

Live from Spain



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I was already smiling when the Zoom invitation appeared.

Annie had been in Barcelona for three days on what was officially a client conference. Unofficially, it was another chapter of the life we had built together. We were thirty-five, still in love, still hungry for each other, and honest enough to admit that her curiosity didn't threaten what we had — it fed it. The rule was simple and cheerful: she had freedom. Other men. Hotel rooms. Whatever she wanted, as long as it stayed kind, consensual, and documented. Photos. Video. And whenever she could, a live stream so I could watch her from our living room in Montreal and feel like I was in the room with her.

I accepted the call.

The feed opened on a penthouse suite with the city glittering behind floor-to-ceiling glass. Annie stood in the center of the room in a short black dress that hugged every curve. Her lipstick was already a little smudged. Her hair was loose. She looked happy in that specific way she only got when she was both turned on and completely safe.



Two Spanish men stood with her. Both tall, both well-built, both still in open-collar shirts. One had dark hair and a sharp jaw. The other was taller, lighter-eyed, with an easy smile. They looked at the camera when she gestured toward it, and they both nodded — a small, respectful acknowledgment that I was part of this.

“Hey baby,” Annie said, breath already a little short. “This is Diego and Mateo. I met them at the hotel bar. We talked for an hour before anything happened. They know you’re watching. They know I love you. They’re going to fuck me while you watch. Is that okay?”

“Yes,” I said. “Show me everything. And Annie — I love you.”

Her face softened. “I love you too. Stay with me.”



She kissed each of them once, slow and smiling, then dropped to her knees.

She unzipped them together. Two thick cocks sprang free, already hard. Annie wrapped a hand around each and stroked them with unhurried affection, looking up at the lens while she did it. Then she leaned in and took Diego into her mouth.

She sucked him deep on the first pass, cheeks hollowing, a wet sound filling the quiet suite. Her other hand worked Mateo in a tight, twisting rhythm. She switched without being told, pulling off one cock with a wet pop and swallowing the other. Saliva ran down her chin. The men groaned, fingers sliding into her hair, but they never shoved. They let her set the pace.

She looked at the camera between them.

“They taste so good, baby,” she murmured, then laughed at herself and took Diego again.

They started using her mouth more firmly. Diego held her head and fucked her throat in short, controlled thrusts. Annie moaned around him, eyes watering, mascara starting to smudge. When he pulled out, Mateo took his place immediately. She took both of them in turn, sloppy and eager, glancing at me every time she came up for air as if to make sure I was still enjoying the show.



“Good girl,” I said. “You’re beautiful.”

One of them pulled her to her feet, spun her around, and bent her over the edge of the bed. He flipped the dress up. She wasn’t wearing anything underneath. Her pussy was already glistening. Diego rubbed the head of his cock along her slit, then pushed in with one smooth, deep thrust.

Annie cried out — not pain, pleasure, the sound she made when she was full and happy. Her hands fisted the sheets.

Mateo climbed onto the bed in front of her and fed his cock back into her mouth. They spit-roasted her in a perfect, almost musical rhythm — one slamming into her from behind, the other fucking her throat in time. Every thrust from behind pushed her forward onto the cock in her mouth. Wet slaps filled the suite. Annie’s moans came out muffled and delighted.

“Harder,” I told them. “She likes it when you don’t treat her like she’s breakable.”

They gave her harder.

Diego gripped her hips and pounded her with long, relentless strokes. Mateo held her hair and used her mouth with the same hungry care. Annie came with a broken, choked sound, legs shaking, pussy visibly clenching around the cock inside her. They didn't stop. They fucked her through it, praising her in Spanish and English, until she was trembling and dripping and laughing between moans.

They changed positions like it was a dance they had agreed on in advance.



Annie on her back. Diego between her thighs, sliding back into her soaked pussy. Mateo straddling her chest, sliding his cock between her tits and then into her mouth whenever he wanted. She looked wrecked and radiant — hair everywhere, lipstick gone, eyes bright. She came again, louder, back arching off the bed, one hand reaching toward the laptop as if she could touch me through the screen.

“I wish you were here,” she gasped. “I wish you could feel how full I am.”

“I can see it,” I said. “That’s enough for now. Don’t stop.”

They flipped her onto all fours. Mateo took her from behind while Diego lay underneath so she could grind on his face between thrusts. Then they doubled up on her — Diego still in her pussy, Mateo pressing slowly into her ass after she looked at the camera, bit her lip, and whispered, “Yes. I want both. Watch me, baby.”

The stretch made her moan so loud I turned the volume down a notch and then immediately turned it back up. They moved her between them in a deep, rolling rhythm.

Annie came a third time, shaking so hard she almost collapsed. Mateo kissed the back of her shoulder. Diego kissed her mouth when she could reach him. It was filthy and strangely tender at the same time.

Finally they pulled out and stood over her.

Annie knelt on the bed, mouth open, tongue out, looking straight into the camera. Cum already smeared her inner thighs. Her dress was a ruined black puddle around her waist. She looked like a woman who had been thoroughly loved by two strangers and was still thinking about her husband.

"Cum for me," she said. "Both of you. On my face. In my mouth. I want him to see it. I want him to know I did this for us."

They stroked themselves over her. Diego came first, thick ropes landing across her tongue, her cheeks, her lips. Mateo followed immediately, adding more to her open mouth and painting her tits. Annie held still, eyes locked on the lens, until they were finished. Then she closed her mouth, swallowed what she could, and opened again to show me what was left.

Cum dripped from her chin onto her chest.

She looked into the camera, breathing hard, smiling through the mess.

"Did you enjoy the show, baby?" she asked. "I'll send you every photo and every clip. I miss you. I love you so much it makes this even hotter."

I came in my pants without touching myself.

On the screen, my wife licked a last streak from the corner of her mouth and blew me a filthy little kiss.

Diego and Mateo helped her up. They brought her water. A warm cloth. They didn't linger like they owned her; they treated the end of it like the end of a very good night between adults. Annie thanked them, kissed their cheeks, and walked them to the door in her ruined dress while I watched, still half-hard, still smiling.

When the door closed she came back to the laptop, wiped her face, and dropped into the chair with a happy, exhausted sigh.

"They're gone," she said. "It's just us now."

"How do you feel?"

"Used. Loved. A little sore. Very, very married." She laughed. "Is that a weird thing to say with another man's cum still on my chest?"

"No," I said. "That's exactly the right thing to say."

She tilted the camera so I could see the city behind her, then back to her face. Soft now. Open.

"I kept thinking about you the whole time," she said. "Not in a guilty way. In a 'he's going to lose his mind when he sees this' way. In a 'I can't wait to kiss him when I get home' way. Diego asked if you were going to be angry. I told him you were going to jerk off and then text me that you loved me."

"I already love you," I said. "The text is coming anyway."



She bit her lip. "Fly out."

I blinked. "What?"

"Tomorrow night. Or the night after. The conference ends Friday. I have the suite until Sunday. I don't want the next time to be another stream. I want you in this bed. I want you to fuck me after they've had me, or with them, or instead of them. I don't care about the details. I just want your mouth on mine when I taste like this."

The romantic twist wasn't that she had stopped wanting other men. It was that the wanting had never been a door away from me. It was a door we had built together, and she was standing in it now, messy and glowing, asking me to walk through.

"I'll look at flights," I said.

"Good." She leaned closer to the camera. "When you get here, I want you to watch the videos with me. I want you to point at the parts you liked best. And then I want you to do those parts to me yourself."

“Deal.”

She kissed two fingers and pressed them to the lens.

“I’m going to shower,” she said. “Then I’m going to send you the raw files. Then I’m going to fall asleep thinking about you in this room.”



“I’ll be here,” I said. “I’ll be hard, and I’ll be proud of you, and I’ll be counting the hours.”

She smiled that same wicked, loving smile from the beginning of the call.

“My husband,” she said, almost to herself. “Watching me get fucked in Barcelona and still looking at me like I’m the only woman in the world.”

“You are,” I said.

Annie laughed, soft and happy, and ended the call.

Ten minutes later my phone buzzed with a photo: her in a white hotel robe, hair wet, face clean, holding a glass of red wine on the balcony with the city behind her. The caption was one line.

Package delivered. Come collect the rest in person.

I booked the Friday night flight before I even opened the video folder.