**The Trip Pt. 03**

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Stuart stood in the doorway of the bedroom, staring. The night before, he had spent most of his evening working on his presentation for his big meeting. He had worked until after midnight and then finally collapsed into bed, exhausted. He hadn't been able to sleep initially -- he was stressing about the following day.  
  
This presentation could make his career. If he landed this client, his position within his company would skyrocket. He could ask whatever he wanted from a salary perspective -- a pay rise, new car, stock options -- nothing would be off the table. He would also be able to hand off a lot of his smaller customers to just focus on this one. He had tossed and turned for a few hours before finally drifting off to sleep.  
  
He had dreamt he was walking along the beach with Elizabeth, holding hands. She was wearing almost nothing, showing off her amazing body and ample assets. He was in a pair of boardshorts. They walked along the beach until they reached a hut, where inside someone had setup a bar. Elizabeth told him she wanted to cool off for a bit, so as Stuart started preparing them some drinks, she ran off into the waves, diving under the water and emerging, her hair wet and flowing down her back.  
  
She started swimming around lazily, enjoying the sunshine and the cool water. Suddenly the scene shifted -- it was night time. The ocean was dark and rough, a harsh wind whipping across the beach. Stuart walked out of the hut with a drink in each hand, looking around confused. He called out for his wife, worried now as the waves were crashing with intensity. He heard voices nearby and headed towards them. As he got closer, over the sound of the waves and the wind, he heard Elizabeth.  
  
She sounded like she was in pain. Dropping the drinks, he ran as fast as he could towards her but the sand slowed him down, like it was trying to hold his feet. He finally reached a small sand hill and crested it -- and stopped dead in his tracks. There on the sand, hidden from the wind, was Elizabeth. Stark naked, she was on all fours, hair pushed over her right shoulder. Behind her was a man. Stuart couldn't make out his face, almost like it had been obscured on purpose.  
  
The man was kneeling behind his wife, hands on her hips as he roughly pounded into her, his pelvis crashing into her butt cheeks like the waves crashing on the beach. He kept a furious pace, slamming himself fully into Elizabeth before pulling almost all the way out. Elizabeth was looking straight at Stuart, her eyes staring directly into his. She looked like she was in a trance, rocking backwards to meet the man's thrusts.  
  
She was moaning loud enough to hear her over the wind, obviously enjoying the pulverizing she was receiving. She kept staring straight at Stuart as she rocked, her moans getting louder and louder. Finally, she threw her head back and screamed, in a voice and pitch Stuart had never heard before.  
  
"MAKE ME CUM, PLEASE! MAKE ME CUMMMMMMM..."  
  
Her voice trailed off as her body went stiff, shaking. Her head dropped forward and Stuart could see every muscle in her body quake. He tried to step forward, to reach her, help her up but the sand had swallowed his feet, not letting him move. Elizabeth kept screaming, orgasm after orgasm rocking her body. The man kept pounding away until he finally pulled out, spraying his seed all over her back. Elizabeth moaned loudly as she felt the hot jizz land.  
  
Stuart suddenly woke up. He was in bed at the hotel, a light sheet covering him. He rolled over and saw it was almost dawn and the bed beside him was empty. He sat up and swung his feet over the side of the bed. He looked down and realized he was erect -- so much so he had popped the button on his boxers and his cock was poking out the hole.  
  
He stood and listened, hearing noises coming from the lounge area. He walked to doorway and froze.  
  
Stuart couldn't believe his eyes. Elizabeth was laying on the couch in one of his t-shirts. She was facing the back of the couch and he could see she had a cushion between her thighs. She was grinding her hips, pushing the cushion against the couch, moaning as she did.  
  
Not sure if she was dreaming or awake, Stuart's cock grew even harder. He watched for a moment or two, listening to his wife's moans and groans, before silently making his way over to the couch. He crouched down behind her and began to stroke her hair. Her head leant backwards into his hand, her moans getting louder. She reached back and took his hand, placing it on her breast.  
  
As Stuart tweaked her very erect nipple, he heard her say something softly under her breath. He leant closer to her and whispered in her ear "What was that, baby?" Elizabeth turned slightly; her eyes still closed "Oh Dom..." she moaned before rolling back towards the couch, her hips increasing in pace.  
  
Stuart couldn't believe what he was hearing. Here was his wife, fast asleep, humping a cushion while dreaming about a man she only met 2 days ago. The feeling in the pit of his stomach was hard to identify -- he felt slightly nauseous & slightly angry.  
  
His cock however was twitching like mad, pre-cum oozing out the tip like a leaky tap. He had held a fantasy about watching Elizabeth with another man for years. She had told him a story a few months prior about a weekend away with Jayne where she may or may not have given another guy a blowjob and in turn had cum on his fingers.  
  
He didn't really believe that story had actually taken place, but here was his wife, the love of his life, moaning like a cat on heat while whispering another man's name!! Sitting back on his heels, Stuart noticed something on his wife's arm, only able to do so because the moonlight coming in through the balcony door had illuminated her just right.  
  
Grabbing her phone from the end table, he switched on the torch and took a closer look. There were the beginnings of bruising there, in the shape of large, fat fingers. Someone had very roughly grabbed her arm. He shined the torch along her and saw some bruising behind her knees also. Getting worried, he gently shook her shoulder, softly calling her name. Her hips stopped moving and she rolled over, looking at him groggily. He could tell she had drunk a lot while out with Holly, so he wasn't sure what sort of response he was going to get from her.  
  
"Baby, why are you all bruised? What happened?" he could hear the concern in his voice, pleased it was masking the other feelings brewing inside him. Elizabeth smacked her lips together a couple of times, obviously very dry. He handed her the glass of water beside the couch and she took 3 very large gulps, finishing the glass.  
  
She shook her head slightly and her eyes seemed to clear a bit. She looked around the room a couple of times, then seemed to notice him crouched in front of her. Focusing hard, she smiled at him -- a very crooked, drunken smile.  
  
"Hey there sexy -- what are you doing here?" Her words came out slurred, the alcohol obviously playing its part. Stuart reached up and brushed some hair from her eyes, tucking it behind her ear. She leant her face into his hands, almost purring as she did. Her eyes dropped and she saw his dick poking out of his boxers. Her hand reached down and stroked it, causing it to twitch. She looked up at Stuart and smiled. He removed her hand and looked into her eyes intently.  
  
"Babe, focus. Why are you all bruised?"  
  
"Huh? Oh, yeah. Some asshole at the club got handsy with me. It almost got out of hand but Dom took care of him. We should do something nice for him to say thanks!" Her words were very slurred but Stuart got the idea. She reached for his dick again, muttering something about needing it inside her. Instead, Stuart stood and scooped her up in his arms.  
  
He carried her to the bedroom and gently laid her down. He kissed her forehead and went to get her some more water. By the time he returned, she was snoring her head off. He lifted her legs so he could put the sheet over her and he caught a glimpse of her pussy -- it was soaking wet and her clit was sticking out prominently. Her dreams had obviously been good.  
  
He tucked her in and climbed into bed beside her. His mind was racing -- he needed to know what had happened at the club that gave his wife bruises, how Dominick was involved and more importantly, details about his wife's dream! Eventually he drifted off to sleep.  
  
When Elizabeth woke the next day, there was a big glass of water, some painkillers and a note beside the bed. Realising Stuart had already left for his meeting, she laid her head back down on the pillow and stretched out. Her wrist was still sore and the backs of her knees were aching. The events of the previous night all started coming back to her. She took a drink of water and swallowed the pain killers before starting to read the note:  
  
"Baby, you looked so peaceful sleeping this morning that I didn't want to wake you. There are some isotonic drinks in the fridge if your headache is too bad and more pain killers in the bathroom. I should be done by mid-afternoon, so I will see you then. We need to talk about last night, I need to know what happened to leave you in that state! Love you always, Stuart XXX"  
  
Elizabeth wasn't sure what he meant. What about last night? Come to think of it, how had she ended up in bed? The last thing she remembered was coming home, seeing him asleep and crashing on the couch. She had dreamt...  
  
She sat upright, suddenly very awake and alert. Her dream about Dominick. It has been so vivid. She could remember the taste of his lips, the feeling of his rough hands all over her body. Her stomach dropped as she remembered the feeling of his girthy cock splitting her up the middle as he fucked her. His soft stubble rubbing against her skin, his breath on her -- it was all so real.  
  
Had Stuart heard her moaning? She vaguely remembered seeing his face, but she couldn't tell if it was a dream or not. She couldn't explain how she ended up in bed. She stood up, gingerly so the room wouldn't spin, and saw she was still wearing his t-shirt. She decided she needed to do something nice for her husband -- partly out of a sense of guilt, partly because he had the most important meeting of his career and today and, good or bad, she wanted to show him how proud she was.  
  
She downed an isotonic drink, smiling as she did so because Stuart had gotten her blue, her preferred flavour. After a nice long, hot shower, she got dressed and headed downstairs. She hailed a cab and instructed the driver to take her into town.  
  
At about the time Elizabeth was waking up, Stuart was sitting in a boardroom in a building across the other side of the island. He had decided against wearing his suit to the meeting and was glad about it as soon as he had entered the room.  
  
The crazy CEO was sitting at the head of the table in a Hawaiian shirt, top 3 buttons undone. His bare feet were on the desk and Stuart could see he was wearing shorts. To his right was the head of the local office, wearing a polo shirt and shorts also. Stuart looked down at his shirt and slacks and, while still feeling overdressed, was very happy he decided against the suit. Introductions were made and the meeting began.  
  
The stories about the CEO were correct -- he was a bit of a maverick. In the middle of key discussions points, he got up from the table and started out at the ocean. He then spent 15 minutes regaling the room with a tale of a party on his yacht that ended up with him vomiting over the side from too many cocktails while getting a BJ from one of the crew! Stuart laughed at the appropriate times and then brought the conversation back to business, talking about discounting levels.  
  
2 hours in they had a break. Stuart checked his phone and saw a message from Elizabeth:  
  
"Hey spunky bum, thx for letting me sleep and for the meds! I needed it XO. Hope things are going well. Can't wait to see you. I have a surprise for you XOXO"  
  
Before Stuart could reply, the CEO came rumbling back into the room, a furious look on his face. He launched into a tirade about a competitor. He looked Stuart dead in the eye, pointing his stubby index finger and a lit cigar at him.  
  
"Boy, all this means nothing to me if I don't stop losing business to these ASSHOLES!" he pounded the table to emphasise his point. "If your company can commit to me long term and offer exclusivity in your market, I will give you whatever god damn discount you want on our products. Just help me lock these motherfuckers out and we have a deal!"  
  
Stuart looked down at his talking points. He had been up all night preparing, working out strategies to get to a mutually beneficial arrangement for his company and their supplier. On the last card he had written "EXCLUSIVITY!!", underlining it 3 times. It had been his hail-mary -- if things were looking bad, he would offer it to try and turn the deal around. Now, it was being demanded by the supplier but in a way that gave Stuart all the power. He was shocked.  
  
"Well, I am not sure I am authorised to offer exclusivity without you giving US exclusivity in return. We will only sell your products as long as you ONLY supply to us in return -- I can't see it working any other way."  
  
This was a ballsy move and Stuart knew it! Offering to only sell a supplier's product was one thing, but to ask to be the ONLY supplier of that product in a country the size of Australia -- that was something else entirely. Stuart waited, watching. The CEO looked at Stuart with what appeared to be scepticism. He then looked at his cigar, studying it for a moment or two. Finally, he looked up at Stuart and burst out laughing!  
  
"Fine! We will exclusively sell to you, only if you commit to not selling any of our competitors' product. Let's get this sumbitch signed and go and have a god damn drink!" He slammed his hand on the table again and let out a roar of laughter. As he went to stand up, Stuart spoke  
  
"Before we do, about that discount? Now I know you were giving OUR competitor a 38% discount as standard and a deeper discount if they sold more than 10,000 units a month. If we are only going to be selling your products, I want 45% to start with and a deeper discount once we reach 8,000 units a month. You know we have a larger customer base; you know we have a better reach and now, with exclusivity, you know we will only sell your merch. I think that's fair, don't you?"  
  
Stuart was holding his breath. Had he just pushed it too far?  
  
"You little bastard! You Aussies sure know how to negotiate! Alright, 45% base and 8000 units per month." He stood and offered his hand to Stuart, who gladly took it. Stuart felt like his heart was about to burst through his chest. He had done it -- he had just signed the biggest global supplier for his company! The CEO was talking to him but he didn't hear a word -- all he could think about was racing back to the hotel to tell Elizabeth.  
  
He realised he couldn't run off straight away -- that would be poor form. Instead he went to the nearest bar with everyone from the meeting and shouted some drinks. He nursed his beer, not wanting to be stuck there too long. After a few hours, he gave the bartender his credit card details and told him to keep the tab running until the CEO and staff decided enough was enough. He bid farewell, hailed a cab and headed back to the hotel.  
  
He was about to text Elizabeth the good news when he decided to surprise her instead. He had the cab driver stop and he made two purchases before heading back to the hotel.  
  
Elizabeth had been busy all afternoon. She had spent most of the day shopping, looking for something special for Stuart. Nothing she looked at seemed special enough and she was getting increasingly frustrated. A quick text conversation with Holly had led her to a shop where she had been overwhelmed with choices. She picked out a couple of things then headed to the grocery store, determined to cook him something special for dinner.  
  
Loaded up with bags, she hailed a cab and headed back to the hotel. She set to work on dinner, spending a couple of hours making a 3-course meal, punctuated with his favourite desert -- lemon meringue pie. Once dinner was ready, she freshened herself up and waited for Stuart to return, sipping a drink on the balcony, looking out towards the ocean as the sun set.  
  
She heard the elevator ding and headed towards the door. Hoping for good news but prepared for the worst, she stood just inside, waiting to see if the look on his face gave away the outcome of the meeting.  
  
Stuart exited the elevator and stopped just outside the door. A bottle of champagne in one hand, a gift for Elizabeth in his back pocket, he rearranged his face to be as neutral as possible. He didn't want to give away his good news too early. He took two deep breaths, then opened the door. As he stepped through, all his thoughts of trying to trick Elizabeth into thinking the meeting had gone badly evaporated.  
  
She was standing towards the centre of the lounge area. Her hair had been straightened again, flowing down her back. She was wearing a flowing, brightly coloured dress with spaghetti straps and a low-cut front that showed off her amazing cleavage. Stuart stopped dead where he stood, his breath taken away by his beautiful wife.  
  
He took three massive steps toward her and wrapped his free hand around her waist, dragging her to him before kissing her forcefully, their lips mashing together. He held her like this for what felt like an eternity, kissing the most beautiful woman in the world. Finally, he let go and stepped back, catching his breath. Elizabeth looked a little wobbly, shocked by the intensity of her husband's kiss. Stuart couldn't hold it in any longer. He showed Elizabeth the champagne bottle and his face broke into a huge grin.  
  
"We did it, Baby! They signed. They agreed to everything I asked for. We did it!" he raised his arms in celebration and let out a loud whoop. Elizabeth had never seen him so excited. He put the bottle down and wrapped both his arms around her, pulling her too him again. She nestled into his chest.  
  
"I couldn't have done this without you, Elizabeth. All the late nights, all the early mornings. All the trips away -- none of it would have happened without you! And your Mum -- we have to do something nice for her! I was thinking we buy her a new car!"  
  
Elizabeth broke his grip and took two steps back. Did he just say...  
  
"Buy her a car!? I know you are excited babe, and I know she has done a lot for us, but we can't afford that!"  
  
Stuart's face broke into an even bigger grin. He explained to her that on his way back to the hotel, he had spoken to his boss. After some cheering down the phone, his boss had explained the actual size of the deal in a monetary sense. While Stuart was trying to comprehend those numbers, his boss had detailed the commission due on the deal, and since Stuart had led it from start to finish, he was getting it all.  
  
Then he told Stuart that to deal with a customer of this size, it would require someone at the VP level or above. And since the CEO of the customer had insisted on dealing only with Stuart, he had been promoted and his boss told him his new renumeration package.  
  
Elizabeth looked wobbly again and had to sit on the couch. She leaned forward and put her head in her hands. All of a sudden, with this one commission, all their money worries would evaporate. On top of that, with Stuart's new wage, they would be able to buy her Mum a new car -- and probably one for Stuart and herself as well. Stuart crouched down in front of her, taking her hands in his, and looked her in the eye.  
  
"We have both worked and sacrificed so much for this. This is going to change our lives. I wanted to get you something nice and I wanted to celebrate." Standing up, he lifted her to her feet. "So, I got us this," He showed her the bottle of champagne, "And I brought you this." He took the small box out of his back pocket and handed it to her. Elizabeth opened it to find the most amazing necklace she had ever seen.

A white gold chain, it sparkled in the light. It also had a beautiful diamond pendant in the shape of a tear drop. Elizabeth was shocked -- apart from her engagement and wedding rings, Stuart had never brought her jewellery before as she never really wore it. He took it from her and turned her around by the shoulders. She moved her hair to the side and he draped it around her neck. Clasping it at the back, he let it slide into place.  
  
The pendant nestled wonderfully at the top of Elizabeth's cleavage, accentuating an already spectacular view. She turned back to her husband and this time; she was the aggressor. Grabbing his face, she pulled it to hers and kissed him, her tongue instantly finding his.  
  
Stuart ran his hands down his wife's back, finding her arse. Gripping it, he pulled her hips closer, grinding his growing cock into her stomach. Tongues lashing each other, he started to try and lift her dress from the bottom, exposing her lower half. Elizabeth broke their kiss. "I made dinner and desert. If we don't eat it now, it will be ruined!" Stuart dug his cock into her a little more, kissing her again.  
  
"I need you. I need to taste you. I need to feel you wrapped around me." He punctuated each sentence with a kiss to her cheek, her neck and her forehead. Elizabeth was about to lose herself but she pushed him away gently.  
  
"Sorry, but you will have to wait. I worked too hard on this. Now open that champagne while I serve dinner. Go and wait out on the balcony." She slapped his arse on the way past him to the kitchen. He grabbed the bottle of champagne, adjusted his erect penis in his pants, and went out to the balcony.  
  
Stuart told Elizabeth all about his meeting over dinner, about how nervous he was, about the phone call that led to the agreement, exactly what his boss had said afterwards, everything.  
  
They sat opposite each other, arms outstretched across the table, holding hands. As Stuart finished his story, he turned serious and looked deep into his wife's eyes.  
  
"Now. Tell me what happened last night. Why are you bruised?"  
  
Elizabeth rubbed his hand. "I am okay, I promise. It was just a misunderstanding." Stuart shook his head. "This," he said as he turned her arm to see the bruises, darker now than they had been, "is not a 'misunderstanding'. What happened?"  
  
Elizabeth told him the story, explaining how Dom had happened to be there and stepped in, and how Holly had ended by punting the creep straight in the balls. Stuart sat there listening, not saying a word. Elizabeth tugged on his fingers, bringing him out of his daze.  
  
"Hey, are you ok?" she asked him as she rubbed the back of his hand. Stuart shook his head.  
  
"Not really. I want to find this guy and beat the shit out of him. I want make him hurt in ways he didn't know he COULD hurt. I want to thank Dominick for stepping in to help you out and I want to high five Holly for kicking the prick in the balls." He smiled as he said this, showing her, he was ok. "I should have been there to protect you, to make sure this didn't happen."  
  
Elizabeth stood up quickly from the table, her chair tipping over backwards. She stormed around to where he was seated.  
  
"WHAT!? What did you say? You think I need protection? You think I can't look after myself? You think I am some weak little girl who needs a big strong man to protect her? Could a weak little girl do this? I slammed a punch into the bastard's jaw just the way you taught me. He was so drunk all it did was make him angry."  
  
She was yelling at him as she wound back and punched him in the shoulder. Stuart felt his arm go a little weak, like she had given him a partial dead arm. He jumped out of his chair and took a step back as she swung again. Her reaction was not what he had expected at all, until he saw the grin on her face. She was messing with him, and doing a damn good job at it! He waved her forward, mocking her.  
  
"C'mon Rocky, let's see what you got."  
  
Elizabeth took two steps forward and went to swing at him, but he suddenly lurched forward, closing the distance between them in a step. He stepped behind her and grabbed her wrists. He pinned her arm to her chest and pulled her towards him, overpowering her. Once she was close to him, he leaned in and kissed her neck, attacking the skin with his lips. He held her other wrist to her side, not allowing her to move.  
  
He continued to assault her neck with kisses until he used his grip on her arm to spin her around to face him. His lips found hers instantly and they locked together. He let go of her arms and his hands found her arse again. Elizabeth's arms wrapped around his neck, holding his head still.  
  
After what seemed an eternity, Elizabeth stepped away. She was breathing heavily, a look of pure lust on her face.  
  
"Clean this up and meet me in the bedroom in five minutes." She kissed him again before walking off to the bedroom. Stuart watched her go, his desire peaking. He set about cleaning up, taking the leftovers to the fridge, putting the dishes in the dishwasher, tidying the table. He was taking his time, knowing that she would expect him to be there at five minutes on the dot. Finally, after ten minutes, he heard her call out from the bedroom.  
  
"You better hurry otherwise I might be done before you get here!"  
  
Stuart walked into the bedroom and his heart stopped. Elizabeth was in the bed, laying on a mountain of pillows on her stomach. She was wearing fishnet stockings and heels, her arse and pussy pointing towards the bedroom door. In her hand was a dildo and she was reaching back and rubbing it all around her entrance, teasing herself. Stuart couldn't believe his eyes. Her pussy was sopping wet, glistening in the light. The biggest shock to him was the dildo.  
  
They had never been shy about sex toys -- they had a nice little collection of vibrators, clit stimulators and dildos at home. Elizabeth had always maintained that Stuart's cock was the perfect size for her -- length and girth. So, any vibrator or dildo they owned were always about the same size. The one in her hand now though was different. Even from this angle, Stuart could see it was longer and thicker, by some margin, than any of the toys at home. Elizabeth kept rubbing it against herself, never sliding it in. She looked back over her shoulder at her husband.  
  
"Are you going to stand there all night or are you going to join me?"  
  
Stuart could not have undressed any quicker. He threw his clothes on the floor and all but ran to the bed. He climbed on the bed behind her and took the dildo, amazed at its size even more now he was holding it. He continued to tease her with it, rubbing it against her clit and around her entrance until she was pushing her hips back towards it.  
  
She whimpered. "Please baby, I need it inside me."  
  
Stuart smiled as he lowered his head. He heard a sharp intake of breath as his mouth closed over her clit -- he always loved eating out his wife, especially from behind. He sucked her gently, using his tongue to flick her pleasure nub. His hands went to her arse cheeks, kneading them, pulling them apart as he drove his face further towards her. Her hips began to buck backwards, almost fucking his face.  
  
He began to flick his tongue quickly, wanting to make her cum. She buried her face in the pillows as he felt her whole body tighten. He heard her cry out as her juices flowed onto his face, coating his mouth and chin. She began to shake as he continued his assault on her clit. When she couldn't take it anymore, she rolled over onto her back, breaking the contact. Her skin was flush, her breathing heavy. He noticed her new necklace resting between her breasts. Elizabeth looked at him.  
  
"Fuck, you do that so well. Give me a minute to recover and them I am going to ride you like a racehorse!"  
  
Stuart shook his head. "When you're ready, stand up and come with me."  
  
Elizabeth looked at him, puzzled. She took a moment or two to compose herself then climbed off the bed. Stuart took her hand and led her back to the balcony, still only wearing her necklace, stockings and heels. The sun had set and it was dark, the ocean waves crashing on the beach below. The pool area of the hotel was directly below them.  
  
The area was well lit, with a large pool surrounded by huts and a swim up bar. There were pool chairs arranged around the side of the pool, most with towels or clothes on them. There were probably 30 guests in the pool as it was a warm night. With all the lights pointing downwards, no one would notice what was happening 9 storeys above them.  
  
Stuart walked Elizabeth right up to the railing. He stood behind her, his iron hard cock poking into her butt cheek. He wrapped his hands around her and held her breasts, tweaking her nipples.  
  
"See all those people down there? Do you think they can see us? Do you think they will notice me fucking you up here?" he whispered in her ear.  
  
Elizabeth shuddered, and not from the temperature. Her mind went back to Corey, to him fingering her to orgasm while her friends were only metres away. Did Stuart know? She had never mentioned anything to him before. He was kissing her neck, his fingers working their magic on her nipples.  
  
He then stood up, placing his hand on her neck. He gently pushed her forward until she was almost doubled over, staring straight down at the pool area. Stuart took her hands and placed them on the railing in front of her. He positioned himself behind her, one hand on her hip and he slowly entered her. She moaned loudly and he stretched her but something felt different. She looked around and watched as he pushed the dildo into her pussy, a lustful smile on his face.  
  
When Elizabeth had gone shopping earlier, her phone call with Holly had led her to a high-end adult store. She had found the fishnet stockings and knew straight away that is what she wanted. She had been about to leave when she walked past the sex toy section. The sheer number of items for sale had boggled her mind. There were solid gold dildos for $1,200, there were double ended, fist shaped ones -- the choice was remarkable.  
  
She hadn't planned on buying a toy but one in particular caught her attention. It was bigger than her toys at home, that was easy to see. She looked at the packet and it was eight inches long and over six inches in width. It was super realistic, with veins running up and down it, a large set of balls at the bottom, a darkish tan colour and deep pink head. Without understanding why, she had purchased it with her stockings and headed off to the grocery store.  
  
Now that Stuart was slowly sliding it inside her boiling hot snatch, she was extremely glad she had procured it. The wide head had stretched her entrance almost to the point of pain, but then it had popped in, slowly sliding deeper and deeper towards her cervix. The feeling was incredible. Stuart slowly dragged it backwards, until the head was resting just inside her, then he pushed it in again, slightly faster this time. Eyes closed, engrossed in her pleasure, she felt a sharp smack on her arse. Looking back, Stuart was staring at her.  
  
"Keep your eyes open! Look at them all down there, swimming, drinking, thinking they are having fun but with no idea you are having the time of your life just metres above them."  
  
Elizabeth shuddered again, a combination of Stuart's authoritarian order and the familiarity of her experience at the river with Corey. She did as she was told and watched the other guests below. She watched as a man bombed into the pool, his impact with the water coinciding with the dildo bottoming out inside her, causing her breath to catch and a loud moan to escape her lips. Stuart left the dildo in there, slowly using his finger to rub her clit. She could feel another orgasm building and could tell it was going to be large. Letting go of the hand rail briefly, she grabbed a cushion off the chair near her and placed it in her mouth, biting down hard. The pool area was noisy but if anyone else was on their balconies, they would hear her scream when she came.  
  
Stuart watched her bite down on the pillow and picked up the pace, knowing how close she was. He couldn't help but admire the view. The fishnet stockings, the large, chunky heels that made her legs look amazing, her arse out for the world to see. Stuart was shocked at his wife's exhibitionist streak. He had seen her blush when talking about Corey to Jayne, he had seen how she reacted to their playing on the plane, hundreds of people within earshot. The blowjob in this very spot the day before.  
  
Suddenly, a thought struck him. The blowjob. The other balconies ... Dominick. Stuart began pumping the dildo harder, causing his wife to almost drop the pillow from her mouth as she gasped at the sudden increase in speed. Stuart stretched his neck up to see if he could see anyone on Dominick's balcony. From where he was, he couldn't tell. He moved slightly to the side, trying to get a better angle. There! The balcony where he saw Dominick yesterday. He could see a light coming from inside but the curtains were closed, the door seemingly shut.  
  
He kept up the pace with the dildo, sensing how close his wife was. He leant forward; his mouth next to her ear. He kissed her cheek and whispered. "See the light over here, on your right? That is Dominick's room. Do you think he is watching us right now?" He kissed her cheek again and moved behind her.  
  
Elizabeth was in a world of her own -- zoned out except for the sexual pleasure radiating every pore of her body. Once Stuart had increased the pace of his pounding, every nerve ending in her genital area was screaming in pleasure. She had her eyes open, but couldn't tell what she was looking at, too focused on the sensation building in her. When she felt him kiss her cheek and whisper in her ear, she was shocked out of her trance.  
  
Now she couldn't take her eyes off the balcony. She felt Stuart moving behind her, but the dildo was still sliding in and out of her, taking most of her attention. She felt Stuart kneading her arse cheek, she felt his cock rubbing against her thigh, she felt his thumb briefly brush between her cheeks, something that would normally cause her to stop and tell him to move it, but she couldn't think of anything else right now but the balcony to her right. She vaguely heard Stuart say her name a couple of times so she turned her head towards him.  
  
"Cum for my baby, cum on this cock." She nodded her head numbly, too preoccupied to speak, even if she wasn't biting down on the pillow hard enough to crack concrete. She turned her head back towards the railing when she noticed movement to her right. Dominick stepped out onto his balcony, shirtless and in a pair of tight boxers. He had a drink in his hand and was just about to take a sip when he looked up and to the left. His hand stopped midway to his mouth as his jaw dropped. Their eyes locked.  
  
Stuart felt rather than saw his wife begin to orgasm. He felt her legs go stiff as steel, the muscles under the skin tightening. Her arse clenched, his hand feeling the muscles in the cheek tense and begin to shake. He looked forward, his attention until then focused on the dildo and saw the pillow drop from her mouth. She cried out, not her normal sound when hitting the peak, but a more primal, guttural sound. Like something that had been stuck within her had finally escaped.  
  
He felt her body pushing the dildo, her vaginal muscles squeezing it so tight it was being forced out. It fell into his hand with a pop, followed by a flow of liquid from her pussy. He stared at the pool of fluid collecting on the concrete floor under her before looking up to check on her. Elizabeth's whole body was shaking, her cry still coming from her lips. Her head was turned to the right and her neck rigid, not moving.  
  
Stuart glanced and saw what Elizabeth was looking at. Dominick was on his balcony, looking up in their direction. The look on his face and the tent in his underwear letting Stuart know he had seen what just happened. Elizabeth kept moaning, her body shaking until Stuart saw Dominick turn around and go back into his room, shutting the door behind him.  
  
Stuart wrapped his arms around Elizabeth's waist, supporting her. Her weight dropped into his arms as she finally finished. He held her there until he could drag a chair over with his foot. He sat down and pulled her onto his lap, his arms still supporting her weight.  
  
Elizabeth was exhausted. She had never experienced anything like that before. Her whole body had felt like it was made of steel. She had wanted to turn her head away, close her eyes -- anything to not be staring at Dominick as her orgasm ripped through her but she'd been unable to look elsewhere.  
  
Her body had betrayed her and she had stared into his eyes while the waves of ecstasy had crashed through her like a tsunami. She turned her head and looked down. Stuart was staring up at her, his big brown eyes full of love and wonder. His wonderful, full lips had a slight smile on them, like he hid some secret he desperately wanted to share but couldn't. His arms were around her like a vice, a welcome feeling because she wasn't sure if she could support herself at the moment.  
  
She looked down and saw his cock poking up, resting between his stomach and her thigh. The head was shiny, pre-cum all over it. She could see it twitch every so often, in time with his heart beat. She looked again at his face and felt ashamed. She was married to the most wonderful man, a man who had given her everything she could ever have dreamed of and while making love to him, she had orgasmed while looking into the eyes of another man, a man who, less than twenty-four hours earlier, she had the most vivid sexual dream of her life about. How could she have done this? How could she have betrayed the love of her life in this way?  
  
Stuart sat, watching Elizabeth. Her breathing started to slow; her skin started to lose some of the flushness it had earlier. Her muscles had stopped shaking. He looked at her in wonder. That display had been one of the most erotic things he had ever witnessed in his life. Watching her be "fucked" from behind, looking out over a crowd of people, was simply amazing. Seeing her orgasm while looking at another man, a man she barely knew, while he was watching her, was downright breathtaking.  
  
Stuart's fantasy of watching Elizabeth with another man had always been her with a stranger, someone she had just met and had found so incredibly desirable that she just could not resist. It always involved her meeting them at a bar or a club. Never had he thought about it being someone she had met in a completely non-sexual way like at an airport lounge with her husband. Now, it had gone straight to the top of his fantasy scenarios.  
  
His cock twitched between his stomach and her thigh. He then realised how much he needed a release. He put his arms under her knees and around her shoulders and stood, lifting her up. He leaned forward and kissed her, sensing some hesitation on her part at first. Once his tongue touched her bottom lip, her hand went to the back of his head and she returned his passion, tongues dancing. He laid her on the bed and settled beside her, his cock resting on her hip.  
  
They continued to kiss, his hands roaming her body, playing with her nipples, slowly running down over her belly, into her pubic hair. She grabbed his wrist just as he was about to touch her pussy. "Stop, please. It is still really sensitive down there." She took his hand and placed it back on her breast.  
  
They continued to kiss until Stuart couldn't take it any longer. He broke the kiss and propped himself up on his elbow, looking down at her. Her beauty took his breath away. He began slowly tracing a circular pattern on her nipples, down over her belly and back up to her other nipple. Each time he got to her belly, he went a little lower, gently brushing against her pubes.

"Did you like Dominick watching you cum?" he asked suddenly, as his fingers ran through her pubic hair on their way back to her nipples. Elizabeth froze, unsure of what to say.  
  
"It's ok, I know you saw him and I know he saw you. I could see how much he enjoyed the show. Did you enjoy giving him a show?" he tweaked her nipple as he asked her, causing her breath to catch in her throat. Elizabeth didn't know what to say but she knew she couldn't lie. She slowly nodded her head. Stuart shuddered; his breath ragged.  
  
He dropped his face and kissed her again, forcefully and passionately. His fingers tweaked her nipples, not painfully but unquestionably harder than he normally would.  
  
"Did putting on a show make you cum harder?" Elizabeth nodded again, his attention to her nipples sending pleasure coursing through her body, centred in her groin.  
  
"Was it the show or Dominick that made you cum so hard and long?" Again, Elizabeth didn't know how to answer. Stuart dropped his mouth to her other nipple, licking and sucking. She started squirming on the bed. He looked up, expectantly. Elizabeth closed her eyes; she couldn't look at him when she said it.  
  
"It was Dominick." The words left her mouth and hung in the air. How was Stuart going to react?  
  
Stuart heard the words, felt them land in his brain. They sat there, large and bold, waiting for him to process them. His mind finally kicked back into gear. He sat up quickly, looking at his wife. She had her eyes closed and he could feel the tension in her, the worry. He rolled on top of her, causing her to open her eyes. Staring at her, he kept rolling across the bed, his hands behind her, until he was on his back, Elizabeth on top of him.  
  
He pushed his thighs between hers and spread his legs, opening her also. He then pushed her shoulders gently, until she was sitting up, mounted on top of him. She could feel his cock resting against her mound, throbbing, rigid as steel. His hands went to her hips, gripping them.  
  
"Did you dream about him last night, after you got home from the club?" Again, Elizabeth nodded, now staring into his eyes as she did. Stuart groaned, pushing his hips upward, putting more pressure on his dick.  
  
"I saw you. I came out of the bedroom and you had a cushion between your legs, fucking it against the couch. You moaned his name." He grabbed her breasts, bringing a nipple to his mouth, and ground his cock into her again. The feeling of it against her bush was enjoyable to say the least. She began to slowly rock back and forth, dragging herself along his length, pushing down to apply more pressure. He groaned on her tit.  
  
"Tell me about the dream. Tell me what he did to you." Elizabeth thought back to her dream.  
  
As drunk as she was, she remembered it quite clearly. She began rocking faster.  
  
"He showed up at our door. We kissed. He carried me to the couch, his tongue in my mouth." She continued to rock her hips, hearing Stuart moan loudly. He let go of her tit and laid his head back, watching her keenly. She had his undivided attention. Her mind flashed back to the night she told him the story about Bill, the fictional man she had sucked off. She smiled inwardly, remembering Stuart's reaction.  
  
"We got undressed and I felt his cock. It was so big and thick and HARD." Stuart moaned again, forcing his cock against her. "Is it bigger than mine?" Elizabeth nodded, eliciting a growl from her husband. "How do you know?" Elizabeth explained about the plane, seeing the outline through his sweat pants. Another groan. "Is that why you brought such a large dildo?"  
  
The question hit Elizabeth hard -- had that been why she had picked that one? It was certainly larger than anything she had used before. She looked down at Stuart and knew the answer -- she nodded, getting an even louder growl from him. She continued.  
  
"He fingered me on the couch, his rough fingers inside me. Then I bent over the couch and he ate me out, like you did earlier." This caused Stuart to grip her hips, HARD. His fingers dug in as he started bucking beneath her, his dick starting to rub against her clit. Elizabeth rotated slightly so the pressure stayed on her clit.  
  
"I came twice, crying out into the pillow so we didn't wake you. Then he spread my legs and fucked me hard, his huge dick stretching my pussy so wide." Stuart was thrashing below her now, his hips bucking furiously, his fingers almost starting to hurt. The rubbing of his cock on her clit was starting to get to her, another wave building.  
  
"Then he sat down and I rode his cock." As she said this, she titled her pelvis and, when she felt his dick touch her entrance, she plunged down, taking it entirely on the first go.  
  
Stuart nearly shouted. Elizabeth had manoeuvred herself to take his cock inside and had sunk down, balls deep on the first thrust. The sensation was almost too much to bear. Hearing her tell him about her dream was sending him into a frenzy. This was different than the story about Bill -- he had seen her humping the cushion, he had heard her moan Dominick's name, watched her cum while staring at him. Stuart knew he was going to lose control soon but he needed to hear the end of it.  
  
"I rode his cock, up and down, for what felt like hours. It touched places I never knew existed. His rough hands grabbed my arse." Stuart reached out and took both her arse cheeks in his hands, gripping them tightly. Elizabeth moaned noisily.  
  
"He started sucking my nipples, just like you do." Stuart grabbed a nipple between his lips, sucking and licking. Elizabeth moaned again. Her pace quickened, her own release rising to meet his.  
  
"We fucked and we fucked, moaning and squealing, careful not to wake you but secretly WANTING to wake you, to have you catch us. I wanted to see you emerge from the bedroom and see what we were doing. I wanted you to see how I liked it and wanted more, more, more." Elizabeth was close now and Stuart's face told her so was he. Her nipple dropped from his mouth.  
  
"If I had caught you, what would you have done?" He asked quietly, expectantly. His thrusting slowed, needing a response more than his release. Elizabeth smiled.  
  
"I would have sucked your thick cock while he fucked me from behind. I would have swallowed your load while he filled my cunt with his. I would have come with you both inside me." Stuart roared, his nuts emptying inside his wife, just as her orgasm crashed through her. They slammed their hips into each other frantically, not wanting the sensations to end.  
  
Eventually, Elizabeth collapsed onto Stuart's chest, completely and utterly spent. They laid like that for a while, breathing heavily, Stuart rubbing his hands up and down her back. His cock slid from her and his seed followed, leaking onto him and the bed. Still they didn't move. Elizabeth drifted off to sleep, her breathing deep and rhythmic.  
  
Stuart rolled her off him onto the bed and made sure she was comfortable. He grabbed a small towel from the bathroom, running it under warm water and gently washed her pussy, being careful not to wake her.  
  
When he was done, he laid down beside her and she rolled towards him, snuggling into him, snoring softly. As he drifted off to sleep, he pondered if there was anyway Elizabeth would fuck Dominick for real? Could this be the chance to see his fantasy fulfilled? Did he actually want it to happen? All sorts of thoughts played in his mind as he drifted off to sleep.