

The V Word

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The V Word

by [Spoonzi](#)

Summary

Chapters ARE NOT connected and aren't even in the same universe. The only reason I will be posting them together is because they stemmed from the same idea. You DO NOT have to read both they are stand alone.

Chapter 1: Malcolm/Martin. Never Arrested AU.

Chapter 2: JT/Malcolm/Tally (to come)

Notes

Malcolm is around 21-22 in this fic, and all parties are consenting. This is the first ship idea I had for my Costume Party thought and I hope to post the other as soon as my thoughts gather in a cohesive fic.

Enjoy the smut ;)



“Damn, Bro! Lookin’ good!” Ainsley nearly shouts with a grin and a whistle as she circles him more like a vulture than the cat she’s dressed as.

She’s never been as into the Halloween thing as him and their mother, though neither is their father. It’s unsurprising to him that she’s dressed in a black bodysuit with a pair of cat ears perched in her hair and a tail swaying behind her as she moves, considering his mother’s own

costume. The older woman probably got Ainsley's costume together when she was meticulously putting together her witch costume leaving her in sweeping emerald velvet and a cauldron shaped clutch that she'd offered him a bourbon filled chocolate out of when he stepped through the doors into the family home's garden.

The teen leers at him for a moment before tilting her head in a move more like a feline. "What are you dressed as though?"

He's in a [hooded black dress](#) that reaches his feet covering the matching flats he'd slid on, it's medieval styled with a faux corset tied front and lacy bell sleeves that fall down over his meticulously painted blood red nails to match his lipstick. It's not exceedingly obvious until he opens his mouth and pushes his tongue up against the trigger forcing the fake fangs to peak out sharply from between his lips. He hopes it's obvious because he'd been vaguely embarrassed about his outfit when he'd put it on an hour ago from both the cliché of the thing and also wearing a dress for the first time since before college when he could pass it off as being young and stupid.

"That's a neat trick," she says, finally letting him past her and into the horde that is the Annual Whitley Halloween Party.

He makes his rounds so that more people can confirm he was there, stopping to talk to a few old family friends. Every time he tries to edge towards the snack table someone cuts him off to ask about college or relationships as if he hadn't announced years ago that he planned to go into the more mental field of medicine as opposed to his father and the media wouldn't be on him like birds on corn if he ever actually dated. He gives up and just decides he'll starve until after everyone goes home when he gets dragged into a heated debate between two of his father's doctor friends about who's resident is worse even though he's never met either of their residents, and he's only saved when Gil and Jackie Arroyo come around to drag him away.

The two smile at him, Jackie gushes over his outfit, and he tries to focus on talking to them instead of wondering where his father could be since he'd been in the garden for nearly an hour and hadn't seen hide nor tail of the surgeon. Jackie and Gil are nice people, a social worker and a police lieutenant respectively, who not so subtly sleep with his mother who wines and dines them to the heavens when she isn't busy with business, social calls, their family, or Martin. It isn't that she doesn't love his dad, because after over twenty-five years of marriage they still love each other very much, it's just that she's always been the more free loving type. As far as he knows his dad has never taken a lover aside from Jessica, though he's never begrudged her or thought less of her for her own.

Sometimes Malcolm wonders if the man just lets their marriage be open because he likes when his wife is happy. Other times, Malcolm wishes that his father would take a lover just so that he would know the man was open to it. Not that he thinks the man would want him anyway. If he could look past the incest part, Malcolm will always pale in comparison to the beauty that is his mother with all of her soft curves and charming features.

The woman herself joins them halfway into a discussion between himself and Gil over the tactics the man could use in negotiations that Malcolm has been learning about in his psychology courses, and gives him a look that has him carefully breaking off the discussion and brushing a not actually there kiss across her cheek — to make sure his red lipstick doesn't smudge her makeup — as he leaves. He spies Ainsley having what looks like a very spirited discussion with one of her fellow debutants and decides he doesn't want any part in it before sneaking around to the staff door into their kitchen.

Malcolm breathes easier when he's alone, black lined eyes roving around the kitchen for something he can snack on now that no one is here to cut him off. On the table are extra trays of ornately crafted canapés, finger foods, and bite sized desserts. He steps over to them surveying them silently absently playing with the long, soft fabric of his dress' skirt as he decides. The dress is comfortable and it fits to his body in such a way that he looks slim and feminine without using anything to actually shape his body in such a way. The lace sleeves brush against his wrists and fingers pleasantly and the hood has so far managed to stay neatly halfway covering his hair which he had decided not to style back so it hangs to the side of his face brushing across his cheeks and curling to tickle at his jawline and the very top of his neck a scant inch or two away from the black, lace choker with red ribbon hugging his neck.

After a moment of debate, he selects one of the strawberry shortcake bites knowing that they are his father's favorite and they've probably got an extra tray just to make sure the man gets some. Frankly, he thinks it serves the man right if he gets none at all considering so far he hasn't bothered to show up and if he is there he hasn't said a thing to Malcolm. He sets the dessert in his mouth carefully avoiding his lipstick and thanking himself for thinking ahead and getting the food safe vampire teeth and hums in contentment at the taste. It isn't hard to see why the dessert is his father's favorite considering the lightness of the shortcake, the fluffy ness of the cream, and the sweetness of the sugared strawberry as they melt on his tongue.

Picking up another, he makes his way over to the second fridge where he knows there will be drinks already in their glasses on trays keeping cold in case the ones outside need to be replaced. All of them are labeled in neat handwriting that must be his mother's assistant's and he selects a flute of sparkling rosé not wanting to drink any alcohol in case he decides on

driving back to his loft instead of crashing in his old room. His lipstick leaves prints on the glass in an almost possessive way and he moves back to the table when he finishes chewing his second bite sized dessert.

He's raising another of the strawberry delicacies to his lips when a hand catches his wrist and he jerks, eyes flying up in alarm because he had heard anyone enter the kitchen. His father stands at his side, not dressed in a costume but in a soft looking black sweater and grey slacks. His dark hair streaked in barely there silver is starting to fall out of the hold his styling gel provides and he's marking, pink lips stood out against the darkness of his neat beard. "Those are mine, you know."

Malcolm hums keeping eye contact with the man as he continues his hand's path up to his mouth — only slightly faltered by the light grasp around his wrist which looks much thinner than it is in his father's large hand — so that he can deposit the morsel onto his tongue. It's meant to be something teasing, lightly defiant but Malcolm nearly freezes when the man's blue eyes go dark and drop down to his red painted lips briefly.

He glances away, bringing his drink up to his lips to help him swallow down the dessert. "You don't deserve any, I haven't seen you out there dealing with the masses this whole time. You aren't even wearing a costume!"

Martin chuckles. "I am. I'm a homicidal maniac, they look just like everyone else," he quotes not backing down when he gets a withering look. He hasn't let go of Malcolm's arm either. "What are you dressed as?"

"A vampire," Malcolm answers, turning and opening his mouth slightly to show him the retractable teeth the same way he'd shown Ainsley. In a smooth move, his father reels him in with the grasp on his wrist so that they are just shy of chest to chest and uses his free hand to grasp Malcolm's chin so that he can pull his mouth open to look into it at the mechanics of the plastic teeth prosthetic within. He pushes his tongue up against the trigger again thinking it's what the man wants to see.

"Interesting," the surgeon says almost quietly and Malcolm lets his tongue drop again thinking he'll be let go now that his father's curiosity is sated. He's wrong though because as soon as the older man lets go of his chin, one of those long fingers of his invades Malcolm's mouth passing over the flat of his tongue and ticking against the roof of his mouth as he presses the trigger to reveal the fangs himself.

Martin's skin is salty and the touch sends a shiver down the younger man's spine pooling arousal in his belly. He almost can't help wrapping his lips around the invasion and laving his tongue up against the digit to trace the curve of the man's knuckle up to the neat bed of his nail. The doctor's blue eyes are even darker when they flick up to meet Malcolm's and he opens his mouth quickly to let the man retreat only for another finger to slip between his lips. This time they turn and curve down, pressing against his tongue as if to trace his taste buds and he sets his drink on the table so that he can grasp the man's wrist and slide them deeper into his mouth while still keeping eye contact.

If you asked him how he got here, Malcolm probably wouldn't be able to give you a definite answer because he can barely process that his other arm has been let go until the man grasp's his him in a steely grip. He'd been too focused on painting the man's fingers with his tongue and sucking them softly as if he were truly a vampire presented with a vein. The grip on his hip keeps him pushed against the man when he withdraws his fingers which makes Malcolm whine in protest earning him a soft smile and lust dark eyes. He doesn't really understand why his treat has been taken from him until the man is hovering another one of the bite sized desserts in front of his lips, fingers tired red and still slick with spit.

Martin watches him avidly as he carefully takes the morsel into his mouth and eats it before gripping his chin to pull his mouth open once again. The kiss is both unexpected and not surprising at all, and it is all tongue, the man curling his longer tongue between Malcolm's lips to lap at the taste of his favorite party snack until all they can taste is each other and the younger man is once again sucking on the invasion like his life depends on it. The surgeon draws back again which is upsetting but they both need to catch their breaths and the more upsetting thing ends up being the way the man steps back and let's go of him leaving him cold and confused.

Malcolm doesn't stay that way for long because his father drags a chair out from its place beneath the kitchen table and takes a seat in it before grasping both of his hips and pulling him over until Malcolm gets the idea and reaches down to hike up the dress around his thighs and kick his flats off so that he can straddle the man. Once he's situated, however precarious he feels with only a hand on his hip keeping him from tumbling backwards, he's met with another one of the strawberry treats being pressed to his lips. He takes it into his mouth curling his tongue around fleeting cream covered fingertips and chewing slowly as if to savor the taste.

The man is looking at him like he should the buffet of expensive snacks that sit next to them, with dark hungry eyes that seem like they will consume him entirely. As soon as he swallows he lets his mouth fall open to show its emptiness and a large hand sneaks under his hood to

cup the back of his neck and pull him into another one of those devouring kisses. His fingers tangle in the soft wool of the man's sweater and the grip on his hip brings him forward forcing his erection — which had been spectacularly concealed by his dress — up against the hardness in his father's pants. Both of them moan at the touch and he lets himself actually sit on the man's thighs instead of straddling them so that he can grind against him seeking a bit of relief from the ache between his legs.

Martin pulls back and selects another of the strawberry delicacies to feed him. His pupils are blown and his mouth is smeared with red from both Malcolm's lipstick and the sugary red syrup on the strawberries. This time he's barely finished chewing before the man has pulled him in to plunder his mouth with his tongue. He seems to trace the crevice between every tooth and spend ample time memorizing every taste bud on Malcolm's tongue and every ridge on the roof of his mouth than make him shiver in the man's hold. His hand leaves from the smaller man's hip, curving around his leg and trailing down his flank until he can push up under the skirt of the dress and do the same thing in reverse only this time with skin against skin sending little sparks along each of Malcolm's nerve endings like a crackle of electricity.

Two fingers hook under the simple black panties he had pulled on and yank them down his thighs as far as they can go. They withdraw from each other only so that Malcolm can maneuver the underwear off and when he is once again straddling his father his lips are met with another bite sized dessert. He's starting to get full at this point and he's lost count of how many of the sugary treats he's eaten but taking it into his mouth is every bit worth it when Martin's tongue flicks out to lick his own lips, barely contained until the younger man swallows. Cream is licked from his bottom lip and followed into his mouth chasing the flavor of sugared strawberries as Martin's hand sneaks back up under his dress to palm one of his ass cheeks before squeezing sharply forcing a moan out of a younger man that is only muffled by the tongue currently doing Insta best to taste everything short of his throat.

Martin dips his fingers between Malcolm's cheeks and jerks back from the kiss with wide eyes so lust dark they seem nearly black when he encounters Malcolm's wet hole. Frankly, until that moment he'd honestly forgotten his self pleasure session he'd had in the shower before getting dressed for the party. "My boy," Martin breathes, voice raspy and eyes alight with amusement, "is this a trick or a treat?"

Malcolm can feel his cheeks burn and he doesn't answer, instead he brings the two fingers still stained with his lipstick up to his mouth and begins to slick them with his spit. He continues to hold eye contact with the man even though he's sure his cheeks are bright red and when he finishes and pulls back the man is quick to slide his other hand under the dress, the first moving to hold his hip again for balance. A little moan escapes him when the first of his father's fingers slides in because even though it doesn't compare to the three fingers he'd

curled into himself earlier that night the feeling of one of the man's long, thick surgeon's fingers within him makes him shiver.

The slide of the second one directly after is a bit more noticeable though still fairly easy and the two fingers make him keen when they curl up immediately finding his prostate before starting to scissor. His eyes nearly flutter closed so that he can enjoy the feeling but he catches the man nodding to the table of food and he ignores the combined fullness of his stomach and his hole to reach over and select another strawberry shortcake bite from the tray so that he can slide it between his lips. He chews, swallows, and treats himself for that accomplishment by pushing back on the man's slowly thrusting fingers earning him a heated but amused look as his father leans in to taste him again.

Martin waits until he's enthusiastically riding his fingers before attempting to push a third one in and it burns but not unpleasantly, leaving him leaning away from the man's lips to rest his forehead against his father's. He tries to catch his breath, slowing the rocking of his hips to get used to the new stretch. As if to help loosen him, the fingers inside him crook again and rub insistently at his prostate sending a buzz of staticky pleasure shooting up his spine to spread across his shoulders and tickle all the way down to the tips of his fingers. He can't help the needy little noises that follow his choked off moan as he tries to roll his hips in such a way that the fingers might brush against that spot once more but the man is now teasingly avoiding it.

"Have another, my boy," the doctor croons, hot breath dampening his face and lips brushing ever so softly against his.

Malcolm's belly is pleasantly full and he's not entirely unsure that he's only coherent because of sugared strawberries and arousal. He can eat more, his stomach doesn't twinge yet after all, and he decides it is absolutely the best idea because the man looks at him when he does like he's seen Martin stare at Jessica when she wears those red soled Louboutin heels and dresses with slits up the leg. It's a hot, heavy look that makes his skin prickle and his blood warm, and he wants it to be pointed at him as often as he can possibly get it.

He selects another strawberry dessert from the quickly dwindling tray and presses it into his mouth, far less mindful of his lipstick now that it is smeared across his father's lips and fingers. The sugar is starting to make his teeth tingle a bit, not yet uncomfortable but edging ever closer to an ache not unlike the ones he'd get on Halloween and Easter as a child. He leans back in dutifully once he's done chewing to share another of those kisses that make him feel like he's being eaten alive, consumed by everything that is Martin Whitley.

Before he knows it, he's riding the man's fingers with gusto, no longer with stilted rolls of his hips to get used to the lightly burning stretch, and he wants more, so he pulls back untangling one of his hands from the man's sweater to trail it downwards. Palming the bulge of Martin's cock which strains very noticeably against the zipper of his slacks — which are now darker grey in some spots from both his own and Malcolm's precum dampening them — he pulls away from the kiss. He meets his father's storm dark, lust blown eyes and begs. "Please. *Please*. I'm ready, Daddy. Want you inside, please."

Martin makes a noise like all the air has been punched out of him, the strands of hair falling across his temples brushing into his eyes for a moment when he nods his consent.

Malcolm's fingers shake as he unclasps the button and pulls at the zip — from nerves or excitement he's unsure — but he pauses his needy rush to stroke the man thrice through his boxers and smooth his thumb over the fabric where it's tacky with precum making it stick to his tip before finally pulling the man out of his confines. It might be his thin hands — he doubts it — but his father's cock is huge, curving upwards slightly just right to press against all the good spots within someone, and uncut showing off a spongy, mushroom headed tip that is coloring red like the strawberries from it being ignored for so long.

He wraps his hand around it and strokes from root to tip a few times as he gathers all the extra saliva in his mouth on his tongue before stopping so that he can let a thick line of red, sweet tinted spit drip off of the muscle and down onto the cock he's giving his attention to. His lips are immediately swallowed into another kiss, breaking the thin line of spittle connecting them to the man's cock and he barely has the strength of mind not to be consumed by the kiss completely. He carefully — almost absently — spreads the slickness all over the man's cock, jaw starting to ache from the force behind the man's hungry kissing.

He pulls away with a whimper when the fingers inside him withdraw with one last drag against his prostate as he goes and tries to catch his breath. Large hands grasp the backs of his thighs and pull him forward, one leaving slick trails on his skin, and both likely leaving bruises that he'll pinch and poke between his own fingers when he's edging himself in his bed for the next few nights. He uses his own hold to help position the cock, biting his abused bottom lip when he feels the spongy head pressed up against his fluttering hole, and he loses his carefully collected breath all over again when the man helps him slide down onto the length, slow and easy until he's seated with the whole of it inside him.

Malcolm feels almost floaty. He's so full. Hole stretched tight around the girth of his father's cock and belly filled with strawberry cakes and ever pooling arousal. His vision blurs for a moment and he has to blink it away and remind himself to breathe.

Martin moves his hands again, the dry one finding its previous home back on his hip while the slowly drying one comes up to direct his gaze softly back to his father's deep blue eyes. He can't find it in him to care about the tacky feeling of those fingers under his chin when the man smiles at him like he's the only person in the world he should be smiling at.

"There's my good boy," the doctor whispers before his fingers flee to once again grab another of the little desserts. His cock jumps and the name and he can't help circling his hips, the cock within him stirring up his insides and the hand fisted around his sharp hip biting into his skin. He hopes it leaves bruises, hopes it leaves those shallow little crescent moons from the blunt edges of the older man's finger nails.

"Eat up," Martin directs as he presses the sweet up to the younger man's mouth. He doesn't care that the hand feeding him has been inside him, all that he can taste anyway is the sugary goodness of the party snack. As he chews, the surgeon uses his grip on him to force him upwards on his cock which leaves him feeling empty but makes him tremble so nicely he can't help but start following the slow, up and down slide that he's being coaxed into.

He doesn't get a kiss this time when he finishes the treat only another poised at his lips and he frowns as he takes it into his mouth, forcing his hips down faster, rougher. As if to match that roughness, the older man grabs him around the jaw, thumb pressing harshly into the hinge of it to force Malcolm's mouth opened before he can even start chewing, and drags him into something that is less of a kiss and more of an invasion of Martin's tongue as he uses it to scoop the sweet out of Martin's into his own. (The sound Malcolm lets out is pathetic even to his own ears.) His tongue triggers the vampire teeth on an upwards stroke to get every bit of the dessert, and Malcolm thinks that if they were real then the way they scrape both of their lips would force a coppery taste to mingle with the sweetness of the cake and the tang of their own mouths between their tongues.

The kitchen is filled with undeniable sex sounds between the smacking of their not exactly kisses, the slick sounds of Martin's cock sliding into his needy hole, and the slapping of skin against skin. If anyone were to walk in there is no way that they could talk themselves out of the obvious situation, the only hope of concealing his identity being the hood of his dress that had long since fallen away thanks to their rough movements. Not even that thought can stop him from enjoying this though.

This time when his father pulls away, he uses the chance to breathe, ever so slightly slowing the rhythm of his hips as he watches the man select one of the last few morsels from the tray. Martin puts the dessert into his own mouth and for a foolish moment Malcolm thinks he might eat it, before he is swiftly dragged into another kiss where the treat is fed to him by the man's tongue. The older man traces over his teeth — both the real and the fake ones — as he chews, careful not to be bitten.

Malcolm thinks maybe he's fed more of the sweets. Two, maybe three, maybe more than that. He loses himself a bit when Martin changes the way they are sitting to spread his legs and plant his feet so that he can meet the younger man's bouncing hips. The change in stance forces that large dick right up in him to the hilt and the head passes right over the spot that makes him feel like he's been struck by lightning — arching like electricity as it jumps and spreads through his nerves down to his very bones — on the upstroke.

He's moaning like a pretty whore and trying to keep quiet at the same time, not that he thinks anyone will hear with their kitchen being so out of the way of the garden party. At some point they stop playing at kissing and just end up panting hotly against each other's mouths, the jumping of their hips forcing their abused, bitten, and stained lips to slide against each other anyway. His father's tongue still makes an effort to taste him, though and he sucks on the tip of it every time it slides past his teeth enough for him to wrap his lips around it.

Malcolm's climax is approaching fast, the arousal in his full belly churning like a whirlpool and hooking in that place just behind his pelvis that makes his hips jitter as he tries to move. His thighs are burning and he's on just this side off too full but when Martin puts another one of those damn desserts into his own mouth and makes to feed it to him with his tongue, he accepts it. His body stalls when he cums, going still until the older man's hips meet his and he follows them down until he's seated shuddering out his orgasm with a sharp and breathy '*Oh fuck!*'. He cums with the taste of strawberry shortcake on his tongue, painting the inside of his dress with his seed untouched and he wavers forward, dropping his forehead to his father's shoulder as his fingers go slack where they had been — one hooked on the arm of the chair and the other laced in the black sweater his father wears.

He doesn't take too long to recover but when he does it's to Martin's fingers stroking through his hair. The surgeon is humming softly and happily as if he doesn't even care that he hasn't come yet, still aching hard where Malcolm's hole is wrapped around him. It takes his breath away all over again.

“Use me,” he whispers and the humming abruptly stops, hand on his hip tightening again.
“Cum in me. *Please* .”

“Oh, my boy,” Martin croons, “you are a treasure.”

His father resettles his hand from Malcolm’s hip to underneath his thigh and uses it to lift him slightly. Moving with the hand, he wraps both arms around the other man’s shoulders to help with leverage even with his body still lax and oversensitive from his orgasm. The first thrust up into him makes him whimper, the feeling tingling over his skin like little needles, and his dick gives a valiant twitch at trying to be some hard again but he’s already sated, warm, and full, riding the edge of crashing.

Martin takes his thrusts slow and steady, likely in an attempt to not make him too uncomfortable by pounding relentlessly into his over-sensitive hole. Malcolm almost wants him to, almost wants the doctor to fuck up into him until he’s crying from how overwhelmed he is. The thought alone makes him tighten down on the cock within him causing the older man’s rhythm to stutter, fingers tightening in both Malcolm’s hair and around his thigh as he cums deep inside him with a sharp grunt of Malcolm’s name.

Malcolm brings him down from his climax with lazy kisses against his throat where he can reach. They sit in each other’s hold for a few long minty tea before Malcolm starts to feel his legs going numb and he has to sit up. He glances around them, working up the energy to lift off of his father’s softened cock and deal with the horrible feeling of waking his legs back up, when he spots the tray. “You only got to eat one.”

“Hm?” Martin opens his eyes, and they slide over to the empty tray that used to hold the shortcakes before they move right back to Malcolm. “It’s fine, I have a new favorite dessert.”

The man has always been charming and he can feel his cheeks heating even after the messy endeavor that was having sex in their kitchen while there is a party going on outside. His eyes go wide, without lust clouding his choices he’s struck with horror. “There’s still a party going on outside!”

Scrambling upwards, he clenched down so none of his father’s essence spills out of him, and stumbles as he gets to his feet. He gathers his discarded shoes and panties from the floor

before looking back up when the other man sniggers. “I doubt you’ll be going back to the party looking like that,” he says amusedly.

Martin is right, he’s a wreck. His hair is a mess, his lipstick is smeared across his face, he has cum drying on the inside of his dress and leaking out of him, and he can barely stand without wobbling. Proudly, he finds that Martin looks almost as much of a wreck as him with lipstick and cream smeared across his lips and in his beard, clothes rumpled and covered in crumbs and spit and precum, and his cock still hanging out of his pants to drag tacky trails of spit and sperm across his once nice grey slacks.

“Oh I wasn’t planning to,” he says innocently. He has a way out unseen, his father doesn’t. “But if you don’t make an appearance at the party, another will be furious,” he continues as he edges towards the side of the room pressing a button on the wall.

The dumbwaiter slides open and he sets his shoes and panties inside before turning and sitting down on it. Chuckling at his father’s shocked, wide eyes he raises his eyebrows at the man with a teasing grin and folds himself into the small elevator before reaching out and pressing the up button with a little wave of his retreating hand. “Good luck!” He calls as the doors slide closed.

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“So glad you could finally make it,” his wife says as Martin joins her in the garden, redressed in a grey sweater and black slacks with a pair of mouse ears propped up in his now combed hair.

“Wouldn’t miss it,” he assures her, pressing a kiss to her cheek even though his lips prickle, still sensitive.

She hums taking a flute of champagne from the snack table as they approach it. “You know I’m so glad you took my advice.”

“On what?” He selects one of the ornate looking prosciutto, basil, and mozzarella canapés and eats it. He’s peckish, sue him.

“Oh finding a lover of course,” Jessica offers up almost innocently and he goes stiff looking over at her but she nods somewhere else and he looks over to find one of the photographers they usually hire for these events is pointing his camera at them. Both of them smile but she continues, “I’m not mad. It was my idea to begin with- *well* the open marriage part anyway.”

“Rip it off like a bandaid, Jess.” The cameraman turns on flash to get a few better pictures with the light of the sun fading.

“Next time you decide to fuck our son,” she says through a smile, “try to do it somewhere less high traffic because it might not be me who comes to get more drinks next time. You’re lucky I hide extras.”

He breathes a sigh of relief as the photographer turns his sights on someone else. Looking down at her he meets her amused eyes. “I love you, Jess.”

His wife raises her hand to cup his cheek and pull him down into a soft kiss. “And I you,” she returns the sentiment as she pulls away. “I’m spending the night with Jackie and Gil, dear. If you fuck in our bed have the maid change the sheets.”

“You’re the best choice I ever made.” He captures her lips in a less chaste kiss.

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