

INVITED
TO

Paradise

GK GRAYSON



Invited to Paradise

A Wife Sharing / MMF Story

By
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Part of the 'Temptation in Paradise' series

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Invited to Paradise: A Wife Sharing / MMF Story

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1 / Surprise Invitation (Bryce)

“Bryce, I’m running down to get the mail,” my wife yelled down the stairs. Our house is in one of those developments where the mailbox is in the middle of the block. I knew she loved the walk, talking to neighbors, especially in this chilly mid-March weather.

Annie loved the changing of the seasons, especially spring. Our days were already growing warmer as the lawns in front of every house turned lush with early spring, flowers blooming as the trees returned to their leafy glory once again.

By the time she got back, I was upstairs looking for a snack. My stomach was growling after a workout. I couldn’t help myself as she walked in the door. Sweeping this gorgeous creature into my arms, swinging her around in a circle, hugging her closely. *God almighty, how did I ever get so lucky?*

“Bryce,” she said, giggling. “Put me down!”

I chuckled as she pretend-struggled to get away. “Have I ever told you how much I love you?” I said, allowing her feet back to the floor.

“Oh... occasionally, but I could stand to hear it again.”

Instead of words, I let my mouth do the talking, finding hers to give all the explanations I needed. My arms flew to pull her close. We had been married for seven years at this point and I knew, to my bones, that life without this woman was too horrible to even conceive.

As is typical of many couples, we got together just by happenstance. A friend of mine called it ‘serendipity’. When he first said it, I had to look it up. ‘The phenomenon of finding valuable or agreeable things not sought for’, according to Merriam-Webster. If that’s not us, what is?

So unlikely. When I was 24, several years after I graduated from State U, I got a job at a regional bank in the area. The bank stressed health and fitness, paying for a gym

membership for all employees. Even gave a discount on health insurance for those that went to the gym.

Annie was only 18, had just started college, working the front desk of the fitness center to help pay her way. We struck up a casual friendship as I returned regularly. Over the next year, that casual friendship became much more.

Okay, I know what you're thinking. Robbing the cradle... lecherous old guy hitting on a new freshman for an easy score. My best friend Shane teases me about that to this day. But it wasn't like that. There was just something between us. Call it a spark, a connection, love... or serendipity... We both knew the other was the one for us.

When I was 25, our six-year age gap seemed huge. I didn't even know the music groups she liked! But now, after seven years of marriage, the gap seems natural, unimportant. We had merged into a unit that had brought happiness to us both.

And maybe here is where serendipity kicks in. It turns out we are compatible on so many levels, from sexual desire to temperament, that we couldn't be happier. And now, with recent discussions about starting a family, we were ready to move our relationship to the next stage.

Funny, as I look back, the one that resisted us the most was her father. You can imagine what he said to me... and he said them all with expletives flying. Robbing the cradle was just the start! I assured him I did not intend to pull her from school or change her life. We just wanted to be together... forever!

He did not listen. The memory made me laugh now. Her folks cut her off. No future funding of college if we got married. I ended up paying for most of Annie's last two years of college. They just couldn't understand. Throwing her life away with this guy who was too old... Not ready for that kind of commitment. They went on and on...

Now, with our marriage rock-solid, her parents have finally accepted me... and our marriage... calming down a

little. *But the cheap bastard never offered to reimburse me for the money I saved him for her college! I chuckled to myself.*

While we were necking, the mail fell out of her hands onto the floor, shaking us out of our moment. We'd have plenty of time for that later.

"Well, what'd we get?" I asked as she picked the mail off the floor.

"A light haul today. Electric bill, a flyer for a local department store and... hey, look at this... a formal invitation." She held it up, surprised, her look telling me she didn't know anyone getting married, or about to anyway.

"To what?" I asked.

"Not sure," Annie smiled, showing me the envelope. "Do you have any cousins getting married?"

"Don't think so... maybe someone at the Bank," I suggested. "Now that I manage a department, I touch a lot more staff. Bob warned me this would happen when I got promoted last year. Open it up!"

Annie tried to do it delicately. It was so nice. She hated to tear the envelope. The folded card stock inside had a picture of an amazing tropical scene on the cover. The corner logo claimed it to be the *Temptation in Paradise* Resort, Bahamas.

Wow! We had vacationed before, but our choices were mainly national parks and hiking. Plus, I took an annual weekend trip to see an away State U basketball game with Shane. We vowed to hit every arena in the conference. Neither Annie nor I had much interest in cruising, so the tropics never attracted our attention. Truth is, we were both homebodies, very comfortable where we lived.

But this... like something out of a travel magazine. The photographer took the cover shot from the beach. On the opposite side of a lagoon, across a calm expanse of blue, we could see cabanas sitting on top of the water. The inside upper fold had pictures of the tropical-styled lobby, palm-tree decorated restaurants, men in hotel uniforms standing at the

entrance. This was the nicest resort either of us had ever seen, much less visited.

In the center of the bottom fold, engraved in dark blue ink, were only four lines.

**You are invited to an all-inclusive week in Paradise.
June 27-July 3, 2022.**

**Please join me, with my compliments,
Shane**

I scoffed. “Shane? How could he afford this? The guy hasn’t had a job in over a year. And even then, bartending, I think. The only thing he has done lately is to help his uncle in Vegas clean up some desert land he owns.”

“Have you talked to him lately?”

“Not since our basketball trip in December. The guy looked so scruffy then, I thought he might need a loan to pay for this year’s game! He didn’t mention having money stashed away... and certainly not enough to host friends at a luxury resort like this!”

“Maybe we should call him.”

I nodded agreement, pulling out my cell, hitting Shane’s number on the Favorites list and the Speaker button so Annie could join.

“Hey, buddy,” Shane answered. “What’s up?” We could hear him breathing. Shane was even more of a fitness nut than we were. Jogging, weightlifting. You name it. We obviously caught him out on a run.

“Is this a good time?”

“Sure. Just out for a run. Hot as fucking Hades out here, but really gets my lungs going.”

“We got your invitation today.”

“Great. Can you guys make it that week? I know it’s short notice with your promotion and all...”

“Shane, how can you afford to do this?” I asked.

“That’s it?” Shane laughed. “Not thanks... it’ll be good to catch up... such a beautiful place... You wonder if I can pay?”

“Come on, Shane. Do you even have a job?”

“Nope. Decided to join the ranks of the unemployed... permanently.”

“Shit...” I said, hitting the mute button, whispering to my wife, *‘You think he’s homeless or something?’* Annie just shrugged, no clue, as I unmuted the phone.

“Just thinking about you, my friend,” I assured him. “Be great to go, and great to see you again, but we can pay our own way.”

“No need. I got it covered. Trust me. I’ll tell you all about it when you get down there. Can you make it?”

“We’ll talk about it, check our calendars...” I glanced at my wife’s suddenly eager eyes. “... but yeh, I don’t see why not. Be fun.”

“Great. I’ve rented us the most amazing cabana. Sits on top of the fucking water, overlooking the resort and pool!”

“Sounds lovely,” Annie said, suddenly getting a little tentative. “With a name like that, what kind of resort is it?”

“Anything goes,” Shane chuckled. He was breathing heavily by now. We could hear he had stopped, panting with the exertion at the end of the run. Knowing him, that probably meant 10 miles. The guy was a machine. Before Annie could recover from the shock, Shane interrupted. “Hey, I gotta catch a shower. Got a meeting this afternoon.”

Annie and I looked at each other. On a Saturday?

“Where you at?” I asked.

“Vegas. Closing up some final business, then... not sure what I’m going to do after that. You know me, never like to be too tied down.”

I grinned at Annie. That’s for sure. If you looked the phrase ‘free spirit’ up in the dictionary, you would find my

friend's picture. "Business... what's going on, Shane? You've never been involved in business before."

"We'll talk about it later," Shane chuckled. "Better get your passport updated. Been a while since you traveled overseas. Good to talk to you both. Should be fun." Then he closed the connection.

We exchanged looks, but despite there being doubt in my mind, Annie was all in. She was already on her laptop, looking at the website. The pictures were astonishing. If we had any kind of pleasant weather, it should be an amazing trip.

"Oh, shit..." Annie almost squeaked with her shock. "He wasn't kidding... anything goes..."

I looked over at her. "What is it?"

"This is an adults-only resort, clothing optional in extensive areas. I hit a couple of other links on the search. Visitors say it is a 'lifestyle' resort."

"You serious?"

She showed pictures of beaches where obviously nude guests were sunbathing or playing volleyball. I looked at some of the travelogue commentary talking about the many opportunities for pickups, swapping, and watching. *Shit, I thought to himself. I should have known. Shane has always been wild...*

"Are we going to go, anyway?" Annie asked.

I could see the look in her eyes, eager, yet worried. We had never done anything like THAT before. Had an active sex life... didn't consider ourselves prudes... but swinging? I looked at her again, surprised. Her eyes told the total story. She wanted to try it.

"Hey, why not?" I said finally, my own smile matching hers. "Might be fun to spice things up a little." *Her eyes sparkled at those words... Could I watch my wife with another man? I suddenly thought to myself. Need to think about that one.*

She was certainly gorgeous enough to attract a lot of attention at the resort. At 27, she could only be called a beautiful woman in her prime. I still couldn't believe my luck in landing her so young. She was mid five feet, blondish brown hair well past her shoulders, with crystal clear blue eyes that reflected the deep intelligence within.

But intelligence was only one of her features. Her full, though not overly large, breasts had areolas highlighted by very sensitive nipples that got hard as pebbles when aroused. She kept herself shaved down below... always had... Her thin hips and flat stomach reflected a lifetime of dedication to fitness, and she hadn't had children yet. We were only now talking about having kids.

No, my Annie was a sexual creature to her core. An enthusiastic lover who cums easily, we had been active our entire lives together, sharing an imaginative and very pleasurable sex life. But sharing her with someone else...

Oh God, the sudden reality of being in that place with Shane. What about my past with him? Shit...

2 / Complications (Bryce)

I shivered at the thought of Shane as I walked down to my man-cave. At least, that's what Annie calls it. She always thought of it as 'my' room. Almost the entire lower level of our walk-in basement was full of my shit... stereo equipment, large-screen TV, sports memorabilia, and, of course, my desk and computer.

I left Annie engrossed in her *Temptation* research. Couldn't help but laugh. She's a financial analyst. Research is what she does for a living. I left her to it.

My uncertainty about going to the resort existed, as they say, on several levels. Sharing my wife with other men was hard enough, but my relationship with Shane was... complicated. To say the least! We were very close friends, true, after meeting my freshman year when we were both students at State U.

I hated my first roommate... the guy was a fucking pig! Shane lived down the hall by himself in a 2-person room. He asked me to move in with him after hearing me complain about my pigsty. I gladly agreed. We have been best friends ever since. After a couple of years of dorm living, we moved out to an apartment near campus. That's when things got complicated.

I'll confess, I have always been a very traditional person. Still am. Studied hard, kept out of trouble, never stretched a social boundary. Even dressed in collared shirts and khakis on campus, kept my hair short and face shaven.

Shane was just the opposite. Probably why we got along so well. He was a genuine free spirit. The long hair was just the start of it. His tattoo collection had already begun, and he grew a thick beard. He was smart, funny, loyal as a friend, but, what turned out to be our biggest problem, a terrible hedonist. Loved the physical pleasures.

For example, he introduced me to recreational drugs (like marijuana and alcohol), and constantly brought girls back to the apartment. You know, the kind of girls that never worried

about wearing clothes around the place. It got me hot and bothered, for sure.

At first, I did nothing with them, preferring to give my roommate the space to play as he liked, but somewhere along the way... stoned with two girls there... coverings disappeared... one cuddled up to me... You get the picture. After that, it was an absolute orgy at our place. Nearly every weekend, something was happening, usually with naked young ladies on the menu. Shane always seemed able to find them.

That all changed late in our junior year. The spring weather had already grown unseasonably warm and humid. Even though we had air conditioning, it was still hot in our apartment. *Student apartments, remember?*

I was sitting on our sofa, watching a game on TV, dressed only in gym shorts. Shane came home late that Friday night, already half drunk. He looked at me curiously, going into his bedroom, coming out dressed the same way, just gym shorts.

He rolled a joint, lit it, passed it over, then sat right next to me on the sofa. I should have seen this as the first sign of a change. He usually sat on the chair next to the sofa, but I ignored it, even though he sat so close we were nearly touching. We quietly got stoned while watching the game, passing the joint back and forth.

With each pass, he seemed to get closer to me, our legs often touching. As I mellowed deeper into the sofa, marveling at how good this dope was, I extended my hips out to get more comfortable, laying my head back, unconsciously making myself available. Shane saw the signs, reached over, pulled my shorts down, and took my cock in his mouth.

I could not believe what he was doing, but it felt so good in my stoned state, I did not object. Shane later dragged me into his bedroom, fist gripping my now rigid cock. Before the night was over, I had cum twice, taken Shane's cum down my throat as many times, and had multiple fingers in my rear.

When I woke the next morning, lying naked, cuddling next to my MALE roommate, I couldn't believe what I had done. I sneaked quietly out of the room, dressed, and bolted

out the front door. The student gym seemed a great refuge. I went there, acting all manly around the other lifters. The girls in the club suddenly became much more attractive. I chatted them up, even took one to lunch. All the while, I stewed about what I would say to Shane.

When I got home that afternoon, my roommate thought nothing of it. Never mentioned what we had done or acted like there was any reason to be awkward. Like nothing had happened.

But a spark had been lit. That night, after I had gone to bed, Shane came into my room, quietly slipped under the covers, naked and hard. No dope excuse this time. I did not resist. Found out that night, I didn't want to.

For the rest of our time in college, Shane and I played with each other as much as we played with the girls, switching back and forth whenever we wanted. Though, increasingly, we were with each other more. The flow of girls slowed as we started sharing the same bed. Eventually, I moved into his room as my regular sleeping arrangement (whenever a girl wasn't in there, of course).

I gave myself sexually to Shane whenever he asked, soon taking his enormous cock in my ass and loving every inch. Now that I look back, I was clearly bisexual and cringe at how submissive I became to Shane's desires.

For me, I stopped looking at girls the same way, even stopped playing when they came to the apartment. My brain worked in monogamous ways, I guess. Sleeping with him AND them... it didn't feel right.

But sharing was fine with Shane. Several times, he brought other guys back to the apartment for me to... what's the right word... service? Anyway, I would take care of them, sucking on one while being fucked by the other. Shane would watch before joining in.

Truth is, I enjoyed these sharing experiences. Let myself go completely as the pleasure took control. Shane had discovered my need for sexual submission and fed into it,

allowing me to go deeper each time we played. Our emotional attachment grew even stronger.

After graduation, I made a decision which would soon prove to be important to my relationship with Shane. I wanted a place of my own. Been living with others, literally, my entire life! It was time for me to find my path as an adult.

He was a little upset, thinking I was rejecting our relationship, but when I gave him a key to the apartment in case he came to visit, he understood. And he did... a lot! Our relationship continued. In some ways, I felt silly moving out. I slept at his place, or he at mine, as often as I slept by myself. We continued to make love frequently.

Truth is, there is no other way to describe it. Seems weird when I look back on it. This happily married man had a gay lover before he met his wife. For a while, I even considered whether I should come 'out' to my parents. After all the girlfriends I traipsed through the house over the years, their shock would be total! I was certain of it. That held me back from the announcement. And it's a good thing I held back.

Shane and I had a severe falling out. We had been together for almost two years at that point. Something happened which changed our relationship.

My lover brought three guys over to my apartment, ordering me to service them. I was so used to doing that by then, thought nothing about it. They took me very hard one weekend night. Everything started well, just like the other sessions, but this time, Shane left the apartment. Frankly, I cannot remember why. Liquor run, I think. He was gone for nearly an hour.

During his time away, these three took it to me harder than I had ever experienced. Before they were done, and Shane returned, I was a husk of a man, my butt sore and jaw aching. It was a great sexual experience in some ways, no question there, but in the end, frightening.

The abuse they had given me, seemingly acceptable to this guy I thought was my friend and lover, turned out to be more than I could tolerate. A life-changing event for me.

I knew, intellectually, at least, that Shane was not involved in the abuse, had not even been in the room, yet he knew I was so deep into the submission by the time he left I couldn't stop them... didn't want to. I dedicated my every fiber to obedience and couldn't recognize the crossing of whatever mythical line existed in my head. That was Shane's job! I relied on him to protect me while I went so deep, letting myself go.

Worse, he didn't understand what had happened when he returned. He thanked them for coming over, then walked them out the door. When they were gone, he took it to me himself. In a totally different, loving manner, but it was too late. My mind had withdrawn into itself, clinging ever tighter to Shane while he made love to me at the end.

A psychologist would probably argue my brain was rationalizing the internal pain I was feeling by grasping onto the one thing I could depend on. The deep love for my friend. But it was too late. The internal damage had been done. I needed to take a couple days off work to recover, crying to myself nearly the entire time.

What the fuck had happened to me... to my life? I kept asking myself. Is this really what I wanted... to become Shane's butt boy, abused whenever he felt like it?

My anger grew. This last round truly had shaken me. Self-incriminating blame fell hard on me for being so weak and submissive, but just as much anger grew toward Shane. He was supposed to protect me when I went so deep, knew I could not stop once I had surrendered. How could he say he loved me and allow this to happen?

Finally, I decided this lifestyle wasn't for me. I had fallen so hard into my submission to Shane that I would allow anyone to do anything, as long as Shane told me to do it. But I knew this was too much. Bad for me in so many ways.

Days later, we had a significant fight about the three guys, one of our first ever. By this time, I had become angry about how abusive they were and convinced he had gladly let

them do that to me, even joined in at the end. I was no longer willing to accept any other explanation.

It wasn't fair. I know that now. He wasn't even in the room. I was the one that gave them my submission. Not Shane. I was totally at fault for putting myself in that position. I had given Shane every right to believe this treatment was okay with me. But then, in my mind at least, as we screamed at each other, it was ALL Shane's doing. And we yelled alright. Nearly coming to blows.

Shane finally stormed out, and we had no contact for over a year. I withdrew into a relationship shell. Seeing no one, dating no one, male or female.

I only knew the way I had become was not the way I wanted to be. Funny how I look back on it now. I had no objections to the gay sex and truly loved Shane. No, it was the submission that came too easily with Shane that scared me. I could not accept that any longer.

Instead, I focused on work. Eventually getting two promotions and recruited to take over a market segment group at the largest regional bank in the area. My brief experiment with alternative sexuality was over.

Shane came back, after disappearing for over a year, to ask if we could be friends again. Telling me how much he missed our friendship. How much he loved me. He apologized, accepting those guys and their treatment of me... HIS treatment of me... was over the line. But it was too late for apologies. A steel jacket had wrapped around my heart.

I told him the sex part was over. The submission that came so easily was just too frightening for me. I didn't want to go that route in my life. Asked if we could still be friends without the sex?

That was a hard choice. We loved each other. This was way past friendship a long time ago, active lovers for nearly two years. Could we be together and not express that love? He actually cried, saying how sorry he was and we came to an agreement.

Been best friends ever since. But without the sex. It was tough at first, not touching him. Now, though, 10 years later, it no longer comes up, not even in jokes and sly winks. Like it never happened.

Then, everything changed... for me, at least. A couple of years after we reached our agreement... I was 24 by this time... I met Annie. Whether by choice, or just the way we related to each other, the submissive side of my sexual personality did not emerge with Annie. Not even close. I often wonder whether my brain made an unconscious choice 'not to go there, too dangerous'. I became a dominant lover to her, always looking to stretch her pleasure boundaries.

Funny, I look back on the way I was with Shane, and how I am with Annie. Our sex life now is not forced, nor do I feel like I am sublimating my inner desires because of her. Shane was just different.

Now, looking at a visit to *Temptation* and the possibility of... fuck, I didn't know what, but something... I knew I had to tell Annie about our past, about the danger of reigniting passions long dormant. But I couldn't. I never could figure out how to tell her about Shane and me.

3 / Arrival (Annie)

Passports were a near panic. We only got them a few weeks before the trip. And then there was the fretting over what to wear... at least that's what Bryce called it. I ended up buying several new outfits, including a very skimpy bikini that Bryce loved and other near see-through garments I bought without his knowledge. Hey, you never know when you might want to be a little less than casual. Right?

We were finally on the plane to the Bahamas. Brand new passports safely in hand. We even splurged on the new Global Entry cards so we could get in-and-out faster.

We were arriving on Monday, but Shane could not make it out until Tuesday. We had the resort to ourselves for a day.

There were two other couples on the shuttle that took us from the airport. Both seemed very nice. One was a white couple from California, the other, black, from Atlanta. Both the wives wore such revealing outfits, there was no doubt why they were there.

I went more demurely for the transit, in a tropical print cami dress and sandals. The dress showed more than my usual cleavage, of course, but I wore a bra underneath. The other wives looked like they had no undergarments at all. I caught myself staring at the wife from Atlanta as we arrived at the resort. No visible panty line!

One husband even hit on us, suggesting we should get together later. Bryce just chuckled. Maybe later, he said. He knew I was going to need some time to get used to the idea... and a few drinks!

The resort itself? Simply gorgeous. From the courteous doorman that took our luggage straight to our cabana to the high-ceilinged lobby with potted palm trees dotting the floor. I loved the whole vibe. From the smell of the water, to the marble floors, dining rooms and bars, so tropical... They even called the bar off the main lobby *Lustful Libations!* That pretty well described my feelings. I was growing more lustful with every minute we stayed there.

But it was the cabana that made us fall in love with the place. It was near the pool on stilts over the water. And the space itself... seemed almost as big as our house! Three bedrooms, low slung sectionals and chairs covering the main living space, a large deck on one corner, with a smaller deck hidden from the outside world by bushes and trees, on the other.

I wondered why they had covered the smaller deck with so much vegetation... oh my God... so we could make it outside in the open air! Now, I really was tingling. People walking by could still see onto the deck through the trees and bushes, but they hid it enough that passersby wouldn't know what was happening unless they were really looking.

We discovered later that they positioned this special cabana at the cross-section of the clothing and clothing-optional segments of the resort. The guests always jokingly referred to the two sides as Prudes and Nudes. So funny! The large, open deck faced the clothing side, for 'Prudes'. The smaller one, with the camouflage, faced the clothing-optional, or Nude, part of the resort. Now, the foliage made sense.

Each bedroom had a king-sized bed with fans and luxury sheets. We moved into the 2nd bedroom. Bryce insisted. Shane was paying. He gets the best room; he told me. And I agreed.

In the back of my mind, though, now really glad I bought that sheer clothing, I wondered if Bryce had plans on moving us into the big room, with Shane still in it. The thought had crossed my mind many times since we received the invitation, though I dared not discuss that with Bryce, in case he would not accept the idea.

I didn't discuss the possibility with Shane either. He was a hard person to understand. I knew there had to be some ulterior motive to his bringing us down here. For god's sake, he gave us first-class plane tickets! But the guy was unconventional, for sure. Bryce always called him a free spirit.

Indeed, he was. He got his degree in physics at State U, had a brilliant analytical mind, but did nothing with it. Worked in odd jobs over the years, including bartending and janitorial.

The last few years, he had been spending a lot of time in Las Vegas working for an uncle that owned some land in the desert just north of town. He never talked about it much. Bryce thought it was clearing scrub grass, land maintenance, that kind of thing.

This physical labor just added to his fitness. Bryce told me Shane spent 2-3 hours every day in the gym or jogging. Bryce and I were fitness nuts. At least, that's what I thought, until I met Shane. He put us both to shame.

Over the years, since our wedding, where he was Bryce's best man, I had discovered a warm heart inside, and gained access to his brilliance. Several times, I discussed financial analysis recommendations I was preparing for my work at *Amber Financial*, a major money manager in town. He not only showed his 'free spirit' didn't mean he was uninformed, he also gave me ideas of how to look at the issues in unique ways, leading me in other, very successful directions. He seemed to catch on to issues quickly and always be 3-4 steps ahead with implications.

All that... and long hair, tattoos covering most of his arms and some on his chest, stomach, and back, a full beard, and a laugh that made me wet now, just thinking about it.

Truth is, until this trip, I had never thought of him as particularly hot, or even that attractive. Though now that I am here, standing in the cabana, taking all these revealing clothes out of my suitcase, all I can think about is that chiseled chest, strong arms, six-pack abs and the time, five years ago, when I accidentally walked in on him in the bathroom at our house. He was just out of the shower. I closed the door quickly, apologizing profusely, but not before noticing his ample equipment down below. He was huge!

But that wasn't all I thought about. Shane and I had grown quite close over the decade I've been with Bryce, spending hours talking when he visited. Nothing sexual came of it. Still, those emotions were there, underneath it all. A strong friendship, growing to a deep love. It had always existed in the background, smoldering just below the surface.

The prospect of finally acting on those feelings allowed those desires to percolate to the top. I was ready for that. So ready!

Bryce is no slouch. A little above six feet, and very fit, but his was a lanky strength like the runner he was. Not the muscle-bound specimen that was Shane. Bryce's cock was slightly above average as well, maybe 7-8 inches. Frankly, I had never thought to measure it.

But Shane was well over that, had to be, and I had only seen it flaccid, not in its full glory. That quick visual wouldn't leave my mind ever since the invite came. What would it be like to have my mouth wrapped around that handsome shaft? And feel it plunge inside me! *Annie, what are you thinking?! That's your husband's best friend!*

As I finished putting the clothes away, I frantically needed to think about Bryce, take my mind off... other things. Hair. Yes, his hair. The funniest thing about my husband was his hair. He was about as locked tight as anyone I had ever met. Clothing is always impeccable, grooming just so, always in control of himself and everything around him. Everything, that is, but his hair.

I was never sure whether he did this on purpose or just had cowlicks in all the wrong places, but his hair was always an unruly mess, like he had just come in from a windstorm. One of the senior managers at his bank laughed one time, asked if he got his hair styled by the same person who did Boris Johnson, the UK Prime Minister with the famously tangled mop top. Bryce didn't care, had lived with it his whole life. He even liked it. A trademark look of sorts.

We had arrived in midafternoon, going straight into the cabana. After unpacking, we spent the rest of the afternoon in bed. Just being there had lit something inside both of us. Maybe it was the cabana being so big, and so isolated, but while we made love, I let loose, screaming with each release. I even got wetter than usual.

All the while we made love, the idea of where we were, and the potential of what we might do, drove my desire higher.

My sex had been tingling almost constantly since we arrived, and Bryce seemed as excited as me. We took full advantage!

4 / Meeting Charles (Annie)

We finally needed a break, and wanted to explore, so we headed out to the bar off the main lobby. Usually, Bryce and I would grab a booth in the back for some privacy, but in keeping with our new open approach, we went to sit at the bar.

They decorated the place in keeping with the rest of the resort, even named it, appropriately, *Lustful Libations*. It had a dark wood bar, palms dotted around the room, and a big mirror behind the bartender.

The barkeep was a good-sized black man, probably mid-to-late 40s. Not tall, just... how do you say this delicately... a man in full with a thick afro, and a smile that would contribute to global warming.

“Welcome... welcome to the LL. My name is Charles Edwards, Bar Manager and sometimes barkeep. What can I get for you?” The bartender said.

I was about ready to order my typical gin & tonic, but thought differently. “What do you recommend? Best drink in the house.”

Bryce smiled, surprised at my choice. Not sure why, but that thrilled me. Even after being together for eight years, married for seven, I can still surprise him. If he only knew the other surprises my mind has been imagining lately...

Charles gave me a big smile. “That would be rum punch, then. Specialty of the house. We add a pinch of nutmeg to give it just the right flavor. A beautiful woman like you will love it.”

I turned pink at his compliment. Bryce just laughed. A cheesy line, for sure, but it worked, putting me completely at ease. Bryce, of course, did not experiment. He never did. “*Jameson*, one ice cube.” The bartender nodded as he went to help another patron.

We both turned around to look at the people in the bar while we waited, amazed at the various states of... undress. The resort required clothing in all the public areas, but being

clothed and being covered were two very different concepts. Clearly, the patrons of the *LL* did not think being covered carried much value.

Especially the women. Almost all were braless, with thin tank tops or silk blouses that made everyone aware of their charms. They also wore short skirts or dresses that barely covered their crotch. A couple of women got out of their booths and I could see they had left the panties off as well. By the time we had arrived, the dance floor was full of flopping boobies and rising skirts with hands finding easy access.

Truthfully, I was right there with them, not having bothered with a bra, either. The sheer jumpsuit I had chosen, with its crisscross back, leg slits and thong, left me feeling very comfortable in the ‘reveal’ sweepstakes!

I giggled as Bryce struggled to keep his eyes on me. The widely available eye-candy was just too much of a distraction, even with my outfit. Considering I was sitting right next to him, it still didn’t bother me.

It was the vibe of the place. Loose living was at the top of the resorts ‘Rules for Life’. Bryce would concentrate on me for a few minutes, then his eyes would stray as a particular woman would come into view. Charles caught me looking at him. His smile showed me he had seen this happen many times before.

Bryce leaned over, pointing out a woman that shouldn’t be wearing that outfit. There were many like that, exhibiting their wares... weight, age, it didn’t matter... no one cared. They were there to relax and ‘let it all hang out’, as my dad used to say when I was in high school... usually just before making me go back to change into something less revealing.

The drinks arrived somewhat promptly. Islanders, we would soon find out, are typically in no hurry. But then, neither were we.

“First time to the resort?” Charles asked, interrupting our assessment of the patrons. We both turned at his words.

“Yes,” Bryce said. “Beautiful place.”

“Oh, yes. Very beautiful,” Charles replied. “You will like it much more tomorrow. Tuesday is when folks grow comfortable enough for open display. Usually takes a day or so before they discover everyone else is doing the same.”

“Open display?” I choked. *More than this?*

“My apologies. Your first time, of course. *Temptation* has only a few rules, and those enforced lightly. One rule requires clothing to be worn in the main public areas, but prohibits clothing in the optional areas. No one enforces that rule, but you seldom see clothing over there. In the clothing required areas, dress gets more... how should I say... revealing as the week progresses. I think the clothing rule is only in place because the health authorities would complain,” he chuckled. “Visitors would not.”

I nodded with agreement, giggling inside, knowing Bryce wasn't sure whether I was agreeing with the health authorities' comment or whether I was considering how undressed I wanted to be starting tomorrow. That really got me giggling more.

Charles missed very little as he brought my third rum punch, giving me no chance to say anything. “You, my lovely... I look forward to seeing much more of you later in the week.” I giggled, nodding again. *Oh yes, and I have just the outfit for my new friend. Wait till Bryce sees what I purchased!*

Bryce almost choked on his drink. I could see what he was thinking. *Is this my Annie, my conservative wife?* He must remember the way I screamed climaxes this afternoon. What was going to happen by the end of the week? Or when Shane arrives?

I could see it when it happened. A sudden fear shook him... The very idea of this trip now seemed like a bad idea to him. How stupid could he have been?

I didn't want him to go internal on me, so I touched his arm, leaning in to whisper in his ear. “Whatever happens, we will do it together, my love.” Happily, I saw the tension of his shoulders crack as our heads touched.

My look back to Charles confirmed he knew exactly what had just happened. We exchanged a twinkling smile. *I already liked this guy very much.*

Charles continued about the resort. “There are many opportunities to release that inner tension you have at the resort.” He was looking at Bryce. I just giggled more. Bryce looked like someone had just pricked him with a needle. “We have several ongoing lifestyle groups that sponsor events. Two are this week. They are on your resort activities schedule. Plus, look around at the patrons here. Many of these folks would be happy to include you both in their plans. You are attractive young people, perfect for their needs... and your own.”

I could tell Bryce was stiffening more with each comment, though after my fourth rum punch, I didn't really care. These drinks were so sweet, they masked the alcohol content. I was already getting a little tipsy. He must have known I'd had enough, needing to get home before he had to carry me. He only had two drinks.

Bryce thanked Charles, asked for the check. When the signature came back for Room 600, Charles's smile got even bigger. “My apologies once again. Had I but known... You must be the Kingsbury's. Mr. Decker's guests. Your money is not good here. All expenses are being covered by Mr. Decker. Enjoy your stay.”

He winked at me, as I giggled more, wobbling away with Bryce giving support. Then started laughing more. *Can you slur giggles? I giggled again.*

“Annie,” Bryce said, helping me out the door. “We need to talk.”

5 / Fantasies (Bryce)

It was early still when we got back to the room, not even 9 o'clock, though Annie was pretty smashed. I wondered if Charles had intentionally added extra juice to the rum punch. Seemed that way... because my wife was juiced alright! I hadn't seen her this drunk... can't remember. Years! No... I had never seen her this drunk!

Talking wasn't what she wanted. By the time we made it back to the cabana, Annie was tearing her clothes off and trying to do the same to mine.

"I want to make it in the open air. I've never done that." Annie grabbed my hands, dragging us toward the large open deck. I could clearly see people walking below. Gently, but firmly, I guided her to the small deck instead. The foliage covering that deck should provide a modicum of privacy.

By the time we got to the deck, she was already nude and yanking my pants down. I barely stepped out of them before she was on her knees, my cock down her throat. Her groans of pure pleasure surprised me. She was loving this. And so was I!

Annie licked up the shaft, massaging my scrotum with her hands. I could see her shivering with the need, her desire bursting out of her. The alcohol may be in control, but she was beyond caring.

She pulled her mouth off my rod. The words slurred. "Have I ever told you how much I love to suck your cock?" I almost yanked my hardening tool back. *Who is this and what has she done with my wife?*

"No... no you haven't," I chuckled. "How much do you like it?" This was an almost surreal experience, my wife so hungry for sex. But who's complaining?!

"I love every inch of you, my love. The way it feels as it goes down my throat, the way your cum coats my mouth when you shoot in me. I love the taste of your cum."

All this was news to me. I couldn't help myself. "Since when? Whenever I ask you to do that at home, you always

make excuses... how do you say it... wanting to get to the good part?"

"Don't know where you got that because I love this." She stopped talking and went right back to me. *Jesus, she's worshipping my rod!* Even when we first started dating, I couldn't remember her ever doing this with such... enthusiasm!

Once I was hard, she crawled up on the chaise lounge, holding her sex up to me on her hands and knees. "I want you inside me..."

Yes, ma'am was all I could think! And I plunged right in. Now this... this is sex I could get used to. She came soon after I entered, a cry of pleasure that turned heads on the beach below. I slapped her ass hard, telling her to quiet down. All she did was moan louder.

Then she shocked me for real, moaning with each entry, pushing back for her pleasure. She looked back over her shoulder, a wicked smile and those eyes... "Would you like to watch Shane do this? Or have Shane fuck me while I suck on you?" *Shit! What did she just say?*

"You want to do this with Shane too... at the same time?" I choked out.

"Fuck yeh!" She was slamming herself against me now, moaning with the pleasure. "He's got a gigantic cock. I want to feel you and him at the same time! Oh, babe... yes... yes..." And then came hard. Her entire body shaking with the pleasure. Her howl of release filled the cabana. Now that people on the beach figured where it was coming from, they gathered to watch.

What could I say to that? How the fuck does my wife know the size of Shane's cock? Suddenly, I knew what was going on. It was the resort. Charles talking to her about all the play activities. The people undressing by the end of the week. It was just the vibe of the place.

My wife is a rare beauty with a tight body. She could get a lot of attention at this resort, if we wanted her to get it. But

the reality was... and I heard this out of her own mouth... what she wanted was Shane, not any of them.

I continued to pound into her. Words poured out of my mouth, not really knowing where they came from. "So you want a gigantic cock... more than one..."

"Yes... yes..." She was groaning now, each word seeming to take her higher as she pushed against me.

"I'll give you cock!" I cried out, grabbing her hips, hammering into her harder than I ever had before. She shivered underneath me, her release on the very edge.

"Oh my God... Oh God... Shane... yes... give it to me..."

I almost lost my breath. *Did my wife just call out my best friend's name while we were making love?* It was too late to stop now. A few more thrusts were all it took. I blasted inside.

Her loud screams of release... as she felt my spray... could be heard in our hometown, I swear! As it was, people on the other side of the foliage, already gathering to watch when she first groaned so loudly, began clapping, cheering. How the fuck do I respond to clapping when we make it? I sheepishly gave them a polite wave, then pulled on my wife, trying to get her back into the room, out of view.

The alcohol was fully in her system now. I could barely get her off the chaise. But the action had jazzed me so much, there was no chance I could sleep, so I laid her on the side of the huge sectional, covered her with a soft blanket, and pulled out my iPad to read something. Maybe that old fantasy novel I had not finished would be good...

Shit... I would not finish it now either. Thoughts of what happened over the last hour consumed me.

Was it a big mistake coming here? I knew she was totally wasted. The way she was thrashing... the way she fell asleep immediately afterwards... My guess is she won't even remember that we made it, much less calling out his name. But what am I supposed to think about that? Was this her true inner

feelings the drink allowed her to release? Has she desired him all these years, and I never knew?

I'll have to say this for the experience... it was fucking hot! My wife screaming out while I fucked her hard! Even knowing her mind was somewhere else, I was already getting hard again thinking about it.

We were still naked, despite her blanket and the night chill in the air. I laid my head back on the sectional, remembering the pleasure... her crying out with such passion. What am I gonna do? All this filled my mind as I followed her into slumber.

* * * *

About an hour later, I woke to gentle touching on my arm.

"You awake?" she asked. I looked at her, nodding. The smile on her face was simply radiant. "That was sure something... can you believe all those people were clapping when we finished?"

"Yeh, that was... surprising," I said, trying to get out of the cushioned sectional.

"I can't remember ever cumming so hard," she murmured softly. "Shook my entire body. You really got me going, babe."

I chuckled, no mirth in my voice. She did not miss the tone of regret, a look of worry on her face. "I don't think it was me that got you going, babe." I stood up, needing to move. We had to talk about it. I knew that. But I couldn't control my anxiety. I so loved this woman. I was suddenly afraid I had lost her somehow.

She sat up straight with that worried look now more prominent. "What do you mean by that? You don't think so?"

"Annie..." I started. "At the end, when you came so hard... you... you yelled Shane's name out, not mine... 'give me that cock Shane,' something like that..."

Annie went white. "Seriously?"

“Yeh, babe... Scout’s honor,” holding my three-fingers up in the classic salute.

She laughed nervously. Suddenly, the entire experience took on a new color. “Um... I don’t know what to say.”

From across the room, I looked at her. “I know what it is... it’s the resort... all these vibes about playing around... Still, is it really all you wanna do... to make it with my friend?” I could feel tears forming in my eyes. The feeling of being totally lost almost overwhelming me.

Her head was shaking now, violently no, no. “It’s not like that, Bryce. Not at all. I vaguely remember doing it, but I know for sure... it’s not about Shane. It’s about this situation... where we are... the purpose of this resort. It’s my brain going in ways... Bryce. I’ve never felt like this before. My sex is absolutely tingling all the time.”

She got up to put her arms around me. It was all I could do not to push her away.

“Bryce, look... we have a good sex life. I’ve had no complaints. But here... now... the need is so much more... like it has turned my sex drive up a notch.”

She walked over to the deck, even though she was standing nude in front of an open deck to the outside. Not seeming to notice her exposure, she moved her arms above her head, a full stretch, as if she had just finished a hard workout. Then she walked over to the kitchen, looking through the cabinets for something to drink.

As with everything else in this place... amazing! She opened a cabinet. It was like Shane had called ahead, telling them exactly what we wanted. There was an unopened fifth of *Jameson* and a bottle of *Sapphire* gin with the needed tonic. Even cucumbers instead of limes, the way Annie liked it. She let out a sigh, started fixing the drinks.

“Are you sure you need another drink?” I chuckled. “I practically had to carry you out of the *LL*.”

“Yes... I definitely NEED another drink!” Annie said, her head bowed, a growing anger at herself. “I can’t believe I did

that!”

She turned abruptly, looking at me with firm resolve. “I love you, Bryce, with my entire soul. I promise you here. There’s no chance at all... not even close... that I am thinking of Shane in some deeper way... that I want to leave you for him... or anything like that.”

She reached out, handing me the tumbler with my beloved *Jameson*. “Truth is, my love, I don’t know why his name came out of my throat. Maybe just because he has a big cock, and that was on my mind. Maybe because of where we are that...”

“Speaking of which,” I cut in. “How the fuck do you know he’s got a big cock? You’ve mentioned that twice now.” My face must have been red with the anger brewing underneath.

She bowed her head again, shaking, but with simple embarrassment this time. “It’s not like you are imagining. Something happened, my love... on the weekend of one of your basketball trips... maybe 3-4 years ago... I had done some laundry, was putting things away, when I walked into the guest bathroom with fresh towels. Didn’t know he was in there, just getting out of the shower. I got a... full frontal.” Her look of embarrassment made me chuckle. “I turned immediately, apologized profusely, and shut the door behind me, but it was too late. I had already seen him.”

“Well, you’re right. He’s enormous. I have watched some porn over the years. He’s not as big as some of those black guys they have there, but he’s a lot bigger than me.”

I took a swig of my drink, walked over to take her in my arms. We needed to talk. And soon. It had to be before Shane arrived. Where was this thing going? And if it went where I think she wanted, I needed to tell her my story.

I sat her on the sectional, finding a position next to her. It seemed somehow appropriate that we were both still naked. “We need to talk...” I began, as if this was becoming our resort mantra.

6 / Sharing (Bryce)

I looked at her, my feelings of love so strong. But how should I react? I couldn't believe what had just happened? *Calling out Shane's name? Fuck... I knew they were close after all his visits over the years, but this?*

"I want you to be honest with me, Annie," I started. "No recrimination, no judgment. Just the truth, okay? Would you want to make love with him while I watch... maybe join in?"

She lowered her head, a little shame touching her reddening face. But I had to know. She looked up, straight into my eyes. "Yes, my love. Very much. Ever since we got this invitation, I have been wondering if that's why he sent it, so we could have a threesome. Haven't been able to think of much else."

The look on my face must have surprised her... She grew worried about what I would say. But then my words came out, a decision made. My smile growing.

"Okay... I'm willing to do that," I said, with resolve. "I will talk to Shane at the first opportunity. We're going to be here for 6 more days. We could do a lot of humping between now and then."

Her shriek of delight made me cringe a little, but laugh more, as I reached over to hug her.

"You are still on the pill, aren't you?" I asked.

"Of course. Why would you ask me that?"

"We have been talking about having kids... starting a family... I didn't want to think... while we're here... about starting that family early. I know this is silly, but I want to be the father, not him."

My wife giggled softly. "Of course, my love. No question, okay? You will be the only father of our children. That is my promise to you." I must have let out a sigh of relief.

Her laughter filled the room. "Thinking ahead, are we?" she giggled again.

The warring thoughts, something unsaid. I HAD to tell her... I took her hands, locking our eyes.

“Before we come close to doing that, Annie... I have a confession to make. And it has to be done before he arrives. The reason will become obvious shortly. Please try to understand... it was a long time ago, and long before you came along.” The worried look on my face shook her a bit. I paused shortly, feeling a similar worry for myself. *Shit... how do I tell her THAT?*

“Late in my junior year, Shane and I shared an apartment on 75th St, near the U. That’s how we got to be such close friends.”

“You’ve already told me this...”

“What I haven’t told you is that one warm night, I was sitting there watching a game on TV. He came home late. We smoked a joint together, then... we had relations with each other.” I could hear her voice quivering, almost on the edge of laughter. *Laughter?*

“Relations? Is that your way of saying you had a gay encounter with him?”

I found my head nodding as if all on its own. Then something totally unexpected happened. Her face went flush. She reached over, grabbing a hold of my cock, still soft, and started massaging my cock and balls with both hands. Her breathing was trembling, excited, as she stroked my shaft with one hand, fondling my scrotum with the other.

“Tell me what you did with him.” It seemed a simple request, her wanting to dive deeper.

And so I did. About the first time. About how we became active lovers for over a year until I graduated. I slept in his bed more than my own. About how I became... submissive to him.

“I don’t know how to explain that last very well. Barely understand it myself.”

“You were the bottom, Bryce. He was the top. Come on, you were with him for a year. You never learned about tops & bottoms? Even I know that much.”

My face must have gone even redder because she drew closer. All her touching and stroking had done its magic. I was hard as stone. She crawled onto my lap, lowering herself on my hungry rod. The sigh of pleasure out of her throat... especially after what I considered a horrible confession...

“I’m sorry, Bryce, but this is making me so hot!”

She was grinding on me slowly, then pushed herself back, talking like she was making a work presentation, rather than riding my cock. “Now... I’m not gay... I don’t know this from experience.” Movement below followed each phrase. “But... the way I understand it... it is common in gay relationships for there to be tops and bottoms.... A giver and a receiver. In your relationship with Shane, you were the bottom. He was the top. He told you what to do, and you did it.”

She was working herself up and down now, her breathing raspy and shallow, clearly aroused. I had no fucking clue what was going on!

“Tell me what you did with him,” she asked again, her moaning growing deeper as she ground on me. Suddenly I got it. She was getting aroused by my story! So I did. Told her about an entire scene in a way to get her going. Emphasis on action and penetration. “You want to know? Okay...” Then I started talking.

About how he would come in. Tell me to take my clothes off. Get down on my knees to suck his cock until it was hard. How he took me to bed, pulling out the lube, then fucked me until releasing inside me.

When I started talking about being fucked by him, Annie simply went crazy, bouncing on my cock. ‘Tell me more...’ So I went on. About how Shane would offer my services... two guys, sometimes three. They would fuck me while I sucked on them until they gave me what they offered. How I loved sucking their cum down my throat, feeling them release inside me. *Crap, I was getting as aroused as she was!*

Annie shuddered suddenly, slamming herself down on my cock over and over. That took me over the top, exploding deep into her desire. Her scream of pleasure at feeling my

release filled the entire room. I didn't even know how to react. She shook hard with her climax.

She finally collapsed on my chest, panting and shuddering against me. I put my arms around her, letting her stay on my rod as I softened, finally falling out. *My spent wife, my beloved Annie, had just cum on my story of being gay! What the fuck?*

She got up, holding her hand under her sex so our combined fluids would not drip on someone else's furniture! She walked into the bathroom. I could hear water running before she brought back a towel to sit on. Then she cuddled as close as she could.

Her words filled me with joy. "I'm not upset, Bryce. I guess you can tell that. It happened a long time ago, before I even came along." She looked up at me. "But I have to ask. Why didn't you ever tell me this before? I would say this is a pretty important part of your history, don't you? For our relationship... you and Shane... for this week?"

She gasped suddenly, worried. "Are you still fooling around with him? Those basketball trips?"

"No, absolutely not," I protested strongly. "I would never cheat on you, whether man or woman. Something happened between us, babe. Truthfully, why I wanted to bring this up. We... broke up. Let's call it a falling out. We didn't speak for over a year." I told her the story of the three guys that came over. How they abused me. How sore I was afterward. How damaged I felt. "I broke it off with Shane after that, told him that was not the direction I wanted my life to go."

"I can't imagine you not talking to Shane for a year. Pretty big hole to fill... you two... now that I think about. You are clearly in love with him, aren't you?"

"Not like I am with you, but yes, I care about him very much."

"And now I know why..." she smiled, tickling me gently. "What happened?"

“We had a big fight over it. Screaming, nearly rose to a fistfight. He stormed out and didn’t come back for... had to be well over a year. Finally, he did, apologizing. He understood that was over the line. By this time, I had completely reassessed my life and decided I didn’t want to do that anymore. Told him we could only be friends without the sex. He accepted my terms. We have done nothing since. Turns out, it really wasn’t a problem. We just stopped.”

She leaned against me. “I’m glad you told me this. Please believe me, my love. I don’t think any differently about you. You are still my man. Hope you’re okay with that.”

My relief must have been all she needed to see.

7 / Choices Made (Annie)

Bryce chuckled, shaking his head. “Now that you know my deep dark secret... truthfully, it wasn’t like I tried to hide it, more just forgotten. Been over a decade since we have done anything.”

As I stroked his arm, occasionally going down to touch his soft shaft, I let the feelings of the last hour sink in. Finally, I pulled back, as if I understood for the first time. “I think I understand now... why you wanted to tell me... You felt like I had to know... in case there was touching while we were here... the plans with Shane... you didn’t want things misinterpreted...”

I hugged his chest, mirth making my chest jiggle against him. “I love you, Bryce. You know that. Have since I first saw you in the gym... I’m not going anywhere. Though I’m glad you told me... makes a big difference... especially with what we might do this week.”

“Yes, thank you, though considering how long it’s been, might not be an issue... Still, glad I got it off my chest. I don’t want there to be anything between us... nothing hidden.”

“Of course, but now I have to confess myself. I’m leaving you... for him. Good thing this came up...” I couldn’t stop laughing now, even before I got that joke out.

“You jerk!” he laughed, getting up to refresh our drinks

“Can I make a confession of my own?” I said.

“You’ve had a gay relationship too?” That got me laughing again.

“If you thought I would object to the whole thing... I want you to know that I don’t,” she said. “You’ve never brought up the possibility, but now that you have... That really got me going. I want you to know... if we go to bed with Shane... and you touch him... in THAT way... I would not object.”

I said those last few words so swiftly Bryce almost couldn't understand them. A questioning look on his face.

"Why don't you just say what you want, Annie?"

I took a couple of deep breaths. "Okay... I would really like for you to play like that. So I can watch."

"What?" His voice trembling, incredulous at what I had said. Shame washed my face. I wondered if he would think less of me because I said it.

"So how do you see this going?" he asked. "He and I do it on the bed, and you... what... sit on a chair? Or do you want to share his enormous cock... both of us licking at the same time?"

"Oh god... would you let me do that? I would LOVE sucking on him with you!" I was openly panting now, couldn't help it. "I don't know what it is... but it is so exciting... my body... my sex is quivering. I really want to watch you do that."

He was stunned, couldn't believe it. His wife wanted to watch him suck a guy, or even share a cock with her. Talking about unexpected developments! He stood up. No place to go. My husband always did this when he was nervous, needing to think. I just watched. He had paced like this many times in the last seven years.

"Do you know my actual concern?" He said. I said nothing, knew he would come out with it, eventually. "That you will think less of me afterwards. Not that I think of myself as some macho man always in control... but there's something about me and Shane. It's really hard for me to say no to him. In fact, just the opposite. I would do anything he asked me to do in bed... because I wanted to... eagerly... anything!"

He walked over to me again, sitting down. "What would you think of me, after he orders me onto my knees, to spread my ass cheeks so he can fuck me... and I do it! Will you still respect me afterward, still love me? I don't want to become his butt boy again, no matter how enjoyable, and then have you

treat me like dirt afterwards. That will not happen. I won't tolerate it, I just..."

"Quiet... please," she interrupted. "You're working yourself up to something that is more than it is. Frankly, I don't know how I will react, other than knowing it really arouses me. But I can tell you this with assurance. I know the difference between sex and life. No matter what happens here. It will not change how we live our lives together. I would never allow that, either."

I patted his arm, sharply, as a sudden thought came to me, my eagerness showing. "Hey, I've got an idea. Read a book one time about Christmas Eve during World War I. One soldier started singing *Silent Night*. The soldiers on the other trench joined in. Pretty soon, both sides are singing. The Germans and the Brits came out of the trenches, shaking hands, playing soccer, worshiping together for Christmas. They created a no-fault zone in the middle of the war that lasted one night."

I shook my head... yes, this was the way to do this.

"My idea is to create our own no-fault zone this week... and this week only. You know, kind of 'what happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas'. Anything goes. I can fuck Shane as much as I want. And Shane, fuck you as much as you want. If you're off to the store and you come home to us going at it... no problem. The same for you, if I go out to a spa, or to the beach, I come home to you going at it. No problem. Even for outsiders, if we want to include more. We can get involved in some of those swinging groups, me getting fucked by lots and lots... you doing the same. Sounds kind of fun actually... Throw out all the rules. Open play... for this week only. What do you think? Could we do it?"

He nodded his acceptance. "I sure hope you know what you're doing," he laughed, holding out his hand. We shook like we had just signed a real estate deal. "Okay. I agree. What happens in *Temptation*, stays in *Temptation*."

With that decision made, we went back to bed. I could tell he was still a little concerned about what we had agreed on. But my mind was already leaping ahead, toward all the

sensual delights now possible. What would it be like, opening myself to Shane? Having Bryce do the same?

Hard to know what my reaction will be. I knew the love he always had for his best friend would resurface, find renewed physical expression. Where would the three of us be by the end of a week like this? Well... we're going to find out, won't we?!

8 / Flying into Temptation (Shane)

As my *NetJet* approached the runway at Nassau, I couldn't help but laugh at how people get so used to things so quickly. The idea of standing in line at the security queues and sitting around the airport waiting for a departure time suddenly seemed like the worst thing possible... even if I had done just that only a few months ago.

The anxiety about seeing my friends again kept me pacing, at least in my heart, since the seatbelt held me as the plane made its descent. How far should I push this? Would they even understand? I loved them... loved them both. I had honed my feelings over a decade of regular contact. It had given me the inspiration for this week.

When I look back, I remain surprised how I came to think of them as one 'thing', something inseparable, almost as soon as Bryce and Annie got together. Those two belonged to each other if any couple ever did. They seemed to mesh together so well. Since then, I had never met a happier couple, one more attuned to each other. As if they intuitively knew what the other needed, almost 'by heart' as they say.

I had only seen them argue once, when Annie had a fight with her parents about something. I never found out what. Bryce apparently sided with the parents, causing a battle royale... screaming, accusations of no love... the works. Annie stomped out of the house in a rage. That happened while I was trying to hide in the other room. But I heard it through several walls, it was so loud.

But she came back. And as was their way, they both said it was their fault, apologizing to each other. It would never happen again. Moments later, they were in the bedroom and I left to go visit a sports bar for the next couple of hours. They needed to work that out. When I returned, it was like it had never happened.

Bryce, of course, had been my lover in college and best friend ever since. Annie... that took longer. When they first got together, I saw her as an interloper, someone undeserving

of the love of my life. We didn't get along well at all. But over the ten years of their marriage, I came to understand. These two belonged together.

And I grew to love her almost as much as I did her husband. Annie... that wisp of a girl... stole my heart. Her beauty, her smile, her intelligence. And those perky breasts... She had matured into an incredible woman.

Truthfully, over time, my visits to their home were as much to see Annie as for her husband. They became my two best friends, not just one. And I came to love her so. I have always wondered why Bryce never paid attention to how much time I spent with her when I came to visit. I guess that shows how much he trusted me.

Annie and I were together, by ourselves, many times over those years. The thought of betraying Bryce never once crossed my mind, and I'm sure Annie felt the same. I guess he knew that. But that didn't mean there were no feelings.

Yes, I wanted to wrap my arms around Bryce again, but I wanted to feel Annie in that way just as much. I wonder what Annie will think. The first time I suggest we all share the love we feel?

Fear of catastrophic results gripped me as the plane descended to Nassau. So much for being Bryce's free spirit! I loved it when he called me that. And I was... a little... but only when compared to my friend that had a stick up his ass since he was born! Everything had to be 'just so'... Always made me laugh. But I loved him... like no other.

I loved them both so much I forcefully turned my sexual urges off whenever I was with them! How much more proof of my love could there be than that?! Okay, so I didn't really turn those urges off. That would not be possible. Every night while I was in their house, I would pound myself. Night after night. By the end of a typical visit, my cock was always raw.

One time, several years ago, she looked so attractive, so inviting... She had taken to wearing these thin nightgowns that left plenty for me to enjoy. The tension that developed inside

me had to be relieved. I went to take a shower, whipping my wad so hard, I thought the entire house would hear my groans.

As fate would have it, Annie came into the bathroom to deliver some towels after I got out; accidentally seeing me naked. I was SO glad she didn't come in just a few minutes earlier! The shocked look on her face was priceless.

Now... I knew it was time to be honest... about both feelings and desires. I was confident it would all be different. One way or the other, I was going to tell them about my feelings, confess how much I wanted them both. This was our week to take a fresh approach, to branch out.

Okay... maybe not all that confident. Slightly terrified, actually!

Would Bryce be open to showing his love again? I did not know, though his continuing feelings were still obvious, even though I could no longer touch him. It was in the eyes. His tone. The way he smiled when I came out of the airport walkway. The way we hugged when departing.

Would Annie be willing to share her love with me? She loved me as much as I loved her. There was no doubt about that. Again, the way she talked to me. The twinkle in her eye when we spoke, her hugs. Or maybe it was the way she paraded around the house in those see-through nightgowns. She had to know what that did to me!

But would Annie hate me for loving Bryce? Feel like I am trying to take him away? I'm not, especially considering my equally powerful feelings for her. I had no interest in taking anything away.

No, my thoughts were to something new. A totally different dream of sharing and pleasure. Now that money is no longer an issue for me, I wanted to see if my dream could become a reality. The idea for this week was to get them open to the idea. The three of us... together.

9 / Change Comes (Shane)

And who would have thought that old curmudgeon, my Uncle Edwin Decker, would be the one making this possible? He was my father's oldest brother, a good 10 years older than my dad. I didn't even know he had money when he asked me to help him.

Five years ago, Uncle Ed called, asking if I would help him with his property holdings north of Las Vegas. He was getting older and needed some help. At first I resisted. Traipsing around desert scrub land was not my idea of a fun trip to Vegas. I was more a 'women and booze' Vegas guy.

It was my dad that convinced me. Ed needed the help, he told me, and you've got nothing better to do. So go help. By that time, I had been in a seemingly endless line of dead-end jobs, going nowhere with my life. Like every parent in the world, I suspect, Dad thought I needed more focus. To 'do something' with my life... as if living it to the fullest wasn't a viable choice!

The first time I went out there, I knew there was no fucking way I was doing this for a living. It was nothing but sand filled with creosote bushes, mesquite, yucca and so many varieties of cacti I couldn't remember them all. Nothing but flat wasteland... except for the snakes and fire ants, of course. My first experience with those little red motherfuckers taught me respect for the desert, that's for sure.

Anyway, Uncle Ed took me under his wing after that. Taught me about life. I soon recognized myself as the arrogant jerk I had become. It really was a rude awakening. Ed said nothing to me about it, more the example he set. The guy never married, or even seemed interested in women, or men even. Just lived in his own world, buying every parcel of land when one would come up for sale. We talked and talked every time I came to work. And I like to think that wisdom grew with his influence.

We would play games, go to the casinos, see shows. Just had a fun time together... besides, of course, his working my

ass off with heavy gloves and clothes to protect me from all the desert offered.

Uncle Ed lived modestly, in a sprawling adobe home in the middle of one of those plots. He was so far off the grid he had well water and diesel generated electricity. The home was pleasant, but nothing fancy. I guess in the old days, they used to call that 'land rich, cash poor'.

At first, I would only go out three-to-four times a year. He would call me, send me the plane ticket, then I would fly out. Over time, besides the heat, which took a little getting used to, I seemed to find a home there.

For the first two years, all I did was clean properties when he sold a small parcel here and there. Locals would always find empty desert land convenient for throwing trash, abandoning cars, having parties around a campfire, with all the beer cans and broken bottles left behind. Someone needed to clean it up.

The last three years... that's when it got interesting. He included me in his larger plans. By this time, I was basically running the properties for him. Anyone that wanted a small parcel, or had any dealings with the land, called my cell, not Uncle Ed's. I would work out the deal, then come back to Uncle Ed for his approval. After a while, he told me to take care of it. In retrospect, I now realize that was one of the proudest moments of my life when Uncle Ed told me his approval was no longer needed. That he trusted my judgment.

Turns out, he had been accumulating this acreage since the 60s. Had over 25,000 acres by the time I came along. Nearly 40 square miles of open ground. When he bought it, the land was miles from Las Vegas. Worthless to anyone except a visionary with patience.

And his vision came true. Over those 50 years, Vegas had transformed from a center for debauchery in the middle of nowhere to become one of the fastest growing cities in the US. Year by year, mile by mile, Las Vegas spread north, with the area around his land becoming a new suburbia, with acres of

single-home and multi-family developments, large retail centers and new highways to allow for more.

An occasional sale of a small piece would cover his living expenses and taxes, but otherwise, Uncle Ed just sat on the land. Along the way, employing a bum like me to help. I'll admit it, I was a bum. I knew I wasn't using my potential.

But I didn't give a fuck. 9-5 work... dedicating myself to nothing but business... I was so NOT interested in that! How boring could a life get? Working for Uncle Ed seemed to be the perfect fit for me. I could disappear for weeks on end, doing whatever I wanted, then come back to work hard when he needed it. And he paid me enough to cover my admittedly meager expenses for the rest of the year.

Uncle Ed's acre-by-acre approach, selling when someone made a request, was fine for 50 years, but he finally decided it was too much work, wanted to let it go all at once. I found out later; they had diagnosed him with cancer. Though he never told me until the last six months of his life, when the deterioration got too dramatic to hide. I was really upset, and hurt, when he finally told me. I felt I could have done so much more for him during his last months.

Since he never married, he kind of adopted me as his kid. Not legally, or anything, but emotionally, we had become very close. Even when I was a kid, he was my favorite uncle. Almost every year, my dad would fly the family to Vegas. We always stayed with his brother in that sprawling house in the desert.

A couple years before his death, he made me officially his No. 1. He no longer wanted to deal with the developers, brokers, banks and government officials required by real estate transactions. He turned that over to me. Then, when he wanted to sell the entire lot as a block, he handed that over to me as well.

That's when I found out how much he owned. What had been scrub land had transformed, through time and population growth, into thousands of acres of prime real estate development property. He walked away with a cool \$200

million after brokerage fees and taxes. The guy was now richer than anyone I had ever met.

After the sale, we went out for a big dinner at the *Bellagio* in Vegas. Took a limo into town, bought \$10,000 bottles of wine. I took him out to get a lap dance! After watching those tits sway in front of his face... to his delight... he took me out for a late drink and finally told me about his cancer. The triumph of his success crashed into the fact of his limited timeline. I cried as the news crushed all my happiness about the deal.

He had clearly gone through the stages of death thing, now on to Acceptance. I hadn't. Didn't get a chance. Though I spent the last few months with him, taking care of him as he deteriorated.

The cruelest twist of all. He never got to enjoy the money. He died just months after the sale completed, leaving his entire fortune to me as executor and sole heir. Fuck... after estate taxes and attorneys, \$1 million each to his siblings, paying off every debt of my siblings and folks, buying my parents a new home and luxury cars, I still had \$120 million free and clear. All now split between 4 different money managers, including \$30 million with *Amber Financial*, Annie's firm.

Truth is, they lost me with all this money. I was like that kid that won a \$100 million *Powerball* lottery one year. When asked what he planned to do with the money, he said he was hoping to get a new engine for his truck! At the time, I knew that money was going to eat that kid alive.

I also knew I had won a weird personal lottery, and suddenly felt just as lost as the kid with the truck. I needed help. No question about that. I had gained a working knowledge of real estate, but financial management of wealth on this scale?! Not a chance.

The subtext of this trip was not just to have Bryce suck on my cock again. Or gain access to Annie. I wanted them to help me manage my new stash. I trusted him more than anyone else I knew. And Annie was a brilliant financial

analyst that understood the markets very well. I had seen her thinking process in action many times.

Being able to mix business with pleasure would just be the topper! My plan was to propose a partnership. They come to work for me. I pay them each a cool mil a year to manage the money for me. That might work, don't you think? He could do the management of the managers and she could figure out what to actually do with it. My own family office. At least, that was the plan. It all depended on how things went this week.

The plane finally landed, where I had a car pick me up for the trip to *Temptation*. I loved this resort. Came down at least 3-4 times a year. Had for years. It was the primary place I spent all of Uncle Ed's wages. Before, my budget forced me to stay in the low-rent cabanas on the edge of the property, though I still got my rocks off plenty, enjoyed the lifestyle folks, and fucked whoever I wanted, male and female.

Now, I was here to do the same... but the stakes were so much higher. My life would be very different... one way or the other... by the time this week was through.

10 / The Host Arrives (Annie)

My head was killing me when I woke the next morning. I was going to have to watch my drinking here. Those rum punches sneak up on you. They are so sweet you don't notice the alcohol until it is too late.

Four rum punches were good, but the aftermath! And not just from the headache, as I looked over at my sleeping husband. The things I said, Bryce's revelation, my arousal and our agreement. We were fully in on this trip now. No turning back.

At least I hoped not. All the action last night had released a wild impulse in me that was far from being tamed. I couldn't believe all the naughty thoughts I was having.

But first, this wild headache needs to be tamed. I got out of bed, still naked, walking to the kitchen. It was already past 9 o'clock. The headache was gathering strength as I rubbed my temples, trying to relieve the tension. Opening every cabinet door and drawer, I was looking for some painkillers. *Where the fuck were they?* Surely a place that served alcohol so freely would be ready for the result, I thought desperately.

The door to the bedroom opened, a naked Bryce walked out, a small bottle of *Motrin* in his hand, and a knowing grin on his face. My heart leaped at seeing him. The desire pulsed inside me like a feral cat, ready to pounce. He was a beautiful man in his naked glory.

But first, the headache... "Thank God! I can't believe you let me drink that much." My wry grin at Bryce made him smile.

"Hey, I wasn't the one that kept agreeing every time Charles came by," he laughed.

I wrenched the bottle out of his hand, trying to get the adult-proof lid off, when I spun unexpectedly at a voice coming from the front door.

"Yes, indeed. Charles does like the extra alcohol in his drinks for the ladies. Thinks it will loosen them up a little."

I shrieked at the surprise, scampering back to the bedroom, closing the door slightly to cover myself, peering over the edge. It was Shane, luggage in each hand. He never told us when he would arrive, but I didn't expect him this early!

Bryce turned toward him, offering his own wry grin and a nod of open amusement to his friend, then walked back to the bedroom, casual as can be, closing the door behind him.

"Did you know he was coming this early?" I whispered, my face red with the embarrassment of him seeing me naked. Bryce was trying not to burst into laughter, failing. We were soon giggling in the bedroom as we pulled clothes out of drawers and closets. Shane came sooner than expected, for sure.

Bryce pulled on gym shorts and a Hawaiian shirt. But I thought about it, decided to make a statement... to take my first steps down that path we established last night. Out came my first surprise for Bryce, as I stayed naked underneath, putting on a loose fitting tunic dress made of a transparent white material. I looked down at the dark circles of my areolas so prominent. Already, my nipples had hardened, pressing against the sheer fabric.

Bryce looked at me, grinning at my outfit, reaching over to pinch a nipple as I squirmed back. "You sure... already?" He asked. "We haven't even talked to him yet."

"He'll love this. And get the right message... I hope," giggling as I tried to figure out the concerned look on Bryce's face. I walked over to my husband, pulling his waistband out, rubbing his cock underneath the shorts, feeling his growing hardness. "Looks like you're just as ready, my love. What do you think about having his cock in your mouth again before the end of the day?"

He pushed my hand away, chuckling softly. "Slow down, Speed Racer. We got a long way to go before that happens."

"The longest journey begins with a single step..." I said, emphasizing my outfit with my hands and a raised eyebrow.

Bryce threw his hands up in total exasperation. "I've unleashed a demon!" We both burst into another round of laughter, which Shane had to hear, even in the next room.

I could see my nipples waving with the mirth, they were so pointy on the fabric. "We better go out and greet our host," I said. "Got a lot to talk about today." He reached his hand out, and we walked back into the main room.

We hugged Shane tightly as we entered the room, welcoming. Shane could not control his eyes, as my dark disks in front attracted his attention, but we did not give him a chance to react. The words poured out so fast; we were talking over each other. 'This place is incredible.' 'We had so much fun last night.' 'The beach is beautiful.' On and on, about the resort and how thankful we were for the invite.

Finally, Shane interrupted our words. "Great... glad you liked it. But I am starving. Let's go get something to eat. *The Bahaman* has a killer omelet. Better get dressed."

"I am dressed," I said, proudly pushing my chest out at him. Bryce just shook his head.

Shane did his own assessment, that wry grin again. "Getting comfortable already, I see... Works for me," he shrugged.

We walked out of the cabana. Though, despite what we said, we had spent so much time in bed; we had seen little of the resort. The lush greenery and stone walkways everywhere left a lasting impression as we passed. There were a lot of cabanas in our general style, though most were much smaller with only one balcony.

I couldn't help myself, an absolute chatterbox on the way to the restaurant. I went on and on about the resort, how wonderful everything was, how much fun we were having. Shane nodded, saying yes once in a while, otherwise just listened. Bryce followed beside me, saying nothing. We smiled at each other occasionally. Likely thinking the same thing. *Why is she so talkative? Must be nervous about something...*

And was I ever. By the time we got to *The Bahaman*, the casual dining spot open 24-hours, I had been talking for better than 25 minutes. I had granola. The guys both had omelets. The food looked good when it came.

As soon as we dove in, Bryce could not wait any longer. “Come on, Shane,” he said. “All this money, spending it so freely. What’s going on? We need an explanation.” I looked across the table, equally curious. I knew he was worried about it being illegally gained.

“Do I have a story to tell you?! Remember my Uncle Ed, in Vegas, been doing all that land maintenance work for him?” We both remembered his stories. “Well...” For the next three hours, through the meal, during a walk through the resort, and back to the cabana, Shane talked. About the land, the sale, the inheritance, the \$120 million.

Bryce couldn’t believe it. Seemed to look for holes in his ‘story’ at every step. Shane just grinned. From the way it sounds, he could hardly believe it happened himself.

“It seems weird, doesn’t it?” Shane said, shaking his head. “Even having gone through it... an incredible story.”

But the evidence was right in front of us. The combination of the cabana, plane tickets, and all expenses at the resort alone was at least \$20,000. I priced it out during my research. The Shane we knew could not come close to affording that.

We were not poor ourselves. Well off, in fact, both working at high-paying professional careers, but this was money on another level. Being involved in the financial industry, I knew how much \$120 million really was. How much cash it would generate every year, the possibilities for future growth if invested wisely. His Uncle Ed had set our friend up for life, and then some.

When we finally got back to the cabana, I asked Shane a harder question. “What are you going to do with all that money?”

“I don’t have a fucking clue...” he chuckled, shaking his head. “Not one clue.”

By this time, it was afternoon. Shane and I continued talking about the financial possibilities. Bryce got up, fixed us all drinks, bringing them over to us.

“My friend, here’s to you,” Bryce toasted. “To your good fortune, and hoping the old adage, ‘be careful what you want, for you will surely get it,’ does not come back to bite you on the ass.” We all clinked glasses, nodding our acceptance of his sentiment.

But Shane wasn’t finished with us. Maybe it was all the talking we had done over the years, the opening up about feelings and needs, but I could tell. Shane was genuinely worried. This kind of money can be both savior and temptress all at the same time. I knew that. Some of the client relationship people at *Amber* have told me stories about inherited wealth, and the people that were destroyed by too much money, as out-of-control vices alienated friends and family alike. The loneliness and despair that followed.

“So, really, Shane. What are you going to do?” Bryce asked.

“Frankly, I was hoping you two could help me,” his immediate reply. Bryce and I looked at each other.

“How?”

11 / Hearing the Story (Bryce)

I didn't even know how to respond to him. Quit my job? Form a family office? Manage his money? I kept exchanging glances with Annie. She was just as shocked.

"I know this is a lot to throw at you all at once..." Shane said.

"Ya think?" I said. "Jesus, Shane. This all happened six months ago and you're just telling us now? What should we think about that? We knew what your Uncle Ed meant to you. Would have come down for the funeral even. But to hide it all, then drop this bomb..."

Shane knew this was the big sticking point, his lack of openness. "I'm so sorry. I don't know how to explain it. Everything happened so fast... the sale, the discovery he had cancer, the inheritance. Didn't you notice I was a little out of sorts when we took our trip in December? Ed died three weeks later."

"Look, Shane," Annie cut in. "Bryce is sympathetic about what you went through. We both are. He's just reacting to your not telling us. We are friends... we thought good friends... close friends, but when things happened in your life that really meant something, you shut us out, couldn't share it, or allow us to help you. It's just surprising, is all..."

The tears forming told Shane what she was feeling. He got up, pulled her into his arms, hugging her tight, looking at me at the same time. "I am so sorry. Sincerely, sorry. I love you both. I do. I was just overwhelmed. Don't really know how else to describe it."

I stood up, wrapping my arms around the both of them, finally pushing us apart, looking directly at Shane. But my arm was still around Annie. "You need to understand... It can't be this way if we are going to work with you, Shane. Personal and professional are two very different things. We can be angry, even hurt for a while if you shut us out. Still be friends. But if you want us to get involved in your business, we will

require openness and complete honesty. There can be no other way.”

Annie looked at me a little shocked, surprised I was even considering it. “There’s a saying we hear a lot around my shop,” she said. “‘People are funny about their money.’ It’s one thing to say you want us to help, but what if we disagree about a future direction? We’re suddenly fired... out on the streets... having given up our careers?”

“I can’t promise we will not have disagreements. Though... all the portfolio managers I have met were arrogant. I guess they have to be in that trade. You can’t be any worse than the ones I already have. In the meantime, I think my offer might interest you. A million annual salary, each, for a guaranteed five years... in writing... then a rolling option to renew for another five years. If you do not renew, or exit because of a split, an exit guarantee of an additional million each.”

Both Annie and I were so shocked at the numbers he was throwing around. We just stared.

“I thought so,” Shane chuckled. “I don’t know what either of you make now, but it ain’t THAT! Even if we do split later, that should compensate you for the inconvenience. Besides... and here’s the truth. I want the money to grow, want to do something good with it, but... I really don’t care about it. Or want to hoard it like some modern-day Scrooge. Just not my way. I’m open to your ideas. There won’t be many disagreements. I just need someone to take care of it. And I trust you two more than anyone else to do that.”

I finally looked at him, a decision made. “There is no way we want to give you an answer while on this trip,” I said. “Too many other things going on.” Shane immediately looked down at Annie’s rigid nipples pressing against her tunic. He knew exactly what I meant. “We will need to think about it. Where should we live? How to incorporate? We’ll need to register as an RIA. There are a lot of details that have to be worked out. We’ll do that after the week is over. Okay?”

Shane nodded. The relief on his face was palpable. He clearly had no clue what I was talking about. All the details involved. “Good then. Glad we got that out of the way,” Shane said. “I have a lot of fun activities planned for the rest of the week. Do you have anything on your bucket lists?”

“Nude beach...” Annie blurted out without hesitation.

Shane and I laughed with gusto. “I guess the lady knows what she wants,” I grinned.

“We can do that,” Shane said. “Let me get unpacked, get something appropriate to wear around the resort. We still have to be dressed on our way there and back,” he chuckled.

As he walked toward the master bedroom, he turned in our direction. “Look...” he bowed his head, nodding. “And this is the honest truth. I came to you both with this... First, because I trust you implicitly with my very life. More than anyone else I have ever known. I can be a hard person to deal with... as you know... But you also know I am good at my word. That means something to me. We can trust each other to do what is best for us all.” He was looking directly at me when he said that. “Second, I came because I love you both more than I can say. I knew you were smart and professionally in the areas I needed and... frankly, I wanted to share some of my good fortune. That’s the truth.” He nodded again, then entered his room.

Annie and I talked while he was gone, but the import of it all was so high, we knew much more thinking was going to be required.

“What are we going to do about our agreement?” Annie asked, her anxiousness showing through the words.

“I’m sorry, my love, but I think we should put the talk off a couple of days. I don’t want him to think we are sleeping with him suddenly because he offered us money.” Annie reluctantly agreed, though I could tell she was not happy about it. My wife was ready to play!

20 minutes later, Shane came back out, and it was like the Shane of old had returned. Relaxed, confident, funny. “God,

I'm so happy to get that off my chest. To finally have it in the open. Let's go." He hugged us both as he walked by, clear relief on his face.

He had grabbed his beach bag with the lotion. On the way, he told us why he had held back. The lawyers for his uncle apparently sent him to a series of classes. 'Children with Wealth' was the class. One of the recurring lessons was that having some money is one thing. Having this kind of money is something totally different. Who you meet, who you get into bed with, who you go into business with. Once they find out the depth of your wealth, their behavior will often change... and lawyers will get involved. Need to protect yourself. "You are right," he said to Annie as he finished, "people ARE funny about their money."

And that was the last we talked about it until the last day at the resort.

12 / Too Many Rum Punches (Annie)

The nude beach was so much fun. Lots of naked bodies, attractive and not, but everyone enjoying life, *au naturel*. When we found a spot we liked, the guys stood back, staring at me while I took my tunic off, nothing underneath.

Their breath caught, and so did mine! I intentionally made sure I hid nothing, pulling the top over my head, catching my boobies on the material so they would flop around, then sat down on a beach chair. Unfortunately, my nipples betrayed me. They were hard, pointy, seemed to throb, wanting to be touched. My eye caught Bryce's. He just smiled, knowing what I was thinking.

During the afternoon, we soaked in some rays while reading books and talking, played beach volleyball with another group, spent time in the water, even sat talking to each other.

The nude beach experience certainly broke the ice as I grew more comfortable being naked in front of our friend. Truthfully, it did much more. I wanted to get fucked! The need was burning inside me...

After all this time in the sun, we stopped at the *Au Naturel Grill*, right off the nude beach, on our way back to the cabana. The rum punches were calling my name. We were still naked, sitting on chairs at the edge of the patio.

I kept looking at Bryce as we talked. He always seemed right on the edge of talking to Shane about our desires, but never found the opening... or the courage! Okay; we had agreed to delay the talk, but my sex tingled... I needed relief! For me, the sexual tension continued building until I was ready to burst. I knew why he didn't, but I was simply on fire.

I wondered if I should be the one to make the first move, touching Shane VERY inappropriately. Somehow, I knew that would be a mistake. Even though this was our first time, I intuitively knew there was a protocol involved. For my husband to accept me sleeping with his friend, he had to be comfortable, take the first step. Otherwise, it would just be

cheating. I understood his reluctance after the news this morning, but my sex tingled, driving me crazy. I needed something inside me!

As we sat in chairs around a small table, the sexual tension pushed at me. I touched their arms, sat on Bryce's lap with my legs partially spread in Shane's direction, my slit clearly visible. And tried looking at him with my most sultry twinkle.

Bryce seemed comfortable with what I was doing, so I continued... until he wasn't. I guess I became too brazen after a couple of rum drinks. Maybe it was touching my legs to theirs, spreading them to make the contact. Or placing my hand on Shane's thigh, only inches from his gorgeous rod. Bryce grew increasingly nervous. Maybe it was just me.

Shane said he had to go to the bathroom. Unexpectedly, Bryce said he would go with him. Thank God! I thought to myself. He would finally do it.

I finished another rum punch, ordered more. Several guys hit on me while I sat there. That just made by sex leak even more. They seemed to take a long time for guys, but when they returned, my anxious eyes probed Bryce, winking. He shook his head no. I must have pouted, because Bryce burst out laughing. *Nothing! Shit, when is he going to do it? I'm burning up here!*

Shane looked at him, wanting to know what was funny. "Annie is anxious," he chuckled.

Before Shane could ask about what, I blurted out, "I'm hungry," trying to stand, tottering a little, coming back down on the chair arm. I could feel my breasts flopping with the movement. *So nice... Why don't they grab me and do what I want?!*

Okay... maybe I shouldn't have done that last rum punch. I was getting a little woozy. Still, my stomach was growling. We had eaten nothing since the morning.

Bryce looked at me, laughing. "Babe, those rum punches will be the death of you this week. How many have you had?"

I had trouble counting the total. He laughed again. “I see... too many is the number.”

Shane and Bryce let me sit there while they put their clothes on for the walk back, then helped me get the tunic over my shoulders and out of the chair. Shit... I really was blasted, giggling at my inability to walk a straight line.

“I’m hungry,” I whined again. I almost cringed at hearing my tone. *Annie Kingsbury is NOT a whiner, thank you very much!*

Bryce shook his head again. “I may need to supervise your drinking for the rest of the week,” he laughed. “Those rum punches are too much for you.”

Shane looked at me, smiling, turned to Bryce. “Let’s take her to the *LL*. They serve bar food and Charles will entertain us while she sleeps it off.”

On the way, Bryce got him talking about Las Vegas, what he was going to do going forward. He had no clue. They had only done the final papers for the transfer in the last few months. IRS approval of the estate tax filing delayed the transfer.

As estates go, Decker’s was pretty simple. Mostly cash anyway, after the huge sale of the acreage. He kept his Uncle’s house and the 20 acres surrounding it, but that would not last long, he was sure. Two developments were already going up on either side, and they planned a highway at the edge. He would probably need to move.

The walk to the *LL* was actually quite fun, for me at least. I kept interrupting the discussion by tripping, or saying something outrageous, like how I wanted to suck on some guy that was passing. I looked at the guy, saying it loud enough. He turned, coming back to take advantage of the offer. And I would have done it too! The guys explained my inability to walk, much less suck. Only at the *Temptation*, the guy said, laughing as he walked away.

By the time we got to the *LL*, I had sobered a little, but did so just in time to order another rum punch when Charles

walked up to our booth. “Maybe one,” Bryce insisted to Charles. They ordered burgers, fries, and beers. I went with a chicken salad... with the required rum punch, of course.

My desire was exploding by this time... I was openly flirting with them both, touching both Shane and my husband under the table. Bryce kept pushing my hands back. ‘Not yet,’ he would whisper.

Even before the food arrived, and halfway through the addictive rum concoction, I felt a little more than woozy, struggling to hold my head up.

Charles looked at me. “The Missus having some trouble with the rum punch?” The guys both nodded. “They are very delicious,” he assured them. “Especially when I add the extra rum.” That’s all I remembered.

They woke me when the food arrived. And I ate some, I guess, though the fork kept moving around. I couldn’t figure out why.

They were talking to Charles about what was happening at the resort this week, when I got seriously woozy, my head spinning. I must have turned white because Bryce pulled me abruptly out of the booth, rushing outside, me stumbling along in his arms.

He leaned me over a trashcan. As if that was a signal, all those rum punches and a bit of chicken salad came back for a return visit... over and over. And I blacked out.

13 / Taking a Trip (Shane)

We had to carry her back to the cabana. That girl cannot handle her liquor. Once back home, Bryce carried her to the bedroom, washing her face of any excess remaining. We would not hear from her again tonight, I suspected.

Bryce and I stayed up a little longer, talking about my plans for the future, but it had been an active day for us all. I told him I had a fun surprise for tomorrow. So get up early. We want to be on the road by 8:30.

When I came out of the bedroom the next day, to the sound of slamming drawers and cabinets, it was like déjà vu all over again! Only this time, Annie dressed in one of those silky nightgowns she favored.

“Where did I put the fucking things?” She kept saying, as she frantically searched for some relief.

I walked to the place where I always found them, reached around her to offer the *Motrin* bottle. She snatched them out of my hand, dropping three in her mouth.

“My head is exploding,” she giggled.

Bryce came out of the bedroom just then, chuckling. “That’s two mornings in a row, babe. Might want to stick to something a little lighter for a couple of days.”

She was giggling at that point, clearly embarrassed about her behavior, nodding she would. I looked at the clock. It was already 7:30 in the morning. I texted Sam, my bellman. We would be out in a half-hour, needing transport to the marina. Sam replied he would be there. I started a pot of coffee.

My God... she was just as beautiful as yesterday, despite our watching her worship the trashcan gods only a few hours before. We could have so much pleasure together. Bryce did not disappoint either. I had seen him in December. Not much had changed since then, but it had been a long time since I’d looked at him with even a remote chance of touching. I had to turn away as my cock sprang to life.

“Hey, get your swim wear on,” I said, clapping my hands together. Annie cringed at the loud noise. “I have a boat to take us out to an island with the most beautiful cove ever!”

They just stared at me... “Gotta get moving... Come on...” I laughed, waving them back to the bedrooms. “Get dressed... we want to get back before sundown. Lots of things to see. We can talk on the way.”

The Bahamas is a single nation, but made up of a string of smaller islands and one big one, ‘The Bahamas.’ *Temptation* is on New Providence Island, the same as Nassau. My plan was to take a boat to Black Point, a small island about 90 miles south and east, spend the day at a great cove I know there, then back for a hopefully fun evening. My cock stirred at the possibilities that evening could include.

Bryce and Annie came out quickly. Bryce pretty much like before, swapping the gym shorts for swim trunks and another Hawaiian shirt. But Annie... oh my God... radiant. She wore a striped, multi-colored bikini that made my mouth water, with only a floral print wrap skirt covering her legs. A long slit up the side revealed plenty of skin. She had a big floppy beach hat for sun coverage and a bag, presumably filled with suntan lotion and whatever else she needed.

By the time they came out, Sam was there with the cart and we were off to the boat. I rented an Aquila power catamaran for the entire week. Wasn’t sure we would use it more than once, but, I figured, what the fuck? I had the money to spare now!

I had rented it several times before, knew the owner well at this point. We could have sailed. I had been sailing since I was 10, but neither of my friends had. It would have taken us too long. Today was about us and the future, not teaching them about tacking and the difference between port and starboard. We could do that another day.

Annie was an absolute chatterbox again, her headache fading as we approached the marina. But all conversation stopped when they saw the boat. I loved this model, would probably buy me one someday. The boat was a 45-foot white

catamaran with two 260 hp engines, enough fuel to get us there and back comfortably, a full bar, lunch already packed in the kitchen, and sleeping accommodations... if needed! There is a small cove on Black Point that does not get many visitors. It would be the perfect spot for us to spend a fun day.

Bryce and Annie couldn't believe the boat, or the expense that I routinely threw around now. They were still not used to the concept of real wealth. I thanked Sam, went around for my boat checks with the rental agent, set the GPS for the correct course, told them to get aboard and we were off.

Happily, to calm seas and a light wind. These can often be choppy waters, making for an uncomfortable transit. Today, only beautiful blue water in all directions and an occasional fish, shark or dolphin along the way.

The conversation did not stop for the four hours it took us to get there. Lots of catching up to do with these two, especially with the news I had and what it meant for the future. Suddenly, life seemed to have no limits for all three of us.

As we approached Black Point and my cove, Annie took the skirt off, revealing the striped bikini bottom with string ties. Jesus, how am I going to stop from pulling that woman into my arms, Bryce or no?!

After taking a brief break to watch a huge school of fish, we got our first glimpse of what I have always considered 'my cove'. A lovely stretch of high rocks shaped the small cove on three sides, with aqua clear sheltered seas, fish everywhere, and a small beach. I seldom saw anyone else when I came here. I was so proud as they stared in wonder at where we were, dropping anchor.

"Welcome to Black Point," I said. "Let's eat."

The lunch was conch chowder, small sandwiches, chips and wine if we wanted it. We all preferred liquor, so broke out the whiskey and gin. I guess Annie knew how to regulate that better than rum punches.

How can I describe the joy I was feeling? My best friends in the world, one of the most beautiful settings I could

imagine, an entire future ahead of us that seemed amazingly open-ended, and the promise of lots of sex.

I say that because Annie was... how do I say it... making herself... available? The bikini covered almost nothing. It was all I could do to keep from gawking. I seldom succeeded without one of them seeing me.

After lunch, things took a turn I had wanted for a long time. Annie said she was going to sun a little, heading for the sun deck on the stern. Bryce and I were talking up at the Captain's chair, setting up GPS for the return home. We went inside to fix another round of drinks, planning to move to the bar stools on the sun deck.

When we arrived at the stern, I stopped dead in my tracks. Annie had taken her bikini off completely, lying nude on her back. Her legs spread slightly, giving us both a complete view of her charms. She had her eyes closed, but I saw a smile on her face... She knew EXACTLY what she was doing. Without saying a word, I grabbed Bryce's arm, pulling him back up to the helm station. We needed to have a talk.

14 / The Agreement (Shane)

“Fuck... your wife is gorgeous,” I said to him. “How’d you get so lucky?”

Bryce chuckled. “Pick ‘em early... before they know better... that’s the key.” It was our running joke, because Annie and Bryce married when she was only 19. I always accused him of robbing the cradle.

Instead of waiting for my usual snarky reply to our joke, Bryce said, “Like what you see?”

“Oh, shit man, you know I do, but...”

“But what?”

“She’s your wife, man. Not mine to have.”

“What if there could be a... different arrangement? A variation on ‘What happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas’?”

The quizzical look on my face caused him to smile. “I know. Weird for me, right?” Bryce chuckled. “I’m supposed to be the conservative one. But not this week. Annie and I had a discussion before you arrived.”

“Discussed what?” I asked, still surprised at his tone.

“This is one reason we reacted that way to your financial news. In some ways, it complicates things. I just want to assure you that nothing I am about to say is because of your news yesterday. We decided this on our first night at the resort, before you arrived.”

I nodded my head, understood. “Okay... what is it? Now you’ve got me on edge.”

“We want to do something way outside our norms this week. Open season... so to speak. Annie and I would like to offer you open access to everything she will offer... which I can assure you is everything... and she has agreed that...” I almost lost my breath at the next thing... “that we could play together again too.”

“Fuck...” I said. Now I was truly shocked. “You told her about us in college? The things we did?” Bryce simply nodded. Without missing a single moment, I stepped over, hugging him close. My mouth found his, and we kissed. It was like it had transported me back a decade. Bryce returned my hug and kisses, wrapping his arms around me as strongly. I could feel him melting into my control again... so easily, so comfortably. Our always powerful feelings surged to the front. It was like a cleansing spray had just washed over me, my soul refreshed. I so missed being able to touch my friend. And now, able to do that... with Annie added to the mix.

“I have missed you, my friend,” I told him. “Missed your touch, your mouth, your hardness. Are you serious? She would allow that?”

“Yes, Shane... and better... she wants to watch... and maybe join in!”

“Fuck... now you’re just messing with me...”

“When I told her about what we had done, she humped me like a wildcat, screaming out with what she claimed to be her hardest orgasm ever. She wants to watch us together, maybe even share your cock with me. That was our agreement the first night. We both would like to see if you would join us for our fun.”

“What agreement?”

“Basically, no restrictions for the rest of our time here. You can make it with her whenever you want, whether or not I’m there, and I can make it with you, whenever we want. We are both open to threesomes and whatever combinations come between that.”

I sank down into the Captain’s chair, bowing my head. “Bryce, you could not have given me a greater gift. I invited you both here, so we could talk about the money and maybe do some... sharing. But having you in the mix... I didn’t even dare to consider it.”

“Everything is available,” Bryce stressed. “I even told her about how submissive I became with you. That made her

boiling hot. I am giving you permission to treat me that way again, for the rest of the week only. Just remember. She is my wife. Try not to embarrass me too much.”

I stood up, pulling him close again, looking in his warm eyes, so full of love... “Those days are over, my friend... I learned my lesson when I almost lost you before. Knowing you, and the depth of your needs, I probably won’t be as dominant as you want. I’ll still get you going, but not like that. Okay?”

Bryce simply nodded.

“Then how do we start?” I asked.

“I think we should go down to the stern and see what she wants to do. If possible,” Bryce suggested, “we could spend the night at the cove here... see what mischief we could get into. I might be more open when no one is around.”

“That is a great idea,” I chuckled, “though it can get a little chilly at night, with the ocean breeze.”

Bryce smiled. “I think we can keep warm,” dropping his hand to stroke my cock through my swimsuit.

“Okay, now... seriously...,” I asked on our way down the ladder, back to Annie. “Still trying to understand what is going on... What are the rules? Gotta be some caveat in there somewhere.”

“Well... we have discussed no rules, per se,” Bryce assured me. “Might be something we want to do. There’s only one that matters. This is voluntary for all three of us, especially her. As long as she agrees, you can do whatever you want with her. If she says no, then no. We stop. You know what I like. I would like for you to take me, use me. And I really look forward to having you inside me again.” Bryce’s hands went down to cover my cock, now sticking out from the shorts like I was ready to set sail!

“We better get going,” I laughed. “Don’t want her to get too sunburned.” Before we came to a place where she could hear us, I couldn’t stay quiet any longer. “Jesus, Bryce... I can’t believe this. So good...”

He nodded as we walked up to Annie on the chaise. I sure hoped we were doing the right thing as I looked at Bryce and Annie. It was arousing, no doubt about that, but it could also be catastrophic. I hoped it was only the former, not the latter.

15 / Annie Gets Her Wish (Bryce)

When we walked out onto the sun deck, Annie had turned onto her stomach, but her legs were still parted slightly. Shane could clearly see her sex. The lack of any hair allowed him a clear view. He looked at me questioningly. *How should we begin?* I said nothing, only using my arms to push him toward her. ‘Give her a massage,’ I whispered. ‘You’ll see.’

He came up beside the chaise lounge she was lying on, holding his hands above her back... as if he was worried about starting... but her gorgeous skin, now slick with the sheen of sweat from the sun, was too attractive. He couldn’t stop himself.

His hands moved to her shoulders, stroking, massaging the muscles. She squirmed underneath, murmuring how good that felt, moving her arms up to allow a smoother back.

“Oh, babe, that’s good. You know how I like it...”

“Actually, I don’t...” Shane laughed. Annie’s head spun around, looking at Shane, then at me. I just nodded to her. ‘Yes,’ that nod said, ‘we had the talk.’

“Continue on then...” she giggled. “Feels like you’ve done this before.”

Shane went to his task, a solid sensual massage up and down her torso. He edged down to her ass, grasps from his large hands, pulling them up and out as she moaned. His fingers moved down to caress her sex gently. Annie spread her legs apart, allowing him easier access, shifting her hips to raise her ass higher.

He clearly knew what to do. The combination of fingers, stroking, clit grazing, and ass massaging had her moaning openly.

Then Shane spoke, standing up to slip his clothes off. He slapped her on the rear, to a surprised squeal. “If we are going to do this, I need you to tell me what you want, Annie. With words. No misunderstandings. Tell me what you want us to do with you.”

He seemed to know what was coming because he pulled her up by her hips. She came up on her hands to match. He didn't want that. Pushing her head back down onto the chaise, leaving her sex in the air, totally exposed, open for us to see. His fingers traced the slit, flicked the clit a couple times, then drove his fingers deep into her. A groan escaped her lips.

“Tell us what you want...” he said, sensually, fully in command now. “Tell us what you want us to do to you.”

“Fuck me...” she gasped out, trying to concentrate despite the barrage of feelings his fingers were bringing. “I want you to fuck me... whenever you want.” She was moaning loudly now, her own desire cresting after building for two days, pushing through any resistance. It was happening now, and she was ready. “Day and night, both of you together, one at a time, I don't care. As long as we are at the resort, I want you and my husband in me as often as you want.”

‘Oh god...’ she cried out, as Shane's fingers tormented her, his thumb circling her clit. She was on the edge, and we both knew it. I stepped up to Shane, whispered in his ear. He nodded, wetting his other thumb in her now flowing juices, sticking it in her rear, all the way to the knuckle in one push.

She came off the chaise, screaming as the climax took over, flashing through her. He pushed her head back down. “I did not say you could get up.” Her body shuddered at the power of her release, but she nodded. She would stay down. It was just his way. I chuckled to myself. He commanded everyone!

Shane straddled the chaise, positioning his cock near her entrance, then crooked his finger at me. ‘Come here’, the clear message. I came over, my legs on the same side as her face, leaning over, taking Shane's cock in my mouth. My low-moan brought Annie's head up. Shane barked at her, pushing her head back. “Do not raise your head,” he said forcefully. “You'll get your turn.”

I took him in my mouth, making as much noise as I could to make sure she knew what I was doing. She was thrashing on his fingers now, another release coming. He was in no hurry,

slowing his movements. “Oh, my little slut... you want this, don't you? Want to feel me inside you?”

“Yes... yes... please...”

He yanked his fingers out, pushed me off his cock, and drove himself home. Another scream of release tore out of her throat as Shane began pistoning into her, hard stabs of pure lust. Annie was crying out with each plunge, mewling, moaning, whimpering. He was so much bigger than me. She had probably never had one that big inside her.

She came again, then again when his thumb went back into her rear. Her face looked in pain, as if he was torturing her, but I knew better. The cries of pleasure from her throat told us what we wanted to hear. He went at her hard for a long time. I couldn't believe he could last this long.

Abruptly, he pulled out, signaling for me to sit on the chaise. Shane slapped Annie's ass, tenderly. She jerked slightly, looking up. “Mount your husband,” he ordered. I was hard as a rock, ready for her. She needed no encouragement, scrambling to drop herself on me, driving her mouth down on mine while she did it.

We were kissing, grasping each other, humping in front of our friend. Annie was getting frantic again, ready to blow. Shane slapped her hard on the ass this time. “Slow down. We have plenty of time.”

She slowed her movement. My friend pulled our heads apart, creating space. He then stepped up, pushing his cock down my throat. Annie's eyes grew wide when she saw me swallowing him hungrily, his enormous cock pushing all the way in.

When he pulled out for another plunge, her tongue joined mine in licking his shaft and balls. Our eyes locked as we shared his cock, relishing its texture, its hardness. There was no holding her back now. The sensory overload was just too much to contain.

Annie pounded down on me, her eyes locked on the shaft, using my mouth like she was using my cock. She cried out.

The sexual hunger had her in its grip now, making sounds... unfamiliar sounds... sounds of pure ecstasy. She was gripping my cock down below...

Abruptly, Shane pulled out, rapidly stroking his shaft, spraying his ropes of spunk on both of our faces, alternating large globs of release. It had obviously been a while, I chuckled to myself.

“Clean yourselves up,” he chuckled. “You made quite a mess.”

My eyes locked on Annie’s, as her tongue shot out, licking cum off my face. I did the same to her. We alternated licking each other until all the cream was gone. Then she collapsed on my chest, panting heavily, trying to recover. I don’t think she had ever cum that many times in such a short period.

Shane pulled her head up to him, driving his tongue down her throat. Her hands went up on either side of his head, securing him to her mouth. They necked for long minutes, my face only inches away. God damn, this was so hot. I was already getting hard again.

“Let’s take a break,” Shane said. “I doubt we are going to get much sleep tonight. We should probably talk some more, don’t you think?”

16 / She Wants More (Annie)

We talked for a bit, but my constant eyes on the two cocks told them I wanted more. And right now! But Shane exhibited significant self-control. Or maybe he was the only one thinking further ahead than the next ten minutes. He fixed drinks and got us something to eat. All the while we were naked, and I pouted like a child whose favorite toy had been taken away.

After we finished, they took me onto the bed of the boat, and we went at it again. Both sharing my pussy until I screamed again and again. Then we got up, fixing another round of drinks. This process repeated until we were all blasted, and they could not get it up again.

It had to be the middle of the night. We all fell to the bed, senseless. But even then, that wasn't enough for me. In the night, I reached over, fondling Shane. He pulled me up to kiss me with such passion the truth struck me hard. This wasn't a one week deal. Shane loved me as much as I loved him.

We had resisted the temptation all these years out of respect for Bryce. Now... an alternative path had opened. As I moaned into his kiss, neither of us wanted to stop. Shane would never again hesitate to make love to me, even outside the resort. I knew that with certainty.

I crawled on top of him, lowering myself onto his shaft as quietly as I could. Bryce woke with the movement, as Shane began taking it to me hard... suckling my nipples to loud moans. My husband just laid there watching. I guess, he figured, he better get used to this view. We were going to do this a lot over the coming week... and maybe even longer.

When Bryce lifted his head, Shane motioned for him to put his cock in my mouth, and we were right back at it. Twice more, they were each inside me and cumming before a soft chirp from the navigation system warned of stormy weather coming in from the east.

Shane got out of bed, climbing up to the helm. He hollered down. "We need to get going. Storm headed our way.

Before the storm hits, we should get to *Temptation*. We can continue this when we get back.”

We all scrambled, getting everything fastened down, heading for *Temptation* at top speed. None of us put any clothing on until just before pulling into the marina, just ahead of the storm.

For the four-hour return, Shane ordered us around like we were BOTH his submissives. I couldn't get enough. Sucking him, eating and sucking each other. He ordered me to lie across the pilot's station as they both pushed into me. They had unleashed a monster, an insatiable slut needing nothing but more...

Luckily, we got back just before the storm hit, rushing to the cabana as the rain began in dribbles, then sheets. We battened down the windows and doors of the cabana while the storm raged outside.

But the storm inside was just as strong, bringing more of the same. Only this time, Bryce was equally the slut. His feelings for Shane, that had lain dormant for so many years, pushed out into the present. I gave him permission to release them.

And he did, giving himself to Shane while I watched and often joined in. The first time Shane took my husband in the ass, Bryce groaned so loud I almost passed out. I gasped with surprise, moving very close so I could watch the passage as Bryce pushed back against him.

Before Shane could cum, I was on my back, underneath my husband, sucking on his cock, greedily wanting his release as Shane grunted his own. We could not get enough of each other.

* * * *

The storm outside only lasted a few hours, but the inside blast took two days before exhaustion set in. At least for the guys. I could have gone on all week. Or felt that way, at least.

On Saturday night, we finally left the cabana, heading to the *LL* for some refreshment. I wore the most scandalous outfit

I brought. An orange knit, sleeveless mini dress, whose halter top hugged my breasts, almost transparent through the weaving. No undergarments obstructed any views. Bryce just shook his head when he saw me walk out of the bedroom.

Charles immediately greeted us when we arrived. The look on his face told me he knew exactly what had happened. We all hugged him like old friends.

“I can see you are all very relaxed now. You have found your true selves.” I was a little confused what he meant, but he said nothing.

At some point, the guys were both away at the same time. Charles took that opportunity to approach. “I am so happy you have found peace, together with your men. You love your husband, but Shane has loved you as long as I have known him. Spoke only of you as his one true love. I am happy you have found room for him in your heart as well. He will be most happy.”

The words caused me to blush. And to think. His one true love? I wondered if this was going to be a problem. I loved him, no question about that, but until this week, we were just friends. There was only one ‘true love’ in my heart, and that was Bryce. I suddenly worried this would be a problem. We needed to talk about this... and soon. Uncertainty had arrived after so much joy.

“How did you know we had been together... the three of us?” I asked, still amazed.

Charles smiled, that big warm smile I loved. “Shane has been a frequent guest over the last few years. He has relations with many guests. Yet never left with one or even interested in doing so. For you, he has only eyes of love. As does your husband. When you came in tonight, you had that look for both of them. Made me happy. I assume it was pleasurable as well?”

I almost reared back with a ‘none of your business’. But I couldn’t. I knew he meant nothing by it. A simple compliment... for us all. His was not a world where traditional monogamy was the only accepted model. Suddenly, I gasped.

Was mine any longer? In my heart, I knew these feelings would not stop at week's end.

My blush of color gave Charles the answer I could not express in words. He simply smiled and walked over to another customer, winking as he left.

When the guys returned, somehow, all my doubts washed away. I wanted this to continue after our no-fault week was up. And I was pretty sure Bryce felt the same.

As the night progressed, the guys had me out on the dance floor, alternating between them. Each dance becoming more brazen in touching me as the rest of the patrons did the same. I knew I belonged exactly where I was, in between these men, ready to take on whatever might come.

And they seemed to agree, at one point pressing me between them, hands pulling aside halter and skirt, pinching, pulling, and inserting fingers until I was groaning on the dance floor. My breasts were on full display. No one seemed to notice.

But I did. I needed to go home, to feel these men inside me again. A new life for us all was ready to start.

17 / New Is Complicated (Bryce)

Annie nearly came as we both took it to her on the dance floor. I couldn't believe no one noticed... except Charles, of course. His eyes missed very little. I pressed against her front, pulling and pinching at her nipples, now fully outside of her dress. And Shane's arm angle told me his fingers were inside her at the same time.

Her moans as she thrashed between us brought me so much joy, I wondered if we could continue doing this after the no-fault week was over. There's no way Shane is coming to the house again where we don't! Could he? I certainly didn't want him to... and as Annie's thrashing grew between us, I knew she wanted this too.

I suggested we go back home to see what comes up. Shane laughed as we walked out. He knew a sheltered alcove on the way back. Soon, Annie was bent over a bench as we took turns giving her orgasm after orgasm. She called it quits only after she complained she couldn't breathe in that awkward position.

At the cabana, she had her clothes off as soon as we were through the door, on her knees, sucking on us until we both exploded on her face. Her look of satisfaction filled me with elation as I leaned down to lick the cum off, kissing her with a mouthful of sweet nectar.

Later that night, as we lay in bed, spent from more of the same, Annie decided it was time to talk. This had been a time when I was in the center, Shane taking it to me hard while Annie moved to the front, allowing me to eat her pussy while Shane took me from behind. She came hard and often before Shane released to my groans.

We were lying on the bed, me in the middle. Not our typical ending. Annie got up on her butt, legs crossed in front, pressed against me. Both of their hands were stroking my body. Such a strange feeling, having them touch me in this way.

“We need to talk...” she started. We all laughed. That same line had begun almost every conversation this week. “Our week is almost over. Checkout is tomorrow. What will we do next?”

The import of what she said filled the room. We had agreed on a one-week reprieve from life’s usual rules to allow us to experience something truly unique. Now what?

“Why don’t we give it a trial?” Shane suggested. “I can come to live in your house for... say... six months. You can either come to work for me or stay with your current jobs, helping me as you are able. If it doesn’t look like a winner, I’ll go back to Vegas.”

Annie looked at me, uncertain of my reaction, but her eyes told me a different story. She wanted this badly. “Bryce, would that work for you?” *The pleading in those eyes...*

“I’m assuming that means extending the no-fault policy, making it permanent?” Both of them nodded it would. “We need to think this through, babe. So many implications...”

“What do you mean?” She asked. “Everything remains voluntary as it is. As long as we all three agree, we should be good.”

“Sounds good, babe, but that is actually a tough get. Here’s an example. Who you going to sleep with every night?”

Her startled expression told me she had not thought about any of the implications of this decision.

“You, of course.” She said with certainty.

“You sure? With Shane just down the hall? Every night?”

“What do you think I should do?” She asked, no longer as certain as before.

“I don’t know either, my love,” I said, looking back and forth between the two of them. “But I know threesomes are unstable... by their very nature. We need to think about these things ahead of time. We have had a great time this week with every session shared. How would I feel... sleeping by myself in our bed... while listening to you moan down the hall as

Shane gives it to you? Or you the same, if I was down there? How many of those would happen before feelings of being left out emerged?"

It was like I had opened a new world to her, full of negative implications. The crestfallen look on her face almost broke my heart. She really wanted him... which hurt even more.

"Babe," I said, touching her leg, "I'm not trying to discourage this. I like the idea of having the three of us together. We just need to go in with our eyes open. And do some planning to avoid the pitfalls." I sat up in bed. Shane did the same, all positioned in a triangle now.

So I went on. "Think about it. We are all young. Over time, people change. And I don't mean having professional disagreements about where to invest. I mean... say, for example, as I aged, I found I didn't have as much interest in sex as I do now. You read about this all the time, where partners have a mismatch in sex drives as they age. What if I didn't want it as much as Shane and you? Over time, you would gradually make love to him... 2... 3... 4 times for every time you made it with me. Or vice versa, if it was Shane. How long would it be before feelings intrude, the other party feeling left out?"

She was near tears now, my comments making her feel like we were at an end. Shane had said little during my comments, only nodding. He knew the complications that could arise.

"How do you want to do it, Bryce?" Shane asked.

"I don't fucking know... I don't want to splash cold water on the deal. I love you both very much, and want to continue doing it, but there is a reason the two-person structure has survived for most of human history, and why communes and polyamory relationships have not. They're hard. Emotions have a way of finding their own path."

"I love you," Annie said. "That's never going to change."

“And I believe you. But let’s talk about something closer to our current situation. We have been talking lately about having a baby. It’s not like they told us in high school... touch the girl, and she’s pregnant. It seldom works that way. I know several guys at the bank that have been trying to have a baby for a couple years humping constantly. We talked about me being a father. If you are routinely having sex with the two of us, who would be the father of your babies? Going to require Shane to use a condom every time?”

That caught her. A real wrinkle. She had promised me on Monday. Guaranteed, I would be the father of her children.

“Again, I’m willing to give this a try,” I said, “but how are we going to handle all these issues?”

Annie’s eyes were full of tears now, a growing anger. Hopping off the bed. “You fucking jerk. No one has answers to these things for any relationship. We don’t have them for just the two of us. How is this different? It’s just another way of your walking the straight and narrow... all the fucking time! Fucking asshole,” she cried out.

Then she looked at Shane with equal disdain as she stood at the door of the bedroom. “And what about you... nothing to say after all that?”

Before he could say anything, Annie stormed out of the room, tears flowing now, in full sobs. She grabbed her dress, running toward the door.

“Annie... wait...” I yelled out, trying to get out of bed. I was too late, as she ran out the door before we could follow.

Shane and I just stared at each other. *What the fuck just happened?*

18 / A Wise Man Once Said... (Annie)

What was I thinking? I cried to myself, running out the door... cries of 'Annie... wait...' heard behind. I didn't care as I hid behind a bush, trying to get my dress on before anyone sees me naked again. This week had been an incredible experience. So full of love and pleasure.

My feelings for Shane... just a friend for so many years... now blossomed to an intense love. Yet, I don't feel any different toward my husband. I still love him just as much as I always did.

All my dreams of a new life, a new way of living, were going down in flames. Burned to cinder with Bryce flicking the match. Shit... I stopped, sitting on a bench, tears still flowing.

That's not fair. I knew that in my bones. Maybe that's why it hurt so much. Bryce WAS right, about so many things... There were many complications that I didn't know how to handle either. No one did.

But still... I struggled to come to an understanding. How had I ignored my love for Shane over the last ten years, just recognizing it now that we are making love this week? How come that love does not seem to interfere with the feelings I have for my husband? In my heart, it feels separate somehow, and additive at that. Better for us all. Why couldn't Bryce see that?

I got up, knew I needed to walk, to move. Finally decided a stiff drink was in order. My legs took me straight to the *LL*. And who was there to greet me, but good old Charles... He looked at me, sizing up the situation in moments, it seemed.

"My shift is just over. Care for someone to talk to?" he asked, coming over to take me in his arms, guiding me to a booth. "Trouble in paradise?"

"You have no idea!" I shrieked, tears forming again. He snapped his finger to his replacement, telling him to bring a rum punch.

“My dear, I have been doing this for many years. I think I have an excellent idea. Would you like for me to try?” I nodded my approval.

“You three had a week that changed your entire perspective on marriage and what you wanted to do with your life. But when you look at the reality of what it actually means... sadly... you are seeing only obstacles. It feels like everything... all the joy... all the love... is now crashing around your head. Close?”

Fuck... I thought to myself. I guess he did know. “How could you know that?” I asked.

“It is simple, my beauty. There are facts of life one cannot ignore. Getting two people to live together harmoniously is difficult. Complex in so many ways. Add a third, it becomes even more so. It can be done. But you must build such an arrangement on patience, understanding, love, and acceptance. Emotions will be a fact of life, just like now. With three, it is worse because sooner than you want, one of you will feel left out... feeling like the other loves them more. Difficult to avoid.”

I took a sip of my punch, thinking about what he was saying. The truth of it finally sunk in.

“I have been serving this resort for many years. We have guests come down regularly that are full-time... I believe they call themselves non-monogamous. Somehow, they make it work. More often, though, is the opposite. We see people that leave here full of the pleasure, thinking that will be enough. Reality is not that easy, I’m afraid.”

“The three of us have been friends for so long. I was hopeful we could succeed.”

“Why no longer hopeful?”

“Bryce threw every obstacle he could in front of it.”

“I do not know your husband well. However, I have had many long conversations with Mr. Decker. He is a smart and sensitive man. If he is friends with your husband, we must assume he is the same. You need to work out the details with

them. And then pray to providence that everything will work out. We had a guest come in, a couple that had played actively with the same man for 20 years. The man's wife finally found out, divorced him. He moved in with the loving couple and they lasted only two months together."

I gasped. "Two months?"

"You think of your spouse as your primary partner, but what happens when that primacy is not always there, that you are actually sharing with another? It is important for you and Mr. Kingsbury to decide these issues before you make such a major change in your life, I think."

"I love my husband so much, but I love Shane as well. I can't believe I want to be with them both, but I do. Isn't it possible?"

"Difficult to say," Charles said. "Do you want to leave your husband to be with Mr. Decker?"

"No, of course not."

"Then it seems to me you already have your answer. Believe in your husband to choose what is best."

"Don't I have a say?" I asked. "We have always shared major decisions. Why would this be different?"

"I make no judgment on the correctness of your husband's choices, but you told me yours has already been made. You want to stay with him. Was that not correct on my part?" I nodded yes, finally understanding what he meant. "You must trust that he has both your interests at heart because you have thrown yourself in with him... for life. Be his partner. I believe it will surprise you at how much he cares for, and values, your input."

I started tearing up again, but Charles held my chin in his big hand, bringing me to look into his warm, sympathetic eyes. "Do not cry. You have run away from those you love... to avoid the hard decisions. Please go back. Live with your choice. If you want to have input, you need to go back and talk with them. Men such as that care for their wives... and lovers. They will listen to you."

“Thank you, Charles,” I said as I hurried out the door. “I knew this was the right place to come.”

* * * *

When I opened the front door of the cabana, Shane and Bryce were sitting in the living room, drinks in hand, talking. Both stood when I came in the room.

Bryce spoke first. “Get the tantrum out of your system?”

Definitely my husband, I chuckled to myself. “I’m sorry, guys. Really. All the joy of the last few days seemed to evaporate into thin air. I didn’t know how to handle it.”

“Oh...” Shane laughed, “so you ran away, hiding it from us? Sounds familiar...” His comical, accusatory look made me remember the things we said to him just a few days before. He had a point. It was the same thing!

Bryce reached up, a gin & tonic in hand. “The ice is a little melted. You were gone longer than I expected. But in some ways, it was good. Gave us a chance to talk. Want to hear our first draft? This will all be with your agreement, of course.” Shane nodded, as if that was a given.

I nodded. Bryce patted the seat between them for me to sit.

“You got my comments all wrong, babe. I wasn’t against it. On the contrary, I think it’s a great idea. But that doesn’t change how complicated it is. Shane and I would like to suggest some basic ground rules to see how it works. If they are okay with you, of course.”

“Go ahead.”

“Okay...” Bryce looked at Shane. He lifted a piece of paper off the coffee table. His careful script breaking down the choices. “First, we think a sleep schedule should be established. You and Shane, me and Shane, you and me. We will do 7-day rotations. That way, no one has to sleep by themselves for more than one week in three.” I gasped. *No shit ground rules.*

“Kind of like getting custody?”

“Very much like that,” Shane said. “But, during any week... at any time... you are free to have sex with any other party. This is about sleeping arrangements only. I also had the idea to buy California-Kings in every room so we can sleep together on nights we play together.”

“What about having a baby?” I asked.

“I figured, what the fuck?” Bryce shrugged. “You are still going to be married to me, legally. Shane and I want you to go off the pill whenever you are ready, and we’ll both hump away, roll the dice. We have always planned to have more than one, so if Shane’s little guys land the first go, we will intentionally make sure my guys are there for the 2nd. It will work out in the end.”

My eyes filled with tears. Charles was right. I had made a choice to stay with the man I loved. I had to trust that he would take care of me. And I take care of him. He has. Now it’s my turn.

“I agree with these ideas. Let’s do it! In fact, I think we should go celebrate our new partnership, don’t you?”

They both stood, and we didn’t stop making love until we boarded Shane’s plane the next day.

Epilogue (Bryce)

“Come on, babe. We’ll be late for your sonogram.” Annie hadn’t quite gotten to the stage where she was waddling yet, at 3 months along, but she would be there soon. We had already painted the room for our baby girl’s arrival, though we hoped they would be done with our new home before she joins our unique family. Shane was meeting us at the doctor’s office from the gym.

Six months ago, when we left the Bahamas for a brand new life together, the three of us had made the strategic decision that, when Annie eventually got pregnant, we would not identify the father. We knew it would be, in the end, both of us.

In the meantime, Shane had moved into our guest room and we have stuck to our 3-week rotation religiously. Though, truthfully, we rely on it more for scheduling than reality. We sleep altogether more often than we don’t, on the new California-King beds that occupy both rooms. Especially when Shane is in town.

The last six months have been almost a second honeymoon for this married couple and their recent addition.

In some ways, Shane was ideal for this unique arrangement. When I called him a ‘free spirit’, this is what I meant. He was a wanderer who liked to wander... on a whim. He would be in town for a week, then off to Vegas, then out to *Temptation*, then hiking the Appalachian Trail... always restless, always seeking fresh adventures. But always coming back home. Annie always slept with me when he was gone.

His wandering ways meshed well with our more ‘stay at home’ tendencies. We became the rock of stability in his life, and he became our outlet for something wilder in our own relationship... when we needed it. Yet, neither Shane nor Annie seemed interested in either of us going with him on his wanderings.

After several tense discussions over the first couple months, between Annie and I mainly, we agreed Shane could

play with others, but only when he was out of town. In some ways, it was for the best. His sex drive was so much stronger than either of ours, it was a relief for Annie and me to get some recharge time while he was away.

Annie and I still made love on our own, especially during our sleep-weeks, but while he was wandering, we mainly cuddled, feeling the love that remained so strong between us.

But when he returned, it was an explosion of passion for the first few days. The threesome would reignite. Though, Annie's love of Shane's gigantic cock would often leave me watching as the two of them worshiped each other.

And you know what? I discovered something about myself. I didn't care. Never felt the jealousy I thought would come when they were by themselves. As long as Annie and Shane were happy, I was happy. I would often leave them to their worshipping, going somewhere else in the house while they played. Annie would frequently come down afterwards to cuddle with me. Weird, right? But it worked for us.

Truth is, I got all I wanted. Both from Annie and from Shane. When I was with Annie, I could love her with all my heart and feel the love she had for me. When I was with Shane, he would take control, feed my submissive side, and fuck me until I couldn't breathe, allowing me to express my love in a totally different way. I had so missed that!

And now, having a baby!

Annie and I quit our jobs a month after returning from *Temptation*, establishing KDP Investment Advisors (Kingsbury-Decker Partners), a Registered Investment Adviser domiciled in Nevada, tasked with handling all of Shane's new wealth. We have merged all his managed accounts under one roof and look to grow the pot as much as we can. Also, the name KDP has become our unofficial name for our unconventional family.

Our first act as a partnership was to establish The Edwin Decker Foundation with an initial funding of \$10 million. We dedicated the Foundation to preserving natural desert habitats for those wild creatures Shane loves so much! Really... not

kidding... it was his idea. I guess all that time in the sand changed his attitude, even about fire ants.

We broke ground on our new home in north Las Vegas last month and hope to have it up before the baby was born. We planned to move there as soon as it was ready.

As you might expect, our respective families went crazy. All three sets of parents were struggling to understand this alternative lifestyle we had chosen. Annie's especially. Both Annie and my parents had known Shane for many years. They knew and liked him. But to share Annie as a partner equal to her husband? It was just so far outside their comfort zone, they couldn't find a place for it.

They knew that Annie and I were still the only ones legally married, but to share their daughter sexually? Our refusal to name the father clarified Annie had been with both of us, and that we were good with that. They were especially unhappy when we told them our baby's last name would be Kingsbury-Decker.

Her parents had Annie come to their house without us one Sunday afternoon, trying to convince her to abandon this stupid experiment, before it goes horribly wrong. It shocked them when they discovered it had been her idea.

After that, things settled down. Like many parents with kids who have chosen alternative lifestyles, they eventually came to accept us as a unit. All three now attend every family gathering... at least when Shane is in town. He has become a member of the larger family and a favorite of all the nieces and nephews, especially because of the lavish gifts he always brings to parties. They are probably still whispering behind our backs, but who cares?

Maybe someday we might have that big blowup that everyone is expecting... the one that causes KDP to falter, but it hasn't happened yet. And judging by the way our partnership is flourishing, I doubt it will.

THE END

Which Temptation is Next?

[Fireworks in Paradise by Natalie Hothorne](#)

(Book 10)



Linda married Alex early, and over 17 years, they've built a marvelous life together. But she's finding herself with questions. Though Alex is a great husband, she can't help wondering what she missed out on, marrying the first and only man she ever slept with. She can't seem to stop fantasizing about being with another man.

Alex has some questions of his own. Back before he met and fell in love with his beautiful wife, there had been someone else. A man. For years, Alex has kept that night a secret. Told himself it was just curiosity. Now, as much as he adores Linda, he thinks there may be a part of him she can't satisfy.

At Temptations, the couple meet Scott. He's thoughtful, intelligent...and gorgeous. And he just might be the man who answers all their questions—including some they haven't even asked themselves.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *Fireworks in Paradise* is part of the *Temptation In Paradise* collaboration. It can be read as a standalone story and has a happily ever after ending. It is a MMF story and includes scenes with male to male sexual contact. Lots of it in fact. Hot, steamy man love.

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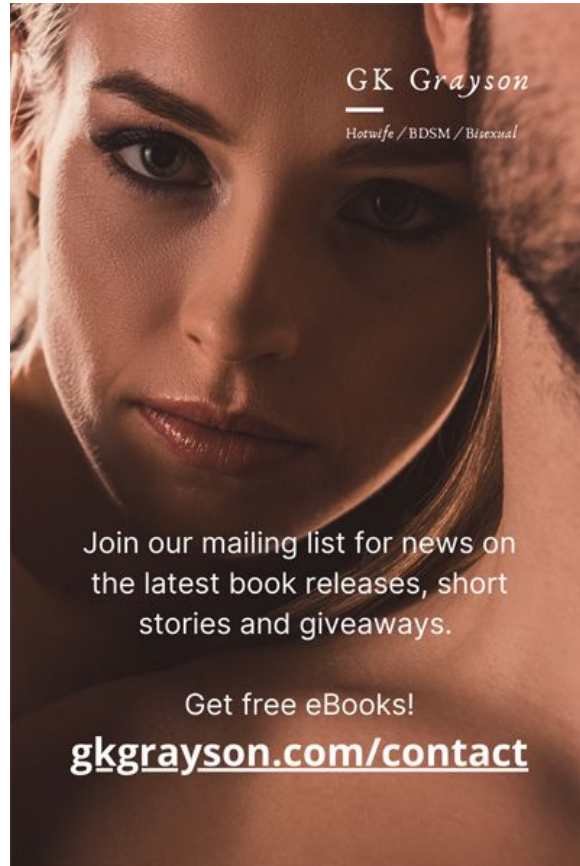
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About the Author

GK Grayson is a writer, living in the US Midwest, with two children and a loving wife. He enjoys writing about women that own their sexuality and couples that explore new sensual experiences, because he likes the courage they display in taking these actions. He occasionally writes about BDSM & bisexuality, just for fun.

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(Book 1)

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My Cuckold Craving: Reese discovered her husband’s desire to be a cuckold, wanting her to be taken by another man. The action veers off course, as she and her bull, Angel, push their new cuckold in a new direction.

[His Cuckold Craving: A First-Time Hotwife/Bisexual Romance](#)

Officer on the Scene: Andy & Cora were a young married couple new to the whole BDSM thing. Neighbors had called the police for all the noise. Officers Gabe & Luca found themselves. Can these officers serve and protect in the bedroom as well?

[Officer on the Scene: A Bisexual/BDSM Tale of Discovery](#)

‘The Joy’ series: Grant and Alexandra had to make a serious adjustment in their sex life after Grant confessed his desire to be sexually submissive in the bedroom. Follow their adventures as Alex comes to terms with this new desire and finds that she enjoys being his Mistress.

[The Joy of Submission](#) (Book 1)

[The Joy of Giving](#) (Book 2)

[The Joy of New Experiences](#) (Book 3)

[Feeling the Joy: A BDSM Bundle of the Joy Series](#) (All 3

‘Joy’ book bundle)

‘What Beth Wants’ series: Luke told his wife, Beth, about a gay experience he had in college. After hearing the story, she went from aroused to ‘on fire’ in what seemed like milliseconds. Follow their adventures as wants to watch him service guys and submit to ever harsher Masters.

[Beth Wants to Watch](#) (Book 1)

[Beth Wants Submission](#) (Book 2)

‘The Hitchhiker’ series: Riley was bored with school. She decided to become a hitchhiker. Maybe, if she’s lucky, she’ll get laid on the trip. It started with California. She had so much fun, she started calling it her ‘debauchery tour’. So much, she decided to do a new trip every year!

[Hitchhiking to Venice Beach: First Stop on the Debauchery Tour](#) (Book 1)

[Hitchhiking with Truckers: Second Stop on the Debauchery Tour](#) (Book 2)

[Ranch Hands Love Riley: The Debauchery Tour Comes to Texas](#) (Book 3)

Rapture at the Supper Club: CJ and Ingrid had moved to a new city to get a fresh start. The Smithfield Supper Club looked like where the *movers & shakers* could be found. Little did they know that business was not what they were moving & shaking.

[Rapture at the Supper Club: A Wife Sharing / BDSM Romance](#)

Given to the Doms: My heart was pounding so hard I was having trouble concentrating. I loved to serve my Mistress, but this was more than I had originally envisioned. You see, I was to be the offering for the evening. She was giving me to a group of Doms.

[Given to the Doms: A BDSM Tale of Submission](#)