

The Arrangement
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Sex on the Beach

ANGELA

We often assume that the happiest moments of life will be the ones we plan for. The big events: birthdays, graduations, weddings... the days we prepare for, the events we *anticipate*.

But I always found the moments I least expected brought me the most joy.

I would be wedged between my brothers in the backseat while Dad sang along with the country radio station, and I'd realize: *it doesn't get better than this*.

This was happiness. This was peace.

But, then again, one might assume that I would be happiest on my honeymoon in Bali, reclining on the beach, listening to the crashing waves. I'd be happy spending time at a luxury resort with my husband, who looked like Prince Charming and had enough money to buy me a kingdom.

And you would be right.

After a pleasant doze in the late afternoon sun, I opened my eyes. My husband, Xavier, was staring at me. His tan torso glistened with beads of seawater, and my heart swelled almost to bursting.

Hell, yeah. I was happy.

Sure, our relationship wasn't a fairy tale. We could hardly catch a break. Right before our *second* wedding, we were caught up in a paternity scandal. Then we lost my father-in-law, Brad, to a freak brain aneurysm.

But right now, after many weeks, everything finally felt right.

"Hey, Angel," Xavier whispered. Propping himself up on one chiseled arm, he leaned over to kiss me. He pulled back, and I was instantly lost in his dazzling eyes, as blue as the wide ocean before us.

Two ornate orange drinks appeared on a low table, delivered by a sharply dressed waiter.

"I ordered a mai tai for you," my husband explained with a wink. "Hope you don't mind."

"Not at all, Mr. Knight," I smiled, sleepy from the sun. As I raised my glass, I admired the huge diamond that shone on my tanned finger.

Though I would never have chosen something so flashy, it was totally my husband's taste. And for that reason, I *loved* it.

"Cheers, Mrs. Knight," Xavier exclaimed, holding my gaze. "To being here with you. And of course, to Bali."

Lifting the glass to his lips, he looked out at the ocean, which was turning to a deep cerulean under the lowering sun.

I had never seen him more relaxed. I wanted to trace every defined line of his muscular body. I wanted to surround him like a human shield so that nothing could ever touch his bliss.

Of course, I couldn't. I could only sit there beside him, enjoying the view.

I knew being here made Xavier feel close to his dad. Brad and Amelia had come to Bali on their honeymoon, and they returned many times with their only son.

He still looked out at the island landscape with a little boy's excitement. Being here with him, I was swept up in the magic, too.

"We have an hour until dinner, baby," he said, glancing at his watch. "I left something on the bed that I can't wait to see you in."

I giggled, planting a kiss on his cheek. "I can't wait!" I breathed. "I think I'll go get ready now."

"See you at the villa," he said, holding my hand until the very last second as I walked away.

It was unlike me to take so much time to get ready. But ever since we arrived in Bali, I had somewhat let go of my aversion to glamour.

Yes, the splendor of the resort was unlike anything I had experienced before, but my husband was here. And with him was exactly where I belonged.

As the sand beneath my feet turned to a wooden boardwalk that led along the beach to our villa, I reflected on the past two weeks in Bali.

Xavier and I left New York for our honeymoon nearly two months later than planned. We wanted to make sure all was well with Em and her new baby, and Xavier had to tie up some loose strings at work.

Our wedding night didn't exactly go as we expected. Xavier and I had jumped from the bed and into a cab straight for the hospital. We gave Marco the night off, thinking nothing could pull us from our apartment. But then, of course, something did.

And we wouldn't have missed it for the world.

Xavier sat all night in the waiting room with my anxious father while I held Em's hand through each contraction.

It went on forever, Em suffering and pushing while Lucas, Danny, and Dad appeared at the door every five minutes for an update. (Em refused to let them in the room.)

But finally, with the dawn, came the most beautiful baby girl. Em named her Bella, and we all immediately forgot about the difficult night.

When Xavier and I collapsed onto our Egyptian cotton sheets, we were too tired to even make love. Our wedding night was over, and it was the next morning.

We had planned to leave for Bali that afternoon, but we knew we'd have to reschedule the private jet.

"I'm making a rule," he'd said as he cradled my head in his hands. "No phones in Bali. For the whole three weeks. No news, no texts, nothing ... just me and you."

"Hmmm," I murmured with a smile, wondering if this CEO could go even a day without checking his email.

But sure enough, he was serious. And even my family thought it was a good idea. Xavier and I both spent the next few days making sure our work affairs were in order so we could totally relax on our honeymoon.

I was planning the opening party for Knight Enterprises' newest hotel in LA. The point of the party was to show off the property's easy opulence, so it didn't require too many frills. I was able to put everything in place before we left.

When we arrived in Bali, Xavier ceremoniously locked both of our iPhones in the villa's safe. Since then, we had been cut off from our lives back home.

And I had to admit, *I loved it*.

There was no beeping or vibrating on the bedside table, and I let the hours blend together in long swirls of sunlight.

Sliding the villa's glass door closed behind me, I looked at the huge bedroom and let out a sigh. We truly were in paradise. As if the room itself wasn't enough, the beach was right outside our door. All we had to do was cross our deck.

I practically floated across the pristine white carpet to the bed, where I ran my fingers across the white silk dress that Xavier bought for me.

It was simple and elegant with a plunging neckline and a long skirt.

I knew the low cut would show a lot of skin, but I could hardly wait to feel the buttery material on my body.

While I may have avoided a dress like this in the past, being in Bali made me feel loose and easy. I was tanned from long days in the sun, and all the time alone with my adoring husband made me feel more confident than ever before.

I skipped into the bathroom and let the shower wash the salt from my skin. I exited in a warm cloud of steam and reached for some fresh aloe. Raising my leg on the edge of the Jacuzzi, I moisturized my body before spraying Chanel No. 5 on my collarbone.

I was gazing into the fogged mirror when Xavier opened the door.

"I was hoping to catch you like this," he grinned through the steam, coming towards me.

I couldn't help but giggle as he ran his finger up my shin. Xavier wore a towel around his waist, and I was brought back to his shower antics all those months ago ...

When I laid eyes on a naked man for the first time in my life.

That cocky playboy was a different man than the Xavier I knew now. And I was a different woman.

He kissed my cheek before heading to the shower, shedding his towel along the way.

I did my makeup in the mirror, watching the reflection of my husband as he soaped up his godlike body, catching his lingering glances.

XAVIER

Warm water rained down on me. It was nice, of course, but I was going to need to cut this shower short.

I looked through the glass at my wife standing naked before the mirror. As she rose on her tiptoes, I admired her perfect ass. Her tan lines only made her more unbelievably sexy.

I turned the handle, halting the flow of water. I'd had enough.

As I stepped from the shower, she turned, her mascara brush still poised by her eye.

"You're done so—?" she began, but paused as her eyes traveled down my dripping body to my massive erection.

It wasn't the first time my wife saw me with a hard-on in the shower, but she was no longer the blushing virgin she once was.

Okay, maybe she still blushed. But she didn't look away.

I closed the space between us, holding her from behind. The soft skin of her ass against my cock made me sigh, and I leaned down to smell the perfume on her neck.

My hair dripped water all over her, but she didn't protest. I watched as her nipples hardened, then I captured one of her breasts in my hand.

"What about dinner?" she purred, turning around to face me and running her fingers down my stomach before wrapping them around my member.

I became even harder, straining into her touch.

"They'll hold the table," I promised.

And then I swept her from her feet, carrying her in my arms to our huge bed.

I laid her down and climbed beside her, over the piles of sheets like white clouds, until I was on top of her.

My soaking hair dripped beads of water onto her skin.

She writhed beneath me, clawing my back and pulling me closer.

She opened her legs, wrapping them around my waist. I reached down and carefully touched the sweet space between them. She was already wet and waiting for me, and I watched her blue eyes roll back in ecstasy.

"I need you," I told her. How many times had I said those words in this bed alone? Too many to count. "I need you all the time. Forever."

Angela opened her eyes and held my gaze while she touched my face.

"You have me," she said with a smile.

And then she glided her hand down my body to my manhood, which ached for her, and angled me inside of her.

I leaned in, and finally, we were one.

I held still for a moment, feeling her around me, watching her watch me.

"I love you, Angela."

"I love you, too," she moaned.

She drew her legs tighter, urging me on, and I gave her what she wanted. I pushed into her, lowering my weight so I could thrust freely.

Her labored breaths and moans quickly brought me to my threshold.

I wanted to cum, but not before her.

Thrusting shallowly and quickly. I moved the way I knew she liked. She pulled me closer, closer ...

"I'm about to cum," she whispered in my ear.

Yes.

Cum.

And then she cried out, the beautiful sound filling the huge room.

Right after her, I came, giving myself to her more with each thrust. The waves of pleasure pounded down on me like the ocean outside our window, huge and relentless.

When it was over, I rolled off of her and pulled her into my arms. My whole world was right there in that bed.

I was in my favorite place. Alone with Angela, in Bali. If only we could've stayed there forever.

But our days in paradise were numbered.