The Last Resort



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Olivia was bored. The skies on this holiday had been solid banks of grey with only chinks of sun and even if the weather wasn't altogether to be unexpected at this time of year it was still not what you wanted. The rocky path down to the beach was longer than it looked in the glossy photographs in the brochures and it was slippery and treacherous in the wet. Olivia was not prepared to make the trek more than once a day to find a place to sit and read on the too cool shingle.

What made it worse was that her relationship with Gerry was looking as grey and troubled as the moody looking sea. A major justification for this out of season break was that she and Gerry were going through their own patch of coolness. It was nothing specific; just their lives lived a little further apart, slightly longer absences on business and long evenings with longer silences. It was nothing you could define as significant, no big arguments, but an almost imperceptible sense of things slowing down. That was why she had suggested the holiday, a week with just the two of them without the children and in term time as well just to make sure there was no question of them being accompanied. The children would be happy enough with their grandmother coming to stay and apart from spoiling them rotten she would also be just about sufficient to keep the worst of their adolescent behaviours in check.

So Olivia had booked it and, of course, that made her accountable for its success and although she had checked the weather forecasts she did know that it was a gamble. But, even if the sun refused to shine, there were compensations. The food in the local restaurants was good and the wine flowed readily and cheaply. Eating out every day, they had soon identified a favourite place for dinner and they already seemed to be on friendly terms with the waiters as they worked their way through the menus. The restaurants were quiet at this time of year before the season got truly into gear and keen to build their reputations with visiting tourists and Olivia was pleased to enjoy the slightly flirtatious attentiveness of the staff.

‘Same place tonight?’ asked Gerry.

‘Yes, why not, unless you fancy going to the other end of town?’

‘No, let's go where we know what we're getting,’ answered Gerry and Olivia sighed inwardly. Gerry always wanted the safe option, she thought. Maybe he was simply becoming more boring by the day.

She didn't quite know when he had started to become like this, a combination of middle-age and fixed values. Maybe she had done the same, maybe she had driven him to be like this even. She could remember a time when he was wilder and more impetuous. She remembered how on a family camping holiday they had once left the kids and walked up into the wooded mountain slopes above the site and he had put his hand up her summer dress among the trees and slipped his fingers into her panties making her wet. She had stopped him then from going further. Now, she would be glad if he did and she felt herself warming at the memory.

They hadn't managed to make love on this holiday and maybe tonight would be a good time. Recently, sex had been less frequent than in the past and, if she was honest, less successful. He wondered if he thought she was a prude or even frigid - he had suggested as much sometimes - and she was aware that his work took him into contact with pushy female executives in their matching navy blue business suits destined to sleep their way through the organisation. Maybe that was why things had gone quiet. She had suspected once before that he had something going on that was taking him away from home more than his work actually required. She decided to dress up tonight, she was going to have fun and she picked out her red underwear set to go with her dress and the black lacy hold-up stockings.

‘You look good,’ said Gerry looking up from his two day old newspaper when she came back through from the bedroom.

‘Thanks,’ she answered.

‘You'll impress the waiters.’

And what about you, she thought. ‘I aim to please, she said.’

‘Perhaps, we'll get a discount,’ he replied and chuckled.

‘What for?’

‘Selling you in exchange for the bill.’

‘Thanks,’ she said. ‘I'll remember to eat a lot then and have champagne.’

‘You'll have to work harder then.’

‘Harder for what?’

‘To earn the extras!’ Gerry laughed. He had a smug, rather self-assured laugh at times that she didn't exactly like and occasionally he liked to splash his cash in a show-offish kind of way as if to remind those around him that he was rich enough to do this rather than as an act of generosity.

‘Okay,’ she said, ‘fine by me. And we'd better get going as it's already a bit late.’

They walked along the seafront to the restaurant. In a few weeks, this pavement would be filled with jostling tourists but tonight it was almost empty, even quieter than usual.

‘It's changeover day,’ said Gerry as if reading her mind.

‘I hope they're open,’ she replied. She didn't fancy walking back without a meal. There was a hint of chill in the breeze and her thin red dress offered little protection. Maybe I should have worn a top, she thought but she liked the effect she created in the strappy dress and the heels and she simply tapped along a little more quickly and sharply over the paved walkway past closed souvenir stalls and empty tables. Occasionally, a lonely waiter appeared out of the shadows to invite them in but the request was half-hearted. It looked as if the whole resort was intent on an early night.

When they arrived at the Taverna, it was as quiet as the others. There was no one eating outside.

‘Maybe they aren't open,’ said Gerry, pausing and hanging back.

‘They have to be. Inside will be better,’ said Olivia moving through the empty tables to the small door that led into an enclosed dining room at the back. Sure enough, the door opened and they were inside. In the back corner, two of the waiters were sitting and one stood up lazily as they came in. For a minute he looked as if he was about to turn them away but then he recognised them both and his face broadened into a smile.

‘Hello, he said, ’welcome back. ‘Do you want to eat this evening?’

‘That was the plan,’ said Olivia.

‘No problem,’ said the waiter. ‘Where would you like to sit? Over here is warmer.’

And it was. They sat facing each other in one corner of the room, Olivia with her back to the wall so that she could see the space of tables and chairs.

‘Well, at least we should get fed,’ said Gerry, as the waiter arrived with the menus and the other man went off into the kitchen through a pair of swinging doors.

‘We do not have everything tonight,’ said the waiter, ‘but the squids, the calamari, are excellent and we also have pasta and pizzas.’ Olivia could see Gerry scanning the menu. She guessed he would be checking the prices.

‘The calamari is fresh?’ asked Olivia.

‘Absolutely,’ replied the waiter, ‘and cooked especially for you. With chips?’

‘We'll have them twice,’ said Gerry.

‘Yes, I'll have them too,’ said Olivia, glowering at him. The waiter smiled.

‘It is a good choice,’ he said. ‘And some wine?’

‘Red,’ said Gerry.

‘A half litre?’

‘No,’ said Olivia, ‘make it a litre. We will have to liven the place up tonight.’

The waiter smiled. ‘Okay,’ he said picking up the menus from the table. ‘You have already made the place lively enough,’ he said with another smile, directing the comment at Olivia.

On his way back to the kitchen, he stopped and soon there was music and the lights were lower. He came back to the table with a candle in a glass holder and lit it at the table. Olivia could see him over Gerry's shoulder. He was tall and slim in black trousers, waistcoat to match and a white shirt. As he turned he caught her eye and smiled, dancing between the tables.

‘Romantic music,’ he said, ‘for lovers.’ Olivia smiled. As if, she thought. The music was local, more authentic than the endless pop provided at some places.

‘Special treatment tonight then,’ said Gerry. ‘Maybe the food will be free as well.’

He was in luck. The other man, evidently the cook came out through the kitchen and arrived at the table with two small plates. ‘Our compliments,’ he said. There were two small lightly toasted circles of toasted bread accompanied by a fish pate, buttery and lemony.

‘Something for nothing, Gerry,’ said Olivia. ‘Right up your street.’ The pate was delicious and improved still further by two small glasses of a pale green liqueur. Anything provided at no cost was a bonus for Gerry.

‘Slivovitz,’ said the waiter, ‘made locally. Enjoy!’

‘You're trying to get me tipsy,’ said Olivia. The waiter smiled. Then he brought the wine and two goblets. ‘Maybe another glass of the slivovitz?’ he asked. ‘It is an aperitif here.’

‘Not for me,’ said Gerry.

‘I'd like one,’ said Olivia and he poured the small glass almost to the rim with a flourish. ‘A treat for the beautiful lady,’ he said and smiled again.

Olivia was warming to the evening. She talked to Gerry about the hotel and the room and the other guests. She was warm now and aware of the flimsiness of her top. She was also conscious of the waiter looking her way from across the room and when he came over to the table and poured the wines she sensed that he was looking more at her breasts than the glass. She flushed slightly at the thought but then he was gone again. The cook had come out from the kitchen now and the two men were chatting. She couldn't understand them but it clearly some sort of cheerful banter. The cook was shorter with fair curly hair and looked the older of the two. He looked over at her as well. Olivia wondered if he was the owner.

Then he was gone, back into the kitchen and shortly the waiter appeared with the calamari and chips. There was some kind of fresh tartare sauce on the side. ‘Enjoy,’ he said.

The food was excellent and tasty, washed down with several large glasses of red wine. The waiter and the cook left them to eat, drinking and chatting quietly in the other corner. Olivia looked up and saw them and smiled so she raised her glass and the waiter raised his hand at the same moment blew her a kiss and smiled broadly. Olivia enjoyed the moment. Gerry was busy retelling an anecdote she had heard before about a work colleague and she enjoyed the distraction. She held the waiter's gaze for a moment and he smiled and blew her another. She pursed her lips in a half kiss. Gerry didn't notice.

The waiter stood up and sauntered towards them. ‘Is everything okay?’ He asked standing by the table. He was close to Olivia and she was aware of his belt buckle and the fabric and hang of his trousers before she lifted her gaze.

‘Delicious, thank you,’ she said. ‘I'm enjoying it very much. All of it,’ she added.

‘Me too,’ said Gerry. ‘The tartare sauce, do you make it yourself?’

‘Nico does,’ said the waiter nodding in the direction of the cook. ‘He is an excellent cook.’

‘It's very nice. My compliments to the chef,’ said Gerry.

Soon after, they finished the plates. Gerry finished Olivia's chips as well as his own, stirring the last few around the plate to catch the last swipe of sauce. Olivia noticed that his lips were glistening from the oil and there was a drop of sauce at the corner of his mouth. She wiped her lips carefully.

The waiter came over to take their plates. ‘Clean plates,’ he said, ‘thank you. Would you like a dessert? We have a crème caramel and ice cream.’

‘If you're waiting to close up,’ Olivia said, ‘we won't keep you.’

‘I'd like ice cream,’ said Gerry. Olivia gave him a look that he didn't notice. ‘Chocolate if you have it.’

‘Fine,’ said the waiter to Gerry. Then to Olivia, ‘Please don't worry, madam we are in no rush.’

‘Are you sure?’ she asked. ‘I don't want a dessert.’

‘Sweet enough already,’ answered the waiter with a smile. ‘Perhaps a coffee?’

‘Well I might have another of those nice drinks we had before dinner. The slivovitz was it?’

‘I'll bring you the bottle,’ he said. Olivia smiled.

‘I like this wine,’ said Gerry, draining the carafe into his own glass and taking a generous slurp. ‘You'd better not have too much of that green stuff. You'll be drunk.’

‘I hope so,’ said Olivia.

Gerry's ice cream arrived with the slivovitz and two small glasses. It was a generous portion of dark chocolate and Gerry started on it immediately as the waiter poured a drink for Olivia.

‘Would you like one as well?’ asked Olivia. ‘We'll pay for it of course.’

‘That's kind of you but don't worry, we have some out the back in the kitchen. Nico's mother makes it. It is stronger than this.’

‘Do you sell it to the customers?’

‘Not often. It is too strong. We keep it in the kitchen. But you can try it if you like.’

‘That's an offer I cannot resist,’ said Olivia.

‘Excuse me, sir,’ said the waiter to Gerry, ‘may I escort your wife to the kitchen to try my friend's mother's slivovitz.’

‘Carry on,’ said Gerry. Olivia noticed a ring of chocolate ice cream around his mouth as she stood up. He was spooning it down in large gobbets. For a moment she felt quite unsteady. She hadn't realised how much she had drunk.

‘Madam,’ said the waiter offering his arm in an exaggerated way, ‘allow me.’

Olivia placed her arm loosely on his and he led her to the swing door leading into the kitchen. Nico, the cook was cleaning up. He looked up, smiled.

‘Madam wishes to try your mother's special,’ the waiter said.

‘On the shelf, Salvi,’ said Nico, pointing. The waiter reached down the bottle. It was an ordinary wine bottle with some herb in and a deeper colour than the slivovitz. The waiter showed it to Olivia.

‘Nice colour,’ he said, ‘nicer taste.’ He took four glasses off the shelf as well and poured the greenish liquid into them. ‘Madam,’ he said offering her one and passing the other to Nico.

‘When you finish, Nico, take this one through to sir, please.’

‘Sure,’ said Nico, wiping his hands on a towel and picking up the other two glasses before going through the swing door.

‘Salut,’ said the waiter, ‘cheers, I think.’

‘Yes,’ said Olivia, ‘cheers,’ as they touched glasses. ‘Salvi, is that your name?’

‘The short version, the easy one.’

She took a sip. The drink was immediately warming in her throat. ‘That's strong,’ she said, ‘but I like it.’

‘Try it like this,’ said Salvi linking his arm around hers while holding his glass up close to his mouth. ‘Ready.’

They were face to face, up close, his teeth were bright and white as he smiled. ‘Now, down in one.’

Olivia did as he said. He did the same and they stood held together by their linked arms for a moment. Olivia had the sense that he might be going to kiss her or touch her and felt herself fluttery at the thought. Then, he moved his arm. ‘Another, he said?’

‘I don't know,’ she laughed, giggling girlishly, ‘they're very strong. We'd better go back to Gerry. Bring the bottle!’

As she came back into the restaurant she saw Nico sitting in her seat in animated conversation with Gerry. Gerry looked up. ‘Nico has been telling me about the calamari fishing, all local. We should go to the fish market one day.’

‘Salvi has been getting me drunk,’ said Olivia. She stayed standing.

‘Good for him,’ said Gerry.

‘Okay, then I will. Have another that is,’ she said to Salvi.

Salvi had left the bottle on the table and was turning up the music. Then, he went towards the front door.

‘A lock in,’ said Olivia, ‘that's fun. She filled her glass.’

‘A party,’ said Salvi, dancing back between the tables. He was slim and moved lithely with the rhythm of the music. As he danced he pushed back the tables to clear a space, came towards Olivia still dancing. She couldn't help but join in. Olivia liked to dance more than Gerry and one way or another had not danced in public for a while. She put down her glass and began to move with the music, feeling the alcohol loosening her up, conscious of her loose top as she moved and then moving her arms more, lifting them up above her head, swaying and moving around, her back to Salvi. Then she felt his hands on her hips behind her moving with the music and then imperceptibly the touch of his body against her. She smiled and leaned back slightly.

‘Someone's having fun,’ said Gerry looking round.

‘Dance,’ said Olivia, ‘join in.’

‘I don't think I could move,’ answered Gerry. He was still talking about fishing to Nico as Olivia felt Salvi closer up against her, the hands on her hips moving her to the music and drawing her back on to him. She liked the music and the feeling and she let it happen. If Gerry didn't want to dance he could hardly complain, she thought as she eased free and twirled around to face Salvi, running her hands down her red dress as she moved.

Then, she realised that Nico was dancing as well. He was behind her and now his hands were on her hips. ‘Come on, Gerry,’ she called and then she was sandwiched between Nico and Salvi and everyone was laughing. All three moved round together and as she rotated she saw Gerry leaning back against the wall, holding his glass, watching. He had moved round the table to sit in her chair so he could watch.

‘You're enjoying this,’ she called over to him. He didn't reply but there was a smile on his face, that slightly smug look as if he might have got out of paying the bill. Olivia remembered their conversation earlier, chuckled to herself and rotated again letting the two men enclose her again, arms wrapped around her so that they were almost hugging one another. Salvi was close up against her breasts now and she could feel his chest against her while she could also feel Nico behind her gyrating with the music.

‘You like this?’ asked Salvi, close to her ear. ‘I think that Mister does.’

Olivia chuckled again. ‘I can't move,’ she said.

As the threesome twirled around again, Gerry came into view again.

‘Rescue me,’ she called, still laughing.

Gerry didn't move. ‘No chance,’ he said, ‘I prefer to watch and I'm enjoying this.’ He poured himself another glass of Nico's mother's special.

The dancing trio was slowly rotating and Olivia was still facing Salvi. As they moved, she felt his hand moving to her left breast, caressing and squeezing in the tight space between her breasts and his chest. Gerry wouldn't be able to see it from where he was sitting and she was held too tight to move and, anyway, she liked the feel. She let it happen.

Behind her, Nico, with his hands on her hips eased up her dress a little. She heard Gerry clapping in time to the music. ‘More,’ he shouted.

‘More?’ asked Nico.

‘Yes,’ said Gerry, still clapping.

Olivia felt the slippery fabric of her dress rising up to her thighs. Nico had his hands on the hem and on her skin and Salvi's hand was now slipping away from her breast and down her side towards the bare skin exposed by the rising hem.

Olivia liked her legs. She thought they were one of her best features. The thighs and ankles hadn't thickened as she had grown past forty and there was nothing to go saggy. She would have liked them to be a little more tanned but that was the fault of the weather. However, she wasn't used to sharing them like this. It was confusing. It felt nice, even if she was being watched by Gerry, although she wasn't sure what he could be thinking behind the mist of alcohol.

She had that vague sense of him managing the circus. She knew how calculating he could be from his talk about work and there was something about that smile and the way it played more around his lips than his eyes which sometimes made her wonder how genuine it all was. She didn't know where this was headed but, anyway, she knew they would have to go soon and make their way back to the hotel and it would be quiet and they would have that same old love-making, the kind where she found it hard to stay aroused and excited and where Gerry felt awkward and heavy on her.

So, she thought, she might as well enjoy the moment but thinking about sex suddenly made her feel aroused and she realised that her nipples had hardened at the touch of Salvi's hand and that his hand was now on her naked thigh and, even as she thought about this, it slid, almost flowed with the music, over the front of her thigh and then brushed against the front of the flimsy red panties. Sober, she would have brushed it away but now she stopped herself as Nico's hands brought her dress almost to the top of her thighs.

This was enough now, she thought. She enjoyed the music and the drink and the attentions of the waiters - even their touch - but she wasn't going any further. Even given the state of her relationship with Gerry, she had not sought out other men. Handling the complex lives and the romantic problems of two teenagers kept her busy enough and acting as late night bus service and counsellor took up her weekends. She had had offers, been groped at parties with varying degrees of satisfaction and had once been seriously chatted up when out with a group of girls. She had had a flirtation at the college where she worked in administration with one of the lecturers. He was as languid and loose as Gerry was buttoned up and one end of term he had produced a bottle of martini from a drawer in his office. If he had played his cards right she knew he could have had her on the sofa, as she suspected he often did with his female students, but somewhere both of them drew back and there was some noise in the corridor and it suddenly wasn't such a good idea.

So, even as Nico was holding her dress rucked up against her bottom and Salvi had the flat of his hand on her crotch and the music was loud, the lights dark and the alcohol working and all three were dancing slowly together she was still ready to go, expecting Gerry to make some appropriate noises and to steer them towards home. He didn't.

Instead, he simply said, ‘Don't stop, Nico!’

Olivia was stunned even as Nico's hands roamed higher, drawing her dress up to her bottom. From where he was sitting Gerry would be able to see exactly where his hands were and what he was doing. And, he was encouraging it. He wanted Nico not to stop. Yes, that was exactly what he had said. Don't stop, Nico. Nothing could be clearer. Salvi wasn't stopping either and she was being ground between them. The trouble was that apart from the drink, she was enjoying the feeling. She was still in control. She could stop when she wanted and if Gerry didn't care why should she? She liked where Salvi's hand was and she moved slightly so as to move it closer and pushed against it. If this was what Gerry wanted, he could have it.

Salvi needed little encouragement and she felt his probing hand moving between her legs while Nico allowed her dress to rise still further while they moved. It seemed to go on for a while. Olivia felt herself moving with the music, carried away on a wave. She also felt strangely detached, letting what was happening take place as if it was beyond her control, moving back and forwards as Salvi and Nico pushed against her. Then, the music stopped and they all stopped too. Salvi disentangled himself and moved away from her.

‘Time for a drink,’ she said. She brushed her dress back down but it was still slightly ruffled as was Olivia. She felt flushed and excited. She realised she was almost sorry that the music and the dance had stopped.

‘And more music,’ said Salvi. Then, Nico was back with a glass for each of them. Olivia took her glass and threw it back in one go as they had in the kitchen.

‘You're learning,’ said Nico, going to sit down with Gerry and turning his chair towards her and Salvi.

The music was slower this time. ‘I think we want them to dance some more?’ Nico asked Gerry.

‘I think so,’ said Gerry, clinking glasses with Nico. ‘Salvi, get on with it.’ He laughed.

The music was slower this time, a typical Mediterranean ballad and Salvi drew Olivia towards him so they were dancing face to face. Olivia relaxed against him and, as her back was between Gerry and Nico, she felt his hand again sliding down her body and against her. The touch was soft and delicate almost enough to be accidental but she knew it was intentional and she felt herself respond. Salvi's other hand was also lifting her dress again at the back, letting Nico and Gerry see her thighs and, now, as he eased the dress a little further, her panties.

‘More,’ called Nico and Gerry clapped. ‘More,’ he echoed, ‘more.’

Salvi needed no encouragement and held her closer. Then, Olivia felt someone behind her. It was Nico, unzipping her dress at the back. Salvi briefly moved his arm, to help him and then her dress was open.

‘Off, off,’ called Gerry, laughing and slapping Nico on the back as he sat back down.

The alcohol, the dancing and the closeness of Salvi excited Olivia. Part of her knew it was time to stop but she also knew how that accusation of prudishness would follow her and be reinforced. And she did have her red underwear on. She felt that Gerry was somehow daring her but she also wanted to show him that she could meet his challenge. She wasn't going to be the first to blink. This would show him, so standing back from Salvi, she turned to face Gerry, moved her shoulders and allowed her dress to slide to the floor. She stepped out of it and hung it over the back of a chair.

‘There you are,’ she said and she put her arms behind her head and her foot slightly forward in what she thought was a glamour picture pose with a big smile. ‘Satisfied?’

Nico laughed and clapped. Gerry said, ‘Almost.’

‘You want more?’ she asked adjusting her position as if posing for a photograph and, at the same time, Salvi moved behind her to put his arms round her and cradle her breasts, moving again with the music.

‘Yes,’ said Gerry as Salvi caressed and squeezed them. She knew that Nico and Gerry could see what he was doing.

‘Not fair,’ said Olivia turning round and away from the table to hide her embarrassment and she began to undo Salvi's shirt. ‘Not just me,’ she said as she eased it off him to reveal a hairless chest and ran her hand over his skin as she put her head close to him feeling her heart racing. She could also sense that Salvi was aroused. She could feel his excitement as he pressed against her and he was breathing a little harder. His fingers on her back unfastened her bra.

‘No, Salvi,’ she whispered but she didn't make any attempt to resist. ‘You mustn't.’

She didn't want to resist, the alcohol had removed her inhibitions along with her dress and the touch of Salvi's hand moving down her spine. She just didn't care. Gerry had started this and he could finish it. She was in the moment grinding against Salvi. She felt sexy and aroused. If Gerry didn't like it, it was up to him to say so.

He didn't. Instead, he felt in his jacket pocket, took out his wallet and threw a wad of notes onto the table. ‘You can have her, Salvi,’ he said, ‘she won't mind, she's up for it,’ his voice thickened with the alcohol but also commanding. ‘Just do her good.’

Olivia started at the words. This wasn't what she expected and her first reaction was to pull away, fasten her bra, grab her dress and her self-respect and leave. But she did feel excited, she wasn't a prude and Gerry was not going to win this one. She let the loose bra fall to the floor and put her hand down to find Salvi's hard cock where it was pressing against her.

‘Do what he says,’ she said into Salvi's chest, ‘you can.’ Even as she said this, she felt herself plumping and flooding with desire as Salvi slipped his hand between her thighs making no effort to hide the move. Nico and Gerry were quiet now but Olivia knew they must be watching. She couldn't stop herself letting her thighs part and allowing Salvi to slip his finger into her. She breathed out hard as he penetrated her, moving his finger in and out and along under her panties.

‘Lean over the table,’ he said quietly. There were several to choose from but he was steering her towards a four seater table, one of the ones he had pushed back so they could dance. She did as she was told leaning on her elbows her breasts hanging free. The table was narrow so that leaning forward she could just about support herself on her elbows her head facing forward. She felt Salvi behind her, fondling her through her panties and then she felt the push of his cock between her thighs. He had positioned her she realised so that Gerry could see and, now Salvi, was between her legs and thighs gently spreading them and pulling her panties to the side. She knew what was coming, she didn't care now but it was still a shock and a gasp as his hard cock started to push into her. She squirmed to help him and then he was inside her, moving in and out, pushing deeper as he entered her.

Olivia was stuck now in the moment. She enjoyed the feel of the cock inside her but the thought of what she was doing was hard to cope with. This is crazy, she thought, as she took him deeper and this must stop she thought as she became wetter and more slippery. She wondered suddenly if Gerry was hard, maybe playing with himself as he engineered and enjoyed watching his wife fucked by the younger waiter. It was best not to think, it was just all some crazy events that had got out of hand and soon it would be over. However, she was enjoying it and Salvi was not only fucking her but was using his hand to slide under her body and play with her clitoris. It made it hard to be uninvolved. She was glad that she couldn't see Gerry and was facing away from him now leaning on her elbows and looking across the restaurant towards the kitchen taking each hard thrust.

This is happening, she thought, get used to it but then something else happened and Nico came into view between her and the kitchen. He was holding a glass and came closer and held it to her lips. Her hands were busy supporting herself. She took a sip, a large one and then Nico put the glass down on the table where he was standing in front of her and began to unbutton his trousers. Olivia realised at once what he was planning as he released his semi-hard and lolling cock, holding it in his hand and working his fingers along the shaft getting it harder before bringing it closer to her face as Salvi continued to thrust from behind. Leaning on her elbows made it hard for Olivia to do anything but watch as the hardening cock came closer and Nico smacked it lightly against her cheek.

This isn't real, she thought through the alcoholic haze and nothing can make it any worse. She opened her mouth and took Nico's cock over her tongue and to the back of her throat. The taste was vaguely sweaty, unexpected and unfamiliar mixed with the sharp edge of the alcohol. As Salvi thrust into her, her mouth closed more deeply on Nico's cock. She couldn't speak but then she had no idea what she would say but at some primitive level she enjoyed the feeling, she was being taken, used. She didn't know if Gerry had somehow instigated all this, or even stage managed it, but he had certainly let it happen. Was that for his pleasure or for her? It was hard to think being pumped so hard. At any other time she would have come but the unfamiliarity and the situation left her aroused but also curious almost as if she was watching herself from somewhere up on the ceiling. Who is this woman, being fucked by two men, she thought.

Salvi was breathing harder and she knew he was close. She could feel the tenseness in his body. Nico’s cock was hard in her mouth and she felt it flicking against her tongue. Fuck, she thought, what am I doing? It’s me being fucked, and then the moment took over and she rocked from one cock to the other giving in completely. At that moment, she realised she was going to come, the long strokes of Salvi’s cock were faster and harder and then she felt the shudder inside her as he began to come. Almost at the same moment she felt Nico spurt in her mouth, a first flick followed by a spurt as Salvi pulled his cock out of her and she felt the spurt of his semen on her butt. She couldn’t stop and she felt the throbbing start inside in waves of pleasure as Nico finished. She couldn’t scream out with his cock still in her mouth but she would have done.

There was a pause as if no one knew quite what to do next. Salvi stood back from her and she released Nico’s cock, semen oozing from the corner of her mouth onto the table. She saw Nico buttoning himself back up and he placed a cotton table napkin in front of her. Behind her, she could feel someone wiping her down. She raised herself from her elbows and stood up using the napkin to wipe her mouth and then adjusting her panties. She realised she was quite drunk when she moved and had to hold onto the table for support.

Then she found her dress still spread over the back of the chair and she stepped into it holding onto the table for support. She zipped herself back up, and running her hands through her hair looked at Gerry for the first time.

‘We’d better go now,’ she said.

Salvi had disappeared into the kitchen but Nico was still there. Gerry stood up and indicated the notes on the table. ‘That’ll cover the bill,’ he said.

‘Sure,’ said Nico slightly embarrassed, ‘no problem.’

There was a lot else that could have been said but wasn’t. Olivia led the way to the door tottering slightly unsteadily on her heels. A turn of the lock and then it was open, and she and Gerry were both out in the night air. The coolness was instantly sobering. As they walked quickly along, Gerry did something he had not done all holiday, he held her hand. She squeezed his softly in response but they didn’t speak on the way back to the hotel.

When they got back to their room, Gerry went directly to the toilet. Olivia kicked off her shoes and lay back on the bed. Gerry came out of the toilet in his boxers and came over to the bed and lay down next to her.

‘You’re a sexy fuck,’ he said and then he leaned over and kissed her, a long urgent kiss and the sort they hadn’t shared for a long while and his hands were on her breasts and under her dress. Their lovemaking was quick and sexy and Olivia’s orgasm was precipitated by his excited thrusts but it also felt closer and intimate and more like it used to be.

Gerry fell asleep quickly, naked on the top of the bed with one arm sprawled across her. Olivia lay there for a while carefully positioning herself so that the room stopped whirling. A little later, she must have dozed, she got up went to the bathroom, washed and cleaned her teeth, then stumbled into bed.

It was late the next morning when she woke up and something was different. Bright sunlight was shafting through the curtains and even in bed she could feel the warmth. Feeling slightly fragile and definitely hung-over she turned over to face Gerry.

‘The sun is out,’ she said.

‘I know,’ he said dragging himself from a doze, ‘I think it’s going to be a good day. We’ll try a different restaurant tonight.’

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