

Zoom SURPRISE



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Sarah adjusted the silk robe around her shoulders and clicked the Zoom link for the third time. The screen flickered, then resolved into the familiar grid. Three faces stared back at her: her husband Mark, smiling from their living room couch; her best friend Lena, already holding a glass of wine; and Lena's husband, Chris, leaning back in his office chair with that quiet, assessing look he always wore.

"You're late," Mark teased, his voice warm through the speakers.

"I was deciding what to wear," Sarah said, and deliberately let the robe slip just enough to show the black lace strap of her bra. Mark's eyes darkened instantly. Lena laughed.

"God, you two are going to make this entire call filthy, aren't you?"

Sarah felt the familiar flutter low in her stomach. The four of them had been dancing around this for months—flirty texts, shared photos, late-night conversations that always ended just short of crossing the line. Tonight was supposed to be a casual check-in. Mark had promised "something special." Sarah hadn't known how special until the fourth square appeared on the screen.



A man she didn't recognize filled the new window. Tall, dark-haired, sharp jaw, wearing a simple black T-shirt. He looked directly at the camera and smiled.

"Hi, Sarah. I'm Ethan."

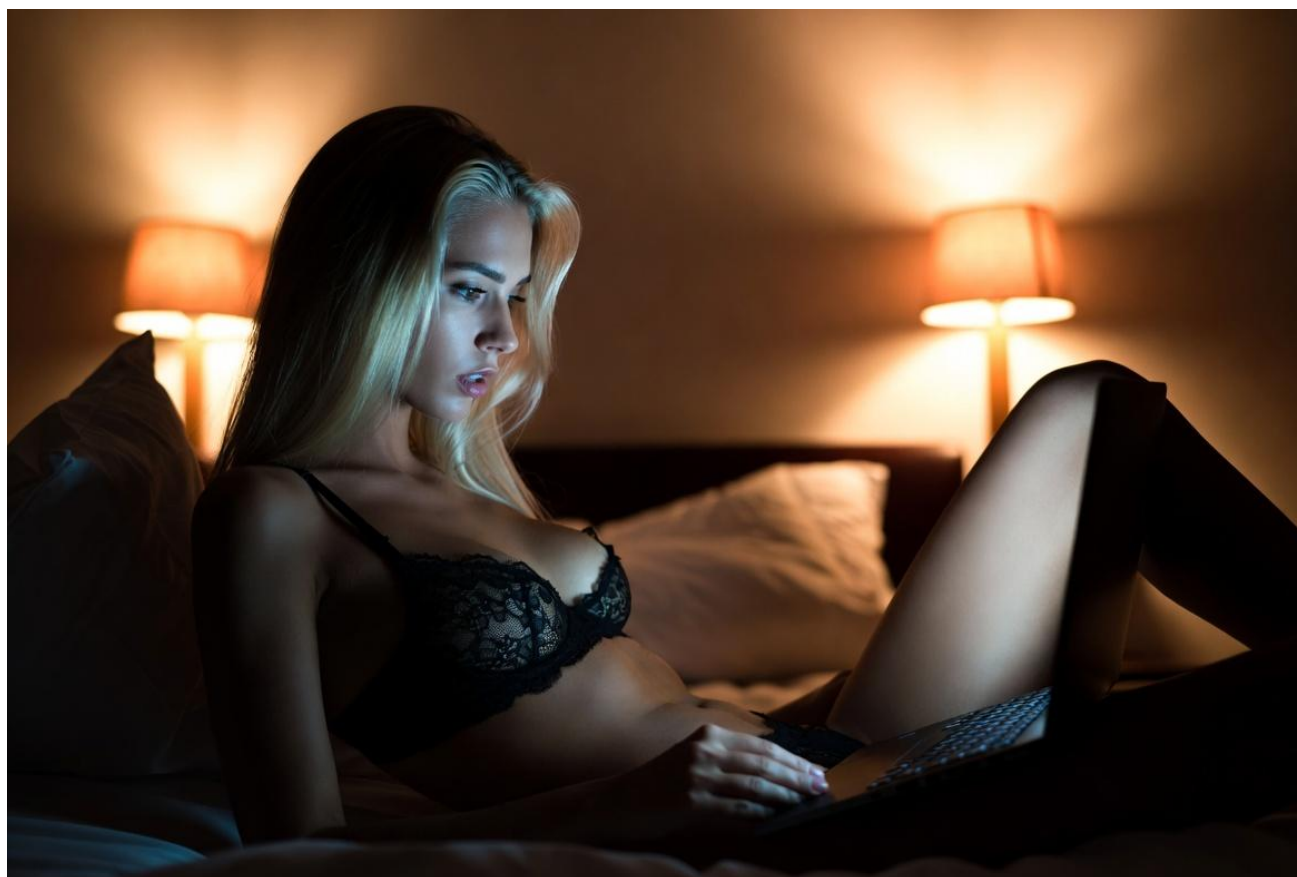
Sarah blinked. "Mark...?"

Mark's grin was pure mischief. "Surprise. Ethan's a friend from work. He's been... curious. And he's alone tonight. We thought you might enjoy the company."

Lena leaned closer to her camera. "We all did. If you're okay with it."

Sarah's pulse kicked hard. She looked at Mark's face, open and hopeful. At Lena's bright, encouraging smile. At Chris, who simply raised an eyebrow as if to say *your call*. Then she looked at Ethan, who waited without pressure.

She let the robe fall open further. "I'm more than okay."



The atmosphere changed in an instant. Mark's voice dropped. "Take the robe off for us, baby."

Sarah stood, letting the silk slide down her arms. She was wearing the set Mark had bought her last month—black lace bra that barely contained her breasts, matching thong, and a thin garter belt. She sat back down on the edge of the bed, facing the laptop, and waited.

"Beautiful," Ethan murmured.

Lena's eyes were bright. "Show them how wet you already are."

Sarah's cheeks flushed, but she hooked her thumbs into the sides of the thong and slowly pushed it down her thighs. She kicked it aside and opened her legs, giving every camera a clear view of her bare, glistening pussy.

Mark exhaled hard. "Fuck. Touch yourself for us."

Sarah slid two fingers between her folds, circling her clit the way she knew Mark liked to watch. The soft wet sounds were loud in the quiet room. She kept her eyes on the screen—on Mark's hand already moving over the bulge in his jeans, on Lena biting her lip, on Chris leaning forward, on Ethan's intense gaze.

"Faster," Lena whispered. "I want to see you come while we all watch."

Sarah rubbed harder, hips rolling. The first orgasm hit her faster than she expected—sharp and sweet. She moaned openly, thighs trembling, fingers still moving through the aftershocks.

Mark's voice was rough. "Good girl. Now I want you on your hands and knees facing the camera. Ass up."

She obeyed, presenting herself. The cool air of the room kissed her wet skin. She heard the sound of zippers on the other end of the call.

"Ethan," Mark said, "tell her what you want to do to her."

Ethan's voice was low and steady. "I'd start by eating that pretty pussy until she couldn't take it anymore. Then I'd fuck her slow, deep, while Mark watched. I'd make her come on my cock at least twice before I finished."

Sarah's breath hitched. "Mark—"

"I know, baby. I want that too." Mark's hand was clearly stroking himself now. "Lena, show her how wet you are."

Lena stood, peeled off her own underwear, and sat back down with her legs spread. She was already soaked. Chris reached into the frame and slid two fingers into her without warning. Lena gasped and pushed back onto them.

The four of them—five counting Ethan—fell into a rhythm of mutual watching and describing. Sarah fucked herself with three fingers while Mark talked her through it, telling her how good she looked, how much he wanted to be there to taste her. Lena came on Chris's fingers with a sharp cry. Ethan never looked away from Sarah, his hand moving steadily out of frame.

After a while Mark said, "Sarah, go get the toy."

She knew exactly which one he meant—the thick, realistic dildo they'd bought together. She retrieved it from the nightstand, coated it in lube, and positioned herself on her back with the laptop angled so everyone could see.

“Put it in,” Mark ordered softly. “Nice and slow. I want to see every inch.”

Sarah pressed the head against her entrance and pushed. The stretch was delicious. She took it deeper, inch by inch, until it was fully seated. Then she began to fuck herself with it—long, deliberate strokes, hips rising to meet each thrust.

“Christ,” Ethan muttered.

Lena was riding Chris’s fingers again, eyes locked on Sarah. Mark had his cock out now, stroking in time with Sarah’s movements. The wet sounds of her pussy around the toy filled the call.

Sarah came a second time with the toy buried deep, her free hand pinching her nipple hard. She kept fucking herself through it, soft moans turning into louder cries.

Mark’s voice was tight. “Stop. Leave it in. Don’t move.”

She froze, trembling, the thick toy still inside her.



“Ethan,” Mark said, “you still interested in making this less virtual?”

Sarah’s eyes flew open. Ethan’s expression had gone very focused.

“If Sarah wants it,” he said carefully.

Mark looked straight at the camera. "Baby? He's twenty minutes away. I already cleared it with him. You can say no and we keep playing like this. Or you can open the door and let him in while the rest of us watch."

Sarah's heart was pounding so hard she could feel it in her throat. She looked at Lena, who was smiling with pure delight. At Chris, who nodded once. At Mark, whose love and hunger were written all over his face.

She pulled the toy out slowly, set it aside, and stood. "Give me five minutes to put something on."

She opened the door wearing only the black lace bra and a short silk robe left untied. Ethan stood on the threshold, taller than she expected, eyes dark.

"Hi," he said quietly.

"Hi." She stepped aside and let him in.

They didn't speak much after that. He followed her to the bedroom. The laptop was still open, the call still live. Mark, Lena, and Chris watched in silence as Ethan cupped Sarah's face and kissed her—slow at first, then deeper when she opened for him.

He eased the robe off her shoulders. His hands mapped her body with deliberate care, cupping her breasts, sliding down her waist, gripping her ass. When he dropped to his knees and buried his face between her thighs, Sarah had to grab the edge of the desk to stay upright. His tongue was hot and skilled, circling her clit, dipping inside, then returning to suck gently. She came against his mouth with a broken sound, fingers tangled in his hair.

Ethan stood, stripped quickly, and guided her onto the bed. He rolled on a condom while she watched, then settled between her legs. The first thrust was slow and deep. Sarah's back arched. He filled her perfectly—thicker than the toy, warmer, alive. He fucked her with long, controlled strokes, one hand braced beside her head, the other holding her hip.

On the screen, Mark was stroking himself faster. Lena was on Chris's lap now, riding him while they both watched. The dual reality—being fucked in person while her husband and friends watched and pleased themselves—sent Sarah over the edge again. She clenched hard around Ethan. He groaned and kept moving, chasing his own release.

"Come in me," she whispered, forgetting the condom for a second, then laughing breathlessly when she remembered. "I mean—fuck, just come."

Ethan thrust harder, deeper, and finished with a low, rough sound, burying himself to the hilt. He stayed inside her for a long moment, forehead pressed to hers, both of them breathing hard.

On the call, Mark came with a quiet curse. Lena followed seconds later, collapsing against Chris's chest.

Afterward they cleaned up with the lazy intimacy of people who had crossed a line and found the other side more comfortable than expected. Ethan kissed Sarah's shoulder once more before getting dressed. He leaned toward the camera.

"Thanks for the invite," he told Mark. "She's incredible."

Mark smiled, sated and proud. "I know."



Ethan left with a quiet goodbye. Sarah stayed on the call a little longer, wrapped in a sheet, talking softly with the three of them. There was no awkwardness—only warmth, shared laughter, and the easy affection of people who had just given each other something memorable.

When the call finally ended, Mark's face lingered on the screen a second longer.

"I love you," he said.

"I love you too." Sarah smiled, still glowing. "That was the best surprise you've ever given me."

Mark grinned. "Good. Because I already have ideas for the next one."

Sarah laughed, closed the laptop, and stretched out across the rumpled bed. Her body felt used in the best possible way—tender, satisfied, and completely at peace. Outside the window the city lights glittered. Inside, everything felt light and new and full of possibility.

She reached for her phone and typed a short message to the group chat they now shared:

Same time next week?

The replies came almost immediately.

Lena: *Hell yes.* Chris: *I'll bring the good wine.* Mark: *I'll bring the next surprise.*

Sarah set the phone down, still smiling, and let herself drift into sleep—happy, thoroughly fucked, and already looking forward to whatever came next.