into town. We had the top down on the rented Mustang convertible and you could just tell this would be a magical four-day weekend. After checking into our hotel on Collins Avenue, we were heading to the elevator with our luggage when one of the other guests asked if he could help Kaycee with her bag. He really didn't ask, he basically took the bag from her hand, smiled and said, "Here, let me help." in a very gentlemanly way.

Kaycee smiled back at him as we made our introductions. I set down my bag in the elevator to shake hands. Aaron had huge hands and when Kaycee shook his hand, she glanced at me with a secret, teasing smile.

We got off the elevator on the same floor; it turned out Aaron's room was just across the hall. We said our goodbyes and thanked him, but before the door to our room closed Aaron asked if he could buy us a drink downstairs in the bar.

I was a little tired from the previous week of meetings in Orlando and my stomach felt a little strange, probably from something I ate that morning at the meeting breakfast buffet but didn't want to spoil Kaycee's first night in Miami. She had been looking forward to this trip for the last two months, so I accepted Aaron's invitation.

We freshened up, Kaycee slipped on a clingy sundress with three-inch heeled sandals and the two of us headed down to the hotel lobby. When we approached his table, Aaron stood up and gave Kaycee a hug, shook my hand, and thanked us for joining him. The three of us spent the next hour chatting and drinking.

I could tell Kaycee was enjoying herself and Aaron's attention. When Aaron asked if he could impose on us for just a little longer by buying our dinner, Kaycee agreed. Unfortunately, just about this time my stomach was really churning. There was no way I was going to be able to eat anything.

I told Kaycee and Aaron to go ahead without me. Before you think I'm total idiot, you should understand that although Kaycee had a few threesomes with Sean, it was almost a year ago and we've been exclusive to each other ever since. I wasn't concerned for Kaycee's safety because they were only walking to the Cuban restaurant in the hotel. I told Kaycee to give me a call from her cell phone if she felt uncomfortable during dinner; I'd be down in less than a minute. With that, I excused myself and headed upstairs.

I must have fallen asleep watching TV because the next thing I knew, Kaycee was entering the hotel room. I lay in bed watching her undress by the light of the moon coming through the sheer curtains. When she was naked, she pulled back the covers and lay next to me.

"You awake?" she asked. "How are you feeling?"

"Much better, I took an Imodium. I must have dozed off."

"Dozed off? You've been asleep for three hours. I came up to check on you after dinner. You were sleeping soundly, so when Aaron asked if I wanted to go dancing next door, I accepted. I left you a note on the nightstand so you wouldn't worry."

I apologized two or three times and, trying to recover, asked her if she had fun.

"Yes, I did," she answered. Kaycee leaned over and gave me a big kiss. "Are you really feeling better?" she asked again as she straddled her naked body over my torso. She started to rub her vagina over my cock, which was starting to get hard fast. I was making a mental note to thank Aaron tomorrow for Kaycee's amorous mood when she surprised me.

"I'm pretty wet, can you feel it?"

"Yea, I can feel it, it feels good. What's got into you tonight? Did all that dancing make you hot for my cock?" This dirty talk was having its usual effect on me, I was hard by now and Kaycee slipped it inside her.

"Really want to know what got into me tonight?" Kaycee was rocking up and down my cock and I was fully awake now. Something was different, not only was Kaycee being more verbal than she usually is during sex, she was very wet. My imagination started running away from me, so I asked her one of our play fantasy questions. "So, what are you trying to tell me? That I'm getting sloppy seconds?"

Kaycee continued to rock up and down, drawing out the tease. "No, I would never do that without you there. But Aaron and I did have fun dancing. He's a very good dancer. The club we went to was exciting, lots of beautiful people and jumping music. You would have enjoyed watching me; it reminded me of the two times I stripped in college. That's why I'm so wet. I thought about teasing you by telling you Aaron fucked me and you were getting sloppy seconds; but thought that was going overboard."

Kaycee later told me the look on my face at that moment was priceless and she wished we were filming. Kaycee stopped and looked at me with wide eyes. "Oh my god - you didn't want me to fuck him, did you?"

"Not really; especially since I wasn't there to watch. And especially since we didn't talk about it beforehand. That would have crossed a line."

Kaycee started moving again; I was getting close to cumming but wanted to feel her release first. "Well, just so you know, Aaron was a complete gentleman throughout the night. He did ask me if we had 'an arrangement' as he called it. He saw the ankle bracelet and said some wives wear one when they're free to have sex with other men. I told him we didn't have that kind of arrangement, but he should talk to you tomorrow. I hope you don't mind."

"Why, does the thought of fucking him appeal to you?"

"He's very sexy and I would if you were there to watch."

"Then close your eyes while I fuck you and imagine it's happening. Imagine it's his cock inside you and I'm sitting over in that chair watching the sexiest woman in the world get fucked by his black cock."

Kaycee closed her eyes and rode me to a wonderful orgasm. As she drenched my cock with her fluids, I held her hips down so my cock reached her cervix, bathing her womb with my cum. Kaycee collapsed on my chest.

"That was wonderful, Tony. I love you so much. Thanks for bringing me to Miami."

"Thanks for coming here. I want to take you to that club and watch you dance."

Kaycee smiled, "Maybe tomorrow when you're feeling better. Let's go to sleep, it's been a long day and I'm bushed."

We didn't wake up until ten the next morning and ordered room service of coffee and bagels. We got dressed and headed north to Haulover to get some sun. It was a beautiful day on the beach. I marveled at my gorgeous wife lying naked on the towel or swimming in the ocean. The time we've been spending in the gym has really paid off, especially for me. I was always a bit of a nerd and never spent time building muscle and strength, was always a runner; now I had a body I was proud of. And Kaycee - she's a goddess.

After returning to the hotel, we ran into Aaron at the bar. He was jealous of how we spent our Friday, he spent it in an office trying to close a deal. Since the deal hadn't closed, he was spending another weekend in Miami so he could meet his client first thing Monday morning.

"Have any plans for your weekend?" I asked.

"Not really; last weekend I spent in the clubs and watching Jai-Alai; what a trippy sport."

Everything about the man led me to believe we'd be friends if he lived in Portland. I decided to extend an invitation. "Then join us tonight; let me recipicate for your kindness last night. Kaycee said she had a great time."

"If you're sure. Wouldn't want to get in the way of you two."

"Tell you what, take us to one of the clubs where you think Kaycee can cut loose. She loves to dance."

"I can do that. How about we have dinner at eight and then go to a club I found last weekend?"

During this entire exchange, Kaycee was sitting, enjoying her drink. I asked her, "How does that sound, babe?"

Kaycee smiled. "It sounds like I need a new dress to go out clubbing on South Beach with two handsome men. Take me to that shop down the street, dear. And bring your credit card. Aaron, we'll meet you in the lobby at seven-forty-five. We'll make reservations for dinner at eight. See you soon."

Kayce and I walked down to a boutique down Collins and after trying on at least four different dresses, picked one that was more revealing than any I'd ever seen on her. It became apparent it only worked because we had spent the afternoon getting an all-over tan; naughty bits were peeking out here and there as Kaycee moved in it. Definitely not a Math teacher's outfit and when she put on a matching pair of five-inch high heels, I had a hard time keeping my cock from sprouting wood.

As we walked out of the shop, Kaycee put her arm in mine. "We're going to have fun tonight, lover."

All I could do is grin in response.

We met Aaron in the hotel lobby. When Aaron saw Kaycee walking toward him, a huge smile spread across his face and his eyes opened wide with a hunger that I found titillating down to my groin. My mind started to play through all the scenarios where I may want this evening to end.

We ate dinner at a nearby restaurant, then stopped for drinks in one of the hotel bars on our way to the nightclub Aaron had picked out for us this evening.

It was still a little early for the night scene on South Beach, not yet ten; but the place was half full. Since we were early, we lucked out and found a standing table on the balcony overlooking the dance floor. I took Kaycee down to dance after we ordered our first round of drinks. After a couple dances, we drank for a while, then Aaron led Kaycee down for his turn.

While looking down, watching the two of them dance, a couple came over and asked if they could share the table. It was obvious, since there were three drinks on the table, that I was with at least two others, but there was enough room for five and I let this couple join us.

"Who are you here with?" asked the woman.

I pointed out Kaycee and Aaron. "My wife and a friend."

By now Kaycee and Aaron were really getting it on; his hands on her hips as they moved to the music. Kaycee turned around, grinding her ass into his groin. The woman smiled at me. "How good of a friend?" The implication was obvious; somehow that turned me on even more.

"Could you watch our drinks?" I ran down the stairs, cut in and told Aaron we had guests at the table. Of course he was probably frustrated when I cut in; but didn't show it.

Kaycee danced the same way with me; practically fucking with clothes on. When we decided to take a break, we had time to talk - as hard as it was over the music - and Kaycee proceeded to tease me. "Did you like that Tony? Watching me dance with Aaron?"

"I loved it, babe. You two looked good together and that dress you're wearing is outrageous. It was funny watching the other guys on the dance floor staring, waiting for a flash of breast or ass. I saw two guys get nailed by their dance partners when they got too obvious."

Kaycee laughed at my report. We introduced ourselves to Paul and Freida, had a drink, then Kaycee and Frieda went down to do a little dirty dancing of their own. Paul didn't dance, so Aaron and I cut in, much to the disappointment to the group of guys hanging around the dance floor watching the two beauties shake it up.

For the next fifteen minutes we took turns switching between Kaycee and Frieda. Frieda finally said she needed to get back to Paul before he got lonely, so she and I left Aaron and Kaycee and joined Paul.

Things got crazier after that. Kaycee kept dancing seductively and there were a couple of women who took it as a challenge. One of the women, frustrated at losing this impromptu 'dance off', took off her top and danced half-naked before the bouncers caught up to her and carried her away.

About that time, Frieda and Paul called it a night, leaving as soon as Kaycee and Aaron came back to the table. As Frieda gave me a hug and kissed my cheek, she whispered in my ear, "Kaycee is a lucky girl to have you as a husband. Have fun tonight." She winked as she walked away.

Frieda must have read my mind. But what she didn't know is I had been formulating a kink to my kink. Whether it was the dirty dancing or the drinks, I wanted something different tonight.

When Aaron left us to go to the restroom, I asked Kaycee. "Do you want to fuck Aaron tonight?"

I doubt Kaycee was surprised by my question; it had been building up to this since we met him the day before. She was ready with her answer.

"Yes, as long as you're good with it. I'm attracted to him and I'm certain the feeling is mutual."

I went for broke. "I want to do something radically different tonight. I want you to go to his room, call me on my phone, and let me listen to you two."

"OK, that came out of nowhere. Are you sure?"

"Yes, I want to hear, but not see. Then you come back to our room and describe what I listened to. Will you do that?"

Kaycee looked like she would have an orgasm right there in the club; all the dirty dancing had heated her up and my suggestion nearly put her over the top.

"Yes, I'll do it."

Just then, Aaron returned to our table. I let Kaycee tell Aaron what we planned; Aaron stared at me and asked the same question Kaycee had. "Are you sure?"

When I nodded yes, Aaron asked the waitress to close us out, paid the bill and we got the hell out of there, barely touching the ground as we made our way out the door and into the nearest cab.

In the hotel elevator, when the doors closed and with only we three inside, Aaron tested my resolve by grabbing Kaycee by the waist, pulling her into his body, and giving her a kiss. Not just a kiss, but a 'we're going to fuck and you're going to love it' kiss. Watching her in his arms with her head tilted up to meet his lips, drove me mad with passion.

Aaron entered his room; I brought Kaycee with me so she could get her phone. When she entered our room, I held her head in my hands and kissed her. Kaycee returned my kiss and reached down to stroke my cock through my slacks.

"Are you going to be a good boy and save this until I return? You're not going to waste it, are you?"

"I'll save it; but you have to promise to be back here in an hour."

Kaycee grabbed her phone and couldn't resist one more tease. "I'll try, if I'm more than two hours, send the calvary to rescue a damsel in distress. Or is it ecstasy?"

With that she was out the door. A minute later, my phone rang. I answered and put my phone on speaker and mute, stripped, poured myself a glass of bourbon and got into bed.

The next hour was absolute hell. And absolute exhilaration.

I heard the grunts and groans. I heard Kaycee call out, "oh fuck, fuck, fuck - oh shit!" just before I could tell she was cumming (was he eating her out or fucking? - I couldn't tell). I heard the slap of skin on skin. Kaycee urging Aaron with, "right there, right there" or "don't stop, I'm right there".

But of course the worst, most agonizing moments were when there was no sound at all (were they kissing?) or the utterances spoken so soft that I couldn't make out the words.

I was going crazy; my sanity saved because Kaycee came back to our room after only fifty minutes. She had her dress on, but not buttoned. It fell off her body and she jumped on the bed to give me a kiss. The nightlights were on and they lit up her body. Her nipples were extended and her pussy looked red and used; the center wet and slightly open.

"Do you want me to clean up?"

"Fuck no!"

With that she straddled my legs and buried my cock in her cunt.

"I can't believe how wet you are."

"Aaron has already cum in me twice tonight," Kaycee was looking in my eyes when she said this, trying to judge my reaction.

"Tell me."

"Well, I don't know if you could tell by hearing, but the first time was kind of a bust. We spent too much time on the foreplay, that combined with the excitement of it all, Aaron was wound up tighter than a watch. By the time he finally entered me with that cock of his, he lasted less than a minute before cumming. It was kind of funny, kind of pathetic, and very frustrating.

"But he made up for it. He got hard in a minute or two, turned me over on my hands and knees, and proceeded to fuck me until I came like crazy."

"So I heard."

"Was I too loud? I tried to tone it down a bit by chewing on a pillow so the neighbors wouldn't complain." Kaycee was smiling down on me as she said it.

I smiled back to show that her efforts to make me jealous weren't working.

"Then he turned me around, picked me up, sat me down on the dresser and fucked me some more. He was like a machine, pumping away until I came a second time. I'm sure he was trying to make up for the first time because after I came that second time, he picked me up again and threw me on the bed without pulling out.

"That's when he took his time; slowing down so I could feel that cock head of his teasing the inside of my pussy. He has this way of making it press on my g-spot, back and forth, just before sliding all the way in again. I think it's something you're going to learn, if you don't mind."

"Anything to make you happy, dear."

Kaycee laughed and kept her hips moving; I was getting close.

"We kept going like that until I came a third time; that's when he came and filled me the second time."

I don't know what my eyes told her, but it probably wasn't much different from what my cock was trying to tell her. I grew harder and came hard.

"That felt good," she said, "If you're finished I'm going back across the hall. Aaron said you're invited too, this time to watch." Kaycee jumped off the bed and was heading for the door.

"You coming?" she asked as she opened the door, still naked. She looked both ways down the hallway and crossed over to Aaron's door.

I bolted out of bed and followed her, entering the room just as Aaron was leading Kaycee to the bathroom. "Let's shower," he told her. "I'm not as crazy as Tony about sloppy seconds, so let's clean you up. Tony, have a seat and help yourself to a drink from the bar; we won't be too long."

Aaron and Kaycee walked into the shower, but left the door open. After pouring myself a drink, I peered into the bathroom and saw the two of them washing each other. Although Kaycee was tan from a day on the nude beach, it was a stark contrast to Aaron's black skin.

I sat back down and heard the shower stop. Within two minutes Aaron came out carrying Kaycee with her legs straddled around his torso. He put her on the bed and held her legs wide open with his elbows as he covered her breasts with his hands. I watched as his dark cock lined up with the lips of her pussy, then slip past those lips and bury itself into my wife. My eyes moved back and forth between Kaycee's face and their hips. Every time Aaron's cock plunged into her, Kaycee's face showed the pleasure it was giving her.

After a few minutes Aaron flipped on to his back and had Kaycee mount him, I took this opportunity to run across the hall for my camera. When I got back to the room, Kaycee was still on top and I started to take a few pictures.

Aaron then had Kaycee get on her hands and knees. He started shoving his long cock deeper inside and Kaycee buried her head in the pillow groaning in pleasure. I put the camera in movie mode, placed it on the dresser and walked back to the bed. While Kaycee was on her knees getting fucked by a strange cock from behind, I lifted her head and stuck my hard-on into her mouth. She took turns deep throating my cock and moaning her encouragement to Aaron.

I pulled out of Kaycee's mouth before I came and pulled her off Aaron's cock. I turned Kaycee around, still on her knees and shoved my wet cock in her ass. Aaron watched for a minute before asking, "Do you want my cock in her mouth or back in her cunt?"

"In her cunt, get under her." Aaron did what he was told; when he was in position, I lowered Kaycee onto his hard cock. Kaycee was doing everything she could not to scream, although her moans were loud enough that anyone walking down the hall to hear. For the next few minutes the three of us moved sometimes in rhythm, sometimes out of rhythm, but it didn't matter. Kaycee urged me to come; she had had enough of the two cocks, so I let myself go. I held Kaycee's hips still as I shot my load into her ass. Kaycee bent forward and my cock fell out. As she lay still on Aaron's chest, I got up to wash off my cock.

When I returned from the bathroom, Kaycee was still leaning on Aaron's chest, but she was slowly moving her hips up and down. Aaron had taking this opportunity to stick his cock in the hole I had just lubricated and vacated; his cock was wedged inside Kaycee's ass. I grabbed the camera from the dresser; it probably had five more minutes of video left before the memory card was full. I used the time it had left to film a close-up of Aaron's dark cock sliding in and out of my wife's ass, and finally, of his cock pumping a load of cum inside her. The last minute of the video is his cock popping out followed by both our spunk. I planned to keep the video clip and the photos with the ones I took of Kaycee and Sean, hoping to have documentation of these erotic moments for my future viewing pleasure.

After Aaron came in Kaycee's ass, he sat up in bed, looked at me and said, "I guess I've changed my mind about sloppy seconds. That was unreal!" He kissed Kaycee and got up to clean off in the bathroom. I took this opportunity to ask Kaycee where she was sleeping that night. "Here, or in our room, anywhere as long as I'm with you."

When Aaron came back to the room, I told him we were headed back to our room for the night and we would probably see him the next day. He was disappointed, but I thought it would be important for Kaycee and me to talk over tonight's events. Although I have seen Kaycee get fucked in the past, it had been a while and we needed some alone time. Kaycee and I snuck back to our room, still naked. We almost got caught by a hotel employee delivering a late-night snack to one of the other guestrooms. But if anything, he only caught a glimpse as we slipped through our door.

Kaycee asked if she needed a shower before coming to bed, I said "no", I liked the fact she smelled of sex. We decided to talk in the morning, when we were rested and sober, and went to sleep.

I woke first in the morning and replayed the scene in my head. Watching Kaycee get fucked by another man, the look on her face, the way she had responded to his cock, the way he had played with her breasts with those large black hands; was I jealous? I wasn't feeling jealous; and just thinking about last night was making me hard again.

Kaycee woke up as I was rubbing my hard-on against the crack of her ass. She turned her head to me, "What, are you ready again? You must have enjoyed the show last night."

"I did like it. But I think we should spend a little time this morning talking things over. Get up and shower, I'm taking you down to the News Cafe for coffee and breakfast."

After we showered Kaycee put on another sundress and we walked down to the cafe. Since it was the weekend, we had to wait a while for a place to sit. The waiter brought our coffee and Kaycee started by asking me how I was handling it given how much she had obviously enjoyed herself last night.

I answered honestly, "I'm always so fascinated by how sexy you look. But, what about you, you've been hesitant to do this again for the past year; what are you feeling?"

"You said I looked sexy;" Kaycee answered, "Well, that's how I felt - sexy. It's different from how I feel when we make love. This had nothing to do with love, it was all physical. Kind of how it felt when I was in college. I wasn't in love with them, not like I love you. So it was physical fucking; the only emotional part was feeling desired and showing off. Last night reminded me of those old feelings. It was nice, especially with you there as my audience."

"So," I asked, "We both enjoyed it. What now? Aaron will be waiting to hear if he gets a second chance to be with you again. Are you going to say 'yes' or 'no'?"

"I'm for 'yes'", Kaycee answered, "As long as you don't think it's going to spoil our weekend together and as long as you're being honest when you say you're not jealous."

"No, we have our whole lives to spend together. We're booked for a week in the mountains next month so let's take advantage of the fact this has fallen into our laps and have fun."

After breakfast we headed back to the hotel and called Aaron. "Good morning, feel like headed to the beach with us today?" You could hear the excitement in his voice when he agreed. "One more thing, we're headed to the nude beach north of town; still want to go?"

"This has been a weekend of firsts for me," was his reply, "Might as well try a nude beach."

A half hour later the three of us were headed north to Haulover Beach. On the way Kaycee and I explained nude beach etiquette. We also explained that the beach will have a cross section of body types and people. If you want the "beautiful people" in Miami, stay on South Beach and watch the models sunbathe topless in their thongs. But Kaycee and I are hardcore naturists and can't tolerate swimsuits or tan lines.

We arrived at Haulover and made our way to the "straight" section. It was a Saturday and the beach was starting to fill in. We set up our blanket and towels; I gave Aaron my tube of sun block and advised him to discretely cover his genitals with the lotion, nothing worse than a burn down there to ruin a good weekend. We were getting some curious looks; nude beaches are very accepting places, but it's still unusual to see a woman with two men.

"Now I get it." Aaron said, "I couldn't figure out why you two were shaved, I've seen pictures of women with no pubic hair, but last night I was surprised to see Tony's crotch shaved bare. Looking around here, I see at least a dozen men without a hair on their crotch."

"It's a naturist thing, I think," I replied. "Besides, the whole hair-in-the-teeth thing is a pain when you're going down on your mate. This way, Kaycee doesn't have to stop at a critical moment because some hair has gone half-way down her throat." I could tell Aaron was thinking about it, but a lot of men get a little queasy with the idea of a razor down there.

Within a half hour Kaycee decided to go swimming and Aaron joined her. I decided to stay with our belongings and watch. After a while they were in shoulder high water and Kaycee had her arms around Aaron's shoulders. It was very tough to know for certain, but the last time Kaycee and I were in St. Martin we briefly made love this way. Could Kaycee have Aaron's cock inside her right now? I watched; but couldn't be certain. I looked around to see if they were drawing any attention from the rest of the beach, but nobody seemed to be paying too much attention.

Kaycee came out of the water and lay next to me. "Aaron asked if he could fuck me in the ocean; but I told him he had to wait until tonight."

"Good girl. So, what's he doing now?"

"He said it would be a little while; his cock was still hard when I left him. He said the entire experience has him ready to blow a load. We told him the rule that hard-ons being frowned upon at the beach, he doesn't want to break the rules so he's staying in the water a while longer."

Aaron left the surf and headed to the blanket. He sat next to me and thanked me one more time for allowing him to share the weekend with us. I told him I felt lucky, too. I always feared if we added someone to our lovemaking, the guy would turn out to be a jerk. He was helping me fulfill a fantasy, not only by sharing Kaycee, but by being a gentleman.

Kaycee was back in the water and I joined her. We swam for a while until she put her legs around my waist and gave me a deep kiss. "Thank you for being my best friend'" she said, "I'm never going to forget this vacation. I really feel like the most beautiful and sexy woman in Miami right now. Do you want to fuck me now?" She could feel my cock start to grow again.

"Of course, but I'll wait until we get back to our room" I looked over to the beach and we were attracting some attention, plus two guys were swimming nearby. I think they were trying to see if we were screwing. Kaycee and I separated and began to swim again. Back on the beach, the three of us spent another hour in the sunshine.

"I have a surprise for you two," Aaron said on the way back to South Beach, "I called the hotel when you two were swimming and the hotel had a cancellation. One of the suites on the top floor is available so I reserved it. If you like, we could all stay together up there."

Kaycee and I looked at one another, she was smiling and I nodded my head. "Yes,' she answered for us, "that sounds like fun."

When we got to the hotel, we worked out the logistics with the front desk and moved our bags to the suite. It had a large soaking tub, so the first thing Kaycee did was fill it with hot water. I was first in the shower, when I got out to join Kaycee in the tub. Aaron jumped in the shower and when he got out, Kaycee told him there was room for one more, but first she wanted to know if he was willing to have her shave him.

"You mean shave my crotch?" he asked. Kaycee told him that she'd be careful, she hadn't cut me yet and that he might even find the experience rewarding. He consented, so Kaycee set a towel on the edge of the tub, lathered his groin with soap and began to slowly shave his pubic hair. I sat back to watch.

Aaron may have been frightened by the idea of a sharp razor so close to his cock and balls, but as Kaycee moved them back and forth to get to all the nooks and crannies, his cock reacted and began to swell. Once more I thought how lucky I was to have this fantasy come true. I watched as Kaycee's hand grasped Aaron's cock, squeeze some pre-cum out and used the fluid to lightly rake his large cockhead with her nails. She finished the trim and had Aaron rinse the towel and himself off in the shower to keep the hair from the tub water.

Aaron came back to the tub with his pubic region bare and his cock still swollen. Kaycee made him sit back on the edge of the tub. Now she could use both hands and cupped his ball sack with one hand while teasing the shaft with her nails. Much to Aaron's relief and my visual pleasure, she began to deep throat his cock. As many times as I've watched Kaycee suck my cock, it's different to watch her from this angle, she literally looks like a porn star while sucking the entire shaft down her throat. Just as Aaron began to cum, Kaycee moved her mouth off his cockhead, maybe for my benefit, so I could see the first rope of cum jet out and catch her face before she put his cock back in her mouth and sucked the remainder of his orgasm down her throat.

When Aaron's cock slipped out of Kaycee's mouth she turned to me and asked, "Your turn?" I sat up, my cock was rock hard from watching; I took Aaron's place on the edge of the tub. Kaycee proceeded to play with my cock with the same skill and attention she had shown Aaron's and it was his turn to watch us. When I came Kaycee did the same thing, took her mouth off my cock to catch the first rope on her face and then suck me until my spasms ended. "Now, it's my turn," she said, "Which of you lucky gentleman is going to eat me?"

"If Tony doesn't mind, I'd like that privilege," Aaron replied, "I've never gone down on a woman with a shaved pussy and I'd like to try that now." I watched as Aaron ate Kaycee to an orgasm. When she came he had three fingers in her vagina and she was gripping his head to her clit. Afterwards Aaron swore that he would ask any future lover to shave her crotch, he couldn't believe the difference.

Aaron and I took Kaycee out for dinner and dancing that night. We had a great time, but wore Kaycee out taking turns with her on the dance floor. When we returned to the room that night, she fell asleep with her dress and shoes still on. I undressed her and she lay in the middle between the two of us.

The next morning, I cracked open one eye and watched as Aaron moved over on top of Kaycee. He began slowly moving in and out of her as I watched, then I felt Kaycee's hand take mine. After Aaron came Kaycee rolled on top of me, kissed my lips and said, "I do love you."

Sunday seemed perfect - room service, another day on the nude beach and a quiet dinner. We skipped the dancing and spent the evening taking turns and double-teaming Kaycee before falling asleep. We had a noon flight home on Monday and left the suite for the airport at the same time Aaron left for his business meeting. Aaron put Kaycee's suitcase in the Mustang's trunk, shook my hand before giving Kaycee a hug and a kiss goodbye. Aaron shook my hand a second time saying, "Thanks Tony, I'll never forget this weekend."

Something was on Kaycee's mind; she was somewhat quiet on the flight home. I wanted to ask; but knew her well enough to know she'd bring it up when she was ready.

I came home Tuesday after work to find Kaycee crying in the living room. She was ready to talk.

"I came home early today because I'm sick, which I am emotionally. I nearly broke down during my fourth period class."

"What happened?"

"I'm scared Tony. I thought I left it all behind after college. All the slutty sex."

"Are you saying I sucked you back in?"

"No, it wasn't your fault; I went along with it, it was me who suggested the soft-swap and teased you. I went along with your suggestions to have sex with Sean and Aaron without complaint. But now I want to stop it all. I want to be only yours again."

I didn't reply immediately, because in the back of my mind, I think I felt the same way. Somehow, we were losing the intimacy we shared during the first years of our marriage; we were replacing the intimacy with carnal lust - if that makes sense. As I paused to gather my thoughts, wondering how I could convey those thoughts to let her know that I agreed and she wasn't forcing me to agree, she filled the silence.

"We were really stupid in Miami. Aaron's a nice guy and assured me he was safe and clean, but I let him have me without protection. How stupid is that? We're supposed to be intelligent people and I let some stranger fuck me like that."

I wrapped my arms around her. "I was just as much at fault, babe. We'll get tested and keep our fingers crossed. We let the fantasy cloud our judgement, both of us - not just yours."

"We need counseling Tony; we need help if we're going to put this behind us and have a normal sexual relationship. I was happy when it was just you and me. Were you?"

"Yes. I don't know why I let the fantasy get away from me. Until I met Samuel Davis on that flight from LA, I never considered myself a voyeur, let alone a guy who could watch his wife get fucked."

Kaycee gave me a kiss. "When this is all over, I want to start our family. But we need to be in a good place; I'm not raising our children in a broken home."

We did find a good therapist, Sarah, who helped us understand how to control our fantasies without losing our spontaneous, active, fun sex life. Some things were difficult - we changed health clubs to avoid being in constant contact with Sean. When our therapist asked if we had videos or photos of the 'encounters' (as she referred to them), I almost lied. Sarah suggested I destroy the images and I had a hard time doing it; Kaycee was just so damn sexy and beautiful when she fucked those guys. A week after suggesting I destroy the images, Sarah asked if I had done it yet. When I hesitated, Sarah climbed all over me.

"Are you serious about saving your marriage Tony?"

"Yes, I am."

"Then get rid of the reminders of how much fun you had watching your wife with another man. The images will always remind you of the excitement; but not the danger to your relationship."

What she said made sense; I went home that night and destroyed them all.

Sarah also gave us some great ideas. We threw out plastic 'Peter' because of the connection to the past; but bought some new toys. She even suggested buying a portable mirror we could set up to watch our own love-making occasionally. We enclosed our patio to sunbathe naked on those days when the sun shines in Portland. And best of all, she helped us relearn the difference between love-making and fucking - and why our love-making is so much more satisfying to our health and spirit.

About three months after we started therapy, I picked up the phone only to be talking to Aaron. He was in Portland on business and wondered if we could join him for dinner. (I'm not naïve, I'm certain he hoped for more than dinner.) Kaycee didn't want to meet with him; but given what happened in Miami, I felt it was important to meet with him face to face.

He was obviously disappointed when I approached the table alone; but stood to greet me and shake my hand. Over drinks I told him how we were recommitting ourselves to a monogamous marriage. I was pleased he took it so well.

"I don't blame you, Tony. I seriously couldn't understand how you allowed it. I couldn't do it."

"And now I couldn't either. That part of our life is over; we're different people now." I finished my drink and apologized. "I hope you don't think it rude of me if I don't join you for dinner; Kaycee's at home and I'm sure she's anxious to hear how you reacted to the change in our lifestyle."

We both stood and shook hands goodbye.

"Best of luck to both you and Kaycee; I hope you stay happy together and have that family. You're both wonderful people. Give Kaycee my best wishes and tell her I understand why she couldn't come tonight."

It wasn't the last time we heard from Aaron. Three years later, we received a Christmas card. The photo was of Aaron, his wife, and their newborn son. The card read, "Hoping your wishes for a family are as blessed as mine have become. Married last year to this wonderful lady and starting out with the first of what we hope are many children. Best wishes - Aaron, Judy & Jason" That was the last card from Aaron.

Epilogue

It was six years ago when we made that re-commitment to ourselves. We worked with our therapist, Sarah, for just under a year. It seemed like a long road getting back to where we were before all the crap - where we wanted to be as a couple - but we made it. Soon after our last session with Sarah, Kaycee got off the pill and four months later she was pregnant with our first daughter, Ivy. Two years later Constance Katherine (named after our mothers, but we call her CK) was born.

We're in a good place emotionally and I have a very happy, loving family.

That's why I waited until now to write this tale. I couldn't have written our story if it ended tragically, me without Kaycee. Certain urges pop up now and then, but we now have the tools to control those urges and I think our marriage is stronger now than when we first married. Speaking of which - after CK was born, Kaycee and I renewed our wedding vows, with a special emphasis on 'forsaking all others'.

So, it turns out my 'Final Fantasy' became a reality. I'm sitting on the sofa in our den with Kaycee beside me, she's nursing CK, while I have Ivy on my lap and we're singing silly nursery rhymes. Kaycee leans over, kisses my cheek and whispers in my ear, "thank you".

What a life!