

Texas Heat



Texas Heat

I was stuck in Montreal with a mountain of contracts and back-to-back Zoom calls when Julia's plane touched down in Austin. Five full days. Our closest friends, Elena and Michael, had been begging her to visit ever since they moved south two years ago. I couldn't go. Business wouldn't allow it. So my wife flew alone, suitcase packed with the tiny dresses and lingerie she knew would drive them crazy.

The first video arrived at 9:47 p.m. my time.

I was still at my desk when the notification lit up my phone. Live stream. I closed the laptop, locked the office door, and opened it full-screen.

Julia was already naked, kneeling on a wide bed in what looked like a guest room with warm Texas light still leaking through the blinds. Elena sat behind her, also naked, long dark hair spilling over one shoulder as she cupped Julia's breasts from behind and rolled her nipples between her fingers. Michael stood at the edge of the bed, thick cock already hard, stroking it slowly while he watched the two women.

Julia looked straight into the camera—straight at me—and smiled the way she only smiles when she's about to be filthy.

"Hi, baby," she purred. "We're just getting started. Elena's been touching me since dinner. I'm so wet already."

Elena's hand slid down Julia's stomach and between her thighs. I watched two fingers disappear into my wife's pussy. Julia's head fell back against Elena's shoulder with a soft moan. Michael stepped closer. Julia reached for him, wrapped her fingers around his cock, and guided the head to her mouth. She licked a slow circle around the tip, then took him deep while Elena kept fingering her.

I stroked myself through my pants, then pulled my cock out. The sound of Julia sucking Michael while another woman's fingers worked inside her filled my quiet Montreal office.

They didn't rush. Elena kissed Julia's neck, whispered things I couldn't quite hear, then turned my wife around so they were face to face. The two women kissed deeply, tongues sliding, while Michael moved behind Julia and rubbed his cock along her wet folds. He pushed in slowly. Julia moaned into Elena's mouth as she was filled. Elena kept kissing her, one hand still playing with Julia's clit while Michael began to fuck her with long, steady strokes.

I came hard into a tissue, breathing like I'd run a sprint, while my wife took another man's cock on live video three thousand kilometers away.

The stream ended with Julia looking at the camera again, lips swollen, cheeks flushed. "Day one, baby. Wait until tomorrow."

Day two started earlier.

I was making coffee when the first photo arrived: Julia on her back, legs spread wide, Elena's face buried between her thighs. Michael's hand was in the frame, holding Julia's knee open. The next photo showed Julia on all fours, Elena underneath her so they could eat each other, Michael kneeling behind Julia and pushing into her from behind.

Then the live stream started.

This time they were in the living room. Soft afternoon light. Julia was bent over the arm of a big leather couch. Michael fucked her hard and deep while Elena sat on the couch in front of her, legs open. Julia's face was buried in Elena's pussy, licking like she was starving. Every thrust from Michael pushed her harder into Elena. The wet sounds were constant.

"She's so good at this," Elena said to the camera, voice breathy. "Your wife has a talented tongue, you know that?"

I knew. I also knew I was rock-hard again, alone in my kitchen, phone propped against the fruit bowl while I stroked myself.

Michael pulled out, flipped Julia onto her back on the couch, and pushed back in. Elena straddled Julia's face and lowered herself down. My wife ate her enthusiastically while Michael pounded her. Elena reached back and rubbed Julia's clit. Julia's hips jerked. She came with a muffled cry against Elena's pussy, thighs shaking. Michael kept fucking her through it, then pulled out and came across her stomach in thick ropes. Elena leaned down and licked some of it off, then kissed Julia so my wife could taste it.

I came so hard my knees almost buckled.

That night Julia sent a short video of the three of them in the shower—wet bodies, soapy hands, Julia on her knees sucking Michael while Elena washed her hair and reached down to play with her nipples. Julia looked at the camera one last time, water running down her face, and mouthed, *I love you*.

Day three was the day they stopped pretending there were any limits left.

The stream opened with Julia already riding Michael in a reverse cowgirl, her ass bouncing, breasts swaying. Elena was behind her, two fingers in Julia's ass, scissoring gently while she kissed her neck. Julia's mouth was open in continuous soft moans.

"Fuck, baby," she gasped at the camera. "They're both inside me... not all the way yet, but soon."

Michael held her hips and thrust up hard. Elena added a third finger. Julia came hard, body locking, a long cry leaving her throat. When she recovered they rearranged. Michael lay on his back. Julia sank down onto his cock. Elena straddled his face and lowered her pussy to his mouth. Then Elena leaned forward so Julia could suck on her nipples and the two women could kiss while Michael fucked up into one and ate the other.

I watched my wife and our best friend's wife share wet, open-mouthed kisses while both of them used the same man. My cock ached. I edged myself for almost the entire stream, refusing to come until Julia did again.

They finished with Julia on her back, legs pushed wide. Michael fucked her pussy. Elena straddled her face again. Then, carefully, Michael pulled out, pressed the head of his cock against Julia's ass, and pushed in slowly while Elena watched and kept rubbing Julia's clit. Julia's eyes rolled back. She came with a broken sob while Michael buried himself in her ass and filled her.

Elena licked her clean afterward. Julia looked at the camera, dazed and glowing, and whispered, "Still thinking about you. Always."

I came the second the stream ended, harder than I had in years.

Day four they took it outside.

The video started on a private patio at dusk. String lights. A wide outdoor daybed. Julia was on her hands and knees on the thick cushions. Michael was under her, cock in her mouth. Elena was behind her, face buried in her pussy and ass, tongue working both. The Texas heat made their skin shine.

They switched. Elena lay back. Julia straddled her face in a sixty-nine while Michael fucked Julia from behind. Every thrust pushed Julia's pussy harder onto Elena's mouth. The sounds were filthy and perfect. Julia came twice like that, shaking, before Michael pulled out and came on both of their asses. The two women turned and licked each other clean while Michael watched and got hard again.

Later they moved inside. The final stream of the night was softer but no less intense. Julia and Elena on their sides, scissoring slowly, grinding clit against clit while Michael took turns sliding into each of them from behind. Julia kept looking at the camera between moans, eyes soft and dirty at the same time.

"I miss your cock," she said at one point, voice rough. "But this is so fucking good, baby. I needed this."

I told her in a text right after that I was proud of her, that I loved watching her take everything she wanted. She sent back a photo of the three of them tangled together in bed, Julia in the middle, both of them kissing her shoulders. Her caption: *Tomorrow is the last day. We're going to make it count.*

Day five started early and didn't stop until late.

The first video was Julia on her back at the edge of the bed, legs over Michael's shoulders while he fucked her deep. Elena sat on Julia's face. My wife's hands gripped Elena's thighs

as she licked. Michael reached down and rubbed Julia's clit until she came, body arching hard enough that Elena almost lost her balance.

They did everything again—mouths, pussies, asses, every combination. At one point both Michael and Elena had fingers inside Julia at the same time while she sucked Michael's cock. Later Julia rode Elena's face while Michael fucked Elena. Then they put Julia in the middle of a proper spit-roast: Michael in her pussy, Elena's strap-on in her mouth (they'd brought one for the occasion). Julia took both of them like she was made for it.

The final stream of the trip was the longest. Nearly forty minutes. They used her thoroughly. Michael came in her pussy. Elena came on her tongue. Julia came so many times she was shaking and laughing and crying a little from overload by the end. When they finished, the three of them collapsed in a sweaty heap. Julia reached for the phone with a trembling hand and turned the camera so I could see all three of their faces.

"We're done, baby," she said, voice hoarse and happy. "I'm full of them. I'm sore. I'm so fucking happy. And I can't wait to come home and let you taste all of it."

Elena leaned in and kissed Julia's cheek. Michael smiled at the camera and gave a small, respectful nod. Then the stream ended.

I sat in the dark of our Montreal bedroom, cock still half-hard, heart pounding, and felt something I hadn't expected: pure, clean joy. My wife had spent five days being worshipped and fucked and shared by people we both loved, and she had let me watch every filthy second of it. She had never once hidden. She had looked at the camera—looked at me—the whole time.

When her plane landed two days later I met her at the airport. She walked out of arrivals in a soft sundress, hair loose, a little tired around the eyes and glowing underneath it. I pulled her in and kissed her hard right there in the terminal. She tasted like mint and travel and something darker that still clung to her skin.

In the car she put her hand on my thigh and said, "I brought you presents."

That night she showed me. She made me lie back while she sat on my face so I could taste whatever was left of Texas on her. Then she rode me slowly and told me every detail the camera hadn't quite captured—how Michael's cock felt different from mine, how Elena's tongue was softer, how it felt to come with both of them touching her at once. She came twice on my cock before I finally let go inside her.

Afterward she curled against my chest and whispered, "Next time you're coming with me."

I kissed her hair and smiled into the dark.

"Next time," I agreed, "I won't miss a single second."

Outside, Montreal was cool and quiet. Inside, the heat of Texas still lived on my wife's skin, and I was already hard again just thinking about the videos I would watch for years.

Five days. One wife. Two friends. And a marriage that had just gotten a whole lot hotter.







